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DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW,
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THE season for good resolutions is at hand. 1885 is no more. We wish all our friends a prosperous and happy New Year, and we add, that the surest way to make 1886 a successful year to you is to deserve it by your perseverance and energy, for good resolutions, unless supported by a firm will, amount to nothing. With the New Year begins the most important term of the college year. It is always known as the term for hard work. There are not the interruptions and unsettledness incident to the opening and close of the college, and we advise each student earnestly to resolve to do his duty, realizing that the real purpose of college life is study and not nonsense, as many seem to think. The editors of the REVIEW will continue to try to improve this paper, and to bring Delaware College fairly before the people. We have been

censured for speaking of disorder in the college, but our idea is to represent and not misrepresent the college by smoothing over and hence encouraging flagrant disorder. Any person with ordinary amount of intellect must know that there is more or less disorder in a college, and when we think that we can do good by referring to disorder and irreverence, we shall do so. In fact we shall ever aim to unearth everything that "is rotten in Denmark."

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the State Grange is one, which severely censures Delaware College because it has changed its agricultural curriculum within the last year. The origin of this resolution was in some malicious and jealous mind, whose object was not to benefit the State Grange, but his own interests, and this is evident from the fact that the statement is untrue, there having been no change made in the Agricultural Course of the College, and it is to-day fitted to and does teach the theoretical agricultural studies. That there is no experimental farm, we admit, but the College is not to blame for that. Experimental farms are expensive affairs, and cannot be carried on without aid from the State, and to obtain this several efforts have been made by the professors of Delaware College. Then again the Grange should not be so selfish as to exclude all other interests but their own. It is this that has made so many Trade and Labor Unions obnoxious to communities. They must remember that the State of Delaware has other sons to educate besides those who intend to become farmers, and that their own sons will not all take to farming. We don't want to make enemies with this important and praiseworthy organization, but we do want to warn them against being influenced by outsiders and carpet-baggers.

A Happy New Year. Please pay up your subscription.

WE plead as an apology for the shortcomings of our editorial and local departments, the effect of the holidays. The students being away from the college, about the time ye local editor made his rounds, there was nothing to write up, so he had to use the reporter's friend, his imagination. After being feasted and treated well during the holidays, we, the editorial board, feel satisfied with the world in general, and have no desire to condemn anybody or thing severely, so we will reserve our spleen for future issues. Beware.

WE mourn the loss of so noted an Alumnus as the Rev. Allen Wright, a man of the most remarkable stamp of character. A sketch of his life will be found in another column. It is contributed by an old student, who has manifested the greatest interest in the REVIEW for some years, and to whom we owe many thanks. Many others of the Alumni should take the same interest in keeping us posted and in literary contributions.

THE students were much surprised at the low grades of their reports. Many were conditioned, while others who were in the habit of always averaging above 9.00, found their average below 7.00. This is a good move as it shows that the standard of scholarship is being improved, but an explanation is due to the parents and guardians.

ALL who wish pictures of the college will oblige the business manager by enclosing him their names and a half a dollar. We have guaranteed to sell a certain number of these photos, and should be pleased to come out square.

WE are also glad to note that a new and improved catalogue is shortly to be issued. The day has come when the authorities of a college must be business-like in their movements as well as scholars.

BE sure and procure a copy of Roofless, and a photograph of Delaware College.

Literary.

WORDS.

Words are the spoken signs, the vocal sounds, the vehicles of our thoughts and feelings, by which we express our emotions and ideas.

Words, spoken millions in the hour, innumerable in the day, unimaginable in the year, inconceivable in the life; uttered so hastily and often so recklessly, and yet living powers effectual for evil or for good.

We might dwell upon our subject in many ways and from many points of view,—and always find it full of interest and profit. Considered simply in its lowest and most practical application without reference to its higher use, a knowledge of words, familiarity with their meaning and facility in their expression, is, especially, in this age and country, and in every sphere of employment a condition of prominence and success. Whether it is a good or bad condition of things, we do not now say. But we are a nation of talkers—a people of many words.

In the business life of these days a man must push not only with his hand and his brain, but with his tongue and with his pen. He must make the world hear of the excellencies of the bargains which he offers.

Take that Philadelphia merchant, whose name is so well-known; whose methods so many condemn, and yet who has apparently had such great success; and how fully he has realized and used this power for attaining commercial prosperity. Who, whether he expects to be a purchaser or not, does not take pleasure in skimming over those chatty, descriptive, large printed columns in the daily papers, and how many who otherwise would not have been purchasers, here, at all, are led to become so, by that cleverly written advertisement?

Of the importance of a thorough knowledge of words in the professional life, I need not speak. In fact, a large part of the training of those who are to fill what are known as the learned professions is taken up in the acquisition and study of language.

He too who aspires to political place and honors must also learn to wield the power of speech; must be in some sense, at least an orator, ready to give to those who will hear him his own solutions of national questions, and impress and prove his own political connections, whatever they may be.

