

The Colby Echo.

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No. 5.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 20TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

IN many colleges there is a permanent organization of the singers, which not only furnishes music at the college, but favors larger audiences with a display of its talent. The benefits to all concerned are great and obvious. Not only is the musical taste and culture of the students improved, but those outside are made familiar with a most attractive phase of college life, viz., student singing, and the institution

itself is brought prominently before the people. These three are very strong points in favor of a glee club in any college that can sustain it.

Now why cannot Colby have such an addition? The matter has of late been talked of some, and thought of more. It is believed that many of the fellows would go into the matter with a zest for the good and pleasure to be gotten from the drill in singing. The most serious objection thus far brought forward is, that voices suitable to take the higher part, are lacking. This is an obstacle worthy of consideration, but it does not seem to counterbalance the reasons in favor of the movement. We need not expect to go before the public with singers that would command a high salary in the operatic world. It would not be the province of a college glee club to confine its performances to classical music. What it should do, and what we believe Colby can do, is to sing pieces that would please by their own merit, and not depend for favor so much upon the compass or acrobatic skill of the voices rendering them.

It is well known that in respect to the three lower parts, and accompanists, we have the material for an excellent glee club, and as regards the fourth we are not wholly at fault. We hope that those who are the proper ones to carry the matter into execution, will organize a club though it does fall short of perfection. It will be a marked advance to have the association well started, and others can build upon the foundation that may now be laid.

THE catalogue for the current year meets with general approval especially in one respect—the insertion of Botany as an elective for the spring term of the Senior year. It is not of course, to be supposed that all the Seniors will wish to study Botany, but the introduction of this study is gratifying to us because it shows the willingness of the Faculty to yield to the earnest wish of the students for a greater variety of electives from which to choose. We would by no means undervalue the dead lan-

guages or mathematics, but when a student in the last term of a four years' course of study that already gives a very large proportion of the time to the classics, finds himself limited to the choice of Greek, Latin, or Quaternions, as a third study, he is not likely to be particularly pleased with the outlook.

The field of natural science is expanding every year, and every year the students of our colleges are reaching out in new directions. Here and there, departments entirely new are added to courses of study already varied and comprehensive. The modern languages are receiving more and more attention, although the English is daily approaching universal use. We are glad to see this, for no translation can give an adequate idea of the invaluable treasures stored in these other literatures.

We do not ask now for the addition of any new departments to our curriculum, though we do hope to see the day when Colby will afford as good facilities for a scientific or technical education, as she now does for a classical, but we do ask that the full resources of our existing departments be made available. The most common complaint made of our course by students, has been, and is, that too little opportunity is given for the study of modern tongues. As yet few have expressed a desire to read Dante or Calderon in the original, but a goodly number have deeply regretted that our course in French and German ends just as we get fairly started. It is no consolation to be told that a student can pursue his reading in either language after he leaves college. Perhaps he can, and perhaps he cannot. There is not one in ten that can do it with any degree of ease or pleasure. One more term in each would double the value of these branches, since the student has already acquired the elements of these languages, and a portion of their vocabularies, and therefore pursues the study under much greater advantages.

In the line of natural science, too, there is often a desire for something that our course does not furnish. In this department there are taught two groups of sciences, that have almost no connection, Chemical Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology under the first, and Physiology, Zoölogy, Botany under the second. Logically there should be a division into two departments here, and practically the demand for

such division is even greater. Either group of studies is fully enough for one department if good work is to be done. If a division like this was made it would, of course, involve the appointment of a new professor. We believe some effort has been made looking toward an addition to our present corps of instructors, and that certainly would be a very desirable solution of the problem. Indeed, the demand for an addition to our Faculty seems imperative, if the best interests of the institution are to be consulted. The students will heartily welcome such a recognition of their needs on the part of those who have the control as well as the responsibility in such matters. With the increase in the number of electives, and the greater thoroughness of work that an addition of one or two professors would render possible, the value of our course would be very greatly enhanced.

IT IS with great pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the introduction in this issue, of a new department—Literary Notices. This feature we trust will meet with the approval of our patrons, and will surely give an exceptional opportunity for the editors to practice critical reviewing. It is our aim to give just and impartial criticisms of such books and magazines as shall be sent us, always bearing in mind, however, our own inexperience and fallibility. It is largely through the excellent management of our business interests that we are enabled to make this addition to our paper.

We may announce in this connection, that in order to notice magazines for the succeeding month and also to adjust ourselves better to circumstances in other respects, we shall publish hereafter on the 30th instead of the 20th of the month

IT IS a long time since the ECHO has mentioned any impropriety in chapel conduct, and the occasion for such mention ought never to arise. We are all forgetful and negligent at times however, and perhaps in no respect are we more likely to offend than in respect to behavior in which others are immediately concerned.

Of late there has been some disregard shown for the proprieties of the place and the feelings of others, on the part of a few, during services in the chapel. We appeal to the young gentle-

men in the interest of all concerned, themselves included, to correct any conduct unbecoming on their part, into which they may have unthinkingly lapsed.

LITERARY.

GEORGE EBERS' NOVELS.

HE who would paint the ancient Egyptians with truth and fidelity, must free the conventional forms from those fetters which were peculiar to their art and altogether foreign to their real life. Those who have not made Egyptology a study, have come to imagine the inhabitants of the Nile-valley in the time of the Pharaohs, as men with but little distinction of individual physiognomy, as wholly unreal in the modern view. Such ideas one gets from the paintings on the walls of the temples and sepulchres; indeed they are the monuments which remind us of Egypt as it was, of Egyptians as they were not. In those days there were corruptors of art; they compelled the painters and sculptors of the Pharaonic era to forsake truth to nature in favor of their sacred law of proportion, to form supernatural ideals. They gained the triumph of what they called the beautiful, upon the ruins of the natural. But that which is untrue to nature is but counterfeit beauty. And so when Greece borrowed from Egypt she took an art which pleased the senses to be sure, but one which wronged the existing system of things.

But if the brush and the chisel have failed in fairly representing the ancient dwellers along the Nile-stream, the pen of George Ebers, the greatest of modern Egyptologists, has been signally successful. Surely a man who has consecrated a quarter of a century to the study of ancient Egypt and her people, not entirely from the remaining monuments and walls of temples, but from historical facts derived from more authentic sources, ought to be regarded as authority. Ebers has brought together in the interesting and ever-popular style of fiction the most important events and periods in the history of that venerable race, whose dwelling-place has so completely isolated them from the rest of the world. His novels—a series of historical romances—not only chronicle important events and epochs, but also portray important person-

ages who lived in times, the history of which written in any other way, to the average reader would be dry, uninteresting, and tedious. Then too it may chance that such novels, though taken up perhaps for amusement alone, may create a desire for more information, and even gain a student for the study of ancient history. What Charles Kingsley has done for the English, in writing history in the style of fictitious romance, and thus arousing an early taste for historical studies, George Ebers has done for the Germans.

