

From R. P. Johnson May 1886

Delaware College Review.

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Delaware College Review.

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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
NEWARK, DELAWARE.

WE are glad to say that the threatened disturbance in the College has been dispelled by the creditable and praiseworthy action of both faculty and students. The Trustees, we believe, did the Press Association an unintentional injustice and placed them in a very awkward predicament in compelling them to stop the REVIEW, or let it be supervised by a member of the faculty—the faculty being compelled to enforce the commands of the Trustees. The REVIEW matter will be submitted to a member of the faculty after this issue until a conference can be had with the Trustees, which we think will finally settle the difficulty and all unpleasantness. We state this so as to place the true facts in the case before the public and our friends. We will be glad to receive advice in the matter from any quarter. We want to do

what is right. We believe that all interest will be lost in the REVIEW if such a command be permanently enforced, but we want to act in a thoroughly upright way, with no attempt at rebellion or insubordination.

WE voice the sentiments of the Swarthmore *Phoenix*, when it defines its position and aim, and beg leave to inform inquiring minds that the REVIEW is similarly constructed, and hence we quote:

This paper is carried on by the students and for the students, the Faculty or other authorities having no privilege in its columns except in the legitimate form of duly labeled "communications." This, then, is the primary object. To furnish an index of life and feeling among students; to turn the attention of students in directions of reform and improvement; to keep the grown-up children of our Alma Mater within speaking distance, and to awaken students to a lively interest in the college.

WE have always been a sincere admirer of Gladstone. His purposes have been so direct, and his motives so pure, that we have ever rejoiced in his successes, and regretted his downfalls, and now unhesitatingly voice his Home Rule proposal. It is a startling proposal, but it will sooner or later be adopted. Whether Gladstone sees the day when it is passed or not, he will be upheld by all unprejudiced men, and will retire from political life with the honors that the world will contribute to bestow.

THE Business Manager of the REVIEW is so charmed with his autograph that he earnestly desires it to be floating around the country on the REVIEW bill-heads over "Received Payment."

WE have received an excellent sketch, entitled "My Profession," from one of our contributors. It will occupy a large portion of the literary department for May.

BEYOND the mere routine of the recitation-room of a college, there belongs a life, and a vital force of no mean importance either to the college student or to his Alma Mater. The force of which we speak has been generally designated by "college spirit," and it is felt in every department of the college world. It is intimately connected with the college sports, the class organizations, the literary societies, the lectures and entertainments, the friendships, the esteem of its alumni, the college journal, and, in fact, all that wins a lasting success for an institution of learning and make its relations with its students more than a mercenary or business transaction. Large colleges always possess it, and there is little doubt but that they become large colleges through its impetus; but small colleges, as a rule, possess it to so much less an extent that it needs the greatest encouragement and no discouragement from the faculty, and college authorities. There are so many students in a college of a lymphatic temperament, who have no public spirit, and aim to slide through college with as few cares, and as little work as possible; who try to throw all the drudgery and labor on others, and if possible to share alike the rewards, and who, encourage nothing, but seek to worry and cast slurs upon the enterprise of others, and flaunt their failures before the public and their fellow-students with apparent relish, that the few, who might otherwise be interested, are generally unwilling to undertake the task of surmounting so many grave difficulties. Occasionally one or two students will be found who will labor earnestly and perseveringly for all the interests of the college; who will look beyond their own personal gain, and take upon themselves a voluntary and thankless task, but who will add lustre to their college, and become an example for other students. It is such students who make the best citizens, and who accomplish the great works for God and their country in future life. They have rewards, but they are beyond the present. The terms conceited, forward, mercenary, ambitious, are generally placed at their door. They will have a few staunch friends, and many enemies within the college walls, but will be known and esteemed by the surrounding public. College spirit receives no greater encouragement than from

the College paper, and we have ever endeavored to foster it and zealously aid it, and we appeal to each student individually to exert himself earnestly, and reap the true rewards of a college fellowship. We appeal to faculty, trustees and to the alumni to aid us, and we feel assured that it is no egotism to suggest, that if they would do as we bid, they could do it in no surer way than by lending every *encouragement* to one of its children and to its coadjutor, the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW.

IN referring to our editorial in the February REVIEW in answer to "A Subscriber" in the Delaware *Faru and Home*, the *Aurora*, of the Iowa State Agricultural College, speaks as follows:

"REVIEW, you have our sympathy. This sort of tirade is the stock in trade of a class of contributors to the farm journals of the country. We have had a similar persecution. It is gratifying to learn that such articles come from the pens of contributors that live a score or more miles from a railroad."

It shows that all colleges have the same trouble to contend with. It is safe to say that this opposition arises through ignorance and the outcropping of underhand jealousy. Delaware College receives little or no opposition from the Grangers, and intelligent farmers of New Castle county, and that able agricultural sheet, the *Ploughshare*, which is edited by an intelligent and unprejudiced gentleman, who had an established reputation before the *Ploughshare* commenced, gives it a fair support. The farther we go from the neighborhood of the College, the greater we find the prejudice to exist. We don't claim the College to be perfection, but we do claim that it is doing efficient work in the interests of the farmer; much more, indeed, than any other college that we know of in proportion to our income. Send your sons, ye growlers, to the College, and if they are intelligent and desire to study and improve themselves, we know from experience that you will be more than satisfied with their improvement, whether inclinations lead them back to the farm, or to the professions. If you wish practical experiments, see that the College is granted a larger income, and don't in ignorance, condemn our Alma Mater, to which we are much attached and endeared, and whose honor we shall ever seek to foster and uphold.

