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The Colby Echo.

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Though your body be confined
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear.

—Fletcher.



IT is always pleasant to reach the end of definite periods of time, and look back upon tasks accomplished and expectations realized. The end of a term also affords this enjoyment, even if we see in its course only the record of unsatisfactory accomplishment and disappointed hopes. For although we may be debarred from the exquisite pleasure of a satisfactory retrospect, the monotonous routine is for a moment broken, and the unknown future lies before with as tantalizing prospects and delusive anticipations as ever. It is the future which is the consolation of the present and the atonement for the past.

The term which has now ceased to be has presented all the features of the usual winter term at Colby, the same rows of empty seats at chapel, the same story of the Fahrenheit thermometers, the same excellent work in the class-room. For we venture to assert that the various classes have fully sustained their records for scholarship in the past, while in many instances they have undoubtedly surpassed them. The instructors can in no respect, we think, complain of what has been accomplished during this winter, and in the main, the work has been equally satisfactory to the students as well. We have already made use of these columns to express the sentiment of the students in regard to the propriety of one study for this term, but with this exception no complaint has been made of the course devised for this period.

But there is much to which we do take exceptions in the record which we are concluding. The reception met with by our efforts to gain the concession of the morning recitation on Thursday, the work forced upon the Seniors, and

the deprivation of just privileges; all these things concern the administration of the college, and all, we hope, will be remedied before 1888. For surely if repeated blows upon the same spot will at length fracture the hardest metal, we may not fear that repeated and insistent efforts of reform will fail to make their impression upon the fossilized institutions of oppression, hallowed as they may be by venerable associations of past submission.

THE announcement of a lecture by Prof. Small, in the College Chapel, December 12th, served to remind us that those traditional features of Colby's intellectual life were not to be disregarded during this term. In endeavoring to account for the conspicuous absence of these enjoyable occasions, the Chapel Lectures, we had framed the hypothesis, that they were not thought desirable, lest the students, crowded as they were with class-room work, could not afford the time for such literary exercises.

We rejoice, however, that the course of masterly inactivity has not been adopted as the settled procedure of this college, and that we were not wholly deprived of ameliorating influences. For to many of our number, these lectures are the only opportunities they can enjoy, of listening to distinguished speakers, and imbibing that spirit of literary culture which the hard and monotonous routine of daily recitations can by no means afford. Aside from the feeling of relaxation and rest, which the untroubled enjoyment of these occasions affords, the real worth and high character of the addresses, with which we have been favored in the past, is a convincing argument for their continuance.

As to the difficulty of securing good speakers for these exercises, if such difficulty be fancied, it is not unlikely that some of the earlier graduates of this institution, who have won prominence in their callings, will not be unwilling to favor us with delightful and vigorous addresses. And carrying out the utilitarian view with which everything is tested here, let us have lectures upon practical and useful subjects, and thus we can in part, and in a very modest way, atone for the subsequent loss of the morning recitation; for we assume that such a momentous deprivation would follow from the adoption of this course.

WE have lately noticed with gratification the announcement in the newspapers that Princeton was to have a Conference Committee composed of undergraduates, like that at Harvard, to confer with the Faculty in regard to matters of college discipline. We were gratified at this announcement, because it but fulfills our prophecy, and because it affords yet another evidence that the reign of intolerance and absolutism in college government and regulation is at an end.

The principle of local self-government is not a new discovery, but it is engrafted in the very life of our country. But this principle applies no less to the management of other than political institutions. We see a manifestation of this doctrine in the arbitration measures and co-operative schemes which are the features of the times. And all this is but transferring this same principle into the domain of economics. It has worked well in politics, it promises to work well in economics, it is working well wherever adopted in college ruling.

We can no longer blind our eyes to the irresistible tendency of freedom and liberty in every department and under every phase of human life. The individual must be recognized as having power and must be allowed to exercise that power. The time of formality and restraint is past and gone, and a better day is taking its place. The reforms in college government are no less noticeable than political and economic revolutions, and almost equally important.

It is a patent fact that the plan which allows to the individual student some share in the government of his college, which makes the students themselves responsible for the general discipline, and assures every culprit of a fair investigation and judicious punishment, is triumphant. Those colleges in which the governing and the governed are on most intimate and equal terms, are the colleges in which there is the least disturbance, and such colleges are those which have such institutions as the one we have noticed. The advantage is twofold. It enables the Faculty to act with a better knowledge of the college sentiment in a given case, and with more positive information as to the facts. Secondly, it makes the students feel as if they were a part of the institution and not hangers-on, staying on sufferance, and expecting at any moment the dread edict of dismissal.

WE have forborne this term to make any harrowing appeals for contributions to the ECHO. We have preferred rather to allow the poverty of good literary material in its columns to speak for itself; but we must confess that we do not find this course of procedure affecting the stony hearts of our constituency. Blame enough and to spare we get on every side as to the quality of the literary department of the ECHO, but nowhere do we find the willing mind or the helpful hand. It is much easier to criticise than to create, and he who knows the difficulty of evolving something from nothing can appreciate the frantic efforts of the editorial board to secure contributions.

But we do not want articles which have been written expressly for the Professor of Rhetoric, however ambitious or profound. We have no objection to the submission of ECHO articles to the Department of Rhetoric after they have been published, and we dare say that in the majority of cases such articles would be fully as acceptable to the above mentioned professor as the productions which the undergraduate ordinarily presents. But we do bid you, undergraduates of Colby, to improve your facility of expression, beauty of diction, and ease of composition by writing expressly for the ECHO, and we assure you that your efforts will be appreciated. It may be urged that on account of the pressure of college work no time is given for the writing of such articles as adorn the publications of other colleges. True it is, but there is now before you a long vacation, and we urge, implore, and advise you to make good use of it in writing for the representative of yourselves, your interests, and your college.



COLBY LAWYERS.

BY A. H. BRIGGS, ESQ., BOSTON.

HON. Albert Gallatin Jewett, of the class of 1826, who died at Belfast in your State not far from a year ago, was for several years the sole survivor of his class. That class at its graduation numbered seven; most of whom became well known as able and distin-

guished men. Samuel Farrar, the successful merchant, and long a leading business man in Bangor; Elijah Parish Lovejoy, the well-known martyr of Upper Alton, Ill.; George Clifford Getchell, an able advocate of Somerset County, and Dr. Orlando Holbrook Partridge, for many years a leading physician in Philadelphia, were of this class. All of them have joined the silent majority. But few classes show so many eminent men according to the number graduating. It is little wonder to those who knew Mr. Jewett well, that he should be the last of his class. His fine physical constitution, inured in youth to bodily labor; a nervous system that knew no yielding or weakness, under the severest professional labors; a will that nobody could control but himself, all conduced to a long life—seemed to render him impervious to the blows given and taken in common affairs; defiant of all enemies, even of the last one. He knew no such thing in life as failure, and he had somehow the tack, energy, and power, to make what would be called a failure in others even an advantage to himself. The same wave which would seem to engulf his ship, was compelled by his indomitable courage and skill to bear it more swiftly on.

“Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on.”

