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PROSPECTUS OF
The Haverfordian.

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, SIXTH MO. 25, 1879.

No. 1.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

Delivered by John H. Gifford, of the Class of '79.

IN the name of our Class and, much more, in the name of our Alma Mater, to whom is due the honor for all success and interest in this, the closing exercise of our course, again, friends of our Class and College, we thank you for the kindness of your presence. We wish to ask that, for a few moments, you will favor us with your patience, while we here bid farewell to so much that we have held and must always hold most dear.

And, first of all, Fellow-students, we extend a parting word to you,—you whose entrance among us we have watched so carefully, that, for the first few days, our anxiety may have been to your minds almost a burden, and was, indeed, a selfish feeling. What difference time has made in the relations between us is better felt than told. Our interest in you hereafter shall be not less strong, but nobler. If our hopes are not deceptive, we shall all belong to the same society in the world,—that of the good and useful. There we shall await the realization of expectations which your qualities inspire,—the fruit of your efforts here. Confident as we are of the fulfilment of your highest ideals, the thought of separation becomes to us one of merely giving way, that you may advance to greater usefulness,—a pleasing, not a solemn thought. Only the memory of past associations springs up, and gives a tinge of sadness to the final word which seems to break forever the connections between us as we say, Farewell!

We turn to the guardians and protectors of our Alma Mater. Gladly, were we able, would we acknowledge, were it only in words, the depth of the debt we owe to her, she owes to you. This, for us, as for all of her children, the work of our lives must prove. We feel indebted, however, not so much for the knowledge she has given us, as for her *training* of all that makes the man; for that fostering care which she has suited to the fullest freedom. She seems to have imparted a share of the beauties of her outward self to the character of her sons, and now to smile in silent satisfaction for the usefulness and integrity of their lives. With a fond desire that your reward in us, as in them, may be great, with gratitude for your generosity, with confidence in your wisdom, with honor and with respect, we bid you Farewell!

But to you, our professors, for your efforts, for your interest, for your advice, what shall we say? Like a child before its benefactor, we are dumb with gratitude; certain that the gift is great, but unable yet to prize its worth. This the experience of the future must teach us; that shall more than atone for the inappreciation of the past.

If there is aught in us to-day more than at the beginning of our course, and you know what it is; if we have learned to distinguish honest doubt from skepticism, means from ends, true from apparent blessing; if we have gained a stronger faith, a nobler love, a loftier aim,—for this we are grateful to you.

If you have been merciful to our faults; if you have given us a mortgage on the future, to bear interest forever; if the intimacy

and unspoken communion of our minds with yours has secretly guided our thoughts and actions, shaping our lives,—we thank you for this. To you, now, but not to the influence of your lives and teachings, we must say, Farewell!

Finally, Classmates! the moment for the granulation of this little cell has come. The tissue, that has bound us together, must here be broken. Each of us must now become, by himself, a nucleus. Where each may be cast, to what organ he may be attached, if only his proper growth and function be not hindered, makes little difference. Let us, however, remember this: nowhere in the world is individual influence so powerful as in our own free land, nowhere so great as here is every man's responsibility for the welfare of his fellows, nowhere is good and evil in such open conflict. The principles of our government are the hope of the world; but the hope of our nation is in the integrity of the people, and, most of all, in the transcendent power of the great and the good. Let us, while we strive, feel that the fate of the world is resting on us.

And, Classmates! it will not be strange if, in the fields of life, we find the garlic growing side by side with the violets and the daisies. The world, too, may give us a tossing now and then, one more severe and no less useful, perhaps, than that with which we were favored by our immediate predecessors. If it is the means of making wisdom follow knowledge, let us take it with a smile. In this as in everything, be our motto, "This and more."

... "All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when we move."

But our hope is in the future, our joy is of the past; it is passing from one to the other, from the known to the unknown, which makes our sorrow now. The memories of the past, uncalled, spring up to testify. The societies, the studies, the sports, the walks, the friendships, the place itself and all about it, a hundred recollections deeply engraved upon our minds, arise to swell the throng. Happy the thought, we have not these to lose! The sweetness and influence of these memories, immortal as our minds, nothing can remove. We are to relinquish only the objects from which they spring; and now to these, many as they are, and dear, with feelings of sadness subdued by hope, we bid one fond farewell! Lovely and benignant Mother, Classmates, all, Farewell!

College work has two values. It has what may be called a knowledge value, or the benefit derived from the knowledge obtained; and it has a disciplinary value. Of the two, the latter is by far the most important; there is a popular tendency to underestimate this disciplinary value, and to measure things by their knowledge value. Thus there are many erroneous opinions as to the importance of certain studies. The motto of a certain training-school contains the whole idea of education in a nutshell,—"Power, not Knowledge." This does not mean that mere knowledge is to be despised, but that it is trivial as contrasted with the power obtained through a conscientious discipline of the mental and moral powers.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

C. W. TOWNSEND.

A. P. CORBIT.

W. A. BLAIR.

WALTER C. HADLEY, Business Manager.

Subscription Price, One Copy, One Year. \$1.50.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Advertising rates, 10 cents per line, agate. Special contracts made upon application to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL

THE efforts at college journalism at Haverford have been somewhat spasmodic in the past. Annuals bearing the name we have chosen, *The Haverfordian*, others with the sprightly title of "The Grasshopper," and perhaps still others with other names, have from time to time been issued, but we know of no attempts to publish regularly a journal at shorter periods.

The present management will begin, with the commencement of the next college year, the publication of a monthly journal, of which this little sheet is the forerunner. We take this occasion to state our aims, and to invite the co-operation of our friends.

We purpose to make *The Haverfordian*, as its name suggests, the representative of the daily life and work of the students of Haverford College, an index of the culture and discipline received, and a means of inter-communication between the members of the annually increasing family of those who have been here as students, and, having received the seal of faithful and intelligent effort, have gone out into the world, to fight its battles and to win its victories.

Thus it appears that our field is local and the interest upon which we depend entirely personal. We feel confident if we are faithful to our purpose and loyal to the highest welfare of the Institution under whose beneficent influence we are laboring, that we shall neither be lacking in interest nor support.

A short history of our undertaking may not be devoid of interest. During the discussion of society matters here last winter, the need for a higher incentive to excellence in composition became quite apparent; and, on the other hand, it was felt that some of the literary work done here was worthy of a better fate than to be bound up and laid away upon the library shelves. It was thought that a printed paper would supply both these demands.

The initiatory step was taken by the Loganian,

which appointed a committee to consider and report on the desirability of such an enterprise. Upon making a favorable report on this point, the committee was continued, to report a plan of organization, which was, with little change, adopted. In accordance with this plan, the Loganian appoints the business manager, and each of three societies one editor. These are to have entire control of the paper for the year, and are alone responsible for anything that may appear in its columns.

To those who feel a special interest in our new enterprise we would say that we have every reason to believe that our paper rests upon a solid foundation. It has the hearty support of the entire College, Faculty and students, and we are sure that no effort will be spared to make it a success in every respect.

Although our plans are not entirely matured, we think it safe to say that *The Haverfordian* will be issued on the 1st of each month during the college year, and will contain twelve pages, about the size and form of this prospectus. We shall take care that the quality of the paper used and the mechanical execution shall be unexceptionable.

We mail copies of this prospectus to many who, we think, will be interested in our enterprise, and we hope that while the matter is fresh in their minds they will send us their subscription for next year. If put off until the opening of the college year it may be forgotten. Funds may be sent in registered letter, draft on Philadelphia, or in P. O. Money Order on Bryn Mawr, payable to the order of *The Haverfordian*.

We shall be glad to have the opportunity to record upon our subscription books the names of all now living, of those who have ever been connected in any way with Haverford.

We humbly suggest to our friends present at Commencement the convenience with which you can "interview" our "Business Manager" with reference to your subscriptions for our first volume. Please test it!

We will gladly furnish copies of this prospectus to those willing to aid in extending the circulation of *The Haverfordian*. They may be obtained of the business manager.

The American people are becoming more alive to the benefits and demands of higher education with each succeeding year. They show this appreciation by enlarged gifts to provide the means for education. A decade ago, the gift of a few thousand dollars was quite extraordinary; now donations of a million and more are not rare.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

PERSONALS.

'81.—Fred Davis has left us, and is at home.

'78.—Crosman, Baily and Hill graduate to-day at Harvard.

'81.—L. M. Harvey is in Indianapolis, in college.

'81.—George F. Hussey expects to enter the Harvard Law School next autumn.

Professor Samuel Alsop, Jr., is reported to be in better health than when he resigned his position as superintendent in Eleventh month last, and is interested in silver-ore milling in Colorado.

Three of the Class of '79 are contemplating medicine as a profession.

The Alumni Gold Medal was awarded by the judges to J. P. Edwards, of '80, for excellence in oratory, on the 30th of last month.

'81.—Vail will spend the vacation in Canada.

'81.—Johnson intends to rusticate near Lake Champlain.

Professor Sharpless will take a trip to the Rocky Mountains soon after College closes.

'80—W. F. Perry will summer at Lake Mohonk.

'80 and '81.—The Edwardses, Major and Minor (we don't want to forestall the season by saying "Senior" and "Junior"), will devote their surplus energies, during the holidays, to the running of a steam-thresher in Indiana.

'80—C. F. Brede will follow ye peaceful kine, and scatter ye fragrant hay, near Colora, Md., until next term.

'81.—Hadley, our business manager, will spend his summer months soliciting Kansas school boards in behalf of the publications of Messrs. Appleton & Co.

'82.—W. H. Robinson will assist in running the new hotel at Lake Minnewaska.

'80—F. H. Cope and John Whital have both decided to go into business. We would have been glad to have them remain, but extend our best wishes for success.

'60—Professor Clement L. Smith presided over the Harvard Examinations for Women in Philadelphia recently.

'67—Professor R. M. Jones and Daniel Smiley, Jr., of '78, sailed for Europe on the 14th.

'78—Jonathan Eldridge is Assistant Governor and Librarian at Westtown.

'75.—Professor J. F. Davis expects to sail about Ninth month 1st for Germany.

'76.—F. G. Allinson, Fellow of Johns Hopkins University, has been given a six months' leave of absence for travel in Europe.

'80.—J. L. Lynch will occupy his usual post at the Water Gap during the summer.

"Don't want any books, book-shelves, chairs or carpets; am going to room alone next year; don't want anything!" is pasted in large letters on the door of a Freshman's room on the third floor of Barclay Hall.

Porter & Coates will publish, during the next fortnight, a treatise on Geometry, by Professor Isaac Sharpless. Part I. will also be bound separately for the use of those who wish only the elements of Plane Geometry.

LOCALS.

John E. Sheppard, Jr., is the Salutatorian to-day.

There is a good prospect for a large attendance next year. We should be glad to see Barclay Hall full of students.

The new Museum will be fitted up this summer. Dr. Townsend will be the fittist. We confidently expect his survival, according to the Darwinian theory.

The Loganian has turned over to the College all its collections, except the numismatic. This was done in order that they might be properly arranged in connection with those belonging to the College.

The College Library has received recently, from friends in England and Ireland, several hundred volumes of denominational books. The large addition to the shelf capacity of the library, which is now making, comes none too soon. It will add greatly to the appearance of the room, as well as to the usefulness of the library.

Among the more exciting episodes of the past year has been the discussion growing out of proposed changes in society work at Haverford. After innumerable plans had been proposed, discussed and rejected, the agitation finally subsided into a change in the organization of the Loganian, which society will consist hereafter of ten persons from each of the private societies, in addition to the Faculty and such students as are not members of the private societies. This plan, though having objectionable features, is perhaps the best that could have been adopted, and promises to infuse new life and activity into all the societies.

OUR COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

The following officers of societies have been elected for the coming year:

LOGANIAN.

President,	PROF. NEREUS MENDENHALL.
Vice-President,	JAMES L. LYNCH.
Secretary,	JESSE H. MOORE.
Treasurer,	LEVI T. EDWARDS.
President Council,	J. PENNINGTON EDWARDS.
Councilmen,	{ ALBANUS L. SMITH. { C. W. TOWNSEND.
Editor <i>Haverfordian</i> ,	DR. C. W. TOWNSEND.
Business Manager "	WALTER C. HADLEY.
Editors " Collegian,"	{ PROF. ALLEN C. THOMAS. { CHAS. E. GAUSE, JR. { JOSEPH RHOADS, JR. { J. C. WINSTON.
Librarian,	W. F. PERRY.
Curator,	ISAAC SUTTON.

ATHENÆUM.

President,	JOSIAH P. EDWARDS.
Vice-President,	ALEX. P. CORBIT.
Secretary,	JOHN E. COFFIN.
Treasurer,	ISAAC SUTTON.
President Council,	JOHN C. WINSTON.
Editor <i>Haverfordian</i> ,	ALEX. P. CORBIT.
Editors " Gem,"	{ W. F. PERRY. { E. O. KENNARD. { ISAAC SUTTON. { W. H. ROBINSON.
Librarian,	LEVI T. EDWARDS.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE closing exercises of this College year have lacked none of the many interesting features of such occasions.

First in order of time is the public meeting of the Loganian Society, on the evening of the 23d. The programme, given below, was unusually able and interesting. The inaugural address of the incoming president, Dr. Mendenhall, dealt largely with the question of the future welfare of the Society, showing the necessity for individual and combined exertion in order to success. Space forbids any criticism on the orations, further than that they were all of high order, and reflected honor upon both the speakers and the Society.

—PROGRAMME.—

- Inaugural Address, President.
- "The Republic of Liberia,"
- Charles E. Gause, Jr., Plainfield, N. J.
- "Advantages of Compulsory Education,"
- L. T. Edwards, Spiceland, Ind.
- "Objections to Compulsory Education,"
- J. C. Winston, Richmond, Va.
- "Christianity as a Medium of National Reconciliation,"
- Jesse H. Moore, Goldsboro', N. C.
- "Woman in America," Walter C. Hadley, Chicago.
- "England and the Russo-Turkish War,"
- Wilmot R. Jones, South China, Me.

Following the Loganian meeting came the semi-barbaric spectacle of the 'Annual Interment of Paley,' by the Sophomore Class. As this ridiculous custom has prevailed for more than a generation, it is probable that most readers of *The Haverfordian* are perfectly familiar with all the details. It is sufficient to say that, in the opinion of the participants, it excelled by far anything of the kind ever witnessed here.

On the evening of the 24th, the annual meeting and supper of the Alumni Association occurred. We were compelled to go to press before this interesting occasion, consequently we can speak only prophetically of the good things which were there served up. Among other proceedings will be the bestowal of the Alumni Prize Medal for oratory, upon J. Pennington Edwards, of Spiceland, Ind., a member of the Junior Class; and the awarding of the prize for the best essay on the "Substitution of Arbitration for War." The Alumni oration will be delivered by Professor Nereus Mendenhall, M. D., on the Necessity for more full and accurate definition of essentials in religious affairs.

The orator shows that the boasted accuracy of scientific theories is mere assumption, and rests upon far less solid ground than religious truth. He very truly

says that the cause of religious truth has been rendered more open to attack through the ill-judged efforts of dogmatic theologians.

We will close this notice of Commencement week with the programme of to-day's exercises:

—PROGRAMME.—

- "The Mystery of the Pyramids,"
- John E. Sheppard, Jr., Greenwich, N. J.
- "The Colonization of America as foreshadowing her Destiny,"
- John B. Newkirk, Greenwich, N. J.
- "The Mendicant Orders before the Reformation,"
- William C. Lowry, Phila.
- "Nature and Consciousness,"
- Samuel Bispham, Jr., Phila.
- "The Greek Church,"
- Edward Gibbons, Wilmington, Del.
- "More Light," Francis Henderson, Germantown.
- "The Tendency and Limit of Democracy,"
- John H. Gifford, West Falmouth, Mass.
- Conferring of Degrees,
- Address to Graduating Class,
- President Thomas Chase, LL. D.

CRICKET NOTES.

The game of Cricket at Haverford, being the one great source of relief from the more arduous labors of Greek and Mathematics, does not appear to have lost ground either in interest felt or number of games played within the last year, and victories which have been added to the long list already heaped up by the predecessors of the present Dorian C. C.

Since Commencement of last year twelve matches have been played, of which seven were won, four lost, and one drawn on account of rain. Of these matches all but two were played on the grounds at the College, made so beautiful a year or two since by the munificence of some of the Alumni who cherished the memory of the many pleasant games played on the old ground during their college days.

The Second Eleven of the club especially has done itself credit, not having lost a single match this spring.

Prizes are annually offered by interested friends of the club for excellence in bowling, batting and fielding. We give below a list of the prizemen:

First Eleven prizes for excellence in matches.		Per Wicket.
W. C. Lowry, for bowling average,	5.81	
S. Mason, Jr., for batting "	14.81	
Alex. P. Corbit, for fielding.		

Sophomore and Freshman prizes on "scrub" matches.		Per Wicket.
W. P. Shipley, for bowling average,	3.63	
W. P. Shipley, for batting "	13.07	
Harry M. Thomas for fielding.		

The Comfort Prize Ball was awarded to W. C. Lowry for bowling; average per wicket, 3.46.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, TENTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHODES, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. WM. A. BLAIR.

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EDITORIAL.

The design of *The Haverfordian*, and the causes which led to the undertaking, were set forth in the Prospectus which we published last Commencement Day. That paper was widely circulated among the friends of Haverford; and the hearty approval which the project received, encourages us to hope that this attempt to furnish an insight into the life and work of the College will be appreciated.

We aim to make *The Haverfordian* interesting to all who are interested in Haverford. For the old student, we will give a record of passing events, where the playground and literary societies shall have a place, as well as the more solid work and the changes and improvements which are made in the College. We thus hope to revive and stimulate the interest of all who have been here, by recalling pleasant recollections of the past, and by showing the advancement which has been made and still is making since their time.

The present year opens with the largest number of collegiate students which has ever been here. The wings of Barclay Hall which are allotted to them have room for only one more. This is encouraging. It shows that people are beginning to appreciate the glorious opportunity which Haverford affords for high moral and intellectual training. This increase of Haverford's usefulness

can be materially aided by the individual efforts of us all,—not necessarily laborious efforts, but such as flow naturally from a lively interest in the College. To help this interest is one end which we humbly hope to attain.

Nor do we wish our paper to be exclusively local. Most of our readers will feel an interest in some other Friends' school, if not in all. We intend therefore to notice events happening at or affecting the leading Friends' schools and colleges. If, by so doing, we can increase the general knowledge of the educational work among the Friends, we hope it will do some little good, besides entertaining our readers.

The literary work of Haverford will be represented. Many of the essays read before our societies are worthy of being more widely circulated than they have been heretofore.

The editors have authority to take any articles which they think fit from the three society papers; and they hope to be allowed by the writers to publish the best of those written for "miscellaneous meetings." Our readers can thus judge of the literary and mental training which our Alma Mater imparts.

Besides our internal resources, we have flattering promises of contributions from abroad; and we expect to present our readers with essays by some of Haverford's most literary sons.

The columns of *The Haverfordian* will be open for the discussion of all topics bearing on the interests which the paper represents; and we cordially invite our readers to send us any communications on such subjects which they may wish published.



As it was necessary, after College opened, to elect an editor, in the place of Dr. Townsend, whose loss we so much regret, we have been obliged to make a late start, and have been unable to complete some of our preparations. The reports from our sister schools and colleges are very limited; but we hope before our next issue to make arrangements with correspondents at several other institutions. Westtown, though often charged with being behind the times, is not always last, and sends us a hasty report of a session which good health, good work, and good feeling have combined to make a success.

Cricket news is uncommonly plenty. The intercollegiate match and the twenty-first anniversary of Haverford cricket, were events of unusual interest to old students. We hope that none of our readers will be disgusted with the sporting character of our first number; for we intend to keep to moderation in all things.

We can only ask your leniency towards the faults and shortcomings which we here present, hoping they will be fewer in future.

—◆◆◆—
PLEASE READ THIS.

We send the first number of *The Haverfordian* to many who have not yet subscribed to it, but who, we hope, will do so when it is brought to their notice. We can confidently announce that it will be continued through the present college year. The three literary societies have pledged for its support a sum equal to two-sevenths of the estimated cost, and we have promises of subscriptions and advertisements enough to make up the balance. It would, however, be a great disadvantage to the societies to have to pay this amount. We trust, therefore, that enough subscriptions will come in to make the paper self-supporting.

—◆◆◆—
TEACHER OR SCHOLAR.

Whether it be possible or not for the same man to achieve highest eminence both as a teacher of youth and in all that is implied in the term "scholar," it is not necessary now to discuss. The honor is certainly confined to a few. The object of this essay is to point out the fact that there is a great distinction between the two fields, and that this distinction should be recognized by those who have aspirations or intentions in either direction.

A very large number of college graduates annually seek admission to the ranks of the school teachers. Their motives are various. Some seek the command of the little ready money that the salary gives; some as a convenient mental drill; some with the idea of making it a life business; and some to put themselves in the line of securing an honorable reputation by investigations and discoveries in their chosen field.

But every man who accepts a salary from an institution should be careful to do all for which he is paid; and he should have a high standard of what the position requires. He may make such a bargain for extra time as he can; that is a private matter; but inside of the time allotted to his salaried work, he has more to do than to prepare for and hear the programme of recitations. He is in duty bound to give himself that general preparation for the proper performance of a teacher's work which it is within his power to give. Setting aside all personal

considerations, all ambitions, all distracting interests, he must *study teaching*. Cannot any one pick out two men of equal abilities both engaged in the profession, of which one is a vastly better teacher than the other? This is so because, while one has perhaps devoted thought to his Latin or geometry, or the subject taught, the other has studied the teaching. The one has ambition to be a great scholar, the other to be a great teacher. They are both honorable ambitions, and, if achieved, they will in general both be of advantage to the position which they occupy. But the one is generally using the position as a means to an end, outside of the object of the employers, of which the benefit resulting to their patrons will be contingent and distant; the other within that object, and which will return their remuneration in services rendered.

Now it is an important matter for any young man who has aims in the direction of pedagogy to determine, first of all, which one of these two fields he will occupy. That of an original investigator is the highest, and probably the most important; it will lead him into beautiful and absorbing work; and, though through many disappointments, yet the rewards of success are ample, remunerative, and satisfying. He will take his position in life in company with the great men of the earth, and enjoy the benefit of their intercourse, and feel the great impulses which fill their hearts and minds. It is a thought not to be lightly considered. If any young man is given this hope, let him not dismiss it as impracticable. Much is possible to earnest dedicated effort, always tending in the direction of one's choice.

And yet it is a pity to spoil a good teacher, in order to make a second-rate scholar. The energies devoted to investigation would go far towards redeeming many a teacher's failure. And we have no doubt that for the large majority of graduates, this is the direction to which they ought to turn. Let them study how to present subjects clearly and forcibly; how to create enthusiasm and interest; how to overcome sluggishness and restiveness, and how to discipline kindly and firmly without error and without apparent effort. They have a noble field before them, and one which they will not find too much circumscribed. Agassiz asked for no more flattering epitaph than—Teacher. It will be for them to follow closely in the footsteps of the investigator, and to interpret the result to the world; not merely to the little world which they meet in the class room, but to the great world of business men who look for instruction to the school teachers and college professors; not merely verbally to the class, but through lectures, essays, and books to the great reading and thinking public.

COLLEGE COURSES.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic*, President Eliot, of Harvard, is quoted as saying that the one essential of a cultivated man is the knowledge of his own language and literature. This opinion has given rise to a deal of discussion in the papers on the point itself, and incidentally on the place English studies should hold in a college course.

The more we have thought on the question, the more has President Eliot's position commended itself to our mind. Is it not, after all, *English* literature and the *English* language that most of us want?

What a large proportion, even of those who go through the full college course, is there that either have not the time to read after leaving college, or, wearied after their day's work at the desk or elsewhere, seek recreation in social visiting or places of amusement. It is useless to deny the fact that comparatively few of those who have not entered more fully into "the well of English undefiled" than is called for by the courses of most of our American colleges, become readers and students of it after their entrance into life's work. Not accustomed to reading carefully—scientifically, may we say,—the quiet charms of biography, criticism, travel, or more solid history, have little or no attraction for them; and if they read, it is some novel or romance, too often of the melodramatic school, or the kind which borders on the immoral, and is attractive for that reason.

Is there not some just fault to be found with the ordinary college curriculum? We have classical and scientific courses, and we say to the anxious parent, "Here are the courses, take your choice; either one is good, but"—and here comes in the bias of the particular professor addressed—"I think you will find the classical course the better. To be sure, it is a little harder, but then the training the mind gets in the study of the classics, the nicety of distinction in meaning, which can only be obtained by the study of the Greek hypotheticals and Latin subjunctives is worth far more than the extra labor." Or if a scientific man, "Nothing can teach such habits of accuracy as the study of mathematics; and then descriptive geometry and mechanical drawing beget steadiness of hand and a true eye, and are excellent preparations for civil engineering, or, indeed, for any profession your son may wish to take up. And nothing in the classics is more beautiful than calculus—why, you can do anything with it! besides, if your son has a mathematical turn, we will take him as far as he wishes to go. Determinants, theory of equations, quaternions, and to the extent of the beautiful modern geometry. And then public opinion demands that natural science should be fully taught, as you know. Physics, biology, zoology; why, these enter into our every-day life! we must know about *them*, and the classical course barely touches them." "But, my dear friend," says the parent to one or both of these professors, "my son wants to go into *business*. I am a business man, and I wish my son to succeed me. I have not had a college education myself, but my son shall,

if it is practicable. Now here is the difficulty: he is something over sixteen years old, at the end of four years he will be nearly twenty-one, almost a man; his tastes have, I grant, been improved; the studies he has pursued have been elevating, and his mind has a good deal of knowledge of one kind or another; but what has he learned that will help him in his business? I don't wish to disparage Greek or Latin; your hypotheticals may be very beautiful, or your subjunctives very—very *delicate*—was that the word?—but do they help him to write up his *journal*, or take off a balance-sheet? Or, what good does descriptive—descriptive—geometry do him? He don't expect to be an engineer; and as for calculus, or quaternions, I don't know what they are, though they sound well. I want an *English* course, where he can learn book-keeping, theory of *accounts*, not equations; the principles of exchanges, banking, what the balance of trade is, and how it is affected; and if you can teach him how railroads keep their accounts, by your calculus or modern geometry, teach them too, by all means. I tell you the colleges will have to wake up on these matters. Then, I want a good, solid knowledge of English literature. Instead of spending four years on Latin and Greek, let my son study the great English authors; I think he will find in Milton or Shakespeare or Bacon plenty of delicacy of expression and nicety of language. Not that I would be unwilling for him to study some Latin or Greek, if he has time; but is not one year enough? There are many who, like me, want an English, a distinctively English course; and if you cannot furnish it, we shall have to send our sons where we can *get* it."

And so, not finding what he wants, where he would prefer to send his son, he goes to some inferior place, whose authorities, eager to get pupils and glad to number such a man among their patrons, make any concessions that are asked, and *get* the youth.

This is a pretty fair account of what takes place at most of our colleges every year, and the number of such applications is yearly increasing. We think the question will have to be met, and it seems to us only one answer is possible, except with those colleges whose endowments are large enough to make them independent. And even these cannot ignore this thing, if they wish to impress their influence upon a large and most important class of the community. They will have to revise their courses, and take in this influential body, if they wish to keep its good-will, which even *they* cannot afford to lose.

Strong believers in classical education ourselves, and believing fully that no modern language can quite take the place of Greek and Latin, grieved as we should be to see them thrown aside, we feel sure that the day is not far distant when our colleges will have to add a *third* course; call it English, literary, business, or what you will. Let not the advocates of classical or scientific studies be too stiff in upholding their opinions, but yield with good grace, so as to get in as much of their respective branches as possible.

All this may seem far from what we started out with, but it is not. In such a course, give the student thorough instruction in the English language, its history, its formation, and its powers. A very elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin will give enough to enable him to understand the derivations. Demand this, and you will get it. Then let him study reading—elocution, if that sounds better. Let the great authors be studied critically, the allusions hunted up, the geography and history looked out. Let the history studied be judiciously selected; not only events and their causes and effects learned, but the philosophy of it all appreciated. Let him study the history of the Christian Church, its rise, progress, its decadence, and then its Reformation, and the rise of the various Protestant sects.

Let one age of English literature be compared with another, and the characteristics of each be noted; then let him also study social science, hygiene, political economy, with especial reference to modern systems of banking and commercial business generally.

Let *practical geology* be taught, the names of the common stones be known,—building stones and others. Let him learn to use his eyes in his walks, and notice the lay of the land. So with botany; let the useful woods, ornamental and building, be handled and known. Drawing, freehand and mechanical, should not be omitted. Add to this book-keeping, if you must, though we believe one week's experience in an office is worth forty outside. Add other things, as they suggest themselves, and you will have a course that will commend itself to many a parent, who, though able to send his son to college, does not do it, because he does not find what he wants, what seems practical in his eyes.

If the English literature of such a course be thoroughly taught, the graduate will have a practical education, and also a *culture*, if not equal to the classical graduate, yet pressing hard upon it. The number of cultured men will be largely increased, the influence of highly educated men will be much greater, the recreations and social converse of the whole community will be much more elevated.

The question, to our mind, seems to be resolving itself into *this*: Shall we have a large number of cultivated *English* scholars, or a small and ever proportionably smaller one of classical and scientific scholars? Can we hesitate which to choose?

L.

PERSONALS.

"Judge" has a new hat,

'73.—J. L. Tomlinson teaches at Baltimore.

'75.—C. E. Tebbetts is Professor of Natural Sciences in Penn College, Iowa, and is to be married soon.

'75.—Professor J. F. Davis paid us a visit before starting for Germany. He sailed from New York, 9th mo. 15th.

'76.—Frank H. Taylor gave us a call on the 23d. Business brought him again from the far West.

'76.—L. L. Hobbs is Principal of New Garden Boarding School, N. C. We understand he contemplates studying medicine.

'76.—T. W. Kimber has been admitted to the bar.

'78.—H. L. Taylor has returned from his tour in Europe. He stopped for a short time at the College, and then acted upon the advice of Horace Greeley.

'78.—C. P. Frazier has left Trinity College, N. C., and now has charge of the little tarheels at Goldsboro'.

'78.—E. Forsythe, after taking a course at Harvard, has accepted the position of Principal of Friends' Seminary at Moorestown, N. J.

'78.—We have it from good authority that G. W. White is really not yet married.

'78.—D. Smiley has returned from Germany, and now pedagogue it at the Wm. Penn.

'78.—Crosman will teach at Washington.

'78.—L. M. H. Reynolds rules the hopefuls at the Friends' Select.

'78.—F. K. Carey is studying law at Baltimore.

'79.—Gibbons, Lowry, Henderson and Bispham are at home.

'79.—J. B. Newkirk is in business in the city.

'79.—J. E. Sheppard will enter the medical department of the University this fall.

'80.—Dr. Townsend, who was an editor elect of *The Haverfordian* is at home. His health does not permit his attendance this year.

'81.—W. V. Marshburn has taken his A. B. at Yadin College, N. C., and is now Principal of Sylvan Academy.

'81.—Hadley, our business manager, spent the summer as editor-in-chief of the *Indianapolis Mail*, an evening daily paper which is becoming very popular in the Hoosier State.

'81.—Phillips has just returned.

'82.—W. C. Chase has returned from his visit to Colorado, and now grinds Greek as formerly.

'83.—S. Shoemaker and A. C. Craig spent the summer in Europe, and are now settled down to work.

Does the maternal codfish call her young with a codfish bawl?

Can the troubles Miss Kellogg has with her voice be called tone-ails?

A physician says the germs of yellow fever are in ice. Yes; and the germs might be destroyed by boiling the ice before using.

ALUMNI DAY.

There was nothing of special moment to mark this year's gathering of our Alumni. Forty-four Alumni, about the annual average, answered to the roll-call, and were present at the public meeting in the evening. The business meeting, called to order, with V. P. Howard Comfort in the chair, had no matters of special moment before it. The committee "to appoint judges to sit at the public contest for the Alumni Medal" reported that, in pursuance of their appointment, Edward Wood, Henry T. Coates and Joseph M. Fox attended at the public competition in Alumni Hall, 5 mo. 30, 1879, where three (3) contestants were heard, and the medal awarded to Josiah P. Edwards of the Junior Class. Upon the motion to adopt the report, there was some debate and criticism of the manner in which the contest was conducted. Some gentlemen argued that the occasion would be better adapted to attain the desired end of being an encouragement to the students in their efforts to obtain "excellence in elocution" if more of the Alumni and friends of the College would manifest their interest by their presence. The Secretary of the Alumni was directed to notify the members of the next contest; and our reporter is informed that the committee having the matter of appointing the judges in hand propose hereafter to take charge of the evening, and endeavor to make the occasion one of as much interest as possible. He is also informed that this committee will consider, and probably direct, that the successful competitor shall deliver his oration at the evening public meeting of the Alumni, in order that the Association may be able to judge for themselves of the expediency of continuing the prize. A statement that the treasurer was without funds to pay for the medal for the current year resulted in an impromptu collection by which \$62 was raised from members present. If the prize is worth continuing, it would be very desirable that the Association should be able to provide a permanent fund for its support. The adjudicators in the matter of the prize of \$250 offered through the Association by Philip C. Garrett, for the best essay setting forth "the most practicable plan for promoting the speedy substitution of judicial for violent methods of settling international disputes," reported that the prize had been awarded Leon Chotteau, of France.

The report was accepted, and the following resolution passed: *Resolved*, That the various essays presented for competition are hereby referred to Philip C. Garrett and the adjudicators, with authority to make such dispositions thereof as they may think best in the cause of international peace, and to distribute the same as widely as practicable. John B. Garrett, on behalf of the adjudicators, further stated that they were materially aided in their efforts by an advertisement and notice inserted in the *London Times*, through the courtesy of our minister at the Court of St. James. That they had received about thirty essays, and that those next in merit to the successful one were from Australia and New Zealand.

The ballot for officers for the following year resulted as

follows:—President, John B. Garrett; Vice presidents, Joseph Parrish, Charles Roberts, Allen C. Thomas; Orator, Philip C. Garrett; Alternate, James Tyson, M. D.; Secretary, Edward P. Allinson, Treasurer, T. K. Longstreth; Executive Committee, Edward H. Coates, William S. Taylor, Henry Cope, Benjamin H. Lowry, Joseph M. Fox, Francis K. Carey, John E. Sheppard, Jr.

The supper performed its important function of ministering to the physical wants of the members, but was otherwise as stupid as usual, if not more so.

The annual address in the evening was delivered by the orator, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, and his thoughtful and scholarly effort was worthy of a larger audience than Alumni Day at Haverford is wont to muster. *Apropos* of the lack of interest in the proceedings of Alumni Day, if estimated by the numbers in attendance, our reporter is informed that the Executive Committee propose to recommend to the Association to consider at the next annual meeting the expediency of changing the day of meeting to the fall of the year, when it is thought the day could better assert its individuality, not being jostled cheek by jowl with Commencement. It is thought by some that more gentlemen would attend then, and that the prospect of cricket or foot-ball might prompt the members "to make a day of it," and brighten up their attachment to Alma Mater by snatching a few hours of boyish relaxation beneath her sheltering trees.

Would it not be well for *The Haverfordian* to endeavor to elicit through its columns some expression of opinion on this subject? for it is obvious that the future advancement of the College interests must depend in great measure on keeping warm and active the regard of her Alumni.

JUST FOR FUN.

CHINESE VERSION OF MARY.

"Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Fleas all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too."

The "Maine" thing is to be in love with Blaine.

What could the Cricket Club do without money and without "Price"?

A carpet dealer advertises "Carpets that can't be beat."
Sends us up half a dozen.

Can essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature?

An afflicted Senior declares that the best cure for imaginary troubles is a corn.

Why does a certain Soph. search so assiduously for the first downy indications of a moustache?

A Sophomore says that a sand-storm is a rain of terra, and that the nose is the scenter of civilization.

A Rhode Island Junior says they don't have any telegraph in that state; when a man wants anything he hollers.

REUNION.

On Thursday, after the close of the match, many of Haverford's old cricketers assembled at the College, and a reunion meeting of old students was held; a supper provided for the occasion being one of the features, to which the present Dorian eleven were invited. Supper finished, collecting in front of Founders' Hall, where several dozen Chinese lanterns lighted the commodious if rather damp auditorium, the assemblage was addressed by Henry Bettle, who, in a very neat speech (which we give in another column), called attention to the strong position cricket occupied at Haverford, and the gratifying fact that the College was being governed more and more by those who recognized its claims, forming, as it does, another bond of union to Old Haverfordians; finishing, he invited President Chase to address the meeting.

He, coming forward, declared himself to be the oldest cricketer connected with the College; and although he could not claim to have originated the game at Haverford, yet he asserted himself to be the reviver of it after it had died out, and for a long time acted as godfather to it, caring for and nourishing it when it was young and tender in years.

Professor Pliny Chase, in answer to repeated calls, then spoke of the usefulness of active exercise, and how much more it was thought of now than formerly; contrasting the student of a half-century ago with that of to-day, and giving "*Mens sana in sano corpore*" as the motto of a student.

The following song, next on the programme, was sung by David Bispham, all joining in the chorus.

"SONG OF THE DORIAN."

[Air.—"When Johnny comes Marching Home."]

By the "Bard of Cobb's Creek."

Oh, at first we were a little club,
At Haverford, hurrah;
In Senior's eyes just the thing to snub,
At Haverford, hurrah;
But soon we taught 'em, with bat and ball,
That we were "some punkins" after all,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.

CHORUS.—For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.

In underhand bowling we first relied,
At Haverford, hurrah;
For we had a great dread of bowling wide,
At Haverford, hurrah
But "piddlers" we always did despise,
And the way we would swipe 'em would open your eyes,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

Then Mellor and Broomall at round-arms did try,
At Haverford, hurrah;
And Thomas at long-stop would ne'er give a bye,
At Haverford, hurrah;
So that soon we vanquished the Delian quite,
And with the Eolian made 'em unite.
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

When Broomall to Media had retired,
From Haverford, hurrah;
To gather laurels he was inspired,
From Haverford, hurrah;

But the team he brought to accomplish that task
We sent back home with their flag at half-mast,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
At Haverford, hurrah,
The "Varsity" first tried the colors to lower,
Of Haverford, hurrah;
But we hit their bowling over the creek,
Till they all returned to the city quite sick,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

In 'sixty-six, at the Wynnewood ground,
Near Haverford, hurrah,
The "Merion" our honors with claret drowned,
Poor Haverford, hurrah;
But for the thrashing they gave us that day
They afterwards had most dearly to pay,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

The "Varsity" often tried to rout
Old Haverford, hurrah,
But the Quakers always cleaned them out,
Brave Haverford, hurrah;
Till 'seventy-eight, when their *graduates* tried,
They met a Waterloo, known far and wide,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

Again, my lads, we have waxed them sore;
For Haverford, hurrah;
And we'll do whenever they want some more,
For Haverford, hurrah,
For we're the boys with the bat and the ball,
And we always play up when we're pushed to the wall,
For we always pull together, boys,
Whenever we take the field.—CHO.

A poem was then read by Joseph Parrish, which will be published in our next.

After he had finished, Henry Cope, who is gratefully known to all Haverford cricketers, spoke of the recent victory as showing how the training received in the Dorian showed in the field.

The meeting then broke up, and the company seeming to have enjoyed themselves, and, judging from the frequent applause, to have enjoyed the entertainment, finished by a visit to the favorite retreat at the end of the lane on their way to the station.

This meeting, which was gotten up unexpectedly on changing the Inter-collegiate match from Nicetown to Ardmore, is only another of the many expressions of the interest old students take in not only Haverford, but in Haverford cricket; and not only do those who when here devoted themselves to the game, and keep it up on leaving, feel this interest, but those who were not at all skilled in its intricacies, retain a love for it (as many of their letters regretting their inability to attend the meeting express). One, a prominent man, says: "It has always pleased me to see Haverford clinging to cricket, and I have never learned to care much for its too popular rival, base ball."

The library will be kept open this year a sufficient number of hours daily to enable all to have as much use of it as may be desired. Professor A. C. Thomas is librarian, assisted by Walter C. Hadley, Isaac Sutton, and R. B. Hazard.

OPENING ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REUNION.

BY HENRY BETTLE.

The happiest man in all this world is said to be he who can make a good after-dinner speech, the next happiest man is he who can't make one at all. I belong to the latter class, and yet I am here to welcome you at the suggestion of that whole-souled, enthusiastic, devoted and unselfish friend of Haverford, and of cricket at Haverford, Henry Cope. I am here to rejoice with you as a member of the Dorian that she has trained and sent into the field such all-round players as Fox; such batsmen as Fred and Burt Bailey, and Charley Haines, and that most useful man to have around, John Jones; and such bowlers as Comfort and Lowry and Newkirk. And I am here to rejoice, above all, that cricket, within proper bounds and restrictions, has become an important element of education at Haverford. And this I am glad to recognize the fact that Haverford is being more and more ruled and governed and directed by Haverfordians; men who know her wants and needs by actual experience, and are determined, if possible, to supply them. And permit me further to express the desire, which I often felt, not only when present here among you, but when my feet have been turned far away from these pleasant halls, the earnest desire, almost craving, which I have for an increase amongst us of real, genuine brotherly affection and brotherly regard, as children of one common fostering mother. That letting the time past suffice wherein any of us may have sought to work out too selfishly our own ends, we should come up unitedly, and, to use a trite expression, as a band of brothers, certainly all of us in the moral, and as far as each may be able the material, support of this noble and useful institution and its faculty, headed as it is by that accomplished gentleman, (God bless him!) Dr. Thomas Chase. In this hard, practical, every-day American life of ours, where the getting of money is the principal thing, all those earlier and more enthusiastic and generous feelings of our better nature are apt to grow torpid and inert, if not entirely deadened, by daily contact with the cold and selfish world around us, and we need the refining influence of an ideal affection. This, in truth, is what we want,—the vision of a calmer, simpler beauty, to purify us in the midst of artificial tastes; we want the draught of a purer spring to cool the flame of our excited lives.

And nowhere else can we better find it than at this fountain of perpetual youth; nowhere else can we better cultivate these ennobling affections than by cultivating a love for and an interest in our Alma Mater, than by strengthening the hands and warming the hearts of these

faithful professors, who, like patient gardeners in the fields of mind, with constant vigil and unwearying toil are planting year by year those seeds of thought which shall germinate and fructify, and bring forth fruit in years to come. Fruit more precious than the golden apples of Hesperides, fruit delectable to the intellectual taste of man, and worthy the refecation of the higher intelligences.

For I verily believe that as this is increasingly the case there will come more and more to be verified the eloquent words of one of Haverford's own sons, the gifted Joseph Parrish, that "from the doors of this College as from the doors of all other colleges and schools over the land, will pour the ever-renewed flood of fresh young life trained in all exercise of noble deed, learned in lessons of a purer patriotism, of a more earnest duty, of a larger responsibility to the country, to humanity, to the Highest."

And so, to-night, let our united benedictions rise to thee, O Haverford! May peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy borders! Here, as of old,—

"May Learning dwell, and all her stores unfold;
Still may her priests around these altars stand,
And train to truth the children of the land."

LOCALS.

The Freshmen seem to enjoy the new Geometry. Thanks to Professor Sharpless.

The Archery Club seems to flourish, if we may judge from the arrows which fly over the lawn.

We have a new professor of chemistry this year, and shall expect the lecture-room to be occupied occasionally.

Prayer-meetings have been well attended thus far, and much interest is manifested by some of our new students.

The chemistry inclined students are interested in the analysis of mineral water from the celebrated Alburgh Springs, Vt.

Old graduates who visit us express their regrets that the magnolia has been removed from its place in front of Founders' Hall.

The State Fair held at the Centennial Buildings was largely attended by the students, who pronounced the exhibit very fine.

The sound of the hammer is less often heard in the halls, showing that most of the students have finished that disagreeable job of putting down carpets.

Improvements continue to go on around us. New book-shelves have been added to the Library, giving the much needed room for our large and rapidly increasing number of books.

The Juniors have been playing the College at cricket. Six of the first eleven men belong to '81, and the match was very close.

The new museum is completed, and the valuable collections of minerals, etc., are now arranged in order, and placed so that all can have the opportunity of examining them.

The Sophomores, after long deliberation, decided to give the Fresh. the usual tossing. The affair took place in the Gymnasium, and seemed to be enjoyed by all parties.

There are in college 22 students from Pa., 6 from Ind., 4 from N. C., 5 from Maine, 5 from N. J., 4 from Del., 4 from Md., 3 from Kansas, 2 from Iowa, 2 from Ohio, 2 from Mass., 2 from Va., 2 from N. Y., 1 from Mo., 3 from R. I., 1 from Ill., 1 from Cal., 1 from Vt., and 1 from Canada.

Two of our students have manifested so great an interest in the welfare of our country as to be willing to forsake the "classic shades of Haverford" for a while, and visit Maine, their native State, in order that they should, by their votes, help to put the right men at the helm of the "Ship of State."

A student here recently received a letter which had been mailed in Eastern New York about eighteen days before. It was stamped "missent;" and one of the extra postmarks, on examination, proved to be San Francisco, Cal., showing that the letter had twice crossed the continent before reaching its destination.

Quite an excitement was caused on the 20th by the cry of fire. A report was circulated that the meeting-house was on fire. This, however, proved false; but the dwelling-house in the lot adjoining our accustomed place of worship was completely destroyed. The inmates were fortunate enough to secure most of the furniture. The cause of the fire is attributed to a defect in the chimney.

Work has been commenced on the site of the Female College at Bryn Mawr. Dr. Joseph W. Taylor has been diligently at work for some time past to determine upon the best plan. He is not ready to publish his intended plan, but cellars are being dug for three buildings, —two about 120 feet in length and one about 100. The buildings are to be of brick, and a brick-yard is in operation on the grounds. We hope to be able, ere long, to inform our readers definitely as to the plan adopted.

It is the intention of the manager to enlarge the size of our paper to sixteen pages, next issue. If we continue to grow at this rate, we will soon have a ponderous monthly.

NEW BOOKS.

All Quiet Along the Potomac, and Other Poems, is the title of a volume from the pen of Ethel Lynn Beers, and just published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia. It affords the lover of good poetry no little delight to find, occasionally, that some of the choice verses which have appeared from time to time in the magazines and newspapers, have been incorporated in form, calculated to place them, as their character demands, among the permanent literature of the language. We often seize our scissors and scrap-book, in a sort of grim despair, and endeavor to save, for our own benefit at least, just such productions as comprise the volume before us. The author states that most of them appeared originally in the weekly press of New York City, and in a short history of "All Quiet Along the Potomac" she gives us an interesting taste of newspaper-waif life, showing how this poem, so universally known and admired, has been attributed to and claimed by a great number of authors.

"On the Shores of Tennessee," "Better than Diamonds," "Which Shall it Be?" "Weighing the Baby," and "Lights and Shadows" are among the real gems. "Off Barnegat" is the title of a poem founded upon the wreck of the schooner Tolck, by which the captain and his wife both lost their lives, but the little daughter escaped unharmed. The rich pathos and vivid description of the scene are particularly striking.

The volume is bound in cloth, with gilt edges at the top, and contains 350 pages. Price, \$1.75.

The Garland* is the title of a new 8vo, of 235 pages compiled by E. P. Gurney, who omits the customary preface, but places in its stead the index of first lines of the poems, which she has selected with great care, and among which are found the sacred verses which have been, and are, held dear by thoughtful Christians. "Abide with me" comes alphabetically, as it does in popularity, first. Whittier, Vaughn, Waring, Wesley, Bonar, Cowper, Cary, and Heber, are represented in the collection.

The Pre-historic World, from the French of Elie Berthet, by Mary J. Safford, a volume of three stories in which are summed up the recent discoveries of pre-historic time, is just published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

* Philadelphia, 1879: Porter & Coates. 12mo, cloth, extra. \$1.50.

No matter how good a philosopher a Senior may be, he can never resist the temptation to kick an empty tomato-can.

A Freshman, upon seeing the "Poems of Places" in the Library, remarked that Place must have been a great poet to write so much.

The class in physics is honored by the presence of three or four scholarly ladies of the neighborhood, who are interested in the experiments.

CRICKET

There is something about cricket which seems to attach itself more firmly to the affections than most other games. It cannot be the hard work attached to a thorough knowledge of it, for those who have never exerted themselves to any extent feel it. But whatever it is, it is certainly a point in favor of the game; and those students who think it slow and stupid should consider that there may be more in it than they suspect, that the love of it seems so lasting and so generally felt.

Although many of our readers are already familiar with the particulars of the late successful encounter of the Old Haverfordians with the University, yet, for the benefit of those who are not, a brief sketch of it will here be given.