ONE of the most important questions of to-day which is engaging the attention of all thinking men is the labor question. Within the last month there has arisen up between Capital and Labor one of the most violent and bitter disputes, until at last our country seems on the verge of civil war. A large, ignorant, and prejudicial majority on the one side, against a wealthy, unscrupulous, and oppressive minority on the other. Both are in the wrong, although both are claiming to be right. But who is to find the solution to this problem? The pulpit, the press, and our great broad-minded statesmen are busily engaged in trying to reach the solution of this important question. The preacher denounces monopolies, the dictation of labor, and preaches Christ crucified to all, but all this even is powerless towards a reconciliation. The newspapers of the land are discussing the matter with all apparent earnestness in their editorials, and publishing at the same time incendiary speeches and reports which tend to inflame passion and increase the sale of the papers. Our statesmen are quietly investigating the cause of the trouble, and we must look to them to preserve our country from a reign of insurrection and lawlessness.

THE fact that many honor men at colleges have become of less importance in after life than the majority of the class may be true enough, but it should be no comfort or delicious consolation to the idle. We don't believe in working for marks, but in studying with a view to our after college life, notwithstanding this, however, perseverance and hard work alone bring success. The secret of the above phenomena we believe to be in the fact that the valedictorian often weakens his intellect by mere memorizing or cramming for examinations, while many below him will plod along steadily, understand the pages before them, and when this is accomplished will devote themselves to outside reading, or to a deeper consideration of the subject, whether it may help in recitation or not, will indulge in health giving exercise, and thus their mind is equalized and to it is added a sound body, able to work more steadily and hence with greater success. Sloth never succeeds; so whether you study for honor or not, be sure that you do study, and don't waste your time.

THE *Journalist*, of New York, devotes a lengthy article in a recent issue to College Journalism, and expatiates upon its benefits to students and to colleges. In reference to the former, it points out several prominent and famous journalists of the country, and shows that the interest they took in their college paper was the great stepping-stone to their success, and that but for it they would most probably never have entered the journalistic field. Of the benefit of college journalism to colleges it quotes notable examples that have almost been built up under its influence. The college paper is generally the mirror of its college, and a lively interest taken in it by the students and authorities betokens the healthy condition of the institution, and the larger or more important a college the more independent and enterprising its journal. The *Journalist* announces its intention to take up the journalism of different colleges individually, and will no doubt by this means add some very readable matter to its already interesting pages.

OUR old friend, Lum Smith, of the *Public Herald*, Philada, is making war upon Dr. Pierce of Buffalo. The fight is waging bitterly. We know Lum Smith of old, and of many scoundrels he has exposed, and that we have profited by his advice, while of Dr. Pierce we know but little, and what we do know (coming from journalistic friends) is not to his credit, so that our sympathies are one-sided. We call the attention of our exchanges to the fact that C. L. Downes & Co., of New York, have proven themselves dishonest by ignoring our bill sent, as per contract, for we notice their stylographic pen advertisement to be quite well distributed among the college papers.

LET us all combine earnestly and steadfastly, faculty and students, to make the Commencement of 1886 the grandest and greatest in the history of the College, remembering that such a Commencement can only be brought about by hard and persevering labor. We hope that the Alumni will add to the affair by their presence. One of the Societies have changed the night of their anniversary from Monday to Wednesday, for the benefit of the Alumni, although it is to the disadvantage of the speakers and workers.

WE still have a few more photographs of the College for sale.

Literary.

A WARNING.

In a village dwelt two maidens,
And their names were *Phi* and *Chi*;
Happy maidens, joyous maidens,
As two maidens well could be.

In this village there were suitors
For the hand of *Phi* and *Chi*,
They were *Gamma*, *Delta*, *Theta*,
Pi, *Nu*, *Beta*, *Psi*.

And 'twas said by all the townsfolk,
They who tell what ere must be,
That these maidens looked with favor
On two, *Gamma* and *Psi*.

But there came two foreign lovers,
Noble family, *Rho* and *Tau*;
They had traveled over oceans,
And their learning brought much awe.

And these lassies, like some lassies,
By the wiles of *Tau* and *Rho*,
Gave up *Delta*, *Gamma*, *Theta*,
Each one for her foreign beau.

From the presence of those lassies
Went forth *Gamma* and *Psi*,
Swearing vengeance on those *Rho*-vers,
And the heartless *Phi* and *Chi*.

Gaily walked those foreign strangers
Arm in arm with *Phi* and *Chi*,
Stealing just behind them murderous,
Angry *Gamma* and *Psi*.

Gamma struck that foreign *Rho*-ver,
Through his heart he drove his knife,
And he swore this foreign *Rho*-ver
Ne'er should call fair *Chi* his wife.

Fled from there *Psi* and *Gamma*—
Fled they far across the sea;
Lovers dead, and lovers left them,
Sadly walked *Phi* and *Chi*.