After graduation Mr. Jewett commenced the study of law, and on admission to the bar, settled, to the severe labor of successful practice, in Bangor. Here he started immediately on a professional career almost phenomenal, in competition with some of the most brilliant lawyers Maine has ever known. Mr. Jewett entered the lists with confidence, and for upwards of fifteen years maintained a high position in honorable and successful contests with such men as John Appleton, Jonas Cutting, Edward Kent, Jonathan P. Rogers, Wm. H. McCrillis, and other eminent men. Mr. Jewett's success at the Penobscot bar was no play-day affair. That bar always eminent, contained at that time men unsurpassed in legal acumen and forensic power. Appleton was many years Chief Justice, and Kent and Cutting became judges of the Supreme Judicial Court. After Mr. Rogers came to Boston he fairly startled this bar with his power, and Mr. Webster himself pronounced him as among the ablest lawyers here; while Mr. McCrillis still remains the Nestor of the

profession at Bangor, able and eloquent even in his advancing years.

No *ordinary* man could advance to the high standing Mr. Jewett took at the bar, in the presence of such men as these. With none of the appliances which sometimes aid young lawyers, such as money, early friends, or wealthy and influential relatives, he fought his battle alone and unaided, and succeeded by dint of application, industry, and determined perseverance. So marked were these qualities in the man that he was made County Attorney, an office which was then open only to the ablest lawyers, and he performed the duties of the office for several years, to the satisfaction of the people and to the terror of criminals. A man of integrity and honor, he never compromised; no man could buy him, and no man could intimidate him. He was either right or wrong. If he was right he would stand by it to the bitter end, but I believe he was never known to compromise. If he saw that he was wrong, he was man enough to go back on himself.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Jewett was when I was admitted to the bar in Bangor, in 1842. The admission was by examination, and Mr. Jewett was one of the examiners. Mr. Abbott, the first mayor of Bangor, and Mr. Ingersoll, afterwards Attorney General of the State, were of the committee. None of the young gentlemen, except one, had any difficulty in answering the questions put by Mr. Abbott or Mr. Ingersoll, but Mr. Jewett, having a mortal dislike of "Revised Statute," or "Hemlock" lawyers, as Mr. McCrillis once styled them before the court at Frederickton, put his questions a second time, after they had been answered once. "Do you say, sir, that the answer given is the correct one?" really done in order to test the certainty of the student's knowledge of law, but as really making him believe he had got it all wrong, in the face of so square an intimation to that effect, coming, as it did, from so persistent and distinguished a man. The result was that he objected, and the certificates of some of us were withheld. Some of my friends intimated to Mr. Jewett that a different manner of examination was safer with me, and perhaps intimated to him that I was a Waterville man, and he was kind enough to say that possibly he was wrong. He came next day

to the court house, and asked me to take a walk with him, and invited me to ask *him* some questions. From that moment I felt at home with him, and the first question I asked him he did not answer correctly, the second one he did. But he was satisfied, and immediately signed my certificate, and I was admitted on his motion the same day. As long as he lived after that, he was among my best friends, and more than once I felt in after years that I owed that fact to that first question I asked him as we walked up Thomas' Hill. It was:

"Mr. Jewett, what is Law?"

He answered, "A rule of *human* conduct."

I told him that was the definition of "human law," but not an answer to my question. He at once saw it, but could then frame no definition to suit him of *Law* in the abstract. He was satisfied with my answer, and did not delay my admission to the Bar.

Mr. Jewett was a Democrat, and soon after the election of Mr. Polk, in 1844, which he promoted with great power on the stump, he was appointed "Chargé d'Affaires" to Lima. It was undoubtedly a mistake of Mr. Jewett in leaving his practice and position at the bar for this office. On his return to Bangor he thought to take his old stand as a lawyer, but in four years things had changed. The wheels had moved on. He could not "mash" in; business had gone into other hands, and he, as is generally the case under such circumstances, with his unimpaired vigor and ability found it impossible to regain his former status. I shall never forget his kind words and grateful acknowledgments, when he heard that I had recommended him as counsel in the trial of a cause of considerable importance, in which he displayed much of his former power as an advocate.

After a partial success, he soon removed to his estate in Belfast. But his services were required as counsel; so much of a man could not hide himself at the Waldo bar, and he followed his profession, as well as duties connected with his own affairs, from just before the war till the day of his death. In the war he sustained the government, and was twice elected mayor of Belfast during the contest, and once after it was ended. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and uncompromising as was his course in the affairs of life, in his family rela-

tions he was always tender and kind. He must have lived to near fourscore years, and in his whole career he well demonstrated the effect of Waterville drill upon a man of brains.

VITAS ME.

HOR. LIB. I., CAR. XXIII.

Thou dost shun me, my Chloe dear,
Like a timid fawn so full of fear,
Seeking its mother o'er pathless vales,
With vague alarm at harmless gales.

For whether approach of spring so gay
Has brightly quivered on dancing spray,
Or whether green lizards stirring round
Shake dry brambles with a crackling sound,

Thou quakest fearfully in heart and knees.
But I seek thee not as a beast to seize
And mangle. At length ripe for a husband's love,
Cease to follow thy mother o'er plain and grove.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AT RUE life is more inspiring than the Madonna of a Raphael; the latter is the fruit of a beautiful conception, the former a monument to the power of high purposes. Mr. Taylor was born Jan. 11, 1825, in Philadelphia. His life is a drama of joy, sorrow, prosperity, and adversity. He had crossed the scorching sands of the Tropics, and felt the chilling blasts of the Arctic world. He carefully observed and studied the many phases of character among foreign peoples, and portrayed them to social life.

He was of English and German ancestry, and possessed an ambition which marked his descent from royal blood. Industry, vital with Christian principle, gave success to all his striving. He spent his youth in labor upon his father's farm, and often found pleasure in practical jokes. The writing of poetry was his pastime, even in early life. He had fewer privileges than Burns, the peasant poet of Scotland, but he toiled with as much cheer and energy, and, like Burns, won the world's respect by great achievements.

In his school-life, Geography and History employed his deepest thought. The history of European nations, the biographies of such men as Peter the Great, Charlemagne, the invincible career of Napoleon, fed his mind. His father not being able to give him a liberal education, procured for him the position of "printer's

devil"; but he soon became tired of his petty duties, and abandoned this vocation. In early manhood he entered the University at Heidelberg. There he showed a restless disposition, but a fertile mind. From Heidelberg, he set out upon the highways of Europe. It was ambition and practical sense which detracted his mind from his physical discomfort and pecuniary need. To many tourists, parks, palaces, and castles would have been trivial things compared with the imperative necessity of food and clothing.

Though brought into society with many, a mutuality of fraternal feeling and regard was especially noticeable between him and the class of students, artists, and sculptors, to whom the world seemed cold and foreign. Not unconsciously, he entered the infinite domain of Art and Poetry, and thoughtfully he studied the faces of their geniuses. Such study clothed his mind with dignity and opened avenues to deeper thought and matured conceptions. We can best tell the worth of great minds and high characters after we have known them, just as we are most impassioned by Nature when in her temper we walk, unblinded and untrammelled. So Mr. Taylor drank in intellectual strength and expansion of soul by close communion with the best thoughts of Goethe, Victor Hugo, and Dante.