The weather and the grounds (the Merion) were as nearly perfect as cricketers usually get, through both days.

Each team was somewhat changed from last year, and some good men on either side "could not get off." The representatives of the University were Law, Loper, Baird, Brewster, J. Murphy Hoffman, C. Morris, C. Clark, E. Hopkinson, W. Hustin, G. Philler and M. Ewing.

Old Haverfordians: Fox, C. Haines, G. Ashbridge, J. B. Jones, Kimber, F. and A. S. Baily, W. Haines, Lowry, Sheppard and Newkirk.

The University went first to the bat, and put together 83 runs, Hustin getting 30, Morris and Hoffman 13 each, the break of Lowry and Newkirk being very effective.

The Old Haverfordians made 122 in their first innings, F. Baily making 58, Kimber 25; this closed the first day's performance, the last wicket falling just too late to commence another inning.

The University on Thursday had only nine men on the field, three of their number being unavoidably absent. In spite of this they ran their score up to 207,—of which Law got 29, Morris 36, Brewster 27; 86 runs were now needed by the Old Haverfordians to win. These they succeeded in getting with the loss of two wickets: Jones contributing 48, A. S. Baily 22, and not out, F. Baily 8, extras 5.

Thus the second of the annual Inter-collegiate matches was a victory for Haverford, although it must be acknowledged the University had rather bad luck. On the first day Brewster did not get on the field in time to be of any use at the bat; and on the second, when they seemed to be in a fair way to make the match a close one, three of their players were absent.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE NOTES.

As noticed elsewhere, this column has not the variety it is hoped to display hereafter, on account of the late hour at which the feature was introduced, answers to letters *having only been received* from Westtown.

The summer term at Westtown Boarding School will close on the second of tenth month, the institution still adhering to summer and winter sessions. The boys' school is much larger

in winter than in summer, the average for the last three years having been $138\frac{2}{3}$ for winter terms, and $95\frac{2}{3}$ for summer terms. The girls' school has not generally shown the same discrepancy; though during the same time, it has averaged 83 for winter terms and $65\frac{1}{3}$ for summer terms.

Within the same three years, the number of graduates (including five to graduate at the end of the present term) has been thirty-five,—twenty of whom have been boys, and fifteen girls.

The game of lawn tennis is being introduced; and between the hours of five and six every fair evening, games may be seen in progress on either girls' or boys' grounds.

As students are entered at the opening of either term, they may graduate at the end of either, so that the ceremonies incidental to graduating are gone through with twice in the year.

The last public meeting of the Westtown Literary Union, for the term, was held on Fourth day evening, 9th mo. 17th. The "Historical Committee" furnished the entertainment for the evening. Their report embraced, besides the "Docket" for the present session (which was not read), essays on "The Westtown Literary Society," "Girls' Literary Societies," "The Cabinet of Natural History," and "The Boys' School Building." This is a standing committee of the society, which reports once each session, gathering items of the past history of the school, and preparing articles on its current history, all of which are to be preserved for future reference.

Examinations begin on Fifth day, the 20th of 9th month, continuing nearly a week; and although "cramming" is discouraged, and practiced to a very moderate extent, those students who think well of a good reputation are just now feeling an unusual interest in all the small points of their textbooks.

A CUNNING CORPORATION.

It is said that one of our railroad companies not long ago got up a camp-meeting on their line. In order to insure its success, persons were hired to be converted at two dollars and a half per day, or per conversion, we are not sure which. But thinking this not enough, these mercenary sinners struck, and the company had to give them three dollars. When the meeting was over, the ministers received fifty dollars each, and the company pocketed the rest.

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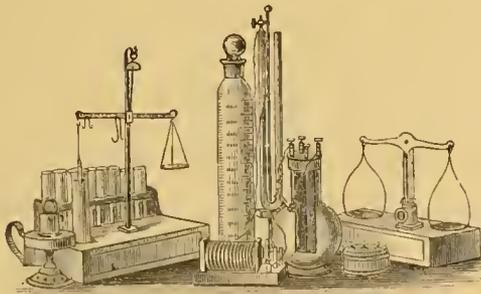
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 2.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The collection of forest trees on the campus has always been Haverford's great pride; but during the past few years the interest felt in them has been in a great measure so overshadowed and absorbed by the newer attractions of Barclay Hall and the other improvements lately finished that the trees and shrubs have been left very much to take care of themselves.

Now, however, that the necessities (so to speak) of the College are to a large extent satisfied, its patrons will, we hope, again turn their attention to our beautiful lawn, which is, especially at this season, so great an ornament.

And, indeed, the appearance of a special committee of managers a few days ago, who were selecting sites for young trees, would indicate that they are beginning to realize the need of improvement in this particular, and that a movement is on foot to meet it.

And although this has not, so far as we know, developed into anything definite, our friends, the effects of whose successful efforts we have continually before us, are working in their quiet way for this object; and we doubt not that they will be no less happy in it than in their past labors, and will add another to the obligations our College is already under to them.

We students have lately been interested and shaken a little out of our usual channels of thought by three lectures by the Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, the distinguished student of ants and spiders. In the first two he told us of the structure and habits of the ant, and gave us a particular account of the agricultural and the cutting ants, two very interesting species, which he had studied in Texas. The third lecture, illustrated with stereopticon diagrams, was on spiders, their homes and habits. Dr. McCook's style as a lecturer is easy and animated. No one who heard him could fail to be entertained and instructed; but the instruction was a small part of the good which the lecture should, and we hope did, give us. To create an interest in the study and observation of nature, as the Doctor told us, was his principal object; and what higher end could he hope to attain?

To some of us who feel an interest in Natural Science, these lectures were specially grateful. Strong as our College is in many ways, it cannot be denied that natural science receives very little encouragement,—in fact, is almost wholly neglected. Not only do we need more lectures, but this branch of study is not represented in our Faculty. The classics, philosophy, mathematics, chemistry and physics, and literature and history, all have their professors, who give them special attention. But where do botany, zoölogy and geology come in? Recitations in them are heard one year by one professor, another by another. After a student has studied his lesson, he often feels as if it was a waste of time to attend the recitation. We have a museum, containing minerals principally, which might be used to illustrate the recitations and make them interesting, and which might be increased so as to be of much more practical value than at present; but it is very little used, and no systematic effort is made to increase it. Now, if there was a professor who made a special study of the natural sciences which are on our curriculum, though his field would be very wide, yet he could do much good by using the facilities which the College possesses, and could largely increase these facilities by enlisting the interest of the students, so that they would work with him. It would not be difficult to find plenty of help that would be efficient, if properly directed. We would call attention to a subse-

quent article on the needs of our museum. It manifests the spirit of at least one of the students.

It is pleasant to be able to announce that we have one professor, Robert B. Warder, who will undertake to start a Geological Club to study geology in the field. At his call a meeting of about fifteen students was held recently, which was presided over by Professor P. E. Chase, the present incumbent of the chair of Geology. (We would remark that Professor Chase is eminently competent and honestly desirous to fill this position well; but by the time he has done his duty by metaphysics and "the harmony of the spheres," he has little time for geology.) Professor Warder stated his desire to form an informal club to observe the geological features of this vicinity while taking walks, which might otherwise be mere constitutionals. He also made some interesting suggestions as to a mode of observing. He disavowed all pretensions to being a geologist, as his specialty was in another direction; he wanted this for recreation. After some encouragement from the Chairman, and a few suggestions by the students, a committee on permanent organization was appointed to draw up a plan. It is designed that the association shall be quite informal, and all the work voluntary.

This is a step in the right direction, and we are glad to see it; but what a grand thing it would be for Haverford, if it had a regular professorship of Geology, or even of Natural Science! Then we might hope that the scientific spirit which is now felt among us would be more than a transient breath, and that Haverford would be as strong in the study of nature as in classics, mathematics and philosophy.

Walt Whitman says: "The best promise in America is in certain young men who are coming on the stage, though yet voiceless. They cannot speak because the magazines are in the hands of old fogies like Holland or fops like Howells. Yet they will burst forth some day." Walt always was an eccentric man. In the first place, he is a genius; and the second place, he is a journalist, and that accounts for all the rest. We as young men feel like thanking the veteran newspaper man for his hearty expression of confidence in the coming generation of leaders, and yet it hurts our feelings to have him speak thus of men who have swayed more minds than he himself ever has, besides leaving behind them treasures of literature, of the permanent kind. He says Emerson is our greatest man, and Bret Harte is smart, facile and witty; also that Whittier is a Puritan poet, without unction, without juice. In this latter he not only leaves the truth behind him, but makes use of an adjective which is as offensive as it is inelegant.

John G. Whittier, often called the Quaker poet, is recognized as an author of the first rank, by the American people, who have failed to find any merit whatever in the effusions of Whitman. The latter is a great man in his own particular field, but the former is held in the highest honor as scholar, poet and philanthropist. Few subjects of national interest have ever come before him, upon the right side of which he has not been found in the issue. He has a keen appreciation of public affairs. In history he will stand beside William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips as an untiring worker in the cause of abolition of slavery. In reform he has always been earnest; and in his own unassuming way he utters his sentiments, which a broad nation generally respect.

TO THE ARTIST.

Paint me a picture of the one I loved,
So true to life 'twill seem as if it moved.
Let love and sweetness o'er each feature melt,
And have the face express all that the spirit felt.
Then when I gaze within my mother's eyes,
I'll almost see her sainted spirit rise.
Paint lights; paint shadows; though no shadow now
Obscures the radiance of her heavenly brow.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Joseph Cook's lectures in Boston the coming season are to be held in the Old South Church, beginning November 3.

Rev. S. R. Brown has completed the translation of the New Testament into Japanese, and is soon to return to this country.

It is said that a firm of coin collectors have a silver half-dollar, Confederate money, the only coin issued by the Confederacy. It is valued by the firm at \$1,000.

The old church in Broad Street, London, wherein John Milton was baptized in 1680, was torn down last year, and on the building erected on the site is placed an inscription, and a sculptured head of the poet.

The pope complains bitterly of the Protestant schools which have been opened in Italy. He says they are enemies of the Church, and has appointed a committee, whose duty it shall be to endeavor to get the children into the Catholic schools.

Several of the best known of Mr. Sankey's and Mr. Bliss's hymns are being translated at Lucknow, India, into the language of that country, for use in a Christian church, of which a native is the pastor.

Charles Dickens, son of the great novelist, manages one of the largest printing offices in London, perhaps in the world. He has very successfully published the "London Dictionary" and the "Guide to London." He inherits his father's early love for printing offices and newspapers.

This is the time of year when the student who calls on his intellectual female friend has to sit in front of her for three hours, and listen to the rehearsal of the programme which she has laid out for her culture during the coming winter.

Please remember that the manager cannot collect for advertising before three months, in most cases, and is compelled to depend upon subscriptions in the meantime. He has cause to complain that students have neglected to settle.

A Kentucky paper says that the Mammoth Cave has been purchased by a party of Eastern capitalists for \$200,000, and that they will complete the railroad from Glasgow Junction to the cave, and put the hotel and surroundings in the finest order.

A Philadelphia lady is the owner of a valuable relic. It is a manuscript copy of Wesley's Hymns, in the handwriting of their author. The book descended to this lady from her grandfather, to whom it was given in partial payment of a debt by the son of the man who printed the first edition of the hymns.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the motto, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." On the other is a sculptured cross, and the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the grand central entrance in the main aisle appears in glowing characters, "That only is important which is eternal."

Friends' School at New Garden is situated in the most healthful part of North Carolina, and is of the highest grade of the schools among Friends in that state. It has been in operation, without suspension, for forty-three years. The number of students, both male and female, it has instructed during that period, is very great; and although many of these have not remained in their native State, and thus aided in the support of the institution which educated them, the influence of their early training has been felt wherever they have settled in the Western States.

The instructors of New Garden have chiefly been sons of Haverford; and the students who have gone to Haverford from North Carolina have generally been prepared in that school. The past year there have been ninety-six pupils in attendance; of these, one was sent to Haverford. L. L. Hobbs, of the class of '76, is principal of the school. One of the assistants is Mary Mendenhall, a daughter of our superintendent.

The past year has been one of prosperity.

Y. M. C. A. OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

Another note in the progressive life of Haverford is the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association. On the evening of the 21st ult., quite a number of the students met to consider the subject, and on the evening of the 24th they organized, with about twenty members, by adopting the Constitution of the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. Then followed the election of officers for the present term, resulting in J. P. Edwards for President; J. C. Winston, Vice-President; I. Sutton, Recording Secretary; J. H. Moore, Corresponding Secretary; and B. V. Thomas, Treasurer.

The purpose of the Association is entirely non-sectarian. As is set forth in the first article of the Constitution, the object is "to promote growth in grace and Christian fellowship among its members, and aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students."

It is hoped that the effort will not only render permanent the present religious interest felt at the College, but will greatly increase it, to the glory of Him whom we desire to honor.

PERSONALS.

'51.—Philip C. Garrett was a delegate of the American Peace Society to the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, which met at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1878, and at London the past summer.

'52.—Dr. Dougan Clark returned to this country last summer.

'66.—A. Marshall Elliott is Professor of Romance Languages at Johns Hopkins University.

'69.—Ludovic Estes is professor in the Hoosier Academy at Spiceland.

'72.—Francis B. Gummere has been compelled, on account of ill health, to resign his position at Providence. We hope that he may speedily recover.

'77.—W. Townsend is private tutor to the sons of a gentleman in Old Virginia.

'78.—Crosman called on his way to Washington.

'78.—Sam Hill fingers the pages of Blackstone in Minneapolis, Minn.

'78.—J. M. W. Thomas visited us on the 12th ult.

'78.—Robt. B. Haines, Jr., is interested in the electric light business.

'78.—H. Baily is still at Harvard. He takes his A. M. this year.

'78.—A. L. Baily was upon the cricket ground recently. Come often, Bert.

'78.—Henry N. Stokes is still at Johns Hopkins University.

'79.—John H. Gifford is at Attleboro', Mass.

'80.—Mahlon Hill is "to hum."

'81.—W. White "*Paterna rua bobus excreet suis*" in Dixie.

'81.—Charles Jenkins weighs tea in Philadelphia. We are sorry that he has *teetotally* abandoned us.

'81.—John Vail drives cattle in the far West.

'82.—Jones has had a hair-breadth escape.

Hugh D. Vail visits the College occasionally.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE FOX.

On the evening of the 29th, Professor Pliny E. Chase delivered the first of his course of lectures on the Philosophy of George Fox. He said in the beginning that there existed some prejudice against the word "philosophy," but quoted the writings of the founder of the Quaker religion, showing that his philosophy was a love of highest truth, and as such the speaker employed the word. He said his object was not to teach, but rather to read the truths of religion which we should know more surely than any other truth, and then we may apply them as we are able by the aid of Him who can give the ability. We must learn in the school of Christ. We ought to find not that reason teaches religion, but sustains religion to those who approach in the proper spirit. Man should discern what has been revealed, and, having learned it, no one has any right to step in between him and his Maker. The lecture was an occasion of well-directed thought for the audience, who have somewhat to meditate upon until the next in the series, which will be delivered on the 5th.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

The Haverfordian is a new college paper, the official organ of the students of Haverford College. It is published monthly during the college year. The first number is of neat typography, and the contents embrace a number of well-written articles upon school topics, and several budgets of interesting local and general notes.—*Philadelphia Times*.

We are much pleased to number among our exchanges a new monthly, *The Haverfordian*. It is a spicy young Quaker, and we wish it success. The article on college courses is well adapted to the times, and is deserving of careful attention.—*Cornell Era*.

To the Editors:—Your statement of the intended marriage of C. E. Tibbetts ('75) was a prediction after the fact. Did I not read a glowing description, in a Western newspaper, last summer, of his marriage by "the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Society of Friends," together with a list of distinguished guests, handsome and valuable wedding presents, etc.?
M.

JUST FOR FUN.

A certain person, upon looking over our paper, asked why we always published the ages of our graduates. He had seen —'75.

After remarking that John Brown was hung he added, "I allus thought ole Harper Ferry ourght to hev bin hung too. He were jist as bad as John Brown."

The most useful thing in the long run.—Breath.

PROF.—"Which is the most ancient species of trees?"

SOPH.—"The elder, sir."

SENIOR.—"And—aw—I was measured for a coat yesterday, you see,"— FRESH. (innocently).—"Did you take chloroform?"

Some persons pay attention who never pay anything else.

MEMBER OF GEOLOGICAL CLUB.—"Gentlemen, in the course of my investigation I have discovered an interesting mineral, and, after searching authorities, am satisfied that it is unknown to the scientific world, so—" FRESH. (sneeringly).—"A Junior, and don't know a common brick!" Junior has resigned.

It is said that the man who first saw Grant's vessel approaching, has sent in a request to be appointed Postmaster in '81.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

OUR COLLEGE CORNER.

• Yale has 1,100 students.

Twelve thousand volumes were added to the Harvard library last year.

The new Princeton College dormitory will contain one hundred rooms.

Lawn tennis is gaining ground among those students who do not play cricket.

A religious revival is now going on at Rutherford College, N. C. Sixty students have professed religion.

Trinity College alumni have erected a headstone over the grave of "Professor Jim," who was janitor of the college for forty years.

A graduate of '79 of the University of Pennsylvania has been elected Instructor in Mechanics in that institution.

Harvard and the University of Michigan contemplate daily papers.

The Sophomores have begun practical surveying. We see them armed with theodolites, compasses and chains; and from the energetic cries of "stick," "stuck," which arise from the campus, we judge they are progressing as well as could be expected.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

"The rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied."

Did any one ever hear of a man's undertaking to master the rudiments of arithmetic by accepting the chair of mathematics in a great university? or did ever a professor of physics presume to lecture to a class of neophytes, with chemical processes and illustrations which he had never tested outside of the class-room? Show us one of such original methods, and we will discover a well-known literary name, who deserves to be called his worthy compeer; who proposes to furnish himself with the settled opinions, in which he is sadly lacking, by visiting upon a public elastic enough to listen to him, and, for the most part, ignorant enough to be influenced by him, a mass of painfully obscure and half-digested reasonings, which wiser men reserve for the privacy of their literary laboratory, but which the author of the publication whose title heads our article sees no presumption in scattering broadcast among the "unphilosophical" congregation which worships at the shrine of ephemeral literature.

Mr. Mallock is the unreasonable professor of whom we complain. His university is the world of magazines. His subject, "Revealed Religion." His class is made up of literary young ladies, who have just "finished" their education at some select school; philosophical young men who love to shock their orthodox aunts by "scientific inquiries into the origin of the soul;" third-rate scientists, who have disproved the existence of God, and are magnanimous enough to hear the other side; and a scattering multitude of ephemeral *literati*, who read the magazines for the purpose of adding to their already large fund of conversation. This fixes our author's place in the world of letters. How far he has kept faith with his readers we propose briefly to inquire in connection with his last published work.

That the author of the "New Republic" has proved a disappointment to the numerous admirers which the real cleverness of this early effort gathered around him, is a tribute which all will accord him. Designed to defend Christianity from its enemies, by bringing ridicule upon them, and exposing them to a fire of most exaggerated and unfair caricature, the book

. . . "Bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

The "orthodox" members of society who had trembled to see the field of philosophical discussion

gradually being taken and held by the heresies of Harrison, Stephens, Spencer and their brilliant school, joyfully welcomed a man who could dispose of even Tyndall with a stroke of his sarcastic pen. Another class, whose characteristic is that they delight to see their betters ridiculed, joined heartily in the laugh which the caricaturist raised at the expense of men before whom they were dumb. Then came the host of fair admirers, to whom we have already adverted, whose knowledge of philosophy is gained in a three months' acquaintance with "Haven" or "Abercrombie" at the age of eighteen, and who understood as little as possible of the witty personalities which the rather tiresome narrative was meant only slightly to conceal, but for whom a sufficiency of the light comedy and the discussion of "culture" *ad nauseam* made the book a pleasant and harmless amusement.

But there were many who read the "New Republic" for all it was worth, and from these came many ominous shakes of the head at the aimlessness of the writer's own philosophy. "What are Mr. Mallock's own views?" was the mental question with which the book was closed. True it was that he made a great deal of fun of the fiery darts of enemies of the Faith, but surely it is no difficult matter for a cat to smile at any number of royal highnesses. A fool may often see his own face in the mental glass of a man a thousand times more earnest and sincere than himself; and to exaggerate inconsistencies, while passing over the real argument of an opponent, is never a successful plan of attack, unless the caricaturist have an impenetrable stronghold to which he may flee when hard pressed. That Mr. Mallock only gained the contempt of the thoughtful men whom he saw fit to hold up to the jeers of the gaping multitude may be inferred from his utter failure to attract the smallest notice from their pens. Here begins his history. Men wondered why Miss Merton, the champion of the Christian faith, was given to Romanism, and awaited further developments. They were not to wait long. A succession of articles, more or less excellent, soon appeared over his name in the "Nineteenth Century." "Positivism on an Island" led the list, and, though overdrawn and unnecessarily vulgar, proved to be a most comical showing up of the true conclusions from the premises of Positivism. It had its good effect and won some applause. "Faith and Verification," which appeared shortly after, was a more quiet and sober treatment of the same subject, and was as remarkable for its clearness and simplicity in its earnest attack on the absurdities of materialistic reasoning, as it was conspicuous for an utter lack of any clearly defined views, which might be attributed to its author by his

* IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879.

disciples. Here, then, was new food for thought. Could it be possible that this great professor of spiritual things was himself only a destroyer; that he who called himself our guide and teacher, our great untangler of metaphysical subtleties, was himself an unspiritual and blind leader of the blind! So queried his readers, and listened for further remarks. Again the "Nineteenth Century" opened its pages to him, and this time to a truly remarkable production. Under the caption of "Dogma, Reason and Morality," he attracts our attention with a violent attack on Protestantism, and develops himself as an earnest devotee of the Church of Rome. Here he tells us (in effect): "The reason the heresies of reason and morality have seemed to prevail against the Church of Christ is because your champions have been unwise; because they have argued from the rotten base of Protestantism, instead of the steel and granite foundation of Christianity; because heresy has been confronted with heresy, instead of with the voice of the one true church, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Fly to the mysterious rites of Romanism. Listen to grand music in gloomy churches: drown your doubts in deep mysteries and dark traditions, and you may find the peace of God which you will seek in vain elsewhere."

To those of his readers who had been following him with some degree of confidence, this final step sufficed to excite various shades of contempt, disappointment and distrust. Contempt, in that he had prostituted what had been vainly supposed to be an effort to defend and foster the cause of the Church Universal to the narrow bigotry of a notoriously narrow and unspiritual creed; disappointment, that the great warfare had lost one who had promised to be an earnest champion on the side of truth; and utter distrust of a writer who would trifle with his reader to lead him up to a point as far away as possible from the true end of his discussion.

It is with this unenviable reputation that Mr. Mallock comes before his disgusted audience with his pompous inquiry into the value of life. Who does he imagine will come to him to find out whether or not this life is worth the trouble of living! Of the book itself there is little to be said. It is merely a rehash of his magazine articles, published probably for pecuniary reasons, with a few added chapters, which cause "The Nation" to dismiss it as "a first-rate Catholic tract." It seems to us a decidedly *third-class* Catholic tract. There is vastly more in the intelligent side of Romanism than its new proselyte has yet discovered. There is a ray of the true spiritual light shining through the darkness of her cold formalism, which he has yet to feel, and we

doubt if the better part of his new creed will welcome him as any profitable addition to its votaries.

We submit that the very inquiry which the book suggests is an unprofitable one for men whose aspirations reach higher than their hat-rims. Suppose we should see fit to answer the question in the negative, what then? Rather let us ask ourselves *whether we are living our lives for all they are worth*. Then the negative which will surely come from every sincere man may be an incentive instead of reason for despair. Who dares, indeed, to deliberate on the propriety of living, right in the face of Him who has bought us? Wherein are we following the example of our divine Master in shrinking with loathing from the vice and misery around us into the protecting shell of our self-satisfied sanctity, whence we may thank God that we are not as other men, and wonder whether, after all, this existence is worth all the danger and trouble of passing it.

Not until miserable men cease to cry out to us for help and comfort; not until the Master shall have done with our services, and the great missions of the world stand accomplished; not until every muscle has been pulled tight and every nerve strained in the battle with the church militant; not, indeed, until the temple of our bodies has returned to its dust,—will we have time to inquire with Mr. Mallock whether life is worth living.

No one who has read the "New Republic" can forget the half-pathetic, half-comical lament of Mr. Herbert (John Ruskin), which nearly closes the book. Worthy of a better cause than the ridicule for which it was intended are the sorrowful words with which he finishes. "You have taken away my God," he exclaims, "and I know not where you have laid him. My only consolation in my misery is that at least I am inconsolable for his loss. Yes, though you have made me miserable, I am not yet content with my misery. And though I too have said in my heart there is no God, and that there is no more profit in wisdom than in folly, yet there is one folly that I will not give tongue to. I will not say peace, peace, where there is no peace. I will not say we are still Christians when we can sip our wine smilingly after dinner, and talk about some day defining the Father; and I will only pray that if such a Father be, he may have mercy alike on those that hate Him, because they *will* not see him; and on those who love and long for him, although they no longer *can* see him."

Is it not possible that Mr. Herbert spoke from the bottom of his caricaturist's heart? If Mr. Mallock has found his Master among the mazy formalism of Rome, whither he has fled with his "Miss Merton," he at least

owes it to his incredulous audience to correct an impression which his equivocal writing has created, that he has yet to learn that he "cannot by searching find out God," who reveals himself only to such as approach him in humbleness and simpleness of heart.

We dismiss Mr. Mallock with some advice: Physician, heal thyself, before thou presumest to furnish physic for the whole intellectual world.

V. I. N.

FIELD STUDIES IN GEOLOGY.

The excellent course of lectures on the ant and the spider with which Haverford College has just been favored, was well calculated to impress the minds of the listeners with the value and importance of "the seeing eye." The lectures were characterized by presenting a view of such objects and habits as may be readily seen and studied in almost any country walk. No costly instruments or appliances are required to observe the interesting objects which are scattered in profusion all around us; the one requisite is the habit of observation.

But under our academic groves, below the grass, beneath the soil, is another world of wonder which invites the seeing eye and the reasoning mind. It has often been remarked that the vicinity of Haverford is not very rich in matters of geological interest; and in fact, the number of mineral species that can be collected within walking distance may be small. But does the man of literary culture complain that Greek is insipid, because it boasts of only two dozen letters? Minerals are but the alphabet of lithology, and rocks are but the separate words in which the grand truths of geology are recorded. As the real genius of Greek can only be fully appreciated by a linguist, so the record of the rocks can only be translated by the geologist, who has spent years upon the grammar of palæontology and stratigraphical syntax; yet any *observer* may find endless enjoyment in the study of such phenomena as abound in the geology of our vicinity. The following hints may illustrate some features that can be seen in the walks about Haverford.

1st. Kinds of Rock.—A few minerals, as micas, quartz, feldspars, hornblende, garnet, etc., constitute the bulk of our rocks, but these include various kinds of gneiss, differing in the relative proportion of their ingredients, and in the fineness of the texture. The distribution of these varieties of rock should be observed, as one of the first steps towards a geological knowledge of our vicinity. The various kinds will often be seen in close proximity; and where a good exposure is found, the dip and strike may be noted with a pocket compass

and clinometer, and the thickness of the beds may be estimated.

2d. Decomposition or Weathering of Rocks.—The chemical changes through which the raindrop extracts food from the feldspar, and rocks change into soil, are equally intricate and interesting. In an afternoon walk, we may be unable to distinguish the motions of the molecules, but we may trace with pleasure the yellow or blackened stain which shows that a change has begun; the stone falls to pieces under a light blow, where the corrosion has penetrated to its core; what was a rock may now be crushed in the hand; and large masses may have even changed to fine dust, while still retaining evident marks of the former crystalline and rocky structure. Most of our observations, indeed, must be made upon the weathered specimens on the surface; and even the color or the fragments of the soil may give a fair indication of the solid substructure.

3d. Dykes.—The outcrop of serpentine on the Black Rock road appeals to every passer-by; and there the botanist seeks a peculiar flora. Granite rocks are found at intervals, so different from the prevailing kinds of gneiss as to demand a special study from all who choose to walk with open eyes; and those who love a country ramble may find delight in tracing out their position and extent.

4th. Topography.—It is said of Ohio, that every county boasts the highest point in the State. In a comparatively level area, with no violent distortion of the strata, topography may seem to be a simple matter according to the formula that the valleys are lower than the hills. Even there, however, the variety of form is marked enough for him who will see it; and a sandstone or loose drift may often be detected below the surface, simply by the form of the valley cut through it by some stream. An aneroid may be a great help in the study of topography—yet this is something more than a mere table of elevations. The general features of a landscape are a subject for geological study. The laws of surface that prevail in Ohio are wonderfully modified in Pennsylvania, by the upturned strata. Here a roadside ditch cuts deep and wide into the loose earth; there the water is retarded by a hard ledge of syenite or gneiss, and bounds over as a cascade, or contents itself with a narrow outlet. The streamlet may afford us a toy model of Niagara, or the Water Gap; for wherever similar causes operate, a difference of size should not disguise from our view a likeness of geographical phenomena. The "Gulf" in our own neighborhood owes its name and its beauty to its peculiar topographical features; and the underlying

geological cause may well receive the attention of those who enjoy the landscape. May not similar causes have produced many a miniature gulf in the valleys of all our neighboring streams, only awaiting the enthusiastic discoverer to seek them out? If Haverfordians will diligently trace out geological causes in topographical studies, and in any peculiarities of soils, of plants, of scattered stones, of natural history, or even in their bearing upon industrial and social developments and changes, new interest will be added to our beautiful walks, one more incentive will be added to cultivate the sound body with the sound mind, and habits of observation will gradually be formed, that may ever afterwards enable us to find an interest in traveling through the most "uninteresting" regions.

R. B. W.

SOCIETIES.

Although a brief account of our college societies was given in the prospectus issued last June, a recapitulation of the events which transpired respecting them last year may not perhaps be out of place.

Active members of the Loganian, during the last ten years, will remember the little interest taken in it, and the occasional difficulty of getting a quorum.

In May last the society, still on the decline, was in such a condition that the president tendered his resignation, on the ground that he felt it no honor to preside over a society in which so little interest was felt. This brought matters to a crisis. A committee was appointed by the Loganian to see what could be done, and the subject was both publicly and privately discussed by the students. A joint meeting was held by the two societies, and resolutions exchanged with the Loganian. Nearly all the plans proposed (and they were many) by which improvement was hoped for, in some way affected the private societies. It is doubtful if the College has for a long time experienced an excitement so great or heard as lively debate as there was on this matter, in which all had some sentiment to express.

At last a plan was conceived which seemed a sort of compromise between those who wished to have only two public and equal societies—those who wished for two, a higher and a lower one—and a third party, who did not like to see the old societies broken up. The plan was to have the three societies exist as formerly, except to let the Loganian be composed of twenty members, one-half elected from each of the private societies, and such others who belonged to neither private society as might be elected. This plan, with certain restrictions, was finally adopted. It worked well the latter part of last term, and is producing good results this year. We have the highest hopes of its lasting success, for, as stated above, it was a compromise between several plans, in which the best features of each were appropriated.

CRICKET SONG.

READ AT THE REUNION BY JOSEPH PARRISH.

"Arms, and the man,"
Virgil began,
Let us proceed on the Mantuan plan.
Arms and the bat,
Sing we of that,
The war of the wickets knocks other wars flat,
Swish! whack! hit her a crack!
Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

Eaise we the song,
Lift it along,
To Haverford cricketers, lusty and strong;
Kissed by the sun,
Brown as a bun,
Gritty and resolute, every one.
Swish! whack! etc.

What since the birth
Of the jolly old Earth,
On the whole round of her corpulent girth,
Equals the scene,
When on the green
Staud the stout batsmen the wickets between.
Swish! whack! etc.

Sightly to see,
Rapid and free,
The swing of the wood of the staunch willow-tree.
Joyous to hear,
Falls on the ear,
The whiz of the ball and the answering cheer.
Swish! whack! etc.

Out flies the stump,
Out,—with a jump,—
Jove! it is Cromwell dissolving the Rump!
Down goes the sun,
Last man but one,
He's a Haverford boy, and the game's just begun.
Swish! whack! etc.

Stand to it, boys,
(Bother their noise!)
The cricketer knows the quintessence of joys.
Pile up the score,
Always one more,
The heart of the mother throbs clean to the core.
Swish! whack! etc.

Oh, let us praise,
Glorious days,
When our brows were crowned with victorious bays!
Who else can be
Gladder than we,
Scarlet and Black in the forefront to see?
Swish! whack! etc.

Cheer them once more,
Cheer them *galore*,
Who has no voice left, why, show him the door!
Eleven are pressed
Close to the breast
Of dear *Ami Mater*, Joe Fox, and the rest.
Swish! whack! etc.

LOCAL.

James Adams, the engineer, is no more. He cribbed at Ruby's, and "busted" on examination to the Prefect.

Dr. Worthington, of Baltimore, visited us on the 11th ultimo.

Professor Pliny E. Chase will soon begin a course of lectures.

SUNNYSIDE.

About twenty miles above New York the Hudson, in following the receding hills, expands into the well-known Tappan Sea. It is one of the historic portions of the river, having witnessed from earliest times a variety of stirring events. On the banks of these classic waters, two miles below Tarrytown, the last home of Washington Irving reposes in a small grove of elms.

There are few places as well calculated to awaken in the visitor respect for intellectual worth as Sunnyside. As the home of the best known of our authors, it is to some the building of the greatest interest between New York and Albany. In 1832 Washington Irving, finding himself in pecuniary sufficiency, purchased the little Dutch cottage in question, with a view to find rest there from business and the vexations of city life. It had long been his ideal home. "If ever I wish for a retreat," he says, "where I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." The Roost, as it is called, underwent many repairs in the hands of its new possessor. Artisans applied their skill in extending and remodeling it. Gardeners surrounded it with a neatly arranged lawn, while Irving furnished the interior in his own good taste. The old Van Tassel manor would hardly recognize itself in its new suit of wings, though by some strange transmutation it grew from a mansion to a cottage! The name of George Harvey, the architect, is engraven on the marble slab in the front gable, with the date of erection and reconstruction, almost two centuries apart.

In this attractive home, "which," a writer observes, "he had adorned with his own genius," Irving lived, with the exception of four years' ministerial mission to Spain, till his death in 1859. During these twenty-five years he enjoyed the companionship of a brother and a sister, and the sincere affection of six nieces.

The adjacent country-seats peopled the neighborhood every summer with a merry company of friends. He never outgrew a love for social gatherings, particularly under the trees.

Pictures of drives, picnics and boating excursions found place in many of his letters, drawn with the enthusiasm of youth. But the winter was even more productive of enjoyment. In the quietude of domestic love, and in the uninterrupted exercise of his pen, the frigid months were especially dear. To a friend he writes at this season: "I am living most cosily and delightfully in this dear, bright little home, which I have fitted up to my own humor. Everything goes on cheerily in my little household, and I would not exchange the cottage for any chateau in Christendom."

Whoever is familiar with Irving through his books, and has therefore contracted a love for him, (for who can read and not admire?) must find a satisfaction in picturing his life bright with scenes like these. It is comforting to remember

with a biographer, that, "if in early life he had been troubled, his latter days were serene and happy. A great and honorable fame had come to greet him, and a public affection based upon the genial goodness of his heart. But if many winters brought delight and ease, at least they brought the chill. Twenty years ago, that beloved brother, kind uncle, and favorite author, was laid with impressive solemnity in the grave-yard at Sleepy Hollow. Death and marriage have since scattered the family. Two nieces remain the sole proprietors of the cottage, which is now inhabited a few weeks of the year.

It was three o'clock, on a summer afternoon, when two dust-brown travelers stood where scores of others have, by the little spring at the entrance of Sunnyside. The spring has a history. In Indian tradition it was far famed for rejuvenating power, but according to Dutch annals, which have obtained preference, it was the pride of Jemie Van Blarcom, who smuggled it from Holland in her churn. Near by a brook jumps down a rocky course, on whose shaded bank we sat that day, and drank the soothing influence of the scene. Never did the earth look richer in her summer vestments of green, nor soft wind dally more amorously with verdant boughs. Never was the Hudson more mystic in appearance than it then seemed in impending mists, nor could the Palisades across the Tappan Sea, resemble more the giant citadels we fain would have fancied them.

Lying upon the grass and idly leaning against the trunk of a deliciously umbrageous tree, we looked out through gaping boughs upon the stream. Like a dream the past seemed to flit by. Five hundred years unborn! Columbus yet uncradled! The "dusky race" pursues its sports without disturbance. A bark canoe is on the river, and squaws with strings of fish are on the strand. Around the council fire that blazes a hundred paces on the right, squat steel-faced warriors, gorgeous in all the hideous regalia of savages; for here the chief of a nation has pitched his wigwam, and here assemble the lords of all the Mannhattans. Night settles down. Months and seasons pass, till the dawn of the two hundredth year, 1609. Unbroken lines of forest bound the view. The river dances into diamond-tipped stalagmites, as it did two centuries before. The Indians are rushing to the bank, with curiosity and awe upon their faces; for a bark is floating up the tide that Indian never built. Its lofty prow is first to cleave the water of this stream; its sails the first to fill with breezes from these hills. Its sailors, in broad hats and high-legged boots, the first Europeans to view this scene, and carry back the knowledge of its beauteous existence. Upon the deck stands Hendrick Hudson, in scarcely less astonishment than those upon the shores. But the "Half Moon" holds on her way, and passes out of sight. 1780.—Again the sunlight is on the Hudson, and on a British fleet moored opposite us, eager for the capture of West Point. The war of musketry comes on the wind from every quarter, telling of mighty conflict. The smoke of battle is in the air, and through the forest sounds the cry of "Spy," while Major

Andre is conducted by his captors on his last lamentable journey. Down the river speeds the Vulture, bearing the traitorous Arnold.

A hoarse whistle sounds; a river steamer is passing; another century has gone, and the reverie.

(*To be continued.*)

LOCALS.

Has nobody a bicycle?

The Juniors continue to have themes.

Let us be more prompt in getting to the dinner-table.

New books are being constantly added to the libraries.

The grass on the campus has been cut, and now it looks for-lawn.

One of the Juniors spoke of the spout of a tea-spoon the other day.

We are sorry to say that the punning propensity is not on the decline.

The crossing in front of Barclay Hall has been renewed. Quite an improvement.

Both the Everett and Athenæum societies have received large additions to their membership.

The Seniors have begun star-gazing in good earnest. Our observatory is an excellent one.

Although base ball is not the game of the College, yet we can do a little at this popular rival of cricket.

There are four Bible classes which meet on Sabbath evening. One from each of the College classes.

Astronomy is reviving at Haverford. The Observatory is quite a popular resort with the scientific Seniors.

L. T. Edwards has turned cabinet-maker, and invites you to sit in a very comfortable rocker of his own make.

The scientific Juniors are analyzing minerals which the Hammer Club collects. Gold has not been found yet.

The Loganian Society has recently received two medals, presented by that friend of Haverford, Isaac F. Wood.

Several changes of text-books have been made this year. Let us always have the very latest unless the old is better.

The favorite exercise after breakfast nowadays is to hunt for Venus, which may be very plainly seen with the naked eye.

We are glad to see the change in regard to the library hours. We now have an excellent opportunity to spend several hours per day in this delightful retreat.

The exercises in the Loganian Society have been very good thus far, and it bids fair to be a success in its new harness. Its place of meeting is Alumni Hall, as heretofore.

We are glad to see that the *bridge* has been repaired. It is becoming a very popular resort, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when we shall have a new one.

That member of the Faculty who startled us all with a ferocious pun the other day at the dinner-table, and then begged for its suppression, has been remarkably free from levity since.

A Geological Club has been organized. The members may be seen at almost any time gathering the pebbles from the road, and the feelings of the stones in the neighborhood are better imagined than expressed.

Several of our students are interested in telegraphy. Wires connect a number of rooms, and the click of the instruments is heard in the hall. Telephones are used by the Freshmen, who are determined to be up to the times.

The circulation of the Philadelphia *Record* is increasing among the students, who are not slow in appreciating that they cannot afford to be without the news, when it may be obtained for the extremely low price of six cents a week. ♦

The crop of chestnuts this year is unusually large. It is amusing to see some of the new students take hold of the burrs and immediately drop them. One, who was evidently not acquainted with this species of *fruit*, deliberately told us that "The chestnut *pods* were anything but pleasant to the touch."

We cannot and do not wish to believe that all of the carryings-on and carryings-off in the neighborhood on Hallowe'en are to be attributed to the students of Haverford College. Indeed, we have been positively informed that a party of marauders from sister suburbs was responsible for the damage done.

As our collections of minerals, casts, curiosities, etc., are being arranged, some are found that are of great value. In looking over them we see labels as follows: "Flagstaff of Noah's Ark," "Curiosities of G. Washington, the Poet," "Chinese Poohooahlarhehe," and others.

When some of our students entered College, they were gravely informed that an examination upon the contents of the Catalogue would be expected. As a result of this, Catalogues have been in demand, and from the portions repeated on the campus, we judge that they have been carefully studied.

President Chase delivered a very interesting lecture, on the 29th ult., before the Loganian Society. His subject was "The British Parliament." He gave us a graphic description of the appearance of both houses, and drew a striking contrast between them and our Senate and House of Representatives. He also described the debate which he witnessed in the House of Lords, the personal appearance of the speakers, etc.

Many of the students are floriculturists; hanging-baskets and window-gardens add a great deal of cheer to the study.

"*Resolved*, That we tender our support to General Grant for a third term," is the question for discussion with the Haverford College Political Club, on the evening of the 7th.

The students seem determined to have buttonhole bouquets this winter. In many of the rooms we see hanging baskets and flower-pots, in which the plants are green and the flowers blooming as if they were nourished by summer's showers,—a striking contrast to the outside world.

Professor Sharpless recently spent a fortnight at the Cincinnati Observatory, with Professor Stone, to become more familiar with the methods of astronomical observation and computation. His place was filled during his absence by Thomas K. Brown, the Westtown mathematical teacher and Professor Sharpless's co-worker in preparing the "Sharpless and Brown Mathematical Series."

Several of the Freshmen concluded to go up to Bryn Mawr for ice-cream the other evening. Each confidently expected that the other had the necessary amount of gilt to settle the bill. A Junior who called the next morning was surprised to find a couple of familiar time-pieces and their chains on the shelf behind the counter. He was tempted to redeem them, and save the College from further disgrace, but finally asked the *restaurateur* to put them out of sight in a cracker box, assuring him that the money would be forthcoming by monthly meeting day at least.

OUR POLITICAL CLUB.

For some time the students who have felt an especial interest in public affairs have been planning for permanent organization of a club for the cultivation of a critical knowledge of political parties, and the questions at issue between them. The introduction of a lengthy debate on politics, be it ever so well sustained, into the literary societies, has always generated a prodigious amount of yawning. It is with genuine satisfaction therefore that the members of the Haverford College Political Club, having established themselves with officers, constitution and by-laws, contemplate the opportunities for unrestrained harangues during the coming months. The constitution provides that the membership shall not exceed twelve, and hence only the best debating talent will be comprised. The election of officers resulted as follows: President Walter C. Hadley; Vice-President, J. C. Winston; Secretary, John Blanchard. The meetings will be held on Sixth-day evenings every two weeks.

WANT OF TIME.—Americans are the only people who lack for time. Many young persons are in a frenzy to get out in the world and be doing something for themselves. The propriety of this depends very much upon how one expects to earn a livelihood, and what is to be the sphere of his influence.

To earn a dollar a day it is not necessary to have much schooling. To be a third-rate lawyer, preacher, doctor, does not require six years in college and three years in the law, medical, or theological school. The college may be skipped, and the professional school will probably be sufficient to make a third-rate man. The men who are our authorities, however, in law, theology and medicine, were in no hurry. Many of them were twenty-five to thirty years old when they were graduated from college, and had their professional schools to attend after that. The most eminent platform lecturer of America prepared for college three years, was in college four years, theological seminary two years, and then studied in Germany a year or two. But when he began to speak, an audience of two hundred and fifty thousand of the best minds in America and Europe listened with amazement. Let no young man or woman who has an average mind be discouraged for want of time.—*Exchange*.

SPORTS.

Owing to the fall meeting of the secretaries of the local cricket clubs coming on the day College opened, and to an unavoidable delay in our notice of it, we were not represented; and so, with the unusual number of "big matches" this fall, were unable to arrange anything with outside clubs.

Thus, having no matches to practice for and keep up the interest in it, cricket was dropped, and base ball taken up rather sooner, this fall, than usual; the receipt of a challenge to play base ball with Swarthmore on October 4, also, perhaps, accelerating the change.

We make no pretensions to base ball, and we accepted this challenge more for the fun of the thing than from any hope of success. We were victorious, however, thanks to Haverford's usual fortune, by a score of 28 to 24,—not a very creditable one, but the result of a very interesting and closely contested game, in which there was a tie on the eighth and ninth innings, and on the tenth, the darkness somewhat interfering, our opponents made 4, and we 8, giving us the game by 4 runs.

The Nine went over in a four-horse coach, returning about nine o'clock; they expressed themselves highly delighted with their reception and entertainment, and as having thoroughly enjoyed their excursion.

After having once stopped cricket, it was supposed to be laid away for the season; but a challenge from the University for the 18th brought it again in the foreground, and with a week's practice the match was played. About the only criticism of which it is worthy is, that, as expressed by one of the University, "the Dorian played miserably and the University worse." The crease, which was the best to be had, although not very good, was no excuse for such an exhibition of Dorian cricket.

The University being first at the bat were disposed of for 33, Philler's 13 being the only stand made during their play.

The Dorian then came in and collected 64,—of which Jones got 13 and not out, and 20 were extras.

The University, in their second innings, scored the same as before, 33, leaving the Dorian 3 to get to beat, which was speedily done, Carey hitting Murphy's first ball to leg for the required amount.

A drizzling shower coming on near the end of the Dorian first innings, and the first of the University's second, made sharp fielding difficult, and somewhat increased the score, which, without this friendly assistance, would have probably been even weaker than it was.

POUTAXAT vs. HAVERFORD ARCHERS.

On October 25, a match at the Columbia Round was shot by the Poutaxat and Haverford Archers, at Bristol, Pa., on the grounds of the former: It was the first match in which the Haverford Archers have competed. They cannot refrain from mentioning the handsome treatment they received at the hands of the Poutaxat Club, which rendered their trip delightful. As the day was cold and windy, the scores were consequently low; they are as follows:

POUTAXAT.				
	—30 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—40 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—50 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—Total— Hits. Score.
Mr. H. Pierce,.....	22 100	15 71	10 48	47 219
Mr. Janney,.....	22 106	12 54	6 18	40 178
Dr. Ivins,.....	20 86	13 29	17 73	50 188
Mr. Gilkeson,.....	22 84	14 60	12 44	48 188
	86 376	54 214	45 183	185 773

HAVERFORD ARCHERS.				
	—30 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—40 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—50 Yds.— Hits. Score.	—Total— Hits. Score.
Mr. I. T. Johnson,.....	22 74	12 40	8 20	42 134
Mr. R. Mott,.....	16 50	8 40	7 17	31 107
Mr. W. F. Price,.....	19 105	16 70	8 34	43 209
Mr. W. H. Collins,.....	23 125	13 45	17 77	53 247
	80 354	49 195	40 148	169 697

[We wish to call the attention of students especially to the advertisements of our patrons. We insert cards of the most reliable business firms only, and ask students to turn their trade to those who help us in our new enterprise.]

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., TWELFTH MONTH, 1879.

No. 3.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHOADS, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. WM. A. BLAIR.

WALTER C. HADLEY, Business Manager.

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A JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

The hour has come, that dreadful hour,
How swift the moments fly!
Oh, rambling mind, where wand'rest thou—
'Mid things on earth, or realms on high?
My friend! my classmate! hear my cry;
Do not thus haste away.
I'm unprepared, so answer this;
Oh! am I up to-day?

Ye Muses mine, and thundering Jove,
And all ye gods below,
Ye Fates who deal to all mankind
A life of pleasure or of woe—
On you I call in mournful strain;
Oh! hear me, as I pray,
And tell what I most long to know,
Oh! am I up to-day?