Never cometh as in days gone,
Suitors for poor *Phi* and *Chi*;
Never cometh *Gamma*, *Delta*,
Pi, *Nu*, *Beta*, *Psi*.

Now take warning, my fair lassies,
Never do as *Phi* and *Chi*,
Or you too may wander lonely
For your *Gamma* and *Psi*.

ROBERT H. WRIGHT, '81.

THE MILFORD BARD.

[The following was written at the request of a subscriber.]

Among the literary men, of which little Delaware may boast, there stands out prominently an eccentric and perverted genius, who, in his day, ranked high among the literati of the country, and there are many living to-day, who remember him kindly and speak ardently of the great renown that seems almost to have died when he was laid to rest.

Dr. John Lofland, the subject of this sketch, was born in the town of Milford, on the 9th of March, 1798. He was the son of Isaac and Cynthia Lofland. The details of his life are full of sadness and sorrow. Inheriting a kind and gentle disposition from a doting and loving mother, he inflicted injury after injury upon himself by the weakness of his will, and ended a pitiful life by reckless dissipation. In his youth he was an indolent student, and manifested a bitter dislike for mathematics, but always excelled in literary composition, and seemed to do it with scarcely an effort. At twelve years, he evinced a faculty for metrical production, and wrote several rhymes of no little merit. His education, like his life, was eccentric and unevenly balanced, and far more incomplete than that of the majority of boys of his own age. He commenced the study of medicine under the tutorship of Dr. Jas. P. Lofland when seventeen years old, and a few years afterwards entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained three years, though he did not graduate on account of a quarrel with one of his professors. Disappointed in this and, as we have reason to believe, disappointed in love, he became a wanderer and gave himself up to the evil effects of alcohol and opium, which was the curse of his life. While at the University he contributed poems to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and that famous literary monthly, *The Casket*, under the nom de plume of the "Milford Bard," and was familiarly known by his classmates as "The Poet." The writings of Voltaire, Volney, Hume, the Encyclopædists, and other infidel and skeptical writers, were for a long time the literary food on which he eagerly feasted, but, as he affirms, the counsels of his mother and a study of the Scriptures, saved him from the curse of infidelity. An event occurred in his life, while in Philadelphia, which seems to have been the brightest of his career and to which he oft referred with much tenderness and earnestness, and that was his meeting with Thomas Moore, to whom he was much attached in after life and with whom he corresponded for a long time. During the latter part of his life he lived in Wilmington, and was the principal writer for the *Blue Hen's Chicken*. His poems were collected and printed in a neat volume, for which there is now considerable demand, as they are quite scarce. His principal poem has been judged by many to be "The Battle of the Brandywine." He was an Honorary member of Literary Societies in Dickinson, Washington and Delaware Colleges. He died on January 22nd, 1849, in the 53rd year of his age, and his remains now rest in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Wilmington. Despite his licentious life, there is much to pity and admire in his unfortunate career. He was endowed with mechanical and

artistic talent, but it is his literary work, and misfortunes that win our sympathy. Honor his memory, and place him with those other misguided geniuses, of which the world has had many prominent examples, and of whose guilt it is not ours to judge.

W. D.

SELF CULTURE.

The uncultivated mind to which through the eyes and ears, so many impressions come which are but faintly understood, may be compared to the palace of fame where everything is confused and indistinct. It is the duty of every man to make order out of this chaos, nature is his help-mate, and commencing with his childhood when his mind is easily trained in the way it should go, in maturer years the habit which he has formed of improving his mind becomes a pleasure and profit. Self-culture is one of the great needs of the men of the present day, it may have been the need of the past also but we will not speak of that, we live essentially in the present. Every man is able to cultivate himself, even the poorest one. He may especially train himself in the one direction for which he has the most inclination, in other words, ride a hobby, which is very paying in temporal things, but not the highest cultivation for the man. I say paying in temporal things because a man who can do one thing well can always find a place in which to do that one thing, and is repaid for it. But the man whose mind is gracefully balanced in every direction, although very much sought after in society does not as a general thing have a superabundance of this world's goods, but such a man is very near the perfect type. There are many ways in which the mind may be trained, but first it is important to make good use of time, I do not, mean to work hard always, but that every moment, whether spent in pleasure or work, should be used in self-improvement. Pleasure can be used in self-improvement although some would deny this fact. See what an irrepressible spirit of fun there is implanted in all children, their bodies could be developed in no better manner than in their romping games, then why may not their minds be developed in the same manner. See how eagerly they join in a spelling bee and learn to spell much more readily because they enjoy it. Pleasure makes a firm foundation for many things. The artist enjoys intensely his work and what a never failing pleasure he gives to others. So I say use your time always in ennobling yourself, never in degrading by coarse brutal amusements. Social life is a great educator, but I fear not always in the right direction, too many are drawn to the drinking cup and gaming table, but the conversation and association with noble men will always

