

From R. P. Johnson
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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
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THE new catalogues which are just out, show a vast improvement over the old ones. The arrangement of studies in the different courses has been greatly changed for the better and now we hope to hear no more complaints about them. As suggested some time since in the REVIEW the Scientific and Agricultural course has been divided into two and the Literary course has been dropped out. The Scientific course contains all the studies necessary to any profession and is sure to become popular. The new Agricultural course is, of course, composed mostly of agricultural studies, but contains all others necessary or useful to the farmer. We think that with it even the grumbling Grangers can find no fault, and hope that hereafter these chronic growlers will send us students which we do need, instead of giving us useless advice which we do not need. Delaware College has

had "a hard road to travel," but now seems to be pushing her way to the front; but she never needed help worse than she does now. At the end of this year many of our old students will leave us and it will be necessary to have others to take their places. We are hopefully expecting a large Freshman class next year, but remember that it is for you to say, O citizens of Delaware! whether your college shall begin again with renewed prosperity or shall gradually sink into a gloomy grave.

FOUR or five years ago the Press Association of Delaware College was organized, and from it arose the Delaware College REVIEW, nearly forty thousand of which have been circulated since that time. It is perhaps needless to go into detail to show what a vast amount of time and energetic work had to be expended upon the REVIEW each year in order to meet its obligations, amounting to over five hundred dollars per annum, and of the load and responsibility that all this was upon its managers, but for this they have never received any remuneration, nor ever sought any. The whole and sole object of the enterprise was the furtherance of the interests of Delaware College, and that it has benefited the institution is a fact that can be proven beyond gainsaying. In return for all this we think our expectation of full support and sanction from the college authorities to have been but natural, but imagine our surprise when we learn that our toil is to be rewarded by sinking us beneath any of our contemporaries and by being told that all the matter that went into this product of our independent toil and for which we were financially entirely responsible must be inspected by a censor. A sense of righteous indignation was felt by every student in the college, and the result came very near being serious to the interests of many of the students, and, we must add, to the interests of Delaware College. This trouble was only averted by our stifling our indignation, by our fully realizing the position of the faculty, and by our

assurance that the Trustees would take other action at their next meeting. The REVIEW will appear two more times, and if the resolutions are not rescinded by that time it will give up the ghost. There is but this alternative. We say it not as a threat, but as a fact. We appeal to the Trustees to hear a committee or a representative from our body and to give the entire matter their earnest consideration, and to act accordingly, for we feel assured that the life or death of this enterprise and of others, and of that great and needful accessory to college life, college spirit, is at stake. We are perfectly willing to do all in our power to remove evils that the college authorities officially advise us of, and we are always ready to welcome candid advice from any source and to profit by both, but we do decidedly object to any censorship (whether it be called by that name or an other) and any restriction upon our freedom of speech. At any rate, unless it is shown (as it has not been to any fair minded man) that we have acted so grossly, perversely or maliciously as to merit such a stigma upon our enterprise and such a reward for our honest labors in the cause of our Alma Mater.

ONE in driving from the depot in Newark is agreeably surprised to notice the pleasing aspect of the college and the surrounding grounds. The handsome buildings form a fine background to the picture as seen through the finest grove of maples in this county while the campus, covered with closely cut green lends its beauty to add to the general attractiveness. Seated around the entrance or strolling through the grove are to be seen frequent groups of the fun-loving boys in whose tardy movements the effects of the pleasant spring weather are already to be noticed. Coily half-hidden behind the blinds of their waiting room or moving demurely down the walk may be seen the pleasant faces of the young ladies with whom we are so soon regretfully to part. Here and there as stately they move through the building are seen the kind but determined faces of the professors, with eyes ever watchful for all symptoms of disorder, while the kind face of the matron looks from the door of the lower building. Thus is Delaware College, whom none see but to admire. And who can blame us for our respect for this grand old institution, than which, none can better deserve our esteem.

Literary.

SPRING.

From The Century Bric a Brac.

As little children gather round their mother,
 And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—
 One that is dearer far than any other,
 Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
 And any variation quickly see,
 And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
 We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
 And never tire of listening to thy tales.
 Tell us thy spring-time story now,—no other.
 That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old time strength and glory,
 Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
 Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
 Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
 Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
 Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
 In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
 And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
 But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
 And think it best, because we know it well.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

MY PROFESSION.

It was of no use for me to study Greek and mathematics, and I told my father so, in despair. He had removed me from schools, where I took great shame to myself and passed for a dunce, and had provided me with tutors, whose patience I exhausted. They plied me with sciences and languages about as successfully as an owl might be instructed in thorough-bass and harmony, and I had used up a set of instruments on draughting, for which I had no more capacity than a Finn.

In all of these things I failed, and failed ignominiously, so that my benefactors had, one by one, shaken the dust of my stupidity from their feet, and departed. I remember flinging a book of Latin synonymes out of the window, in the presence of my last tutor, and rushing angrily up to my room, where I seized another volume from the table, and was soon on my way to a certain favorite meadow back of the house.

The book under my arm was Carlyle's His-

tory of the French Revolution, and it had often occurred to me as queer in the extreme that no account had ever been made of my passion for History. Here was a ground upon which I could challenge any boy of my acquaintance, with the certainty of winning laurels enough to bury myself under. Yet no one had ever remarked this, and it had had no place in the schedules drawn up by my tutors; although, indeed, I believe they regarded me as hopeless in every direction.