In the "Egyptian Princess" he has depicted the subjection of Egypt to the youthful sovereignty of Persia, and has made the reign of the dissolute Cambyses the background of a thrilling romance. It was suggested to the author that a tale confined entirely to Egypt might become wearisome. He, therefore, first introduces the reader into a Greek circle; through this Hellenic gate he enters Egypt; from thence he passes on to the kingdom of the jealous Cambyses, and returns finally to the Nile. In this novel he introduces the beautiful Rhodopsis, a heroine of Herodotus, a woman richly endowed with gifts and graces, and whose name tradition and fairy lore have rendered immortal. One tale told of her may have given rise to our oldest and most beautiful fairy tale, Cinderella. An eagle bore away Rhodopsis' slippers while she was bathing in the Nile, and laid them at the feet of the king, who was seated on the throne of justice. The little slippers so enchanted him that he did not rest until he had discovered their owner and made her his queen.

Some of the love scenes in the "Egyptian Princess" are so thoroughly modern as to give rise to the questions: Did the ancients know anything of love in our sense of the word? Is not romantic love as we understand it, a result of Christianity? In answer to these, Ebers quotes the opinion of a great scholar and claims it to be his own, viz.: that in the letters of Cicero and those of the younger Pliny, there are unmistakable indications of sympathy with the more sentimental feelings of modern times. "The love of the creature to its Creator," he says, "is the grand and yet gracious gift of Christianity. Christ's command to love our neighbor, called into existence the conception of philanthropy as well as of humanity, an idea unknown to the heathen world. But the more

ardent glow of passion cannot be denied to the ancients. It is possible that a Greek may have loved as tenderly and longingly as a Christian." In writing this novel he relied on Herodotus, the "Father of history," for historical facts.

The brilliant epoch of the times of the Pharaohs, Ebers has portrayed in his "Uarda." A narrative of Herodotus together with the Epos of Pentaur, forms the foundation for this beautiful story. The central figure, the fair Uarda, seems to the wicked modern world to be a character somewhat overdrawn, rather too good, too pure to dwell among men. But the author says at the beginning of his preface that he has introduced no improbability, and nothing as proper to Egypt and the time of Rameses that cannot be proved by authority, and a writer who uses Herodotus as authority we dare not dispute.

The Roman dominion in Egypt and the early uprising of Christianity has been depicted in "The Emperor."

"The Emperor" is a beautiful, elevating story, a tale of the infancy of Christianity, and of the influence of the highly-developed Greek art during the reign of Hadrian. We cannot leave "The Emperor" without speaking of a scene related in one of the last chapters: A beautiful Christian girl was passing through a heathen mob in the streets of Besa, on a mission of charity. She was seized by the mob, and dragged before a statue of Hadrian, and there commanded by a Roman tribune to pray to the statue. To resist the Roman she knew was not only death, but outrage at the hands of the excited heathens. To yield would be breaking her faith and sinning against her own conscience.

She would do her duty and resist. And yet that human, irresistible love of life tempted her to yield, but the temptation lasted not long, for before the mob could recover from astonishment, she had turned from the statue, and with uplifted hands, repeated in a loud, clear voice the Lord's Prayer. She instantly shared the fate of Hypatia. But while Kingsley's Hypatia had died for Philosophy, Ebers' Selene died for Christianity.

In "The Sisters" the novelist has pictured the epoch of Hellenic control under the Ptolemies; in "Homo Sum," the Anchorite move-

ment in the desert and rocky regions in the neighborhood of Egypt.

With these last two the writer is less acquainted, but from a careful reading of the other three he has been brought into a certain acquaintance with the civilization of the ancient Egyptians, and learned that they were not silhouettes, but men, real men, intellectual and active, blind to be sure, but seeking for light while groping in that darkness into which dawned the light of Christianity, the morning of an endless day.

Such novels ought to aid one in understanding a few, at least, of the mighty ideas which moved antiquity. They are as free from anachronisms as any history can be, and Ebers calls upon the imagination only when absolutely denied the means of certifying something of remote date. Like the poet he has given reins to Fancy, but careful always to keep her under perfect control, and while maintaining his right of invention, has never introduced anything that would have been impossible in the epoch represented. The author has put himself entirely into the spirit of the times, and written his books from his very heart. Hence they find their way into the hearts of his readers.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

Far upward in the Northland your thoughts I wish to
take
Where, nestling 'mid the mountains, there lies a peaceful
lake,
Her waters seldom wrathful like the mighty deep,
For the mountains guard this jewel which on their
breast they keep.
The children of the forest have dwelt upon the shore
And caught the trout and shot the deer for countless
years before.
They have a legend sweet in its simplicity and truth
Which ancient chieftains used to tell to dusky maid
and youth:
A thousand thousand moons ago when Manitou the
just
Had raised the mountains clothed with woods and left
them in our trust,
He said unto our fathers: "My children, we must
part,
But I shall ever keep for you a warm and loving heart.
Be just and good and trust in me, a friend unseen but
near."
And as he hid his face and wept he dropped a shining
tear
Which, falling downward through the skies, became
this liquid gem,

This lake amid the forest broad to please the eyes of men.
 The waves, the children of the lake, played up and down the shore ;
 They tossed the pebbles to and fro and cared for nothing more :
 But one bright wavelet, resting 'neath the pines one summer day,
 Heard the mountains whisper something of an ocean far away,
 Of a broad and mighty ocean, whose waves were mountain high,
 Whose breathings rose in gorgeous arcs between the earth and sky ;
 And the youth set forth with gladness to seek the mighty deep
 And left the lovely lake behind to mourn for him and weep.
 She sobbed upon her shores all night and through the cheerless day ;
 The heart was chilled with sorrow that once was light and gay.
 He tumbled over ledges, but laughed and sang with glee :
 "I'm off to seek the waters of the great and mighty sea !"
 He heard the tiny brooks go singing through the forest aisles
 And called them forth to take his hand with winning words and smiles.
 As larger streams came dancing down the rugged mountain-side
 He took them to his bosom as a bridegroom takes his bride
 And, then grown strong and lusty, a river deep and grand,
 He dashed in torrents, whirled in pools, or slept on shining sand.
 The mountains chanted sad farewells and waved their verdant plumes ;
 The hill-sides echoed back his laugh in swiftly changing tunes.
 At length he reached a pleasant vale which hills encircled 'round
 And here a shining jewel, a worthy prize, was found ;
 A lovely, dark-green island now rests within those arms
 Which guard it from all danger and turbulent alarms.
 But up again and onward he reached his goal at last
 And mingled with the waters of the ocean, deep and vast.

IOPAS.

PORPHYRY PETERS, PEDAGOGUE.

IN the early evening of a day in October, the above words might have been heard slowly and thoughtfully murmured by the occupant of No. —, — College.

Some weeks before this time Porphyry Peters, after counting and recounting the con-

tents of his purse, and after sundry calculations upon the backs of excuse blanks, had resolved to seek employment for the winter in the broad, inviting, and by him untrodden, pedagogic meadows. His search had been successful, and upon the evening when he is introduced to us he had received a letter informing him that he would be expected to teach the village school in Swathboro the coming winter.

Porphyry had never taught school and now, when it was really decided that he was to teach, and he thought of the unknown parents and children in Swathboro who were, even now, talking of and awaiting his coming, he began to wonder at his rashness. "Porphyry Peters, pedagogue. How does that sound?" murmured Porphyry to himself as he leaned his head back in his easy chair and closed his eyes in thought. Porphyry was a young man of,—no, we will not divulge his age nor describe his personal appearance, since so many of our readers are already trying to identify him with some one better known to themselves. Porphyry himself would not approve of it were he here, and we would refrain from doing or saying anything which might be displeasing to Porphyry, and which would only satisfy idle curiosity.