elevate, and if bent on self-improvement you will pass by the attractive snares. Then when everything else fails, you have books, but it is an art to know how to use books with advantage, in the first place, read what suits your time of life and what would be likely to interest you, don't take up in youth a book suited only for mature years and so get disgusted and have no inclination to read what would be a pleasure and profit at a later time. We do not want "A lumber house of books in every head." Some one has given the following advice in choosing books which it would be well to observe, "Make up your mind at the start that there are thousands of volumes you never can read; next, there are thousands of volumes it will not pay to read; and, lastly, there are something less than a thousand volumes you ought to read and read thoroughly." Another thing is to read with attention; it is not much improvement to read when the mind is off "sailing the Vesuvian bay." If you have no inclination for reading strive to cultivate one; in no other way is the mind improved more. Books are store-houses where learned men of all ages have stored their wealth. You have the key to these store-houses, use it or you may bitterly regret that you have not when the power is gone from you. Noble thoughts too, may always help you in the pursuit of improvement. It is hard sometimes not to have very mean thoughts when the world has dealt roughly with you; but learn always to be ashamed of such thoughts and the noble ones will be there before you are aware of it. Nature, your kind mother, will always help you in self-improvement; she ever opens to you a book of all ages, most beautifully illustrated. But there may be something in yourself which seems to repel everything good. Your temper perhaps. Mr. Clarke has said "Temper is everything." But what is good temper and how is it to be obtained and cherished? Good nature, good temper and good humor are three qualities often confounded, but which it is desirable to distinguish. Good nature is, as the word implies, something born in us. Good humor comes from pleasant surrounding. But good temper results from the culture and development of the higher faculties. It comes from self-control, observation, experience, good-sense, knowledge of one's self and of others. While, therefore, good nature depends on the physical organization, and cannot be cultivated by effort; while good humor depends on circumstances, and is no part of the man himself,—good temper is something which we can all acquire if we choose. We cannot make ourselves good-humored; but we can make ourselves good-tempered. Good temper, therefore, belongs properly to the doctrine of self-culture. Then having acquired this inestimable jewel, good temper, making use of all the means

so readily opened to you in self-improvement, you may become a messenger of good unto all fellow creatures.

R.

'AINT BUILT THAT WAY."

The following is a copy of a popular poem, slightly changed for local reasons:

A Senior may dance all the livelong night,
And a Senior may look quite gay;
But he can't reach prayers at 8.30 A. M.,
Because he aint built that way.

A Junior may chew and the Junior may smoke,
And work very hard all day,
But he can't go to see his girl every night,
For a Junior aint built that way.

A Soph may, by cheek, look wondrously wise,
And have quite a lot to say;
But he couldn't be smart to save his own neck,
Because he aint built that way.

A Fresh may bray and a Fresh may boast,
And gamble his nickels away;
But he can't help being exceedingly fresh,
For a Freshman is built that way.

OPIUM EATING.

Opium which is consumed by the opium-eater is prepared from a species of poppy. Its effects are well known to be injurious, producing nervousness, drowsiness and weakness of both mind and body, and yet many indulge in it for the pleasant sensation which it produces while one is under its influence. The sensation is nothing more than a dream or vision. Some think they are in paradise or some other beautiful place. When we hear them tell their visions it makes us say "I would like to try it to see what these visions are like." A well known writer says that "opium to some men as fire is to tow," and yet its use is rapidly increasing in England and in this country. A student of an European University says he began to use opium in the form of laudanum for sleeplessness brought on by hard labor. He continued taking it for two years, at the end of that time taking one hundred drops daily. After this he began to take a grain of opium daily which it was impossible for him to do without. After increasing his daily dose to forty grains he tried to free himself from its use. He knew that to go on was death; yet to do without it was worse than death. He tried hard for some time but could not do without it longer than four hours, but finally after a desperate struggle he came out victorious. This is a rare exception. The opium eater seldom becomes separated from its influences. Let no one think he can partake of this substance and then escape the death of an opium eater which is the most horrible of deaths. Well may one thus trapped supply the words described

by Dante as written over the gates of hell: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

IDLENESS.

Among the many weaknesses that infect the human race, idleness should be presented. We may, for brevity, treat it under two heads, viz: the cause and the effect. It has been observed that there is in the nature of man a propensity to repeat any act which he has performed. It has also been observed that there is a much stronger inclination for things which are low and debased than for those which are high and pure. Idleness, being one of the bad qualities of man, is caused by giving way and allowing himself to be governed by the weaker side of his nature. Idleness, then, becomes a habit; yea, more, it enters into his nature and becomes one of the elements of his character. Idleness grows not as a tree, by much care and labor; but as the brier, by total neglect and laziness. A man who is idle is unhappy and dissatisfied. He is always complaining and murmuring. Idleness is therefore the foundation of vice and meanness; and when a person gives way to it, he becomes a pest to everybody. How earnestly we should strive against it, for our destiny is to be determined by the habits we form in life. Therefore in order to become useful men we should shun idleness. As we pass through life, we should press forward with great courage; but at the same time using caution in each act we perform.

J. S. B.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

The April torrent, shining at its source,
A thread of glass above the dappled clay,
Has burst the banks along the narrow course
And sent a fresher roaring on its way;
From hill to hill the crested waters go,
The swollen eddies heaving in their train,
As foam and drift and rain and melting snow
Urge the brown billows to the tumbling main.

So has that large and crystal heart of thine
Let loose the slipping earth on either side,
And stirred the dregs of passion half divine
To flood its channel with a turbid tide;
But age draws on to waste the manly frame,
Whose broken walls shall set the current free,
And all the stream of mingled pride and shame
Roll down its burden on the limpid sea.