It was a fine day, with light winds blowing, and cool, sharp shadows falling from the trees; the kind of day that I particularly enjoyed, and that made a school-room more than ever odious to me. I had not a care on my mind, for I had thrown the only one to which I was subject out of the window with the Latin synonymes; and it was not long before tutors, Greek, all Whigville and common things were forgotten in the fine frenzy of Mirabeau which I had absorbed from the book under my elbows.

I repeated the tragic words with emotion,—“‘I am dying, my friend; dying as by fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, you will know what the value of me was.’” (I hoped my contemporaries would.) “‘The miseries which I have held back will burst from all sides on France.’”

I had thrown myself in a reclining posture on the grass, and was undergoing in my imagination the throes of an expiring statesman, when I chanced to glance upward, and met the petrified gaze of my father.

He was silent; but the expression of his face was more eloquent than words. It said, by the plainest of signs, “Just as we all predicted! Gone stark mad at last! Poor Don! Poor boy!”

His alarm was not lessened by my bursting into a laugh that sent two buttons flying from my vest. “‘In the huge mass of Evil,’” I cried, quoting the words at which my thumb rested in my book, “‘as it rolls and swells, there is ever some Good working imprisoned, working towards deliverance and triumph.’ I’m not mad, Father. I’ve only just come to my senses. I have this minute found out what is the only thing that is worth spending time and money to teach me. I have chosen my profession. I am going to be an actor.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed my father.

“‘Impossible?’” cried I, in return. “‘*Ne me dites jamais ce bete de mot.*’”

(Mirabeau’s French was not Fasquelle’s French. There was just this difference,—I could remember it.)

“But, Don, we intended you for a lawyer.”

“But, Father, I never *could* be a lawyer.”

“And your mother expects it.”

“Mama’ll be only too thankful to discover, on any ground, that I am not a fool,” I declared.

My father looked very grave. He was coming to the point which I had expected he would make first. “We should never consent to your following such a profession. There is an aversion to the stage which respectable people seldom overcome.”

“That, sir, is because they are stupid, and will not take the trouble to inform themselves,” I cried, more warmly than advisedly, for I had thought over the grounds for this “aversion,” with passionate contempt, many a night before going to sleep. “I want to show people—I want to show you and mama—that you need not have such an ‘aversion;’ that men can live and die on the stage, and glorify God; that they can be as honorable, and pure, and just as a clergyman in a gown in a pulpit. You do not think of hindering my going into the law because there are low scoundrels—and plenty of ‘em!—in the profession. You would not shut me out of a seat in Wall street, if my uncle would buy it for me, simply because some rascal was in the same business. But because there have been vicious people on the stage you make no account of the Kembles, and the Barretts and the Irvings.”

I was seventeen then, and I had been unconsciously preparing myself through the last three years, for this very hour; so that I seized my father’s hand, and poured into his ear a rapid argument in favor of my cause.

I solemnly declared that we did not choose our gifts; that this was all that I possessed; and that in the hour when I brought disgrace upon the stage I should leave it.

My father smiled, as if the subject were already dismissed, but at the same time, he asked, kindly, “Have you ever distinguished yourself in any other way, before? You must creep before you walk, you know, Don.”

“I have never had a chance to distinguish myself in the only way I could,” I answered, with heightened color. “There’s no room for elocution in Euclid and Physics.”

My father nursed his right foot, thoughtfully.

“Have you any talent for oratory?” he enquired.

“Yes, sir,” I said, confidently.

“How is it you have never given us any evidence of it?”

“Because, as I said, Euclid and Physics are not vehicles for eloquence, and they have cramped me up like a straight-jacket ever since I was fourteen.”

My father dropped his foot to the ground, and stood up, meditatively shaking the legs of his trousers. “Well,” he said, at length, “we’ll talk to your mother about it.”

We did talk to mama about it, and the result was, she herself wrote, that very night, to the President of a School of Oratory, and engaged the services of a teacher of Elocution. My classical tutor was dismissed, and from the hour of Stanton's arrival, I threw myself heart and soul into the mastery of his art.

My whole life underwent a change; from a dreary round of duties which I abhorred, it became a bliss, an intoxication. The days were not long enough to contain my boundless desire to gain ground. It was like issuing from a province into a world,—from a stagnant wayside pool into the ocean of my dreams. Whigville, and its verdict of "Don Winchester, Fool"—how I spurned them! *They* could not make a fool of me if I did not choose to make one of myself; *they* could not hinder me from being busy, and ambitious and happy all day long.

I studied with Stanton for two years, but before going further, I was to prove to my father the possession of a talent which he had hitherto accepted upon my assurances only. On my nineteenth birthday, I was to meet the family, in the library, in the character of any person whom I might choose to represent.

Lafayette was my immediate selection: partly, because he had long been the hero of my thoughts, and partly because of the resemblance which I fancied existed between us, for he was but nineteen, and no less a boy than myself, at the period of his life when I chose to think of him most.

I had visited Mount Vernon, with my father, and I remembered the little blue-and-white chamber, called *Lafayette's Room*, which had fired my imagination. There was the identical toilet-glass which had reflected his eager young face, and which vexed me with its refusal to reproduce it then. Lafayette! The very name charmed me; and he had seemed bowing, and smiling and chatting in every room of the old house that day.

There he was, leaning over the Revolutionary lady at the spinnet, or walking on the old flagged porch, with his military gait, and turn of the heel as he retraced his steps. He stood in the hall, the center of a group of officers in dashing coats, or he went leaping up the broad, low stair. "Le Marquis de Lafayette," I repeated to myself, as the guide, with this phrase, pointed his unwearied finger towards a portrait on the wall: and instantly my hero flew into still grander guise, so that I was in a fair way to lose my head.