Soon after the evening above mentioned, Porphyry's friends observed a decided change in his habits. He was often found in the reading-room intently perusing, not *Puck*, the *Water-ville Mail*, or the *Detroit Free Press* as had been his custom, but now, instead of these witty and interesting sheets, he confined himself exclusively to the *Journal of Education*. He was seen in the library to be regularly taking out books to which he had been directed by the cabalistic number, 193. These facts, together with the more than ordinary degree of thoughtfulness and precision which marked his manner, were the foundation of its being whispered through college that Porphyry Peters was really going to teach this winter.

The fall term (or according to the catalogue the first session of the first term) closed, and on the Saturday afternoon following Thanksgiving Porphyry Peters stepped upon the depot platform at Swathboro.

"Be you the master?" asked a burly man with a bushy red beard, as Porphyry walked down the platform.

"What, sir?"

"Be you the one that's goin' to teach our school this winter? Hope ye hain't deaf, are ye? 'Cause if you are, ye might as well turn 'round and go home. The feller that begun last winter was deaf, and the scholars pitched him out the window the first week. Did you know him?"

Porphyry answered the first question and left the others for the future, and from further conversation learned that his new friend was the agent of the school, and that with him he was to board during the winter. In a short time, much to Porphyry's relief, they were started for his winter's home. The scrutiny of which he had been the subject since the opening remarks of Mr. Brunell, had surpassed all the gazing which he had ever experienced, and he had not forgotten his Freshman experiences either.

The time passed from Saturday night until Monday morning with Porphyry as it does with almost every young teacher who goes into a strange town to teach his first school. He was glad when Monday morning came, and yet, the many stories to which he had been obliged to listen, of the misfortunes of former teachers, and of the various rough and unruly characters in the school, had not tended to increase his confidence in himself. Porphyry began his school, however, in much the same manner as do other teachers of village schools, and the first week of his life in Swathboro passed much as did the lives of the innumerable other pedagogues who were teaching village schools during the first week in December.

Porphyry Peters had come to Swathboro to teach school. This was to be his only occupation for the winter. He had listened while at college to numerous accounts, from those who had spent their winters teaching, of the broken hearts and disappointed hopes which had been left in many a village; of the dashing young widow, and of the pretty, ingenuous girl in the back seat. He had seen the numerous photographs brought back, and in a few cases had noticed an unusual amount of letter writing and a too anxious watching of the mail. All these things Porphyry had observed, and had firmly resolved that his life in Swathboro should be marked by no such follies. He would return to college with a clear conscience and a whole heart. He would give to none in Swathboro

grounds for thinking that he cared ought for them beyond their intellectual improvement. To assist him in carrying out these resolutions, he had, before leaving college, borrowed of his chum a fine cabinet picture of some chance acquaintance he had made during his summer vacation at the sea-shore. For this picture Porphyry purchased a fine velvet frame, and immediately upon unpacking his trunk in Swathboro he displayed it conspicuously upon his dressing case. This picture he blushing told Sally Brunell at dinner, Monday, in response to an eager question of hers, was that of an intimate friend of his.

The deed was done. Before Swathboro retired to rest upon that Monday night, every one, from the oldest inhabitant down, knew that the new teacher was engaged, and that he had a beautiful picture of the young lady in plain sight in his room. Porphyry smiled to himself as this gradually came to his ears, and wrote to his chum to imitate a lady's hand in his correspondence as much as possible, and all would be well. Porphyry, meanwhile, settled down to faithful, earnest work for his school; while numerous young ladies of Swathboro were heard to remark upon the unattractiveness of the new teacher, his plain features, and his lack of sociability, and Kitty Scott was heard to exclaim that she thought Mr. Peters was just horrid; she did not see how any one could endure him.

To be continued.

COMMUNICATION.

JANUARY 8, 1884.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

THE kindness of those who during the past year have addressed the students in the occasional Wednesday evening chapel lectures, has been heartily appreciated by all the members of the college, and it is the hope of all that the course has not yet reached its termination. The interest and pleasure that the students in general have taken in these lectures, reveal the fact that they are regarded as supplying what may prove a valuable adjunct to the regular college training and instruction. But this general feeling has a deeper significance than might at first appear. It is the result of the prevailing conviction, half defined but none the less real, that there exists

in our college course a need at once real and urgent. The following extract, taken from a last summer's number of the *New York Post* suggests the feature to which we refer:

"Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is busily preparing a series of lectures on literature, to be delivered before the Senior Class of Princeton College. It is a part of the plan of Princeton to invite specialists in every department of knowledge to supplement the regular courses of instruction."

The value of a course of lectures by specialists who have attained the highest positions in their respective departments, is patent to every one. Even a single lecture upon any special field of science or literature would do much toward stimulating interest in that department, and would give the hearers a wider grasp and clearer comprehension than they could otherwise obtain, of its character, scope, value, and importance, as a factor in the liberal education of the day. The considerations of the name, the reputation, and the acknowledged authority of such a lecturer would give his words a weight that his hearers could not ignore, while the ordinary excuses for refusing full acquiescence in his words would be unavailable. The stimulus that would come from merely seeing and hearing one who has long been known as a leader in the literary and scientific advancement of his times, is not lightly to be passed over.

There are certain well-recognized advantages enjoyed by every college in a large city, which serve as weighty arguments in its favor, while in so far as they are lacking in any college not so situated, their absence forms as damaging an objection to its situation, and as serious a drawback to its usefulness. Among the chief of these advantages peculiar to a city university, is the opportunity that it offers to its students for seeing and hearing the more powerful thinkers and advanced scientists of the day. The absence of such opportunity is one of the most serious drawbacks to a course at Colby: though not without counterbalancing advantages, yet a disadvantage it must continue to be—how serious or how slight, it is for the management of the college to determine. Should the addition suggested above be made to the stereotyped curriculum of our college course, the weight of this standing objection to a college not in the neighborhood of a large city would be to a great extent destroyed.

Nor is the plan by any means Utopian. Such eminent specialists are not hard to find, even comparatively near at hand. There is Principal Dawson of McGill, Pres. Porter of Yale, Dr. Kendrick of Rochester, Prof. Gray of Harvard—men whose standing is known and recognized throughout the country. Nor even is it quite possible for the management of Colby to avail themselves of the shelter of that grand intrenchment "poverty," behind which innovation-haunted members have so easily and so often taken refuge. There are leading educationists, men whose whole heart and life is devoted to their respective provinces of thought or investigation, who would consent to lecture before a college for other reasons than that they might enrich themselves. Everything would of course depend upon the manner in which the invitations were tendered, but if we may believe the statement of one whose acquaintance in such educational circles is somewhat extended, the invitation would be not unlikely to meet a favorable response.

Any steps in this direction, however, would be as valuable to the college as to the students. Such a movement has not been unthought of in years past—let us hope that years present may witness its actual inauguration. K.

THE CAMPUS.

Cogito ergo sum pumpkins! (Cf. Descartes revised.)

The formation of an anti-Oxonian Society is talked of.

The "canvassing agent fiend" will not find many victims this winter in Colby.

J. K. Plummer—Commander-in-Chief of the Colby Broom and Shovel Brigade.

Enterprising Sophomores are trying to hit upon a site for a boat-house back of the college.

A stove has come to supplement steam in a North College room. Improvements are slow but sure.