At length Mr. Taylor returned to his native country and became a journalist for the *New York Tribune*. In 1849, with that mass of human life, he was hurried across the western plains to the gold fields of California. This journey furnished new views in his panoramic life, and brought him nearer his goal. Mr. Taylor's articles are genuine prose; in them we can see no affectation of fine feeling, but a lucid and sound mean of expression. The two most distant limits of pithy polish and unstudied newness are noticeable, the one in the "By-Ways of Europe," the other in "Views Afoot." The popularity which he gained from the latter work many authors have sought in vain. It was his introduction to the literary world. It was Mr. Taylor's journalistic ability that brought his intellectual soundness to the view of his people. When we speak of the moral character of Bayard Taylor, we are impressed by the grandeur of true manhood, since he was a man faithful to all men. His translation of

Goethe's "Faust" into the dialect of his own country is proof enough of his literary ability. The services he rendered while Secretary of the Legation, at St. Petersburg, and his honesty and favorable influence while Minister at Berlin, will render him immortal, and deepen respect for his country throughout the civilized world. He won honor, bestowed honor, and now rests from his busy life.

ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

THE Fortieth Annual Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity was held in New York City, Jan. 7th and 8th. The Phi Chapter of the University of the City of New York entertained the delegates. The Phi is the mother chapter of the fraternity, and a right royal welcome did she give her children. It was like going home for the holidays, where all is comfort, welcome, and good cheer. All the chapters, with two exceptions, were represented by active members. Brothers C. E. Melaney, '76, C. A. Parker, '86, and E. F. Goodwin, '87, represented the Chi.

The convention met Thursday A.M. at the Murray Hill Hotel and organized. In the afternoon the actual work of the convention came up. Owing to the limited time at the disposal of the writer of this report, we beg leave to submit the following, taken from one of the New York dailies:

ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

THE SOCIETY EXTENDING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND TO EUROPE.

The Zeta Psi Convention continued its session yesterday afternoon. Applications for chapter charters were received from Lehigh University, Dartmouth College, Yale, Northwestern University, and the College of the City of New York. Ex-Congressman Charles Sumner of California has been appointed a committee of one to take steps to organize European chapters. Among those attending the convention are ex-Governor Dingley of Maine, General Hazen of the United States Signal Office, ex-Governor Robinson of Massachusetts, Judges Van Hoesen, Larrimore, and Bookstaver of New York, Surrogate Lott of Brooklyn, City Judge Van Wyck of Brooklyn, Congressman William Edwards of New Jersey, and Professor A. H. Gallatin of the University of New York.

In the evening the delegates attended in a body the Bijou Theatre to listen to one of Nat Goodwin's strong plays. It was one of the largest and certainly one of the most enthusiastic of theatre parties. The boxes, occupied by resident Zetes and their families, were ele-

gantly draped with Zeta Psi banners. In the body of the house Zeta Psi colors were everywhere. Every "hit" of the actors was promptly *encored*, and when Nat Goodwin, in his inimitable way, touched pleasantly upon the foibles of college fraternities, the applause was kept up till the arches rang.

After the theatre the brothers repaired to the Zeta Psi club rooms. Two hours were spent in discussing the delicacies of the season. Then songs were sung, stories told, reminiscences of college life repeated. Everybody was at home. The oldest graduate vied with the youngest student in jest and repartee, and the merry laugh went round.

A word in reference to the Zeta Psi Club, which did so much to make our stay in New York pleasant. It is composed of alumni Zetes residing in New York City. The qualifications for admission are simply an alumnus in good standing of the Zeta Psi Fraternity. It comprises a hundred members, representing nearly all the chapters. They have club-rooms admirably adapted for their purposes. No stronger proof could be offered of the influence which college societies exert upon their members than the sight of these old gray-headed men, withdrawing themselves from their business cares, taking themselves from other social organizations, to worship once again at the shrine of their earliest and best love. They are still enthusiastic Zetes; they keep a watchful eye upon the Fraternity. With such men behind them, the interest in college fraternities will not weaken, and fraternities themselves cannot die.

The convention assembled Friday A.M. at 10.30, and continued in session, with a slight intermission for dinner, until 6 P.M. Business of an important private nature was transacted. The annual election and installation of officers concluded the labors of the convention.

Friday evening the delegates and alumni enjoyed a banquet at Delmonico's. The name of the caterer guarantees the feast. An able oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Brooks of New York City, and a poem was read by Judge Sumner of Bridgeport. The three hours that followed will be long remembered by the happy participants. But every good time must come to an end. The last toast was drunk, the Fraternity cheer given, the mystic circle formed, the parting ode sung, and the convention of '87 became a thing of the past.

HOW CLARE MADE PEACE.

The master sat at his battered desk
 And scanned his busy school,
 And said, 'neath his breath with a restful sigh,
 "Thank fate! that the happy hour is nigh
 That ends my daily rule."

The morn he had risen with throbbing head—
 Church sociable night before—
 And the throbs were rendered the more acute
 By the shuffle and clatter of cow-hide boot
 Arranged in squads on the floor.

O ye that have wielded the birchen rod
 Must understand the case,
 For when the brain is spent or worn
 Or temper ruffled, then noise is borne
 With no real saint-like grace.

And so the master behind his desk,
 Like a battery on a hill,
 Poured down broad-sides of stern commands,
 And all day long had used his hands
 In spanking with royal will.

But forthwith it seemed that all his toil
 Was foiled by genius of ill
 For despite the rod, each sturdy elf
 Would cease from mischief—to plunge himself
 Into mischief deeper still.

Full oft as the long forenoon crept on
 He turned his sternest glare
 To the corner where, like an elfin sprite
 With curly hair and face alight,
 Smiled up the black-eyed Clare.

He thundered down with his sternest voice—
 He had even tweaked her ear,—
 But still whenever his back was turned
 She practiced mischief that she had learned
 To practice with no fear.

For she was a fair but roguish child
 With *her sister's* face and eyes,
 And the face and the eyes of Alinore
 The master ere this had learned to adore
 And had won the heart of his prize.

When "the Board" in school the day before
 Had asked for the best child there,
 He spoke the name of a pale, bent youth,
 And smiling, added, "To tell the truth
 The wildest is little Clare."

To-day as the long forenoon crept on
 His wandering thought would fly
 To the quarrel and words of the night before
 When he heard from the lips of his Alinore,
 "False-hearted one, good-bye!"

What wonder then that the day was sad
 And that heart was full of care,

That voice was sharp, and that rod was felt
 On many a malefactor's pelt,
 And that he scolded little Clare.

Alas and alas! that the heart should wield
 Such sway over mind and brain.
 A pity shone in each pupil's face
 When master so often lost the place
 And pressed his lips in pain.

He never noticed the flagrant faults
 When the boy in a mask of dirt,
 With voice so dolorously intoned,
 Snuffled and balked and slowly droned
 The touching "Song of the Shirt."

In vain he sought to bend his mind
 To his tasks, but his restless eye
 Saw a maid's sad face and heard the words,
 That pierced his heart like the points of swords,
 "False-hearted one good-bye."

No wonder then that the master sighed
 With a sort of a thankful groan,
 When the hurrying scamper of noisy feet
 Went pouring out of doors to the street
 And he was left alone.

No, not alone, for the little Clare
 Had lingered just outside:
 And as he passed and raised his eyes
 To gaze at her with a grave surprise,
 She timidly came to his side.

"What makes grown folks so cross to-day?
 You're glum as Alinore.
 Last night she cried herself to sleep.
 I know it, for didn't I softly creep
 And hark at the chamber door?"