But now, when I threw on a lounging jacket and slippers, and buckled down to a thorough study of the life of Lafayette, a doubt occurred to me. I hastily thrust it aside, for I had that very moment decided upon a killing costume,

in which I pictured myself as entering my father's library, where the family should be assembled. I say I thrust this doubt aside; but as I went on rehearsing Lafayette's famous periods, it returned, and this time forcibly arrested me.

"This will never do," it said. "You are in sympathy with Lafayette. What he did is precisely what you fancy *you* would have done under similar circumstances. His sentiments, his ambitions, his friendships, his tastes—they are what *you* would have exhibited. Your father approves him. Your mother thinks him the most picturesque character in history. Your brothers know nothing about him, (they know whole shelves full of Greek literature) but they would be taken by storm, if they were to see him in the flesh. Your success would be a foregone conclusion. No, you must not be Lafayette. Think of some one else: some one beloved by the people, though treacherous to them; some one at once noble, and your enemy; brave, and unfortunate; touching, yet to be condemned. If you have any genius, choose *such* a character to display it. Your father will not quite dare to applaud; your mother will be torn between pity and abhorrence; even your brothers will vacillate. You will challenge every emotion of their intellects and their hearts; you will play upon the whole scale of their prejudices. Your mother will not think of touching your father's shoulder to say, 'The very *picture* of Lafayette!' Nor will your father exclaim, 'Bless my soul, Don, I don't know but you're right! Stanton, I hope we may count on you for another year.'

"No, better than that. There will be silence,—deep silence; and then a burst of hearty, spontaneous applause. In a word, you will never again have to ask for permission to study for the stage."

All this passed rapidly through my mind, and I could not deny its truth. But, who should this extraordinary character be? I pondered over the matter for more than a week, when suddenly, as I stood knitting my brows at the lawn, one morning, it flashed upon me, as if the name had been sent upon a card,—*Major John Andre*.

I reviewed his life and unhappy end. Both had affected me deeply, on truant afternoons in the meadow; and I was soon seated in the library, absorbed in his career. The events came trooping before me, in a way they have, and when twilight fell, I was in a passion of excitement. I closed the books, which I no longer needed, and paced the floor.

For the time being, *I was Andre*.

* * * * *

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE AUTHORSHIP AND TEACHING OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

Ernesti, an erudite and devout German writer of the last century, has beautifully characterized the Gospel of S. John as the "heart of JESUS." Metaphorical as this appellation may seem, it is none the less astute. It is a recognition of the transcendentalism of this Gospel. S. John's Gospel is the mirror of Divinity. Standing apart from the Synoptic Gospels in style, language, and subject-matter; pervaded throughout by what S. Augustine of Hippo* calls the "etherial intelligence" of its writer; and completing the evangelical record in thought as in time,—the consentient judgment of the Christian Church has ever pronounced it both genuine and authentic. But those very peculiarities which enrich this book and endear it to the believer are what first attract the restless eye of the modern critic. Against S. John's Gospel more than any other book of the New Testament has the cold, keen edge of the Higher Criticism been laid; and to such a degree indeed, that a recent English writer† calls this the battle-field of the New Testament, as the Book of Daniel is of the Old. But questionings in regard to its authenticity are not new to this age or peculiar to the Tuebingen school of German criticism. Its teaching was subject to cavil almost if not quite from its first promulgation. And not altogether without reason, I think candor will compel us to admit, is this book thus examined with lens and scalpel. Its metaphysical soarings, not to speak of its unique historical matter, establish a dissimilarity to the other Gospels so striking as to call halt to any studious reader. Without intending to offer any defence of skepticism, it seems to me that the German critics from Baur to the present day, have indirectly and unintentionally done incalculable good to Christianity by drawing our Christian scholarship to this focus. The masterly efforts of Christian scholars in answer to the challenge of infidelity have but set the seal of nineteenth-century learning to the ancient canon of Scripture. I would not with some deery either the work or the results of the Higher Criticism, because I believe the Word of God has nothing to fear from the most searching scrutiny of advanced scholarship. The Vatican may close its doors to free, large-minded and open study of its treasures by independent scholars, but not so the Bible. The secret chambers of the earth's crust open to man's knock of investigation richer and more varied and wonderful evidences of the thought and omnipotence of the Creator than appear merely upon the sur-

face; and shall not His storehouse of spiritual truth declare its Architect divine?

The criticism of the schools is a safeguard against bibliolatry and "old wives' fables." But what have the Tuebingen critics accomplished? So little that such able and independent scholars as Donaldson, Keim, and Schenkel* are conspicuous recent examples of the re-action from the prevalence of their theories in Germany; and the radicalism of Baur had already been much modified by Holtzmann, Lipsius, Pfleiderer, and especially Weizsaecker.

Let us now briefly look at some of the questions involved in this discussion. But first, as to the external evidence on which we receive the writings of the New Testament as genuine, let us distinctly understand at the outset that it differs altogether in kind from that on which we accept as genuine any classical work. "It is not," says Dr. Ezra Abbot, "the testimony of a few eminent Christian writers to their private opinion, but it is the evidence which they afford of the belief of the whole body of Christians; and this, not in respect to ordinary books, whose titles they might easily take on trust, but respecting books in which they were most deeply interested; books which were the only foundation of that faith which separated them from the world around them, exposed them to hatred, scorn, and persecution, and often demanded the sacrifice of life itself."‡

Among the collateral questions bearing against the Johannean authorship of this book, which have now been happily settled, or are approaching settlement, a few may be mentioned. One of the most important is whether the relation of S. John to Jewish Christianity was not such that it is impossible to suppose the Fourth Gospel to have proceeded from him, even at a late period of his life.† This objection is based upon the supposed anti-Judaic character of the Gospel, but has been satisfactorily answered in the negative. Another is whether S. John celebrated Eastev with the Quartodecimans on the 14th of Nisan in commemoration, as is so often assumed, of the day of the Lord's Supper.‡ This question, involving the whole Paschal controversy of the second century, Professor Schuerer has shown conclusively to make nothing either for or against the genuineness of this Gospel. A third question relates to the date of the Gospel. After much retreating and general shifting about from A. D. 165 to different years between this and 110, all designed to show that the Gospel was written after S. John's day, and hence could

*Tract. in Johan. 36.