Two good-sized skating rinks upon the campus have been a feature of the landscape during the present term.

It is rumored that the rink is to engage the (Oakland) soloist, Walter Emerson, and his orchestra, in addition to that of Mr. Fales.

Frying onions on the stove in the reading room is the latest device for rendering that resort uninhabitable."

"Advancing backwards" is the latest novelty that has been brought to light by one of the delegates from Houlton.

A student the other morning characterized the French people as being, in the eyes of Carlyle, "a herd of demons gyrating in wickedness."

It was a student who, upon for the first time seeing "Mac" approach wearing his much-berated head-gear, ejaculated, "*Mort aborde!*"

The attention of the college authorities is called to the inexcusable nuisance created by the depot sewer, at the foot of the south aisle of willows.

Student translating in Wilhelm Tell with more freedom than fidelity, "*Tell im wilden eisgebirge verirrt,*" "Tell leaps upon the wild iceberg."

To meet the requirements of the newly-established department of literary notices, the ECHO will hereafter be published on the 30th of the month whose name it bears, instead of on the 20th as heretofore.

A fine portrait of the late David S. True, a graduate of Colby in the class of '47, has recently arrived at the library. It will be hung in Alumni Hall, by the side of the portraits of Columbus and other alumni.

Brainard, of '87, has quite recovered from the effects of his last term's accident, and appeared again last week upon the campus. He has decided not to rejoin his class, but to stay out this year and enter with '88 next fall.

The statistician of '84, while at the Christmas celebration at the Methodist church, unexpectedly received a colossal sugar heart, greatly to his confusion and delight. It was presumably restored to him by the Maid of Athens.

If no epidemic disease has ever prevailed among the students it is not the fault of the weather. Frequent slight fluctuations in temperature, 50 to 70 degrees of change in a day or two, have combined to lend the charm of variety to the weather of the past month.

Mr. H. M. Lord, formerly of '83, and at present connoted with the editorial staff of the *Courier-Gazette*, has recently been upon the

campus. Both he and the *Gazette* are taking three or four weeks' rest, hoping to recuperate sufficiently in that time to enable them to stand another six weeks' encounter during the winter vacation.

It is rumored that one of the students is preparing for the press a supplement to "Our Department," being a chapter headed "At the Rink." Among other attractive features, it will contain a number of unique and novel forms of introduction suitable for use at such resorts, with much else that will prove interesting and instructive for students.

Exactly how it happened, there are only two who know; but it was the old story. A moonlight night, a Senior out walking with a "friend," and the sidewalks so icy as to oblige the pedestrians to seek safety in mutual support, of a pronounced character. A slip, a tighter grasp, and—one of his ribs succumbed: cracked, the Senior declares. He has the sympathy of the college in his painful affliction.

The efforts of those hilarious individuals who would have ushered in the New Year by facetiously blowing horns in the college entries, were scarce appreciated by those who didn't look at the matter in the same light. One of the performers became suddenly aware of this fact when horn, noise, and hilarity were swept from him at one fell swoop by a deluge of water that left him "Berried" in moisture and confusion.

Dr. S. L. Caldwell, President of Vassar College, has been invited to deliver the oration before the literary societies (?) next Commencement, and has consented. Dr. Caldwell graduated from Waterville College in '39, and has been President of Vassar College since 1858. The special exercises connected with the dedication of the new Coburn Classical Institute, will follow immediately upon the delivery of the oration.

An inebriated stranger cautiously navigated his way up to the door of South Division, South College, the other evening, and inquired whether this was a hotel. An unfeeling reply appeared to convince him of his mistake, and he forthwith disappeared. Could the poor unfortunate have once set his foot in the reading-room however, he would have reached the conclusion that not only had he found a hotel, but

the very kind of a hotel of which he had been in search.

A few of the students, that their Christmas day might at least not lack the element of hilarity, spent the evening at the poor-house. In a most unfeeling manner, they accepted an invitation to sing to the inmates. They did so, and after rendering several "sweet hymns and songs," they sang "a number of rollicking college songs." Many of the inmates were deeply affected by the sweet strains of the "Bull-dog on the Bank", "Polly-wolly-doodle-olly-day", and other fiery lyrics. A specific instance, however, of this affection as related in another item, induced them to return home shortly after the termination of the concert.

A member of '84, one of the devoted band who spent their Christmas at the poor-house, thought that it would be pleasant for both the inmates and himself if he should engage with them in a little conversation. By mere accident, he happened to address first a young lady. She smiled sweetly, and mysteriously drawing him away into a corner inquired if he was married. It is impossible to predict what the sequel of their conversation would have been, though imagination will do much towards supplying it, had not the interview been summarily interrupted by a third party. Hereafter, in such cases, accident will lead him to address the young gentlemen first.

By way of novelty, they had at the skating rink the other night, a society goat race, which created not a little interest among those of the boys who were at the rink. With combined loyalty and shrewdness, they favored from the start the *ΣΚ* goat, which had a less fatigued appearance than the rest. Their confidence was not misplaced, for the *ΣΚ* goat won; not so much on account of fleetness of foot, as for the reason that the other participants in the race regarded with marked disfavor the company of the youth who had been subsidized to drive them, while the winner was of a more accommodating and tractable disposition. The race is not always to the swift.

Sam's leaning in favor of co-education has been converted into staunch and hearty approval of the system. He has been presented by the ladies of the college with a cap, the choice of which evinces truly feminine taste and discrim-

ination. Sam was deeply touched by this expression of their "affection and esteem," and replied in a speech worthy of a Chesterfield. He said that nineteen years ago he was janitor in a ladies' school, and that when he left he was sure that he carried with him the affections of all its inmates. And that now, though he might lose from sight the generous donors of this gift, he would yet carry them in his breast, sure of their affections also. [The above is correct, and has been approved by me. SAMUEL OSBORNE, Janitor of Colby University.]

Students unquestionably have no right to grumble about town matters which do not concern them, but surely the condition of a town sidewalk, over which students and faculty are obliged to pass every day, is a matter of as much concern to the college as to the householders of Waterville. There are some portions of the sidewalks down town, which are now and for years past have been in such a condition, that one must have the skill of a tight-rope dancer or the agility of an acrobat, to pass over them with anything like ease and safety. Nor does it add to one's sense of security, when he is clawing his way along an icy sidewalk, that has a slant suggestive of the roof of a house, to see the hitching posts decorated with signs bidding him look heavenward, if he would escape being peppered with snow and ice from a masked battery which has been rigged up overhead. Is such a growl legitimate, or have Waterville sidewalks reached the acme of safety and convenience?