—DORA READ GOODALE, in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April.

BURNING THE LOVE-LETTERS.

(The Century Frie-a-Prac.)

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
When life has quit the mortal frame,
When love is at his last, we must
Bury him thus, with flame to flame.

—WALTER LEARNED.

Locals.

Stuart Rogers, the Leading Reciter and Impersonator of America, has been engaged by the Delta Phi Society for Friday Evening, April 30th. Popular Prices.

Jim wants Doc to call again.

The campus is green once more.

The Newark post office is being improved considerably.

Prof. Chester is working in the interests of the White Cross League.

The Pestalozzi's are very much fretted to know what to do with their library.

Query: Will the Seniors have five weeks vacation before Commencement as did '85.

A Freshman says he never saw the name of "Author Unknown," in his Literature.

Feminine Elktonians are considerably above par in the eyes of more than one student.

Some of the students anticipate making up a little yachting party for the middle of May.

One of the Seniors enjoyed a pleasant evening at the Penn Literary Circle's meeting on the 3rd instant.

"Tariff Bill is dead. He was killed in the house," announced a verdant Freshie much given to newspaper lore.

A new and very delicate balance has been secured for the Analytical Department, and a less costly one for experimental Physics.

Excited Sophomore proclaims his victory over a fellow student at a game of checkers, thusly: "You bet! I beat him six games out of five."

The Seniors are busy and worried over their Commencement Orations, and half of their number over the cultivation of their mustaches.

The Delta Phi Hall has been very much improved by a thorough overhauling, painting, and the addition of a new and rich wall papering.

The Freshie from Georgetown has invented a new combination lock, for which he anticipates receiving a patent. It is especially warranted to keep out Pat and Jim.

An effort is being made to secure the Kempa Orchestra to furnish the Commencement music, which, if consummated, will furnish the best and most appropriate music ever enjoyed.

Our town has been sorely afflicted lately by the visit of the Salvation Army, or a noisy detach-

ment of it. The local editor is safe in saying, however, that none of the students were converted by their insane exhibitions.

The College has an over zealous student who persists in going through the halls every morning and awakening the students by beating a loud drum, kind of a "pan-electric" affair, so to speak. Threats of dire vengeance are heard on all sides against "Tossy" and we advise him to hide for safety.

During Lent services have been daily held in the Episcopal Church. The following visiting clergymen have been present on the consecutive Friday evenings: Revs. Higgins, Littell, Martin, Murray and Lightner. Bishop Lee will preach and administer the rite of confirmation on the evening of Good Friday.

There is a certain young student here who steadfastly insists that a formal introduction is the only possible passport to a lady's favor and upon that singular doctrine he approaches his rival when in the company of the fair one, then and there insists upon a formal introduction. This is a most effectual way to obtain the desired end, but we doubt exceedingly if it is the most agreeable to the other parties.

The "Kid was given a mitten the other day, but we did not know that he was so utterly destitute as that would seem to indicate. We find upon inquiry, however, that he is now well supplied with clothing and other necessities of life, and further contributions are unnecessary to this ambitious youth. [This is a contributed joke (?) and the writer has been earnestly requested to desist from future attempts. Ed.]

The old assembly room on the first floor has again been changed, now to about four doors below the old room. This change was made to make accommodations for the recently added assay furnace and laboratory. Particular attention will hereafter be directed to this work, which this new and improved apparatus renders quite interesting. Instruction will be given in the study of ores, assaying, and the methods of extraction.

William Russell, familiarly known as "Bill" to his many friends among the students, past and present, has relinquished his store and good will, and will retire from the business permanently. He is at present with his sister, Mrs. L. R. Hamill, in this town. It is safe to say that no one was so well known and so kind to the students as "Bill," and his hospitality and general good nature has become proverbial. Old students in reading this intelligence will undoubtedly recall many pleasant incidents connected with the store. "He surely will be missed."

The Rev. Waldo Messaros, the eminent Greek divine, of Philadelphia, entertained a good audience in the Oratory, on March 24th, with a long dissertation on "Old Maids." The speaker described all the multitudinous varieties of old maids quite forcibly and with occasional bits of fine wit and sarcasm and forcible pathos. He divided the "Old Maids" into several classes, viz., the gossiping old maid, the masculine old maid, the woman's rights old maid, the blighted old maid, the literary old maid and the beautiful old maid. The first four brought forth his sarcasm and wit, while the latter two received a panegyric of the highest order. Some objections have been made to the lecture and its subject by the hypocritical, but, while it was not an intellectual treat, we are sure it pleased a greater number of the audience than otherwise. Though it is safe to say that if Mr. Messaros in the future lectures here, and we hope that it is not the last, they will be more highly appreciated by some when he lectures upon a more serious and sensible subject, for he is certainly qualified as a natural orator by his spontaneity and rich vocabulary as was emphasized by the excellent impression made here by his powerful oration delivered here last June, at the anniversary of the Athenæan Society, under whose auspices he returned and delivered this lecture.

SOCIETY ANNIVERSARIES.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.

Pestalozzi's.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

Athenæan's.

Society Address, William Lane Hall Benton.
Oration, Rev. Wm. S. Robinson, of Milford, Del.

Farewell Address, Edward Henry Eckel.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

Delta Phi's.