"And all the time she would talk and talk
 'Bout loving somebody yet.
 She didn't say who but of course I knew—
 It isn't me and it isn't you,
 It's our cat that's dead,—her pet."

That night at supper when asked of his school,
 And which was the best child there,
 With dreaminess in face and tones,
 He answered gently, "Mrs. Jones,
 'Tis the little black-eyed Clare."

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

THIS Fraternity met in its fortieth annual convention, January 5th and 6th, with its Alumni Association at Washington, D. C., two months later than usual, in order that the delegates might visit the city when Congress was in session.

There are thirty-one chapters in the Fraternity, of which twenty-nine were represented by

one hundred and twenty delegates, all of whom were entertained at Willard's Hotel, where the business sessions and banquet were held.

On Tuesday evening an informal reception and lunch were tendered by the resident Alumni Association. Here brothers from the various sections of the country exchanged greetings, became acquainted with each other, and discussed matters of college and society interest.

The business transacted, which was mostly of a secret nature, occupied all of Wednesday and Thursday forenoon. The chapter at the University of North Carolina, which has been extinct since the war, was revived.

The public exercises of the convention took place on Wednesday evening, at the First Congregational Church. For the occasion the church was handsomely decorated with national flags, and banners bearing the names of all the states in the Union. Suspended from the gallery on three sides were banners representing the escutcheons of the different chapters or colleges of the country. Excellent music was furnished by the Washington Marine Band. Hon. Seth Milliken presided. Hon. W. L. Trenholm delivered the oration, and Andrew C. Kemper, M.D., was poet for the occasion.

On Thursday, a photograph of the delegates was taken on the steps of the Treasury. They then proceeded in carriages to the Capitol, where they visited the galleries of the Senate and House, and were introduced to Senator Sherman and Speaker Carlisle. Afterwards they were driven to the White House, and were received by the President. In the evening came the banquet, and among the guests were many members of the society who have attained to high political positions. Ex-Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, presided, and some excellent toasts were responded to. During the evening a beautiful basket of flowers on the table was sent to Mrs. Cleveland, who acknowledged the gift by proposing a toast to the "prosperity and continued usefulness of Delta Kappa Epsilon."

On Friday evening a reception and banquet was given by the New York Alumni Association, at the Delta Kappa Epsilon clubhouse in that city, to as many of the convention delegates as could attend on their way home.

COMMUNICATION.

Editors of Echo:

THE article in the *Boston Journal* in relation to Bowdoin College, copied into the *Bowdoin Orient*, page 177, differs somewhat from the account of the same matter given by the late Hon. Timothy Boutelle.

He said that at the time of "the separation" the authorities of Bowdoin College induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to incorporate into the "Articles of Separation" (made a part of our Constitution) the clause still existing therein, that

"The president and trustees, and the overseers of said college, shall have and enjoy their powers and privileges in all respects; so that the same shall not be subject to be altered, limited, annulled, or restrained, except by judicial process, according to the principles of law."

That this clause was obnoxious to many of the people of the new State, and that in the Constitutional Convention, under the lead of John Holmes, the following clause was inserted in our Constitution:

"Provided, that no donation, grant, or endowment shall at any time be made by the legislature to any literary institution now established, or which may hereafter be established, unless at the time of making such endowment, the legislature of the State shall have the right to grant any further powers to alter, limit, or restrain any of the powers vested in any such literary institution, as shall be judged necessary to promote the best interests thereof."

That thereupon the two College Boards passed a vote, consenting that the Legislature of Maine should be vested with the power to alter, limit, or restrain the Charter; and, in accordance with the provision in the Articles of Separation, procured the passage of a resolve, on June 12, 1820, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and a resolve, on June 10, 1820, by the Legislature of Maine, giving their respective consent to the proposed modification of the Charter; that all this was procured by a Committee representing Bowdoin College, of which its President was chairman:

That the next year an act was passed, amending the Charter of the College, with the full concurrence of the representatives of Bowdoin College;

That an act approved June 19, 1820, the power to change the Charter of Waterville College, then Maine Literary and Theological Institute, was declared:

That in 1820 an act was passed, giving Bowdoin College \$3,000 annually for seven years after 1824; and to the Waterville Institution, \$1,000 annually for seven years after 1821;

That in 1828, the Institute having become Waterville College, a further grant of \$3,000, payable in three annual installments, was made to it; and in 1829, another thousand, payable in two annual installments, and in 1832 another thousand:

That in the mean time, a controversy had arisen between the President of Bowdoin College and the college government; that the latter wished to get rid of the former, and *procured* the passage of an act (March 31, 1831,) providing, among other things, that no president of any college in the State should hold office beyond the day of the next Commencement of the college, unless re-elected, and that it should require a vote of two-thirds to elect. At their meeting in the September following, both Boards of Bowdoin College voted to "acquiesce in said act," and undertook to carry it into effect by the election of a President; no choice, however, could be effected, and the Boards adjourned;

That the President claimed to be still in office, and finally sued the Treasurer for his salary. Simon Greenleaf was his counsel, and Longfellow was for the college. They argued the case with great power, and Judge Story delivered an elaborate opinion, holding that the action of the college and the Legislatures of Maine and Massachusetts did not avail to give the Legislature of Maine power to amend the charter, and that the act of March 31, 1831, was "unconstitutional and void, so far as it undertakes to remove President Allen from office." [The case was decided in May, 1833, and is reported in the first volume of Sumner's U. S. Circuit Reports, pp. 270 to 318]:

That the real cause of the stopping of the appropriations for the colleges grew out of remarks of a political character, made by a Waterville student in his graduating exercise, which so deeply offended a prominent Democrat present, theretofore a friend of the college, that he left the church before the Commencement exercises were closed, and went to Augusta the next winter, and persuaded his party associates that the influences of the colleges

were aristocratic in their character, and hostile to the interests of the Democratic party.

Whether Mr. Boutelle was correct or not in his opinion, as expressed in the last paragraph, the preceding statements are historically true, and also it is true that the appropriations for both colleges were cut off at substantially the same time.

J. H. D.



A cut.

Tears flow.

"Umbrellas."

"Life size?"

Examinations.

The black eye.

"Spher-o-id-al."

Here comes the college crank!

Yesterday was the Day of Prayer for Colleges.

The third term of college begins Wednesday, March 16th.

President Pepper delivered a temperance lecture at Hallowell, January 13th.

One evening lately a few of the students enjoyed a German reading at Prof. Small's.

Prof. Small has been chosen a member of the board of control of the Chautauqua Teachers' Union of Maine.

The prospects for a good *Oracle* seem flattering. Work on it has been begun much earlier this year than usual.

No more "absorptive selection from large text-books" for the Prof. of Physics. Sequel—Juniors "stuck" on their Ganots.

The number of Library books let out to students, thus far, during the present college year, is a little over two thousand.

Smith, '87, is teaching on Hurricane Isle. Nye, '89, will teach this vacation at St. Albans. Sampson, '89, will teach at Flagstaff.

The Freshmen have caused another complaint from the railroad officials by dropping their letters into the signal box. On some days

half a dozen letters have been removed by the officials. Have patience! the Freshmen will sometime learn.

Why can't the *Echo* editors have a Sanctum? The expense of fitting up one of the vacant rooms in North College would be but trifling.