Even in society (unless one would figure as that uninteresting botanical specimen, known as a wall flower), he must have some measure of what is called conversational ability. He must be able to talk pleasantly and intelligently. In fact there is, I suppose, no sphere in life where

the ability to readily use good language does not tell.

It is true that there have been apparent exceptions to all this. A notable one in our own day and country being found in the person of a great leader, who twice filled the highest position within the gift of a great nation, whose words were slow and few, and yet who can doubt that this deficiency was often the cause of embarrassment and hindrance to him, and that if it had not been for this he might have been still more prominent and have had a wider and higher success.

It is true also that words often reveal the speaker's weakness. And if one's knowledge is meagre perhaps his speech had better be correspondingly meagre. If one has absolutely nothing to say, perhaps he had better not try to say it. Silence and emptiness often passes for inexpressible profundity. But the delusion cannot be sustained very long, and men soon discover where the real trouble lies.

If we have any ideas whatever, of which we hope to make much use, and make known, the next best thing is a good vocabulary. Often, indeed, the fulness of the vocabulary seems to be the principal thing; and words that express the most commonplace thoughts are sometimes so skilfully used as to produce quite an impression, which although perhaps somewhat vague, is nevertheless well marked. A fact which may be abundantly illustrated, and of which we ourselves, perhaps, have had confirmation.

But we pass on to the higher exhibitions of the power of words and the briefest study of the most familiar words in daily use cannot fail to convey valuable knowledge and impart lessons of infinite worth. Locked up in the common words of daily life are often unsuspected treasures of poetry, of imagination and passion. Popular language is full of poetry. We find it in the names of places, and flower and animals and birds. A single word is often a concentrated poem; and however prosaic or unpoetic we may be in ourselves, we go through life talking poetry. Contained also, not only in separate, but often in single words are "garnered harvests of historic lore," records and memorials of the past often more trustworthy than those of the most carefully prepared volume. Carefully studied, a single word will often throw light on the most remote past and reveal secrets otherwise, perhaps, forever lost, disclose legacies of mythologic and classic, ancient legends and traditions and romances, by-gone customs and fashions, exploded theories, sciences abandoned beliefs, forgotten sects and parties, and battles and eras.

And deep, indeed, is the "morality" of words. Often conveying lessons more striking

and convincing than the ablest and most eloquent essay or sermon. To the great truths of ethics they bear the most conclusive testimony. To the great facts made known by Revelation they often give the most wonderful corroboration. Man's original purity and fall. The records of human sin and degradation and misery are imbedded in them. They are (as it has been truly said) the moral barometers of the sentiments and habits of thought and feeling of ages and nations; Emerson has called language "fossil poetry;" but to use the words of a well-known writer, the phrase "is too narrow." Language may be and is indeed, fossil poetry, but it may be affirmed of it, with exactly the same truth that it is fossil ethics or fossil history.

Marvellous, indeed, is the faculty of speech. It is "the embodiment of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of nations and of all which through long centuries they have attained to and won." Catching "the lightning flash of genius," language crystallizes and forever holds it, and hands down "precious thoughts, and mental treasures from generation to generation." "It is like amber, circulating the electric spirit of truth and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom." It is the unpassed boundary line between man and the brutes. It is the faculty by which we are made to resemble God Himself, who has made Himself and His will and His commands known by His word. All this is doubtless most familiar to many and perhaps all of you, but we cannot learn too well that in the search for truth, be it moral, or scientific, or historical, or religious, enormous is the importance of a careful and critical study, study not only of books, but of single words.

But this faculty of language has in it no less truly the capacity for abuse. And great as its power is for good when properly used, when perverted or misapplied it becomes the instrument of the deadliest evil. Deadlier sometimes than knife or poison. An evil that works in and rankles and inflames the heart. That fevers human existence and poisons society. "The same genius that moulds language into the music of heaven, can debase it to the dialect of hell."

These perversions and misapplications of the gift of speech (are, as we know), very numerous. So numerous, indeed, that we can scarcely do more now than simply glance at them. They vary in degree, perhaps, almost as much as they do in manifestation. They are all familiar to us and some of them suggest themselves almost at once. They may be classed in two divisions: Those which spring from the violation of the law of reverence, and those which come from the violation of the law of truth,

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." On that moral and social code which God has given us in the Decalogue, these seem to be the only laws which are laid down for the regulation of the tongue; and yet they will be seen to embrace in principle every sin, of which the tongue can be guilty.

Take the first of these classes of the abuse of words. The most common form of it is that of profane swearing. The irreverent use of the name of Almighty God. Alas! it is not necessary for me to speak of the prevalence of this most detestable of sins. The air is full of it. Blasphemy is everywhere. On lips that are just beginning to speak, and on lips whose accents are tremulous with age. Indeed, the young are fools, who often seem to think that proficiency in profanity is the mark of manhood. Ah! if there is a God at all, who shall estimate the depth of the condemnation that shall be the penalty of this most wanton perversion of language! The more damnable because so utterly without temptation, and so utterly without advantage of even the lowest kind. Allied to this is a vice of the tongue which, although it is not actually taking God's name in vain, is the violation of this same law in principle. It is an evil of which we must speak in few words. It is the sin of impurity in speech. The doubtful, or worse than doubtful allusion or jest. The conversation that is blackened with smut, that no man who is worthy of the name, would dare to utter in the presence of wife, or mother, or sister, or any woman, or even man, for whom he entertained any real respect. He who is guilty of it stains the name of "gentleman;" and who not content with his own foulness, seeks to corrupt the hearts he may thus approach.