Society Address, William DuHamel.
Oration, Dr. Addison Ballard, professor of philosophy at Lafayette College.
Farewell Address, Charles Black Evans.

We would keep the fact before the ladies who require mechanical appliances that they can be intelligently served at the Ladies' Department for Supporters, Braces, Trusses and Elastic Hosiery of BELT, the Druggist, corner 6th and Market streets, Wilmington, Del. Experienced lady attendant.

For a clean shave try Al Heinman.

De Alumnis.

'39. Rev. Benjamin Halstead, A. M. Lives at Lexington, Mississippi.

'59. James Fulton, M. D. Practices his profession at New London, Chester county, Pa.

'53. Rev. Charles Hoover Holloway. Is now book-keeper for Wm. Dean & Sons, Newark, Del.

'53. Rev. Samuel M. Osmond, A. M., D. D. Is pastor of Iowa City Presbyterian Church, Iowa City, Iowa.

'75. John Webster Dorsey, Esq. Was admitted to Courts of Nevada in 1877; elected District Attorney in 1878. Lives at Elko, Nevada.

'83. Daniel Hirsch. Is a law student under Secretary of State Wm. F. Causey, at Milford, Del., visited the college in March.

'39. Rev. John H. Chew, A. M. Now resides at Georgetown, D. C.

'55. Andrew B. Carson. Since 1877 has been engaged in agricultural pursuits at Broomall, Delaware county Pa.

'61. John Sidney Grohe. Is a candidate for the nomination for City Treasurer of Wilmington, Del.

'84. Wm. Rankin Huston. Is now at the Princeton Theological Seminary; paid the college a pleasant visit in March.

'61. Nelson E. Whitaker. Is an extensive iron manufacturer in Wheeling, West Virginia.

'58. Maj. John R. Brinckli, A. M. Is now stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor.

'58. Rowert W. Crawford. Was, during the war, a Lieutenant in the Confederate army and served with distinction and honor in the most important battles. Is now a merchant at Strasburg, Va.

'80. Austin H. Merrill. Is now professor of Calisthenics and Elocution in Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., and is achieving great success on the Lyceum platform.

'60. George A. Slack. Was engaged many years as civil engineer, but is now retired on his farm, near Lexington, Massachusetts.

'59. Henry Clayton. Is now President of Citizen's National Bank, Middletown, Del.

'46. Hon. William H. Purnell, A. M., LL. D. Ex-President of this college, but now President of Frederick City Female Seminary, paid the college a visit in March.

'77. Charles M. Curtis. Was married March 31st to Miss Phœbe, daughter of the late Hon. Judge Edward G. Bradford, of Wilmington, Del.

Exchanges.

The regular(?) meeting of the editorial board and its assistants was held in the unique and tasty sanctum of this paper, on the afternoon of April Fool's Day. Every attachee of the office was at his accustomed desk, with the exception of the '88 man, who runs this department, who was absent through severe illness. A huge column of exchanges stared us in the face and sternly reminded us that the work which had to be done in this direction was not done, and that some unlucky individual present would have to attend to it. Who should it be? Each one, like the unlucky Koko, when some one had to be executed, thought some one else was best fitted for the position. Several propositions were proposed, such as tossing up, voting, &c., but all fell through, because no one cared to risk. At last the foremost member of the triumvirate suggested that a scribe be captured, and each one take a hand at sarcasm, good advice, puffs and scorching criticism, with the following result:

The local editor took a long breath and plunged in among the many-colored covers and pounced upon the *College Cabinet*, of Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa. "Let's take a peep at this," he murmured. "The first thing that strikes me is the question, 'What Am I?' You old fool, if you'll just wait a minute I'll tell you, but I know by the looks of you that you'll 'Regret' it. There ain't enough originality about your literary department." Passing on to the editorial department he only murmured, "Pretty good;" but as he struck the exchange column and read the vile calumny against his department of the REVIEW, his remarks went something like this, "Consarn your ugly picture, don't you know what an advertisement is, and what a local is? We don't mix things up in that way or even as bad as you do. You have stale jokes, editorials, songs, yes, and advertisements, among yours. Our only fault lies in giving a full program and mention of entertainments to take place in our Oratory. Come again."

One of the editorial board judiciously remarked that the *Normal News*, of Ypsilanti, Mich., was the best Normal or High School monthly he had ever carefully inspected. "That poem on 'Change' is excellent," he added. "Let's see that. How does it say to get some? Its just what I'm out of," ventured the Kid, who had stolen in unobserved, in his usual cheeky fashion. "Get out of this!" shouted a chorus. Three pieces of coal, a shovel and a stool, followed his hasty exit.

"Ah! here's a daisy," said the dudish De Alumnis editor, as he picked up the *Hagerstown Seminary Monthly*. "Let us have a chance at

this. The literary and editorial departments are excellent, and do the young ladies much credit. I wonder if I could make a mash on some of them? Ah! here's a mention. What's this?

"The *Delaware College Review* is a formidable issue, in size at least, if in no other way. We object to its dimensions, but rejoice in its tone and perfection. Its exchange notes are good and kind."

Wonder if that's sarcasm? Take it in good faith, anyhow. We don't want to be too formidable though, for we might scare you, and we don't want to do that, but want you to receive us kindly and be good friends." "That's enough of that," intruded one of the Board. "One might think you were writing to that Georgetown girl of yours."