The general book agent has found but very few victims at Colby this winter. Most of the students will spend the vacation under the paternal roof.

For a few days last term it was whispered about among the Juniors of the classical course, that there was no equine accompaniment to the Andria of Terence.

Mac recently sent for his plug hat, which he left at the Bricks when he went out teaching. Presumably he has a class in *Æsthetics*, as well as one in the A, B, C's.

The college carpenter gave it as his decided opinion that the severely cold snaps which we experienced last term were due to the importation of so many thermometers by Prof. Rogers.

The Professor of Astronomy informs his class that he is having a globe constructed three feet in diameter, upon which they will be supposed to dwell for the first four weeks of next term.

A lithograph of the college grounds and buildings, including the old workshops and Commons' House, as they were fifty years ago, has been presented to the Library by Miss Plaisted.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following officers for the next term: President, O. L. Beverage, '87; Vice-President, A. B. Lorimer, '88; Recording Secretary, F. V. Matthews, '89; Treasurer, H. W. Frye, '89.

Evidently the Junior, who recently made a mistake in translating a phrase in French, is not the only man who gets our janitor mixed up with our registrar. We think the Junior should have his "record" cleared.

Brainard and Gibbs will travel, this vacation, with a projected lecture. The lecture is very interesting and the views fine, and they surely ought to be well received. The subject of the lecture is "China and the Chinese."

The projected boxing match between Sam and Forest has not yet come off, but doubtless

will at some future date. Sam has promised to teach Forest two or three fine points, which he learned, when a boy, down in *Old Virginia*.

Dr. and Mrs. Pepper gave a dinner party, Wednesday, January 19th. Their guests included all the ladies of the three upper college classes. They were sumptuously entertained, and report the occasion as a very enjoyable one.

The Colby Quartette Club propose to reorganize again with a view to giving a few concerts the present vacation. The quartette will be stronger and even much better than ever before, both as a quartette and also as soloists.

It is an easy matter for a professor to tell you that "the rank of your class is exceedingly low;" but it is difficult to make some of them admit that they are requiring too much work, even when the most merciless "grinds" are imposed upon the class.

A stout, birch table, in good repair, has recently been presented to the college by the daughter of Phineas Barnes, Professor of Greek and Latin, 1834-1839. The table is of peculiar interest because it was made for Prof. Barnes about 1838 in the old college workshops.

Of the one hundred and seven Y. W. C. Associations in the United States, the one connected with Colby University with Miss Mary E. Pray as president, is the only one in the New England states. A large majority of these associations are in the middle and western states.

A very interesting game of polo was played at the rink, Saturday evening, January 15th, between the "Colbys" and the "Coburns." Although the latter entered the contest with full confidence of winning, they were "wiped out" by a score of 6 to 1, and evidently do not care to play against the Colbys again.

A new and very useful invention has been made recently by one of the young ladies of the Junior class,—an "oblong-garter" (oblongata). We are informed that the inventor has already received large orders for the article from "Perk" and "Nancy," who will spend their vacation in canvassing for them.

A certain Junior was completely "broken up," recently, when, on entering his room in his usual happy, *talkative* way, enjoying the fumes of his favorite pastime, he beheld a wo-

man seated upon a sofa, pointing an umbrella at him. Pink blushes are rapidly changed to crimson mortification and surprise, as he recognizes a friend from home.

Scene at the dinner table: Student (who wishes to appear very much composed after making the thoughtless blunder to order soup instead of dessert, to a friend)—“Isn't this a lovely *stew!*” Friend (abruptly)—“Don't make so much fuss with your dainty sips of that vulgar old fish-chowder!”

When the Sophomores learned that a bill was to be presented to the Legislature by the Good Templars, forbidding the sale of cider after it was twenty days old, and in any quantity less than a barrel when younger, they were on the point of instructing Condon to prevent the passage of that bill if possible. Upon second thought, however, they concluded not to interfere, because the bill did not forbid the *stealing* of cider in any convenient quantities.

Prof. Wadsworth has been making experiments with his Geology class to ascertain the practical value of classical studies to a student, in assisting him to master the sciences. Members of the class were requested to give the derivation of scientific terms without previous preparation, and, as a result, some statements were made, which, if proved, might lead to startling revelations in science; for instance, a Senior, noted for his proficiency in the classics, derived “*lepidodendron*,” from the two Latin words, *lepidus* and *dens*.

How does it look to others? Is it such a pretty trick—such a cunning joke—to seek out an opportunity to change the numbers on the President's list of hymns, and by this means, if possible, to bring about an occasion for turning the place for holy worship into a place of *séance* for those who wish to show by their own demonstrations that they have more brains in their feet than in their head? The choir care nothing about it so far as it has to do with them, but it is the principle of the thing that is to be looked at.

The forgetfulness of one of the professors, who prides himself so much on his remarkable memory, and who really can, we are willing to believe, repeat the most of every Greek poem that he has ever read, relieved the Sophomores

of one grind in Xenophon's Symposium. The Prof. had his work arranged to give the class one lesson more, and kindly gave them their choice of time for recitation. Strange to say, they unanimously agreed to have it on Thursday morning, which happened to be the morning after the Junior Exhibition, and consequently no recitation.

Prof. Small delivered his admirable lecture on “Books and Reading,” in the college chapel, Wednesday evening, January 12th, before a good sized and appreciative audience. He classified books under two principal heads: (1) Bread and butter books, which we owe it to our profession to read. (2) Off duty books, which we owe it to our manhood and womanhood to read. The second class he subdivided into books for amusement, books for instruction, and books for inspiration. His lecture was carefully prepared and thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

It is, alas, distressing to know of the strange freaks which “Adam” has forced upon our notice of late. He is, we fear, swiftly declining into hopeless, dissolute vagary. Leaving aside certain incidental minutiae of detail, he no longer appreciates a warm and hearty joke from his friends, as he showed, by inflicting with his brawny fist an ugly bruise beneath the eye of a friend, who happened to be standing near him. And later, on going to a special excursion train for Oakland, he imagines the gay and festive ball party to be a crowd of Good Templars, accordingly he gets his ticket and jumps aboard. When or where he discovered his mistake is not known, neither is the exact time of his return, for he absolutely refuses to say much about his little exile, except that he had a good ride in the cars, and shook hands with three men.

Prof. Rogers is having a room built in the cellar of Memorial Hall for an even temperature. The room is constructed with double walls, so as to have all around it a hot-air space in which the heat is to be supplied from a stove on the outside; then by the use of simple registers, the temperature of the hot-air space can be so regulated that a constant temperature can be had in the room. The Professor proposes to keep the temperature up to 90° F. for any length of time he wishes. We hope if Prof. Rogers has any spare heat from his even

temperature room, that he will donate it to the chapel.

The Junior Exhibition occurred in the college chapel, January 19th. '88 came fully up to her usual high standard. The programmes were neat and rendered attractive by a cut drawn by C. H. Pepper. The Euterpe Quartette dispensed excellent music. Below is the programme for the evening:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Civil Service Reform.	Solomon Gallert.
Foreign Immigration:	Martin S. Howes.
Africa, and its Future.	Addison B. Lorimer.