Still belonging to some of this class, although not so gross in its expression, is the jesting and irreverent way in which men often speak of religious truths, and shall I not say, the habit of reckless criticism of religious things. Often committed in the attempt to be witty, but whose wit is always of the very poorest and cheapest kind; and which indicates not only the lack of moral feeling, but lack of brains as well. Jest-ing about sacred things, or permitting others to do so in our presence may work greater injury than we imagine. If we have any piety or religious feeling, it is sure to be weakened, if not paralyzed, by such a habit, or by association with others who are guilty of it. And if we are so unfortunate as to have no belief or reverence ourselves, we are, at least, bound to respect the feelings of those who do possess these things; and to have sufficient regard for the welfare of

society at large, not to belittle the beliefs and feelings, which, whether we share them or not, have ever had such a mighty power in restraining evil and promoting all that is best.

Another way in which, with their lips, men violate the law of reverence, is by the slighting mention of family ties and relationships, substituting for the sweet and grand titles of father or mother or wife, words vulgar and disrespectful; supposed sometimes to be humorous, but grown to be inexpressibly stupid. A vice that is said to be peculiarly American; but which is not only discreditable to him who commits it, but destructive of that great social safeguard, and that purest of all feelings—filial reverence.

Still another species of this in fault is the incorporation into our language of the vulgar cant of the street. The use of slang; coming sometimes from the lips of women; found in the press, and sometimes even in the pulpit. Often perhaps, apparently innocent, and expressive and witty; but also often most vicious—always to some degree injurious, if not to mind and heart, at least, to refined and correct expression.

But we pass on to the abuses of language in its violations of the law of truth. With the nature and some of the results of the direct and open falsehood, we are all familiar. Everyone knows the hatefulness and contemptibleness of a lie. Everyone knows the stigma that is conveyed by that strong but honest word liar, and there are few words which men will more quickly resent. A liar is almost always a coward—one who lacks the courage to tell and face the truth; and always a fool, ever running the risk of detection, and sure to be discovered soon.

But there is a multitude of ways, in which we may thus pervert the gift of speech, even while we would scorn what is called a lie. The most noticeable of these is misrepresentation; where instead of conveying a false idea by a direct falsehood, we do it by so twisting and distorting what is really true, that in the end it becomes or implies an untruth. "There are all degrees of this vice, from loud abuse to quiet and subtle calumny." There is, perhaps, not always a malicious intention. Men are often guilty of it through prejudice or overpowering passion; but it is responsible, as some one has said, for half the wrangles of mankind, and has done the foulest injustice to sincere and noble minds, and hindered the advancement of some of the greatest causes.

Still more subtle is the vice of insinuation. The cowardly casting of a suspicion, where one would not dare to make a direct charge. Always quick and safe for him who commits; but to its victim, like a stab in the dark, from which it is next to impossible for him to defend himself.

How devilish is the power of words! How many are its victims!

A vice that closely resembles it is that of detraction. The depreciation, disparagement and belittling of others. Attributing evil or fanatical or ridiculous motives. Trying to undo the good that is in a life, by calling attention to the defects and weaknesses that may exist in it. It is nothing less than robbery in its worst form; accomplished by the tongue instead of by the hand. Despoiling a man of his character, instead of his money. The habit of detraction! Who does not know of the working of this evil in the business, the professional, the political and the social life? In fact, as some one has said, "The habit of detraction is with us a national reproach." The instant a man is nominated for a public office, that quickly is he the object of attack and abuse. "It is the shame of our politics that they bring on our statesmen, and all who hold or aspire to office, a torrent of slander and defamation. It is a national disgrace, only less to be deplored than our complete indifference and insensibility to it.

There is still another misuse of language which may seem, perhaps, a trifling one, and yet one which we would emphasize, because its real nature is so little understood. It is the habit of tale-bearing. Carrying about the floating gossip of a town or neighborhood. Dragging out for public inspection things which should be sacred from all under-meddling. Drawing inferences and conclusions often utterly unwarranted and most cruel—not always, perhaps, intentionally malicious, but working, sometimes, the most deplorable results: dividing friends and homes; breaking hearts. What a contemptible abuse of that grand faculty of speech! It is a vice, popularly supposed to be distinctly feminine, but in reality very far from being so. The male gossip is anything but a rare creature; he is to be found in all places bearing the semblance of a man, but in as much that goes to make a real man, completely unsexed.

But our catalogue of the perversions of words must be closed, for their name is legion, and almost every thought calls up another. Enough has been said, we are sure, to give us food for reflection. Enough to open before us, something, at least, of the marvelous power, the moral bearing and importance of words. Ah! who shall estimate the moral power of words! Words stereotype our desires; they mislead our consciences; they add intensity to our temptations; they determine our bias; they decide our destiny.