†Dr. Plummer in "Cam. Bible for Sch."

*Dr. James Donaldson's "Crit. Hist. of Chris. Lit. and Doc.," Keim's "Aus dem Urchristenthum," and Schenkel's "Das Christusbild der Apostel und der nachapostolischen Zeit."

‡"The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel." Abbot.

not have been written by him, scholars have now arrived at the conclusion that it was probably published somewhere between A. D. 80 and 95, while he yet lived. Want of time forbids any discussion of these questions in this place.

I pass on, therefore, to some of the external evidences adduced to show its universal reception before the end of the second century. Quotations and paraphrases, pregnant with the odor of the Johannean theology, found in the Epistle of S. Barnabas, the Epistles of S. Ignatius, and the Epistle of S. Polycarp, written about the years 125, 150, and 150 respectively, point unmistakably to this Gospel. Basilides the Gnostic, living about 125, and S. Justin Martyr, about 150, evidently knew and used S. John's Gospel. Dr. Ezra Abbot, Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Harvard Divinity School, has woven a beautiful and convincing argument in support of this Gospel, from S. Justin Martyr's use of it.

After the year 170, the evidence becomes unimpeachably strong and full. Tatian the Gnostic, Celsus the heathen (whose attacks, I may say in passing, bear stronger evidence to the genuineness of the Gospel than the writings of many of the Christian Fathers themselves), the Muratorian Fragment, the Clementine Homilies, S. Theophilus of Antioch (the earliest writer who mentions S. John by name as the author of the Gospel, and who wrote about the year 175), Athenagoras, S. Irenæus, S. Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and a number of others I might mention—these all attest the genuineness of S. John's Gospel. Hence we see, and it is denied by none, that S. John's Gospel, together with those of the Synoptists—these four and no others were universally received by Catholic Christendom as genuine and sacred, during the last quarter of the second century.

Now what can be said in controversion of this testimony? It has been urged by some that the Apostolic Fathers are silent as to this Gospel. This I deny, for I have already cited the names of many whose writings do contain plain references to it; and did time permit, I could quote passages from the earliest writers I have mentioned, which are manifestly borrowed from this Gospel.

A second objection is that the Gospel was rejected by Marcion, a Gnostic arch-heretic, by an insignificant sect supposed to be the same S. Epiphanius designates by the *double entendre* Alogi (meaning either "devoid of [the doctrine of] the Logos," or "devoid of reason"), and perhaps by one or two other sects. But incidentally this rejection attests the genuineness of the Gospel. These men stumbled not at its genuineness but at its authority. They acknowl-

edged its genuineness while cavilling at its teaching.

We can readily understand why some should reject S. John's Gospel at first on doctrinal grounds, namely, because some of the differences between its language and teaching and that of the Synoptic Gospels seemed to favor the Gnosticism of Cerinthus. But now, after seventeen centuries of use by Christian disciples of all conditions and in all lands, it stands shorn of such imputed heresy, the more endeared to every child of the Faith.

As to the internal evidence—the consideration of this involves so many and such nice points in language, teaching, and reference, that I cannot even touch upon it at this time.

I have merely attempted to pick here and there a flower of evidence in the immense field of discussion on this subject, and grouping them into a bouquet to hold it before you as showing the divine truth of that Word of God which shall not pass away though all else perish.

EDWARD HENRY ECKEL, '86.

MINUTE OF THE ATHENÆAN SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, The Athenæan Literary Society of Delaware College has learned with sincere regret, of the recent death of one of her most revered founders: the Honorable William G. Whiteley; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Judge Whiteley, the Athenæan Society recognizes the severance of a most cherished bond between the present generation of students and the first members of the Society.

That, while a brilliant star in that constellation of honored names has ceased its shining, the memory thereof can never fade till Athenæans forget to look back at the heroes of their earlier history.

That of all those members on the lengthy roll of the Society, against whom the "fatal asterisk of death" had not yet been set, none was more honored and honorable than Judge Whiteley.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be published in the Delaware College REVIEW, and Delaware Ledger, and the Wilmington newspapers.

EDWARD HENRY ECKEL,
THOMAS MAXWELL MORRISON,
Committee.

The seeds of gambling are temporary bitterness, but their full growth brings degradation and ruin to the unfortunate consumer. Like many other poisonous infatuations it may be so dressed and presented as to tempt the vicious taste of men, but the effect is none the less deadly and the result none the less sure.

Locals.

The Societies and Class invitations have all been ordered.

J. Paul Brown, of Wilmington, has been chosen class photographer for '86.

"Pokey" said, "Soak my head;" and it was soaked including the remaining portion of his body, together with his trunk, carpet, and bed.

The Pestalozzi's are going to hold an anniversary celebration on Monday, June 14th. They have sold the furniture of their hall to the College authorities.