Although the following extract scarcely agrees with the statements made in another item, we venture to insert it, merely stating that it is not an extract from the *Waterville Mail*:

"How many more of the youth of our country must be sacrificed to the horrible Moloch of college athletics before they gain common sense enough to see that they go to college for other purposes than that of developing the body or maintaining health? It was but a few months ago that we had occasion to chronicle the sad misfortune of a Mr. Brainard, a Freshman at Colby University. It will be remembered that he, while exercising in the Gymnasium, slipped and fell, thereby laming himself for life*. In reckless and utter disregard of this melancholy warning, a Mr. Estes, a lad in the highest class of the institution, and one who

* Interested parties have affirmed that Mr. Brainard has fully recovered. It is needless to say that all such groundless statements originate with the unscrupulous advocates of physical training.

had miraculously escaped the 'violence of leap-frog,' base-ball, and other kindred sports, was recently fool-hardy enough to go on a walk 'for exercise.' The result was as might have been expected. He too slipped and fell, crushing in one of his left ribs—or more probably his left rib, for the rest are still all right. Being carried to his room on a shutter he is now slowly recovering, though he also will have to bear the marks of his folly throughout life in the shape of a rib of plaster of paris. Perhaps we are behind the times, but we should suppose that a lad who is old enough to go to college, would have his perceptive faculties sufficiently developed to see that if a Gymnasium is a dangerous place, a slippery sidewalk is one far more so. Take care boys, lest by often pampering this morbid appetite 'for exercise,' this unhealthy craving for 'walks,' you become slaves to a habit which, if it does not leave you a cripple, will be the cause of your wasting many precious moments that can never be restored. The time may come when our youth will see that they are not sent to college to engage in such demoralizing pursuits; until then, 'the pupil who has not the *quantum suf* of common sense' to take exercise that shall be free from all above-mentioned dangers, 'should avoid Colby U. and go to some college where the brain is the only organ that gets any exercise.'"

The Junior exhibition for the present winter term will occur on the evening of Wednesday, January 23d, in the chapel. The program will be as follows:

Overture by University.	
The Reformation in England.	Fred A. Snow.
The Land Policy.	Amos B. Townsend.
Government Control of the Telegraph.	George R. Berry.
Tenor Solo—H. M. Lord.	
Rise of the Science of Electricity.	Wm. H. Snyder.
Perils of the Country.	Charles Carrol.
Savonarola.	Bertha L. Soule.
Song—University Quartet.	
Mormonism.	Burleigh S. Annis.
Character of Luther.	Benj. F. Fish.
Joan of Arc.	Gertrude B. Morse.
Hawthorne.	Edward Fuller.
University Trio.	

The election of officers of the Y. M. C. A. for the ensuing term resulted in the choice of the following men: President, Shailer Mathews; Vice-President, B. S. Annis; Recording Secretary, F. R. Trask; Treasurer, H. D. Eaton.

While the rink upon the river was in full blast last month, a series of races was arranged for by the students. Although the prizes were not awarded, as was the intention at first, to the one making the best time, yet they were justly won by performances which were

more surprising and unique than any that could have been executed by a mere rapid skater. The contest was between two men chosen from the Sophomore and Freshman classes respectively. '87 was victorious in all the races, as will be seen by consulting the following table:

1st race, won by —, '87, for Dutch roll, followed by slide *à la Hollandaïse*: length of slide 27 feet, 8 inches.

2d race, won by —, '87 (same man), for promenade, interspersed with single forward somersaults.

3d race, won by —, '87 (same man), for rapid backward skating, culminated by double back somersault.

A fourth race was to have occurred, but so long a time was required for digging out the winner of the last race, that the fourth was postponed till the following day. Prolonged unpleasant weather has rendered it impossible to conclude the above series, but with the return of favorable conditions further developments will be anxiously awaited.

The thanks of the boys are due to Mr. Alden, for his kindness in allowing them the use of the depot scrapers, in their preparation of the rink on the campus.

The frequent thaws of the present month have given additional emphasis to the oft-repeated petition for either gutters on the roofs of the colleges, or some shelter over the steps at the entrances. We voice the fervent wish of all the students when we express the desire that those who are skeptical as to the need of some such provision, might have occasion to frequently enter and leave the college buildings upon certain days of the month—representing a selection of assorted specimens of weather. The problem that would most often present itself to such a delegation would be as follows: Given a flight of steps covered thickly with ice, with water dripping incessantly upon them from melting snow upon the eaves, to effect a safe and comfortable exit from the building. To be sure, everything but the ever-present danger of bruises or broken bones might be avoided by carrying an umbrella at all times, but the sporting of an umbrella on a sunshiny winter's day is a procedure more eccentric than appropriate, and hence is out of the question. As the prospect of a shower bath, when in full dress, is not an exhilarating one, their first impulse would be to shoot out of the door as if fired from a

catapult: but the consideration that they would probably be without any visible means of support after leaving the top step, dictates a more cautious policy. Indeed, the only course left for them is to climb gingerly down the steps, and as the big, icy drops remorselessly insinuate themselves just within their shirt collar and steal in slimy coldness down their back, to find satisfaction for it in making slighting remarks about things in general and a few things in particular. The program varies slightly with the weather, it sometimes being most easy to sit down on the top step and let go everything, but the above is the species of picnic that they would most frequently find provided for them. Yes, there is something wrong. Only this morning our second assistant janitor, while presiding over his little brood of coal-hods, was precipitated headlong. And yet the remedy for all this is simple. Gutters upon the eaves may serve the purpose desired, and we understand that they are to be provided before next term, but though those are of course needed, yet a far more simple and effective remedy for use during the winter months alone, is to be found in erecting storm doors over the steps. A slight shelter, consisting perhaps of only two sides and top, would answer every requirement and would protect the steps from snow and ice as well as from dripping water.

We learn from the *High School Index* of Ann Arbor, Mich., that Mr. Samuel Osborne of Waterville, Me., has recently been elected instructor in Colby University. The statement occasioned a little surprise at first, but the *Index* probably knows what it is talking about, and so it was only left us to ascertain what the department was to which Mr. Osborne had been thus unexpectedly appointed. It is that of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and a series of interviews with Sam (to speak familiarly) has elicited the following information as to the method in which he proposes to conduct it. As a philosopher, he is evidently an Eclectic, agreeing substantially with all the Greek and Roman metaphysicians from Thales and Anaximander down to Seneca and Lucretius. With a breadth of view even more surprising than this, he heartily adopts and incorporates into his system the theories of the Scholastics, Nominalists, Idealists, and Realists of the Middle Ages, how-

ever contradictory and incompatible they might appear to less profound thinkers. It might seem that a system so elaborate would be correspondingly complex if not obscure, but this is not the case. Its simplicity is its chief charm. Its nature may be seen by the answers of its propounder to the following questions, submitted by an inquiring student: I. S.—“Is the world-soul in direct opposition to objective reality?” Sam (with great emphasis)—“Certainly!” I. S.—“What relation does the virtue justice bear to the principle of becoming as manifested in the Heraclitic idea of the subjective, objective, antithetic reality?” (The answer was a little vague, and too long to give entire, but the explanation was made by frequent reference to sin and the devil.) The question over which Descartes bungled so shockingly, Sam settles in a manner somewhat peculiar but indisputably simple, for on being asked that celebrated question—“What is the relation of the Ego to the extended?” he replied “Why! when a man’s *eager* to do anything, what he does is the extent.” “*Mirabile dictu!*” Sam splits however upon the same rock which wrecked Spinoza. Spinoza, as is well known, failed to allow the unity of existence to negate its empty negativity by means of a living development into the concrete manifold. Sam frankly concedes this point, but in attempting to reconcile it with the negation of plurality of infinities, he was both vague and ambiguous, confounding original sin with ordinary wickedness to a most unwarrantable extent. In reply to the interrogation as to what he regarded as the best History of Philosophy, he asked what book Dr. Pepper used. He was told that it was Schwegler’s. He thought a moment, and then replied that he too regarded Swaygle’s as the best, because he liked a man “that stood on the rock.” [Michigan papers please copy.]