Words are things. Not the mere vibrations of the air. We utter them and forget them; but they work their result and are forever irrevocable and indelible. And remembering how large

ly our life is made up of them; how they enter into the household, the social circle, our pleasures, our tastes, our business, we cannot help feeling the responsibility that God has attached to them. The truth, declared in Holy Writ, and confirmed by the experience of our conscience, and of our life. "By thy words, thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

G. M. BOND.

AN AMATEUR TRAMP.

It has been the custom, for several years past, for a party of the students to attempt an extended tramp at the Thanksgiving vacation. Whether glory, fame or knowledge actuated them we forbear to say. Neither can we declare what actuated a pair of us to extend this custom to Thanksgiving 1885, but we are quite sure that something did inspire us with the idea on the morning previous to that day of turkey. So Wednesday evening at about dusk, two festive tramps might have been seen making their way up the New London road. McClellandsville, Mechanicsville, the State line and Kimbleville are soon passed. Shortly after leaving the last named place, and as darkness gathers about us, we separate, both to enjoy the hospitality of our Chester county friends. An enjoyable evening and a good night's sleep follow. Owing to our pleasant surroundings or some other unknown cause, the morning start was made many hours after the lark had sung its matin. With rapid steps we begin our real journey. Wending our way up hill and down, past an old schoolhouse in a woods, up a steep hill, at the summit of which the little town of Ayondale lay exposed to our gaze, and the view is no mean one. It is a neat, attractive little hamlet, nestled in among the hills as cosily as a "bug in a rug." To the right, vast quarries are seen, looming up to immense heights. The descent made, we find the town as pretty as we had anticipated. Stopping long enough to speak to some acquaintances, we leave Ayondale, and turn to the left, and find ourselves in front of a large quarry, so high and extensive that one might easily imagine himself among the canons of Colorado. Progressing, we find better roads than the soft bedding passed over could furnish. With visions of roast turkey, &c., suggested by the approaching dinner hour, we hasten on. Following the road direct, we would pass to the left of Toughkenamon, but having resolved to see everything, we deviate from our path long enough to see the little town with its quite noted seminary for young ladies, and to get a slight peep at its occupants. This latter was, of course, no object to a dignified Senior and a model Junior, but was just thrown in to give spice to the tramp.

Regaining the main highway we at last catch a glimpse of the storied Kennett Square, but it required some considerable tramping before we reach the object of our vision. After a survey of the town, we do justice to our Thanksgiving dinner, and learn with sorrow that Cedarcroft, the home of the late poet, and traveler, Bayard Taylor, is two miles out of our way. A debate ensues, which at length decides that we shall make a pilgrimage to the shrine of that immortal poet. After respectfully viewing the old house and grounds, with its noble cedars and inspiring associations, we return to Kennett, and pursue our journey. After three miles plodding we reach the once noted inn, which bears the quaint name of "Hammer and Anvil." The old, white-washed buildings here, with their historic associations, are but a decayed remnant of their former glory. An ancient-looking individual, of patriarchal pattern, sitting on the steps of the main building, pipe in hand, and with a far-off expression on his countenance, formed a truly harmonizing picture. In the next six miles, the only object of special interest, that attracted us, was a large dairy, where we stopped and watched the wholesale method of making butter. The six miles completed, we arrive at a little station known as Saegers, and crossing a long wooden bridge, we came upon Saegers' mills. With innocent confidence in our own sagacity, we tramp straight ahead for some distance, here a fork in the road causes us to halt, uncertain which branch to take. Who will go back to inquire is the query? A toss of a penny places the duty upon my tired limbs. I start back, however, while my enviable companion seats himself comfortably to await my return, but alas for human confidence inquiry reveals the fact that neither of the roads lead to West Chester, and that the previously thought lucky one must return to my resting place, and pass up in front of the mill. Following this road for some distance we come upon a most beautiful suburban residence, with all its environments. Beyond this we bear to the left, pass over a new stone bridge, and at last reach the lane of the noted scientific agriculturist, Mr. Hazard. A short stop here, finds our old college friend Willis at home. He gives us a hearty welcome, and after a short stop, directs us to Darlington Seminary, where we stop and call on some of our old friends. A mile of board walk brings us into West Chester, a town, which has nearly reached the dignity of a city; electric lights and business-like stores are everywhere visible. Here we part company. I being so fortunate as to receive a hearty welcome from a relative, Mr. Thomas Travilla, and his family. After a pleasant evening spent by both of us, and a good night's rest, the next day finds us in good condition, with the exception of a cou-

