Harbor loom up before our wet and cold senses. The Steamer Chaffee is taken, and after paying most exorbitant freight charges the party separates,—the Racine and Peterborough paddling to City Point.

Thus had the party made a circuit of about two hundred miles, within, at all times, forty miles of Boston, having traveled upon twelve streams, two lakes, and the ocean, and having made thirteen carries.

With nothing to think of but to-morrow's food and to-morrow's run, canoeists ought to be jolly fellows; and, indeed, they are. If you are inclined to doubt it, try it.

With only one day of rain, good food (for only once did the butter take the bit in its teeth), and a jolly party, the cruise was a perfect success, and a thing long to be remembered.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**

*The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.*

**EDITOR OF THE TECH:**

It is singular what a difference exists between views from opposite sides of that unique fence which separates college undergraduates from the less-favored mass of mankind. Whereas the student never could understand why some men, from the moment of their final departure, seemed to lose all interest in their *Alma Mater*, and mentally vowed to prove his superiority to such by occasional dropplings-in at the old place for a friendly word with the professors, and by subscribing to *The Tech* at least a year or two longer, the alumnus finds all such pleasing hopes roughly brushed away by the force of new interests, change of residence, and yet more by the absence of any real link between his old school and himself. If nearness enables him to stop sometimes at the old stone steps, he finds them tenanted by strangers; in the laboratories, instructors greet him cordially, show some perfunctory interest in his present doings, and—pass on. For him the bulletin-boards are blank. He may read mechanically the notices under

"FOURTH YEAR," but *haec praeterea nihil*, and he is pervaded as nowhere else by the curious sense of being both "gone" and "forgotten." Should he drop in at the Union Grounds during a lively foot-ball game, he might there, indeed, poke up the ghost of his old-time enthusiasm to somewhere within sight of the yelling point; for if you put them both into canvas, skull-caps, and knickerbockers, and roll them impartially a score of times in the mud, there is not so much difference after all between Bumps '85 and Bruises '90,—especially at a distance. But when the victory is won, our prematurely aged observer has no friend among the returning heroes to thump on the back, and feels, among the triumphant but unfamiliar youths around him, a loneliness that is mighty. The next day he reads in the paper the names of the contestants,—as meaningless as those of the Trojans slain by Achilles. In short, although he may never miss his annual class dinner, often puts in appearance at alumni reunions, and keeps track of many old college friends, the connection of the average alumnus with the college, and his interest in the institution itself as it progresses, seem to be absolutely dead.

Now, this state of things is more natural than necessary. Interest, as a rule, increases or decreases in a direct ratio to knowledge; and unless the future work, or, what is still less likely, the small social circle of the ex-collegiate, chances to bring him again in contact with his old instructors, his knowledge of what is going on at *Alma Mater* is apt to become beautifully less. In a professional line he may hear from the heads of his own department through his trade journal. If he resides in New England, he will sometimes see in a Boston paper a few Tech. notes, of which one in five may interest him. That is all; and the first paper containing such notes that he has seen for months, will very likely be the one containing fewest of those items which do interest him. Our friend Hadley, half a dozen years after graduating, wouldn't give a rap to know that the lectures on Metallurgy begin next month, or that the X Y Z Society has three representatives on the college eleven,—even though Metallurgy used to be his pet aversion, and the X Y Z his own stamping-ground. But he is interested somewhat to find that the labyrinth of papyrus notes through which he used to struggle has been replaced by a compact text-book written by his old professor, and that the X Y Z has started a movement for all the societies to combine, and hire