W. A. B.

The college journal has come to be an indispensable institution, and yet its real value is seldom appreciated. Without a single exception, we believe, they are to-day expensive luxuries, and no pecuniary profit accrues from them. They are seldom quoted by the major press, and are therefore instruments of no wide or powerful influence upon the country. It is the exception when they chronicle any local news which has not been generally known before; hence, they merely place upon the shoulder of the editor responsibility for veracity and perspicuity. They have not as yet, we believe, been the recipients of political subsidies, and hence have no effect upon political issues. In all these points the average college journal is lacking, and yet it is valuable. With its establishment it entails responsibility, (that which, alas! is too little known in college life, we only hear of duty.) Careful management alone will guarantee the permanence of a monthly of this kind, and constant devotion on the part of the editors is demanded to meet the expectations of the small but critical number of readers. Literary ability may

be, and usually is, strengthened by practice in this particular field, the claim that a careless style often results, notwithstanding; but it is certainly a great mistake to imagine that any amount of ambition, linked with an adventurous literary tendency, can create the ability to write. One of the wise provisions in the relations of the parts of society is that the majority of men never think about literary effort, but turn their energies to work more congenial. Real and permanent improvement rewards every student who contributes to a college paper. It matters not whether it be an anonymous offering or otherwise; responsibility rests upon the author equally with the editor who revises copy. He cannot fail to learn whether his sentiments have been agreeable to readers or not, and gratification or chagrin is felt, together with the determination, the same in either case, to do better next time. No one will deny that most writers will, as a usual thing, devote twice as much time to the preparation of an article for the press as they will to the arrangement of an essay for oral delivery, and we believe the result is that the former is more beneficial than the latter, by the same ratio.

In institutions of learning where dormitories are provided, visiting of students among themselves very often becomes a great evil. Perhaps nothing is quite so easy when a fellow is weary with study, tired of the monotony, and longing for diversion, as to close the text-book and saunter forth to drop aimlessly into the first student's room that is near at hand. There is a wide difference between diversion and distraction. In seeking the former, we may often find the latter, not only for ourselves, but also for the student whose thoughts we interrupt, albeit he may courteously draw up the cosiest chair in his room for our comfort, or discover a pair of ripe bananas in some corner of his closet. We may waste a prodigious amount of time in this idleness. Were it spent in vigorous exercise in the open air, we would be largely repaid for it in every way.

In colleges where no dormitories exist, the average student should spend at least one evening of the week socially. He should go out for the express purpose of calling upon his friends, whose tastes are congenial with his own.

When students' rooms are all within the same walls, and accessible at all hours, a dozen or a score of *little* visits are made during the day and evening, and the student declares that he cannot find time to go and see his friends outside the College. The continual association of young men with young men provides a narrow culture. It is indeed a great privation, and one which has visible effects, to be separated entirely from older persons and from female society. We have heard a student of this institution say that it had been so long since he had dined at a private board that he feared he had forgotten how to behave.

It may be said that the rules of our College are such that it is difficult to have even a little social life. We have not found them so. If they are such, we think that some of the restrictions in that direction should be transferred to conduct inside the College; they should compel a closer attention to business while study is the order, and offer more privileges for social intercourse when study is not the order. We, as students of Haverford, visit too much among ourselves. We should think twice before entering a neighbor's room at a time when he may be busy, and remember that frequent or protracted calls of this kind are seldom recreation which we need.

THE NEEDS OF OUR MUSEUM.

In alcoholic specimens, our museum is deplorably wanting. To be sure, there are a dozen or more jars of fish and snakes; but these are at the present time sitting on the floor inside the door of the physical laboratory, and they are offensive both to the eyes and nose, in their present condition. The same remark may be made of these specimens as was made of the minerals. They have evidently been donated by some far-off friend, or some friend who has been far off, or some friend who has had some specimens that came from afar. Few or none are from our immediate neighborhood.

The stuffed birds are represented by a few solitary specimens. A case of foreign birds, in bad condition, is resting on the floor of the physical laboratory, near the snakes and fishes before mentioned.

The insects of the museum are so few as to scarcely require mention. Three small cases, containing ten specimens each, perhaps, constitute the entomological department of the Haverford College Museum.

Now, there are ways of remedying these things. There are many institutions of learning, which do not rank as high as Haverford, which have much better museums. This is very often accounted for by the fact that the students of those institutions feel an interest in

natural history, and lend a willing hand to help in the furtherance of that branch of science. Why should we not do this much for ourselves and for Haverford?

It is scarcely conceivable that there is a single person here who cannot see the good which results from the study of natural history. Then what is there to prevent the appointment by the Loganian, for instance, of a natural history committee which may have charge of the collecting and arranging of specimens for the museum? Without doubt, an arrangement could be made with the authorities by which alcohol and other necessaries should be furnished without expense to the committee. The benefits resulting to the collectors, and the effect produced on the students generally, can scarcely be calculated.

There is another matter in connection with the museum, which I wish to mention. It were well to have a collection of dried plants, an herbarium. The interesting facts that would be discovered during the collecting and preparation of our common plants would be many. An herbarium is of great practical as well as educational value. Some of us may one day be farmers. To these, a properly framed collection of all the common weeds, with their names attached, would be of great use. To all, an herbarium of the plants growing in this neighborhood would be interesting and instructive.

Not proposing to form any definite plan at this time, yet it is easily conceivable that a natural history committee, appointed yearly by the Loganian, might do good work for the College. By keeping a record of all its proceedings, a complete history of all the specimens collected by this committee might be formed, and such a history would possess great value both to us and to our successors. It may be urged that Haverford students have no time for such things. Our intervals between recitations are devoted to study; and the interval between the last afternoon recitation and tea is mostly occupied by cricket. Yet there are some students who do not play cricket. A few of these play lawn tennis; but there is still a remnant who do not have any very definite course of procedure. Many neglect to take that physical exercise which is so needful to a student, and, overcome by the attractions of the library, spend the two hours in reading. Among these enough could be found, doubtless, to make a committee on natural history, and such a plan would benefit this class of students, again, by holding out to them inducements to physical exercise which were before wanting. Once formed, I think such a committee would become a permanent institution, and would supply a want that has been long felt by the members of the College.

HAPPY STUDENT.

BY GARNO.

A cold December day it is,
 Third-story men are sneezing;
 The engineer is worked most hard
 To keep the steam from freezing.

My truthful old thermometer
 Is uttering mute complaint;
 The meeting-house needs warming up
 With a coat or two of paint.

With good protection from the blast,
 In ulster, gloves, and seal,
 I venture from my study walls
 To help digest my last square meal.

But in this cold and cheerless time,
 A new joy fills my heart;
 A thought that's novel and sublime,
 Seems richest comfort to impart.

It is not more of earthly spoil,
 Or blessedness of health,—
 Or less, indeed, of daily toil,
 That gives my spirits wealth.

'Tis not delight that Christmas-tide
 Comes in a dozen days;
 For I, of late, have always eyed
 It's advent in a different phase.

No more I count on useful gifts,
 For since for British hose
 I changed my boyhood's stocking long,
 I'm glad when Christmas goes.

She whom I love, was always true,
 'Tis not for that I'm joyous;
 The Prof.'s were just as amiable
 To other men before us.

It is not any of these things
 That cheers this stormy trip,
 It is to see the frost that forms
 Upon my upper lip.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An exchange has an article on "How to run a newspaper." This should be read only by editors, as every other person in the world knows just how to run a newspaper.

A half-finished failure is a melancholy object to look upon. We always turn our eyes at the approach of the Senior who parts his hair in the middle and carries a cane which is a cross between a gate-post and a saw-log.

We regret very much that subscribers at a distance have not received their papers promptly. The fault has not been ours, but must be charged to the imperfect preparation of our post-office here to transmit second-class matter.

We have met with a severe loss in the person of George R. Vail, who was forced to leave us on account of his health. We lose in him a leader in studies as well as in all the sports upon the campus. It is our wish that a joyous future may await him.

L. T. Edwards has left us. The question was, which of the three would go home to assist their parents, who are in feeble health. Levi will be amply repaid for his present sacrifice, and we expect him back next year.

Walter Hastings has given a donation of \$500,000 to Harvard. This is the largest amount ever made by one individual to that institution.

John Carroll Proctor, A. M., Professor of Greek in Dartmouth College, died at Hanover, recently, of typhoid pneumonia. He graduated in 1864, and was about thirty-nine years old at the time of his death.

Speaking of the H. C. P. C., the Delaware County "Republican" says: "Considering that every American forms an integral part of the government, on reaching his majority, it is eminently proper that he should be prepared in advance for the emergency."

A Chinese will was offered for probate in the New York Surrogate's office, last week. The document is written entirely in Chinese. There are wills on record there in Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, French, German, Russian, and many other tongues, but this is the first Chinese will filed there.

Duelling, the vice of German universities, and the remnant of feudal barbarism, is in a fair way of being abolished. Leipsic and Munich have decreed that in future a duel-fighting student shall be treated as any other breaker of the peace. Hazing in the colleges of the United States might as easily be extinguished.

Knowledge without common sense is folly; without method, it is waste; without kindness, it is fanaticism; without religion, it is death. But with common sense, it is wisdom; with method, it is power; with charity, it is beneficence; with religion, it is virtue, and life, and peace.—*Exchange*.

Intemperate temperance has again broken out in Ohio. Some time since the doors and windows of a saloon in Fredericktown were beaten in by women armed with hatchets, and the contents of the building, including barrels of liquor, bottles, casks, counters, stoves, etc., were completely destroyed. The proprietors of drug stores in the place have been notified to remove all liquors from their premises or they will be treated as the saloon-keepers. Such outbursts must necessarily bring even a good cause into contempt. Human nature is very weak, and those persons who have zeal without sufficient knowledge and discretion must beware of that excess which hurts the right more than the wrong.

GYMNASIUM.

We hoped to have been able in this number to give a short history of our Gymnasium, but as its origin and early proceedings are shrouded, probably in the Loganian minutes in possession of the historical committee of the Alumni, our readers will have to content themselves with the expectation of their fuller account than we could have been expected to give.

The Gymnasium has certainly been in operation under the auspices of the Loganian since before 1849, but how long before, or in what place it existed before that time, we have not succeeded in informing ourselves.

At some time or other, however, it must have received considerable attention from its owner, for the remains of its fittings show that it must at one time have contained the most important things which go to make a Gymnasium useful: but during the last year or so the attention of the master has been turned to other things, and the time and money expended on it have been barely sufficient to keep what was left from falling to pieces, and considerable dissatisfaction was felt by its patrons.

Consequently in our revolution last spring, when, as is usual in unsettled periods, concessions were more easily obtained than at other times, a promise was exacted from the Loganian to hand the Gymnasium over to a separate association formed under its approval.

The interest in, and the use of, the Gymnasium being, however, confined to the winter months, no action was taken on it until about three weeks ago, when a number of our gymnasts met and organized an association very much after the pattern of the Cricket Club. They adopted a constitution and by-laws, and submitted them to the Loganian, by which, after some little delay, with a few changes, they were approved, and the Gymnasium leased for one year.

Thus putting it where it ought to be, in the hands of those who use it and have an interest in keeping it up, and fixing it so that those who are charged for its use will know where their money goes.

We hope, therefore, that this winter will see the beginning of improvements which will progress until we have a first-class Gymnasium, and if its managers succeed in fulfilling these hopes, we doubt not that the use of it will greatly increase among the students; for surely there is no place where a student, who usually has little time for physical development, can get so much or so varied exercise in the same time as in the Gymnasium.

There are a number of fellows in the College who need the benefit of gymnasium practice; it is their duty to begin it.

NEWGATE PRISON.

Taken by permission from a Private Letter.

The Conference brought with it some special sights not usually permitted to strangers, such as the Queen's private apartments at Buckingham and Windsor, and Newgate Prison,—the last very interesting. I have seen so little of prisons that I can hardly compare it with others, but I was greatly surprised at the cleanliness and a sort of "cold comfort" of the cells and corridors. Each cell was provided with abundance of water, heat and sunlight (when the latter is to be had in London), a bed, snugly laid on a shelf when not in use, a table and stool, and a Bible and prayer-book, besides other books from the library. Of the two convicts whom I saw, one was a barrister imprisoned for forgery, and the other a burglar and a very ugly-looking fellow. Their sentences were five and ten years. There was a series of pitch-dark cells for the punishment of refractory criminals, but I was told they are seldom used. They also use the cat-o'-nine-tails, in which case the prisoner is set in an old pillory which they showed us, and which, very likely, is the one used in olden time for public disgrace. This was standing in the room where Elizabeth Fry used to read to the convicts, in the days when separate confinement was unknown in such jails. There was a fine yard for the inmates to take fresh air and exercise in,—indeed two of them, one of which was prettily surrounded by flowers in boxes: and then followed a long walk over a stone pavement, between stone walls, and shut in above by a heavy iron grating or cage, by which the prisoners undergoing trial passed from prison to court.

Under this pavement, a kind of Golgotha, were buried those who have been executed at Newgate, their names being indicated only by initial letters rudely cut in the wall opposite each grave. Their bodies are not given to their friends, as in America. Leading out of one of the yards is a door into a little room, where the executions have taken place, since they were made private, about twelve years since. It was impressive to visit this small room. Its small dimensions and simplicity seemed to enhance the solemnity caused by its object. The last execution took place there last twelfth month, and the next is fixed for to-morrow, when a man and woman are sentenced to be hung for the murder of their child. Its own furniture was the gallows in the middle of the room, with a trap-door under it, over a pit or fall of eight feet, and a simple lever for dropping the door.

The chapel near by was a pleasanter apartment, though very simple; and here the prisoners assemble for morning and evening prayers, the two under sentence of death being assigned special seats apart from the rest. A different interest attached to the kitchen, which we also visited, and were shown the food which, although plain, seemed very good and wholesome. I tasted the soup, which was rich and palatable—not quite as much so, perhaps, as that furnished by the Southern Soup Society; but such as a good appetite would be sufficient seasoning for; and so with the oatmeal mush and bread.

8th Month 24, 1879.

At the Loganian meeting, 11th mo. 17th, Professor Sharpless delivered a very interesting lecture on Leadville, portraying its mining advantages, wonderful growth, and the state of society among its 30,000 inhabitants. He camped on its outskirts last summer.

SUNNYSIDE.

(Continued.)

On entering the house, we crossed the entry pavement of tessellated tile, and stepped into the library with a trifle of reverence in our hearts, for loving hands preserve it as originally fitted up by the master.

A hundred authors have lived amid more elegant surroundings. Ticknor's library, the most artistic room in America, was far superior in beauty of adornment. Longfellow writes under the most historic private roof on this side the Atlantic, in an apartment handsomely fitted out and embellished with a wealth of tome and toy. But for charming situation, delightful cosiness, and memories of "the noble dead," Sunnyside ranks first.

Twenty years have passed since Irving sat within these narrow walls, but the furniture remains unmoved. The carpet still retains its crimson richness; the writing-table in the center, that almost bisects the room, bears the appearance of long disuse. The double row of drawers is vacant now that once contained his private papers, and, most precious of all his treasures, the mildewed letters of Matilda Hoffman.

Every one has heard the story of Irving's love; how his life was rendered dreary and desultory by the early death of his intended bride; how through all vicissitudes of his unsettled youth and prime, through the whirl and festivities of every capital in Europe, whether immured in the marble courts of the Alhambra, running the gantlet of society in London, or lionized in his native city, he carried that golden locket next his heart. And when the evening of existence came upon him, when one would suppose the flame of early love had burned away, he laid it in the deepest recess of his desk, within the only walls he ever called his own.

That this misfortune exerted an influence over Irving's career cannot be doubted. While it blasted the fondest hopes of manhood, banished forever the enjoyment of life perfected, and engendered itinerant habits, it created in his nature an unusual tenderness.

At the end of the library furthest from the entrance is an alcove, curtained off with flowered damask, containing a large book-case, a lounge, and a "sleepy hollow." All available room is occupied with cases filled with manuscripts and volumes, some worn and dog-eared, some still looking fresh; many familiar English works, some in French, German and Spanish.

Not least in ornament and value is a choice edition of the owner's works, and in a corner on a pedestal is his bust in clay. The article of greatest interest, however, is the antiquated black leathern armchair in which he often mused away an hour, and in which he wrote the lives of "Washington," "Mahomet," and "Goldsmith," a portion of "Astoria," the "Memoir of Margaret Miller Davidson," and the wild romances of "Wolfert's Roost."

Opposite the library, across the hall, is the dining-room, whose large square windows look out upon the lawn that would

extend down to the river side were it not for the railroad,—an invasion that Irving always lamented. The pristine order of this apartment is also preserved. The huge old-fashioned sideboard, the gilt-framed mirror on the marble shelf, the snug extension-table and cushioned dining-chairs, are remnants of the festive companies that once met there. Kennedy and Paulding look down upon us from the walls. Memories of Kemble, Willis, Holmes and Mitchell cluster about the scene. Men of wealth and rank, authors and politicians, women of talent and worth, and even imperial blood, have gathered around that board.

The remaining apartments of Sunnyside have been refitted and are not open to visitors. "The house," says a writer, "is in the genuine Dutch style, and everything about it is redolent of old days. It is an antique 'house of seven gables,' full of angles and peaks, being modeled, we are told by tradition, after the cocked hat of Peter Stuyvesant. Its rusty stuccoed walls are hid by giant ivies, transplanted from Melrose Abbey, that wrap the building in a sheet of green."

A great red roof, tipped off with terra cotta chimneys, surmounts the whole, and, with the squatty tower on the right, forms the most conspicuous feature of the exterior.

Sunnyside is located on a plot of ten acres, devoted to farm land, orchard and lawn. The last mentioned is irregular in form, diversified in surface, and shaded with aged elms. It extends into a quiet little basin of the hills, gradually growing more and more uncultivated, till the unwary stroller finds himself compassed about with wild-wood and tangled thicket. In the center of this, no less attractive because of its rusticity, is a tiny ice-pond, grown up with reeds and sedges, which Irving himself built, as he jocosely observes in a letter at the time: "I have been out this morning making a dam and other profane improvements"

"The Cottage," says Benson Lossing, "was first built by Wolfert Acher, a self-exiled privy councilman of Stuyvesant's court, as an asylum from trouble. It was from Acher that the cottage received its name. His adopted epigram, "Lust in Rust" (Joy in Repose), engraved on the marble slab in his gable was read by unlettered neighbors. "Wolfert's Roost," which has come down to this day. After the expiration of this unfortunate mortal, the Roost passed into the hands of the Van Tassel family. It was here that Ichabod Crane came to pay his addresses to the charming Katrina, and here that the celebrated supper was given, at which he participated with great gusto, and after which he experienced his disastrous rencounter with the headless Hessian.

At another time the property fell into the hands of Jacob Van Tassel, "a valiant old Dutchman." His favorite employment was to sally forth on a hunting expedition with a long goose gun; but being indifferent whether his game was brute or human, we are told that his great goose gun became the terror of the cow-boys and marauding craft of the river. On one of these adventures, however, Jacob and gun were made prisoners and sent to New York. The Chronicler proceeds:

"The Roost was then garrisoned by Jacob's stout wife and stouter sister and still stouter negro servant. One day a boat full of soldiers came from a British ship to attack the 'Rebel Nest.' The garrison flew to arms. They seized mops, pokers, shovels, tongs and broomsticks, and gave terrible volleys of words. There was a dreadful uproar, but in vain. The house was plundered and burned, and the invaders tried to carry off Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost. Then came the 'tug of war.' Mother, aunt and Dinah flew to the rescue. The struggle continued to the water's edge, when a trumpet voice from the ship bade the men desist, so the beauty came off with only a rumpling of the feathers."

After the rebuilding of the Roost, Diedrich Knickerbocker, the distinguished historian, became proprietor. Here he resided while composing the history of New York, though in absolute retirement, for which reason few important events are recorded during his ownership. From him the dwelling came to Washington Irving, who repaired and enlarged it as before stated. From him it received the name "Sunnyside," and to him it is indebted for its present fame.

Nevertheless, since the first tenancy of Knickerbocker, it had always been regarded as a literary hermitage. Irving's admiration for the Hudson, by far the finest object in view from his windows, was sincere and enduring. He once said: "The Hudson is in a manner my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelity, I return to it with heartfelt preference over all the rivers of the world."

Such are some of the features and legends of Sunnyside, incapable of being as deeply stamped by the pen as by the eye. The remembrance of a call at the Roost would form a favorite page in any one's volume of memories; and, in conclusion, I desire that many readers may some day linger an hour at the home of that genial old humorist, Washington Irving.

COMMON PROVERBS.

The mystery that hangs over the origin of some of our most common proverbs adds to their charm and renders them the more attractive. A proverb expresses a truth in the fewest words possible, without any offensive addition of epithets and adverbs. Being thus characterized, proverbs have existed with concrete, practical force in all ages, and have been current chiefly among the uneducated masses, with whom many of them served as maxims binding on the popular conscience.

The proverbs of a nation are its autographs of character: in them may be found its confession of religious faith; its maxims of social and political philosophy; and a compendium of its genius, wit and sentiment. They form a treasury of wisdom to which poets have resorted for the most pleasing words of their songs: the historian values them as important aids in tracing the popular usages and manners of the past ages. As an illustration of

their connection with national character we might cite the Spanish proverb, "The nearer the Church, the farther from God," which gave a correct impression in regard to the religious position of Spain; no other than a nation governed and demoralized by priests would suffer the currency of such a statement.

In studying the Greek proverbs, that which strikes one most is the evidence they give of having been the instruments of circulating through the entire nation a knowledge of its own mythology, history and poetry: the great number of allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, and also to the earlier incidents of their own history, assumes an acquaintance with all this on the part of those with whom they were current.

Proverbs are not often found in the classical authors, for the reason that such writers held a position above the culture of the million, were refined in their habits of thinking, logical in style, and in their command of words to express their thoughts extensive. Having little care for the general sympathy, and being content with a limited circle of readers, they preferred to originate modes of expression that should avail to make clear and nice distinctions of meaning, and that might be of use in building up religious and philosophical systems. But when we turn to those of the Greek writers who aimed to copy the living manners of their times,—to the comic, tragic and pastoral poets,—proverbs are of frequent occurrence.

Among all nations, certain truths have come to be acknowledged rules of action, and certain qualities are almost universally attached to human nature. As we pass from one people to another, the expression of these truths and qualities varies, but their essence remains the same.

In the Homeric poems, the proverbs are noticeable on account of their deep moral significance. Some of them read almost like maxims from the Bible. From Homer: "Who obeys the gods, him they promptly listen to;" from the Bible: "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Homer: "All beggars and strangers are from Zeus;" Bible: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Homer: "The slow overtakes the swift;" Bible: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." According to Homer, "As is the race of leaves, even such is the race of men;" Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

Of the Greek historians, the one most intimate with life among the poorer and unlettered classes was Herodotus. In the course of his travels he had collected a

large number of traditional sayings which he interwove with his history whenever they would throw light upon individual or national character. One of the proverbs in circulation was this: "The empty mill grinds itself." It taught that an active mind should be kept supplied with wholesome food for reflection. Another: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind to powder." Punishment, although it may be delayed for a time, is sure to follow every violation of the higher law written on men's hearts. Both these proverbs were suggested by the frequent sight of hand-mills for grinding corn. Nearly every Greek household was furnished with one or more of these. They were worked by female slaves, and at almost any hour of the day might be seen grinding. Another proverb from Herodotus asserts that men's ears are less believing than their eyes. In his day newspapers had not been seen. Men were fond of communing with the visible forms of nature, which spoke to them a language truthful and trustworthy. Rumor laid siege to their ears. Frequent deception taught them caution: hence they trusted their eyes rather than their ears. Another appears in a Greek rhyme,—*Pathimata mathemata*,—"Disasters are schoolmasters," or sufferings are lessons to learn by. Æschylus expanded the same thought into verses.

"Tis Zeus who forces mortals to be wise,
And makes the love of truth to rise
From pain's soul-searching trial;
For e'en in slumber, on the guilty heart,
Conscience will drip and wisdom start
In spite of the soul's denial."

Some of the Greek proverbs were suggested by the game of dice,—one of the commonest and oldest of the Greek amusements. Of this class the following is an example: "God's dice falls as he wills." The same thought is found in the proverbs of Solomon: "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." The Anglo-Saxons, in order to express their conception of the power of wealth, have employed a proverb announcing that "Money enters every gate but heaven's." The Greeks, taking for granted that the tongue was the most obstinate and untamable of all moving things, engaged a proverb to assert that "Money can stop the tongue." Bribes of money frequently caused the delay of justice; and the wealthy criminal, after distributing his persuasives to silence, was often left unpunished. Experience taught the Greeks that this world is a scene of changes and contrasts, and that life and death walk side by side. Wishing to express in proverbial phrase the truth that in the physical, social and moral world extremes meet, they did it by saying that "Dry dust is mud's twin brother."

What could be more expressive than some of these wayside idioms? They have been current among the masses of the people in all ages, and we may well admire their adaptedness for circulating among all classes sentiments of truth and wisdom.

—♦♦♦—
"WILL STUDIREN?"

To the Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

Some of my young friends, the present patrons of *The Haverfordian*, will doubtless in a few years be in some German university town, and probably here in Leipsic, with a new experience before them, such as I have just entered upon.

At the very first step which they will take towards acquiring academic citizenship, they will be met in a very unceremonious way by the question, "*Will studiren?*"

If one has not heard the verb used in this sense before, he will naturally answer in the affirmative when it is put to him by some member of the university court. But if he has been in the town a few weeks before the opening of the university, he will have learned this special application as well as many other little things which it is important to know.

If one comes with no particular information as to times and customs, he will certainly be disappointed in some things; and if he has no personal friends to whom to go for information, he is not likely to be led by a very safe guide in making his incursions.

It is not desirable for one who expects to enter the university for the winter half-year to come to Leipsic before the 12th of October. If one comes on the first of the month, he arrives in the midst of the Michaelmas fair, the most important of the year, which is held for four weeks immediately preceding the opening of the university.

There are thousands of persons from different parts of Germany especially, and many from other countries, in the city, and unusually high prices are asked for everything a stranger must have.

And if one wishes a few weeks in which to practice his tongue and ear, unless he wishes to employ a "*privat docent*," he should by no means come to Leipsic.

The class of Germans which he is likely to come in contact with are communicative and friendly, especially if they learn that you are an American, but the Saxon pronunciation is wretched.

What you already know, and what in the mouth of a German from Berlin or Hanover is intelligible enough, you can scarcely understand when you talk with a Leipsicer; of course the pronunciation of educated persons in the university, in the churches, and theatres, is as good here as anywhere, for such persons come from all parts of Germany.

Nor is it desirable to come earlier in order to get settled before work begins.

One ought to have a fixed "*Wohnung*" before matriculating, but he can find rooms much easier a day or two before than so many weeks. Just as the students are returning, everybody makes preparations for them and announces rooms to be had.

If one knows just what is to be done, he need not come till the 15th, or if he is already matriculated, till the 20th. This is one of the points in which the one who has no special information is likely to be disappointed.

Another very important preliminary is to secure letters of introduction, if possible, from some one who has personal friends

living in the city. A few moments' attention from some intelligent person will give one the information which it will otherwise require considerable time, and perhaps some embarrassment, to learn.

Through the kindness of a friend who was in the university last year, I had cards of introduction to Dr. ——— and Herr ———, a student. The residence of these gentlemen was sought in the police office, where lists of persons living in the city are kept, giving the street and number.

Dr. ——— could not be found, because his rank was not certainly known. I was told that Herr ———, student, lived in ——— Street, No. ———, second story, with Muller. This was definite enough, but naturally the Herr student had not yet returned, and no longer was any Muller living in the second flat.

I bought a university publication which said that the beginning of the lectures was firmly fixed for the 16th of October; the 16th was near at hand, and I must have some information. I accordingly asked a friendly bookseller, who seemed to be as anxious to cultivate his English as I am to learn German, if the lectures did not begin on the 16th.

He gave me to understand that nothing would be done for a week; I felt, however, as if I ought to be doing something, and so resolved to call on some professor whose lectures I expected to hear; and by way of securing an agreeable introduction, Professor Braune was selected, whose lectures on German grammar, including Gothic, High German and Low German, I first of all expected to hear.

And this, too, notwithstanding I had received word through the polite bookseller from Professor Wautman, who lectures on "Historical English Grammar," that it would be agreeable to him for me to call there, but he was then going to be out of the city for a few days.

I am tempted to give you an account of my first experience in visiting German professors. As before, inquiry was made at the police office for the desired street and number. With anticipations increased by the cheerful influence of the only bright morning I have seen in Saxony, I inquired at the door of the number furnished me if I could see Dr. Braune. "The Herr Professor?" inquired the maid, and showed me into a large, simply furnished "living room," as the Germans say. In a few minutes, the man of whom I had already formed a high opinion from his published courses, and from the fact that he is associated with Dr. Tarnke in certain exercises, came in from a small adjoining room. I saw an older man than I had expected, of large, well-proportioned figure, and in every respect a handsome man. My admiration began from the moment I saw him, and he took my hand in such a friendly manner that it was impossible for one to feel the least bit uneasy in his presence. He was just then engaged, but would be in again in a quarter of an hour, and therewith gave me his own great chair at the end of his working table. No one could regret being left alone fifteen minutes in such a place. A German university professor's study is as much a place of inspiration to me as a temple.

And I could not have had a better impression in all Leipsic. The professor's wife also appeared in the meantime with a fresh bouquet for the writing-table, and in a most charming manner inquired if I must wait long. I answered in the words of the professor, and thus congratulated myself upon being able to reply to such a friendly question in good German.

I secretly congratulated myself that I was now in a position to appreciate the enjoyment of which I had read.

The professor returned, and soon made the way easy to the main subject of inquiry, by inquiring what I intended to study in the university. I told him that I had come especially to hear his lecture on German grammar, feeling, as I said so, a satisfaction that I had an opportunity of telling him so much personally. In the most agreeable manner imaginable, he told me he thought I had been misinformed; there were two Professors Braune in the university, and both named William; he, himself, was dean of the medical faculty; perhaps I wished to see the professor of the philosophical faculty. I came away enjoying the mistake and the effects of imagination as much as if it had been the philological professor.

I learned, however, where I should find the "*Universitäts Gericht*," and that is the most important thing to know in matriculating. Having once presented himself before the authorities, the candidate need not feel any more concern, if he has the proper credentials, though he will be likely to wonder often at the unexplained delay and formalities.

On the morning of the 15th I appeared before the *Gericht*, and having replied with the inevitable "*Ja*" to the abrupt question "*Will studiren?*" I was requested to come again next morning at ten o'clock.

At ten to the moment I was there. I was told to come again next morning at nine. It was useless to say that I had come according to appointment. At five minutes before nine next morning I was present again, and although I had no passport, I was admitted into a large room to await the examination of the "*Universitäts Rēchter*," or judge.

About twenty-five were admitted before anything was done. Finally, according to the number of the card which each man bore, he was divested of hat, umbrella, overcoat, wrappings of diplomas, etc., and sent privately before the university judge. He decides whether the testimonials which you present are satisfactory, and sufficient to entitle you to the right of academic citizenship.

Here arises the question as to passes and diplomas—the most important point of qualification for American students. The judge asked two or three questions about passports, and when I gave him to understand that I had none at all, he looked a moment as if he would try to make me think I ought to have one. He said nothing, however, and after looking at the diplomas, signed a paper, which sent me from one official to another, and from one room to another, till from the last I got the "*Collegien Buch*."

But the process does not end with receiving this; we must return the paper which the judge had given us punctually at 5 P. M.

There were the same men waiting in wonderment as to what was to be done. Finally, joined by about as many more, we passed into a large room and arranged ourselves around a long table, at the head of which stood the rector of the university. The rector made a speech of which I only understood something about attending lectures and the glory of the university, and then we were admitted to hands-shaking, and received our students' or "*legitimation Karte*," and the process was ended. J. F. D.

LEIPSIC, 10th mo. 20, 1879.

PERSONAL.

'37.—Lloyd P. Smith is the accomplished librarian of the famed old Philadelphia Library.

'39.—Dr. Hartshorne is conducting a flourishing school for young ladies in Germantown.

'42.—Augustus Taber and his family, including his grandchild, sailed on the 15th ult., from New York, for a European journey.

'49.—The brothers Smiley retired last summer from the management of the Friends' School, at Providence, R. I., which they had conducted so long and so successfully.

'50.—Thomas H. Burgess is principal of Pickering College, Canada.

'53.—Professor Wm. B. Morgan is doing good work at Penn College, which is fortunate in having secured his services.

'54.—John B. Garrett is president of the Girard Life and Trust Company.

'56.—Dr. J. J. Comfort has been appointed resident physician in an asylum for the insane in New Jersey.

'59.—Edward C. Sampson has just returned from a journey for recreation in Europe.

'81.—Lawson M. Harvey is pursuing an elective course at Butler University—expecting to study law next year.

'82.—Coffin received a telegram at ten o'clock on the night of the 3d, announcing the death of his sister, at Lawrence, Kan., whither he started immediately, by the night express.

F. B. Hill is in the lumber business in Chicago.

B. A. Ward is a member of the Senate of New Jersey, and is practicing law at Rahway.

Ellis H. Yarnall is the editor of the Geographical Notes in the *American Naturalist*.

Dr. William H. Pancoast is one of the best professors in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Dr. Thomas Wistar is the courteous medical examiner at the Provident Life Company's office, Philadelphia.

David Scull, Jr., the devoted treasurer of the corporation, is making a very valuable collection of birds for presentation to our Museum.

 LOCAL.

Foot-ball.

Are you warm enough?

Do sleeping-cars snore?

Cold weather and scrapple.

Parts unknown.—On a bald head.

Does a "burning shame" make a big fire?

What is the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family?

The Sophomore who was injured by the discharge of his duty is recovering.

Sip! Sissy, can you tell me where the stone quarries are?

Warner has a fresh supply of candies and other eatables.

In these times, no matter how much a candidate itches for office, he doesn't like to be scratched.

PROF.—"When were the dark ages?" JUNIOR.—"Before the invention of spectacles, sir."

What did she mean when she told him that his moustache presented a fur-straight appearance?

PROF.—"Can you tell of what parents the great Napoleon was born?" STUDENT.—"Of Cors-i-can."

The Freshmen are discussing whether or not the muscles in the ocean have an effect upon the force of the waves.

He was a gallant Soph. She asked how long he thought a lady's train should be. "Never under a foot," was the reply.

The foot-ball is no respecter of persons. Black eyes visit the rich and poor alike, the mathematician and the Greek student.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage "Frailty thy name is woman," is rendered "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

PROF.—"Can you give the story of Io?" FRESH.—"I had an idea, sir, that Io was changed into a heifer; but I heard Prof. ——— say Io-dide of Potassium."

That Junior who deceived the guardians of the milk-pitcher with the declaration, "The Faculty wants some milk," will suffer in the future. His tricks are exposed.

We were grieved to see the fine trees destroyed which have been cut down in front of Barclay Hall, but are told that this is a beginning of a movement for general improvements on the lawn.

There is no other event which can produce such diabolical yells at Haverford as the announcement of a "snap" to a class that is waiting patiently for a chance to flunk unanimously.

The College has received a large collection of birds' eggs, presented by Hannah Scull. This is a valuable gift from the fact that such perfect collections are rare, and that it fills a gap in our museum.

An association of ladies have purchased the house which General Washington occupied as his headquarters at Valley Forge, and are making an effort to raise funds to buy the two thousand acres adjoining, with the intention of erecting a soldiers' home.

Oh, would that "Walkumfast" was still our janitor!

A go-as-you-please race.—The present race of women.

PROF. "What is Butler's strongest argument in this lesson?"

SENIOR. "Well—I—hardly—know. They're all so strong I couldn't manage any of them."

A new janitor has made his appearance in Barclay Hall.

Dim, distant visions of coming orations begin to haunt the Junior.

We are glad to learn that our college has an agent for Dykes' Elixir.

Our dentist has a new sign, which reads "Drawing, music and dancing."

A "Hammer" party went on a "bust" to Conshohocken during our last holiday.

The Seniors rejoice in the firm belief that they are through "Butler's Analogy," whether they know it or not.

The Sophomore who goes into the city so frequently will never be struck with lightning, because he gets insulate.

We are informed that our skating-pond is to be enlarged. This is good news to those who participate in the healthful exercise of skating.

PROFESSOR (to Geological Student.)—What is the composition of limestone?

STUDENT.—Lime—and—ah—stone, sir.

As we sit in our sanctum, our attention is called to the foot-ball field; and as the discordant noises float upon the evening air, we are led to exclaim, "Man wants but little *hear* below."

Miss Eliza Chase and Miss Maria Chase recently spent a fortnight at Ithaca, N. Y., and were interested in the great university at that place. Their appreciation of Haverford has been increased.

Stanley Pumphrey visited us recently. He attended Prof. P. E. Chase's lecture on "The Law," on the evening of the 19th ult., and held an appointed meeting in the meeting-house next morning.

President Chase is erecting a large addition to his residence, which will be occupied as a library. We shall all wonder, probably, where he has kept his great number of books heretofore when we see them spread out on the shelves in the new apartment.

On the 20th ult. we had our second snow-fall—or snow-squall—which was followed by a cold northwest wind, for which the heaters in Barclay Hall were hardly a match. The thermometer recorded 17° about seven o'clock next morning.

When one of the Juniors was called upon to recite in physics the other day, and began to talk about a spherical sphere, divergent divex surfaces, and then took his seat murmuring something about getting sperical affinity mixed with chemical aberration, the class held their breath for a while, and then collapsed.

A club and association mania has seized the students. Besides the literary societies and class organizations we have the Y. M. C. A., base ball and cricket clubs, Carpenter Shop Association, Gymnasium Association, political clubs, archery clubs, foot-ball associations, tennis clubs, geological clubs, etc.

The Loganian Society has received a fine collection of coins from Mr. Albanus L. Smith of the class of '81. The donation consists of twenty silver pieces and twenty-three copper pieces, the greater part of which are rare and foreign coins. We are glad to see the liberality of our friends, and can assure them that their kindness is appreciated.

The exercises at the last meeting of the H. C. P. C. were as follows: A dissertation on history of "Caucuses and Nominating Conventions," by L. P. Edwards; an address on the "Life and Public Services of the late Senator Chandler," by William A. Blair; an address upon "Bi-metallism," by Professor Sharpless; and an extempore speech.

At a recent meeting of the Political Club, after the regular exercises, the president put to each member a question relating to the political history of the country. The consternation and demoralization was appalling. One member was unable to tell how many States and Territories there are in the United States. The Club believes that one of the surest ways to cultivate knowledge is to learn how little one knows, and these questions will be continued at future meetings.

The two Juniors who are the happy possessors of plug hats present an appearance striking and sublime. As we see them meandering side by side, admiring the fantastical ramifications of the Lepidodendrons, or gazing steadfastly upon some Cyathophyllumrugosum, while the rays of the "golden eye of day" are reflected from the gossamer-like integument of their upper stories, we are led to wonder that the remainder of the class can longer refuse the invitation, "Go thou and do likewise."

FOOT-BALL.

After a great amount of talk and little practice, a game of foot-ball was played on the College grounds, between the Haverford and the University Freshmen on the nineteenth.

As to the result of this contest, it was foretold on all sides that the College boys would stand no show against those who are in the practice the University men were supposed to be. To have a ball is about the limit our game reaches, and, except in striving to obtain the "drop-kick" our practice amounts to nothing. Notwithstanding these slight difficulties, the Freshies, after two days of actual practice, play eighty-three of the University about as tight a game as they could want.

The game was played according to the Rugby Union Rules, and for the aid of the uninitiated, we would say that the game played according to these rules might just as properly be called by any other name than foot-ball, since the chief points are running with the ball and passing it from one to another to avoid the men of the opposite side.

Each eleven was in readiness about three o'clock, and Rhodes of the College having won the toss, decided that the University should open from the upper end. The University *starter*, instead of kicking the ball from the place of mounting, picked it up and ran with it towards the Haverford goal, but he had not gone many feet before he was thrown, and the tussle for the ball began. The sides seemed from the first very evenly matched, but though the University had the slope of the ground in their favor, the ball was kept nearly all the time

in the middle of the field. Every now and then, however, a man from one side or the other would make a good rush, and a corresponding cheer would be heard coming from the numerous College and University men watching the game. When "time" was called after three-quarters of an hour's play, neither side had anything in its favor, no goals or "touch-downs" having as yet been made. After a rest of five minutes the game was continued with the College boys at the upper end. The following three-quarters of an hour showed very much the same play as the first, unless perhaps it was a little more exciting on account of the ball being kept nearly all the time close to the University goal.

Toward the close of the game, Rhodes, of the College, having the ball tucked under his arm, started on a run towards the University goal, and would easily had a touch-down, as the goal-keepers were anywhere but in their right places, but unluckily he ran outside of the bounds, which were only marked with flags, and was called back on a fault by the referee.

Soon after this "time" was called, and the game was decided a draw, nothing being made by either side but a few safety touch-downs.

Almost all the work for the College was done by five or six men, while on the part of the University it was about equally divided among the members of the team.

In conclusion, we might say that should the College play any games this year, several of the Freshmen would be certain to have a place on the eleven.

PERSONAL.

Any young gentleman who is in doubt as to just what would be acceptable, as a Christmas remembrancer, to the one to whom he desires himself to be acceptable, will receive our best advice and all the hints our large stock of such things will give him, if he will call upon us.

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It is noticeable that a large proportion of Haverford students are looking toward professions, and we are glad of it. The professions afford excellent opportunities for intellectual work and influence, and need well-educated men to fill them aright. But unprofessional men have a large field for influence too, especially if they have well-trained minds; and there is need of educated merchants, manufacturers and farmers to lead benevolent movements, to reform politics, and to advance morality and religion. It is generally men of cultivated minds who perform these services for mankind; and many more might be helping on the work if they had only had a better education,—a thing which for some of them was probably quite possible. But many people seem not to appreciate this. They are satisfied to work on with their moderate attainments, and, finding it not easy to do more, merely make a living. They do not even see how much better off their children would be with minds better trained than theirs. On the other hand, we often find people, especially the young, complaining that they desire more education, but know not how to get it. Their minds are not enough disciplined to enable them to study to advantage alone. Besides these considerations, the practical benefits of a college education are much greater than many believe. "A boy will make just as good a farmer without it—perhaps better. He hasn't time to spend at college." Thus some "practical" men argue, and so make a *mere* farmer of the boy; whereas he might have made a good leader in his community beside. Some of our best business men, in choosing boys for their stores and offices, prefer college graduates, because they prove more valuable. For any one who will make the best of his opportunities, a college training can hardly be too

highly estimated; and if all who can afford it would bear this in mind, more young men might go out from our colleges to exert a good influence in the world.

Nearly all the business of our societies and associations, carried on exclusively by the students, is marked by a want of due thought, and actions prompted by too hastily formed conclusions. A member has a bill to introduce, and unless it is some very radical change indeed, in nine cases out of ten it is given to the society in a very ill-digested form. The member wants to bring it up at that meeting, and that with a very vague idea of the substance of his bill is about all he does know. Then comes a long debate on various subjects, distantly connected with the one in hand, investigating committees, and an hour is wasted by the society, where a half-hour's thought on the part of the instigator of it all would have disposed of it nicely in ten minutes, had it been brought forward in a proper shape. A very striking instance of this was shown in leasing the Gymnasium; nearly all the members of the Logonian were in favor of its being leased, but those who specially desired it had not informed themselves sufficiently as to what was necessary to be done; and the investigating committee failing to report as they should, a whole evening was spent in aimless discussion, and then the committee remanded, and nothing done.

We do not for a moment suppose that this is the case at Haverford alone, for passing the inexperience of the members, it is, perhaps, but the natural outgrowth of our study; we are so accustomed to having all the arguments *pro* and *con* laid before us in our text-books, and to drawing our conclusions immediately from them, that on other questions we act in the same way, and do not consider it otherwise than as it first appears to us; but, however natural it is to act prematurely, it ought not on that account to be received as inevitable. A little more individual thought would go far towards remedying the evil, and save much of the society's time.

No greater proof could have been given of the triumph of American enterprise and industry than that England should have sent over a special commission to

investigate our methods of preparing and handling food products. England, who is always so ready to point to her own institutions, and so slow to find the good in anything foreign,—England has at last been driven to comprehend that there are some things in the universe which may be an improvement on what she has to offer; for this agricultural question is only one of the things in which England has been forced to look to America for instruction in branches where she formerly ruled supreme.

And perhaps it is this quiet self-satisfaction which has caused her to lose her supremacy; which has kept her farmers working with implements which of themselves are a sufficient burden for man or beast; her gentlemen riding on horseback because no light carriages were made. She has been satisfied with her position, while the characteristic restlessness of America has compelled her to take the second place.

That her many recent knocks in this direction have in some degree awakened her to a comprehension of this fact is shown by this attempt to learn something of the way her Yankee cousin cares for his and her stomach. And this is but one of the lessons in self-mortification yet in store for her.

EXCHANGES.

We are both gratified and encouraged to have our claim to a place among college periodicals recognized as it has been by the most important college journals readily granting our request to exchange, while we have to acknowledge the good feeling shown by several, who went so far as to give us a notice of encouragement.

The *University Magazine* quotes the following from Professor Huxley, which we commend to our readers as coming from one who knows whereof he speaks. He says "of those students who work incessantly at high pressure, that 'their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless, childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion,' he adds, 'for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work, which makes many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in youth.'"

As most of our exchanges chronicle the end of the season's sports, it would be a good time for each to coolly consider, as one of them remarks, that disputed point of the space to be occupied by sports in their col-

umns. The *Concordensis*, in a recent number, thus delivers its opinion: "Now we do not wish to be understood that we would entirely exclude college sports. We believe a paper or magazine which professes to represent the true interests of an educational institution should exhibit, by the discussion of those subjects which demand care, study, and deep thought, the degree of intellectual development which has been attained." We concur in the latter part of this statement as the aim of a college paper, but think, also, that the manly exercises should be encouraged; and this can best be done by taking an interest in their doings, and not disposing of them in a paragraph, as the above would intimate.

In the *University Herald*, Bert James gives us a very vivid and appreciative picture of Shakespeare's Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth. The piece shows that the author has carefully analyzed the characters, and been interested in doing so. It aptly illustrates the rich reward which offers itself to any one who will take time to give almost any of Shakespeare's characters a closer study than is obtained by a casual reading, and suggests the idea of giving more attention to our English classics in collegiate studies.

The *Asbury Monthly* desires us to cut down our pages, and fill up with locals. The *Monthly* is a live journal, and certainly practices what it preaches in regard to local items. We return our thanks for its good wishes and friendly advice, but as for cutting down the size of our paper, we are not ready to take that step so soon after starting upon the great "unknown." Our motto is, "Take each man's advice, but reserve thy judgment."

We have received the following: *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Era*, *Alumnus*, *Harrard Advocate*, *College Journal*, *Madisonensis*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Concordensis*, *Easthamite*, *University Magazine*, *Reveille*, *College Herald*, *Hillside Herald*, *Hobart Herald*, *Volante*, *Critic*, *Tuftsian*, *Illini*, *Asbury Monthly*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *University Herald*.

The *Reveille* puts on an extra spurt this month, and comes out with four extra pages, and a general bracing up. Its editors have succeeded in producing a very interesting number, that far surpasses the former copy which came to our hands.

The December number of the *Concordensis* is chiefly notable for its "Extranea" column, which is one of the best we have had the privilege of looking over, and presents a model, which, if followed, would add life to many a college paper.

MODERN ALCHEMY.

The search for the philosopher's stone is by no means at an end. The name of chemist is more reputable than that of alchemist, but the belief that all substances, even those which are called elements, are merely modifications of simple homogeneous atoms, is as widespread as ever.

The results of research, in one direction, seem to indicate a degree of diversity such as Davy and Faraday never dreamed of. Since the Centennial year, no less than a dozen new elements have been announced, about half the number having been found in the earthy constituents of a single mineral, called *samarskite*. Professor Lawrence Smith, of Kentucky; Tellef Dahl, of Norway; Sergius Kern, of Russia; and M.M. Marignac Delafontaine, Cleve, and Soret of France—have all contributed to this enlargement of our list of undecomposed bodies. No one, however, has assumed that any of the seventy or eighty so-called "simple" substances which make up the list, are incapable of decomposition; on the contrary, many chemists have long thought that calcium is a compound, and the announcement has lately been made that chlorine is an oxide of murium. This announcement, although still lacking the confirmation which is necessary to secure general acceptance, creates no surprise.

Cailletet in Paris, and Pictet in Geneva, have shown that the four elementary forms which were recognized by the old philosophers, earth, water, air, fire, and which are nearly represented by the solid, liquid, gaseous, and ethereal states of matter, merely represent different degrees of cohesion, dependent upon differences of latent heat.

It has long been known, that all solids may be liquified and vaporized, and we now see that all the known gases can be liquified and solidified. The ethereal condition, however, still remains a mystery; an entity hardly known, but strongly suspected, concerning which we can say little more than that it seems to be the source of various phenomena of light, heat, electricity and attraction, which can be explained in accordance with laws of elastic vibration.