ple of blisters apiece on our heels. After indulging in a postponed Thanksgiving dinner, and good-byes having been said, we make our way to the State Normal School, which is an exceedingly large and noted school. Dr. Phillips received us kindly, as did also some of our friends. The return to town is made, and at about 3.30 P. M., we are leaving it again for West Town. The roads here were in a terrible condition and the land through which we passed was the poorest we had seen. Rocks of enormous size and grotesque shapes filled the fields everywhere. We leave the public road and make our way through the private roadway of the West Town Friend's School. The approaching night made us hasten through these extensive grounds. Spacious new buildings are in the course of erection, and from what we could see they will be of imposing and handsome appearance when completed. Reaching the main road again, we follow it until we reach a school house, where we turn to the left, just as the sun sinks beneath the Western horizon. It was quite dark when we passed through a little ville with the romantic name Owlville. Several miles further we see the lights of an immense building, which upon inquiry prove to be the County Almshouse. Hoping to find shelter further on, we don't stop, but continue until we reach the far-famed Black Horse Hotel. A few minutes stop suffices, and mine host points us out the lights of Media, which sparkle like so many huge fire-flies. The reflection of the lights of Philadelphia are also visible here, but is only faintly seen. The descent of Asylum Hill is next in order. The Pennsylvania Hospital for Feeble Minded Children is on our right, but this had no attractions for us, so on we go. A bridge crossed, a hill ascended and a turn to the right, brought us into the borough of Media, the seat of Delaware county. An acceptable supper, some pleasant calls, and an enjoyable chat with our host and hostess, Mr. Albert Lewis and wife, fill up our evening program. The people of the town were up in arms over the atrocious Sharpless murder, and it was only luck that saved these two tramps from being implicated. The next morning we make our way to the house of Mr. Isaac M. Lewis, where we throw off our trappings and after a little rest descend a steep hill, cross a bridge, pass by a busy mill, and follow a romantic footpath through the woods until we come in full view of Swarthmore college. We introduce ourselves to Dr. Magill, who cordially receives us, and sends for some of our friends, who, after a pleasant chat, kindly show us over the buildings, which are new, fresh and well adapted to their purpose. In addition to the Main Building, there is a Scientific Hall and Gymnasium. These all visited and farewells said, we return to the house

on the hill, and after a hearty dinner, continue our tramp. On reaching Ogden's store, we find that we have left part of our trappings at our last stopping place, but on covering about half the distance, a small boy is bribed into climbing the hill. The bag recovered we continue, leaving Morton, and Spring Hill on our right. We stop a little while at Dr. Given's Private Insane Asylum, and are shown the building and grounds of that well-conducted institution, the inmates of which, a point of well-considered delicacy, are screened from the eyes of the curious visitor. Saturday night finds us the guest of Mr. J. R. Bunting, at Clifton Heights. St. Stephens P. E. church, a neat and beautiful little structure, is attended in the morning. Towards evening we leave our kind friends and finish the remaining few miles into Philadelphia, our final destination. We pass through Darby borough and make our way over the county line into the city, and separate when we reach its heart and spend the evening with other friends. Eleven o'clock finds us at the Broad Street Station and two hours later our welcome beds at old Delaware College receive the tired bodies of the two tramps.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE REV. ALLEN WRIGHT.

In the class that entered Delaware College in 1884 were five Choctaw Indians, and among them was Allen Wright, who died of pneumonia, at his home, Old Boggy Depot, Indian Territory, December 2, 1885, in the 60th year of his age.

Mr. Wright was a remarkable man. He came from a wild and untutored tribe of Indians and removed with his people from Mississippi in 1826, when a mere child, to their present home. While growing up he attended a Missionary School established in their territory and here he learned those principles and received the impressions that so fully changed his whole future life and made him the good, great and useful man that he was. His whole soul seemed fired with a zeal for knowledge, and having obtained what learning he could at the Mission School, he came on to the States and in the fall of 1848 entered this College. His strong bodily frame, erect and broad, at once attracted attention and his manners, so refined, in one brought up as he was, made a deep impression. He spoke the English language well, barring some idioms which were not found in his tongue. As a student, he was diligent and persevering and always maintained a good class standing.

In the spring of 1850, when the exercises of the College were suspended, for want of means to carry them on, Mr. Wright, with fifteen others, went to Union College, New York, where he graduated July, 1852, and immediately thereafter

he entered Union Theological Seminary, New York city, and having completed the course, he was graduated in 1855.

He married an accomplished lady of Dayton, Ohio, who proved a most excellent help-meet to him in his ministerial labors and in the several high official positions that he held. His whole life was spent among his own people, preaching, governing and managing the affairs of the Nation. He occupied the position of Chief of the Nation for a long time, in addition to his work as a minister.

He leaves a wife, two sons and four daughters to mourn his loss. One of his sons is a physician and the other a minister; two of his daughters are grown, and both are highly educated; the other two are young and at school. His appreciation of his early training is thus shown in educating his own children, besides a number of his nephews, at his own expense.

He had just begun to realize the practical and enlarged results of his life-work, when he is taken from his people, who may truly exclaim with the prophet of old, "The chariot of Israel! the horseman thereof!"

The former students of the College and the people of Newark, will recall, with feelings of great respect, the manly form and manly qualities of this noble youth, and rejoice that his life was spared to accomplish so much good. He was a preacher of great power. His sermons were always plain and clear expositions of Scripture, abounding in beautiful imagery and his illustrations were drawn from their own wild life in the forests.