In colonial times, absence from prayers at Harvard was punished by a fine of 2d.; absence from public worship by a fine of 9d.; tardiness, 2d.; for going to church before the ringing of the bell, 6d.; for “profane cursing,” a fine of 2s. 6d.; for playing cards, 2s. 6d.; lying, 1s. 6d.; sending for beer, 6d.; fetching beer, 1s. 6d.; for going into the college yard without the proper garb, 9d.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Since *Puck* came out with its heartless attack, and apparently fatal blow upon college papers, it was feared that there would be no further need of an exchange department. But we notice that notwithstanding *Puck*, college papers continue to be published. If it was intended by New York's humorous weekly to elevate college journalism, it came too late, for long ago college publications began to take advance steps, and not confine themselves entirely to attempts at being funny, and reports of base-ball and foot-ball matches,—though we think that this should not be neglected,—but they have also taken it upon themselves to discuss, not only college questions, but educational interests at large, and many of them in an able and interesting manner.

In the *Niagara Index*, for instance, we find an article headed "Disease in Colleges," which to college trustees, faculties, and students is a subject of no little importance. The alarming prevalence of sickness at Yale caused a great deal of comment throughout New England. The cause of the unhealthfulness was for a long time a mystery. However, the germ of disease was finally discovered to be in the impurities of the water consumed by the students. This is a lesson to students and faculties. It would seem that there is always a flue through which contagion may find its way to the student home, notwithstanding the utmost care and precaution on the part of the heads of the institution. When sickness prevails for any length of time in an institution of learning, it becomes unpopular, men learn to dread it. When contagion appears, no one in particular is found blameworthy, it seems to have been due to some unavoidable circumstance. Yet there are very many cases of sickness which could be investigated and which are not thought of. Ordinary precaution against disease in college dormitories does not seem to be sufficient. The physical health of a college depends first, of course, upon each student. Discipline alone is not a sufficient safeguard against disease; the student should act an independent part. If he is careful of himself he will, to a certain extent, be careful of his neighbor; his own habits of cleanliness will affect the man who rooms next to him. Then, too, a great deal depends on regularity of habits, and more than can ever be estimated on diet and out-door exercise. Next, the health of an institution depends upon the precautions taken by its heads. Everything possible should be done to prevent sickness and its spread. The water should be analyzed; the drainage should be looked after; the habits of the inmates, the ventilation of rooms, cleanliness of corridors and surrounding grounds should be attended to, and if science gives an extraordinary preventative against disease it should be adopted. We are now, and for a long time have been free from sickness in our own college. Let the students and faculty become a united board of health and

work together that the college may remain in its present healthy condition.

Then the *Acadia Athenæum* gives its ideas on the ranking system in an article headed "The Tyranny of Marks." It quotes first from the *Dalhousie Gazette*: "We are fast degenerating into a crowd of fellows striving for nothing but marks." And then from the *Varsity*: "A graduate is said to have made a brilliant stand at his college when he carries off prizes, honors, and medals. This he has done because his brain was able to contain a large and heterogeneous collection of facts, rarely by reason of the faculty of thinking he has acquired. The examination is seldom a test of a man's mental digestion, of his assimilative power, of his capacity of discriminating between what is nutritive and what is valueless. It is generally a mere measurement, with a bulk measure, of a mouldy mass of fact and figure, and its value as a record of true attainments is therefore small." When students come to college they find there a system of marks and examinations, and a prevailing sentiment which calls out a vicious spirit of emulation, and which makes them the slaves of one false idea. They are thus acted upon by this influence. Thus, the college perpetuating and intensifying the tendencies it should correct, the student becomes more and more a victim of perverted passions, more and more a receptacle of unassimilated facts, more and more a creature of selfish instincts, frozen sympathies and stultified moral qualities. This is the natural result. It is hard for one to escape the consciousness of being weighed and measured when he sees the operation daily attempted. It is hard to be uninfluenced by these attempts when he knows that by their results he will rise or fall in the estimation of the public. Seeing figures taken as the standard of all goodness and greatness, he will be the exceptional student who will not make them a part of his ultimate end. Thus the writer in the *Athenæum* would argue. And while we cannot agree with him in absolutely abolishing all means of keeping a student's standing, we yet cannot blame him for making a most violent attack upon the ranking system, for we learn that at Acadia they practice the hitherto unheard of custom of parading the graduating class on Commencement day in order of standing. If a student is to go through college with no higher aim than at the close to march, the first in this procession, we can easily understand how it will bring about disastrous consequences. It will injure him physically corrupt his moral nature, and give his mind altogether the wrong discipline. And yet we can hardly point to a college which does not, in one way or another, parade its graduating class in order of standing.

And then the *Campus*, from Alleghany College, discusses the classics in an article entitled "German vs. Greek," in a very logical argument, but space forbids a review.

In fact, if *Puck* were only here, we could bring to his notice lots and lots of college papers whose literary columns are filled with reading matter in the shape of essays and discussions, the reading of which would

convince him that even a college student's head is filled with something besides nonsense.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Dartmouth is to have a new chapel, costing \$30,000.

The Freshman class at Cornell contains a Mormon.

The college library at Harvard consists of over 200,000 volumes.

Union College has conferred the degree of LL.D. on President Arthur.

The Brown Glee Club will make a trip through New England in March.

The Amherst Glee Club will make a Western trip after the Easter holidays.

Cornell is advocating the study of the sciences exclusively and the overthrow of the classics.

John G. Whittier, who is a Trustee of Brown University, is in favor of making the institution co-educational.—*Ex.*

A celebration commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the University of Edinburgh will soon be held.

The new gymnasium at Amherst, when completed, will probably be one of the finest in this country,—an improvement, if possible, on the Harvard gymnasium.

The Faculty and Trustees of Princeton are at present considering the expediency of making a course in the gymnasium compulsory for the two lower classes.

The college paper at Princeton is in a precarious condition. It recently printed some articles which the Faculty considered discourteous, characterizing the paper as a "growing nuisance."

There are twenty universities in Germany. Of these Berlin has the greatest number in attendance, 5,880. Leipzig has 3,000; Munich, 2,000; and the others from 1,500 to 250; a total of 25,520 students, of which number 7,000 are Americans.—*Ex.*

To be sure foot-ball as now played is not just what it should be, but the action of the Harvard Athletic Committee in forbidding, on account of this sudden discovery, the team to keep its engagements for the rest of the season, was a little "inopportune." Now the question is, will the Harvard Faculty forbid all foot-ball

games in the future, or will it revise the rules and compel the Inter-Collegiate Association to adopt the rules thus revised, or will inter-collegiate foot-ball be abolished altogether?

It is a custom at Amherst for the students when leaving morning chapel, to remain standing while the president and professors pass out. It would be, at least, polite in colleges burdened with co-education, for the gentlemen to allow the ladies to pass first.