In 1816, Faraday wrote as follows: "If we conceive a change as far beyond vaporization as that is above fluidity, and then take into account also the proportional increased extent of alteration as the changes rise, we shall, perhaps, if we can form any conception at all, not fall far short of radiant matter; and as in the last conversion many qualities were lost, so here also many more would disappear."

William Crookes, the distinguished chemist, who dis-

covered thallium and invented the radiometer, presented to the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science some interesting investigations into the properties of radiant matter, which are reprinted, with copious illustrations, in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute" for November, 1879. In the course of his experiments, he was able to produce a vacuum so nearly perfect that he removed 19,999,999 times as much air as he left in his tubes. At this stage of exhaustion, the density of the remaining air was geometrically midway, or a mean proportional between that of common air and that of luminiferous ether of the same elasticity.

These investigations point to elasticity and inertia as the two primitive forms of physical manifestation, and render it probable that all the observed differences in the chemical properties of bodies may be owing to differences of magnitude in molecules and consequent differences in the velocity, or range, of molecular vibration. The spectroscopic researches of J. Norman Lockyer tend to confirm this hypothesis. He finds that when the elements are procured in the greatest possible purity, their vapors give lines in the spectroscope, which seem to show that they are all compounds of a very few simple substances, even if they are not all modifications of hydrogen. He attaches especial importance to a few "basic lines," with wave-lengths which appear to have been systematically built up from a single fundamental wave, as is shown by the following comparison, in which the wave-lengths are given in ten-millionths of a millimeter:

	"BASIC LINES."
$(3^2 + 8^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,417$	5,416.
$(8^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,268$	5,269.
	5,268.
$(2^2 + 3^2 + 7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,236$	5,235.
$(3^2 + 7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,170$	5,177.
$(7^2 + 4^4) \times 16,464 = 5,021$	5,017.
$4^4 \times 16,464 = 4,215$	4,215.

The greatest deviation between the observed and the calculated values is less than one thirty-six millionth of an inch. P. E. C.

ARE WE A DEGENERATE PEOPLE?

The numerous examples of political corruption, the various cases of embezzlement among those who are placed in positions of trust and responsibility, the increasing differences between capitalists and laborers, the growing tendencies towards centralization in our government, have induced many good men to look with a feeling of distrust on the present condition of our country, and to

apprehend a rapid decline in prosperity and morals in the future. It is probably safe to say that at no period of any nation have such good men not had cause to feel in this way. Comparisons with past times is usually resorted to, to prove the decadence of the present.

So we go back through various generations till we arrive at the logical deductions that the middle ages were brighter and more prolific in advanced systems and high morality than any that have succeeded.

I have no wish to diminish aught of the reverence that hangs around the so called fathers of our Republic. They were, doubtless, able and patriotic men. But it may better satisfy us with our present government to learn that the same charges of corruption and imbecility were preferred against leading men in those times, and probably an equal proportion were proved.

It may give us increased hope and zeal for the future to learn that out of darker days the American Union has evolved with safety and increased prosperity.

At the commencement of Washington's administration, the United States found on its hands a debt of \$80,000,000, probably as much in proportion to its resources as ours is now, and a large amount of it in the form of a vastly depreciated paper currency. The same questions came up for settlement then as now. Repudiation was urged in the National Congress in as various and sophistical forms as now. But then, as now, the cause of honesty triumphed, and the debt was paid. Thus, one member of the House moved that no steps be taken towards providing for payment of principal and interest till after the debt was paid. It was urged by a large number that because some of the old paper money had not, on account of its depreciation, been of much service to the government, it should not be redeemed at its face value.

When the Secretary of the Treasury sent in his report in favor of redemption, a swift-sailing vessel was sent off to Georgia and Carolina to buy up all the certificates that could be had,—a transaction which an honored member of the lower House was believed to have assisted. This most equitable proposition was defeated by a vote of thirty-six to thirteen, and the Government fell back on its legal as distinguished from its moral rights in the case.

The fears of those who see centralization creeping into our general government are not greater than those in Washington's day, who saw a monarchy in everything but name established, with all its forms and titles. Thus a leading member from Virginia "felt a good deal hurt that gentlemen on the floor should be standing up and addressing each other as honorable gentlemen," and the

first Congress refused to give Washington any other title than simply "President of the United States." So widely spread was the discontent at the monarchical and aristocratical tendencies of the Federal party that it helped to bring in Jefferson and his party in 1801. Do we point to the labor troubles of two years ago as an indication of the increase of views of communism and resistance of fixed government among us?

In 1786, in Massachusetts, the poorer classes rose into absolute rebellion, which was finally put down by force and bloodshed, for fear that the new constitution and the judiciary would somehow curtail their just rights. Later, in Western Pennsylvania, they resisted the collection of taxes, by force of arms, and were subdued after no inconsiderable expenditure and anxiety for the stability of the government.

The charge of centralization, the tendencies to centralization, the discontent of the laboring classes, and their resistance of lawful government, are as old as our Constitution. We find charges flying around among our worthy fathers quite as serious as any we hear now. Thus Jefferson denounces Hamilton as a man whose history, "from the moment history could stoop to touch him," was a "tissue of machinations against the liberties of a country which had not only received and fed him, but had heaped honors on his head;" and charges him with holding the national debt up to its present mark as a means of making himself prominent in the nation and bribing his supporters in Congress. In reply to these charges, Hamilton retorts that Jefferson was a mere demagogue, trumping up these charges that he might ride into power on the disgrace of his country. Charges of corruption were darkly hinted at, in the Indian management, in the War Department, in the Treasury, all through the administration of Washington; and *Freeman's Gazette*, a Philadelphia periodical, said, amid a host more of like scurrilous attacks, "If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington; if ever a nation has been deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington." Recent papers show that the Cabinet of John Adams was engaged in secretly thwarting his plans, at the instigation of Hamilton, then a private man. During his administration a United States Senator was impeached and convicted of attempting to hand Louisiana over to the British Government for the sake of increasing the value of certain lands which he owned.

All these insinuations and a host more which could easily be mentioned, some true, many untrue, reveal the existence of the same feeling of doubt for the future and

distrust of the present which some among us feel now. Yet history tells of the administrations of Washington and Adams as among the brightest and purest of our government, and we are instructed to look back to them as examples, and note our fearful degeneracy. I do not believe there was ever a purer and more patriotic President of the United States than the present President. I do not believe that an abler Cabinet ever gathered around the Executive chair and administered the executive department than the present Cabinet. I believe there are able, honest, and true statesmen in the houses of legislation. There have been darker times in the history of our country than this. It was darker in John Adams's presidency, when the young nation, hardly securely seated on its Constitution, hardly safe against intestine trouble, seemed surely drifting into a French war. It was darker all through the slavery days, when the defenders of that institution seemed determined, at the expense of all morality and justice, to commit this land of liberty to the perpetuation and spread of the system of bondage. It was darker in 1861, when the ties which bind this Union together seemed as rotten as singed flax, and nothing but disintegration could be looked for ahead. In those times, well might patriots bow their heads with fears and forebodings.

Yet, out of all, something within us, or without us, has carried us triumphantly through, and set our feet safely on the shore of prosperity. That something has been, under God, the intelligence and morality of our people; and these same agencies may be depended on now to save us, in the last resort, against corruption in high places, against financial dishonesty, against trampling on the rights of the weak and ignorant, against any assumption of extra constitutional power. I do not see how all these things will be brought about, and, if I knew nothing of the past, I too might despair. But history tells me that though in America dangerous tendencies may for a time have sway, before they can be permanently stamped in legislation, public opinion, aroused, hurls them from power, and the nation goes on prospering. The most confirmed pessimist will hardly compare our corruption with that of George II.'s time in England. Yet out of that, England has arisen to a pure and stable government. And therefore, relying on the past, I look with confidence on the future, believing that a fairly good and just government at Washington, kept so by the continual exertions of good and able men, will shortly bear even sway over a nation of 100,000,000 of human beings, founding its principles on justice and intelligence.

I. S.

WE READ TOO LITTLE.

We were much struck, the other day, with a remark made by a late Haverford student, which was to this effect, that though the students *study* hard, they *read* very little. We think the charge is not ill-founded. It is a pity that this state of things should exist, for many reasons. Of course the main object rightly is study; but at any college, after the required work is done, and necessary exercise or outdoor recreation taken, there remains a good deal of time which can be devoted to literary work and reading. We do not forget the literary societies and their claims, but, as a matter of fact, does any member have more than one exercise a month, or, oftenest, once in three weeks? The practice in elocution, composition, and debate afforded by these societies is valuable, and there is no intention to decry them. But the criticisms on these exercises must, from the nature of the case, be somewhat crude. The larger part of the students belong to societies whose sessions are not open to any but members, and the critics have neither the knowledge nor the experience which is necessary to give the greatest benefit, though they do their best, and accomplish much good.

It is acknowledged by all competent judges that one of the best ways to form one's style and to gain ease in composition is by reading carefully the works of established high reputation. We suppose few would dispute this dictum. But the answer is that time is lacking. Is this a fact? Most persons find time to read newspapers and magazines; while these ought not to be neglected, it would be better if the time devoted to them were curtailed, by giving the attention to general summaries of news and good editorials, leaving accounts of gossip, walking-matches, and murders unread. The time gained in this way alone would suffice to go through no small amount of improving reading.

After all, regularity is the all-important thing; any one can spare fifteen minutes a day, if not longer. Let him make up his mind to give one half-hour daily to reading of this character, and he will be surprised at the ground gone over in a single term. As he perseveres in such a course he will become more and more interested, and it will in time become a recreation.

To make a well-rounded student, it is essential that he should know something of the literature of his own language. The amount prescribed in the ordinary college curriculum is not enough, it must be supplemented by the student himself; and unless the habit of reading is acquired during college days, it rarely will be afterwards.

PROF. CHASE ON THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

Professor P. E. Chase has found that the Nebular Hypothesis leads to values, for the velocity of light and for Neptune's secular perihelion, which are given below, together with other recent estimates:

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.	
Chase,	185,890 m. per sec.
Foucault,	185,170 " "
Cornu,	186,410 " "
Michelson,	186,300 " "

NEPTUNE'S SECULAR PERIHELION.	
Chase,	29,608
Newcomb,	29,619
Stockwell,	29,598
Leverrier,	29,602

The only elements required in the calculation were the lengths of the solar day and the sidereal year; the action of light-waves; and the reacting inertia of gravitating matter.

WHENCE COME WARS AND FIGHTINGS.

The many soldiers' reunions that have been held recently bring reflections concerning their proceedings and influence not easy to be put aside. He who meditates seriously upon the present state of things must feel that it takes ages for the world to learn to prefer peace to war, and prosperity to destruction and bloodshed. He feels an important meaning in these terms which he longs that his fellow-men could be brought to understand.

We, no doubt, are all pretty well settled on the highest conception of what peace and prosperity are, and are willing to accept the teachings of our Saviour on the duties of man to his God and his fellow-man; but lest we should sometimes forget and let ourselves down into the whirling abyss of popular customs, it will not be amiss to turn our attention now and then to these subjects.

A late great soldiers' reunion was held at Terre Haute, Ind., and was heralded over the country as a grand and glorious meeting of the old veterans who left their homes, wives, children, relatives, and property, and so nobly risked their lives to save the Union, to uphold the honor of the nation.

But to one looking on another side of the object the light is of another color. The associations, the wild excitement and frenzied state of the people, present other views.

One who witnessed the recent jovialties writes: "We feel here almost as though we had passed a storm; and with the Sabbath came a calm, a cessation of hostilities.

Three days were spent by the mass of the city and surrounding country recalling days gone by, when the North and South were at war: in other words, recalling as vividly as possible civil dissensions." The same writer says: "I went out yesterday afternoon to witness the sham battle that was to be fought. I saw something, 'tis true, that I never had seen before, but I cannot say that I saw anything that was at all beneficial. I fail to see wherein the work of the past three days has done good; I *can* see in many things where harm has been done." He places the very low estimate of time squandered at twenty-five thousand days, and says, "Thousands of dollars for grog were poured into the saloons; and homes before unpleasant are become within this short time miserable dens." This latter was stated in substance, though not in these words.

There are other occasions, too, whose general influence is so nearly the same as to be scarcely separable from that of reunions, such as the recent commemorations at Yorktown, and, above all, of Decoration days. The influence of the latter on the public mind, whether more direct or indirect than that of reunions, is in either case more effectual. There is not that military parade, not the actual scenes of war, as at reunions; but it assumes a form tending to draw every one into the ceremonies with his whole soul, and to make him feel that he is doing as much as any one to honor the dead, and advance the honor of his nation, which makes him question his course the less. Besides this communion in service, there are the inevitable panegyrics on the departed *heroes*, who oft-times are praised almost to adoration.

Human minds of themselves can scarcely resist such pomp, ceremonies and persuasion. It is sad to see those who have held themselves aloof from all appearances of war join in these decorations, compromising their principles and persuading their consciences that it is not wrong; for government is right, they say, according to Scripture. If right, then we should defend its honor and name by paying respect to those who have died to save it. They forget that there is a higher honor and a greater name for a nation to maintain in other ways than in "garments rolled in blood," or in what incites to bloodshed.

Having lost sight of this, it is an easy matter for a man to sink lower and lower till he stands on the same level as others, acknowledging in practice that brute force is higher than justice, and is the greatest power in nature.

The results of all these military displays appear to be anything but good. The squandering of time, the reviving of the appetite for drink, and the harvest for

saloons, and homes made miserable by demons, cannot recommend such displays to thoughtful, religious men. They all keep up and encourage the lowest and most brutal part of man's nature to the exclusion of what is ennobling, and tending to bring him to the type of our Saviour. A man in a grand procession on Decoration Day, or while engaged in a sham battle, is not encouraged to meditate on Scripture precepts such as "Thou shalt not kill;" "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Blessed are the peacemakers;" "Love your enemies;" "Pray for them that despitefully use you;" etc. Such thoughts could hardly find an entrance into his mind.

Our souls are stirred within us when we see the extent to which these things are carried, yet they will continue so till the world learns better, and this will not be brought about if those who believe them wrong sit with folded arms, quietly looking on, while the hesitating or doubting ones are drawn gradually into the ranks of war, when a helping hand, given in time, would save them.

LOCALS.

Leap year!

Why did we ever quit study?

Eli Jones visited us upon the 7th ult.

Oh! Hard luck! to have to resume digging!

A new storm door has been added to Founder's Hall.

"Every tooth in my head is aching, but I can't stop now!

The poems on "The Beautiful Snow" will not appear this number.

It is high time that all had their good resolutions made for this year.

We were favored with a visit from Allen Jay upon the 6th and 7th ult.

The wife of our Superintendent came to the College soon after the holidays began.

Students have returned from spending the holidays, and are ready to begin work in good earnest.

There has been a rumor to the effect that some of the managers are in favor of abolishing recitations on seventh-day morning.

We need some vitalized phosphates. This holiday "rest" is a hollow mockery, a tremendous nuisance. Our best clothes are worse for wear too.

We are glad to see the new matting upon the meeting-house floor. Comfort and some degree of attractiveness certainly do not tend to hinder worship.

Frogs have their time to croak, and owls to hoot,
 The patient flutist hath his time to toot;
 The fiddler fiddleth when his work is done,
 But thou, O bore! hast no set time—ah, none—
 To whistle.

Professor A. C. Thomas has satisfied a great want with his interesting and instructive lecture upon "The Right Use of Libraries," and kindred topics.

The students who were intending to visit Congress during the holidays were disappointed. Doubtless Congress would not have adjourned if the members had only been notified of the intended visits.

On New Year's evening, Edward L. Scull and wife entertained the students who remained in Philadelphia during the holidays, at their charming new home in the city. It is a rich treat to spend an hour in the library of the warm friend of Haverford, and examine his sketches and prints, together with interesting souvenirs of his travel abroad.

L. D. Wishard, of Princeton, secretary of the inter-collegiate branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, visited the College upon the 9th ult., and delivered a very interesting address upon the general work, etc., of the organization. Among other things he gave a brief history of the Association, from the time that it was started by a young business man in London, about thirty-five years ago, down to the present time, when there are thirteen thousand in Europe and eleven thousand in America; when they are found in all parts of the civilized world, and among all classes. If we go to Australia or other islands in the far-off ocean, they are there. If we go to Africa, they are there. If we visit the Holy Land, we find the organization at Jerusalem and Nazareth. In our country, railroad employees and other workmen have their separate associations; and now the division known as the inter-collegiate branch is being organized in the colleges all over the land. After speaking of the advantages of belonging to the organization, Mr. Wishard urged the need of Christian work among college students generally, and showed what good things were being accomplished where students were earnestly engaged in the work.

FOOTBALL

After considerable negotiation, and being put off twice from the appointed day, our match with Swarthmore was played on the 13th. The day, as regards temperature and brightness, was all that could be desired, though the frost of the previous night made the footing somewhat uncertain.

We won the toss, and kicked from the upper end.

The home team, considering their practice, played well all round, every one adding all he was able, to win this, our first attempt as a college team, with the, to us, new rules.

It may seem presumptuous in us, who know so little of the game ourselves, to criticise others so severely; but when it is known that they were compelled to learn points from us, instead of, as we had reason to expect, instructing us in them, there may appear room for it.

The score at the end showed one goal; one touch-down, from which we failed to get a goal; and one safety-touch-down for us; and thirteen safety-touch-downs for our opponents.

Everything passed off nicely, and without any permanent ill-feeling, the only cause for regret being that near the end of the second three-quarters, Butler, one of Swarthmore's forwards, got a fall, and was forced to retire. It was found, on examination, that his collar-bone was broken.

Our team was: forwards, Rhodes (captain), Brinton, Mott, D. Corbit, Briggs and A. Corbit; half-backs, Mason, Price and Tyson; full-backs, Randolph and Thomas; sub., Stuart.

Swarthmore: forwards, Caley, Carter, Seaman, Field, Butler, Powell and Grundy; half-backs, Browning, Moore, Thomas; full-back, Sharpless.

Mr. G. Thayer, of the University team, umpired for us; Mr. Rushmore for Swarthmore. Mr. Lawton, of Swarthmore, was referee.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

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The recent temperance address of the Philadelphia "Meeting for Sufferings" is being widely circulated among the intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; and we would be glad if it might be read all over our country. Their appeals to the legislatures of these three States, which were presented and urged upon the individual legislators last year, were followed by some immediate results; and no one knows how much unseen influence they have exerted. The last address is designed to incite all the intelligent and influential men and women among us to exert what influence they can, both by the example of their own lives and by active work, to stay the monster Intemperance. It is divided into five heads: on the Medical Use of Alcohol, the Duty of the Christian Church, Prohibitory Legislation, the Public Press, and Woman's Influence. It shows evidence of attentive study, and is enforced by striking facts; and it breathes a spirit of broad Christian love, earnestly appealing to the heart and the judgment. All such efforts are hailed with joy by every philanthropic man; and we hope this may be the means of much good.

The recent "exodus" of colored people from Carolina calls up anew the oppression which they suffer at the hands of their former owners, who unite themselves firmly together, to keep the blacks as near slavery as possible. Too poor to move when they received their freedom, they were obliged to remain on the estates where they were. If they rented land, they must pay in cotton, which, because they had no gins and scales, they must trust to the dishonesty of the white men to gin and weigh. If they hired, they were paid in tickets promising to pay small sums, which were good only to present

at their employer's "commissary" in payment for provisions, etc., for which enough was charged to use up all their tickets. Thus were the poor blacks kept poor. It was useless for them to seek better places on other plantations. If a man would not work for his own master, the united land-owners agreed that he ought to starve. Not only are the negroes thus ground down; they are otherwise maltreated, and sometimes even murdered, without the story even getting into the newspapers. They cannot obtain justice. Though the whites boast of the colored men on their juries, there are generally nine whites to three colored; and they are deprived of their rights at the polls, if not by intimidation, at least by stuffing the ballot-boxes, so that their votes go for nothing.

No wonder they want to emigrate, even though they have not money enough even to carry them west, to say nothing of starting at farming when there.

Now, what remedy is there for this evil? If they would emigrate till their number was so diminished as to create a demand for their labor, it would probably have the desired effect. They certainly have a claim on the charity of their more favored brothers; and much has been done to help them on their westward journey. But is this the best use that can be made of the means contributed? Another plan is to purchase lands in the South, to rent them at equitable rates, and give them a fair start there. Soon after the war this was tried, and with such success that those thus settled are still prosperous. But this could not be done on a large enough scale to relieve all, at least for a long time. But might not this plan be combined with the emigration idea? Let land be purchased and leased to thrifty colored men, for a long enough term to enable them to accumulate the means to emigrate; this would not only give them capital to start on, but some practice in agriculture and economy. Thus the emigration might be effected gradually. This would, no doubt, involve a large outlay of money and care in carrying it out; but no plan can be adopted which will not involve these items.

The subject is one well worth our consideration. The vast numbers of blacks who have emigrated from the South within a year, indicate that something is needed to meliorate their condition. As Frederick Douglas has said, all that can be asked for them is a *fair chance*. But

this they have never had. The lecturer whose remarks we have previously quoted said that, if his people had had the advantage of an upward, improving education since they were imported to America, and had not risen higher than they are, he would consider them hopeless, and unworthy of aid; but since they have had two hundred years of education *downward*, we should now give them a helping hand to rise.

Of the many sources from which the student draws in the attainment of an education, and in moulding himself into the full rounded man which he aspires to be, that of his literary society is by no means the least. The existence of so many institutions of this kind in our colleges is a witness of their value. The private room gives time for thought and study; and the recitation-room affords but little opportunity for learning to express our thoughts. It is in the society that we, even while students, partake of active life. It is here, after a week of mental toil and fatigue, that the student can find new life and vigor; it is here that he wears off his rough edges and square corners, by giving scope to his fancy and play to his power of expression in competing with his fellows; it is here of all places that work is a pleasure, and never a task. Then should we not make it a point to attend every meeting of our respective societies, and to take an active part in their support? One of the greatest wants in society work at the present time is a more thorough familiarity with parliamentary rules. The members should not be satisfied with simply trusting to the officers to become acquainted with society government, but by having for themselves a definite knowledge of the rules and regulations by which their society is governed, they would oftentimes avert delays and confusions.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Don't be in too great a hurry to accept "advanced opinions." It is "the thing" to be "advanced" in this progressive day and generation, but there's a heap of shallowness in it. Did you ever notice that the man who tells you he cannot believe the Bible is usually able to believe almost anything else? You will find men who turn with horror and utter disbelief of the Bible, and joyfully embrace the teachings of Buddha. It is quite the thing, just now, for a civilized, enlightened man, brought up in a Christian country and an age of wisdom, to be a Buddhist. And if you ask six men who profess Buddhism who Buddha was, one of them will tell you he was an Egyptian

soothsayer who lived two hundred years before Moses; another will tell you that he brought letters from Phœnicia, and introduced them in Greece; a third will tell you that she was a beautiful woman of Farther India, bound by her vows to perpetual chastity; a fourth will, with little hesitation, say he was a Brahma of the ninth degree, and a holy disciple of Confucius; and of the other two, one will frankly admit that he doesn't know, and the other will say, with some indecision, that he was either a dervish of the Nile (whatever that is) or a *felo de se*, he can't be positive which.

Before you propose to know more than anybody and everybody else, be certain that you are abreast at least of two-thirds of your fellow-men. I don't want to suppress any inclination you may have toward genuine free thought, and careful, honest investigation. I only want you to avoid the great fault of atheism in this day and generation. I don't want to see you try to build a six-story house on a one-story foundation. Before you criticise, condemn, and finally revise the work of creation, be pretty confident that you know something about it as it is, and don't—let me implore you—don't turn this world upside down and sit on it, and flatten it entirely out, until you have made or secured another one for the rest of us to live on while you demolish the old one. If ever you should develop into an "advanced atheist," just do that much for the rest of us.

X. Y. Z.

LADY HOLLAND.

We are apt to fancy, from much that we read and hear, that manners in the best society are always faultless. We would not be warranted in thinking them otherwise were it not for a few notable exceptions scattered up and down history. To be famed for rudeness is by no means enviable, yet a dash of eccentricity, and even boorishness, sometimes lends interest to a character; and it is often a relief to turn from Chesterfields and Beau Brummels, from Lady Montagues and Countess Blessingtons, to a Samuel Johnson or a Lady Holland.

Few English residences are so deservedly famous as Holland House. It was where Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax held councils, where William Penn lived a short time, where many of the Fox family resided, and where Addison married and died. Thus it has come to be a favorite subject among magazine writers; and from various scattered accounts it is designed to select a few anecdotes of its most entertaining mistress.

The third Lord and Lady Holland occupied Holland House during most of the first four decades of this century. He was a nephew of Charles James Fox, a prominent

Whig politician, and a man of refined manners. His wife was otherwise. She was beautiful, but rude; intelligent, yet superstitious and cowardly; hospitable and generous, yet despotic. Her house was not only the social headquarters of the Whigs, but one of the centers of European society. Its gatherings were called cosmopolitan, and Byron said they reminded him of the grave—"where all distinctions of friend and foe are leveled."

Over these companies Lady Holland swayed a tyrannical scepter. She was not ashamed to ask a minister to stir the fire, to send a poet upstairs on an errand, or to despatch a member of Parliament to the kitchen to see if dinner was ready. She once said to Sydney Smith, "Sydney, go ring the bell." "Certainly," he replied; "and shall I sweep the room?" There was a precious fire-screen in the library, for handling which Lord Russell one day received the suggestion, "Lord Russell, lay down that screen; you'll spoil it!" It was probably the same screen of which Byron complains in his diary: "Why does Lady Holland always have that screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite done to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver." Byron was intimate with and much attached to the Hollands before that fatal review provoked "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." There he denounces his host and hostess with the uniform scurrility of that production.

Numerous as were Lady Holland's conversational liberties in the drawing-room, as when she invited a gentleman to sit farther off from her, saying she did not like the perfumery on his handkerchief, or her reply to the poet Lewis when he objected to the "Rejected Addresses" making him write burlesque, "You don't know your own talent," it was oftener at the dinner-table that she assumed the dictatorship. It was there she once had a word battle with a gentleman on the desirability of prunes in cock-a-lecky soup. It was there she delighted to squeeze her guests together, and then tell them to leave space for another who was coming. A wit whom she once ordered to make room said it would have to be made, for it did not exist.

Uncomfortable as this was, invitations to Holland House were seldom declined, for every one was willing to endure a few privations in order to dine with Rogers and Campbell, with Sydney Smith and Macaulay, with Talleyrand and M. de Stael. It was at the dinner-table, too, that Lady Holland lorded it over her "slave" and "pet atheist"—John Allen. He was a man of vast information, who lived chiefly with the Hollands to carve

at dinner, to talk learnedly, and to accompany the lady to parties when the lord was gouty. Byron called him "the best informed and one of the ablest men he ever knew," "a perfect Magliabecchi, a devourer, a helluo of books, and an observer of men." He was sometimes so interrupted in his carving by Lady Holland's commands that he would lay down knife and fork and tell her to do it herself. In return, she would forbid him to eat of certain dishes, saying there was not enough for him. There was mostly enough of everything; but on one occasion a guest incurred an harangue by calling for brandy when there happened to be none in the house. The Duke of York was present, and while he remained Lady Holland restrained herself, but when he was gone came the sting and the venom. "You did it on purpose! You did it to find out there was none!" "Lady Holland! I suppose anything was wanting at Holland House! Why, I believed if I had called for broiled rhinoceros with cobra sauce it would have been brought on the instant!"

When Sydney Smith was in London, Holland House got the lion's share of his lively conversation and inexhaustible wit. Many of his best sayings were uttered under its roof; and when he was absent, he was continually writing to its proprietors letters full of absurdities. There is one written from Bath beginning—"War, my dear Lady Holland, is natural to women as well as to men—at least with their own sex. A dreadful controversy has broken out in Bath, whether tea is most effectually sweetened by lump or pounded sugar; and the worst passions of the human mind are called into action by the pulverists and the lumpists. I have been pressed by ladies on both sides to speak in favor of their respective theories at the Royal Institute, which I have promised to do." In another he takes the liberty to say: "I find it almost impossible to read your handwriting; but knowing it always contains some proffer of kindness to me, I answer upon general principles and conjecture. Have you any objections to take a few lessons in writing from me in my morning calls? I could bring you on very much in the course of next summer, and if you will take pains, I will show your book to Lady Cowper."

Without multiplying random notices, we must not omit another illustrious diner at Holland House, and his sketches of life there.

To transcribe all that one finds on the subject in Macaulay's biography would occupy considerable space. We beg leave to repeat only a few passages.

An account of his introduction to Lady Holland occurs in a letter written in 1831. The scene is a musical party at Lansdowne House. "I was shaking

hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us, 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday.' Three days after comes a description of the visit: "In the drawing-room I had a long talk with Lady Holland about the purity of the English language, wherein she thinks herself a critic. I happened, in speaking about the Reform Bill, to say that I wished it had been possible to have formed a few commercial constituencies, if the word "constituencies" were admissible. 'I am glad you put that in,' said her ladyship. 'I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is "talented" and "influential" and "gentlemanly." I never could break Sheridan of "gentlemanly," although he allowed it to be wrong.' . . . To me she was necessarily gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she does her guests. It is to one 'Go!' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this!' and it is done."

Often during his parliamentary career Macaulay dined and took a bed at Holland House. He led conversation at meals, "not only overflowing with learning," Sydney Smith said, "but standing in the slop." He became callous to Lady Holland's anxiety about dreams, and to her fears of lightning, but she always retained some authority, either by sending the waiter to tell him to stop talking, or by rapping on the table, with "That's enough about that, Macaulay; now give us something else." The following is a description of his farewell call before going to India: "I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried, raved; called me 'dear, dear Macaulay!' 'You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you; last session about the slaves, and now sending you to India!' . . . But at last she said something about you. This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again, 'I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times. I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with

my weakness. I shall never see you again!' and she cried, and I cooled." Nevertheless she survived his return several years, and died in 1845, in the same mood in which she had lived, her last words being a threat and a command. Perhaps it is not very charitable thus "to draw her frailties from their dread abode," but in dealing with history we are continually forced into saying things about the dead which, if said of the living, would be ungenerous and unchristian.

MATRICULATION AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

The matriculation paper which each student receives and signs at Leipzig reads as follows:—

"Q. D. B. V.

"*Almæ Universitatis Lipsiensis Rectore —, legibus Universitatis obedientiam fide dextraque data pollicitus in numerum civium academicorum relatus est —.*

"*Ego — fide dextraque data promitto, me Tibi, Rector magnifice, Tuisque successoribus esse obedientiam præstiturum legibusque Universitatis obtemperaturum.*"

The first blank is filled by the name and titles of the Rector or President; the second, by the name of the student and the signature of the Rector, with the date and seal; the third, by the signature of the student.

DR. JOSEPH W. TAYLOR.

The sad tidings of the sudden death of Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, on the 18th ult., were received at the College with universal sorrow. His faithful service for many years on some of the most important committees of the Board of Managers, had made him a frequent visitor on our grounds, where his genial manners and unaffected interest in the welfare of the students won for him the love of all. He was pre-eminently a Christian gentleman, exhibiting an unfailing courtesy, which was the outflow of a heart filled with the love of Christ and the love of his fellow-men. Foreign travel and varied experience, both in professional and business life, gave him practical wisdom and large knowledge of the world. Of his ample fortune he was a generous steward for his Master's sake. Feeling a deep interest in the higher education of women, he originated and matured the plan for the new college for young ladies at Bryn Mawr, which will be a lasting monument of his liberality. And not only there and at Haverford, but in many other places which have known the graces of his character and the fruits of his benevolence, his name will long be coupled with the blessings which have been pronounced upon the memory of the just.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

Among the many benefits of the past few years, during which men, in whatever business, were compelled to seek some new feature by which to attract public attention, the publication of cheap editions of standard works is one which will have a lasting good effect. There are now, and more as constantly appearing, copies of nearly any prominent author to be had for less than a dollar a volume, and that volume usually contains his principal works.

Circulating libraries are very well for books of reference and those which are only read and put aside perhaps forever; but standard authors, every one, and especially a student, should have of his own, to be taken up for a moment's perusal when he has five minutes unoccupied. This fact that one ought to own the principal ones of those works known as "English Classics" has always been conceded, but the idea has always been inseparably connected with the one that they consequently should be handsomely bound; and while popular novels came out in cheap form, Shakespeare and Dickens were only to be had at prices which made many books a great luxury. Upon the issuing of these new editions, however, the range of these great minds is much widened, and their ready sale and the rapidity with which fresh editions are put forward, shows how the public appreciate this attempt to make good reading popular; while in England similar editions of Longfellow and Lowell met with such a reception as to cause Tennyson to demand a like publication of his works, lest he should be supplanted in his own country.

And do we not see here one way of helping, at least, to eradicate those "boys' story papers," and worse books, which form the reading matter of so large a proportion of our school-going population? If their parents are able to purchase and keep before them books worth reading, might they not come to see the difference and appreciate it?

The cost of text-books has long been a source of discontent among parents, and although these latter have scarcely reached the cheapness of those above referred to, there is a marked turning of the attention of editors in this direction, and this recent success of cheap publications will compel them to consider it further; but whether it affects school-books or not, whoever started this movement, if, indeed, it was started, and did not spring from a felt want, deserves the sincere thanks of America; for if anything can educate our people, it is an acquaintance with polished writers and a taste for good reading.

OUR OBSERVATORY.

We had recently a visit from a member of the firm of Alvan Clark & Co., to make some estimates on improvements of our astronomical equipments. A new driving-clock to the equatorial, micrometers for transit and equatorial, and improved methods for illuminating the webs, will shortly be obtained. This is preparatory to putting our instruments to some work which will be of advantage to the science. Our outfit will then be in good condition, and superior to that which has, in other hands, made valuable contributions to astronomy. The professors in charge in the past have been so hampered with other duties that it has been impossible for them to give much attention to work in this direction. Haverford ought to give some time and labor to the cause of science and original investigation. This will assist, rather than hinder, special instruction to students. The instruments will then always be in good condition, the instrumental errors determined, and the rate and error of the clocks known: while the students' efforts might be so adjusted that they would, in turn, be valuable factors in the regular work of the observatory.

◆◆◆◆◆
LOCALS.

"Her brother says—"

Examinations are over.

What does the billet-doux?

Living in vein.—The blood.

Coasting very poor this winter.

"My family generally consider," etc.

Examination metamorphosed in twenty minutes.

Bear in mind that nobody minds the bare in mind.

Song of the dentist.—"We always pull together, boys," etc.

"They very kindly invited" him in. Oh, spurn the offer not!

A Sophomore says that Cleopatra was stung to death by a wasp.

The Loganian Society has not lacked in interest during this year.

We hear that Dr. Townsend ('80) has not recovered from his sickness.

The very latest—A student speaks of the *declamation* of independence.

They have a *New-ark* in New Jersey, but no second-hand Noah as yet.

When a man slips and falls, his temper generally gets up before he does.

The Political Club has not nominated a candidate for the Presidency yet.

The Juniors have taken a new French book, and likewise a new Astronomy.

A specimen of Itacolumite has been presented to the museum by W. C. Jay, '82.

The scientific Juniors rejoice in mechanics, while the classicals are imbibing German.

Two or three students were slightly wounded by being hit in the eye with snowballs.

Stadelman has filled his window with a show-case of candy and other confectionery.

The joker who intimated that he had some "nuts to crack," must have meant jest-nuts.

The cricketers are beginning to practice somewhat, as the weather has been favorable.

The politically inclined students have been very much excited over the affairs in Maine.

All the stuff written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocryphal.

"When twilight lets her curtains down,
And pins it with a star"——

The present Glee Club promises to be a success such as Haverford has never known in that line.

Our "prophets" who predicted one of the coldest winters in twenty years, are now stuck in the mud.

We have just received a new paper which announces that its "tone will be moral, though not severely so."

A new building is being erected near the meeting-house, on the site of the one destroyed by fire last fall.

The grand essentials of human happiness are something to do, something to hope for, and something to love.

The snow, though slight and soon melted, was sufficient to furnish missiles for the usual "battle at the bridge."

The Faculty granted a half-holiday, and thus gave us the only opportunity for skating that we have had so far.

Skating for half a day. The ice was beautiful but thin. We wonder if "my family's" judgment won't be revoked.

The Senior who steps upon a deposit of banana-peel, and glides swiftly down the stairs, is not dead, but slippeth.

Some students have not yet become aware that white walls are not improved by lead-pencil sketches and inscriptions.

The story is as follows:—"Ah Sin and Ah Sing disputed about a piece of property. The affair was settled by Ah-bitration."

Some one says the excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest about twenty-five or thirty years after date.

Professor.—"What is transcendentalism?" *Senior*.—"Two holes in the sand; a wave washes away the sand, and the holes remain."

What an advantage it is to be an editor and get one important item of subsistence at a low price—in other words, to get bored for nothing.

An exchange describes the Chicago type of a girl as having a nonpareil head on a brevier body, and long-prinner feet—typographically speaking.

The Junior who visited the Academy of Fine Arts has arrived at the conclusion that, after all, he did not see the bust of Pallas, but that of Minerva attracted his attention.

PROF. IN PHYSICS.—"And can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last longer?" PALE FRESHIE.—"I suppose it would last longer if it didn't smoke so much."

What did he mean? We were gravely told that "Single misfortunes never come alone; and that the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater.

"Is there any chance for the success, as a walker, of a student who has pedestrianism on the brain?"—*Exchange*. We fear not; he has it on the wrong end, unless he means to perambulate on his head.

A great many new books are being placed in the College Library, and also in the Society libraries. The Everett Society have added forty volumes during the year, and the other societies in proportion.

A member of the Junior Class had the misfortune to walk through one of the glass doors in the hall. His face and hands were severely cut by the glass, but he was favored to escape without serious injury.

Dr. Thomas, of Baltimore, brother of our Professor of Rhetoric, paid a short visit to the College on the 23d ult. His object, in part, was to meet with our Young Men's Christian Association, as he is deeply interested in the work, and is president of the Association at Baltimore.

We are asked how the proverb "Fools are not all dead" originated. We are not precisely informed, but judging from the necessary and eternal fitness of things, it must have become true soon after the creation of man, and it is useless to add that it still has full force.

A Freshman who was unacquainted with the beauties of Shakespeare, opened at Love's Labor Lost, Act V., with a hope of enjoying what he had heard of so often. He stopped, however, when he came to the word "honorificabilitudinalibus," and now reads Robinson Crusoe as before.

The "Bulletin Board" has been somewhat abused this year. When notices have been posted, it has frequently happened that they have been changed, marked, and otherwise defaced, so that it was almost as difficult to decipher them as it would be to unravel the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

A tyro astronomer complains that the fir-trees about the observatory eclipse the heavenly bodies. The trees should certainly make way for the stars, but we are inclined to think the student in question was endeavoring to see the same stars which Chinese astronomers were at that time observing.

George Wilson, the wandering bard, so well known to Haverford students, visits us occasionally, and favors us by reading some of his productions. We were greeted at the beginning of the year by an "Ode to the Haverfordian" from his pen, and have just received another poem of considerable length.

The Gymnasium has received considerable attention from the Association which has assumed control of it, and presents a respectable appearance. Some new apparatus has been added, so that every facility is offered for obtaining proper exercise. We understand that the Association will continue to add whatever may seem necessary, and to make some further improvements.

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime;
And trouble a thing of every day,
And touching every time;
And childhood sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness
And bless earth's lowliest place.

"The charms of the checkered chambers of cherished chess changelessly chain to childlike cheerfulness the chieftains who have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of chess-knights" at Haverford. The present Chess Club contains some excellent players, and it is their intention to while away some of their spare moments in playing clubs of other colleges. Some challenges have been received, and they hope for more soon. Mr. Richard Mott is secretary of the association.

Time: 10.30 P. M. *Scene:* West side of Barclay Hall. Several Juniors think they see a specimen of the *Mephitis Americana* on the ground outside. "Whiz" goes a cricket shoe; then the class-poet, armed with a deadly weapon and a knife, goes forth to attack the animal. He stands with the trigger up, endeavoring to see where the creature has gone; suddenly he feels a pressure upon his ankle, and, turning, is filled with horror; but a second look reveals the fact that the animal he is hunting is the engineer's cat. Poet goes to bed; the other Junior couldn't help handling the shoe carefully when he picked it up and smelled it.

EXCHANGES.

Various as is the character, contents, and general get-up of our exchanges, they nearly all seem to be struck with the wit displayed in certain advice given by one Fresh to another as to the most expeditious way of removing a troublesome quantity from under the radical sign, namely, "To rub it out." We should not have spoken of this, but it appeared in so many different places that we could not bear to have our readers deprived of such a general favorite, though, candidly, we did not see anything very attractive in it, but supposed the fault was in us, and not in the anecdote.

Among the fresh arrivals—where all are so new—appear the *Princetonian* and *Spectator*, which, so far as we are able, from our limited experience, to judge, are among the best of their class. The latter publishes a supplement: rather a new feature in college journals—is it not?

The *Madisonensis* presents a well-written tribute to Macaulay, and in its exchange column gives quite an amusing sketch, made up of quotations from its exchanges on co-education, disclosing a state of things in those institutions where they practice the double-ended system, of which, in the guileless solitude of our rustic home, we never dreamed. Oh! "can such things be?" *are* they ruined by co-education?

The *Volante* seems to us, from our short acquaintance, to be improving. Somehow or other, they have succeeded in getting up a little excitement there on society questions, probably to keep themselves warm in the "icy halls" referred to in another part of the paper; and considerable space is devoted to their discussion, and a laudable attempt to set matters right.

In the *University Magazine* its editors have produced very nearly the counterpart of their ideal as expressed early in the present year,—to make their paper a representation of the non-academic interests of the students rather than of their literary attainments. The number before us consists principally of communications and editorials on cremation, bowl-fights, class feeling, and other matters of local importance only; but judging them by their pretensions, referred to above, this number is certainly a success.

In the *Illini*, E. E. C. confirms the opinion of the reviewer of Macaulay in the *Madisonensis*, that "true historical excellence is perhaps the most difficult of all literary attainments," by showing the peculiar weakness of the most eminent English historians; this, and the two following pieces, repay the time spent in reading them.

The *College Journal* (Milton) has just arrived. It contains an article, "Truth in Print," which might form an appropriate postscript to the *Illini's* "Historical Illusions," besides an editorial in which the writer seems to think, like the rest of us, that the style of get up and general arrangement of his own paper is the true model for such publications; only others keep it to themselves, and only allow their opinions to be inferred from their criticisms on all those who dare to differ from them.

The *Earthamite* has one thing to recommend it before we open it,—it is at hand early in the month. The most noticeable department is its solid matter, which so many of our Western exchanges put in the background or leave out entirely.

We have received this month the *Princetonian*, *Spectator*, *Hobart Herald*, *Magazine*, *Index*, *Madisonensis*, *College Journal*, *Bicycling World*, *Earthamite*, *Illini*, *Scholastic*, *Student Life*, *Volante*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Rambler*, *Concordensis*, *Reveille*, *Tripod*, *Students' Journal*, *University Herald*, *Speculum*, *Tuftsionian*, *College Argus*.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A very neat little volume, entitled *Preludes*, has found its way to our table. It is written by Maurice F. Egan, of the University of Notre Dame, to which place we were recently introduced by its college paper, *The Scholastic*. It is published by Peter Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia. The work is gotten up in pleasing style, and contains about one hundred pages of poems, few of them longer than a single page,—just a stanza or so, and then another subject,—keeping the attention running from one piece to the next, until one, taking it up for a hasty glance, is led almost insensibly to read it all. It certainly has a worthy object, and deserves the support of all friends of the University.

[We wish to call the attention of students especially to the advertisements of our patrons. We insert cards of the most reliable business firms only, and ask students to turn their trade to those who help us in our new enterprise.]

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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JOS. RHODES, JR.

ALEX. P. CORBIT.

J. H. MOORE.

WILLIAM A. BLAIR, Business Manager.

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A DREAM.

I was sitting alone in my chamber,
Surrounded with volumes of lore,
But my mind from lessons wandered,
As it seemed, to a distant shore.

I thought that I looked on a mountain
Resembling Parnassus of old,
Whose peaks, reaching up unto Heaven,
Seemed dismal, dreary and cold.

But as I drew nearer and nearer,
My eye caught a glorious scene,
The crag was encircled with roses
And groves of perennial green.

On the side was a crystal-clear fountain,
Like to Castalia renowned;
From which poured a babbling streamlet,
With many a leap and a bound.

A strong stately tree at the summit
Was proudly rearing its head,
And was sending forth its branches,
With luscious fruit o'erspread.

Lost in surprise and amazement,
I stood and gazed on the scene,
So striking and different from nature,
I wondered what it could mean.

At last one came from the fountain,
Singing a joyful song,
Who said 'twas the steep hill of Science,
The great Tree of Knowledge thereon.

No royal road up that mountain,
There appeared no by-path worn;
Each step only gained by endeavors,
Each rose had with it a thorn.

Many searched for an easier ascent,
Invented all sorts of things;
And vainly tried to scale it,
On a Pegasus without wings.

As I looked, I saw Haverford students,
Full of life and of glee,
Struggling truly and bravely
To taste the fruit of the Tree.

Oh, how I longed to be with them!
My soul for knowledge yearned—
The bell broke off the reverie,
My Logic yet unlearned.

W. A. B.

We note, with regret, the departure from the College, and hence the separation with *The Haverfordian*, of our former business manager. Mr. Hadley entered upon the year a month after his class had started, and in his zeal he

took more upon himself than his constitution could withstand. While progressing, as he thought, well, his health failed, and it was sad to be told by his physician that he must give up college life. Trying though it was, he immediately acted upon the advice, bade us farewell, and departed. His adieu to the Class of '81 was touching, as he spoke of his hopes and plans for the future being blighted. His efforts on behalf of *The Haverfordian* have been unremitting, and to them it largely owes its success. It has been a success so far, and, by the aid of its friends, we are sure of the same for the future.

It was our recent privilege to find artistically carved on the arm of our accustomed seat in Professor _____'s class-room the characters X. Y. Z., '83. We were led to ponder on the great advantages accruing from such attempts of tyro artists. In this particular case, what splendid discipline to a fellow's patience when he tries to take notes with his paper laid over the inscription; and how very fortunate X. Y. Z. will be if he escapes with only *one* imprecation on his sculptural genius. Moreover, though he will certainly fail in his original object (*i. e.*, to immortalize himself), still his monument will probably remain long enough to remind him in his senior year that he honestly made the attempt; and he will be highly favored if he takes even the slightest satisfaction in the thought (his good fortune consisting in retaining his youth "so fresh"). Again, what lofty pleasure and refined æsthetic culture is imparted by the worthy efforts which adorn the chair-arms and bench-backs of the class-room! How intolerably plain the President's recitation-room looked last year, with its new chairs shining in their unscratched varnish! And we might add how are our hearts inclined to wisdom's ways by the exalted maxims which are displayed on furniture and walls!

But to check our sarcastic quill, we would say that the liking which most boys have for defacing property, and thus offending not only the taste, but sometimes also the moral sensibility, of maturer minds, is a liking that they will outgrow, if they turn out respectable men; and the sooner they outgrow it, the fewer monuments of their childish taste they will leave to remind them of it afterward.

In his essay on Originality, Dr. Mathews tells us that the complaint, there is nothing new under the sun, is as old as literature itself. Ovid complains of the early writers for having stolen all the good things: the early writers stole from the Greeks; the Greeks cribbed from the Egyptians: the Egyptians filched from the antediluvians, and they, we suppose, purloined from the Prometheus who stole the fire directly from heaven.

However we may interpret the sentence, it is quite remarkable how active minds sometimes advance ideas, which, though to them truly original, have been developed by their predecessors, or even contemporaries. Imagine the surprise of Darwin when he was told that his beautiful theory of evolution had been advanced many centuries before by Epicurus; or think of Mark Twain's astonishment when he learned that the dedication of his "Innocents Abroad" was identical with the one in Holmes's "Songs of Many Keys." However startling to our senses the new political theories and schemes of the young statesman, yet every form of government which is worthy of intelligent thought, or of which a civilized people has need, has been acted out hundreds of years ago, though on a small scale, in that little world of Greece. The songs with which poets so delight us treat of the same human passions—of love returned and love unrequited, of anger and malice—which have formed an exhaustless theme for the bard ever since the days of Adam. Where then is the youth, ambitious to add one new idea to this vast world of knowledge, to begin? Must he in his first attempt blunder by advancing something stale? Happily the essayist himself solves the problem for us. True originality does not consist in advancing absolutely new material, or in generating new principles, but in fashioning material to meet the necessity, in adapting principles to circumstances, and in arranging them so as to please. The chief merit of some of our most eminent statesmen lies not in the positive newness of the principles which they upheld, but in readily suiting them to our wants. Our poets are admired more for the pleasing way in which their ideas are stated, than for the relating of some new thing. How many have been charmed by Tennyson's expression, "time, hate-healer," and yet it is virtually as old as mankind; or again, by Irving's "Broken Heart," yet the substance of the same is ancient. But these are the things that please, and sentiments thus formed thrill the soul with a new delight and stimulate to higher motives. Let not him who contemplates despair of originality. The world has need of a practical application of what is already known.