The Elkton Amateur Dramatic Association will present the well-known and popular comedy "Engaged," on the evenings of the 19th and 20th inst, in the Odd Fellow's Hall, Elkton.

They went to New Castle and had a delightful time, they said. What puzzles the Local Editor, however, is why should a "delightful time" be so disastrous and painful in its after effects.

He seems greatly troubled while calling in a neighboring town by frequent interruptions of the female friends of his hostess. We should advise him to go out driving every time or walk out to "Far Creek."

Twenty-five packed trunks "hankering" for checks, was a rather astonishing sight to be seen in the front hall, one morning recently. They didn't go, however; bad railroad connections, we believe. Sorry!

Robert P. Davis, '87, who recently left college and A. F. Polk, '89, are studying for the competitive examination for West Point cadetship in Wilmington. It is to be hoped that one or both may be successful.

A very enjoyable "Musical" by home talent was given at the home of the Misses Lindsey on the 10th inst., for the benefit of the White Clay Creek Church. The entire affair was more than creditable, and financially successful.

A certain student under certain circumstances evinces a deep attachment for a large dry goods box in front of one of our stores. He approaches it quite affectionately indeed and caresses it with the utmost complacency, believing it to be — well; no matter who.

A very enjoyable entertainment was held in the Oratory, on the 7th and 8th instant, by the Guild of St. Thomas' P. E. Church. A feature of the affair was the admirable burlesque impersonation of the well-known Peak sisters of

former fame. The present troupe from Alaska was composed of ten pretty maidens, including Misses Evans, Caldwell, Thompson, Evans, Riley, Williams, Bridgeman, Springer and Evans. Miss Clara Springer was the efficient directress of this family, and their impromptu entertainment was something quite novel.

A short time since the verdant Freshman paid a visit to that particular object of his affections residing at C—y H—I. After enjoying the warmth of the sitting-room for a while they were disturbed by the head of the house who wished to warm his pedal extremities. After they suffered his presence for a time like martyrs, the young lady suggested that it was in order for him to retire, but the old gent, not to be outdone in generosity, proposed that the young couple should adjourn to the kitchen. The coolness of this request took the cheeky Freshman's breath away and he returned to school in a demoralized condition and it was a long time before he could again muster courage to visit that part of Cecil county.

The occupants of the last two opposite rooms on the main hall seem unable to agree on many essential points and notwithstanding the wide diversity between these two students, one a Senior and the other a Freshman, they frequently come to blows. The Freshman with more or less audacity insisted that he would kick the Senior's door down and the Senior quite vehemently insisted that he would not. As a natural sequence they came to blows and the Senior demonstrated to the untutored Freshie that he could not break down his door with impunity, whereupon "Jim" exclaimed that he wasn't going "to tear it down that-a-way but will do it with my feet." It may be added that he would find no difficulty in breaking the door if his feet were used as a motive power.

The "Kid" donned his best apparel the other evening, and went forth to mash some of the fair dames of Newark. Walking gayly down the street he espied a distant maiden, whose form he knew full well, and quickened his pace to gain the conquest. His cheek began to fail (mirabile dictu) and darkness seemed best suited for his purpose, so he decided to wait until the lights of the Main street were passed, and then to make the attack. The many slips between cups and lips adds another case to its proof, for just as he was about to turn the corner, some of the young lady's friends, actuated by jealousy or contempt for his lack of pluck, stopped him and told him to take rapid steps for the college. This he did crestfallen and subdued, the very picture of a crushed masher. Moral. Freshman don't mash. You'll be Sophomores some day.

The Junior Class, at a meeting held the first of this term, after a very stormy session succeeded in electing the following officers: President, S. A. Buchanan; Secretary, J. E. J. Whistler; Treasurer, W. H. Smith. The Freshmen, emboldened by the support of the Sophs, attempted to add one more laurel to their already far-famed glory (?) by securely fastening the door; but the Juniors burst forth in all their offended dignity, rushed for the youthful marauders, and with the battle-cry "To the Pump," began a mighty struggle for the mastery, and the contending forces soon became a seething mass of human forms; surging to and fro like a billowy wave on a dyspeptic ocean; finally the Juniors put their opponents to flight, and united in a victorious shout of triumph for the class of '87.

Another "paper" has appeared in this very literary town. It is the *Delaware Good Templar*, edited by a young and enthusiastic member of that organization, Frederick E. McKinsey. It is issued from the *Delaware Ledger* office, already the home of three other regular journals. They are the *Ledger*, the town weekly paper, edited by Bowen Bros. The *Weekly Educational News*, edited by Professor A. N. Raub, of the Academy, is a weekly of more pretension, and as its name would indicate is devoted to the educational interests of the United States. The *Teacher's Assistant* is also intended as a monthly guide to school teachers of our public schools, and edited by the same public educator. Of course the REVIEW is included in this list, making five papers in this comparatively small town. Forsooth, we may soon contest with Boston and New York for the title of "literary centre."

The Delta Phi's gave a most creditable and enjoyable entertainment on the 30th ult. Their entertainer was the original character impersonator, Stuart Rogers. The program was divided into two parts, the first of which consisted of recitations, the best received of which was "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." This almost well-worn selection was brought out in so original a manner as to seem entirely new. Each character participating was distinctly portrayed. The second part consisted of impersonations. "Gus Fitznoodle," a veritable society idler, was introduced and received with much applause and laughter. Aunt Amarnthia's recital of her visit to the Centennial was an excellent sketch, as was the sermon of the old-time Country Parson. The closing impersonation was "Tommy Grindle" in his first elocutionary attempt at a public school exhibition. The efforts of Mr. Rogers were duly appreciated by the Newark audience, and we feel confident that he has established an excellent reputation in this locality.

