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◆ *Editor's Epilogue* ◆

Who's Who: Dr. Bixler, president emeritus of Colby College, has kept moving briskly since his retirement in 1960. He has led seminars in philosophy and religion at the University of Hawaii and at Wesleyan University's Center for Advanced Study, has been a visiting lecturer for the Phi Beta Kappa Association, and for the U. S. State Department, and advisor to Thammasart University in Bangkok in establishing a liberal arts program. He is currently teaching at Carleton College.

Dr. Strider, president of Colby College, an emigré from the ranks of professors of literature, is well known to scholars of 17th-century English life and thought. His *Robert Greville, Lord Brooke*, published by Harvard University Press, is the first cogent exegesis of Greville's philosophy.

Marston LaFrance, whose interest in Longfellow's esthetic growth touches us for the second time in two years, is assistant professor of English at Carleton University in Ottawa, Canada.

Whither Whittier? In the transcription of manuscript materials, carelessness or deliberate derangement of text gives rise to acicular pangs in editors who suffer from chronic perfectionism. This equivalent of Brutus' most unkindest cut was dealt to unoffending Whittier by one of his doting coterie of poetesses, Charlotte Fiske Bates (whose aberrations in this instance are referred to on page 390, footnote 5, of this issue). It prompted us to deeper exploration of her life and art. Could she who committed such mayhem on the sweet Quaker's letters have other suspicious bones in her cupboard? The answer turns out to be no. A veritable Diana of propriety, she lived strait and married late, apparently venting her criminal urgencies only upon helpless holographs.

Intensive inquiry at all plausible loci has not yet smoked out the other letters she so crudely fused with Colby's item, part of which is reproduced on page 391.

It is through the kindness of Miss Hannah Woodman of Portland, Maine, that this letter now reposes in our manuscript files. During his boyhood in Cambridge, Miss Woodman's father was tutored by Miss Bates. Miss Woodman remembers her vaguely as Mme. Rogé, a frequent visitor at her grandfather's house, "a scholarly person, rather tall and imposing-looking, the widow of a Frenchman."