READING, PA., June 29, 1885.

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

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

We would remind our lady readers that Elastic hosiery for varicose veins or swollen limbs, Supporters, Trusses, Syringes, &c., of the finest quality at reasonable prices may be obtained at the Ladies' Department of BELT, the Druggist, corner of 6th and Market streets, Wilmington. Lady attendant.

Vail Bro's Boro-glycerine complexion soap is ahead of all others for merit.

Locals.

Quite a number of Mikado crazed students around.

"Jack" says he saw the opera, "Comedy of Errors." Don't smile.

Curtis, '87, won and now holds the two mile State Championship Bicycle Cup.

The Faculty is hard at work preparing the new catalogue, which is to be entirely remodelled.

College opened on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst, after a holiday vacation of twenty days, having closed on the 18th of December. Most, in fact, all of the students spent the joyous Christmas-tide at their respective homes, and it is to be hoped that they have come back greatly exhilarated and heavily laden with presents and good cheer. No doubt but that they will be abundantly thankful to that mythical and gratuitous dispenser of gifts, Santa Claus, for all their presents, and if any edibles remain undisposed of, the will find the board of editors of the REVIEW particularly obliging and rather anxious to help them out of their predicament. The students will please remember this kind offer.

The stile is now an institution of the past owing to the silly action of a number of destructive students. The handsome new iron fence around the Campus is now entirely finished and placed in position and a number of vertical iron posts have superseded the old wooden stile, which, we admit, was not a handsome structure at all, but was a place where the students "most did congregate" in pleasant weather, it being near the street and a convenient place to wait for the stages. The old stile while temporarily out of use during the construction of the new fence was one night chopped to pieces and utterly destroyed. Their action has deprived the rest of the students of a rendezvous and it should be condemned in the severest measure.

Strongarm, of '88, renowned for his modesty, was recently talking with a fellow-student on the cars and the subject turned naturally to "Mikado," since his friend was rudely whistling it in his face and paying little attention to what he said. "Jack" suddenly broke out, "H—, I don't see anything so bad after all in 'Mikado' for them to make so much over it." He was heartily assured by his friend that there was nothing in the slightest degree improper or vulgar in said opera. "Well, yes, there is, too, for I was walking in Wilmington lately with a girl and I whistled a little of 'Mikado.' She immediately told me to keep quiet or that burly policeman across the street would arrest me and put me in the cells for singing the airs of the opera." Now by this time his listener was red

in the face and was trying hard to smother a big laugh but to no purpose. "Jack" was in dead earnest and seemed quite disappointed at the answer to his enquiry.

Newark was unusually quiet during the Christmas holidays, although there was the usual quota of visitors in town. Several old students were in town, including E. N. Vallandigham, connected with the Philadelphia Press; Charles G. Blandy, member of the New York Produce Exchange and his fiancée, Miss Lizzie Purnell, daughter of our late President. Hon. W. H. Purnell, who is now located at Frederick City, Md., and is the President of a large and flourishing Female Seminary; Miss Carrie Purnell, another and younger daughter, also spent a few days in town with friends. Another visitor was Miss Grace Chester, who it will be remembered, holds a position as teacher in the Frederick Female Seminary. John R. Martin, a former student, now Assistant Paymaster U. S. N., stopped in Delaware on his return from China and Japan, where he had been ordered on official business. Joseph Kollock Frame '86, who is now attending the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, spent a week in town, with his uncle, Dr. Kollock. Frederick Ferris, formerly of the class of '88, who bunked in with the "count," the popular friend of all students; Oliver Balderston, Baltimore, and Thomas Davis, Wilmington, completes my little list of persons that *will* be missed.

Old students will doubtless remember that old dilapidated house standing on the corner of Main and Academy streets, and proving an eye-sore to the entire town. There is now a wonderful transformation, and the site of the old house is now occupied by a large business block, built by D. W. Caskey. The building is of brick, with a front of about sixty and a depth of over eighty feet. The building from an architectural and artistic point of view, is a lamentable failure, forming, however, an improvement over the old structure which it replaced. In the basement is a roller skating rink, where frequent balls are held, and which prospers, notwithstanding the calumnious invectives delivered against it by an ardent female revivalist in the town recently. The first floor contains three handsome glass front stores, one of which is occupied by a new drug store. The second floor contains the office of our esteemed contemporary the Newark Ledger and a large public hall, with a seating capacity of six hundred, which has been in great demand since finished last month. This now makes the third large hall in town, but the College Oratory retains the palm for size and exclusiveness. The third floor contains offices, etc., and will be occupied by clubs and lodges. It can be seen that it is available for many uses, although dwelling houses are in greater demand.

Exchanges.

We are just back from our holiday trips and do not feel much like scaling the mountain of exchanges, that is now before us; but duty compels us, and we must at least ascend a little ways and feed upon the works of the brilliant editors of the different college papers of our land. So here we go:

We first find the *Signal*. It is a very good paper, indeed, considering that this is the first issue. In fact it is as good as a great many that are older. We welcome the *Signal* to our table.