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, joined the Cambridge University last week. He has rooms in Trinity College, and will be treated as an ordinary undergraduate, but he will be allowed to keep his hat on when people sing "God save" his grandmother.—*Ex.*

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War there were nine colleges in the colonies, namely: Harvard, founded in 1636; William and Mary, in 1692; Yale, in 1700; Princeton, in 1746; Columbia, in 1754; Pennsylvania, in 1755; Brown, 1764; Dartmouth, in 1769; Rutgers, in 1770.—*Ex.*

Bassett, of Brown, leads the Eastern College Association in batting, and he has signed to play with the Providence League Team, after June 20th, when the college season ends. Childs, of Yale, and Wadleigh, of Princeton, are tied for the first place in fielding, each having played the whole season without an error.—*Ex.*

Oscar M. Atwood, a colored student, has applied for and gained admission to the College of Pharmacy in Washington, whereupon the white students, or a large portion of them, have entered a protest against the action of the Directors receiving him, and have left till their protest be honored. If they stay out till their protest is regarded, we hope they will wait till doomsday, and then find the black boy there. How long shall public opinion tolerate, and allow to go unwhipped with scorn, such unmanliness, such meanness?—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

"Please, sir, there's nothing in the house to eat," said Brown's landlady. "How about the fish I sent in." "Please, sir, the cat 'ave eat them." "Then there's some cold chicken.—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Wasn't there tart of some sort?" "Please, sir, the cat—" "All right, I must do with cheese and—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Then, darn it, cook the cat, and let's have it all at once."

THE WASTE-BASKET.

How replete with that soulful balminess which brings up visions of hammocks, novels, oranges, and Spanish cigarette paper is the following little note received from the South, a few days ago:

ETHEREAL ANGEL CREEK, FLA., }
Jan. once, 1884. }

Beloved complement of my existence:

I wish you a happy New Year. I write to you from my cabin, which looks out upon the Creek and my alligator patch. We feed the crop with little stove-colored humans, which are furnished us by the carload from the cities of Savannah, New Orleans, and Mobile. We pick the crop with two-edged axes: the teeth make jewelry and watch guards, and the epidermic layer is converted into covers for photograph and autograph albums.

I revel in sunshine, humidity, and parasites of the human body; the only lack is that of the consumptive wheeze I left behind in your ice-bound burg. How are all the fellows? Do they shiver and shake at prayers in the cold mornings you are having? And—well—yes—how are the girls? Do they carry hot soapstones into recitation to keep their poor little feet from freezing? Are cozy rooms very attractive and retentive, especially mornings when the thermometer has gone 'way down cellar? Does eight o'clock A.M. come about ten or fifteen minutes too soon? I'm sorry!—However I must close.

My supplications for your prosperity rise with the lark.

Sincerely yours,

M'GINNIS.

PERSONALS.

[The alumni are earnestly solicited to furnish items for this column].

Mr. Robert B. Tolles, who received the degree of A.M. from this college, last Commencement, died in November. He was a member of the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

'22.

Died—In November last, at Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. Henry Stanwood. The deceased was one of the few graduates of the Theological Department of Waterville College. He was born at Newburyport eighty-five years ago, and for fifty-eight years was in service as a Baptist minister. His removal to Kalamazoo occurred in 1856.

'54.

Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has accepted a call to Zion Baptist church, San Francisco, Cal., of which he was formerly pastor. He and his family left Kalamazoo for San Francisco, January 1st.

'70.

Alfred E. Meigs, recently night editor of the *New Haven Palladium*, has accepted a similar position on the staff of the *Omaha Bee*.

'73.

Rev. David Webster, missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, is now stationed at Bahpoon, Burmah.

'79.

C. E. Owen is a member of the Senior class at Newton Theological Seminary.

C. S. Lemont is at Newton and is supplying a church at Pawtucket, R. I., half the time.

James Jenkins is instructor in Mathematics at Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

Allen P. Soule is principal of the high school at Dexter, Me.

'80.

C. W. Clark is owner and manager of the old New England School Furnishing Company.

James E. Cochrane is pastor of the Baptist church at Paris, Me.

'81.

Frank B. Cushing died in New York City, Dec. 30, 1883.

'82.

W. E. Perry is sub-master in the Brockton, Mass., High School.

'83.

C. S. Richardson, the principal of the high school at Gorham, N. H., has received and accepted a call to a Normal School in Dakota, at a salary of \$1000.

A. I. Noble is teacher of the high school at East Corinth, Me.

'84.

H. B. Gray (formerly '84) is Managing Editor of the Boston University annual, *The Senior*.

D. W. Holman (formerly '84) was married January 1st to Miss Hattie B. Hart, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. Harry A. Hart ('59) and Rev. W. O. Holman officiating.

'85.

Miss Webber (formerly '85) is assistant editor of the *Boston University Beacon*.

H. G. Mank (formerly '85) is at Amherst.

LITERARY NOTES.

The current issue of the *Princeton Review* is at hand, and proves to be of unusual interest. The leading article is by Julian Hawthorne on "Agnosticism in American Fiction," in which it is stated that the influence of agnosticism has appeared on the surface of a great deal of recent art work, and that artists and novelists have begun to doubt whether the old concep-

tions of beauty are not fanciful, and the tendency of this is seen in a greater confinement by novelists to matters of fact. Referring to the inspiration drawn from Tourgeneff, by Howells and James, and its effect upon their work, the writer says that such productions as these authors have given us are not the Great American Novel, because they take life and humanity not in their loftier, but in their lesser manifestations. "On the Education of Statesmen" is a paper by Prof. Henry C. Adams, of Cornell University, which is carefully thought out and which questions the expediency of establishing Schools of Political Science in our large colleges to train a cultured class for political office. A bright, spicy paper by R. R. Bowker is "The College of To-day," which the explanatory note that precedes says is "A supposed address before citizens of the city of Hygeia proposing to found a college." This paper gives some advanced views on education in general and college management and curriculums in particular. Canon George Rawlinson, of the University of Oxford, contributes a very readable paper on "The Morrow of the Gladstone Administration." Other articles in the number are "A Study of the Mind's Chambers of Imagery," by President McCosh and Prof. Henry F. Osborn, of Princeton College, and "The Railway Problem," by C. Stuart Patterson. *Princeton Review*, No. 2 Nassau Street, New York. Three dollars a year; fifty cents a number.

The January *Atlantic* gives the place of honor to the first chapters of a striking serial story, "In War Times," a story of the War for the Union, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Mr. Crawford's serial, "A Roman Singer," is continued, and will run through several more numbers. Henry James, who knew Turgénieff and greatly admired him, writes of him as an author and a man. Dr. Holmes has a poem, "At the Saturday Club," in which he pays noble and discriminating tributes to Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne, and Emerson. Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody contributes an article on "The Study of Greek," apropos of the famous address of C. F. Adams, Jr.; it is an able and scholarly defense of the full classical education. A few of its sentences are so significant that we cannot forbear from quoting them here: "It must be borne in mind that the lessons in Greek in our good schools are not, as of old, mere recitations, but what they purport to be, hours of direct and positive instruction; superseding a considerable portion of the study formerly required, and facilitating all the rest. It ought, in this connection, to be emphatically stated that in the method of teaching Greek there has been in all our best schools not so much an essential improvement as an entire revolution, and one which must very soon sweep the old, cumbrous methods out of the way. The grammar is now studied, not in mass, but in great part from words and sentences as they occur in reading. The mode in which one acquires the command of his vernacular tongue is copied in every respect in which it can be made availing. The scholar learns what words are by seeing where they stand and how they are used. For much of the labor of the lexicon the pupil's own sagacity is substi-

tuted." As for the remaining contents of the number, Octave Thanet tells a very interesting story, "The Bishop's Vagabond"; H. H. writes entertainingly of "Chester Streets"; Richard Grant White adds "A Sequel to Mr. Washington Adams, in a Letter from Mr. Mansfield Humphreys"; Prof. E. P. Evans has a learned paper on "Hafiz of Shiraz"; E. V. Smalley surveys "The Political Field" from an unpartisan standpoint; and there is an unusually full department of reviews, and a varied Contributors' Club. That the number is an excellent one goes without saying. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass. Terms, \$4 per year; 35 cents a number.