In the fourth number of *The Collegian* we are told that it was formerly the custom to place the manuscript papers, after they had been read before the Society, in the library, along with the monthly reviews, to be read by those wished. We do not know why that custom was abolished, nor were we informed. But we would suggest the propriety of its restoration. Under the present plan, these papers largely lose their value as well as interest by being filed away in the P. C.'s room, until they can be bound and placed upon the library shelves. If the opportunity were given, many would take an interest in perusing the new number to see what their rivals were doing in this department. It would be an inducement to write, for then the article would not be immediately consigned to an untimely death. It would be a stimulus to do better and more decent work, because it was to go before the public. There would then seem to be more purpose in a manuscript paper than to be filed away where few ever care to open it. Let us have the full benefit of the new thoughts and ideas digested and developed through these papers. What say you, fellow-members?

EDUCATION.

It is well known to most readers of *The Haverfordian*, that in December, 1877, a convention was called in Baltimore to consider the subject of Education in the Society of Friends.

A few leading persons seeing the necessity of concerted action, after wide consultation with their friends, invited persons from all the yearly meetings to attend this convention. Of the forty-five or fifty so invited, twenty-five were present, and from others were received letters of cordial interest in the enterprise.

At the convention, which lasted two days, addresses were delivered by Presidents Gilman, Chase, and Moore, of which we cannot here give even a synopsis; suffice it to say of them that, taken together, they constitute an admirable and complete discussion of educational methods, and something of the status of education and its institutions in the Society of Friends, and the reforms that are needed in order to reap the greatest benefits from the educational forces which now exist. After these addresses, the convention took up the general discussion of various topics relating to the subject. The first of these was: "What is the present condition of the high schools and academies in the Society of Friends, and how can they be made tributary to the colleges?" This was discussed with much interest, during which there was a manifest recognition of the fact that all these institutions fall far

short of the good they are capable of doing under a well-organized system, extending from the primary schools through the high schools and academies up to the college and university.

Then followed a discussion of various other questions relating to the general one of unity and system. Albeit, since the adjournment of the convention, the subject has not been heard from as much as would seem desirable, yet we are glad to know that it is by no means a dead issue. We understand that the Executive Committee appointed by the convention to take charge of the movement there begun, intend calling another as soon as practicable. Let it be so called, and let every friend of education give the cause his support.

It is now fully recognized that education is a tremendous power for good or evil—a force which all the successful enterprises for the good of humanity must employ, and further, that no organization for such a purpose stands in greater need of this force than the Society of Friends. Their extreme democratic principles, the great measure of personal liberty and responsibility which they allow and insist upon, make the universal education of their members peculiarly desirable.

This being a recognized fact, the question now is, By what means shall such a result be brought about? and as to the means, there seems to be very little difference of opinion, if we are to judge from the expression of the Baltimore convention, which was, that a unification and systematizing of all the forces now possessed by the Society is not only needed, but altogether necessary for their highest efficiency. Too much force is wasted by being desultory and not directed to some definite and common end; the great lack is not of force but of direction. There are graduates going out from our colleges every year who would be only too glad to take their places and do efficient work in a well-organized and comprehensive plan having definite aims. Many of these would much prefer to work inside their own society under such a system, who for want of it seek other fields.

It was the opinion of the conference at Baltimore that there ought to be comprised in this system three recognized colleges: Haverford, east of the Alleghanies, Earlham, middle, and Penn College, Iowa, in the west; that as soon as practicable these be liberally endowed, made colleges only, without preparatory courses (which two of them now have); then, that each of these colleges have its feeders, academies and high schools with courses so arranged that diplomas from these schools would admit to the colleges. It is also proposed to establish at Richmond, Indiana, a central office, a bureau of education, a

registry of all teachers in the society employed and unemployed, where schools can apply for teachers, and teachers for situations; and where is to be tabulated the condition and work of each yearly meeting.

It hardly requires more than a passing thought to perceive that under such a system much more might be accomplished than under the present *regime*; this, to say nothing of the powerful influence it would exert toward another consummation devoutly to be wished, namely, the more intimate union of Friends in Christian sympathy throughout America.

We believe that the elements concerned are now ready to be united under some such a system as that proposed, and we hope before long to hear of the call for a second conference from which some decided action may confidently be expected.

LOCALS.

"Can you tell me," said a Freshie,
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a copper he had dropped,

"Can you tell me why, at present,
I'm like Noah's weary dove?"
And he glanced with inward terror
Toward the cricket-bat above.

"Wouldst thou know?" he queried blandly.
As he dodged the eudgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger,—
"Tis because I'm one cent out."

Hey!

Fresh oyster-r-r-r-rs!

Whack! It's only cricket.

Does brass make beautiful belles?

Valentines fell fast, but not thick at Haverford.

Another society just organized—H. C. S. P. B. W.

"Halla—halla—halla—halla"—is almost forgotten.

Freshman side burns—a box on the cheek by his mamma.

It is meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.

All friends of the College should subscribe for *The Haverfordian*.

Don't ask a Junior now where he gets so many books, and why he is up so late.

We have had skating but twice this year. But no time was lost while the ice lasted.

A stuffed deer's head and neck has just been presented to the museum by W. C. Hadley.

After long waiting winter "with her icy fetters" found a sufficient amount to fill our ice-house.

Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized in more than seventy American colleges.

There have been thirteen changes in the text-books of the course here this year. A good indication.

Phillips has left us. He goes to the Jefferson to acquire the skill of handling the knife and administering antidotes.

Said a Soph, "Did you ever see a stone laugh?" "No," replied his friend, "but I have seen Glad-stone."

If you wish to know what is more provoking than leaping into the dark to elude a Sophomore's game, ask Tomie.

We learn that Haverford is the recipient of \$5000, from the estate of the late Dr. Taylor, to be added to her endowment.

Mr. Alvan Clark, of Alvan Clark & Co., visited the Observatory again, on the 16th ult., for arranging the moving clock of the telescope.

Professor P. E. Chase addressed the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of the 13th ult., on "How to meet Inquiries."

A certain Soph. should remember that there are no exceptions to the rule for climbing out at the windows. If he loses this key, no difference.

It is rather amusing to notice the astronomy "boom." Students are frequently seen pointing at *Polaris*, and at the same time talking of its rings.

His name was Brown. Her name was Jackson. He worked hard in the Chemical Laboratory, and during the Christmas holidays asked her to become "Jacksonate of Brown."

At a call meeting of the Logonian Society, on the 12th ult., W. A. Blair was elected Business Manager of *The Haverfordian*, in place of W. C. Hadley, who informed us that he had to leave College. On the same evening J. H. Moore was elected by the Everett Society to fill the office of editor, vacated by W. A. Blair.

One feels like sympathizing with Leonidas of old when his magnanimous answer to Xerxes is put in the mouth of the Persian king by the Soph's translating *Viens les prendre*, "I am going to sell them."

We regret that our supply of the second issue of *The Haverfordian* is exhausted. Subscribers ordering back numbers should remember this. Back numbers of other issues can be had by applying to the business manager.

Some of these pleasant afternoons are too agreeable to the student's nature for him to stay within doors. Already the cricket grounds are being prepared, bats and balls being got in order, the archers are shooting, and lawn-tennis is being revived with vigor.

We are told by *The Echo* that the Roman pronunciation of Latin is used in 22 colleges of the United States, the English by 18, the Continental by 1, and a mixed pronunciation by 2. Yale still adheres to the English. All Roman Catholic colleges use the Continental.

Scene at the Junior table. First Junior, "I went into J——'s room the other day, and there he stood, with a strop, a razor, a brush, and a mug filled with lather! What do you suppose he was doing with them?" Second Junior: "Why shaving the strop, of course!" They roar.

Some of those interested in politics have opened polls to receive votes for President. As far as the official returns have been received as we go to press, the vote is as follows: Blaine 20, Bayard 15, Sherman 12, Grant 9, Garfield 4, Washburne 3, Hayes 3, Anybody to beat Grant 2, Anybody but a Western man 2, The most honest Statesman 1, Tilden 1.

Instead of Kent the Juniors this year will have lectures on International, from Professor Thomas. A saving of books,—but oh for examination!

Already we begin to hear encouraging prospects for the incoming class of next year. We trust the most sanguine hopes of the Managers may be realized. Their efforts to improve the institution have been by no means small. We have long believed that Haverford needed only to be known to be appreciated, and the present prospects attest the fact.

We are pleased to see the improvements on the lawn so early begun. The attraction of Haverford's lawn are not a few, when it is put in proper order. The first compliments of our visitors are generally bestowed upon this part of our surroundings, and rightly; for it is excelled by few. But its appearance at some times has tended to draw forth other exclamations.

We take from *The Acta* the following list of war-cries of eastern colleges, to which we add that of Haverford:

Union—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hi-kah! Hi-kah! Hi-kah!

Amherst—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Am-her-st-i-a!

Dartmouth—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Wah-hoo-wah!

Yale—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*Sharply.*)

Columbia—Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

Cornell—Cor-Cor-Cor-nell! I yell! Cor-nell!

Harvard—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! (*With a strong full sound.*)

Princeton—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! S-s-s-t! Boom! A-h-h-h!

Pennsylvania University—'Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! Penn-syl-vani-a!

Wesleyan—'Rah! 'Rah! Wes-ley-an!

Bowdoin—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! B-o-w-d-o-i-n!

Brown—'Rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! Tiger!

College City of New York—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! C! C! N! Y!

Hamilton—Ham-il-ton! Z-z-zip-rah!—boom!

Racine—'Ra-'Ra-'Ra-cine!

Rutgers—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow!

Trinity—Trin-i-ty! Trin-i-ty! (*Ad libitum.*)

Williams—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Will-yums! Yums! Yums!

University of New York—N! Y! U! S-s-s-t! Boom-m! Ah-h-h!

Haverford—lo! lo! lo-o-o-o-o!

We take from *The Spectator* the following list of colors of some of our American colleges, to which we subjoin that of Haverford:

Amherst—White and purple.

Bowdoin—White.

Brown—Brown.

California, University of—Pink.

Colby—Grey.

Columbia—Blue and white.

Cornell—Carnelian.

Dartmouth—Green.

Hamilton—Pink.

Harvard—Crimson.

Kenyon—Mauve.

Lafayette—Maroon and white.

New York, University of—Violet.

Pennsylvania, University of—Blue and red.

Princeton—Orange.

Rochester—Blue and grey.

Rutgers—Scarlet.

Syracuse, University of—Blue and pink.

Trinity—White and green.

Tufts—Blue and brown.

Union—Magenta or garnet.

Wesleyan—Lavender.

Williams—Royal purple.

Yale—Blue.

Haverford—Scarlet and black.

WHAT IS IT?

According to Worcester, the brain is the "soft, whitish mass enclosed in the cavity of the skull, in which the nerves and spinal marrow terminate, and which is regarded as the seat of sensation and reflection."

This definition, short and simple as it is, embraces about all the fundamental facts yet discovered in relation to an intensely interesting subject. Though man has been investigating that subject more or less for three thousand years, and in our day with all the appliances and all the light accumulated knowledge and experience can give, it is doubtful whether we are any nearer the great secret than when the first intelligent eye looked upon the mysterious material locked in the bony casket.

Indeed, Professor Tyndall, who may be considered the best representative of modern science, frankly confesses his utter ignorance. In his latest work he says, "Does water think when it runs into frost ferns on the window? If not, why should the molecular action of the brain be yoked to this mysterious action of consciousness? I do not see the connection, nor am I acquainted with anybody who does."

Strange, passing strange, that we should know so little, so nearly nothing, of what concerns us so deeply! This machine which none save the Maker understands is the only thing that lifts us above the brute. The horse has stronger and swifter limbs, the dog a keener nose, the deer a finer ear; yet these superiorities are overbalanced by the subtle power we carry in our heads, and which enables man to do everything except comprehend himself. No microscope has revealed the springs of thought in "the soft, whitish mass." No instrument has found the soul there. Put a portion of Shakspeare's brain and a portion of the brain of Shakspeare's boot-black side by side, and who can detect the difference? Yet the one is the birthplace of bright fancies that enchant the world, and the other as dull as the trodden clod. The one is charged with immortal possibilities; the other is of the earth, earthy. The one has in it something of divine; the other—so far as we can see—might as well have belonged to a brute.

But if, while Shakspeare lived, a spoonful of his brain had been extracted, straightway he would have sunk lower than his bootblack. The prince of poets would have become a babbling idiot. If a fragment of the skull had dropped upon it, stupor would have spread its pall over those imperial faculties which evolved Hamlet and Falstaff, Juliet and Titania. A superfluous glass of wine would have thrown the monarch from his throne, and reduced him to the level of the beast. Had his life been

prolonged into second childhood, the saddest of all spectacles would have been presented,—a mighty mind falling into hopeless ruin, the inexorable fingers of decay working, we know not how, upon the source of intellect, first poisoning and then drying up the heavenly fountain. The bootblack, had he been younger than his master, would then have been his superior, and might have looked down upon him with pity and contempt. By systematic exercise the gymnast develops and enlarges his muscles, and we can see them as they grow from weakness into strength. But the exercise of the brain leaves no trace upon the "soft, whitish mass." A brain packed with culture of all the ages has the same appearance as one that never held an idea; and the best brain, judging by its products, is far more liable to get out of order than the poorest. Strike off an arm or a leg, and the soul retains its seat as firmly as before. Pick the brain with a pin-point, and the soul vanishes to return no more. If instead of the pin-point we lay a trifling weight upon it, the soul vanishes; but remove the weight and it returns. Where has it been meanwhile? Why should a splinter of bone steal away the link that binds us to God?

Why should a blow that elsewhere would be scarcely noticed turn reason into madness? Why should the bursting of a little bloodvessel wash out the records of memory? Why should the fumes of alcohol convert a wise man into a fool? Why should the soul blossom and bud like the flower, and then, like the flower, wither and die? Why should the vital spark of heavenly flame be obscured by sickness, hidden by excess, extinguished by club or bullet? Why does it not burn brighter and brighter as it draws nearer and nearer the parent sun? Now and then, indeed,

*"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;*

but darkness, impenetrable darkness, comes oftener than light.

Why should one "soft, whitish mass" be able to measure the distance of the stars, follow the march of the planets, predict the coming and going of comets, grasp the law that governs the universe, while another "soft, whitish mass" precisely like its fellow, cannot add up a column of figures, or comprehend the simplest problems of nature's every-day life? Why should one brain invent the steam-engine, or the electric telegraph, while its twin—to all human appearances—blunders in using a penknife? Why should one brain make a Newton, a Watt, a Milton, a Napoleon, and another, its counterpart, animate a clown? Questions, innumerable questions; and no

answer save the melancholy confession of Tyndall: "I do not see the connection, nor am I acquainted with anybody who does."

The question which has puzzled the minds of the most scrutinizing sages still remains locked in the mysterious realms of the unknown. When will the curious mind of man become convinced that there are things which an infinite Being has willed that he should not understand?

When will doubting hearts beat in unison with motives which they cannot fathom, and acknowledge the plan, though they see no reason for it? Not till the spirit of faith has conquered the demon of darkness; not till the angel of life returns the key of our being to the angel of the resurrection. CLEO.

PERSONAL.

A. K. Smiley, of ———, just on his way from Washington, gave us a call on the 28th ultimo, and subscribed for *The Haverfordian*. We fear there are many other former students of Haverford, who, like him, do not yet know that we publish such a paper, but, if they did, would be glad to subscribe. If our subscribers who may chance to know such would be so kind as to show them the paper, or send us their names, our subscription list might be largely swelled.

William C. Lowry paid us a pleasant visit one evening lately. He is clerking in Philadelphia.

Professor Samuel Alsop, Jr., has been much benefited by his stay in Colorado, having enjoyed good health almost all the time. He has lately been appointed superintendent of a reducing mill, among the silver-mines on the Arkansas River.

John L. Phillips has given up graduating, and has gone to study medicine in Philadelphia.

George R. Vail is pursuing his studies privately at Los Angeles, California. His health is much improved.

'65.—John R. Bringhurst is proprietor of a flour-mill and rolling-mill near Wilmington, Delaware.

'65.—Arthur Haviland lately sailed from New York for the Isthmus of Tehautepec, as assistant civil engineer in an exploring party.

'71.—John S. Garrigues is a civil engineer. His home is still near the College.

'72.—T. B. Gummere is again in Germany, studying for a Ph.D.

'73-4.—George and James Emlen form two-thirds of the firm of Emlen & Co., cotton manufacturers, at Haddington, Philadelphia.

'74.—Mahlon Kirkbride is employed in the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

'77.—William F. Smith has been admitted to the bar in Ohio.

'79.—Sam Bispham is in business in Philadelphia.

'79.—John H. Gifford is teaching at a small town in eastern Tennessee.

'81.—Walter C. Hadley, our late business manager, has been obliged by ill health to leave us.

A CREED.

I tossed upon my restless bed,
And turned my weary, aching head;
Then passed it through a train of thought,
With more than passing interest fraught.
I thought, What use of all this toil
Of searching musty books, to boil
Our blood and rack our brains,
To chain ourselves with triple chains,
To fret with self-inflicted pains;
To bind ourselves with moral laws,
To cast ourselves between the jaws
Of slavery, when all the world
Its countless pleasures holds unfurled,
And naught requires to render sweet
Our bitter lives, but take and eat?
The red man in his coats of skin
Is wiser far than we have been;
He takes as nature gives, while we
Distort her gifts eternally,
To make them fitter for the mind,
And, as we have it, more refined.
Why spurn the intoxicating bowl?
Why turn we from the gambling-room,
Which so exhilarate the soul,
And chase away our morbid gloom?
Why care and needless trouble borrow,
In thinking what may hap to-morrow?
Or why refrain from pleasures given,
In fear of losing a *far-off* heaven?
Deluded mortals! to deny
Ourselves these pleasures as they fly,
They tell us we must Christians be,
If we would hope eternity
Of peace and happiness to see.

Deluded mortals, still I say,
Who cannot see it is *to-day*
With which we have to do.
Away with empty moral saws,
Away with galling Christian laws,
Far out of mortal view!

Take then, eat, drink, and merry be,
And spurn the baseless sophistry
Of duty and of God.
For what is God, and what art thou?
If there be God, then why and how?
Thou'lt sleep beneath the sod

E'er thou canst know; then cease thy strife,
And dedicate remaining life
To pleasure and to sin.
So please thy taste, and ear, and eye;
This done, then lie thou down and die,
And then—and then—

To the Editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

I have just read an interesting letter in the "Contributors' Club" of the December number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, from one of our American young ladies, who is studying here in Leipzig. It is apparently intended primarily to call attention to the advantages which are open to women in the University. It is quite as interesting and valuable to young men, however, as indicating some of the things which constitute academic citizenship, and characterize student life. I wish to recommend it to the young men of Haverford, and, at the same time, contribute a few items which may help to give some idea of what a German university is.

The idea of a university as a whole must necessarily be very vague, except in the mind of one who has given the subject considerable attention; and this remains to be the case long after one has had actual connection with it. Each student really learns to know only a small part of the University through the means of his regular studies; at the most, he becomes acquainted with one faculty, and, in many cases, with only a small part of a single division of one faculty. There are hundreds of students in Leipzig every year who never know where the various buildings of the University are situated. If one studies philology, the *Augusteum* is the center of the University for him; if the student is a chemist, the chemical laboratory and lecture rooms are the con-

spicuous part of the University for him, and these centers are in quite different parts of the city.

To begin to simplify the complex idea, therefore, it should be remembered that there are four different faculties in a university. These, and everything concerning them, are always published in Leipzig in the order of theology, jurisprudence, medicine and philosophy. The philosophical faculty then is sub-divided into Philosophy, special; Philology, including (a) classical philology, (b) oriental philology, (c) modern philology and literary history; History and Geography; Science of Art; Political Economy; Mathematics and Astronomy; Natural Science.

The number of professors in each faculty, and the number of lecture-courses during this *semester*, according to this division and sub-division is: Theology professors, thirteen; lecture courses, sixteen; law, respectively, fifteen and thirty-eight, etc.; making a total of three hundred and ninety, but forty of them are open to the students of two or more faculties. From this number must further be deducted the "seminar" exercises, which are not properly lecture courses, but exercises by the professors with advanced students of the departments. This leaves about three hundred and twenty-five different lecture courses which are open to those seeking instruction in the University. This, it will be observed, makes an average of two courses to each professor.

The courses themselves are very different in amount, varying all the way from one to six hours a week during the *semester*. Thus a professor may have two courses, or even three, and read no more than another with only one. For example, Professor Hildebrand reads "History of German Literature of the Eighteenth Century" *privatim*, five hours a week, and "German Etymology" *publice*, once; Professor Braune reads "German Grammar" *privatim*, six hours a week. The prevailing number is four.

It is interesting in this connection to notice how many hours of University work are required from professors of different grades. I will take the examples from the philological faculty, with whose rank and character I am best acquainted. In the calculation I count the number of lectures, and of hours of exercises in the *seminar* weekly. First, Professor Ludwig Lange, Rector Magnificens of the University, and lecturer on Roman Literature, eight hours. Professor Curtius, who needs no introduction to Haverford classical students, eight hours. In both these cases four hours are lectures, and four exercises in *seminar*. Then we take Professor Friedrich Zarncke, the head of the department of German Philology and Literature, a man about the same age as Curtius, though he has been longer in the University, who *ought* also to require no introduction to Haverford students of any department, but unfortunately the editors have allowed his name to begin with L in number three of *The Haverfordian*. So far as I have observed, Dr. Zarncke is the hardest worker among the "ordinary professors," judging from the thirteen and a half hours a week, ten of which are *privatim* lectures. Lastly, Professor Windisch, a much younger man, appointed in 1877 lecturer on Sanskrit and Irish Grammar, eight hours a week, all lectures.

In like manner the "extraordinary professors," a term which corresponds to our associate professors, and the *privat doctentes*, give from five to eight hours a week to university instruction. The character of a *privat doctent* cannot be conveyed by translating his title into any term in use in American institutions. His position in the University is an interesting one, and one of pecu-

liar importance. In regard to the courses of lectures which he reads, or the *seminar* which he conducts, there is nothing of that subordinate character attached to him which belongs to assistant professors and tutors in our colleges. He is a young man who is preparing himself to be appointed to a professorship in the University where he is, or elsewhere; but in the mean time he is at liberty to teach just what he pleases, and in the way he pleases. In a place where there is so much liberty, it is not thought presumptuous if a young man teaches a different view of a subject from that taken by an older professor. One of the finest courses in classical philology of this *semester* is given by a *privat doctent* on "Comparative Grammar of the Greek Language," in which he takes a view of the "normal," "strong," and "weak" forms of roots directly opposed to that of Professor Curtius and the older philologists. *Privat doctentes* not only thus teach entirely independently, but they often have charge of an entire department. Their position, therefore, is one of the most stimulating character to themselves, and to the regularly appointed professors.

I will end these statistical paragraphs with the number of students now in the University, and in some of the departments. The whole number of matriculated students is 3,227, against 2,936 last *semester*. Of these more than one-third are Saxons, 1,095. After Saxony, Prussia sends 1,267. The other German States are represented by from 1 to 56. Other European States send altogether 249, of which number 64 come from Switzerland, an equal number from Austria, and 50 from Russia; the other numbers all small. From the rest of the world there are only 64; 52 of whom are from the United States. A comparison of tables giving the number of students in each of the departments named in the beginning of this letter, shows some interesting facts.

It is noticeable that about one-third of the students in the University study law; namely, 1,057. There is only one important exception of a European country whose law students do not outnumber those in every other department. Only 5 Russians study law, while the greatest number, 24, study philology. The countries out of Europe make a striking exception to this rule. From the United States the greatest number, 20, are in philosophy, 8 in philology, 6 in each theology, law, medicine and natural science. The other non-Europeans study almost exclusively medicine.

Taking the other subjects in total and for all countries, there are very nearly the same number in theology, medicine and philology; also, nearly the same number, but somewhat smaller, in natural science, mathematics and philosophy. Besides the number given above, there are 118 persons attending lectures who are not matriculated, making the whole number of students 3,345.

J. F. DAVIS.

LEIPZIG, 1st mo. 6, 1880.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

We have just received, as we go to press, two valuable books from Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., which we hope to review in our next number. See advertisement in another column.

A Senior says that ever since he has been here, it has been the custom to have peaches for supper on the 29th of February. Future Haverfordians to remember this long-established custom.

OUR NEIGHBOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

It is said that travelers are often surprised at the indifference with which Swiss peasants regard the scenery of their country; and that the peasants in their turn wonder at the ecstasies into which tourists are invariably thrown. Ignorance is never emotional except over ghosts and thunder-storms; but the most sensitive and appreciative acknowledge some truth in the old adage about "familiarity." Which one of us does not take home to himself Ruskin's reproof for disregard of sky phenomena? To which one is winter scenery much more than white, or the alternation of farm and woodland more than pretty? Yet this want of appreciation is both natural and economical, for poets and artists would fain put an unhealthy wear and tear upon our emotions.

But, if observation has not deceived me, there is one exception to this rule; one object which never palls upon the taste of any class or variety of men, that is the delight of infancy and youth, and the pride of maturity, that, by its varied allurements, can draw the attention of tramp and professor; that can stop the farmer in his plowing, the housemaid in her sweeping, the child in its play, the student in his studying; and that object is a train of cars. So general a realization of the wonders of a railroad indicates some æsthetic perception in man; and we at Haverford are fortunate in having before our eyes one of the greatest of these factors of civilization.

The enlightening influence of the Pennsylvania Railroad is no more to be calculated than to be denied. No one can live here a year, and not become somewhat acquainted with the admirable workings of this great corporation, or impressed with its vast traffic and inestimable value. It forces upon the most unthinking a little idea of our country's resources, her commerce, and her travel, as well as a glimmering of the genius which first devised and still improves this instrument of blessing. Though not an enthusiast over railroads, I have a half admiration for those who are. There are students here who would almost as soon miss dinner, as miss seeing one of the expresses which pass every day in sight from our windows. If it detract a little from such a person's class standing that he has to stop studying to watch every train, I believe he will gain something by becoming acquainted with perhaps the best regulated and best appointed railroad in the country.

If we contemplate the part which this road plays in our history, we must allow it to have been, and to be, a considerable power in raising and supporting our national prosperity. As a public educator, it has not been without influence. It has improved public taste, by

employing the latest results of industry and genius, and has carried into remote parts the arts and manners of cities. Its coaches are everywhere hailed with shouts of school-children, no longer issuing from dark and dreaded log-huts; while frequent church-spires along its route proclaim that conservatism, bigotry, and superstition have been put to flight.

The political power of the Pennsylvania Railroad is held to be more than a fancy. We cannot know what hidden influence it may have in legislatures and councils; but, from the riots of '77 we are aware of what disastrous effects it is capable. "One sweep of Tom Scott's garment," says Wendell Phillips, "can overthrow dynasties." However exaggerative this may be, its control in the empire of industries is next to absolute. Imagination can scarcely realize its far-reaching sway over the commerce of this country and of the world. It has helped to people the West, to explore its resources, and to make them available to all nations. It is the avenue through which the widely scattered population of inland states receives many of its necessities and luxuries; and it is the channel through which thousands of Europeans obtain their daily bread. To and from its *termini* vessels come and go to "the uttermost parts of the earth." Every habitable land furnishes supplies to this artery of wealth. In a single car, which we carelessly glance at, may be contained the products of thousands of hands, and of years of toil. The manufactories of Great Britain, the looms of France, the herds of Asia, and the mines of South America, may contribute to its freight. Every hour of the day pass by rich cargoes of

"The prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of morning land."

Not only the present magnitude of the railroad, but its future possibilities, recommend themselves to our notice. We see it now, under a rich and increasing corporation; and, when we reflect upon what it may be, when our whole territory is populous, and the title of earth's greatest nation is indisputably ours, we are led to believe that its capacity will be proportionally enhanced, as a means of thrift and happiness.

Therefore it is desirable that any one who has talent for this kind of work should not fold it in a napkin. He may be able to benefit our country and mankind. Hard students are to-day trying to improve it in many departments; and he who invents nothing above a better bolt or superior coupling may be said to give an impulse to the shuttle

"Which helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world."

EXCHANGES.

We are proud of our claim to a place among the College periodicals. We are grateful for the ready compliance with which our request to exchange has been met, while we acknowledge the good feeling which several have shown in noticing us, more particularly in their exchange column.

Our exchanges being collected for review, we are quite impressed by the formidable appearance they make, piled upon our table, all shapes, styles and colors heaped in one incongruous mass before us; a rather appalling sight, when the reviewer feels bound to go carefully through. We shall not commit ourselves on this point, however.

On making a bold dash and getting a little better acquainted with this mass, the result of so many weary hours of toil, we find one, the *Critic*, which, impressed like ourselves, with the magnitude of the College press, proffers some remarks on the subject. This piece is the chief literary one of the *Critic*, which, though late, gives us quite a bright number.

The *Index* also indulges in an editorial on this subject, and seems to be "solid" and "up to snuff," as their exchange editor would put it, in its remarks. When we first went into the newspaper business, and were, as yet, totally innocent of that experience which will draw from us a tear of sympathy, instead of the smile with which we were wont to read the tale of some long-suffering editor, who to scornful hearers bemoaned his hard lot among the children of men; when we entered upon our editorial duties, and were—would you believe it?—more of a novice than we are now,—it was just at the time the *Index* had brought itself so forcibly before the College world by the indiscriminate way in which it slashed, with its two-edged sword of slang and sarcasm, all who dared approach its lair. Each new exchange brought fresh news of its ravages, until we were driven to the conclusion that this *Index* must be a unique sort of an affair, given up entirely to exchanges, the editor of which had a "patent double-magnifying glass, of extra power," for searching out the peculiarities of all those articles so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches. The arrival, however, of "the beast himself" put an end to the conjectures, and showed us a paper, where the "Table" was indeed the principal feature, but which, nevertheless, occasionally sent forth a number, such as the one before us, with other articles in it well worth attention.

The *Yale Lit.*, *Spectator* and *Princetonian*, all come out with very entertaining little stories, quite a diversion from

the essays, poems, and jokes of the majority of their companion papers.

Further as we make our way, nearly every one has its greater or smaller comment on the College press. Oh, had we the time and ability, what a curiosity a paper would be, patterned after the ideals of all! though, should we make such an effort, it would, probably, be less successful than that of a certain Grecian painter who undertook a similar job, and utterly failed.

We are glad to welcome the *Echo*, both from its lively appearance and the frequency of its visits. In a recent issue it chronicles the results of a canvass of the University for the presidency, giving a majority for Bayard; at a similar one held at Yale, Grant was the favorite; and we doubt not, by the next round of exchanges, we shall hear from other colleges. It will be interesting to watch which one best represents, in its political views, those of the country at large.

We also have now our first glimpse of the *Tripod*. Its article on Kearney is vividly wrought out, and held bound our attention, during perusal, by the masterly manner in which the author succeeded in picturing to us this highly interesting scene.

The *University Herald's* January number has passed our review. It is a good number throughout. The piece on "Manhood" is a strongly written one. Rebutting the charge of lack of this in Americans, it says: "If Rome could live upon the unsullied snows of one name, and Socrates illumine the dark page of Grecian morals, then can Americans point for a thousand years to that one whose form towered above his fellows less than the purity of his moral life, the tremendous scope of his faculties, the beautiful and strong individuality of character, towered above the trickery and weakness of his associates in a time of weak men and traitorous,—to him we point, and proudly say, "See the sublime manhood of Abraham Lincoln!"

The Revue, as usual, is interesting.

Something of a different character appears the *Student's Offering* from the Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa. It is a quarterly, contrasting with our other western exchanges in the small number of locals; and the departments, scientific and educational, show it to be for the purpose of improvement of, we should judge, teachers, and not primarily for amusement and matters of local interest. Indeed, if it were not for the heading, we would be at a loss to place it anywhere particularly. It doubtless answers its purpose well.

The Student's Journal is above the average for solid pieces.

An index with the *Hobart Herald*, and an editorial, announce that it has just passed successfully its second birthday, and certainly this number is full worthy the support of the members of the College. We wish it many happy returns.

The Era seems to have neglected its exchanges from the wail we notice in several of ours. We would beg

to be counted in when it again sends out an issue. Neither have we seen the *Advocate* for a month or so.

We have received *The Princetonian*, *College Argus*, *Mulisiensis*, *Tripod*, *Spectator*, *Reveille*, *Yale Lit.*, *Hobart Herald*, *Bicycling World*, *Round Table*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *University Magazine*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *Kansas Review*, *Niagra Index*, *University Herald*, *Student's Offering*, *Concordiensis*, *Speculum*, *Echo*, *Tuftonian*, *Critic*, *Student's Journal*, *Earlhamite*, *Argosy*, and *College Herald*.

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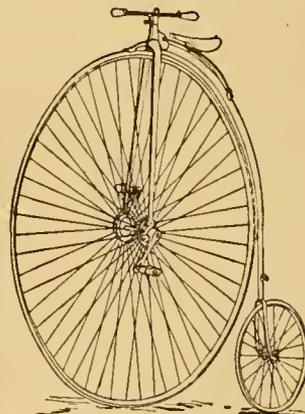
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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE PAMPAS GRASS.

For The Haverfordian.

"For the wind passeth over it; and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

O'er the broad and level pampas,
Where the De la Plata flows,
Where the azure sky is cloudless,
Where the tropic trade-wind blows,

Where the many-jointed cactus
Bears each year her wealth of flowers,
Where the lowing herds are feeding,
And the stately ostrich towers,—

Far as traveler's ken embraces,
Lies alone a pathless mead;
And a balmy breath floats by him,
That is musical indeed.

'Tis the season when each grass stem
Bears a sunny-tinted crest,
Waving plume of feathery lightness
Nodding to the winds' behest.

For the spirit of the grasses
Rises from the emerald sheath,
When the zephyr's inspiration
Whispers to the verdant heath:

"Awake, thou sweet immortal, wake,
And sow this fertile land;
The seed of life is in thy heart,
Rise, take it in thy hand!"

"Let song celestial breathe from thee
Upon the odorous air,
While thou to me in gentle faith
Consign the seeds so fair.

"They shall be scattered bounteously
This mighty stream beside;
And they shall bear a hundred fold
In season, far and wide.

"But this reward thou shalt not see,
For earth must claim her own;
The dust of thy decaying stem
Shall with the seed be sown.

"Yet thy eternal spirit-life
Shall wake, when thou art dead,
And from this seed shall spring anew,
And blossom in thy stead."

Like the waves of the great ocean
Rose and fell the feathery crests;
With a rare, unwritten music,
Answered they the winds' behests.

And the tiny seeds immortal,
Borne by breezes soft away,
On the banks of the La Plata
Wait their resurrection day.

Then the wind laid low the grass-plumes;
The glorious summer day was o'er;
"Dust met dust," as they departed;
"The place thereof knew them no more."

Before our next issue, the public meeting of the Loganian Society, Junior Exhibition, and Easter holidays, all with their usual "happy greetings" and merry-makings, will have passed. The public meeting of the Loganian will be held in Alumni Hall, at 7.30 P. M., on the 13th. James L. Lynch, of Missouri, the vice-president of the Society, will deliver the annual address. Subject, "Heroes of Truth." The 14th is Junior day, and if the weather be clear, the Class of '81 hope to meet many of their friends, and leave them not unpleased. They have sent out about one thousand invitations, and from the present prospect they expect a large audience. As usual, when the class is large, only ten will speak, but they have worked well in preparation, and we hope they will sustain the reputation established by their predecessors. These occasions serve as a kind of reunion, when many of the old students see each other for the first time since their graduation, and when many make new friends and visit Haverford for the first time. We hope also to improve the time for the *Haverfordian*. Let no friend or former student of the College be without it. Come; it will do us good to see you.

One thing we have missed all this winter; and it is a pleasant loss, too. That is, the accustomed groups or tramps in the horse-sheds at the meeting-house, with their smoking fire, slovenly appearance, and air of absolute idleness. While they were a constant warning to the youthful mind of the student, we thank the new law for having banished them. Where they have gone we know not—whether they all infest other places, or whether reviving business has furnished some with honest occupation, we cannot tell. Let us hope the latter is the case; and, if other States are troubled with them, may they enact laws that will drive them from their useless trade, so that the State may get some good from the tramp, and the tramp get some good from himself.

Professional men are sometimes charged with making very bad investments of their money. We have not gone into the statistics of the case, so as to know just how much more they lose, in this way, than other classes of

men; but it is a matter that will personally interest many who are now college students. It is natural that teachers and doctors and ministers should know less than merchants and manufacturers about the relative safeness of stocks and bonds. Their business does not call their attention so constantly to money matters. They have to give less thought to their cash than to their means of getting it. But they all expect to have some to take care of; and it is all the more important that they should give the subject due attention. The only way is to bestow careful thought on such matters, just as they prosecute their professional studies, and to remember that they are especially liable to make mistakes.

If there is anything that provokes a person engaged in study, it is to have his hours broken in upon irregularly. And such has been the experience of many of us at Haverford for some time past, in consequence of the various bells during the day not being rung promptly. We can account for it in only one of two ways. Either the college time is not properly regulated, or the bell-ringer fails to act in accordance with it. If it is the former, we trust the Prefect will apply the proper remedy at once. If the latter, we can only appeal to the superintendent to see that the times are properly observed. There is no need of argument to show the importance of this; it is but too obvious to every student. The result of a recitation often depends upon a very few minutes. But we have lately noticed the ringing vary twenty minutes within two weeks, and a variation of six or eight minutes is of frequent occurrence.

Recognizing the fact that it is the duty of a college journal to point out and discourage habits and growing tendencies which it is undesirable to cultivate, we would like to call the attention of our fellow-students to a habit which, though not an evil, yet is a point of behavior which should be at once corrected and never again allowed. We refer definitely to the practice of leaning forward and reclining the head upon the back of the seat immediately forward, during the hour we spend in the meeting-house. It is true, it seems but a trifling thing. But perhaps those who are thus accustomed, have never thought how childish and undignified such a position appears. We are aware that the seats are uncomfortable, and that unbroken silence is not so pleasing and entertaining as listening to some eloquent speaker; but the hour is not long, and for self-respect, if nothing more, we should sit up and not annoy others. If the

practice is a good one for young gentlemen, it might also be allowed to the whole audience. For one time picture to yourself all the students, professors, and ladies present, bowed in this awkward position, and you will say it is enough.

It might seem, from the number of articles we have received contributed by students, that the editors are very selfish, that they wished to write *all* the matter they print, and publish only their own sentiments. But now, fellow-students, such is not our intent. We wish to be liberal. And we take this opportunity to invite every student of the College to write for the college paper; for such it is, and such we intend to maintain it. It is stated in our heading that "*The Haverfordian* is the official organ of the students of Haverford College." We desire it to represent, as nearly as possible, the thought and the life of the College. And it is evident that this cannot be done by two or three. Some are interested in scientific investigation, some especially in the sports of the College, some more than others in a certain class of literature. Now, we only ask you to note the results of your investigation and ideas as they occur to you, develop them when opportunity affords, and give them to us properly digested. We would like also to have the jokes and small incidents which occur on the campus, at the table, and in the recitation room. We do not, however, promise to publish every article that is handed in. But we shall endeavor to exercise a fair discretion; and rejected articles will be promptly returned to the writer, and no further exposition made of it.

It is a rule of life to become accustomed to that which we see continually, and consequently to readily pass over its faults, and look on that object as almost impossible of existence in any other form. Something of this nature are the "Facetiæ," "Varieties," "Waifs," etc., of our transient reading matter, every newspaper and magazine having some portion of its space devoted to would-be funny things.

Of the profit directly accruing from the perusal of the funny man's corner, the less said the better by all who would conscientiously continue the luxury; the most to be said in its favor is that it may serve as an illustration, and thus help the individual with some knotty point; but the minuteness of this advantage may be readily seen when we remember that very few persons are able to recall a story correctly, and that not a tenth

part of these are able to tell it so as to be appreciated. We have very few Abraham Lincolns.

If, then, we expect to gain much intellectually from reading jokes, we will most certainly be disappointed. Yet a mild indulgence in this matter may be attended with very slight disadvantages; a good laugh hurts no one; and the effect of a few moments' mental recreation will only help the student more readily to digest the more solid portions of his daily meal.

The regular joker, however, the one who takes the humor column of his paper the first thing; who devours the "Season" as eagerly as his breakfast; and above all, who is forever looking for an opportunity to make a bad pun, or turn a chance phrase into a second-hand joke, can hardly be called a blessing to the community.

And another bad habit is sure to follow, that of perpetually illustrating his own or another's conversation with such anecdotes as he may chance to remember.

There was a time when it was one of the greatest acquirements to have a store of anecdotes always on hand; when "he tells a good story" was a passport on which one could go almost anywhere; but those days departed with the stage-coach, where this faculty was most prized. Then men had too much time on their hands, and were glad to occupy it in any way that would hasten the dragging hours, and bring them sooner to their journey's end.

Now, the printing press has so arranged matters that no one should ever be in this predicament; indeed, the most usual cry of the time is "give us time;" and students, certainly Haverford students, have not so much of this precious material that they can spend more than a very small percentage of it on this invention to kill time.

GOETHE'S DRAMATIC MASTERPIECES

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN.

Such is the title of a small volume containing four of Goethe's productions: "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Egmont," "Iphigenie auf Tauris," and "Torquato Tasso." Were we to seek in any of Goethe's productions the culmination of his far-reaching and all-embracing thought, in no one would we perhaps so well succeed as in "Faust," in that world of worlds and mystery of mysteries, whose secrets one by one come forth, and in coming become but the wands to touch a thousand other springs of hidden treasures. Whatever may be the comparative merits of Goethe's numerous writings, for whatever reason these four have been placed together and thus headed, one cannot fail to become aware of one

essential character they have in common. It may be accidental, it is certainly worth noting. As toweringly above mankind in general as Goethe's mind holds its sway, and carries many a one captive, yet who will read his "Wilhelm Meister," his "Autobiography," parts of "Faust," and some of his minor productions, and not say, with pain indeed, that many a turbid thought mingles with the purer stream, and that, too often, a want is felt of something higher? The more one reads Goethe, the more is one captured within the meshes of his charms, and thanks to the noble strain of English song, to those heavenward pointings and high and lofty aims there comes a voice of guard and counsel. Who, then, that is filled with love and admiration for the thoughts of such a wonderful man, and to his sorrow knows with what discrimination he has to choose here and there to retain the good and reject the evil, who does not rejoice to find that here are four productions before him, whose thoughts are pure and lofty? This is what these four have in common. Far would I be from saying that no others are so, but simply, whatever the others may be, here are four which certainly have that merit.

In the first we cast a look back into the feudal times; we see the last flickerings of a dying flame, the ushering in of a new civilization, the perishing of the last representative of the robber-knights, the stalwart Goetz. We see him perish with a sigh of woe in his single-handed struggle against the advancing tide of the incoming ages.

Leaving the other three mentioned for future study, we shall turn our attention to the first, "Goetz von Berlichingen," and see what there may be interesting in its source, itself and its influence.

We are carried back to that time when the first rays of light were dispersing the darkness which had so long enshrouded the world. We come to witness the struggle of a dying period, to watch it in its last convulsions, shaking all the lands of Europe, and sending forth its groans and sigh, that long continued to re-echo. Maximilian is on the throne, and making every effort to restrain the lawless force of feudal lords. Charles follows, and the rise of Spanish power. And the good Elector of Saxony in Charles's place is working for the good of Germany's severed states. Private wars are allayed by the Diet of Worms, that city memorable for Luther's successful "single-handed battle in behalf of all Christendom." But notwithstanding the edicts of the Diet and various other means to suppress the lawless "Fist-law,"—"Faustrecht,"—and to protect the interests of growing commerce, the knights, secure in their almost impregnable strongholds, defied the laws, and continued in their highway robbery.

The thought of chivalry blinded their eyes, and an ardent zeal for individual assertion, misguided as it was, brought forth crimes and outrages such as we recoil from with horror. Every one has heard of the castles on the Rhine and Danube, and of those numerous fortresses lifting their ruins throughout the land, remaining to this day as vivid reminders of those lawless times. But the hour has struck, the death-knell in thunderous peals sounds throughout the nations. Chivalry is but a name, and powder makes a hero of the most cowardly of men. The massive walls of the castles are crumbled by the cannon. The "free cities" join with the princes to blot out the last traces of this lawless force.

As the last worthy representatives of these times come down to us the names of Franz von Sickingen, Selbitz and Goetz von Berlichingen, into whom the German poet has breathed anew the breath of life to live for aye upon the lips of men. Goetz von Berlichingen was born in the latter part of the fifteenth century at Jaxthausen, a town of Swabia. Reared at the ancestral castle, and imbibing here a love of war, we find him early engaged in wars against the princes. In one of these he lost his right hand by a cannon-shot, and had it replaced by an iron one, yet shown at Jaxthausen. We find him next fighting against the Swabian league, taken prisoner, but released on paying a ransom. According to his own account, he is forced to take the lead of a corps in the peasants' war. Herein he is unfortunate, and falls into the hands of the leaguers, who, after keeping him in prison at Augsburg for several years, commit him to perpetual imprisonment at his own castle. At the dissolution of the league, however, he was pardoned. He died in 1562 at Herberg, and his tomb is yet to be seen at Schoenthal. He wrote his own life, furnishing an excellent picture of the social life and manners of the period,—a source from which sprang this drama, "the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalric plays and feudal delineations, among them 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.'" This drama was written by Goethe at the age of twenty-two, and it with "Werther's Sorrows," together with Schiller's "Robbers," mark clearly that particular period called the "Sturm and Drang,"—"Storm and Press-period,"—when everything of custom and authority was upset, and nature taken as the only guide. Quite a number of the characters are the fictions of Goethe's mind; and one, the wife of Goetz, Elizabeth, is one of the noblest-minded women Goethe has depicted, in whom some claim to see a marked resemblance to Goethe's mother. And in another, Maria, Goetz's sister, we have a reminiscence of Frederica, who is familiar to all readers of Goethe as the parson's

daughter at Sesenheim, and whom Goethe compares to Sophia in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

We are hurried along from scene to scene. At one time at the splendor of a bishop's court, then at the castle of Goetz, among his men, back to the Emperor's court, and from afar witnessing several conflicts.

Brother Martin, *i. e.* Luther, does not fail.

Goetz.—Good evening, reverend father! Whence come you so late? Man of holy rest, thou shamest many knights.

Martin.—Thanks, noble sir! I am at present but an unworthy brother, if we come to titles. My cloister name is Augustin, but I like better to be called by my Christian name, Martin. . . . Let me request your name. . . . Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng!

The sky is reddened with the flames of burning villages cries of the afflicted arise on every side, armed peasants do their devilish work, exasperated to the pitch of craze by unparalleled oppressions.

Old Man.—Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs!

Woman.—Sacred heaven! How blood-red is the sky! how blood-red the setting sun!

Another.—That must be fire.

A Third.—My husband! my husband.

Old Man.—Away! away! to the wood!

Goetz is sworn into the ranks of the insurgents, and his wife bemoans him as lost; she feels he has sacrificed his honor, and she it is that keeps within as a mingled feeling of love and pity for her unfortunate man, if it is but for her own sake.

Elizabeth.—Alas! Lerse, the tears stood in his eyes when he took leave of me. It is dreadful, dreadful! He has become an ally of rebels, malefactors, and murderers; he has become their chief. Say No to that . . . Should they take him prisoner, deal with him as a rebel, and bring his gray hairs—Lerse, I should go mad!

Lerse.—Send sleep to refresh her body, dear Father of mankind, if thou deniest comfort to her soul! Wounded, Goetz comes to a gypsy's camp. How naturally the talk of these people and their manners are portrayed! They receive Goetz with open arms, dress his wounds, and on recognizing him are ready to give their lives for his.

Captain.—Heard ye the wild huntsman?

First Woman.—He is passing over us now.

Captain.—How the hounds give tongue! Wow! Wow!

Second Man.—And the whips crack!

Third Man.—And the huntsmen cheer them.

Hallo-ho !

Mother.—'Tis the devil's chase.