We next find the *Polytechnic*. This is a very good paper. It has some very interesting literary matter in its columns, and is printed on the best of paper.

Just a little further up we find the *Critic*. The first thing we see when we open it, is that it is giving the *Crescent* a few not overly kind words. All we can say is, "let 'er go," because we all like fun, and this promises some.

We have hardly passed the *Critic* when we discover the *Crescent* and of course, would not pass it by without looking at it, after what the *Critic* has said. And we have come to about the same conclusion that the *Critic* has, and that is, they think there is no other college nor students as good as their own, but we hope they will learn better soon.

We next find the *College Cabinet*. This is a very good paper. It has some excellent literary columns and they are interesting to read.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* is the next to meet our gaze. This paper presents a neat appearance and is rather a good paper.

The next that we find is the *Denison Collegian* with its bright red cover, which looks like a sheet of fire. Of course, we jumped at this, expecting to find something grand as well as bright. But all of its brightness was on the outside and darkness reigned within.

Here we stopped and almost made up our minds to descend when we espied the *Campus* and making one more desperate effort we reached it. It is a very interesting journal and only lacks one thing, to be up with the best, and that is an exchange column.

Our old friend the *University Magazine* has retired to give place to a weekly. The first number of the *Pennsylvanian*, for that is the new journals name, has arrived at our sanctum, replete with college news. The change is a good one, as the *Pennsylvanian* is published by the entire body of students, while the *Magazine* represented only a society. Glad to meet you, *Pennsylvanian*, and hope you may prove as good a friend and ever as welcome as was the *Magazine* in times gone by.

De Alumnis.

'40. Col. W. H. Beneson, Esq., A. M. Resides at Quincy, Illinois.

'81. John S. M. Neill. Lives in Helena, Montana.

'82. Prof. Calvin Cabbage. Is principal of Georgetown Graded Schools, at Georgetown, Del.

'50. Samuel McNutt. Is a retired farmer and lives near Muscatine, Iowa.

'80. Ridgeway Rothwell. Lives in Miles City, Montana Territory. Is visiting in this State.

'59. S. D. Marshall, M. D. Is a practicing physician and has a drug store at 1347 S. 6th street Philadelphia.

'50. Benjamin H. Tatem. Has been for many years proprietor of an iron foundry at Helena, Montana.

'74. G. W. Marshall. Is a trustee of Delaware College. Practices at Milford, Del.

'55. Charles G. Polk, A. M., M. D., Ph D.. Is practicing his profession at 2219 Catherine street, Philadelphia.

'55. David L. Mustard, A. M., M. D. Is now a druggist and merchant at Lewes, Del.

'76. Charles N. Vallandigham, Esq. Is a prominent lawyer at Dayton, Ohio.

'58. Hon. Robert C. Humber, Esq. Is a prominent lawyer at Eatonton, Georgia.

'54. Hon. W. F. Causey, A. M. Is Secretary of State of Delaware. Resides at Milford.

'58. Hon. Edwin R. Paynter. Is now practicing law in Georgetown, Del. Is a trustee of Delaware College and a director of the Farmers' Bank at Georgetown.

'48. Rev. David McClure, Ph. D. Is proprietor and principal of the "California Military Academy," which he established in 1864. Now lives at Oakland, Cal.

'62. James R. Maxwell, C. E. Since he left college has held many important positions. From 1865 to 1869 he was principal assistant on N. P. R. R., 1869 to 1870 on the Adirondack, 1872 to 1874 Division Engineer on Juliana and Cusco, 1874 to 1876 Chief Engineer on Climbot, Hyaraz and Recuaz R. R., 1876 to 1879 Chief Engineer of Cenod de Pasco works. At present resides in Newark, Del.

'78. E. M. Zimmerman. Is a member of the Mendelsohn Quartette Club, which gave an entertainment in the College Oratory, the 11th of December 1885, under the auspices of the Athenæan Literary Society.

College Notes.

Michigan University has 1,500 students this year.

The late Joseph Perkins willed Oberlin College \$12,000.

Out of one hundred Freshmen at Harvard fifteen use tobacco.

Matthew Arnold is a candidate for the chair of poetry in Oxford University, England.

Frederick Billings recently gave to the University of Vermont a library building which cost \$20,000.

For the first time in the history of Hamilton college a colored student has registered in the Freshman class.

Cornell has recently received from Pernambuco, South America, a very rare specimen of the manatee or sea-cow.

The Amherst Dramatic Club are to produce during the coming winter Whycherly's Country Girl, which was revised by Augustin Daly last year in New York.

Vassar is not losing ground, as some think. This year 104 new students entered a gain of fourteen over the number last year. There are now 269 names on the roll.

Swarthmore *Phoenix* tells us that their school is to have a new observatory, thanks to the efforts of Prof. J. S. Cunningham, who in less than four months has raised within \$800 of the amount required.

"The State University, of Wisconsin, has given up daily chapel exercises." The physical and mental faculties need constant exercises, but the spiritual nature is of so little importance that it can be ignored with impunity.