"Here's something quoted from us in the W. T. I." said the last accession to the Board. "I agree with our exchange man, and I like your get up. Its only a matter of taste. We've found it policy not to let criticisms of that kind trouble us, but to do the best we can. You are the best of our late productions, and would do credit to more experienced heads."

The Inter Collegiate man suddenly discovered three visitors unknown before. They were *The Butler Collegian*, of Indiana, *The Messenger*, of Richmond, Va., and the *University Monthly*, of New Brunswick. "This is but the second number of *The Butler Collegian*," he said, "and I think it deserves a puff. It proves fair to be a live, interesting monthly. This one from over the water, the *University Monthly*, is ably conducted, and heartily welcomed. Your please exchange will be promptly attended to, and I can't even growl at this last one, the *Messenger*, though I don't want to be thought a flatterer, I think all three a valuable addition to our sanctum."

"And here's the *Wilmington Home Weekly*," said the second member of the Board. "She has never favored us with a visit before. Give her a good, comfortable seat and make her welcome, for she deserves it, and we want her to call frequently. George Washington's Cat is quite original, and the amount of matter in reference to the labor problem is seasonable and fair."

"I think the *Ploughshare* ought to have a mention too," said the third triumvirate, "she is ably conducted and treats the interests of Delaware College fairly. Long life to her."

The *Wilmingtonian* always contains a large quantity of good reading matter, although she is quite partisan and prejudiced.

"Guess we've filled up enough space, and talked enough for this time," said the projector of the scheme that produced this column, and each one settled down to his own business.

College Notes.

One hundred and ninety-five "Smiths" have graduated from Yale.—*Ex.*

The last official act of Amherst was to abolish compulsory chapel attendance.

Fifteen educational institutions in the United States are in want of presidents.

Mathew Arnold has accepted the professorship of poetry in the Oxford University.

The Ivy ball of the Senior class of the University of Pennsylvania was considered a grand affair.

To the Michigan University has been donated all the exhibits of the Chinese government in the New Orleans exposition.

It is said that the Yale Literary Magazine, having just passed its fiftieth anniversary, is the oldest monthly in America.

The annual commencement of the Baltimore Medical College took place recently and 16 graduates received their diplomas.

The salary of the president of the University of California is \$8,000, which is the largest salary received by any college president in this country.

Out of over one hundred academic students at Princeton in the Senior class, while sixty have determined on either law, medicine or theology, only six have chosen journalism.

It is stated that at Gettysburg 92 per cent of the students are professing christians; at Oberlin 89 per cent; at Atlanta University 75 per cent; at Brown University 55 per cent; at Bowdoin 50 per cent.—*Ex.*

A student at Allegheny College attempted to make the acquaintance of some ladies at the rink before the electric light was turned on. When that took place, he found himself sitting between two ladies of color.

Dr. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., has concluded to accept the professorship of Archaeology in Princeton College. He is now connected with Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and for three years has held a similar position. He will go to Princeton in September.

The celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Theta Delta Chi fraternity, one of the oldest college Greek letter societies, took place at Murray Hill hotel, New York. Of the two hundred and twenty-five gentlemen present the majority of them were College graduates. The banquet is said to have been the finest ever given by any college fraternity.

Sporting Notes.

Five Freshmen are trying for the college nine at Princeton.

The name of the Yale crew's trainer this year is Gallanough.

Over twenty tennis courts are in use on the Harvard campus.

The second winter athletic meeting of Harvard took place recently.

Dartmouth has withdrawn from the Inter-collegiate Base-ball Association.

At Oberlin College the students contributed \$2,500 toward their gymnasium.

Many colleges are making gymnastics compulsory and chapel services optional.

Wendell Philips was the first athlete and scholar during his college career at Harvard—*Ex.*

The '89 chess club of Brown has accepted a challenge from the '89 chess club of Columbia.

In round numbers it costs Yale \$7,000 for boating, \$5,000 for base-ball and \$2,000 for football.

The Columbia Senior class is making efforts to procure from the Alumni \$100,000 for a gymnasium.

It is said that the class '86 of Pennsylvania University has decided not to enter a crew for the class races.

Fred E. Van Murbeke, an ambitious young man of twenty years, a resident of New York city is now journeying upon a bicycle across the continent to San Francisco.

The annual meeting of the Western Base-ball Association was held at the Plankinton House, in Milwaukee, on Friday the 19th of March. All the colleges belonging to the association were represented.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, March 26.

Our base-ball ground to-day was the scene of an excitable game of ball between the "Toothpick" of the Newark Academy and the "Cigarette" nine of Delaware College. Notwithstanding the proficient work of the battery, composed of Messrs. Armstrong and Miller, the "Cigarette" nine met with a defeat which was excruciating in the extreme to the participants. It would be abnormally absurd or in other words substantially incorrect to say the "Cigarette" nine were lazy but we think we are justifiable in saying they were inert to actions. The two nines contemplate another game in the near future, which we presume will be more interesting.

Book Reviews.