Captain.—We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other, there is no harm in helping them. . . . (*Trampling without.*) Hark ! A horse ! Go see who it is.

(*Enter Goetz on horseback.*)

Wolf (*aside*).—'Tis Goetz von Berlichingen !

Captain.—Welcome ! welcome ! All that we have is yours. Here is my holiday doublet.

Goetz.—Thanks, thanks ! God reward you ! . . . Do you know me ?

Captain.—Who does not know you, Goetz ? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

Goetz (*alone*).—O Emperor ! Emperor ! Robbers protect thy children. (*A sharp firing.*)

Women.—Flee, flee ! The enemy has overpowered us.

Goetz.—Where is my horse ? (*Tumult, firing.*)

Wolf.—Away ! Away ! All is lost. The Captain shot !—Goetz a prisoner.

He is now taken to Heilbronn and confined to the tower (*still shown*), and here he breathes his last. His wife and sister attend his dying moments. It is a noble trio. His son is dead, and many of his friends. Listen to the last words of Goetz. By permission of the keeper he is taken to the little garden beside the tower, and here he breaks out :

"Almighty God ! how lovely it is beneath thy heaven ! How free ! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world awakes to hope. Farewell, my children ! my roots are cut away, my strength totters to the grave. Now release my soul. My poor wife ! I leave thee in a wicked world. Lerse, forsake her not ! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors ! Selbitz is dead, and the good emperor, and my George—Give me a draught of water ! Heavenly air ! Freedom ! freedom !" (*He dies.*)

Elizabeth.—"Freedom is above ! above—with thee !"

Whatever opinions we may have of such men as Goetz, no one can study this period and especially these men without seeing in them a noble quality, which, had it been guided aright, might have wrought out a better destiny for them.

The description of a battle from a vantage-ground is very successfully done in one of the scenes of this drama, where a trooper from an elevation informs the wounded Selbitz of the progress of the fight, forming perhaps the origin of Scott's similar but surpassing description in "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca from the lattice

work tells the wounded and imprisoned Saxon how the fight is faring. Compare also the vivid scene in the last act of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." Here the feeling is much stronger, and the mental struggle of Johanna is louder than all her words. Isabel holds Johanna captive, bound with chains, and commands a soldier :

"Ascend the watch-tower, which commands the field,
And thence report the progress of the fight."

Here follows almost vivid description. It would require too long an extract to do it justice ; it will be found in the twelfth scene of the last act.

The illustrations above give but an imperfect sketch of the drama, and many of the different studies which it leads to have been but touched, some not brought out at all. For the plot in full I must refer to the drama itself in the original, as to Walter Scott's elegant translation. I have not compared the plot of the drama and its persons with true history and historical characters. Only a few of the characters have been mentioned ; nothing is said of the wily Bishop of Bamberg, the monstrosity of a woman, the intriguing Adelaide, and nothing of the wavering Weislingen, and quite a number of lesser characters, who all, however, add their mite to the whole. As a supposed imitation of Shakespeare, nothing has been said as to the points wherein it resembles the productions of that greatest of dramatic poets. Of the mysterious workings of the Fehmgericht,—secret tribunal,—some interesting things might be told, and I might have entered more fully into a description of that period of German literature of which this drama is an exponent. What a large and rich field is opened to us by a single drama, and one that will reward research ! Time and space, however, forbid going farther.

There is perhaps danger in overvaluing ; this we must not do. The *great* work of this drama has been done, and though still it is dear to the German heart as describing scenes in his own native land, yet it contains few "thoughts that breathe or words that burn, few passages that we commit to memory." But he who desires to study an author must see him in all his phases, read his work, and especially in this case should he read the production of Goethe's youth, therein perhaps to trace the beginning of that grand and massive development which has called forth from some the name of demigod.

And as we love to trace the thoughts of any author to their sources, we may here find the source of Scott's chivalric songs, we may find the germ that, lighting upon a genial soil, has since grown into a beautiful tree, and yields bounteously its delicious and wholesome fruits to all who will come and receive.

C. F. B.

WIT.

A genteel wag is very palatable to public taste. That crude element which terms itself "society" appropriates him for passing service, but when his effusions have grown monotonous, or lost their flavor, the luckless funny man is excommunicated. As a rude and boorish snob uses a tuberose because of its perfume, gratifying one of the brute senses, and fails by higher intelligence to detect with the delicate folds, stamen and calyx, arranged in beauty and order by a power; or as we brush a geranium leaf to start from its folds the odorous atoms, so does society brush from the common wit his humorous and spicy repartees, and never looks to find within him the elements of worth and merit, nor seeks to know him as a man. He is spurned and cast aside.

"Oh! sad and crushing is the fate
Of wits whose puns are not first rate."

When may a wit not be a wag? We had almost said, when he has entirely renounced his propensities.

Without doubt, wit has a place assigned to it in the mental cosmos, but is very often found entirely out of its place. It seems to be incompatible with persuasive argument in a public speaker. This needs little proof. Mr. Randall recognized the truth of it most perfectly when he resolved to renounce the habit of making funny speeches, and suddenly addressed the House in plain, straightforward argument in good Anglo-Saxon. Nevertheless, a changing bit of repartee, or a witty exclamation, may be linked to their reputations forever. Very many illustrious persons seem to be entirely barren of wit. We have searched the biography of Ulysses S. Grant carefully, and believe that he never said a smart thing in his life. In the early history of Abraham Lincoln, we discovered the tendency to acute and humorous speech; but as he developed, the instances of these digressions from sedateness became less frequent. Levity gave way to sobriety, sobriety to solicitude, solicitude to that intense anxiety which furrowed his forehead and left the traces of the perils of his life. At least one-half of what we term wit is the result of a distortion of serious matter by a double *entendre*, or a play upon words. The genuine article can only be produced by depriving the conception of all traces of beauty and sublimity of feeling, in order to destroy the equilibrium of sober thought. Who ever heard of anything beautiful or sublime in wit? Overwhelmed by these truly startling facts, old fogies have contended, and even Sydney Smith declares, that wit corrupts the heart. But the words of a veteran American punster are full of good sense on this point. He says: "It is my belief that those gifted with truly humorous genius are more useful

as moralists, philosophers, and teachers, than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are ignorant of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom." It is very true that sacred things are often destroyed by sacrilegious jokers. For example: Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of hair restorer. Notwithstanding the abuses which often attend the practice of making light of important matters, the American people, at least, are ready to forfeit any other privilege as willingly as that of the joker. The joker wins. The mortification of poor wit is unsurpassed, and the unfortunate author begins to feel his ears grow long. Like many other dangerous elements in nature and civilization, we may become familiar with humor, and handle it cautiously, as we would a firearm or torpedo, making sure that we are warranted in manipulating it, or else leave it alone and enjoy the fun that other people make.

FREE THOUGHT.

Three centuries ago, Galileo, standing before the merciless Jesuits, declared that the Holy Scriptures should be only the final and last resort of scientific scholars to prove a contested point. Yet with what authority could he declare it? How knew he that which the pope denied? One alone was infallible; to him, then, must all things bend. So was it, and but for the persistency of a few the "lamps of science" must have gone out. When we of the present glance back over the struggle which was awakened by so few, and which has embroiled so many nations, and embittered the death-beds of so many men; when we consider the long night-watches of those pious heretics imprisoned, and the tortures of the rack,—a feeling of the deepest regard and compassion is awakened within us. Yet those were only (perhaps on a smaller scale) the predecessors of those who to-day are baffling Christendom with their "theory of evolution." As one contest has ended, another has begun; progress, the watchword of development, has gone hand in hand with change. The excitement of to-day is merely the reproduction of that against which Newton and Hugh Miller waged effectual warfare, and we have no right to believe that Scripture and science may not yet be reconciled each with each. Yet the age of to-day is far in advance of that of Galileo. There is no papal throne now at the head of Christendom by which a Pope Urban can shield his followers, and make others bow to his yoke. The age of intolerance is past, while

that of "liberty of thought" is rapidly stealing upon us. Religious liberty has become the established right of all men in enlightened communities, and why not in the same communities suffer "liberty of thought"? But there is a primal distinction which should be made and remembered as ever existing between them. We arrive at truth through conviction. One feels convinced of a truth, another that a truth is an error, but the distinction that I would make is this. Conviction in matters of religious faith comes through a guiding source, that of science, though we still hold a ruling hand in all things, through self-observation and experiment. It is therefore the duty, emphatically the duty, of all doubters, thoroughly to balance fact with fact, justly to weigh circumstance with circumstance, fairly to measure right with wrong; when one has done this, then his opinion demands consideration as well as your own.

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled."

Such were the words of Milton. They have been copied and remodeled since, yet they are all but the echoes and re-echoings of an older and better prophecy. It matters not on which side truth is, for the real philosopher works not for party, but for truth. It is well there is still a grain of Popish bigotry in creation; it is well that stubbornness has not died with all our fathers; but it is better, far better, that the curtain has been rent to admit the light of reason. From the time that the blood-drops of our Saviour stained the soil of Calvary have the cries been going up, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Heretic following heretic have they been marshalled to the stake, yet only to strengthen the zeal of their people. From the prison palace of Arcetri, from the death-bed of a Prussian divine, from the galling menace of Rome to the more heathenish confines of Britain, come sighs and groanings over misdirected justice.

Ye are of little faith who cannot believe that time, the great reconciler of foregoing events, cannot reconcile this one. If we have to yield to truth it is well, but never one inch to error. If we lie open to conviction it is well, but never to deceit or fraud.

Little thought Copernicus as he handed his valet his book newly published, which contained his world-wide discoveries, saying, "It is well. I die to join a happier people," that the contents of that volume would awaken in the bosom of his nation, and so spread far and wide, crossing and re-crossing to a land of which he scarcely knew, till ultimately, stained with the blood of many martyrs, it should stand firm rooted, truthful as the holy Book he so much loved. Yet with that volume, touched and kissed by Copernicus—thus giving it his benedictions and "God-

speed"—began the war ever since waged between science and the Scriptures.

Could a youth, forever confined in a solitary dungeon, be led forth night after night holding converse with nothing, what idea would be the first to dawn upon him? Wonder and amazement might baffle and affright him, but would not repeated converse with nature so newly opened at once impress him with a sense of wonderful precision? He would see the stars moving across the heavens, and the moon rise and set.

Would there not steal upon him the idea of a wonderful systematic order? So, in fact, we find it. The savage, born and reared in the midst of ignorance, knows almost nothing, yet the idea of law and order has gained ground among them. Else why did the Egyptians worship water, and the Persians fire? Now this is one of the strongest claims which we possess to prove the compatibility of the Scriptures and science. The Bible reads in the beginning, "God created the heaven and the earth"—God created all things. Science unravels the intricacies of nature, revealing in each successive stage a *cause* and *purpose*, leading on step by step to the grand conclusion of unity of design, to the conclusion that everything we know of bears a relation to other things, thus giving to the whole creation but one Creator. In the days of papal jurisdiction, Scripture had need to yield to science; for we must know that there were those who thought that the earth was discous, surrounded by a circumfluous ocean, "established that it cannot be moved;" that the moon was a silver plate suspended in heaven, and the stars golden nails.

The papists who held these views were far more bigoted than any conservatists of to-day, yet notwithstanding their ardor,—and the ardor of a bigoted zealot knows scarcely any bounds,—the principles of scientific truth gradually gained standing; by degrees the clergy became conscious of their errors. They read "the sun ariseth and the sun goeth down." They had been taught for generations that every natural phenomenon mentioned by Moses was more literally true than the "Ten Commandments." If a man dared assert that the earth rotated on its axis, he was tortured; if he said the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" was traditional, he was allowed his opinion.

Could we place ourselves as young men and college students back in the time of Pope Urban VIII., would we not stand in somewhat the same relation to the new Copernican theory of the universe as we now stand to the "theory of evolution" and its associated doctrines? If so, what would then have been our course of action

as investigators after truth. Should we say, "Surely it is recorded 'the earth is established, therefore it cannot be moved,' " and shut ourselves out from argument, or should we at once become advocates of the new doctrine, and be willing for that testimony to suffer the horrors of the Inquisition?

It is an easy matter nowadays to declare your belief in a new doctrine, but what is that belief worth? It is a short way of gaining distinction, but what wise man would desire that distinction? In no subject more than the present do we need to keep before us the difference between theory and fact. You may believe Darwin so far as an investigator, and you may believe Dana so far as an investigator, but you cannot believe the theories which they each deduce, or you are inconsistent.

As students, and particularly as scientific students, let us ever bear in mind that grand old idea of Galileo, which we may express,—that Moses wrote not for the cause of science, but "that the man of God might be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

A KANSAS MOVE.

The Legislature of Kansas last year adopted the following proposition to amend the State constitution:

"Proposition—Article Fifteen shall be amended by adding Section Ten thereto, which shall read as follows: The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in this State, except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes."

This proposition to amend is now submitted to the people, and is to be voted on at the general election next fall. The need of such an amendment has long been felt by the temperance workers, and now the proposition comes under very favorable circumstances. It is not in any way a party measure. The vote in the Senate was nearly unanimous, and in the House the vote stood 88 to 31.

An active canvass is being made by temperance workers of the State, assisted by men from other States, among whom we notice David Tatum, of Ohio, and F. J. Sibley, of New York. A temperance paper, *The Kansas Temperance Palladium*, is published, and temperance societies are being organized everywhere.

On the other hand, the brewers and liquor-dealers are especially active, and seem to have an advantage in that their endangered interests are so great, and they have no lack of money. Large sums are said to have been offered to editors of newspapers to go against the amendment, and some are notably silent on the subject. Associations under the misnomer, "Protective Associa-

tions," are formed in the interest of the manufacturers and dealers in intoxicants.

The contest promises to be of uncommon interest, and, if the amendment is carried, it will be looked upon as one of the greatest of recent gains for temperance, making the way more easy for similar prohibition in other States.

OBITUARY.

Many of the old students will be sorry to learn of the death of Hannah Kite, which occurred very suddenly, at her home in Philadelphia, on the first of March. To the moment of her death she was well, and was busily engaged in her household duties. While ascending a flight of stairs, she fell dead under a stroke of apoplexy.

As matron she watched over our home at Haverford from '73 to '77, with all the affectionate tenderness of a mother. Especially do we, the Class of '80, remember how unremitting was her kindness, and how bountiful her charity toward us as Freshmen. In our health, no want was left unsupplied, no reasonable desire ungratified; and in our sickness her ministering hand was first to give relief, her gentle spirit first to sympathize.

LOCALS.

Come to Junior!

Bring your friends.

Professor Thomas is lecturing to the Seniors on Chaucer.

One of our Juniors boasts that he knows twenty-seven girls by heart.

We are glad to see that with the returning spring, like the eagle of old, our "Bishop" has renewed his youth, and put on a fresh appearance.

Junior (*to Stationer*): "Sir, have you gents' visiting cards?" Stationer: "Yes, sir; what style?" Junior: "Fashionable cards." Stationer: "No. 7?" Junior: "I guess so, I wear No. 7 shoes."

The measles have been quite prevalent in the community for the past month, but we have so far heard of no fatal cases. Fortunately the College has escaped. We are glad to see our Poet Laureate on the campus again.

We learn from *The Princetonian* that Princeton's cheer is not as stated by *The Acta*, and quoted by us in last number, but "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger! S-s-s-t! Boom! A-h-h-h!" Also, her color is not Orange only, but Orange and Black.

Professor (*in Astronomy recitation to a Soph.*): "J—, what was the distance from the earth to the sun twenty years ago?" Soph. hesitates. Professor (*repeating*): "Twenty years ago, when we were boys." Soph. (blushing). "Same distance it is now, I guess." Class yell.

At a call meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the evening of the 17th ult., Dr. J. E. Rhoads addressed the Association on "Representative young men of the Bible." His

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger a "Chart of English History," by E. M. Lawney, which, to say the least, is unique. It presents to the eye a complete list of the rulers of England, and, besides, it contains all the principal events which have transpired since the tenth century. We call the attention of the students at Haverford, and, in fact, of all our readers, to this as a great help in gaining a complete knowledge of the history of England. Indeed, we should characterize it as a complete English History from the most ancient times, fused down into one exquisite little chart.

"Ritualism Dethroned," by Rev. William B. Orvis. (Henry Longstreth, Philadelphia, 1880. In two volumes. Price, \$1.50 per volume.)

The first volume of this work, containing 351 pages, was issued in 1875; and the second, which is really a continuation of the first, containing 400 pages, is just out. The purpose of the book is, perhaps, best expressed in the author's own words. The book is the result of thirty years' work. The author clearly conceived the idea of the palpable fallacy of the importance often attached to rituals, and he endeavors to show that the opinions of the most profound religious teachers, from the early church to the present time, accord with his. He quotes considerable from Friends, as well as others, with whose writings we are familiar. It contains much information and scholarly research.

But what have we here? "An Earnest Tripler" (Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.). We open the book, and are introduced to two young friends, and soon to the daughter of a kind, but plain old gentleman. (We are here reminded, however, that we must not deprive our readers of the pleasure of gradually gaining the story as they read the book.) We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best and purest novel which we have found for a great while. It is emphatically a story of to-day. Genuine wit and delicate satire pervade the whole. The language is elegant. Open where you will, you find matter for profit and delight.

We find upon our table "The Manliness of Christ" (Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.), a well-bound 16mo, written by one who has gained distinguished laurels in literature. In this "strong, frank, noble book," we can but see traces of the same masterly hand which has given to the literary world the admirable stories of Tom Brown. The writer begins by presenting us with a vivid picture of that little portion of the world upon which was acted a drama of vital importance to mankind; then follows a description of the boyhood, call, and ministry of

"This perfect man, by merit called His Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

The peruser feels that the ideas advanced are original, and that his own conceptions of Christ the man have been far too low. We recommend the volume to our readers as one of more than ordinary value and interest. (See advertisement, another column.)

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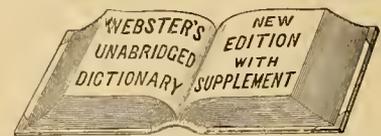
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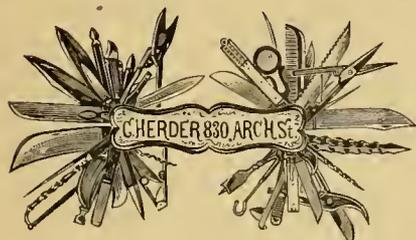
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FIFTH MONTH, 1880.

No. 8.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHOADS, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. J. H. MOORE.

WILLIAM A. BLAIR, Business Manager.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Advertising rates, 10 cents per line, agate. Special contracts made upon application to the Business Manager.

The permanence of the metric system is guaranteed by the numerous copies of the prototype meter, made and composed with the greatest possible meteorological skill. The fiction that a meter is exactly an aliquot part of the quarter of the earth's circumference, has little real value except to show that every possible care was taken by the French originators to divest the system of a narrow or national character. It is cosmopolitan, as already stated.

The essential nomenclature of the system may be reduced to the six units,—meter, liter, gram, ster, are and metric ton—together with the six numerals, deci, centi, milli, deka, hecto and kilo: twelve short terms in all. Turning now to a common-school arithmetic, we find ten different tables, including thirty-four distinct words to represent the same kinds of quantity provided for in the metric dozen. Not only so, but the terms pint, quart and ton are each used in three distinct senses, while dram, ounce, pound, quarter, gallon, barrel, hogshead and mile are made to carry two different meanings apiece. The American people are the sovereigns, and we may enjoy the beauty and convenience of the metric system JUST AS SOON AS WE WILL AGREE TO USE IT.

We have not much faith in the efficacy of memorials to Congress, as a general thing; but a petition for the use of the metric system in government transactions which was recently circulated in Haverford College, at least had the effect of reminding us of a most important reform, which now deserves the support of American citizens and political economists. Philologists are crying out for a spelling reform, which may relieve the English language of many absurd anomalies and save a large

part of the school-boy's drudgery and the teacher's weariness. Estimates have been made of the barrels of ink saved in a year by omitting the silent letters, but the spelling reform seems as yet to have made but little progress. The metric system of measures and weights, on the other hand, has already an acknowledged international existence in the "General Postal Union," through which it received the sanction of twenty-one countries, in 1874. The chief advantages are its international character, its permanence, and its simplicity. An American traveler, in Austria, inquires about the fertility of the soil, and is told that so many "scheffel" of grain may be raised per "joch"! The confusion of the traveler, however, is nothing compared with the labors of importers and Custom House clerks.

Before our next issue the contest for the Oratorical Prize will have passed, and we wonder how many are preparing for it. Permit us, fellow-students, to say a word in regard to this prize, which has been instituted by the Alumni Association as an inducement to the undergraduates to put forth their noblest efforts. The institution is comparatively a new one, and the support which it has received hitherto has not been encouraging. Last year and year before, respectively, there were but three contestants.

For two reasons, especially, a larger number ought to write for it. The successful candidate would value his prize more if he gained it by greater effort, and over a larger number of competitors. It is incumbent upon us to show a greater appreciation for the efforts of the Alumni on our behalf. The opportunity thus afforded of an audience to speak to, *should* be a sufficient inducement to one desirous of cultivating his powers of speech; and a want of time can be pleaded as an excuse for few of us.

Time thus appropriated, if diligently employed, is not lost. The drill in the preparation and delivery is itself a value. It has been said, with how much authority we know not, that if they receive no greater encouragement in the coming contest than in the previous ones, the Association will, after the present year, withdraw the

prize. Should such be the case, it will be to our shame. Of twenty-seven who have the privilege of competing, half of that number ought to try, and all might.

The attempt of Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Boston University, Tufts, Dartmouth and Trinity to modify their methods of examination for entrance, so that, instead of each holding its own separate examination, a general examination, at a stated time and place, which would give the candidate a certificate of entrance to any one of the above-named institutions, should be held, is an effort which should commend itself to the educators of our country. In the present condition of affairs, we cannot say there is such a thing as a system of education in the United States. And the matter is so vexed, so many, and such a variety of institutions all bearing the same name, and granting certificates with the same title, is anything but desirable. While our free institutions allow so much more freedom and independence of thought, it is certainly no reason why private institutions and enterprises may not so co-operate as to accomplish their purpose for the greatest good and with the least expense. To get unity of action we would not wish it to go to the Government, it is better in private hands. If all our colleges of a respectable grade would thus unite, they would not only confer an invaluable favor upon the thousands of students at a distance from the institution they wish to enter, but they might raise the grade of the diploma, and give one representing, wherever it might be presented, real merit, and also protect their interests from the infringements of inferior institutions, and drive these to their proper rank. It is a case where the voice of educators, and not the Government, should act.

The season when the field and crease are especially attractive has now opened in full, and the arrangements for the games have, to a large extent, been made. Cricket is the college game, and the one to which most of the fellows should give their attention. It was played at Haverford among the first places in America, and it is the game in which we most successfully compete with other colleges. Tennis and archery, both valuable games for those who have a particular liking for them, are yet not the *college* games, nor are they likely to become such. Neither of them has the attractions for the majority of college fellows, nor can they be played by a large number with the same interest. They are smaller games, and bring a smaller number of the fellows

together, and thus develop less of that fellow feeling, among all the students, for which college life is so famous. Again, our number is small, compared with that of other colleges; and if we are to maintain the reputation already established, we need to concentrate our efforts more upon the one game in which nearly all the fellows can unite. Here lies our true strength. It is often given as an excuse by the vanquished that they have not played together, and are not sufficiently practiced. Let us not waste our efforts, but direct them so as to effect a purpose.

An interesting feature of a college paper, especially to editors, is the exchange column. If it is what it ought to be, it should never be wanting. The criticism which it should contain is a wholesome stimulant to healthy action in other editorial bodies; and the friendly rivalry of college papers acts as a mild tonic on all the students which they represent. These, sugar-coated with a little fun, are what the average reader expects to swallow in an exchange column. The ideal exchange editor is a thorough believer in his own college and paper, but still just to his rivals. He should have a kindly feeling for them too, and be discriminating enough to aim his critical darts at points where they will be of real use. His style should be spicy, but not bitter. It is needless to say that the representative organ of a college should throughout be elevating in its tone. If the best educated men in our country are morally low, what hope is there for the *hoi polloi*? In fact, an exchange column should be a model of its kind.

For quite a number of years our lawn has been somewhat neglected, the attention of our friends and managers being diverted into other channels; raking up the paths a little about Junior Day and Commencement, and keeping the plats in the immediate vicinity of the buildings short, being all that was deemed necessary. This year, however, we are glad to notice a change for the better; all winter the lawn committee have had the subject before them, and seem disposed to put our campus in such a condition that it will be, as of old, our great pride. Work has just been commenced, yet even now we see a great change. New lawn-mowers have been purchased and a regular force of men, which we understand is to be permanent, put to work on the grounds; the whole lawn is to be kept cut short, and other improvements added, of which our readers will be informed as they are brought forward.

COLLEGE READING.

The shelves of a well-selected library, like the one to which all the students of Haverford have free access, offer many and varied inducements to one who is fond of books. The more valuable the library, the greater is the danger of perplexity in endeavoring to determine the amount and character of supplementary reading which may be desirable during the time of college residence.

The first rule for the proper settlement of the perplexity is, undoubtedly, to consult books of reference in connection with the daily lessons. Whenever any special object is to be accomplished, thoroughness should be aimed at, and mere slipshod work should be religiously avoided. The text-book may furnish all that is absolutely necessary for preparing recitations and maintaining a respectable standing in the class, but it is seldom the case that a single author presents a subject under all the various bearings which are desirable.

On approaching manhood, the simple acquisition of new information is not so important as practice in investigation, and in the useful application of the information which has been already gained. Increase of knowledge should be followed by increase of thought, and thought kindles thought. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." If we make friends of good books, every study may introduce us into a symposium of choice spirits, whose varied acumen will stimulate even the most jaded minds to wonderful keenness of perception and far-sightedness of judgment.

The second rule is like unto the first: To read with continual reference to the great object of all intellectual training,—the formation of character. If we seek for growth in wisdom, we should aim at the highest wisdom; earthly wisdom only as tributary to heavenly wisdom; the wisdom of eternity as embracing all the wisdom of time which is worth seeking. The unfailing fountain of Holy Scripture should be daily and freely drawn upon, brief passages being read at frequent intervals, and made the subject of thoughtful meditation.

Smith's Bible Dictionary, Lange's Commentaries, Barnes's Notes, the Bridgewater Treatises, the Bampton Lectures, and other like works, will be helpfully useful, in furnishing collateral information, in suggesting practical applications of fundamental truths, or in giving a healthy stimulus to spiritual growth.

The writings of Fox, Crisp, Penington, Woolman, Gurney, Evans, Grellet, Allen, and the host of other worthies whose lives and teachings have exemplified and

embellished their religious belief, should be well conned by all who would fain understand something of the depth of everlasting wisdom, which flows from the hearts of devout Christians under the accepted and tested guidance of the Holy Spirit; the gift of Christ, which becomes "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Judicious historical and biographical reading are immediately and rightly subsidiary to religious and moral instruction. The collegian, while depending largely on the skill of his teachers for his insight into the practical results which give the only intrinsic value to theory and knowledge, should not forget that the experience of any single man, however valuable it may be in one or more special departments, is necessarily limited. The recorded experience of the past, on the other hand, is indefinitely varied and almost boundless in its reach, furnishing a golden treasury of precedents, more unfailling than those of the common law, for our guidance in shaping the decisions which are imposed upon us, as equity judges in the chancery court of Heaven. A somewhat familiar knowledge of the history of our own country, and of the lives of its eminent men and women, is made almost imperative, by the very nature of our government, and the responsibility which it imposes upon every citizen for the wise exercise of his important franchises.

No student can consider his training at all complete without a far-reaching knowledge, both of the national and the individual influences which have been exerted upon civilization by England, modern Europe, Rome, Greece, and the great monarchies of antiquity.

Natural Philosophy, or Physical Science, asserts its prerogatives so loudly and so continually, and our popular journals are so filled with the details of its progress, that none but specialists need any advice in regard to its pursuit. The study of law and harmony and design, as displayed in the manifold works of the Creator, will be always salutary, provided it is pursued, as all studies should be pursued, with broad and ennobling views, and with suitable precautions against the inroads of vanity and folly and arrogant dogmatism. It should, however, be always regarded as only a single and subordinate branch of philosophy,—a branch which can be best understood by those who have learned that the only absolute certainty is spiritual, and not material. The world has not outgrown the wisdom of Solomon and Socrates and Plato; the assignment of laws is a metaphysical and not a physical privilege; the possibilities of knowledge are limited by the attributes of the consciousness which uses the brain as its instru-

ment, and not by any unconscious molecular motions. If these truths are not clearly and fully and undoubtingly apprehended, the customary course of logic and mental and moral philosophy should be supplemented by selections from some of the fuller standard treatises in the philosophical alcoves of the library.

Desultory and recreative reading will naturally be guided, in a large degree, by a desire for amusement or entertainment; but even in the lightest literature there is room, and there should be a habitual disposition, for the exercise of taste. In every department of science, of philosophy, and of literature, there have been writers of various degrees of refinement, and in choosing between them care should always be taken to select the best. Terseness, simplicity and strength of style not only give lucidity of expression, and thereby help the ready understanding and remembrance of what we read, but they also have charms of their own, which, like the associations of refined companionship, gradually and almost imperceptibly, yet surely, impress their own similitude upon those who are attracted by them. Not the least among the many merits of our popular version of the Bible, is its copious outpouring of divine truth in living words drawn from the "well of English undefyled." Culture which lacks power of easy and intelligible expression has missed its highest purpose; thoroughness of culture will always include among its chief requisites a critical knowledge of English philology and a complete mastery of English speech.

Scientific and technical students stand in special need of careful literary training. Whatever may be the merits of "positivism," it should not altogether belie its name; it should not seek, by vague circumlocution, a misty utterance of the absolute certainty for which it strives, and which, sometimes, it professes to have reached. If its vocabulary is scanty, the defect may be supplied partially, and only partially, by a persistent course of reading, which embraces the works of English standard authors who are distinguished by happy turns of expression, delicate nicety of phraseology, and pithy copiousness of diction. No other form of intellectual drill, however, can furnish the breadth and variety of discipline which rewards a thorough acquaintance with the time-tested and time-honored college curriculum. The Bachelor of Arts, whose degree is the well-earned reward of faithful study, has abundant cause for congratulation upon the good fortune which has introduced him to a familiar intercourse with the poets and orators and sages of classic Greece and Rome. Even if he should devote himself to scientific pursuits after graduation, he

will find that his diversity of practice in philological criticism and metaphysical analysis will give him a great advantage over competitors who have been taught more narrowly and more specially.

The object of education is to educate; to draw out all the faculties which are essential for reaching the highest attainable ideals; to secure a broad, liberal and systematic development of true manhood; to remove the tarnish and to restore the polish of the spiritual microcosm, so that it may be fitted to reflect the divine image in which it was created. The exclusive cultivation of specialties is hindering rather than educating; it tends to narrowness, arrogance and one-sidedness, making man a monster rather than a model. Peculiar genius or talent may very properly dictate the choice of a trade or profession, but it can neither take the place of education nor supply the deficiencies which may prove to be the greatest obstacles to success. Paradoxical though it may seem, it is often wiser to oppose than to follow inclination in our choice of reading. We can adopt no better general rule than always to aim at the satisfaction of our greatest spiritual need. In following out that aim, we may be sure that the dislike of a desirable study or pursuit is only an indication that our tastes have not been properly cultivated; that a fitting balance has not been maintained between material and psychical, between worldly and heavenly, between temporal and eternal beliefs and interests.

P. E. C.

JUNIOR DAY.

The Juniors' big time is all over. It passed as well as could be asked. The long succession of sunny days that preceded it made it seem almost too much to expect that "April showers" would wait longer to accommodate the class. But the morning dawned fair enough, though the sun did take on a little too much fuel for comfort. The half-holiday granted the previous afternoon gave the fellows time enough to finish the arrangements for vacation, so that a little spring-fever did no harm. The Juniors were in high spirits, which were not dampened any when they saw the arrivals by the first train. The lawn and halls were soon alive with visitors; but it was the second train that brought the crowd, and the deluge of young ladies gave the old place a new aspect, an appearance repeated about twice a year, but still new each time. An authority says that a college exhibition, whether at the old English universities or at Young America's colleges, brings out a finer display of pretty girls than almost any other occasion. Why, it is hard to tell. It

is hardly supposable that college students, with all their good sense, would invite girls merely for their looks; however, we are satisfied with the fact, and will not pry into the reason.

About half-past ten, Alumni Hall was well filled, and the exercises began. It is rather a delicate matter for us to say much about the orations, when so many of our supporters are closely interested in them. But we can safely say that the exhibition was a success. Out of a class of eighteen, all but the ten who ranked first "resigned the privilege of speaking." Those, also, who entered as new students this year were counted out. We shall not comment upon the individual productions, but are tempted to offer a few thoughts suggested by them. We were glad to see a sprinkling of political subjects on the programme. Every one admits that our government should be in the hands of the very best men; but very often the best men are slow to take part in it. The Society of Friends are generally of the better class of men, and some of them of the best; but how few Friends hold positions of political influence! Now, do we do our duty in this matter? Is there not too much tendency to look on politics as a bad business that should be shunned? We should indeed be sorry to see a Quaker make a bad politician; but we would like to see some good ones. Why should not American Friends turn out a few John Brights? Let them not be so educated that they will shun all politics, but only bad politics. Therefore we are glad to see Haverford fellows choose political subjects for their themes. These college exhibitions supply one kind of training, which is necessary to a public man. There is no way of influencing men like eloquence; and a man stands a poor chance of gaining extensive personal influence who cannot address the multitude. May all public-minded young men cultivate their talents, and do their *duty* by their country and their fellow-men!

But we have wandered far from our subject. The only drawback to the entertainment was its length; but in spite of this the audience dispersed well pleased. Our good matron had provided a plain but abundant repast, which appeased the appetite stimulated by the morning's pleasure; and when we inquired whether there was any left for us, after most had finished, she "only wished there were more to eat it." The afternoon trains gradually carried off the students with their visitors, and by evening the College was almost deserted.

Dr. Dougan Clark favored us with an interesting lecture upon "The Apostle John," on the 29th ult.

LOGANIAN.

The usual address before the Loganian was delivered on the evening of the 13th by J. L. Lynch, the vice-president, on the "Heroes of Truth."

The speaker took for his subjects, Socrates, St. Paul, and Martin Luther; he briefly sketched their lives, and showed how they all contended for the same end, the amelioration of the condition of their fellows; and how they all alike suffered from that debasement into which the world was plunged,—the same in kind, if not in degree, in the respective ages of each.

The address showed great care in preparation, and all expressed themselves as being very pleasantly entertained. The following is a selection from the description of Martin Luther:

"Again, by a strange fatality, as it were, the current of human events bore down the truth void of all error from the fountain-head of Christianity into the polluted chaos of the dark ages. Here it was destined to lie from the fifth to the fifteenth century, and from here to be rescued by such men as John Huss in Bohemia and Jerome of Prague, by Savonarola and his associates in Italy, by Collet and Erasmus in England, and finally by Martin Luther in Germany,—a peasant by inheritance, a monk by superstition, but by the grace of God the restorer and establisher of civil and religious liberty which had lain beneath the dust of ten centuries. Endowed with a robust constitution, with a mind clear and penetrating by nature and admirably trained by culture, he was enabled to grapple successfully with the great difficulties that beset him on every hand, and to rise above the abject servility and ignorant conservatism of his age.

"While Socrates had had to deal with the baneful subtleties of the Greek mind, St. Paul with the lewd extravagances of both Greek and Roman and the bigoted Pharisaism of the Jew, Martin Luther had no *less* a task to perform in tearing down the palladium of Roman Catholic superstition and Popish infallibility.

"The day of his errand from his monastery at Erfurt to Rome, in 1510, his witnessing there the celebration of the mass by reprobate priests, from whose hands the ignorant purchased indulgence of sin, was the worst day for Roman Catholicism, the best for humanity, that had for many an age dawned upon the world. Hitherto his attachment to the *mother church* had been unshaken, his faith in her sacraments implicit, and even now we cannot believe he had a thought of revolution, but only of reforming her abuses,—abuses, which, like all evil habits long indulged, had sapped her vitality, rendered

her insensible to the prickings of conscience, and despotic beyond endurance.

"While *ancient* Rome had, with a hand of inexorable jealousy, grasped the sceptre of political sway over the world, Rome of the sixteenth century aspired after that of both political and spiritual dominion. The decrees of her pope were as unalterable as those of Darius of old. Upon his bull alone hung the chances of life and death to the lowliest peasant, of security and happiness to the proudest monarch. The smoke of many a victim at the stake arose in testimony of truth and against the open follies of the day; but while this smoke of martyrdom foreboded the flame that was sooner or later to burst forth from the bosom of an aggrieved and a deluded people, it was utterly lost on a blinded and bigoted priesthood.

"Under these circumstances Martin Luther was not likely to receive more lenient treatment at their hands than had his predecessors in reform. His denunciation of indulgences as an injustice to man, a sacrilege toward God, his oft-repeated theme: 'The just shall live by faith,' tapped the heart, and let out the life-blood of the pope and clergy. 'His mouth must be stopped,' said they, 'by flattering promises, if possible; by threats, if promises fail, or even by death.' But what were bribes, what were threats, what fear was there in death, to such a man? Could money buy his soul from purgatory? Could excommunication shut the door of heaven to him? Could fear of death deter him from conscious duty? Behold his quick, determined step down the street of Wittenburg,—his roll of ninety-five theses against indulgences in one hand, a hammer in the other; straight to the Church of All Saints he marches, and with an unpalsied hand nails them upon the door.

"Well might the good elector Frederic of Saxony have dreamed that he saw this monk writing upon the door of his parish church, in letters so large that he could read them from his palace eighteen miles away; and that his pen grew longer and longer until it reached to Rome, touched the pope's triple crown, and made it totter upon his head! If this *was* all a dream, it was to be more than verified. While this honest Elector held up his right hand, Philip Melancthon from this time forth supported his left,—that gentle, sensitive, affectionate man, the most consummate Greek and Hebrew scholar of his time, the opposite to Luther in his yielding disposition, and yet his complement, so to speak, in breadth of learning and force of argument. In the hot disputes that now followed fast upon Luther, Melancthon was always at his side,—trembling, to be sure, for the safety of

his noble companion, and for the fate of the cause in which they were contending, but always decisive and accurate in his pointing towards the goal of their common liberty.

"Upon the election of Charles V. as emperor of Germany,—a person blindly devoted to Catholicism,—the storm-clouds of controversy became still darker and more threatening over Luther. He was pronounced a heretic by the pope, by the emperor was summoned to appear before the Diet of Worms, where his writings were condemned, and he was called upon either to retract the doctrines they contained, or fall a victim to the same cruel fate—burning at the stake—which had a century before overtaken John Huss.

"And, just here, had he been a less courageous *hero* than he was, had he hesitated, and listened to the voice of Erasmus warning him of the fatal consequences of so uncompromising a stand against his opponents; had he yielded to the entreaties of his timid Melancthon, and of others who implored him for the sake of God's truth, for the sake of his own life, upon which all success seemed to hang, not to go to Worms,—far different would be the results we see to-day, and the story we have to tell of those troubled times. But we read the man's whole character in those noble and celebrated words: 'I would go to Worms if there were as many devils there as tiles upon the house-tops!' He knew no fear. This reply was not the vaunting bravado of a ruffian safely harbored among his comrades; for, at the Diet of Worms, surrounded by those who would gladly have seen him writhing in the agonies of death, he displayed the same manly, though considerate courage.

" 'Martin Luther,' inquired the orator of the court, 'yesterday you acknowledged the books published in your name. Do you retract those books or not? Will you defend all of your writings, or disavow some of them? Give us a plain, ungarished answer.'

" 'Well, then,' replied Luther, 'if your Imperial Majesty requires a plain answer, I will give one without horns or teeth. It is this: that I must be convinced, either by the testimony of the Scriptures, or clear arguments. My conscience is submissive to the word of God; therefore I may not and I *will* not recant.'

"Such language was sufficient to call down upon his head the indignation of both the emperor and the papal party. Why should not Luther, with John Huss, be burned, and the Rhine receive the ashes of the one as it had those of the other?"

"An edict by the emperor, and a bull by the pope, were issued in the confident belief that intimidation would

yet shake his firmness. 'But he left Worms,' says Seebohm, 'the hero of the German nation.' He single-handed had fought the battle of Germany against the pope. He had hazarded his life for the sake of the fatherland. There is no name in the roll of German historic heroes so German, so national, so typical, as Luther's.

"But Luther fought a battle at Worms not only for Germany, but for all Christendom,—not only against the pope, but against *all* powers, religious or secular, that seek to lay chains upon the human mind, or to enthrall the free belief of the people. Against the emperor as well as against the pope, against all powers that be, he asserted the right of freedom of conscience. But blessed be the memory of that excellent man, the Elector of Saxony, Luther was not to fall a victim to the frenzy of his foes.

"On his way back from Worms to Wittemberg, when far off in the solitudes of the Thuringian Forest, he was seized by the disguised agents of the elector, and borne in secret to the Castle of Wartburg. In this castle, a safe retreat from the clutches of his antagonists, he had leisure to perform one of the most important labors of his life—the translation of the Bible into German. This made a way by which every peasant could reach and drink the truth for himself, and fixed from that day to the present the style of the German language.

"The crowning gift of Luther to the German people,' again says Seebohm, 'was his German Bible and hymns.' The German spoken to-day is the German of Luther's Bible and hymns. They have been better known by the German people than any other literature; and so have done more than perhaps anything else to form the German language, and with it, in no small degree, the national character.

"It is almost incredible to us that a man situated as he was in the midst of the bitterest enemies, and possessing as he did the unbending will of a Socrates and the warm impulses and moral bravery of a St. Paul, should not with them have been compelled to accept death on whatever terms his enemies might dictate. But it was not to be so.

"Who has not heard that 'at Eisleben he was born, at Eisleben he died'?—not by violent hands, but under the most tender care that kind friends are capable of bestowing. And if, on looking back over the eventful and singularly successful life that he was just closing, a single regret visited his death-bed, that regret doubtless was, that he had but one life to give for his country and his people."

PERSONAL.

'51.—"The rites of ordination and confirmation were administered to Dr. Zaccheus Test, of Richmond [Ind.], at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Sunday, March 21st"—*Earlhamite*.

'58.—Thomas Clark is farming near Richmond, Indiana. He is diligently engaged in First-day School work.

'63.—Joseph G. Pinkham is a distinguished physician in Lynn, Massachusetts.

'64.—E. P. Sampson is engaged in business in New York.

'65.—B. A. Vail is a member of the New Jersey Legislature.

'67.—B. F. Eshleman is a lawyer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Samuel C. Collins is a teacher at Chappaqua, New York.

'68.—Jos. H. Wills is studying medicine.

'69.—Henry Wood took the degree of Ph. D., at Leipsic, last year, and is now teaching at Providence School.

J. H. Congdon is in business in Providence, Rhode Island.

'70.—Charles E. Pratt edits *The Bicycling World* in Boston.

Oliver G. Owen is a clergyman.

'71.—Ellis B. Reeves is engaged in the iron business.

'72.—Dr. Richard Ashbridge is a successful surgeon in the U. S. Navy.

'73.—Henry C. Haines carries on a nursery near Germantown, Philadelphia.

'74.—Theophilus P. Price is studying for the Baptist Ministry in the Theological Seminary at Crozierville, Pennsylvania.

Curtis H. Warrington farms near West Chester, Pennsylvania.

'75.—E. K. Bispham is in business in Philadelphia.

Walter W. Pharo runs a grist-mill near Tuckerton, New Jersey.

Alonzo Brown teaches private pupils in Philadelphia.

'76.—Frank H. Taylor was lately married. He has the best wishes of *The Haverfordian*.

'77.—Mercer is a graduate student in the Yale Law School.

'78.—Harry Taylor visited the old college, while in these parts, to attend his brother's wedding. He is studying medicine at Cincinnati.

Lowry and Newkirk, of '79, and Cope and Whitall, late of '80, were out to hear the Vice-President's address.

'80.—We are glad to hear that Dr. Townsend is improving in health.

'81.—E. O. Kennard whiled away the vacation geologizing in the vicinity of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

Notre Dame has a novel way of utilizing the Christian Sabbath. The Scholastic tells us that the Botany class recently made an expedition on Sunday, and procured some valuable specimens.

At Harvard, one-third of the class is lost before graduation; at Yale, two-fifths are left behind; at Columbia, the proportion varies between seven and nine twentieths of the whole class.—*Er.*

University College, London, adopted the system of co-education a year ago. Two hundred and eleven ladies have availed themselves of its advantages. In examinations the percentage of failures among women was 19.0, and among men, 44.5. *Col. Journal.*

FROM HOMER.

Book II., lines 265-331.

Of all the Greeks who came to Troy,
 Thersites was the ugliest boy.
 Squint-eyed he was, his nose was red,
 The hair grew scant upon his head—
 A disadvantage to his face,
 And hence put in the dative case—
 His limbs deformed, no collar-bone,
 His head was shapen like a cone.
 His mouth all full of railing vile,
 He undertook to speak awhile,
 Upon Ulysses heaped disgrace,
 And spat in Agamemnon's face.
 He said bad words, he cursed and swore,
 Till Ulysses obtained the floor,
 Who raised his golden sceptre high
 And smote the babblers' crooked thigh.
 "Sit down," he said, "and do not speak
 Such language vile with brazen cheek."
 His stinging strokes he does not slack,
 But stripes the ugly babblers' back.
 The sceptre raised a bloody weal,
 And Thersites began to squeal.
 "Let up," he said, "give us a rest."
 He sat, and then pulled down his vest.

EX-SENATOR.

LOCALS.

Did you see your cousin ?

Hope you enjoyed your vacation.

Are you going to try for the prize ?

"Humanity! How solemn this ice cream tastes."

Professor Sharpless spent the vacation in Washington.

Junior Day was a success. The weather was clear and mild.

The Freshmen declined to play their compeers of the University.

A new case for the storage of old papers and magazines has been placed in the library.

W. C. Hadley has recovered far enough to go West, and passed here on the 13th ult.

Thanks to the kitchen department for the new cook, whose skill we were not slow to recognize.

The Vice-President's address before the Loganian Society was appreciated by many. See another column.

There were just enough flowers open on Junior Day to afford an excuse for promenading and roaming over the lawn.

We would call attention to the article "College Reading," in another column. It contains some valuable suggestions.

The match between the University and Haverford Juniors, on the 10th ult., was decidedly in Haverford's favor. See another column.

On the evening of the 12th ult., our thriving Glee Club were prosecuting their mission in the vicinity, and met with a kind reception.

The "Baby Elephant" has been visited by one of our aspiring Freshmen, who solemnly declares that it only has a *valise* instead of a *trunk*.

The carpenter has moved to the city, but he is gaining quite a reputation among the students for the manufacture of cricket bats and tennis racquet.

The flourishing crop of young mustaches at Haverford was sadly nipped in the bud by the cold winds of April, and we fear the crop for this year will be a failure.

A Senior, starting home for vacation, politely took leave of one of the professors and some of his fellows, with whom he had been talking, by saying, "Good-by, boys." Professor smiled.

President Chase's new library is completed, and is a model of neatness and convenience of construction. He has placed about five hundred volumes in it, and is continually adding to the number.

Thanks to David Scull, that ever warm and generous friend of Haverford, for the beautiful carpet which covers the stage of Alumni hall. The Juniors, whose favor it immediately served, are especially pleased.

We are told that the Everett Society has subscribed for the *Art Journal*. We want to know what has become of it. Our artistic taste may become dulled if all the journals of that science are to be taken away.

The President called for those in favor of the question to raise the right hand. A member, rising to a point of order, said: "Mr. President, Mr. — is raising his left hand." Mr. — (hastily rising): "Mr. President, I am left handed." The vote passed.

Important improvements have recently been commenced on the cottage occupied by Professor P. E. Chase, which will add much to the comfort of the building and the beauty of the campus. Some enlarging is to be made, and the front changed to the west.

The Chess Club is carrying out its first challenge with the Chess Club of Columbia. Columbia opened with the bishop's gambit, and Haverford replied with the centre counter gambit. Up to going to press, five plays have been made on each side, and each is hopeful.

Rev. Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, so well known to our students, will deliver at the College, on the evening of Sixth day the 14th instant, a lecture on "The Poetry of the Bible," in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. All interested are invited to attend.

Best Book for Everybody.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.

Work on the lawn has been begun in earnest. Three men have been employed for this purpose, and their time is to be devoted to this work. Quite a number of lawn-mowers and other necessary implements have been purchased, and, according to the present prospects, we are to have a lawn for beauty and attractiveness unsurpassed.