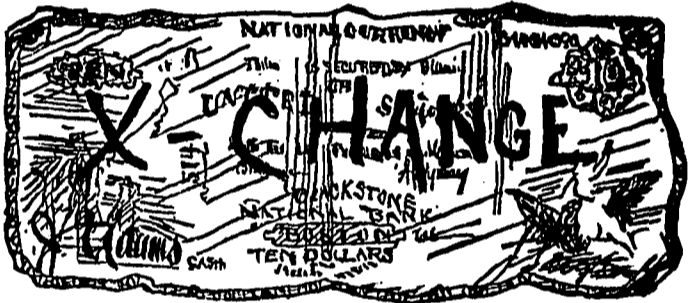
MUSIC.

Hildebrand.	Charles H. Pepper.
Agassiz.	H. Edith Merrill.
Culture.	John A. Shaw.

MUSIC.

Influence of Fiction.	Walter B. Suckling.
Hilda of the Marble Faun.	Bertha L. Brown.
The Age of the People.	Royal J. Tilton.

MUSIC.



We extend our sincerest sympathy to the editorial staff of the *Swathmore Phoenix* in the loss which they have recently met with by the death of their business manager, who was drowned while skating. It seems to us that no death can cause so much sorrow and regret in a small community as the death of a fellow-student during his college course. The recent deaths which have occurred in some of our colleges, most of them being sudden, causes us to be thankful to the Giver of all good that our number has not been broken, and that we are still in the land of the living.

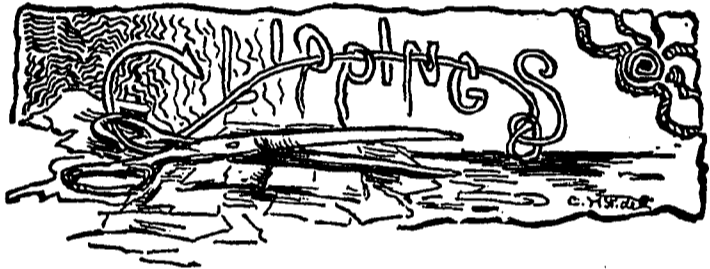
The New-Year's number of the *Yale Courant* calls for especial attention. Among other good things it contains a parody on W. D. Howells' "Mouse-Trap," entitled "The Rat-Trap." A neat illustration is that which heads the stanzas entitled "In Birch Canoe." The scene represents a fond couple seated in a birch canoe drawn up pretty close to the shore, and partly hidden by overhanging trees and shrubbery. It likewise contains a "take-off" on Porter's "The Human Intellect," entitled "Inhuman Intellect"

(*A Die-jest*). We think it too serious business to *jest* on such a work as the above. It is "jest" about as much as one wants to do to deal with it seriously.

The *Brunonian* contains an editorial on "Co-Education." It thinks that while it may be true that their opposition to co-education, even on the Harvard Annex's plan, may be due to prejudice, yet it thinks at the same time that it is barely possible that those who advocate co-education are moved to an equal degree by sentimentality. Did it ever occur to the *Brunonian*, or indeed to any of the opponents of co-education, that without doubt the majority of our young ladies would prefer to attend institutions devoted exclusively to their own interest, provided they could have equal advantages with those offered to their brothers and cousins? We believe that co-education is as unpopular among the ladies as it is to many of our young men who ungallantly wish their doors to be securely closed against the fairer sex. And yet we feel sure that the *Brunonian* would not deny the right nor the advisability of affording young ladies the opportunity of acquiring as liberal an education as they desired or as their more fortunate brothers could acquire. There are not enough female colleges in the country as yet to accommodate all those who desire to enter them, as witness the inability of so many applicants to enter Wellesley the present year—at least 150 having been denied admission. How, then, can these young ladies obtain the desired education except on the co-educational plan? And until there are a sufficient number of colleges devoted exclusively to the higher education of women to accommodate all applicants, we say let the doors of all colleges and universities be open to them.

The *Aegis* complains of a most flagrant evil in the marking system as it exists in the University of Wisconsin; and we should judge that the system of marking there is very similar to the system in vogue here, not only in respect to the adjectives used in designating the rank attained, but also in the matter of sending these reports home. We clip the following, which coincides with our views exactly: "Were we all under one class officer, or were the standard applied by all, the same, these reports would be as fair an indication as is possible under the marking system, of the work of the student for

the term. But these essential conditions do not exist. Each professor has his own standard, which, so far as we know, is usually independent of and adopted without consultation with the rest of the Faculty; as a result there are widely different standards for the same adjective. Among the students the system is generally recognized as no system at all, and little significance is attached to the matter of reports. But to the parent who receives them, failing to understand the circumstances, these reports come to be grossly misleading. He of course attaches a particular and uniform significance to each adjective, so that instead of getting a *true* idea of the progress of his son or daughter, he may the second year be informed, as seen above, that the student is doing poorer work than the first year, when in fact he is doing better."



There are 18,000 ladies in the different colleges of the United States. Who says that co-education is a "ridiculous experiment"?

Eight hundred thousand dollars have been pledged for the founding of a polytechnic school in Chicago.—*The Collegiate*.

Tulane University, New Orleans, has received a donation of \$100,000 from a New York lady, with which it is to establish a college for the higher education of women.

The new object-glass, the largest in the world, recently finished by Alvan Clark & Sons, for the Lick Observatory, Berkeley, Cal., was transported thither in a palace sleeping car, so as to avoid, as far as possible, all risk of injury to it.

There are at present four foreign schools for the pursuance of classical studies in Athens. The American school has the largest number of students: seven, representing the colleges of Amherst, Columbia, Michigan, Beloit, Trinity, and Yale.

Brown has recently received quite a handsome bequest, \$50,000 of which is immediately available; \$25,000 becomes available at the death of the immediate legatee. The residual,

estimated to be above \$150,000, also reverts to them at the death of the immediate legatee, the entire legacy thus amounting to over one-quarter of a million of dollars.

Father Duffy, of Brooklyn, has issued an order to the young ladies of St. Agnes Seminary, interdicting the bang and frizz, and insisting that the scholars shall not make themselves look like poodle dogs, but wear their hair plain and neatly brushed back.

A. C. Merriam, Professor of Greek at Columbia College, has been chosen as Director of the School of Athens, for the year 1887. He will leave for his new position at the close of the present college year.

Professor C. L. Smith, Dean of the Faculty at Harvard, will preside while President Eliot is abroad.

Columbia College is to have a centennial celebration in April—the hundredth anniversary of the change of name from King's to Columbia.—*The Pennsylvanian*.

At Dartmouth, a dramatic association has been formed as a stock company, with a capital of \$600, divided into shares of \$5 each.

J. A. Bostwick, Esq., of New York, has presented to the Wake Forest College, of North Carolina, \$50,000, in addition to \$20,000 given a short time since.

The world's record for throwing the hammer was recently beaten by an Irishman, who with the regulation 16-pound hammer, made a throw of 115 feet and 7 inches.

E. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, a miser, has left Harvard University a legacy of \$500,000. His great ambition was to be thus immortalized.

A Williams alumnus has given \$10,000 towards the erection of a new recitation hall at that college.