De Alumnis.

'60. Rev. Alonzo Peck Johnson. Is now rector of the Episcopal Church at Cold Spring, New Jersey.

'82. Prof. Calvin Cabbage, who is now Principal of Georgetown Normal School, visited the College during Easter.

'44. James H. Allen, Esq., A. M. Has for many years been a prominent lawyer in California.

'53. J. Evarts Walton. Has been an Episcopal clergyman for many years at Hamden, Conn.

'58. J. W. Bryant, Esq. Has been twice elected State's Attorney of Maryland. Now resides in Caroline county, Md.

'54. Rev. John Henry Johns, A. M. Graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, 1857. Has retired through illness from his charge of the Church at Zion, Md.

'56. Thomas M. Miller, M. D. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College in 1877. Has been a successful physician in Stephens City, Va.

'86. S. Polk, who is now a member of the class of '86 at Lafayette College, has joined the Glee Club of that institution.

'73. Augustus H. Bishop, M. D. Graduated from Medical Department of University of Pennsylvania in 1875. Since 1875 has been practicing at Dover, Delaware.

'79. H. J. D. Jones. Graduated from National School of Oratory with highest honors, and is now Professor of Elocution in Harvard College.

'75. Francis L. Springer, M. D. Is now a physician at Christiana, Del., having graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1877.

'74. J. Newton Huston. Was admitted to the Bar of Chester county, Penn. Is now a prominent lawyer at West Chester, Pa.

'84. Horace Greeley Knowles, who is now reading law under H. C. Conrad, of Wilmington, Del., paid the College a visit a few weeks ago.

'38. Hon. Wm. G. Whiteley, who has been Judge of the Circuit Court of Delaware since March, 1884, died at his residence 615 West street, Wilmington, Del., April 23rd, 1886.

'60. Albert Constable. After leaving college studied law and was admitted to the Bar in Baltimore, Md. Is now a lawyer in Elkton, Md., and takes a prominent part in Maryland politics.

'81. Oliver Daniel Robinson, M. D. Was married to Miss Jennie V. Downing, in St. Paul's P. E. Church, Georgetown, Delaware, May 6th, 1886, the Rev. J. Couper Kerr officiating.

Exchanges.

The *Sunbeam*, as its name would indicate, is a bright paper, published at Ontario Ladies' College, and shows admirably the resources of the ladies. We think, however, a few more literary articles would not be amiss, and would greatly enhance the value of the paper.

The *Academy Belle* contains a large amount of interesting matter for such a small sheet.

The *College Speculum* is one of our largest exchanges, and its local columns are among the most complete that we receive, showing that the local imp is up and attends assiduously to his department. Its literary department abounds with instructive articles, proving that there is good material in the college.

None of our exchanges have more significant names than the *College Chips* and *Atom*. The *Atom* noticeably contains very short articles and chiefly on time worn subjects. It needs an invigorator.

The High School *Herald* has also extremely short articles, but they are of a more spicy nature, yet we think a few lengthy articles would, no doubt, conduce to its appreciation.

On receiving the *Pennsylvania Western* we naturally turned to its local column to ascertain the news, when to our surprise we were confronted by a column of advertisements, although it has two local editors, they succeeded in gathering three or four articles apiece. It has a very good typographical appearance and its alumni columns are exceptionally full.

The Vanderbilt *Observer* is always a welcome visitor and in its last issue it contained a very fine article on "Carlyle and his wife."

The *Messenger* of Richmond College is a complete compendium of scientific and literary news. The articles upon "Exaggeration" and "Vanity" are well written, while its exchange criticisms are dealt out to the benefit of those to whom they are addressed.

As we bid adieu to the retiring board of the Colby *Echo*, we wish to say that with none of our exchanges has our connection and intercourse been more pleasant and it stands forth preeminently as a model of college journalism; and, the last issue keeps up the standard which has characterized it for the past year. If the incoming board are equal to their predecessors we give them a hearty welcome to our sanctum.

The *Delaware Good Templar* appears for the first time upon our table. We welcome and wish it God-speed.

The *Comet* resembles a comet only inasmuch as it is pink (which is nearer red than most of the exchanges) and its heading is its largest part.

The *College Days* is a purely local paper as it contains nothing of general interest or of literary merit.

The college *Student* is made up of a number of departments, which are very short. Its literary department is quite full and the appearance very good. Welcome to our sanctum.

We are by no means in sympathy with such a publication as *Facts*. We have seen too many good men ruined by the follies of spiritualism to take any stock in it whatever. Socialists, Free-thinkers and Spiritualists belong in the same category. Their main object seems to be to profit at others' expense, or to bring out some new or popular craze. We honestly believe that *Facts*, in this case, are the outcome of the imagination alone. We wish to see it collapse, the sooner the better.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* gives an article by an alumnus, on the temperance question, which is of much interest. It is a fact that there is but little notice taken of this most important question—this question which will soon become one of political character. It is a strange fact, that temperance principals have not been agitated in the college press, as the college furnishes instruction upon the nature of the poison alcohol and its effect upon the human system. Again, as the college forms, to a great extent, the character of the students, it is a wonder that temperance people have not made it a point to work in these institutions. We are glad to note, however, that a movement is in progress to organize the students into Temperance Alliances and we hope it will supply the need, for it is well-known that students need these organizations.