Smokers, beware! Chemists tell us that the smoke of a cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids,

prussic acid, creasote, and carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphureted hydrogen, pyridine, verodine, picoline, lutidine, collodine, parvoline, corodine, and rubdene. And the Freshman who has just tried it for the first time will tell you that he believes it does.

We notice among the magazines and reviews which come to our library the recent addition of *The American Journal of Philology*, edited by Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University. *The Journal* is designed to meet a want long felt by American students of that science. The first number shows work of a high character, and we were pleased to see the addition.

We were pleased to see many prominent educators and friends of the college out on the 9th ult., among whom were F. T. King and Dr. J. C. Thomas, of Baltimore, and Augustine Jones and A. Jay, of Providence. F. T. King tells us that the interest and work in the cause of education among us is continually enlarging. In his remarks he paid a glowing tribute to the late Dr. Taylor as an educator, and to the present workers in this branch among Western Friends. The general Educational Conference will be held at Richmond, Indiana, at an early day.

On the 30th of March, Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, favored us with another of his excellent discourses on his little friends—this time the family of honey ants. The subject is one in which the Doctor is very much interested, and he is well equal to it. He went to the western frontier, intending to organize an expedition into New Mexico, for the express purpose of studying the ant and its habits, but, to his great delight, he found it on the plains of Colorado, where he gave it his undivided attention for several successive days and nights. His good delivery and excellent expression, aided by his numerous drawings, rendered the lecture highly entertaining as well as instructive. We hope the Doctor may be able to favor us again.

ELSEWHERE.

Dartmouth is to have a Law Department.

Brazil has eleven representatives at Syracuse University.

University of Minnesota has given up its Military Department.

Wesleyan has recently received a gift of \$75,000 from D. L. Ripley.

Pennsylvania College is preparing to celebrate its semi-centennial.

University of Virginia has received \$25,000 from W. H. Vanderbilt.

The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in 1800.—*Hobart Herald*.

Hamilton is soon to receive a present of \$500,000 from the Presbyterian Church.—*Ex*.

Mr. Oghimi, the Japanese student of Princeton Seminary, has been lecturing in Newark on Japan.

We are sorry to learn that the entire April issue of the "Student Life" was destroyed by fire.

Seven Columbia Seniors are debarred from their degree, on account of chapel "cuts."—*Tuftsian*.

Princeton is to have a new chapel at a cost of \$100,000. The new dormitory is nearly completed.—*Ex*.

The Seniors and Juniors of the Illinois Industrial University drill no more. The Preparatory department is to be abolished after the present year.

University of Michigan has placed Journalism among its subjects of instruction, and lectures in that profession will be delivered soon at Ann Arbor by Professor Tyler.—*Critic*.

Professor Marsh, of Yale, has announced that he cannot continue his explorations among the tertiary and cretaceous rocks of the Western States. He will now give his attention to the large amount of material contributed by him to the museum, among which are a great many fossil vertebrates new to science.—*Illini*.

CRICKET.

The first cricket match of the season was played on the 10th, by our Juniors against the Juniors of the University of Pennsylvania. Although the ground was hardly settled the wicket played very well; and the weather, but for the strong westerly wind, was beautiful. The team from the University only presented nine men,—Clark, one of their best, being among the absent. Haverford had the first innings, and procured 45 runs, Hartshorne making 19 by free hitting and steady play. After a short intermission the University sent G. Thayer and Tilghman to the bat, their innings closing about three o'clock with 34 runs; Thayer played in very good style, making 16 of their 34. The strong wind, and the Junior Ball of the night before, told on the bowling of the University in the second inning; and after several wickets had fallen, Shipley made quite a stand, and played very prettily for 39. The innings closed with 77. The University not having time to take their turn at the bat, the match was decided for Haverford on the first innings, 45—34. This match, coming so early, and necessarily having some players unaccustomed to the game, was, at times, somewhat dull. We are glad, however, to see those non-cricketers showing sufficient interest in the game to be willing to devote an afternoon to it.

At a meeting of the secretaries of the various Philadelphia cricket clubs, held on the 16th, the following matches were arranged for the Dorian:

1st Eleven, Dorian vs. Belmont,	May 8
" " " " Merion,	" 15
" " " " University of Pa.,	" 22
" " " " Germantown,	" 29
2nd Eleven, Dorian vs. University of Pa.,	May 1
" " " " Old Haverfordians,	" 19
" " " " Oxford 1st,	June 5
" " " " Merion,	" 12

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges were crowded out at the last moment, in our preceding number, so that we must at this late date express our thanks to the *Harvard Echo* for its card of Base-ball Matches, and to the *Valette* for the neat edition of Foot-ball Rules.

The *Yale Lit.* is one of our exchanges which we always feel a desire to read; the Prize Oration published in this number certainly is a model of style, if not of sentiment.

The most of our visitors are assuming a more local air as the harvest season of the College year approaches, and those contests, examinations, etc., for which we have been preparing, or, at least, of which we have talked, during the winter, become more real. Literary work does very well when the wind howls outside, and from the very contrast we gladly occupy ourselves indoors; but oh! when the contrast is turned the other way, and it is the outside that invites, then to study and keep at it requires an effort that most of us find it hard or impossible to make.

That the good lives and the evil passes away is clearly illustrated by the tendency to always find the best points of a subject we have taken under consideration (unless, indeed, there is some especial reason to do otherwise); but if we take up a subject totally unprejudiced, in the great majority of cases we will make it out much better, rather than much worse, than it is.

A good example is shown in the *Illini's* piece on Morton; now we would be very far from denying the worth of Morton's character as the writer very happily sets it forth, but he does not seem to admit that there were any bad traits. He says he was "a loving husband and a faithful father." We are not as well acquainted with Morton's life, as a critic should be, but if our memory is not at fault, we think we remember seeing a statement in which, if true, the adjective "faithful" could not be applied to him as a husband. We merely take this as an example of the usual custom, without any desire to unduly criticise the above article, which is a well-written one, and one to which the criticism above offered is not by any means *alone* applicable.

The *Round Table* seems to be a lively paper, and gives us a good number. We would judge that the sympathies of the author of "France and Germany," however, were very strongly in favor of the latter, and think that he hardly gives France credit enough for her pluck, economy, enterprise, and the perseverance with which she overcomes obstacles. To be sure he does say she don't know when she's hurt, and goes from one thing to another so fast that she does not have time to be crushed, but this is said in such a way as to almost seem a reproach. The literary department of the paper predominates more than is usual in Western papers.

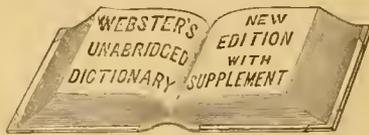
The *University Magazine* sends its last number with the present corps of editors, and the number is one which does them credit. Particularly are we struck with the criticism given by the exchange editor; he devotes a line or so to each of the principal college papers, and very truthfully gives his idea of their respective merits.

In its last number the *Earlhamite* brings out four literary prose articles. The first, on "inherited tendencies" undoubtedly has truth in it, but we think the writer carries his deductions regarding moral tendencies farther than facts will bear him out. When he says that a drunkard's son will crave whiskey, we heartily concur; but as to saying that a child of profane parents, if educated away from their influence, would be abnormally inclined to swear, sounds little less than absurd; we think there he got example somewhat mixed with his tendencies. What the writer intended to convey by the "Old Schoolmaster" we were at loss for some time to discover. We finally thought he wished to show the ideal teacher's life; if so, we leave his success to the judgment of those more acquainted with a teacher's requirements, and deal with the literary worth of the article. If the author intends to devote his life to writing Sunday-school books, we would encourage him to persevere, for we think he will succeed in his undertaking; but if he wishes to make his mark in the more mature fields of journalism, we would advise a change of style as soon as possible. The remaining essays are interesting without being strikingly so.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., SIXTH MONTH, 1880.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Although we would not attempt to vie with the very many who have perceived and recounted the beauties of the month this number represents, yet its attractions are so numerous and so strongly urge their claims, that it would be next to impossible to pass through the year without a reference to them. No matter how invulnerable a student may be to other things, at some time or other he is sure to succumb to those genial influences of nature commonly called spring-fever. The most confirmed "Grind" may then be seen either sitting in his room with his coat off, and doing little more than keeping up an appearance of study, or, horrible to relate, he has become so thoroughly demoralized as to actually lean out his window, and idly watch anything or nothing, as may be most convenient. He will, to be sure, after a few days, most likely become ashamed of his laziness, and resume, as far as possible, his old habits; but his reputation is gone, he has shown his relationship to the rest of humanity, and never will his infallibility be able to again assert itself. And, losing his example, his less conscientious classmates spend every available moment gloating over the charms of an out-door life. Yet with it all there is more work done than would appear from the amount of growling that accompanies it; cramming is accomplished, examinations passed, and the year creditably finished.

Besides the new carpet which adorns the rostrum, Alumni Hall now feels proud of having its entrance repainted, and its outside walls repointed. It is highly favored with improvements; and this one makes a very perceptible change in the little hall's appearance, though

it could never be anything but pretty. The carpet is a wonderful addition; and the Juniors, no doubt, felt elated when they felt it under their feet on Junior Day. The college certainly owes its thanks to the kind donor or donors. The gallery built last fall around the library wall, begins to seem like an old thing; but the room it afforded, although much needed to relieve the groaning shelves below, will still hold many new books. Alumni Hall now seems to have its most urgent needs supplied. Though we may occasionally wish that some one would give Haverford a heavy endowment, she still has very substantial gifts for which to be thankful.

The improvements in the lawn are constantly progressing. Trees have been planted to fill up breaks in the beautiful avenues; rhododendrons and other shrubs have been set out near Barclay Hall, and the click of the mowers is heard all day. Most of the work consists in keeping the grass in order, and it is no light task. We beg leave to suggest one or two ways in which we students can help. There is too much walking on the grass near the halls. The temptation is strong, we confess. It seems a waste of steps to follow the drive to the cricket ground, instead of walking around the corner of the building on the sod; but it does not wear out the sod so fast. Another suggestion is that borrowed lawn-mowers should be carefully used. It cannot be very encouraging to the lawn committee to see a fellow who aspires to have a tennis court, forcing one of the new machines through long matted grass, here and there cutting a loose stick, and now running smash over a stone. Therefore, as we "desire their encouragement," let us be careful. Few colleges have finer lawns than Haverford. Its sixty acres are amply large, and allow us two large ball-grounds, and practice creases and tennis courts unnumbered, without infringing at all on the parts kept for ornament. The trees are just in their prime, and any one will confess their beauty who sees them just now, clothed in all the delicate grace of leafy June. The slopes and avenues, and woodland, and buildings, all conspire to make the old spot delightful, especially to a Haverfordian.

There seems to be a reviving interest in the study of history in some of our American colleges, and we think it is indicative of much good. Few institutions have such a thing as an endowed professorship of history, but there are few branches whose value more justly entitles them to that eminent rank. Its importance is realized by the student from the beginning of his college course, and its use is practical throughout. Nor can we excuse the neglect with which it is sometimes treated by considering it so simple that the student can read it at his pleasure without the assistance of a competent guide. Take, for instance, the history of Rome. There are numbers of large and apparently well-written volumes devoted to that subject. No two of the authors tell the story exactly alike, and many of them differ on essential points. Some were men who possessed a greater power of insight into character, and better powers of expression. Others had better opportunities for obtaining reliable information, but were less conscientious. Almost all wrote for a different purpose, and each made the points of more interest to himself the more prominent. Amidst this diversity of opinion, of information, and of ability, where is the student to find truth? He cannot afford to read them all, he wants the facts, and he must read some. If here he does not need advice derived from experience and good judgment, where will he use it? We want to study the subject, and we need to know where to get correct data. We are glad to see this branch receiving more attention at Haverford, and hope the interest in it may continue to grow.

The Friends' Educational Convention which has been talked about for two years past, and which was expected to be held in the West, now seems likely to meet at Haverford. The time proposed is Seventh Month, Sixth. For that time of year a pleasanter place could hardly be found; and there will be plenty of room for the accommodation of delegates from a distance. We are certainly pleased with the decision, if the convention will do as much good as if held in the West; and the proposition is said to have come from Earlham. The need of some organized educational effort has become painfully evident to Friends all over the country; and it is to be hoped that practical results will follow this meeting. The Baltimore Convention in '77 stirred up our minds, and helped to prepare the way for a definite move; but the *move alone* can do any lasting good. We have been working at random, and pulling against each other long enough. United effort only can procure the best attainable results. The need is exemplified here at Haverford. There are only one or two schools that

make any effort to adapt their courses to prepare boys to enter Haverford. The consequence is that about half a year is lost to every Freshman Class in getting ready to work together. Now, is it not possible to arrange a course from the kindergarten to the college diploma, which will be fitted for all, so that the boy who does not go through college can stop anywhere that his circumstances require, and still have a symmetrical and practical education? We do not know that this question has been solved; and, if not, it surely deserves consideration. To supply such needs as these is what we may hope for as the fruit of the proposed convention, if Friends will only unite in some permanent effort.

It is said that the time was when the best English spoken in America was at Columbia College; and this was accounted for by the fact that Columbia was founded by graduates from Oxford, an institution from which we shall ever expect pure English. If an investigation of that point should be made at the present time, we might well wonder what institution would receive the palm. Yet many of our American colleges would do well to consider the quality of language they are maintaining in actual practice. At the awarding of the prize for excellence in elocution at Columbia, not long since, the judges, in making their decision, told the speakers that they were all deficient in expression. And of not a few other colleges might the same be justly said.

It must ever be regarded as one of the prime purposes of an institution, which proposes to give a liberal training, to give the student a genuine knowledge of his own language. And then it is equally as important for him to put his knowledge in practice. She teaches him the principles, acquaints him with the best authors and affords him an opportunity, in the various exercises of the course, to cultivate his expression and acquire the habit of speaking correctly. But how often do we see this feature of his course entirely disregarded! How often, too, is one's language abused by the frequent, and hence habitual, use of vulgar and common-place expressions! A good joke or pleasant retort imparts to a word a meaning such as nothing else would have suggested, and is employed promiscuously by some one trying to reproduce the humor, until it becomes a mere barbarism.

It is a curious fact, too, that students and politicians, (though they resemble in nothing else,) whose most efficient and powerful instrument is language, and who have so much to do with the study of language, and even of the master-pieces, should yet originate and employ so

large a percentage of the slang which has crept into our language, and even into some of our text-books. But such things should not be. Our colleges must be looked to as the conservators of good language, as well of true philosophy; and of our politicians we expect examples for its use. And while we would not wholly condemn all that may be included under the term "slang," as some of those expressions, if rightly wielded, may break the monotony of preciseness with a cheerful pleasantry, yet the extent to which that is often indulged is inexcusable, and tends to foster a vocabulary which no one should tolerate himself. It is said that Coleridge was once much provoked by the use of the adjective "talented," and considered it a barbarism. If he could yet visit our "seats of learning," we fear he would find occasion for more severe censure.

GOETHE, THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century:—

"But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free natures in the weak
And friendless sons of men:

"To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

"He who doth this in verse or prose
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."—*Lowell*.

The writer of this essay feels that he may be considered somewhat like the Frenchman, mentioned in a well-known passage of Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, who, being commissioned to write an article on the camel, "went to the *Jardin des Plantes*, spent an hour there in rapid investigation, returned, and wrote a *feuilleton*, in which there was no phrase the Academy could blame, but also no phrase which added to the general knowledge." Yet when one can only take a cursory glance, lasting and true impressions may be made. The Frenchman *saw* the camel, though in captivity; and so, though the greater numbers of English and Americans know Goethe's works through translations only, enough can be known to give a fair idea of his genius, his power, his influence. Of Goethe himself Lewes has told us so much, that few literary men stand as clearly before us as this great German.

It is chiefly of Goethe the man, and his influence, that we wish to speak in the present essay. The following lines by Bayard Taylor represent the feeling of many who rank Goethe next to Shakespeare as a poet, and place

him as a man above all other men. And his opinion does not seem to lessen; rather, on the contrary, to increase:

"Behold in him since our strong liue began
The first full-statured man!
Dear is the minstrel, even to hearts of prose:
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.

Still through our age the shadowy leader goes:
Still whispers cheer or waves his warning sign,—
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten."

Is Goethe really worthy of such praise? It is, perhaps, well that we know so little about the great men of antiquity, for there is no doubt that, with fuller knowledge of their lives, our opinions would undergo great change; and possibly they might take a lower place in our estimation.

While we should be careful in making a comparison between men whose lives we know little about, and men whose lives we know almost everything about, it is perfectly fair to compare their works, their influence, and the spirit which animated them as far as can be gathered from their works. Tried in such a way Goethe will not, as it seems to us, stand the test. Take the most impersonal writer known, Shakespeare; let any one read his dramas from beginning to end, he will find good and bad, refinement and coarseness, virtue and vice, all delineated with matchless skill; but we venture to say after a careful perusal the reader will have no less hatred for evil, nor less admiration for good, than when he began. Nay, vice will seem more hateful and virtue more attractive than before. Can the same be said of the effect of Goethe's works? No!

But when such claims are made for a man as are made for Goethe, and his life *is* known, it is impossible for us to ignore it. The main incidents of his life are so familiar that it is only necessary to refer to them in the briefest manner. He lived in an age of laxity of morals, when that was countenanced, or at least passed over, which would not now be tolerated an instant. Nothing, however, can excuse the supreme selfishness of his treatment of the woman whom he, at too late a day, married. No Lewes, seeing here only his hero's side, can excuse or gloss over his conduct towards her who, for seventeen years the inmate of his house, bore the scorn or the polite ignoring of his guests that such a position would naturally invite. Nor does Schiller rise in our estimation, when, after acknowledging Goethe's short-coming and weakness on this point, he goes on to say, "This is the only short-coming in him; but even this is closely connected with a very noble part of his character, and he *hurts no one but himself*." Cold and largely unimpress-

ible to the influence of men, to female influence Goethe was wonderfully alive. We are told that he had his loves for over sixty years, and no one, who is not blinded by his genius, can have respect for the man who thus travestied and degraded in his own life those highest and holiest feelings that are given to mankind as men, and which are chosen as the type of that feeling which Christ has for his church.

Susceptible as he was, he never lost the most perfect control of himself. Who, that has read of Frederika, does not pity that fresh young heart, rudely cast off because, forsooth, she might have stood in the way of the young Apollo of twenty-two? Her story was repeated over and over again with variations for better or worse during the rest of his life. A writer says of him on this point: "In his after life he knew by experience that he very much preferred to be passively hampered by a wounded heart, to being actively hampered by an affectionate wife. The essence of these tedious tortures was almost always the same. He wished for love with limited liabilities, he did not wish to devote *himself* to any one except himself." Truly it was Goethe himself that loomed up before him all the time, and from whose shadow he could not emerge. And yet in one sense he was a benevolent man, for there are many instances of his liberal charity in money to the needy. But his constant aim was his own conscious self-development, which he himself once expressed in this way: "The desire to raise the pyramid of my existence—the base of which is already laid—as high as possible in the air, absorbs every other desire, and scarcely ever quits me."

Niebuhr, though an admirer of his genius, saw this great blemish in his character very plainly. Living himself in Italy for many years, deeply interested in Roman history, and feeling, with an intensity hard for us to realize, the historic and poetic associations of that land which has been the theatre of so many and so varied events, he could not bear with equanimity the cold, passionless comments of Goethe, or the disregard of what seemed to him must call forth the sympathy or interest of every right-feeling man. Niebuhr writes to Savigny from Rome in 1817, referring to Goethe's Autobiography, just published: "The whole tone of his mind during his travels and residence in Italy . . . is most remarkable, and would alone have rendered this description of his journey more interesting to us than anything you could have sent us; but is it not enough to make one weep? To treat a whole nation and a whole country simply as a means of recreation for one's self; to see nothing in the wide world and nature but the innumerable

trappings and decorations of one's own miserable life; to survey all moral and intellectual greatness, all that speaks to the heart, where it still exists, with an air of patronizing superiority; or, where it has been crushed and overpowered by folly and corruption, to find amusement in the comic side of the latter, is to me absolutely revolting; perhaps more so to me personally than I can reasonably expect it to be to others, but I think it ought to excite sentiments similar in kind, if not in degree, in every breast. I am well aware that I go into the opposite extreme; that my politico-historical turn of mind can find full satisfaction in things for which Goethe has no taste; and that I could live contentedly without feeling the want of art, not only amidst the glorious scenery of the Tyrol, but on the moor or heath where I was surrounded by a free peasantry, who had a history. But truth, though it always lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle." In 1812 he writes of Wilhelm Meister, after praising the style: "But the unnaturalness of the plot, the violence with which what is beautifully sketched and executed in single groups is brought to bear upon the development and mysterious conduct of the whole, the impossibilities such a plot involves, and the thorough heartlessness, which even makes one linger with the greater interest by the utterly sensual personages, because they do show something akin to feeling; the villainy or meanness of the heroes, whose portraits, nevertheless, often amuse us,—all this still makes the book revolting to me, and I get disgusted with such a menagerie of tame cattle. Is it not your feeling too, that few things leave a more painful impression than for a great spirit to bind its own wings and seek to excel in the lower regions of art, while renouncing the higher?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOHN COLET.

John Colet was one of those good, earnest men who, while possessing great abilities and performing eminent services for mankind, yet make so little stir in the ocean of humanity, that we are quietly borne along by the waves which they start, without even knowing whence they come. Perhaps no man ever worked more faithfully to reform the abuses of his time, and to incite men to pure religion; but, aiming to move only the better and more sober impulses of their minds, while he may have brought as many to a practical knowledge of the truth, he did not raise one of those tumultuous billows of human feeling which carry all before them. In short, he was not a revolutionizer, but simply a reformer.

He was born about 1468. His father was a wealthy merchant, and for a while Lord Mayor of London. Little is known of his boyhood; but he early went to Oxford. Here he was fascinated with the "new learning," fresh arrived from Italy, and we soon find him studying the classics. After obtaining his degree of Master of Arts, there lay open before him the way to wealth and even to royal favor; but he determined to devote himself to the ministry. Why, we cannot tell; but one thing may have inclined him to religion. His father had had twenty-two children, of whom he was the only survivor.

He soon went to the Continent, and spent three years in travel and study. Most of his attention was bestowed on the Bible,—an unusual thing for a theological student of that time. He returned to Oxford thoroughly imbued with the belief that he was called to a great work in the cause of simple, primitive Christianity. In the course of his Bible studies he had conceived a strong attachment for St. Paul, with whose pure doctrine the deformed religion of the day presented a painful contrast, and he desired to open to others the wealth of truth contained in the Pauline epistles,—a treasure hidden by the prevalent neglect of Scripture study and the false notions of Scripture interpretation. The divines of that time believed in the inspiration, not only of the sense, but also of the very words, of the Bible. Their exposition was almost purely textarian. The Bible, says Seebohm, "had become an arsenal of texts; and these texts were regarded as detached invincible weapons to be legitimately seized and wielded in theological warfare, for any purpose to which their words might be made to apply, without reference to their original meaning or context." And Tyndale says: "They not only say that the literal sense profiteth nothing, but also that it is hurtful and noisome, and killeth the soul. And this they prove by a text of Paul, . . . 'The letter killeth; but the spirit giveth life.' Lo! say they, the literal sense killeth; the spiritual sense giveth life."

No sooner was Colet back at Oxford, than he announced a course of lectures on St. Paul's epistles. This was a bold step. He was not yet thirty, and had not received his doctor's degree, and the old divines deemed it rash presumption for him to undertake such a task. But he was not easily deterred, and went to work on the Epistle to the Romans. His was no textarian exposition, spinning out long moral lessons from short detached passages. His aim was to educe the meaning which Paul intended to convey to the Romans. He considered the Epistle a real letter to real people from a real

man. He did not go to the commentaries of the Schoolmen and the Fathers to find the sense of the apostle's words. He studied Paul's character as shown in his writings, and pointed out to his hearers his great powers of mind, his liberal education, the tact he displayed in addressing those who differed from him, the impetuous style into which his ardent feelings and active mind often led him, his wonderful force of argument, his broad enlightened views, and, above all, his love for man, his profound piety toward God, and devotion to His work. He considered also the circumstances and character of the Romans, and referred to Suetonius for a description of Roman society, to show why Paul exhorted the Romans "to be obedient to the higher powers, and to pay tribute also." By studying the English classics, Colet had attained a happy facility of expression, which enabled him to present things in the clearest and most attractive way. He drew large audiences. Some of the doctors, no doubt, came at first to find what they might accuse; but as a large number continued to come, bringing their note-books, it seems that they found some better motive. There is no doubt that the students fully appreciated his efforts.

But Colet did not confine himself to a mere exposition of Scripture; he made practical applications of it; preaching that the religion of Christians ought to consist in loving God and keeping his commandments, and following the golden rule. He denounced the ungodly lives which many led, and especially the clergy, charging to their evil example many of the laity's sins. He must have felt very much alone in his work for a while; but he soon found a friend who proved years afterwards a distinguished and sympathizing helper. This was Erasmus, who came to Oxford in the fall of 1497. He was about Colet's age, and a firm friendship soon grew up between them; but he stayed only three years, and then they were separated for a long time, Colet again pursuing his work alone.

Five years after this, the dean of St. Paul's being promoted to a bishopric, Colet was appointed dean, and, preparatory to his advancement, the degree of Doctor was conferred on him. That he accepted the preferment for the sake of the work, and not of the gains, is shown by his resigning a benefice which he held before. St. Paul's offered a better field for labor; for it was frequented by all classes,—by persons of rank and distinction as well as by the vulgar throng. This is what attracted Colet. He was not the man to preach against the avarice of the clergy, and then grasp all the preferments he could get, for his own ease and pleasure. It is interesting to notice his manner of life in this new position. Instead of assum-

ing the purple vestments of the office, he retained his plain black gown; and his table was neat but simple, contrasting strongly with the sometimes intemperate good cheer of his predecessor. The sermons which he preached from his pulpit in St. Paul's were like his Oxford discourses in not being textarian. He did not take detached passages to preach from; but selecting some connected portion of the Bible, he would treat it in a course of sermons. As he grew older, his love for Christ deepened, and predominated more and more over his love for Paul. We find a corresponding difference in his sermons. His cathedral discourses were generally on Christ's life, words and works, treating of this grand subject connectedly, as his Oxford lectures had of Paul's writings.

We now come to one of the most noble deeds of Colet's life. His father had died, leaving him a large fortune, and he had to decide what he should do with it. His benefice amply supplied his necessities, and he did not want to spend more on himself. So he resolved to devote the surplus to the good of humanity, as he had devoted his life to the same cause. We have seen that in his college days he had acquired an admiration for the "new learning,"—for pure classical literature, as distinguished from the "blotterature" of the monks, as he called it. He was also very fond of children. It is not surprising, then, that he determined to found a school where boys should be taught good Latin and Greek literature,—“such authors,” to use his own words, “that have with wisdom joined pure, chaste eloquence, . . . specially Christian authors.” This school was built adjoining the cathedral, and named St. Paul's School. It accommodated a hundred and fifty-three children, and was under the care of a head master and sub-master. Before his death he endowed it with what would now equal \$150,000 or \$200,000.

He had radical ideas about education. He did not believe that a boy's training should be as much drudgery and force work as possible. Not liking the existing textbooks, because he deemed them unfit for beginners, he had new ones written purposely for his school. Erasmus, who, after years of separation, was now with Colet once more, wrote one for him; and unable to get a Latin grammar to suit him, he prepared one himself. In his preface he says he was “willing to speak the things often before spoken, in such manner as gladly young beginners and tender wits might take and receive. Wherefore, I pray you, all little babes, all little children, learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last

to be *great clerks.*” This is sufficient evidence of the spirit that prompted Colet to found St. Paul's School,—a noble monument, indeed, of his philanthropy.

But our time is short, and passing over the bold sermons which Colet, as chaplain of Henry VIII., preached against his wars with France, and the bold discourse before the Convocation for the extirpation of heresy, in which he exhorted his fellow-prelates to abandon their worldly lives, thus braving the old Bishop of London, who wished at that very time to brand him with heresy for his outspoken criticisms, we must come to the close of his useful life. His last days were passed in retirement, partly on account of the hostility of this bishop, Fitzjames, and partly from declining health. But he retained a lively interest in passing events. He settled the affairs of St. Paul's School, and framed rules for its government; but he wisely provided that these rules could be changed as it was found desirable. He prepared his tomb in the cathedral where he had labored so faithfully, and on it was carved the simple inscription, “Johannes Coletus.” He died in the autumn of 1519, aged only fifty-one. When Erasmus heard of it, he was overcome with grief. “For thirty years,” he wrote, “I have not felt the death of a friend so bitterly. . . . What a man has *England* and what a friend have *I* lost.”

OBITUARY.

Haverford has been called again to deplore the loss of one of its active and useful managers. William G. Rhoads died 4 mo. 28, 1880, after a brief illness, arising from an inherited tendency to heart disease. His father, Samuel Rhoads, was also a manager of Haverford, widely known as an early editor of *Friend's Review*, as an upright and exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and as a wise philanthropist, abounding in good words and works. His brother, Dr. Edward Rhoads, who graduated at Haverford in 1859, was distinguished by an unusual thoroughness of scholarship, which made him a successful original investigator, and secured him an appointment as lecturer in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at the age of twenty-nine. William Rhoads left Haverford in 1858, after completing the full course, except Greek, for which he substituted elective studies. He would have been entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Science if the Scientific Department had been established at that time. Instead of a degree he received a certificate, with especial distinction in mathematics and physical science. His fondness for such studies dictated his choice of occupation. As a practical plumber, his knowledge and successful

application of the laws of hydraulics gave him a high standing, both with the trade and with those who had occasion to employ him. His intellectual ability and commercial integrity were crowned by a Christian simplicity and earnestness of faith which made him an humble and faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard, showing by his daily life and conversation that he sought to do all things to the glory of God. He devoted much time and thought to the promotion of judicious and guarded education, under a proper subordination of intellectual training to moral and religious teaching. His disposition was naturally unobtrusive, but his influence was felt, indirectly, far beyond the circle of his intimate acquaintance. Those who were within that circle will long miss the genial kindness of heart and the ready sympathy with which he entered into their deepest and holiest feelings.

PERSONAL.

'78.—Forsythe's school, at Moorestown, New Jersey, is quite flourishing. He occasionally drops in on us for an evening call,—always very short.

'81.—Hadley has started for Colorado and New Mexico, where he intends to spend a year or two in regaining his health. He is already improved.

'81.—John Winston is superintendent of the Sabbath-school at Coopertown. A few other students help as teachers.

'81.—We are glad to announce that L. T. Edwards is with us again. His return was just too late to be recorded in our last issue.

'81.—W. H. Collins is the champion archer in the College. The archery club is quite flourishing in a small way.

'83.—Scull has been hobbling around on crutches with a sprained knee. His bicycle threw him, before he had got it fairly broken in.

'83.—Shoemaker is the first man to have a bicycle at Haverford.

Richard M. Jones, Principal of the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, expects to spend his summer vacation in Europe again.

LOCALS

Is it correct to say woman is man's sequel?

The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.

All stove-pipes are not intended for smoke conductors.

Improvements on Professor Pliny's house are steadily progressing.

Professor Sharpless has recently purchased the young man's favorite,—a horse and buggy.

We notice the recent addition of eighteen volumes of the natural history of New York to the College Library.

Hand in your one dollar and fifty cents, ye aspiring youths, and show us how you are going to serve your country in the next election.

The Freshmen's tennis crease near the cricket-field is convenient for visitors who grow weary watching the cricket matches.

While the Glee Club is pursuing such a brilliant career in the line of popular songs, the Quartette has devoted itself entirely to classical music and the old masters.

W. E. Scull, while enjoying a ride on his bicycle, fell over, and had his leg severely fractured. But we are glad to see him improving very fast as we go to press.

When Professor in the astronomy recitation asked the Soph. to describe the solar system, Soph. replied, "The solar system is small compared with the *university* at large."

To serenade a house for twenty minutes with their best selections, and then find there was no one at home but the cook, was a joke too practical for the Glee Club to appreciate.

A Senior, while making a pedestrian tour, found a flower called "Dutchman's breeches," which struck his fancy. When speaking of it to his fellows, he could not think of the name, so he called it "somebody's pantaloons."

The evening study-hour has been abolished for the remainder of the present year,—an action congenial to us, and altogether consistent with the temperature of the season. It allows us some choice in our hours for study, and to spend the pleasanter hours as we wish.

The College received a handsome present in the shrubbery which has been recently set out on the lawn, the gift of David Scull, of 75 rhododendrons, 3 purple beeches, 2 English box-trees, 2 English holly, 1 cedar of Lebanon, and some others. About 40 hemlocks and spruces have also been planted.

We notice, among the recent additions to the College library's list of magazines, the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, published quarterly by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Its name indicates its true character. It contains some articles of true merit and research, and we think it a valuable addition to the list.

President Benjamin Trueblood, of Penn College, Iowa, attended meeting on the 13th ult., and spoke on "Our Knowledge of God." The following afternoon and the next forenoon he spent at the College, visiting the various recitations. He is devoting himself to the cause of education, and we understand the institution which he represents is rapidly growing. He was visiting many important points in the East, and left with a high opinion of Haverford.

Dr. H. C. McCook, in accordance with the announcement in last issue, delivered his lecture on the "Poetry of the Bible" before the Young Men's Christian Association, on the 12th ult. Knowing the lecturer through former discourses so well, we expected something good, but even then we were surprised. The discourse was both eloquent and instructive, and showed thorough original preparation as well as breadth of thought. After making some remarks upon the literature of the Bible and the distinctive character of Hebrew poetry, the speaker proceeded to illustrate with extracts from the Psalms, more largely from Job, closing with one from Isaiah. The two latter were of his own rendering into strophes of English verse from the Hebrew, and were truly beautiful. As we have not space for a thorough synopsis, we will not attempt to give more, lest by detached sentences we detract from its true merits. Suffice it to say the audience went away highly pleased.

We would like to hear more of that classical Soph. who was overheard addressing his ideal, during his midnight dreams, as follows:

" Muse? All Mnemosyne's bright brood in one!

Compound of Psyche, Phryne, Britomarte,

Ruler of storm and calm, Euroclydon

And Zephyr! Slender Syrian Astarte!

With voice the soul of music, like that harp

Which whilom sounded in the Hall of Tara.

How dare Philistines at thy whimsies carp.

Soul-swaying Sarah!!"

Oh, idol of the hour and of my heart!

Who calls thee crazy half, and half capricious?

A compound of Lionne's and Barnum's part,

In *outré* *outré* rather injudicious?

Ah! heed them not. Play, scribble, sculp, sing, paint,

Pose as a Plastic Proteus, *min car* :

Sapphire, seraphic, quintessential quaint,

Simillante Sarah!!!

ELSEWHERE

Diplomas at Princeton cost \$14.50. — *Ev.*

Vassar numbers among its students three Japanese ladies.

German is said to be the most popular study at Ann Arbor.

Joseph Bartell, of Indiana, has bequeathed \$50,000 to Yale.

Cincinnati University gives a three-years' course in Arabic.

The excitement over coeducation at Columbia gave place to electives.

The ladies' gymnasium at Oberlin was recently burned, with all its contents.

The race between Yale and Harvard is to be rowed on the day of Yale's Commencement.

The hat and cane were successfully carried off by the Freshmen in the late rush at Tufts. — *Spectator.*

An exchange tells us that the number of students at Cornell has decreased, within eight years, from 700 to 403.

The Seniors of Williams have voted to graduate in caps and gowns, — a dress which has not been worn there before since '76.

By complaint of the Alumni, seven professors have been discharged from the State University of Minnesota for alleged incompetency. — *Ev.*

Several students recently expelled from Monmouth because of their connection with a secret college fraternity, have entered the University of Chicago.

Columbia has an endowment of \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins University, \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000; Wabash, \$900,000; Yale, \$350,000. — *Ev.*

A law school has been added to the University of California, by the gift of \$100,000 from Q. Clinton Hastings, one of its alumni. It will be called the Hastings Law School.

One of the dormitories of the Illinois Industrial University was almost blown down by the storm on the 19th of April. The Illini protests against such. Of course then it will stop.

In England, many ladies are attending the University lectures at Cambridge, and a memorial has been signed to the Chancellor of the University praying that the Senate will grant properly qualified women the right of admission to the examinations for degrees and to degrees. It has been largely signed.

A Dr. Borne, of French extraction, has left all his property to Louisiana University, on condition that the revenue shall accumulate for a hundred years, and then be devoted to the publication, in all known languages, of his manuscript work, "Maxims and Aphorisms," every library in the world to be supplied with a copy.

CRICKET.

The first Dorian match of the season was a second eleven one with the second of the University of Pennsylvania, played on May 1. Victory was with the home club; the University making 21 and 25 respectively in their innings, the Dorian 35 in their first, and 12 with 7 wickets to spare in their second. The match was very short, closing before three o'clock, and without any noticeable feature, except perhaps the accurate bowling of the Dorian and the good batting of Shoemaker, who, with 14, was the only one to get double figures on either side.

The Belmont finding they had arranged for more matches than they could play, wished to be excused from their engagement for May 8, so the match announced with them was not played, throwing the first eleven's first appearance back to their match with the Merion.

For the first time in ten or fifteen years the Dorian was defeated by the Merion. The lack of rain had made the wicket rather lively, with the exception of which the day left nothing to be complained of.

The Dorian went first to the bat, Carey and Hartshorne facing the bowling of Law and Thayer, after making 9 Carey hit one of Thayer's up to drive and retired. A. P. Corbit took his place, and was soon bowled on a yorker by Lowry, who had supplanted Law at the lower wicket. Jones followed, and Hartshorne, having gotten 19 and played very well, was bowled by Thayer. Shipley, after making 4, was caught at the wicket. Jones having been caught and bowled by Lowry, left Mason and D. Corbit at the bat. The former made two 4-hits and was bowled by Thayer; the latter played very well, and made 11, principally on drives; Winslow's 4, Price's 2, and Rhodes' 2, finished the innings, Shoemaker not having time to score; total, 68.

A. S. Baily and Sayers represented the Merion at the bat, Shipley and Winslow bowling. Shipley's fourth ball took Baily's middle stump, while Winslow's fifth served Law, who succeeded him, in a similar manner. T. S. Baily, after scoring 1, knocked an easy one up to

the bowler, and was followed by Ashbridge, who scored 4, and was bowled on a shooter by Shipley. J. B. Thayer then came in, and, playing in his usual beautiful style, rapidly scored 24. Jones then went on to bowl, and in his first over Thayer put one up to Carey at long off, which retired him. C. E. Haines took his place, when, after a few singles, Sayers was run out; he had gone in at the first and been playing very carefully, scoring 14. Morris was the next batsman; he played in his usual slashing style, and his 25 won the match for the Merion. Mason went on the bowl, and in his second over bowled him clean. Haines was run out for 6, Watts got 6, Lowry 0, and Stroud 4 and not out. Total, 93.

Either the appearance of defeat was too much for the Collegians or something disheartened them, for the first four wickets fell for 6 runs. Mason and Shoemaker then got well together, and raised the score to 44. Mason then drove one of T. S. Baily's underhands to the on, which was beautifully caught by A. S. Baily; he had made 22, and batted in very good style. Shoemaker put together 19, and was bowled by Baily; he showed good defense and a hard forward play, on which he got most of his runs. Winslow made a hit for 6 off Baily, and was then bowled by him. The innings closed with 53, leaving the Merion 28 to get to beat; this they did with the loss of four wickets, without, however, giving any great display of good cricket.

On the 19th, as announced, the Old Haverfordians played their usual match with our second eleven; the match resulted in a victory for the veterans by a score of 110 to 100. Mellor and Cadbury went first to the bat. From the first the former hit around quite freely, and got his 30 without any very noticeable "swiping," while he showed much good cricket. Cadbury was bowled by Randolph for 4. Starr, Wistar and Emlen were disposed of without much difficulty, when H. Comfort and W. P. Evans made quite a stand, and run the score up from 43 to 84. Evans's 33 was the largest score made on his side; the remainder of the eleven did not give much trouble, and the side was out for 110.

The Dorian sent Shoemaker and Winston to the bat. W. P. Evans and Starr opened the bowling for the O. H. Both the batsmen played very well, and when Shoemaker was run out they had 36, Shoemaker 22. Jay, who came in fourth, did the batting of the day. While we would not recommend his style as a constancy, it sometimes proves very effective, as in the present instance; he succeeded in holding his wicket until the end,—his being the last wicket to fall. His 40 was made up of one 5, one 4, three 3's, seven 2's, and six singles. The eleven

suffered somewhat from that chance which is always ready to thwart the nicest calculation in cricket. Coffin was caught in a very fine manner by Evans. Blair knocked the ball into his wicket, and their bowlers seemed to be off the spot.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges are beginning to show in their appearance that liveliness which is in keeping with the period of college life now before us; that season when, in addition to the cramming necessary to a satisfactory completion of the year's work, athletics are claiming their largest share of attention.

Even our Western friends, who usually don't take much thought about such "foolish" things as base ball and boating, have stirred up enough to give their papers a chance for an editorial on physical culture, and a column or more of description of their matches. We are glad to see this, and hope that they will come to see the good in those sports, the love of which has so often formed an objection to Eastern college life.

In an editorial the *Madisonian* justly calls attention to the lack of domestic history and government taught in our colleges. We can heartily indorse all that is there said; yet if the writer would ask the president of his college we think that he would be told there were innumerable other things thought just as important, and which time alone prevented being brought into the curriculum. All most colleges attempt to do in any branch is to fairly start the student, to give him a few primary points, so that the foundation being securely fixed he may build for himself; and this (if we understand the writer correctly) his College already does.

In several of the present month's papers we notice articles on "College Friendships." some senior, we suppose, finding that leaving college for good is not so pleasant an operation as he has all along imagined, has put together his thoughts of parting from a four-years' chum, and produced a piece for his paper; and very readable ones some of them are too; we notice one in the *Bowdoin Orient*, which, though without having any great merit, contains much that is worthy of attention.

We are glad to see *Student Life* so promptly redeem its promise of an extra good number. If this is to be the effect of a fire in all cases, we would prescribe them regularly, to be taken monthly just before going to press. We would judge the "co-ed" article to be written by one of their fair students, but are afraid to commit ourselves;

it is about time, however, to call the whole subject in for this season, and let the champions breathe awhile to start fresh next year.

The editorials in the *Illini*, we think, far surpass the rest of the paper, which does not come up to that of last month; new editors, etc., we suppose somewhat account for the loss. We are glad to see the resolve not to print any more "ar" and "wer" essays; we who are not so far advanced in the novelties of the age as our friends of the I. I. U., find it rather unpleasant to read when we feel like correcting proof all the time. And when the whole paper is printed after the phonetic method we will most probably not read it at all.

The *College Monthly* is too local to please outside readers; that, however, is not the prime object of a college paper.

If the editors of the *Dickinson Liberal* only keep on as they have begun, they will make their paper a great improvement on what it has formerly been. The essays are good, and have a pleasing variety; while the locals do not fill up half the paper, as is too often seen in some exchanges.

The following is a list of our exchanges: *Bowdoin Orient, Harvard Advocate, Tuftonian, Bicycling World, Trinity Tablet, College Argus, Critic, Yale Lit., Asbury Monthly, Speculum, Hobart Herald, Madisoniensis, Columbia Spectator, Niagra Index, Concordiensis, University Herald, Reveille, Pennsylvania College Monthly, College Herald, University Magazine, Dickinson Liberal, Princetonian, Philosophian Review, Scholastic, Eurhamite, Student's Journal, Illini, Volante, Tripod, Vidette, College Rambler, College Journal, Round Table, Central Collegian, Student Life, Student's Offering, Cedar Valley Seminary, Alabama University Monthly, Kansas Review, Argosy, Acadia Athenaeum.* With more or less regularity we have received the following, viz.: *Harvard Echo, Yale News, Cornell Era,* etc.

Students will find the Mackinnon pen a most valuable assistant in written examinations, and, indeed, in writing of every kind.

The *Art Journal*, with all the back numbers of the present volume, has put in its appearance. We would suggest that if magazines cannot be procured, through the agency where that was obtained, sooner than that was, it might be well to try another.

We are glad to note the appearance of bicycles on the lawn, and it is rumored that we are to have a club. Yet the experience of some of our amateurs would teach us to be-ware. It is delightful sport, but requires caution in learning.

A Soph. was intensely interested in Gough's lecture. A lady, who occupied so much space that she had to rise for the people to pass to the seats beyond, sat next to him. The rising was repeated until, by a wrong step, she fell backwards into poor Soph.'s arms, and looking up with an expression of half content and half surprise, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear!" It was too much. He "won't go there no more."



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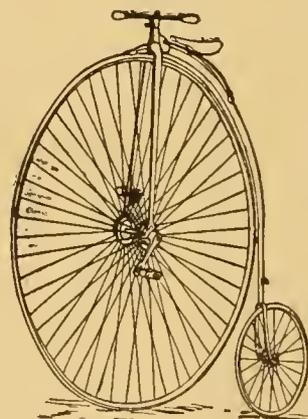


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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 1.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., SEVENTH MONTH, 1880.

No. 10.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITED BY

JOS. RHOADS, JR. ALEX. P. CORBIT. J. H. MOORE

WILLIAM A. BLAIR, Business Manager.

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LIFE'S VISTA.

Oh, the fresh green robes that the spring doth wear
Are lovely and fair to me,
And my youthful heart its joys doth share,
And I cry, "If Thou makest Thy earth so fair,
Lord, what must Thy heaven be?"

And many scenes in this world of ours
To me wear an aspect fair;
Bright visions come with the midnight hours,
And the days are filled with sweetest flowers,
And the hours are free from care.

But will the world, when I older grow,
Seem always warm and bright?
Or will the chill of the wintry snow
Chain me, and lead me, with footsteps slow,
Away from the warmth and light?

Oh, joys of youth, with thy sunny grace,
Gild ever each passing day!
May all life retain the shining trace
Of thy golden finger and smiling face,
Though thy buoyant powers decay!

But the trooping years haste hand in hand,
In shadowy band, away, away, away;
And I sadly watch the golden sand
Run swiftly out. Time's march is grand,
And the moments must not stay.

Youth will not stay, I shall mourn its flight
When the morning hues have fled;
But I would not idly watch the light,
As it fades away from my ravished sight,
Till the years of life have sped.

For I know that the world is full of woe,
Though its sorrows I dimly see;
There is fruit to gather and seed to sow,
With the words that cheer, and the smiles that glow
With tender sympathy.

Yet an aged life may youthful be,
Though its dawn has passed away;
And the sunset skies, it seemeth me,
As they lie beyond the peaceful sea,
Are fairer than morning's ray.

So I will not shrink from life's woes and fears,
Though its sorrows may bid me weep,
For I know that the hand that sows in tears
The precious seed, through the long, sad years,
In heaven its joys shall reap.

MARIE H.

Haverford, this year, is among the last of the colleges to close, so that one by one we have seen the various corps of editors of our companion journals make their bows and gracefully withdraw, either with many congratulations on the success they have achieved, or with an equal number of maledictions on delinquent subscribers when their paper's career has failed to equal all their expectations. We have noted these farewells with some amusement, on account of the sameness which pervaded the whole of them, but now it has come our turn to proceed as they have done, and we are at a loss to accomplish the task in a more masterly manner than they; the funny side is not quite so apparent. We can, however, inform our readers of the well-known fact that we have completed our first year, and yet more that we have done so successfully, as far as we are able to judge, in every department; not that we feel satisfied with any, but hope and expect that experience may add greatly to the worth of our paper. The first important step has been taken, and the *Haverfordian* established on a permanent basis. Next year will fully prove whether or not it is worthy of the support it has received. To our subscribers, then, we would say: stay by us one year more for the sake of the college, if not of the paper; then, if it is not worthy of your support, let it die.

The Educational Conference, announced in our last issue, to be held here, beginning on the 6th inst., is drawing near. It will probably sit for two days. Papers by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, President Seelye of Smith College, our own honored professor, Pliny E. Chase, and other educators, will be read, and various subjects of interest will be discussed. The new female college at Bryn Mawr will be considered in relation to its influence on the education of women. It is likely this will be introduced on the morning of the 7th. It is a subject of great interest; for this infant institution, with its endowment of eight hundred thousand dollars, will be ready for work in a very few years now, and ought to exert a powerful influence for good. No other women's college in this country ever started under more favorable auspices. In fact, it ought to step in at once and take its place among the very first institutions of its

kind. The conference will be open to all teachers and others actively interested in education in the Society of Friends; and they will be heartily welcomed. It is hoped that representatives will be present from most, if not all, of the Yearly Meetings in the United States, and from our leading educational institutions.