On the question of introducing the study of English Literature side by side with the classics, at Oxford, Mr. Gladstone expresses himself as "utterly deploring whatever tends to displace a classical education for those in any way capable of receiving it, and strongly disapproving all efforts in that direction." John Bright, on the other hand, declares that "the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education, so far as the acquisition of knowledge is concerned; and that as the study of the best writers of English must be more effective in creating and sustaining

what we may term classic English, than the study of any foreign or dead language can be, it seems to follow that the classics of the modern world are, from an educational point of view, an equivalent to the Greek and Roman classics. The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury." However, the great orator and statesman adds, "I do not feel competent fully to discuss the question. I am one of the unlearned. If my answer seems shallow and unworthy, I am afraid it will add to the proofs of the insufficiency of an education in which classical learning has not been included."—*The University.*



THE JOKE.

A dude collapsed by a taunting remark,
A lady of years too many to spark,
A student precocious "set on" by a Prof.,
An answer where reason is turned to a scoff,
A novel event that in wooing occurs,
An unheard-of thing that a jester infers;
Six things that should you from humor revoke,
And take them away, what becomes of the joke?

Motto for young lovers—So-fa and no father.—*Ex.*

Why is Mathematics a good drill? Because it's a bore.—*Ex.*

What is the difference between a mouse and a girl? One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.—*Hanover Monthly.*

MUSIC.

Weird, unknown power, to thee we bow,
We do not know the why or how,
Against thy might our hearts we steel,
Yet oft thy magic grasp we feel.
What "Fresh" is there but fain would fly
When first he hears the dread Phi Chi?
What man profane but oft has cursed
When songs at midnight are rehearsed?
Deluded ones, who *think* that you
Can sing; while others know 'tis true
That you can *howl*; do not despair
While that your voice can fill the air.
If you would most the world impress
With those *sweet* tones that you possess,
Just try your art at the midnight hour
And some no doubt will feel your power.

Prof. in Geometry (pointing to a line)—

"Don't you see that this is EC?" Soph.—"No, I don't think it is easy at all."—*Ex.*

Sick Wife—"If I die, John, you will never marry again, will you?" John (with unnecessary earnestness)—"No, indeed!"—*Ex.*

TO MY BEARD.

Wee, timid, struggling phantom shade,
Like some weird spirit, half afraid
To expose thyself to mortal gaze,
Or like some tinted mist or haze
That seems to be—but yet is not—
And gathers round some favored spot
Upon my phiz, a thing of hope,
To meet sometime my shaving soap—
Oh haste! pray haste, I beg, and grow,
Dost feel no pride to be so slow?
I long to know what is thy hue,
And run my happy fingers thro'
Thy meshes thick, and grip them fast—
Then I could be a man at last!

—*Fortnight.*

This is the way one Fresh. argues: "Great men never knew anything while going to school, I don't know anything; consequently I'll be a great man."—*Ex.*

SHE NEVER WILL BE MISSED.

When a girl is duly married
And by the bridegroom kissed,
She's numbered 'mongst the many
Who never will be missed.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Scene at the party: She (passing a basket of ham sandwiches). He Calls—"Say, haven't you a piece of some dead animal in there?" She—"I don't carry live animals."—*Ex.*

CARDS.

[ONE PAIR.]

They sat and watched the rollers break
On the shining side of the sloping beach,
While he held her unresisting hand,
A couple of hearts was the hand of each.

[ACE HIGH.]

"Only one cloud to our love," he said—
"The *patient* wait for the by and by.
I'm a struggling man in the world to-day,
With prospects good, but a purse (*ace high*).

[A FLUSH.]

"Be patient, love; the day will come"—
"But I am an helress, love; hush!"
She was gathered close by clasping arms;
The game was his; he had drawn a flush!

—*College Mercury.*

Pedantic Old Gentleman (to restaurant waiter)—"I believe it is improper to speak disrespectfully concerning one's elders." R. W.—

"So I've 'eard, sir." P. O. G.—"Then I will be silent concerning this duckling you have just brought me."—*Hesperus*.

GEOLOGY.

Out of some matter form a mass,
With inside land and outside water;
Then set the mixture on to boil,
Till into view appear some islands.
Then take a rod and often stir,
An age is formed by every stirring,
Which adds another slice of land,
And equally contracts the ocean.
Meanwhile mix in queer forms of life,
Some wondrous fish and curious reptiles,
With some varieties of plants,
From which when dead to make the fossils.
Then put the whole mass in a vice,
With pressure strong proceed to squeeze it,
To make the mighty mountain range,
The hills, and corresponding valleys.
And, lo! the piece of work is done,
The mighty globe which we inhabit.



'37.

Rev. N. M. Williams, D.D., has resigned his position as pastor of the Baptist church at Warner, N. H., where he has been since 1881—resignation to take effect March 31st. Dr. Williams is author of "Notes on the Gospel of Matthew."

'42.

Rev. N. Butler, D.D., is reported to be holding gospel meetings in Ohio.

'47.

Rev. George G. Fairbanks, D.D., died at Middleboro, Mass., Jan. 4th, aged 60 years. He was Principal of Hebron Academy from 1847 to 1849, graduated at Newton Theological Institution in 1851, and has been pastor in Massachusetts ever since. He was prominent in educational labors, and was President of the Trustees of Peirce Academy from 1869 to 1881. In 1883 he received the degree of D.D. from his *Alma Mater*.

'52.

William H. Hobbie died in New York, Jan. 7th, aged about 67 years. He was formerly Principal of the High School in Belfast, leaving there in 1861. For several years past he has

been connected with the firm of A. J. Johnson & Co., publishers.

'59.

Rev. S. C. Fletcher has resigned his pastorate at New London, N. H., where he has preached very successfully for the last fourteen years—resignation to take effect March 31st.

'62.

Col. Z. A. Smith, the leading editor of the *Boston Journal*, is writing a series of war articles, entitled "Colby in the War."

'65.

Rev. C. V. Hanson of Damariscotta has received a call from the Fourth Baptist Church at Providence, R. I., to fill the vacancy caused by the election of President Tyler to Vassar College.

'73.

Lieut. J. Herbert Philbrick, 11th United States Infantry, is visiting relatives in Waterville.

'74.

Dr. C. E. Williams will return home from New York, where he has been attending a course of medical lectures, February 1st.

'80.

Chas. H. Case died January 1st at South Pasadena, Cal., where he was postmaster.

Another letter of the series which J. E. Cochrane, who recently went to Calcutta as a missionary, is writing appears in the *Zion's Advocate* of January 19th.

'86.

R. J. Condon recently spent the Sabbath in town.

G. P. Phenix, who has been pursuing a special post-graduate course under Profs. Rogers and Elder this winter, returns February 1st to his position over the department of the Sciences of Hebron Academy.

'87.

A. W. Smith will teach during the coming vacation on Hurricane Island, Me.

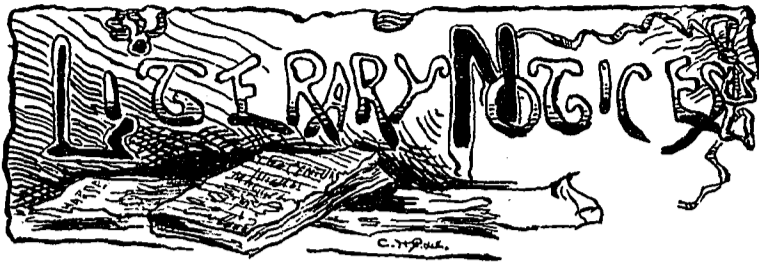
'88.

E. B. Gibbs and A. H. Brainard will give their illustrated lecture on "China" in several towns throughout the State during the coming vacation.