N. M. R. of the April *Concordiensis* had better keep his identity to himself, or "My Ambition" may get him into hot water. We were told so many times that it has become a veritable "chestnut," "the water ran into the Oregon and sunk her," that we are glad to have the mystery cleared at last. The *Concordiensis* is a bright journal.

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.

College Notes.

Prof. T. A. Thacker, of Yale college, died at his home on April 7th.

Swarthmore College is to have an observatory. Work has already commenced upon it.

Only eight of New York's thirty-six representatives in Congress enjoyed college training.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, is to be the first rector of the new Catholic University at Washington.

One hundred and twenty-four students at Harvard University are working their way through college.—*Ex.*

Secretary Bayard delivers the commencement oration at the University of Kansas, and ex-Secretary Blaine at Dartmouth.

The Professors of Yale are working on a new and revised edition of Webster's Dictionary, with Pres. Porter as editor in chief.

Philadelphia is endeavoring to raise \$50,000 to endow a Pennsylvania Professorship of Mineralogy at Washington and Lee University.

It is claimed that over 1,700 college students have been converted during the past year and that there are 2270 candidates for the ministry in the various colleges.

Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr are the only colleges giving instructions to women alone, but there are in the United States over 150 co-educational institutions.

The University at Heidelberg will celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its existence next August. A hall capable of holding 5,000 persons will be erected for the occasion.

The territory of Dakota expended more money for public school purposes during the year ending June 30th, 1885, than was expended by any one of a majority of the states of the Union.

In the Senate, Mr. Ingalls has introduced a bill to establish a national university in the District of Columbia. The sum of \$5,000,000 is to be granted for this purpose. No person shall be admitted for regular study and graduation who has not previously received the degree of A. B., or a degree of equal value, from some recognized institution.—*Ex.*

At St. Petersburg, recently, a building for the Female University was dedicated. This is the first institution of the kind in the Czar's country. The building cost over \$150,000, the money being raised by subscription throughout the empire, the Czar not having contributed a cent toward it. At the present time this university counts over seven hundred students and twenty professors.

Sporting Notes.

Princeton and Columbia have organized cricket clubs.

The Columbia '86 crew will average over 170 pounds.

The bicyclists of New York are manifesting considerable interest in the wheel.

Amherst students who do not attend to their gymnasium duties are refused a diploma.

A student of Yale recently gave \$650 to have the athletic grounds of that place improved.

Welch, pitcher of the New York League nine, is coaching the candidates for the Amherst team.

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

The annual parade of the coaching club of New York will take place on the 22nd day of May.

The University nine of Penn., has engaged the Haines brothers, a professional battery, to give them batting practice.

Bemis, '87, of Harvard, broke the Inter-Collegiate record for the two-mile walk, last week, by twenty-six seconds.

Clark's record of five feet nine inches in the running high jump is the best ever made in the Henniway gymnasium.

The Warren club, of Wilmington, Del, had a very creditable Field Day on the 13th inst., at their grounds in that city.

The New York Lacrosse club starts with very bright prospects this year, possessing one of the most powerful teams it has ever had.

The national tennis tournament will be held in Newport Casino, August 23rd. The prospects for this country are very flattering; Sears and Dwight having considerable practice.

Thomas Pettit, the champion tennis player of the world, will take another trip to England this summer. He will decline all challenges for the world's championship unless played for in Boston.

It has been decided by Bowdoin to send a crew this year to compete in the inter-collegiate race. The crew is to be selected from the following: G. M. Norris, L. B. Varney, W. W. Woodman, H. C. Jackson and Frank Lyman.

From the numerous visits of the Kid and Shorty to the post office it has been intimated that they are training for a pedestrian contest. This, however, is not the case. The facts are, they have a lock-box at the post office and wish everybody to become aware of the fact. To gratify their desire we take this manner to inform the public of the fact.

Book Reviews.

The frontispiece of the May *Century* is a portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, after a daguerreotype taken in 1848, and to it is added an article on "Hawthorne's Philosophy" written in an original and familiar manner by the son of the great American man of letters. A latter portrait taken in 1862 is also contained in this number of the first magazine of the United States. General McClellan's last war paper concerning the Antietam Campaign is of great historical and personal interest to the many fair minded men. The last words he wrote were :

"So long as life lasts the survivors of those glorious days will remember with quickened pulse the attitude of that army when it reached the goal for which it had striven with such transcendent heroism. Exhausted, depleted in numbers, bleeding at every pore, but still proud and defiant, and strong in the consciousness of a great feat of arms heroically accomplished, it stood ready to renew the struggle with undiminished ardor whenever its commander should give the word. It was one of those magnificent episodes which dignify a nation's history, and are fit subjects for the grandest efforts of the poet and the painter."

The fourth part of Mr. Howell's latest story, "The Minister's Charge," is as interesting as before. The eyes of Lemuel Barker are beginning to lose some of their verdancy. Brander Matthews contributes another curious story to the many current, entitled "Perturbed Spirits." "Iduna" by Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, portrays the life and romance of a charming heroine, from whom an effort is made to keep all knowledge of death. It brings out forcibly the intuitive idea of mortality. "James Russell Lowell's Argument" in favor of the inter national copyright is graphically treated and justly eulogized.

Again it is our pleasure to speak in the fairest terms of the *Church Magazine*. The May number contains some strong and forcible articles on Churchly topics, as well as others for those more secularly disposed. Bishop Coxé contributes an able article on "A Florid Paschal." It refers to the Easter of 1886, which comes latest in the calendar. The article contains many grand and ennobling thoughts worthy indeed of the pen of a Bishop. "The Devotional Use of the Prayer Book," will do much towards aiding its readers in using prayer aright. "The Unfinished Stole" is a clever little story of a clerical love by Caroline F. Little. The sixth chapter of "A Rector's Daughter" still preserves its exceptionally pure and interesting, though natural character. The Rev. Percy Broome adds a scholarly thesis on "The Centre of Faith" which will be of much interest to all honest and devout christian minds. Altogether the *Church Magazine* presents in this its May number, as in its four previous, a

character almost ideal, and we continue to wish it the success it so richly deserves.