The *Eclectic* begins its thirty-ninth volume with the January number which is unusually rich and interesting. The steel engraving of "The Titian Family," which appears as the frontispiece is one of the finest of the admirable series published by this magazine. Among the articles of especial interest we notice "The Poetry of the Early Mysteries," by F. M. Capes, which gives a fine description of the wonderful old miracle play of the Middle Ages. "Senilia: Prose Poems by Ivan Turgénieff," is a collection of unconnected fragments, written at different times, but will be found interesting from their strangeness and peculiarity, as well as from their being the last studies from the pen of the great Russian author. "The Political Condition of Spain," from the *Fortnightly Review*, gives a vivid picture of Spanish affairs as seen through the eyes of a noted Spanish statesman. An interesting and appreciative article on "The Late Dr. Moffat," from *Leisure Hour*, well represents that heroic life and serves "to recall some of the extraordinary qualities and achievements which have placed him in the front ranks of British worthies as well as of British missionaries." Another valuable article is "The Emperor Julian's View of Christianity," from *Macmillan's Magazine*. The article is a very interesting one and shows careful research and study on the part of the writer. Other articles of interest are: "Dust and Fog," by William Sharp; "Wonders of Photography," from *Cornhill Magazine*; "The Napoleon Myth in the Year 3000," from *St. James' Gazette*; and "Martin Luther," from the *Spectator*. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond St., New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single copies 45 cents.

The *Manhattan* for January is of more than ordinary interest. It opens with a fine engraving of Martin Luther, from a photograph of Donndorf's latest portrait bust of Luther. The first article is a richly illustrated paper on "The Luther Monument at Worms." An interesting and well written article on "Women in Modern Civilization," by Henry C. Pedder, presents a sensible view of a much agitated question. "Just for an Instant" is a poetic gem from the pen of Louise Chandler Moulton. "Pompeii, Past and Present," by Anna Ballard, is a very readable and well illustrated article. Other articles equally interesting are: "Creation or Evolution," by George Ticknor Curtis; "The Door-Keeper, a New-Year's Masque," by Edith M. Thomas; and "At the Golden

Gate," by George Parsons Lathrop. The announcement for the February issue promises a number of equal interest. The frontispiece will be a drawing by Will H. Low, illustrating a narrative poem entitled, "The Queen's Revenge"; also "Autumn Camps on Cayuga Lake," profusely and beautifully illustrated. S. G. W. Benjamin, U. S. Consul-General at Teheran, Persia, will have a vivacious paper describing his adventures in going "Across the Caucasus." There will also be an article by Frank Beard on "Caricature," illustrated with humorous drawings by himself. "Tinkling Cymbals," by Edgar Fawcett, will be continued, acknowledged to be his best work, and two sterling short stories will enrich the fiction. There will also be other papers of interest, while the departments, especially Salmagundi, will be well filled. The Manhattan Magazine Co., Temple Court, New York City. Terms, \$3 per year; 25 cents per number.

The old *Wheelman* comes to us again, this time under a change of name. But with the change of name there is no change in the interest of its contents. It is ever the same—interesting and brilliant. Such a magazine devoted to all manly and healthful sports, such as bicycling, yachting, canoeing, hunting, etc., cannot and does not fail to be appreciated by the New England youth. The first number of the new year of the *Outing and the Wheelman* contains a well-written semi-humorous article entitled, "A-Wheeling in Norambega." One would think that bicycling in the eastern part of Maine would be a matter of some difficulty, but according to the writer of this, Maine isn't so bad a place for the bicycle after all. The January number has also a number of interesting stories and is well filled with illustrations. The cover, the general make-up, and in fact the whole style of this magazine gives it the first place among periodicals of its class. *Outing and Wheelman*, 175 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., \$3 per year.

"The Mate of the Daylight and Friends Ashore"¹ is the name we find on the title-page of the last book from the pen of that charming New England writer, Sarah Orne Jewett. It is about perfect typographically, being a fair sample of the fine work done at the Riverside Press, from which it comes. There are eight short stories in the little volume, six of them illustrative of the thought and language peculiar to New England and her people, and two departing from this character for that of personal recollection. Under the former group a variety of characters are sketched, but true to nature as found in farm-house, village, or fishing hamlet in any of the New England States. All of these tales are delightful reading, but the shade of feeling varies in the different ones. In every one, however, there are scattered here and there shining bits of wisdom quaintly put, it may be, but none the less real. In the last two sketches, "The Confession of a

House-Breaker" and "A Little Traveler," there is a sweetness and beauty such as we rarely find. The simplicity and frankness with which these personal experiences are related give them a peculiar charm. To anyone who has read the previous works of this authoress there is no need of our commending this volume, but those who are not familiar with her writings we take pleasure in directing to the "Mate of the Daylight" as a most charming companion for leisure moments.

"Studies in Longfellow."² Outlines for schools, conversation classes, and home study, by W. C. Gannett. This is No. 12 in the Riverside Literature Series, and admirably meets the demand for a concise, practical, and cheap outline study of Longfellow and his works. It is especially adapted for use in schools, classes in English literature, and reading clubs. It contains thirty-two topics for study, with questions and references relating to each topic. The topics and references are so arranged as to draw from the writings of Longfellow information regarding his life as well as assist in the true interpretation of many of his poems. Both the admirers of Longfellow and those who seek to inspire an interest and love for him and others will warmly welcome the work.

The "History of American College Journalism"³ is the name of a neat little book in pamphlet form edited and published by J. F. McClure, Cambridge, Mass. Its aim is, as its name indicates, to give a history of college publications in America, of their beginning and growth; and the book meets with marked success. From the facts given one can observe what the tendency of each college has been and is, and what the tendency of college journalism as a whole has been and is. College journalism, we must remember, is an institution peculiarly American, and a complete history of it in so unique and simple a form should find its way into every American college.

We have received from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a copy of the "Whittier Calendar,"⁴ ornamental in design and convenient in shape and size. The attractive lithograph engraving fitly represents the flight of the Seasons, and pendant from this is a tablet consisting of a single sheet for each day of the year, each sheet containing appropriate extracts from the author's poetical and prose works. No better plan could be devised for extending the knowledge of the works of one who is so dear to the hearts of all who read the language in its depth and purity.

MAINE, Aug. 25, 1881.—No school-room is properly furnished, in which a dictionary suitable for reference is wanting. Every school in the State should, therefore, be furnished with Webster's Unabridged.—N. A. LUCE, *State Supt. Common Schools*.

² "Studies in Longfellow." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., No. 4 Park Street, Boston. Price, 15 cents.

³ "History of American College Journalism." Edited and published by J. F. McClure, Cambridge, Mass. 188 pages. Price, 50 cents; 10 or more, 80 cents.

⁴ Whittier Calendar. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.

¹ "The Mate of the Daylight," by Sarah Orne Jewett. 18mo., pp. 254. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.