The Lippincott's Magazine for April commences an autobiographical department under the head of "Our Experience Meetings," which bids fair to be unusually interesting to all. It is open to leading authors, actors, artists, politicians, business men and others who are autobiographically disposed. Julian Hawthorne, Joel Chandler Harris and Edgar Fawcett attend the April meeting in a manner very welcome to all, who are interested in literature and our literature. "Taken by Siege" continues as interesting and as natural as before. It introduces the hero to New York society, and introduces the reader to his brother. "A Bachelor's Blunder," gives us an account of the newly married life of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Herbert, a couple who openly acknowledge to themselves that their union comes from convenience. Miss Baylor, the authoress of "On Both Sides," contributes a bright short story of the Georgia negro life in "Aunt Sukey." Dora Goodale adds a fitting tribute to the good, old, gray-haired poet, Walt Whitman.

The most notable production in the April *St. Nicholas* is the continuation of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mrs. Burnett has certainly scored another success for herself and for our old friend *St. Nicholas* in this her last serial, and from the eager way it is enjoyed by old and young we are sure she has gained that magazine many new patrons. The little Lord is now engaged in capturing, by his winsome, tender heart, the affections of his austere old grandfather. Edward Everett tells us something interesting about the "Vacation Schools in Boston," made more so by Charles Barnard's story called "Sophie Conner and the Vacation School." "A visit to Shakespeare's School," by the Rev. Alfred Danker, adds another welcome feature to an excellent number.

The *Century* for April adds further proof that that magazine is alive to the times, from its containing an able article, from the pen of George May Powell, on "Strikes, Lockouts and Arbitrations." He says at the outset that "Labor and Capital are each as necessary to the other as the two wings of a bird. Cripple either wing and the other is useless." A truly apt simile, which should find a place in the minds of all interested in this great social problem. A portrait of Longfellow after an ambrotype of 1848, showing the poet in a guise unfamiliar to the public of later years, is the frontispiece of the number. It accompanies a paper by Mrs. Annie Fields giving "Glimpses of Longfellow in Social Life," with many anecdotes as set down both by Mr. Longfellow, and by the author's husband, the late James T. Fields. Mr. Cable's paper on "Creole Slave Songs," is as fully illustrated and as enter-

taining as his February article on "The Dance in the Place Congo." Mr. and Mrs. Pennell conclude their descriptive and pictorial narrative of their novel trip from Florence to Rome, entitled "Italy, from a Tricycle." Bishop Dudley contributes a thoughtful answer to the question, "Shall the Federal Government give aid to Popular Education?" An essay on "Christianity and Popular Education" comes from Dr. Washington Gladden. The *Century* never seems to decrease from month to month in able, interesting and well selected contributions. Such uniformity is truly wonderful, when we contemplate the enormity of the work.

Our previously expressed opinion that the *Church Magazine* has come to stay and that it is a great accession to the literature of the Episcopal Church, appealing earnestly for the support of all her intelligent clergy and laymen, is still further confirmed by the appearance of its April number. Our Professor Benton contributes a classical poem, of no mean worth, entitled, "The Storm of Lynessus." "The Rector's Daughter" continues in interest, and certainly occupies a high place in the ennobling serials of the day. The lenten season is forcibly recognized by "A Lenten Meditation," from the pen of Dr. D. R. Goodwin, and "A Lenten Thought for the Studios," by Dr. G. W. Douglas. "Dr. Johnson" is an able literary contribution from the Rev. S. F. Hotchkin. The subscription price is \$4.00, receivable at our office, and sent with the REVIEW for one year at \$4.25.

Strawbridge and Clothier's Spring Quarterly exhibits remarkable enterprise, and is surely an inexpensive addition to the valuable literature of the ladies, who are interested in the fashions and in shopping. Lucilla's Diary, by Lucretia P. Hall, is quite a lengthy story, richly illustrated, and displaying the workmanship of a ready and entertaining writer.

READING, PA., June 29, 1885.

TO MESSRS. CLOSE & BLACK, 1338 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find Money Order for tuition fee for Miss Kate D. Birting for July and August. She is delighted with the School, and I am so well pleased with the improvement she has made that I regret I did not send her to you earlier.

Allow me to return thanks for the kindness and attention shown her while in your charge. Yours, etc., E. A. STAHL, Principal Girls High School, Reading, Pa.

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While the Winter days are flitting,
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you love.

But in Summer it is sweeter
In the evening to meet her
And take her for a walk, when only stars give
light above.

How sweet a situation
So free from observation
That you don't dread the entering pater or the
opening door,
While you her hand are taking
And earnest vows are making
And sweetly uttering love and poetic lore. D.

Johnny (just after Sunday school): "Say
Jack, what is a sockdolager?" Jack: "Why,
don't you know? It's what they sing in church
when they get ready to go home. The minister
gets up and says: 'Let us now sing the sockdol-
ager.'"

"Give me a kiss, my charming Sue,"
Said a lover to girl with eyes of blue;
"I won't," said she, "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips and help yourself."

—Arms Student.

"Some idiot's put my pen where I can't find
it," growled a fourth-year man the other day at
lecture. "Ah, um, yes," he continued in a low-
er key, as he hauled the article from behind his
ear, "I thought so."

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp;
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.
(No need of it.)

Phrenologist: "Your bump of imagination is
abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry."
Citizen: "I do write poetry. Only yesterday I
took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are
feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear down so
hard."—Ex.

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