The announcement that the value of the Alumni prize was \$50.00 instead of \$85.00, on the evening of the late contest, was quite a surprise, yet not so agreeable a surprise as the announcement of the fact that the successful competitor would have his choice between a gold medal of the full value of the prize, and a bronze medal with the remaining value in books, to be approved by the committee. We presume there are few who would hesitate between the two alternatives. Bronze is even more durable than gold, and hence will serve equally well to preserve to posterity the name of the orator, while the remaining \$42.00 worth of books will be no insignificant addition to the libraries of most students of Haverford. Of course the principal incentive to compete for the prize is, and ought to be, the honor attached to it, and yet, if \$50.00 must be expended to attest this distinction, we see no reason why it should not be expended in something of real worth, instead of being locked up in a piece of precious metal which is comparatively useless to its possessor. As a further indication of the preference of the students, it may be said that the successful candidate for this year has availed himself of the new provision, and we learn that the wearer of last year's honors is making an attempt to exchange his gold treasure for books, under the new provision. We understand there are to be radical changes in the plan for future contests; what these are, we can only conjecture. If, however, there is any foundation for the rumor that the contest is to be open to three classes, we wish to enter a timely protest. If the feeling of the students this year is any indication for the future, there is no demand for such a change, and if there was a demand, there is no disposition to convert a pleasant evening's entertainment into a "Junior or Senior bore" by increasing the number of speakers. The present arrangement allows each candidate the privilege of failing twice, and we presume, if any one had courage to try again, he would fail a third time. We have no lack of confidence in those who have the matter in hand, and we are satisfied that when the plans for the future are matured, they will be the best. It is only fair, however, as well as conducive to the general interest in the competition, that

the plans should be early announced. The greatly increased interest taken by Haverford students in the cultivation of oratory since the establishment of the Alumni prize, warrants the belief that, if the new feature, introduced this year, is continued, there need be no apprehension of a lack of a reasonable number of creditable candidates.

It has been said that base ball is our national game, and as such it ought to be supported by colleges. This, indeed, has been true in the past; for students must have exercise, and base ball seemed the most available. It met with popular favor. It required much action, and soon became a delightful sport. But the game has been played so much by professional teams of a questionable character, and the matches, often a source of contention with gamblers, have sometimes been conducted in such a suspicious way, there seems to be a tendency toward the game's falling into disfavor with colleges, and to be supplanted by something better adapted to their wants. In view of this fact, we cannot regard with indifference the progress which cricket is making, and, we believe, it is ere long to become the American college game. During the present season, clubs have been organized at Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton,—institutions which lead in so many features of American life. A club has also been organized at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, it has long been played at the University of Pennsylvania, and the matter is also being discussed among many others. We believe the fact is significant. The game is commending itself to colleges because it possesses the features essential for a college game,—manly, healthful, active, scientific, and is not likely to be so much appreciated by roughs as base ball has been. The cost in preparation, which is so often urged as an objection against it, is too often exaggerated, and is not necessarily so great. Athletics are likely to receive much more attention in the future than they have in the past. The interest in them is continually growing, and large sums of money are being devoted to that purpose. The time when it was thought that only he of a sallow cheek and drooping countenance could rank well in his class is a bygone, and he that stands at the head of his class may compete with them as well on the field. To meet this want, the best games will be sought. The matter is to be made a subject of study. And if the judgment of the thoughtful is to stand, we may expect, at no very distant day, to see the bat and crease as common to college life as the base-ball field has been.

For more than three months now the whole country has been in suspense awaiting the final decision and result of Whittaker's case at West Point, and yet the partial and perhaps prejudicial opinions of the papers go on. Poor Whittaker! The truth of his case may yet remain a mystery. But whether the court reveals it or not, whether the innocent shall suffer or the guilty go unpunished, it has at least been productive of one benefit,—it has called the attention of the public and of the ablest men of the nation to the education given at the nation's academy, and they have asked what it is worth. It has called the attention of the educators of our country to the subject of "hazing," which in most colleges has already been absolutely suppressed.

If the treatment, which some hasty judgments have been wont to assert, is really received by the students of less influence, and tacitly countenanced by the officers at West Point, the government should be respected, and the Academy reformed. The plan of taking officers from the field and camp for instructors has often been questioned; and the case ought now, while the whole subject is being agitated, to be impartially investigated, and decided once and forever. If what many regard as the cradle of the nation cannot be preserved from the influence of corrupt politics, and of men callous to gentle and noble sentiments, we should call it an evil that ought to be deprecated.

But, on the other hand, we are neither partial nor credulous toward the crude opinions that have been formed from imperfect information, and have thus presumed upon the honor of the cadets. If Whittaker is guilty, they have been done a great injustice, and their honesty ought to be vindicated. This, undoubtedly, will be influenced by the final decision, which we await with some eagerness. Yet let us hope that the attention which the matter, in its various features, has received, will tend to drive the last species of "hazing" from all our institutions, that collegians may learn to take one another for what they are worth, amuse themselves with manly and innocent sports, and spurn the indolent hanger-on.

COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement of '80 competes well with those of former years, and is one at which the class may justly feel some gratification.

The day was all that could be wished in brightness, and a gentle breeze wafted away the sultry portions of the atmosphere. Everybody seemed cheerful, which added much to the pleasantness of the occasion. At an

early hour the trains brought their loads from the city, and full carriages rolled in from the vicinity. By 10.40 A. M., Alumni Hall was crowded with alumni and friends of the class. The class marched from Barclay Hall, headed by the Faculty, and took their seats on each side of the stage; and on the stage, besides the President and Professors, we noticed the faces of Dr. James E. Rhoads, Philip Garrett, and others.

After a brief pause, C. F. Brede, of Iowa, saluted the audience in an easy and pleasant manner, in the name of the class.

William F. Perry, of Rhode Island, was the first orator, and spoke on "The Imagination in Mathematics." The speaker seemed intent on impressing the audience with the importance of an idea which had been somewhat overlooked. Mathematics and imagination are of equal importance to the physical investigator. Poetry and mathematics are works of the imagination, with this difference: poetical creations are necessarily of material forms, while the mathematical can sweep away all thought of matter, and reveal, in its creations, forms of artistic beauty.

Alex. P. Corbit, of Delaware, followed with an oration on "Kearneyism," in which he showed how the communistic spirit, arising in the Old World, had spread to the United States, and prevailed among the ignorant and irresponsible classes of California's slope, thus giving to the English language a newly coined word expressive of the principle and enthusiasm leveled against all order, and seeking to make the unlawful the lawful, and hence the wrong the right. But this enthusiasm has been subordinated to the government, and only the name remains to perpetuate it. The speaker's manner was free and earnest.

Next came William Bishop, of New Jersey, with a discourse on "Why we Look at the Stars," in which he showed his admiration for a science which has been a favorite theme of the sages of old, and which has invoked all the powers of man to describe. No one can fail to admire the transcending beauty of the heavens on a calm and cloudless night; but how much greater does that majesty become when we are able to follow the stars in their course, and the constellations in their orbits.

The fifth oration was on "Independence in Politics," by Edward M. Jones, of Pennsylvania. The subject is a familiar one among the thoughtful, and has of late been a favorite of orators. The speaker was hardly as enthusiastic over his subject as might have been best, but he expressed some practical ideas. National prosperity depends upon the faithfulness of individuals; in the

virtue of their private lives, and in their public acts. Let the intelligent classes take hold of our politics, and they will abolish the opprobrium attached to the words "politician" and "office-seeker," and will raise it to its true dignity,—the highest and noblest of professions.

Charles E. Gause, of New Jersey, delivered his oration on the "Domestic Life of the Romans" in his accustomed easy and graceful manner. Rome was pre-eminent in the history of early nations; she deserved the attention paid her; but nothing in her history is so unfamiliar to us as her domestic customs. There were radical evils in the social system of Rome, as the observing student of her history will soon perceive; and with all its elegancies, the life of Rome fell far short of ours in point of happiness. Though they had masses of wealth, they had not an American home.

James L. Lynch, of Missouri, spoke on "Whence and How." In a clear voice, and a familiarity with his theme, he showed how, in the early days, mankind were impressed with the awful majesty of God, but afterwards degenerated into scepticism, infidelity and atheism. Primitive man recognized that God was the true source of his being, and that unto God he owed his allegiance. If God is the acknowledged source of our being, then must He also be the substance of life, and of all material existence.

Josiah P. Edwards, of Indiana, considered the subject of "Man the Elector." He portrayed, in an energetic style, the folly and evils of giving up to ease, and refusing to exercise the choice which is our privilege; as is so often illustrated in the moral, intellectual and political fields. Man's being raised above the brute by the power of choice involves the responsibility of its proper use in selecting the good from among the evil. In the intellectual world it is true; and the prerogative does not justify good men in discarding politics and the profession of the law, because these are corrupt, but it rather implies the duty of those who are conscientious, and capable of entering these fields, to lend their efforts in purifying them.

Samuel Mason, Jr., of Pennsylvania, followed with "Stability of the State." He commended the form and past history of the government of the United States, and looked forward to the time when her greatness should be unexcelled. In considering the many forms of government under which the peoples of the earth live, we are met by the question: What form is best? This question has perplexed sages of the past, but is yet unanswered. We look back to the circumstances under which our own government was established; we consider the abundance

of her natural resources, and the progress she has made, and ask: Is she established and permanent? All history, and the quelling of recent convulsions, re-echo with, "It is true." Though she has been recently shaken by political troubles, they have only settled her upon a firmer foundation. Let every man do his duty, and her permanence is a fact.

The last oration was delivered by Charles E. Cox, of Kansas, on "Prohibition and Liberty." He showed an earnestness and an honest conviction in his idea, but a little more animation would better have accorded with the character of his subject. He deplored the odium attached to the word "prohibition," and considered it our duty to abolish a traffic so fraught with evil and productive of no good. Liberty consists in security, the guardians of which are the people. It is, then, no sumptuary act or abridgment of liberty if the majority abolish any traffic which lessens or endangers their security. The people have a right to remove the burden of taxation caused by crime growing out of the traffic, by removing the cause, or they have not liberty.

Joseph Rhoads, Jr., of Delaware, delivered the valedictory, expressing their attachment to Haverford, and their thanks to the Professors and managers for their instruction and kindness, and expressing the hope that the members of the class might not forget each other.

Professor Isaac Sharpless delivered the farewell address to the class, referring to Xavier's going to India and sacrificing the comforts of home-life for the cause in which he was engaged. So were they going forth into life, but not under such gloomy auspices. He encouraged them to be earnest and firm, seekers after truth. The world has need of such men; and college graduates are expected to lead, not to be led. The field is large, whatever branch of knowledge we choose to pursue.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon C. F. Brede, C. E. Cox, J. P. Edwards, J. L. Lynch, S. Mason, Jr., W. F. Perry and J. Rhoads, Jr.; and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon William Bishop, A. P. Corbit, C. E. Gause, Jr., and E. M. Jones.

The degree of Doctor of Letters was then conferred upon President Thomas Chase, for his faithful services during his twenty-five years' connection with the college; and he received the diploma with some pertinent remarks of his appreciation of that honor, and in reference to the growth of the institution.

After a brief pause, Dr. James E. Rhoads prayed for the divine blessing to rest upon those who were going out, and the audience were dismissed.

The day was highly enjoyed by many, and will be, in the memory of some, an occasion not easy to be erased. The crowd dispersed, and the halls were left silent until the fifteenth of ninth month.

After the graduating exercises were over, the company stopped in front of Founder's Hall, to see the cricket prizes awarded, which were as follows: Cope prize bat to S. Mason, for an average of $17\frac{1}{2}$; Haines prize belt to Walter Price; Congdon ball to Bond V. Thomas; Comfort prize ball, for bowling in practice matches, to W. P. Shipley; Freshman prize bat to B. V. Thomas; Sophomore prize ball, for bowling, to E. Randolph.

ALUMNI DAY.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting 6th mo., 29; but, as usual, the attendance was small, though a larger number answered at roll-call than at last year. The day was very warm, which may partly account for the scarcity of numbers, though we think that such a trifling circumstance should have but little effect on a custom which every Alumnus should endeavor to maintain. An afternoon meeting was held for the election of officers for the coming year. John B. Garrett ('54) was elected president, E. P. Allenson ('74) secretary. Henry Wood ('69) was elected orator to address the Association at its next meeting. Various committees were appointed to perform the duties of the Association. The meeting adjourned about five o'clock, and a few of the visitors revived their reminiscences of cricket by a little practice on the campus. The supper must have been very satisfactory, if the doleful face of the Sophomore can be a criterion, as he took his seat, with nothing but empty dishes and lobster carcasses staring at him. The public meeting was held in Alumni Hall in the evening. The president announced that a committee of fifteen had been appointed to take into consideration a suitable testimonial to be tendered to Thomas Chase for his twenty-five years of diligent and efficient service for Haverford. The Alumni medal for elocution and oratory was conferred on Charles E. Gause, Jr., for his oration delivered before the judges on 5th mo., 28. Dr. Henry Hartshorne surprised the audience with a beautiful poem on the "Attractions of Haverford." The oration of the evening was delivered by Philip C. Garrett, of the class of '51. He dwelt on the benign influence of the Society of Friends, of the noble political example of William Penn, and its effect on the form of our own government, on the great work for which Haverford men are specially adapted, of fighting against the three dragons of evil,—intemperance, slavery and war.

ELSEWHERE.

The Harvard Cricket Club played their first match on the 22d of May, and won the game.

Eighty students have been expelled from University College, Oxford, England, because some of the number locked Proctor and some of the Fellows in the University, and, when questioned, they refused to reveal the guilty parties.

On July 16, Lake George will be the scene of a boat-race between Columbia and Cornell.

Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, in presenting a gift of \$100,000 to Wellesley College, says that she "has often and sadly observed the pitiable worthlessness, both to themselves and to others, of the lives of women when given up to selfish frivolity, or wasted in the pursuit of mere personal enjoyment." She desired, she adds, to aid in training women of learning too generous for skeptical conceit, and refinement too thorough for fastidious selfishness.

There has been quite a rupture between the Trustees and the Faculty of Western University. The former chose to make several important changes in the College curriculum, which were not agreeable to the Faculty. These changes were not all carried out, and the will of the Trustees not fully regarded. The result was a sharp reproof and the dismissal of the whole Faculty. It is expected, however, that most of them will be reinstated.—*Round Table.*

We are pleased to notice the recent addition to the college museum of a handsome and valuable collection of birds. We hear that the collection is the gift of David Scull, Jr. The students of natural history, especially, feel grateful for such an improvement, as it supplies a want long felt by those in that department. The variety is good, and well represents the various species.

GOETHE, THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

While Goethe, like all authors, was unequal, no doubt can be entertained of his being one of the great artists of literature. And yet we are inclined to think that it is not in his most ambitious works that he is most successful, but in his lyrical poems. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to excel the grace and beauty of many of these, or the weird attractiveness of others. How striking are such stanzas as the short song of Clarchen in Egmont, and of Mignon, or the Erl King, the Fisher, or the King on Thule! But it is not our purpose to enter upon a criticism of Goethe's works; we grant their often surpassing excellence of composition; but it may not be out of the way to say that not unfrequently, especially in prose, the interest flags,—Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Elective Affinities, and even the Autobiography, seem tedious and drawn out. Nor can the fidelity and beauty of the translation, nor the deep admiration and enthusiasm of Bayard Taylor, render the second part of Faust attractive to English readers.

To return, however, to the man. It is almost inexplicable that, with all his endowments, Goethe should have lived during such stirring times as the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, and yet have entered so little into the spirit and the longings of the age. Except in Goetz, we see hardly a trace of sympathy with the downtrodden and their struggles for freedom. He does not seem to have felt that it is, or ought to be, "a high inspiration to be the neighbor of great events." It was not so with Goethe as with other great poets in other things also. Compare him with Dante, of whom it can be said: "It is for his power of inspiring and sustaining, it is because they find in him a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. He is not merely a great poet, but an influence, part of the soul's resources in time of trouble. From him she learns that 'married to the truth she is a mistress, but otherwise a slave shut out of all liberty.'" Compare him with Milton, who, when he was called upon to write a defense of the people of England, and was told that total blindness would be the result of literary work, said: "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes." And again, three years after, when the result foretold had come to pass, he could say:

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

Compare the Goethe of twenty-three with the Milton of the same age. Can we imagine the former, full of his Werther, taken up with his questionable associations with Frederika and Charlotte, saying as Milton—

"Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th,
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task Master's eye."

Or how does he come up to the standard which Milton set up for himself: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be prostrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poet; that is a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have

in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy?" Compare him with Wordsworth, to whose nobleness and purity Tennyson refers when he says, addressing the Queen:

"Your royal grace allows
This lanrel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

What does he imagine a poet should be? Hear what he writes when assailed by as bitter criticism as ever poet received: "At present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous;—this is their office, which, I trust, they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves."

How different are all these aspirations from the calm development of self which was Goethe's care! How sad to see so great a mind almost ignoring the spiritual in man's nature, and failing to recognize

"That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
And never can be sundered without tears!"

How melancholy to hear him say of immortality, "Such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts, if made the theme of daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon. All this fuss about such points is for people of rank, and especially women who have nothing to do. But *an able man*, who has something to do here, and must toil and strive day by day to accomplish it, leaves the future world till it comes, and contents himself with being active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have small success here below."

Can we accept such a man as our teacher, our master? The true office of a poet is so well described by an able writer, that I cannot forbear adding still another quotation: "Dirt, squalor, disease, vice, and hard-heartedness are not natural to any grade of life; when they are found they are man's work, not God's; and the poet's business is not with the misery of man's making, but with the escape from that misery revealed to those that have eyes to see, and ears to hear,—we mean that no true poet will be merely a painter of that which is low, deformed, essentially inhuman as his

ultimate and highest aim; though, as means, he may, as the greatest poets have done, used them to move and rouse the sleeping soul. . . . And all this which he (Wordsworth) taught in his writings, he taught equally by his life. And, furthermore, he manifested a deep sense of the sacredness of the gift of genius, and refused to barter its free exercise for aught that the world could hold out to him, either to terrify or to seduce; and he lived to prove, not only that the free exercise of poetic genius is its own exceeding great reward, bringing a rich harvest of joy and peace, and the sweet consciousness of duty well discharged, and God's work done, but what was quite as much needed in our time, he showed that for the support and nourishment of poetic inspiration, no stimulants of social vanity, vicious sensuality, or extravagant excitement were requisite, and that it could flourish in the highest vigor on the simple influence of external nature, and the active exercise of the family affections." (Geo. Brimley.)

"To the pure all things are pure," it may be said; but that saying does not apply to those who knowingly and willingly place themselves where impurity abounds; and we will venture to say that no one can rise from the perusal of Goethe's works, at least of many of them, a better or a purer man. To the nobler aspirations of our nature he offers no adequate ideal; he teaches not that self-denial for love's sake, the highest man can have, and he leaves us with no sustaining hope or unfaltering trust for the future.

Four names always present themselves in thinking of Germany's great men,—Luther, Goethe, Niebuhr, Bunsen. We of the present age can appreciate in part only what it was for Luther, with the fate of Huss before him, to stand up before that assembly at Worms, and say, "My conscience is submissive to the word of God; therefore I may not and will not recant, because to act against conscience is unholy and unsafe. So help me God! Amen." It is the fashion to run down Luther and to exalt Goethe. But, to our mind, taken with all his faults, there is no nobler figure in all German history than Luther; few, if any, in the history of any land. There are few purer or more devoted lives in any age or in any nation than the lives of Niebuhr and Bunsen. But he, of the four, on whom was bestowed the richest dowry of talent, of genius, of far-reaching abilities, forgetting Him from whom he had received all, and looking only on himself, trusting only in himself, sacrificing whatever stood in his way without compunction, stands far beneath the other three in all that goes to make up an ideal and noble man.

L.

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

The contest for the prize offered by the Alumni Association for excellence in composition and oratory was held in Alumni Hall at 7.30 P.M. on April 28. In 1878 and 1879 there were only three contestants, and it was for some time feared that the number would be quite small this year; but at the appointed time three Seniors and three Juniors presented themselves promptly.

E. O. Kennard, of Indiana, spoke first, on "Democracy or Oligarchy?" He was earnest, and intent upon impressing the audience with his idea. When Lincoln said "A government for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth," we would believe he was imbued with a truly prophetic spirit; but if we consider our present political status, we shall find that, while the form remains, the spirit of free government has flown. Parties exercise an imperious authority over the people; and a few men direct the party, as instanced in Cornell's election. Jackson's doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," is too prevalent at the present time. The removal and appointment of officials to promote party interests are the bane of our government. Remove the cause of factions, make honest work profitable, and reform will become a reality.

C. E. Gause, of New Jersey, followed with "Young America in Politics." He spoke of the similarity of Columbus's approach to America to the young man's approach to the stage of manhood, and then of the sudden rise and present position of America in the politics of the world. Her growth was unparalleled in history, but now her politics are corrupted. Good men abstain from office, and we suffer the machinations of designing men. Ease, flattery and prudence cry, "Go not in that way." And only reason, patriotism and philanthropy can point us to the brighter side. But the many departments of this extensive government, and the many and great questions which must soon be handled, call for the noblest talents and the broadest minds. Honor to him who pushes on the heavenly cause of peace, and he shall find his reward in the prospect of that age to whose happiness he will have been a contributor. The speaker's manner was easy, his voice good, and gestures mostly appropriate.

The third speaker was A. P. Corbit, of Delaware; subject, "The Irish." His delivery was generally good, and his oration possessed the rare quality of being both brief and well composed. That the Irish question has for centuries been a most important one to the English legislator, that so many of Ireland's sons are American citizens, and that her present unhappy condition is largely

attributed to her own people, all conspire to make the study of the Irish one of great interest. Though other causes may have contributed to her suffering, the peculiar temperament of her people is largely responsible for it. Their greatest virtues, generosity and good-fellowship, are inconsistent with advancement. But as soldiers they have made a brilliant record before the world, and in his own country alone have the Irishman's arms not been attended with success. We need not prohibit them from coming, but by Yankee pluck and shrewdness we may make them one of the most honored peoples of the world.

William Bishop, of New Jersey, next considered "The Meaning of the Recent Victory in England." The composition of his oration was good for an essay, but hardly animated enough for this occasion. On the eighth of third month last, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote startled Europe by announcing the speedy dissolution of the English Parliament. Four weeks ago last night it met again, but its composition is very different. Englishmen were tired of a ministry devoting its time to interfering with other powers; and the change denotes that henceforth England will look more to home interests; will try to make it more practicable for Irish farmers to purchase homes; and probably to dis-establish the English Church; will end foreign wars as soon as possible, and govern India for India's sake.

The fifth speaker was I. T. Johnson, of Ohio; subject, "The Laying of the Corner-stone." His manner was earnest, and his voice generally clear. In erecting any great structure we lay a corner-stone to show to future generations the object of the builders and the general character of the age. How imposing the ceremonies! the sweet anthems of joy, and the invocations to Almighty God! But how much grander the scene when it is at the founding of a great State! In this restless age we are inclined to reflect too little upon the self-sacrificing efforts of those who founded our government. But the memories of the brave and honored actors of that scene are our treasures, which shall be preserved for time and eternity to behold.

D. H. Forsythe, of Pennsylvania, closed the contest with "The Orators of the Revolution." The speaker's voice was clear, and his sentences well constructed. The forum has witnessed greater revolutions than were ever fought on the battle-field. Greece owed her liberty to Demosthenes; Rome, to Cicero; and Puritan England to Pym and Hampden more than to their marshalled hosts. All honor to the Massachusetts statesman

who, in our struggle for freedom, sat in ninety committees, and was chairman of twenty-five; and to the orator-general who fell at Bunker Hill! But Lee and Henry, Virginians both, were *the* orators of the Revolution. Then that noble State sent her sons promptly to duty. But where are they now? Virginia has fallen! Yet from the scenes of her former grandeur may spring another race to become as beacons to after ages.

The committee, in disappointment to the expectations of the audience, reserved their decision for the time being, but rendered it through the Prefect, on June 2, awarding the medal, valued at fifty dollars (or a medal valued at twenty dollars, and thirty dollars' worth of books), to C. E. Gause, and making honorable mention of I. T. Johnson. They also encouraged the undergraduates to strive for excellence in oratory,—a suggestion which we think timely and practicable. The decision met with general satisfaction, and was in accordance with the expectation of most of those who heard the speaking.

LOGANIAN.

June 28, as usual, the Loganian held its usual meeting. The retiring president, Dr. Mendenhall, made a few remarks, and introduced Professor Pliny E. Chase, the president for the coming year, who then made an address on the "Relations of Faith and Science." His statement of this somewhat deep subject was such as to make close attention the only requisite to a correct understanding of it. In the course of his address he showed that the only positive knowledge we possess is founded upon those axioms which are admitted as self-evident, and that to doubt these was to at once cast one's self loose from all former ties, and start on a course where there was nothing on which the wanderer might lay hold and say he was safe.

His address was followed by an oration delivered by Townsend Rushmore, on the "Influence of the Norman Conquest on English Literature." The oration was well written, and delivered in a rather recitative style, which suited this descriptive better than a more argumentative piece. His composition was good, and he produced a very good effect. R. B. Hazard was the next speaker, his subject being, "Civil Service, Past and Present." A review of the first half-dozen administrations formed the first part of his address, in which he claimed that removal from office for party reasons "was rarely practiced, never openly avowed." He then passed on to the conduct of the more recent presidents, and made a comparison, not so much to the advantage of the latter. Walter Brinton fol-

lowed, having chosen "Truth in History" for his subject. The older historians, he affirmed, had very limited resources from which to draw their information, and consequently dwelt more on the diplomatic and warlike events than the domestic and more interesting ones, but that now the sources from which information can be drawn are so numerous, especially the newspapers, by a perusal of which the historian may get a detailed and comprehensive view of any event he may wish to record,—considering these facts we may, he thought, hope for more truth in the history of the future.

"Cowper's Influence on English Society" was next brought before the audience, by D. H. Forsythe. He claimed that Cowper had been slighted in the honor due him as influencing the higher circles of England for good as no other person could at that time have done. J. P. Edwards now spoke on "Illiteracy and the State." He compared the rights claimed and exercised by the state in other things with those it wished to exercise in the case of education, showing that these last were much more reasonable and not such seeming violations of republican principles as those prerogatives the right to exercise which is conceded by all. The speaker's delivery, as usual, was good and impressive, but showed some lack of preparation. William E. Page who had prepared an oration on "The Pardoning Power," was unable to deliver it on account of sickness.

The President then announced that honorary certificates had been granted to J. P. Edwards, W. F. Perry, A. P. Corbit, S. Mason, Jr., C. F. Brede, William Bishop, Joseph Rhoads, Jr., C. E. Gause, Jr., E. M. Jones, C. E. Cox, C. W. Townsend, W. H. Robinson and J. L. Phillips. Those persons who were present of the above list came forward, and were presented with their certificates. The meeting was then declared adjourned, and the audience dispersed, to be met by the usual solemn music and shadowy forms of the *Paley* procession, with which the Sophomores are wont to express their joy at the successful completion of their year's tasks. The procession passed along in front of Barclay Hall, and on up to the grave, which was placed by the board-walk toward the meeting-house. On the way colored lights were burned, which, with the torches, furnished the numerous spectators with sufficient light for their way. Upon reaching the grave, the fantastic figures arranged themselves in a semi-circle, with the priests and their especial escort facing them. A hymn was sung, and the bishop read a very learned and well-composed Greek prayer; another song, and a Latin invocation, then with many groans and a very considerable quantity of huge sighs the remains of their

dear friend were committed to the flames, which were somewhat accelerated by a liberal application of alcohol. Then, as that imprisoned spirit became loosed from its earthly bonds, a fiery path was made on which majestically it rose through the heavens, giving as one last token to its sorrowing friends a shower of stars as it finally departed.

The mourners gave vent to their feelings in a solemn dirge, while some of the ashes having been collected in an urn prepared for the purpose, the remainder were committed to the cold, silent grave as the minister remarked who now came forward to add a few remarks expressing the appreciation of the class of the loss they had experienced. He reviewed the life of the illustrious hero, how he always grappled with the most intricate problems and without any apparent effort made them his own; he even ventured into original investigation, and, thinking the present modes of dealing with electricity not practical enough, he by the great power of his will drew from an approaching thunder-cloud the requisite amount of that substance, and threw an empty water-bucket over it, there to keep it for future use. The urn was then passed around, that the liberally minded might contribute toward that sum which is necessary for the propitiation of the relentless Charon who treats the souls of good and bad alike. The coffin was lowered to its last resting-place, and with a final hymn the sorrowful mourners took up their homeward march.

My neighbor has a pet,
And I have none,
So thus to his,
Just for fun:

"O bird of 'Price,' with bounded flight,
Caught by his intriguing might,
Imp of mirth and joy's delight,—
Thou emblem of intelligence;

"Whither went'st thou, crouching low,
Fluttering, moaning, wh-whirr-ing woe:
What soughtest thou in that corner, oh,
Example of all impudence?

"Tell me, owl, what dost thou here
Among those who thy masters are,
Treated with a playful air,
Dread messenger of accidents?

"Dost thou pull his hair and croak,
Sit on his shoulder, claw his coat,
Rub his beard and stroke his throat,
O victim of mischance?

"Dost thou all his secrets hear,
Help to while away his care,
And all his frowns and fets to bear,
Angel of sweet confidence?"

Not a word would Nick reply,
But with a true sarcastic eye,
Turning round with look awry,
He muttered "Nonsense."

LOCALS.

Did you pass?

Are you a Reb. or a Dem.?

We wish you a happy vacation.

Are you coming back next year?

Song of '80,—“There is rest for the weary.”

Talk is cheap, is it? Just hire a lawyer once.

Who is president of the “Mumble Peg” Club?

Come to the Educational Conference of the 6th.

Ask all your friends during the summer to subscribe for The Haverfordian.

On the 2d ult., Professor R. B. Warder was elected president, and J. W. Tyson, Jr., secretary, of the Hammer Club.

W. E. Page from the Athenæum Society, and Walter Brinton from the Everett, have been elected editors of The Haverfordian for next year.

The cricket field has been an afternoon resort of unusual interest this season, as the reports in our columns will give some idea. The ground is in good condition, and the two elevens compare well with their predecessors.

The game of chess, begun between the clubs of Haverford and Columbia, was suspended on the 15th of May, in consequence of Columbia's college term closing so early, but it will be resumed again at the beginning of next year.

Sporting among the Freshmen seemed to be making a new departure when, on the 16th ult., it resulted in a tub-race, in which C. H. Whitney was the successful candidate for the second prize. The prizes were provided by the young ladies of the vicinity.

That Junior was a little ahead of time when, in the French recitation, reading the story of a donkey, he translated *Il a les yeux bons, l'odorat admirable, l'oreille excellente*, “He has beautiful eyes, an admirable smell, and an excellent sound.” But he didn't blush much!

At an adjourned meeting for the election of officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the 14th May, J. C. Winston was chosen president; G. A. Barton, vice-president; J. H. Moore, corresponding secretary; J. H. Morgan, recording secretary; and F. B. Stuart, treasurer. Reports of the retiring board showed an encouraging condition of the Association, and its permanence is pretty well secured.

We are glad to see so many of the friends of the College selecting this vicinity for their summer houses. It is but another evidence of the healthfulness and desirableness of this section for such a retreat, which are also commending it to so many others. The number of elegant dwellings and valuable residences now in process of completion, will add greatly to the wealth and attractiveness of the community. The number of Friends and others who have come, is perhaps larger than any preceding season.

It is rumored that the managers are considering the propriety of changing the vacations so as to give us three weeks during the year instead of four,—of closing the year a week earlier and beginning a week later in autumn. Such, if carried, we feel sure

would be gratifying to most all of the students. These warm days of June almost enervate one's intellectual faculties, and make study a burden. Also the short vacations, if made shorter, would answer sufficiently well the same purpose as at present. We hope the act may pass.

The wisdom of the Loganian's action a year ago, in presenting its collection of rare specimens, historical and scientific, to the College, is no longer doubted. Many of them are relics of the early history of our government, and are both valuable and curious; but, situated as they were in the old collection room, they were not easily accessible, and few of them were ever examined at all. Recently the cases have been lowered, newly painted, and placed in the hall by the door of the museum, and the specimens labeled “Presented by the Loganian Society.” The light is good, and they are very convenient for our visitors at Commencement. Those figures of Italian peasantry are quite unique.

At the meeting for election of officers of Loganian Society, on the 14th ult., the balloting resulted as follows:

President,	Professor P. E. Chase.
Vice-President,	J. C. Winston.
President of the Council,	D. H. Forsythe.
Secretary,	Townsend Ruthmore.
Treasurer,	Isaac Sutton.
Librarian,	W. R. Jones.
Curator,	A. L. Smith.
Business Manager of Haverfordian,	W. A. Blair.
Editor of Haverfordian,	J. H. Moore.
Editors Collegian,	{ Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, R. B. Hazard, I. T. Johnson, W. E. Page, Walter Brinton.

A recent inquiry concerning the libraries revealed the following figures: Athenæum has added 60 volumes during the year, and takes in 2 magazines; whole number of volumes, 630. Everett has added 79 during the year, among which are included the series of English Men of Letters, New Plutarch, and American authors as far as published, takes in 2 magazines and the Art Journal; 929 volumes in all. The Loganian has added 17, but these were mostly large books; it takes in 4 magazines, and has in the whole collection 2,382 volumes. The rule which the Society adopted, requiring all books taken out to be registered, has proved its propriety in the much smaller number lost than last year. The College Library has added 400 volumes during the year, including bound periodicals, of which 65 were presented, and 30 were bound; it takes in 41 magazines and periodicals; whole number, 8,360. Considering the short time which the Library has been established, and the small resources from which it draws, we think a growth of 556 volumes for the past year is encouraging. It is not large, and is not intended to compare in numbers with those of larger institutions. The managers intend it to be a select library, and so far they have succeeded commendably. There are few libraries that contain a better selection of works on the same number of subjects than this; and feel, too, like congratulating ourselves on the convenient arrangement. It takes but a short time for one to become so well acquainted with the whole, that he may find almost any volume, under the name of either the book or the author, within two minutes. We hope every member of the college, during the coming year, may feel an interest in improving the collection in both number and quality.

PERSONAL.

- '81.—Shipley is going to study conveyancing.
- '81.—Ex-business-Manager Hadley recently took a temporary position as managing editor of the *Topeka Capital*.
- '80.—Mahlon Hill visited the college at Commencement.
- '80.—Charles F. Brede goes as a teacher to Whittier College, Iowa, where he graduated before he came here.
- '80.—Alexander P. Corbit is to be a gentleman farmer down in the Peach State.
- '80.—Charles E. Cox goes west after the Educational Convention.
- '80.—Josiah P. Edwards will enter next fall on the duties of Principal of Bloomingdale Academy, Indiana.
- '80.—Charles E. Gause, Jr., has no prospects.
- '80.—Edward M. Jones expects to spend the summer in the country, in Maryland.
- '80.—James L. Lynch returns to his native State, Missouri, where he—expects to stay.
- '80.—Samuel Mason, Jr., will seek recreation for the summer in cricket and other delightful sports.
- '80.—William F. Perry will summer at Lake Mohonk.
- '80.—J. M. Whittall and F. H. Cope, who left us last year, sailed for Europe on the 26th ult.
- '79.—We were pleased to meet Edward Gibbons on the campus at Commencement. He has not forsaken the cricket field yet.
- '79.—Beasley was recently on the plains of Colorado contemplating going west.
- '78.—Stokes gave us a call at Commencement, and will return to Johns Hopkins next year.
- '77.—William Smith, recently married to Miss Virginia Pond, daughter of Senator Pond, of Ohio, visited the College on the 26th ult., accompanied by his bride.
- '75.—Professor Tebbets, of Penn College, Iowa, attended Commencement. He has a kind word for the *Haverfordian*.
- '75.—J. F. Davis, at last accounts, was travelling in Europe.
- '70.—Benjamin Shoemaker and Howard Comfort have been elected to fill vacancies in the Board of Managers, occasioned by the deaths of Dr. Taylor and William Rhoads.
- '69.—Henry Wood recently received the degree of Ph. D. of the University of History and English Literature, Leipsic.
- '67.—Robert H. Chase, M. D., of the government hospital at Washington, has received the honorable appointment of Physician-in-chief to the new State Hospital for the Insane, at Norris-town, Pa.
- '53.—Wilbur will seek recreation for the summer in Europe.
- '53.—Professor Morgan, of Penn College, Iowa, spent several days on a visit to his son, Commencement week.
- '51.—Philip C. Garrett was the alumni orator on the 29th ult. Dr. Henry Hartshorne was the poet at the alumni meeting.

Just as we are going to press we learn of the death of George R. Vail, who left the class of '81 last winter and went to the Pacific slope. His class, and those with whom he associated here, deeply mourn his loss. We regret that want of time forbids our giving a longer notice.

'80.—William Bishop will spend another year at Haverford, as Observatory Assistant to Professor Sharpless.

At Wabash College the whole Senior Class appear at Commencement; at Oberlin the entire Class appear, and the orations are limited to five minutes; Johns Hopkins and Ann Arbor have no Commencement oratory; at Pennsylvania College the ten Juniors highest in rank speak at Junior examination, and the whole Class appear at Commencement; at Bowdoin the first eight in general scholarship and the first two in English composition appear at Commencement, and twelve Juniors, chosen by the Class, speak at Junior examination; at Yale ten men are chosen, according to the excellence of their orations, from those who rank above 2.80 on a score of 4 in general scholarship, for Junior examination, and for Commencement the rule is the same, except that the valedictory and salutatory are assigned to the first and second respectively; at Princeton, for Junior examination, four are chosen by each literary society, and these eight are again narrowed down to four, and for Commencement the first twenty are chosen, the first receiving the salutatory, and the valedictorian being chosen from the first six on his merits as a speaker; at Columbia, the first three men in the Class are chosen by the Faculty for Commencement, and the valedictorian is chosen by the Class from the "Honor-men;" at Haverford the first ten of those who wish to speak appear at Junior examination and at Commencement, the valedictorian being the first in rank.

EXCHANGES.

Once more and for the last time have we taken our visitors up in review, and—shall we say it?—been disappointed. At this season when the Senior is making his final bow, and the various last examinations and exercises are taking place, it is most natural that the representative college papers should be filled, as ours will be, with matters of local interest. These matters are undoubtedly just the things with which to please those who support each paper, the old students, and those who are personally acquainted with the College. But they are totally without interest to the exchange editor of a distant institution, and hence the above confession of disappointment. The *Harvard Advocate*, from its more exclusive character, is perhaps the most like its natural self. It has not forgotten its little light pieces, and in the sporting items which it records the stranger takes more interest than he is accustomed to in the athletics of the lesser lights. The *Hobart Herald* has decided to reduce its size, and we think has improved its appearance thereby; the story it brings out relating the adventures of a certain wandering mouse, however, is an improvement which we are not able to express ourselves so favorably on. Such a story, if an imitation of some of Hans Christian Andersen's, has to be remarkably fine indeed to arouse much feeling, even when some brilliant thought is apparent. But when there is no point visible in the way of inculcating a moral lesson which the uniqueness of the scene renders

the more striking, and it is not funny, we are left to wonder which were the most to blame for this infliction, the editors who put it in, or the man who wrote it. As for the editors, we will excuse them, for the article may have just filled the printer's call for "copy;" but the author—well, we will excuse him too; for evidently he had no evil intentions, and it would be a shame to discourage so amiable an individual.

We must also exclude the *Illi* from the sweeping assertion made about the unnaturalness of our exchanges. On taking up this journal we found the same blue cover as ever, the same crisp paper on the inside, which will curl up under your finger in spite of all efforts to prevent it, and we do not find any space devoted to the final exertions of the students of the I. I. U. If the editorial complaining of the necessity of examinations and the farewell poem to '80 were omitted, no one would imagine this was nearly the last number of the year. The article relating to Roman Catholicism has many good ideas in it, and very aptly answers those croakers who are always predicting a usurpation of the government by them as a danger of the immediate future.

The *Tuftonian* sends its final number. It starts off well with a poem, which has quite a musical ring to it. We do not usually do more than go through the title and first few lines of the poem each periodical presents; but this one ran along so smoothly, and had such a degree of metrical excellence, that we dwelt upon it some time. But on proceeding farther we found the usual list of articles of the class above alluded to, and with nothing sufficiently general enough to excite interest or criticism.

We turn to the *Philosophian Review*. Surely, with such a name, something should be found worthy within. Here, also, is a poem of at least average value; yes, we will even go so far as to say it is more, and an absolute credit to the magazine. Then the piece on "First Principles" is a well-written one, and contains many thoughts of more than passing interest. Taken as a whole, this number is a good one, and quite an improvement on the former ones we have received.

CRICKET.

The University of Pennsylvania have not, for the past year or so, been able, in their matches with us, to get together their strongest team. On May 22, however, they succeeded in bringing out all their best men. The University won the toss, and sent Montgomery and Johnson to the bat. Shipley after a time bowled Johnson for 4. J. B. Thayer took his place, and, after making 2, drove

at a yorker from the same bowler and retired. J. S. Clark, who followed, tried to cut one off Jones, and was caught at cover point for 0; and G. Murphy having scored 2, was nicely bowled by Jones. G. Thayer then joined Montgomery, who had been playing steadily from the first, and the two showed some very sharp running for a time, which ended in Montgomery being run out; he had made 14. G. Thayer was bowled by Winslow for 18, having done by far the best batting on his side. With the exception of Tilghman's 9, the remainder of the side were easily disposed of, the inning closing for 61, of which too many (9) were extras.

Carey and Hartshorne opened for Haverford, J. Thayer and Clark bowling. Hartshorne was soon bowled by Clark for 4. A. P. Corbit out l. b. w. off Thayer for 0, and Jones the same from Clark for 3. Mason followed, and after getting a 6 and a 4 off Clark, was bowled by Thayer. Shoemaker took his place and put 8 together very prettily, when he was bowled by Montgomery, who succeeded Thayer at the lower wicket. Shipley made nothing; and Thomas, attempting to drive Clark, was nicely caught by Jamison at drive. Carey, who from the first had played in very good style, was here caught at point by Montgomery; his score of 34 being the largest on either side. D. Corbit and Price, the last batsmen, Winslow having been run out, ran the score up from 68 to 91, the former getting 10, the latter 13 and not out. Total, 91.

In the second innings, the University sent J. Thayer and Clark first to the bat. Shipley, after puzzling the former for several balls, bowled him clean in the first over. Adamson played steadily for 7, and Clark hit around nicely for 18, while G. Thayer's 22 gave him "cock score" again in this inning. Cowperthwaite also played quite well and scored 11, the last wicket falling for 76, leaving Haverford 47 to make to beat, which they succeeded in doing with the loss of three wickets. Price 11, A. P. Corbit 10, Shoemaker 1, Mason and Jones not out,—the former 15, the latter 3,—and 7 extras making the required amount.

Our match with the Germantown came off as per schedule. The visitors took the bat, sending Cupitt and Wister to face the bowling of Shipley and Winslow. Wister was bowled by Shipley for 1, Brown took his place and by careful play got 16, Cupitt being bowled by Winslow after quite a protracted stay in which he got 6. W. Morgan, Jr., got 8, and was bowled by Shipley. W. Haines, the next batsman, hit out freely in his usual style, and scored 16 before he was caught by Chase at long on; he was missed by A. Corbit at drive, when he

had 9. Worrall got 3. Perot and W. Morgan, 3d, both failed to score. After McKean had been disposed of for 1, S. Welsh, Jr., and A. Cope pushed the score up from 58 to 77, the innings closing for that total.

A. Carey and Hartshorne were the Dorian's first batsmen; the latter, however, was run out before he had time to score, and A. Corbit supplied the vacancy. The bowling was straight and the runs came but slowly. Carey playing steadily and taking advantage of all chances to add to his score. The second wicket fell for 57, Corbit being caught by Cope, off Perot, having scored 16. Chase got 9, Mason 8. From the fifth to the ninth the wickets fell fast; Carey, after making 44 in beautiful style, was caught at point. D. Corbit bowled for 5, Price 4, Thomas 1, Shipley 0.

At the last wicket, however, Winslow and Mott made a stand and added 22 to the score; Winslow making a fine drive for 6 and another for 4. The total at the finish was 119.

In their second innings the Germantown made 76, Brown and Haines getting 16 each, as in the first innings; W. Morgan 14. It being near the time agreed upon for stopping, the Dorian did not take their turn at the bat; and the match was decided on the first innings, leaving the Dorian victors, 119 to 77.

On June 5 a two-innings match was played between the second eleven of the Dorian and the first eleven of the Oxford, which resulted in a victory for the Dorian by a score of 96 to 87. Previously during the present season the Oxford eleven had stood well in contests with the leading clubs of the city, so that a close match was expected, and in some quarters even the friends of the Dorian despaired of its being successful.

Winston and Tyson first went to the bat and faced the bowling of Green and McNutt. Tyson was soon disposed of, but Winston, making good use of the large number of leg balls from Green, began to score in earnest. Shoemaker took Tyson's place and was bowled by Green for 3. Jay, Mott, and Coffin followed in quick succession without scoring. Winston meantime having made 26, which proved to be the score of the day, was bowled by McNutt. Page and Rhodes followed; the former having made 7 was caught in the slips, and the wickets of the latter having fallen for nothing, together with those of Blair and Randolph, and Craig being left not out, the innings of the Dorian was finished with a total of 41.

The Oxford eleven were soon disposed of for 32, seven of their men being caught out. No one made double figures, Rowland's 9 being the largest score of the innings.

The Oxford having again taken the field, Craig and Shoemaker went to the bat for the Dorian; having made 1 and 2 respectively, they retired in favor of Winston and Tyson, who were soon out for 0. Jay, Mott, and Coffin made respectively 2, 10, and 8. Page and Rhodes followed; Rhodes made 5 when he was bowled by Green. Blair went in, made 1, and gave place to Randolph, who, together with Page, raised the score to 55. Randolph was finally caught by Reach for 8, and Page carried his bat for 10. The Oxford men went to the bat determined to do their best to make the 65 runs which stood between them and victory. The first seven made scores ranging from 3 to 6, and the eighth wicket fell for 41. Hawley and Corsen began to do good work, but the latter was caught out, leaving 45 at the fall of the ninth wicket. Reade went to the bat. There were yet 20 to make, and the Dorian was confident of success. The two batsmen, however, quickly raised the score to 55. A change in the bowling was productive of good results, and Reade was caught by Page, leaving the Oxford nine runs behind the Dorian. The strangers did too much "swiping" for pretty cricket, and the home club followed the bad example of their opponents more than was to their advantage.

The second eleven match with the Merion, on June 12, resulted in a draw—the Merion having 8 wickets down for 68, when the rain came on, which definitely put an end to the game. Watts's 23 and H. Smith's 10 were the only double figures.

The last match on the college grounds was played with the Chestnut Hill on the 19th. The visitors took the bat, and, with Murphy and Butcher, made quite a stand, both playing very steadily. After getting 15, Murphy was run out. Groome, who succeeded him, kept up the steady play, so that the second wicket fell for 46 when Butcher was caught on a fluke to square leg. Pierson came next; he played very prettily, making 26, and was nicely caught at the wicket by Mason. Biddle, who took his place, poked his first ball up to long on, where it was nicely held by Shoemaker, just before it reached the ground. Borie came in, made 8, and was caught at the wicket. Shober got 12, bowled Shipley. Cowperthwaite 1, c. and b. Jones. Ralston 2 and not out. T. C. Patterson and Farnum 0, the former being caught out magnificently by Price at point on a high cut. The innings ended for 116.

A. Corbit and Jones went to the bat from the Dorian, Borie and Patterson bowling. They succeeded in making 38 before they were parted, Corbit being run out for 17. Hartshorne followed, getting 10. Jones

having in the meanwhile been bowled for 23. This left Mason and Shoemaker at the bat. The latter, making 5, was soon disposed of, as was D. Corbit, the next batsman. Shipley joined Mason, and the two brought the score up from 71 to 125, Shipley getting 25 before he was bowled.

The bowling of the Chestnut Hill became very loose the latter part of the game, after it was won beyond all doubt, so that when time was called at six o'clock, the score stood 116 to 160 for 7 wickets; Mason getting 48 and not out.

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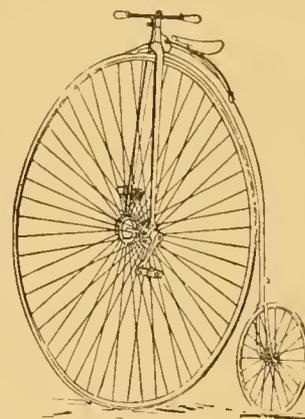
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