"When Shakespeare was a Boy," by Rose Kingsley, strikes the reader of the May number of the *St. Nicholas* as an admirable production. Miss Kingsley has collected all the internal and external evidences of the character and manners of Shakespeare's early youth, (a similar task to that which won for William Black so many laurels in his "Judith Shakespeare") and woven them into an interesting sketch. "A May Song" by Laura Richards is a timely and quaint production. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" continues to hold the interest of his many friends. The rest of the number is made up of its usual novel and interesting contributions.

Cooper and Conard's *Fashion Monthly* has become quite a literary magazine. The April number is filled with original productions and contains an excellent engraving of Madeira. There are many interesting love yarns, and many homely topics are well treated of, beside the quantity of interesting matter for shoppers.

In *Lippincott's Magazine* for May "Taken by Seige" secures our rapt attention. It is undoubtedly one of the best serials of the day, unless its peculiar interest for a journalist, prejudices nor opinion. "A Bachelor's Blunder" is a very natural and clever story, and awakens our interest by its divergence from the usual routine of love's young dream. In the "Experience Meeting," a department of unusual promise, Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter, the lady whose recitation of "Ostler Joe" excited so much controversy, gives her "Experiences as an Amateur Elocutionist," while Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in her "Literary Confessions of a Western Poetess," not only gives a great deal of curious information about herself, but manages also to criticise her critics with unsparing severity. Julian Hawthorne contributes one of his most ingenious and fantastic stories, "Prof. Weisheit's Experiment," and Andrew Lang, a delightful skit on ghosts and ghost stories, "In Castle Dangerous." Joel Benton's essay on "The Poetry of Thoreau" is subtle and thoughtful.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 1, 1885.

TO MESSRS. CLOSE & BLACK, 133½ Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Gentlemen: I attended the Philadelphia School of Phonography for three months and at the end of that time I was able to write one hundred and forty words per minute of Shorthand and fifty on the Type-writer. Your method of teaching from "Lesson Sheets" can not be too highly commended. When I finished my course with you I obtained a lucrative position through your influence. Yours truly, KATE D. BITTING.

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You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing,
But sitting down on a red-hot stove
Is a sign of an early spring.

(Scene—Grand hotel, Launtensville-super-Mare)—

He—I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not
quite catch the name—

She—Miss Fitz Montmorency.

He—Thanks, thanks! What a pretty name!
and so uncommon!"She (haughtily)—Did you think I was called
Jones?He (feebly)—A—pardon—but—er—my name
is Jones!

"What does this mean?" asked a student who
had been scanning some lines written by a friend.
"Oh," said another, "it doesn't mean anything.
It is poetry."

A Rochester hair-dresser has made this startling
announcement in his shop: "Ladies short
comings (comings) made up and arranged."
What an immense business he must have on hand.

A recent song has the following refrain: "Oh
hug me closer, closer still." Of course there are
frequent rests to give the fellow a chance to com-
ply.

Out in the boundless West when a young fellow
gets married the first thing he receives is a sere-
nade from the local band. This generally recon-
ciles him to any sort of treatment, and he settles
down and is happy afterward.

Several gentlemen were talking in a saloon
about absent-minded people. Gilhooly said that
old Professor Snore, of the university of Texas,
was the most absent-minded man in the business.

"He was on his way to the train when he
imagined that he had left his watch at home.
What do you suppose he did?" asked Gilhooly.

"I have no idea," responded Ko ciusko Murphy.

"Well, in his absent-mindedness he pulled out
his watch to see if he had time to go back home
and get it."—*Texas Siftings*.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday school
teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle,"
replied the young hopeful.

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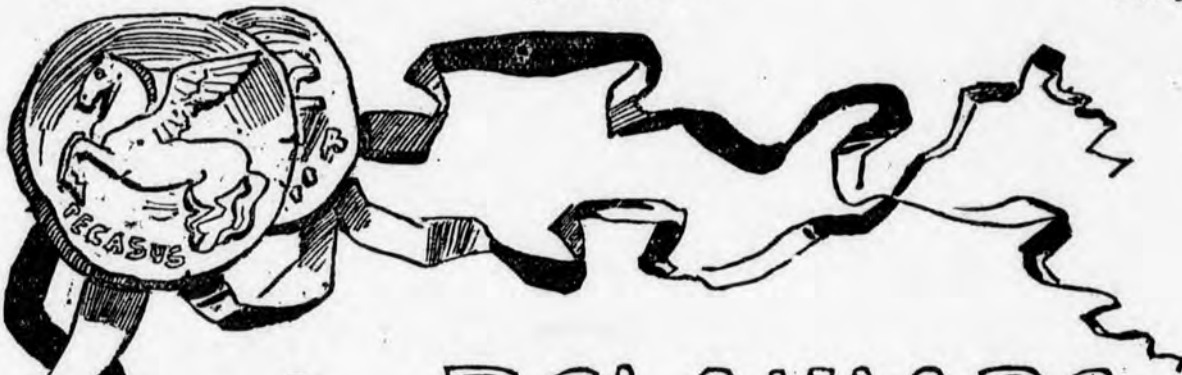
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