'89.

L. Owen will teach at Harrington, Me., this vacation.

F. E. Nye will teach in Skowhegan, and E. L. Sampson at Flagstaff, Me.



A complete new novel by Miss M. G. McClelland, whose "Oblivion" placed her among the most promising of the younger American authors, is the leading attraction of *Lippincott's Magazine* for February. The hero, by birth a Virginian of humble origin, returns in maturity to his native town, after having made a fortune in the West, and gains an uncertain foothold among the local aristocracy. His shrewdness, his common sense, his humorous perception of the foibles of his fellow-townsmen, his self-satisfaction, and his inherent coarseness, glorified, however, by a tender vein of sentiment, make him as striking a study as Daudet's Nabob. The other characters are well drawn, and the plot is fresh and unconventional. Another delightful piece of fiction is "Rothenburg Felicity," a translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, "after the German of Paul Heyse." Robert Grant furnishes a dialogue, "Two Ways of Telling a Story," in which the representatives of two different schools of art; the ideal and the real, have an amusing quarrel. The literary autobiography, which is a regular feature of *Lippincott's*, is furnished this month by John Burroughs, under the title of "Mere Egotism." It is a frank, readable paper, and gives much interesting information as to this charming author's literary career and methods of work. Charles E. L. Wingate contributes a notable article, entitled "Our Actors and their Preferences." He has written to the leading actors of England and America,—Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, etc.,—inquiring what are the parts they prefer to play, and the lines they like the best. Their answers are published in the article, and are varied and entertaining. William E. Curtis contributes a bit of personal gossip, entitled "A Day with the President," giving a vivid picture of the daily life of President and Mrs. Cleveland. The departments are as bright as ever, and good poetry is furnished by A. W. R. and C. H. Crandall.

The *Atlantic Monthly* presents a strong selection of prose, poetry, and literary criticism for those who like magazine literature which is worth reading for its excellent quality. Prominent among its poetical contributions is a long poem by James Russell Lowell, entitled "Credidimus Jorem Regnare." The poet laments the days of old-time simplicity of faith, and enters a half-humorous, half-serious protest against modern materialism, suggesting its inadequacy, and saying:

"I might as well
Obey the meeting-house's bell
And listen while Old Hundred pours
Forth through the summer-opened doors,
From old and young. I hear it yet,
Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
While the gray minister, with face
Radiant, let loose his noble bass,
If heaven it reached not, yet its roll

Waked all the echoes of the soul,
And in it many a life found wings
To soar away from sordid things.
Church gone and singers too, the song
Sings to me voiceless all night long,
Till my soul beckons me afar,
Glowing and trembling like a star.
Will any scientific touch
With my worn strings achieve as much?"

A beautiful bit of landscape description is given in the retrospect of "A Day," by John Greenleaf Whittier, and a pathetic farewell forms the theme of "Perdita," by William Winter. The fiction consists of serial stories, the scenes of which, placed in different lands, give a cosmopolitan character to the magazine. "The Second Son," by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, leads in interest, and by its conciseness, simplicity, and deep feeling promises to be one of the most notable novels of the year. The character of the second son, Edmund, is developed as one of the most generous and thoroughly delightful characters presented in the large gallery of late fictitious personages. In "The Lady from Maine," by Lawrence Saxe, whose name is new in fiction, a girl of the unconventional, Daisy Miller type is depicted in her career in a summer boarding-house. F. Marion Crawford's story of "Paul Patoff" becomes dramatic. Historical themes predominate in the sketches and essays, among the most interesting of which is a glance backward," by Susan Fenimore Cooper. The writer, in telling the history of "The Spy," opens a chapter of early American literature. Mr. John Fiske's account of "The Federal Convention" is in his customary picturesque style, full of striking and luminous thought. Three great compromises, he says, laid the foundation of our Federal Constitution—the concession of equal representation to the States in the Senate, that which related to the power of the Federal Government over commerce, and that relating to the slave trade. A pleasant essay upon bird-life is contributed by Olive Thorne Miller, and there is a spicy sketch of "An Experience in the Island of Capri," by Wm. Chauncy Langdon. The Contributor's Club is especially full and varied this month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

The *Art Magazine*, published by Cassell & Co., is especially entertaining as a successful exponent of themes adapted to picturesque illustration and lively narrative. The frontispiece is a photogravure from a painting by G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., of "The Councilors of Peter the Headstrong," giving opportunity for character studies. One of the articles which most people will read describes the fairy palaces of "A Kingly Architect," the late King of Bavaria. The illustrations give suggestions of abodes which were jewels of priceless value outside and inside, and show that a poet and artist produced "craves" for the benefit of a beauty-loving world. "An Artist in Design," Mr. Walter Crane, is described by Lewis F. Day, with strong emphasis upon his decorative tendency, which is illustrated by several elaborate, tinted reproductions. Some beautiful landscapes accompany an article, "Round About West Drayton," in the long water valleys of Middlesex, England. "Glimpses of Artist Life" introduces a studio "smoke" in London, the illustration of which

lacks fancy and approaches coarseness. More satisfactory are the drawings of scenes in Paris during the Revolution, and in full-page a soft reproduction of one of Alfred Keppes's negro sketches, entitled "Tattered and Torn."

The *Quiver*, easily accessible to American readers through its American edition, published at fifteen cents monthly, contains sermons by English divines, interspersed with serial, fiction, and essays of moral and religious significance. Among the sermons are "The Stone of Help," by the Rev. A. A. Campbell, domestic chaplain to Her Majesty in Scotland. "The Sunshine of the Christian's Heart," by the Rev. W. Mann Statham, and "The Lord Our Burden-Bearer," by the Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. The *Quiver* Bible Class and Scripture Lessons are based upon orthodox theology. Among the sketches, those which treat of work among the London poor are the most interesting. "A 'Sandwich' Supper in Seven Dials" shows a quaint London charity, which dispenses roast beef, baked potatoes, and plum puddings, with music and a literary entertainment to the men who advertise with sandwich boards. "Saturday Evening Entertainments for the Poor" is another form of benevolent work used in London. The question of domestic service is discussed in an article bearing upon the dignity of labor. Among other features is a musical score. Cassell & Co., publishers.

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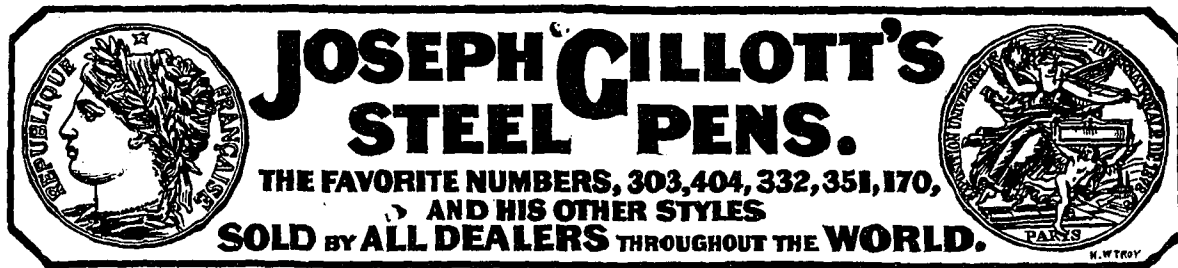
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