"The Christmas tour of the Glee Club as far as arranged will take in Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Milwaukee and Cincinnati." Where is the Glee Club of Delaware College? Echo, answers, taking a long vacation.

"The Freshman of the University of California have settled the question of a class hat by adopting white mortar-boards." We should think green would be more becoming to a Freshman. Perhaps they are green enough and wish to present a contrast.

Sixty-three Ohio Wesleyan Institute students were suspended or compelled to apologize for attending a representation of Richard III., contrary to the rules of the school. The students state in their college paper that they went to see how many of the faculty was there. They are excusable.

Sporting Notes.

Princeton is rejoicing in her defeat of Yale at foot-ball.

Fifty men are training for positions on the Freshmen crew at Harvard.

As a result of a cane rush in Williams, seven Sophomores have been suspended.

The Dramatic Association of University of Pa., are going to produce a burlesque of Othello soon.

The Chicago nine has signed all her old players, and so has a strong hold on next year's championship.

Canoeing is increasing in popularity at Harvard, there being over a dozen canoes owned by the college.

Schaefer defeated Vignaux in the billiard tournament at Chicago, November 18, by a score of 600 to 507.

The cadets at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, celebrated the New Year with a large ball in the gymnasium.

A professor of Yale College is preparing an enlarged and prophetic almanac for 1886. Let the good work proceed.

Yale Freshmen must defeat the Harvard Freshmen at base-ball before they are allowed to take possession of their class fence.

The Tufts were defeated in foot-ball by Williams' team by a score of 28 to 0, and also by Technology team, 110 to 0; but the Tuft team gained a victory over Amherst by a score of 8 to 5.

The Providence base-ball club has decided not to be represented in the league. Start refuses to be sold, preferring to stay out of the base-ball field. All the other players have been disposed of.

Systematic training in the new gymnasium at the University of Pennsylvania, has been commenced under the guidance of Prof. Pennell. Prof. McLean will conduct the sparring department.

The good-humored Dr. McCosh, whose gray hairs seem about to be brought in sorrow to the grave by the Princeton boys, has smiled scores of times when told that the secret and sepulchral midnight password of the students was: "Jimmie McCosh, by Gosh!"—*Ex.*

Z. James Belt's.

Close and Black.

Vanity Fair cigarettes are pure.

Book Reviews.

AURORA. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Illustrated. 12mo. Extra cloth, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The romance of Italian life contained in the pages of this novel, is exceedingly interesting. It is the product of a scholar and a brilliant writer. The glimpse of Italian and Venetian scenery is vivid and graphic. The heroine is a poetess, and an orphan. Exchange of friendship with Duke Roberto D' Rubiera, awakens a more ardent affection in both, but he unhappily is married to a butterfly of fashion. His wife and cousin, Count Clemente perform the villain's task. There is, in an original way, a slight reminder of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," in the vivid picture of the eruption of Mt. Ischia, and by its means too, justice is wrought, and in years after the true lovers are united. The plot in this form looks rather common place, but with the incidents and character delineating it makes an exceedingly readable and entertaining novel. The work deserves to be classed with the modern classics.

ROOFLESS; a Romance in Rhyme, by J. L. Vansant. Handsomely bound and illustrated. 250 pps. Price \$2.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. For sale by William Wilson, Newark, Del.

Always are we glad to welcome a literary production from an alumnus, but especially when that production merits the highest encomiums. If "Roofless" could boast that Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, or some other renowned poet, was its author, we could assure its publishers large sales and many praises; or, in other words, we are sure that it deserves this treatment at the hands of the public, and especially from those in this neighborhood who are acquainted with the romantic Brandywine and its lovely walks. To the one that reads this romance of Ural and Elvandine, new charms will be discovered in walks along the race-course, awakened by new associations of the highest order. The Introduction begins with

"One bright June day I heedlessly strolled
In museful solitary mood,
Along the path where seaward rolled,
Margined with fringe of fragrant wood,
The whi-per-murmuring Brandywine."

The story opens with a museful dream by the author, when his interest in the romantic is awakened by the prattle of a little girl. The hero's father is met, who relates an allegory, then follows the author's story. Paul Reguergh, the father, then tells the story of his son. Elvandine's story, which follows, is of a sweet and almost holy character, yet mingled with the naturalness of a school-girl romance. In fact, we can say that the entire volume is of the highest poetic order, containing many sentiments worthy of

quotation. This is the first poetic effort, of an enlarged character, that we have received from the pen of Mr. Vansant, and we sincerely hope that this attempt will be so successful that he will be encouraged to renewed efforts.

The Century magazine for January is as good a number as any of its predecessors, which is speaking by no means slightly of it. Mr. Benjamin concludes his interesting paper on Teheran with the finest of illustrating engravings. Henry James's serial "The Bostonians" is still running, and with success. Biological articles on by-gone feathered species and pointers will interest many. John Bodewin's Testimony is claiming the attention of its readers. Frank R. Stockton gives a clever negro dialect sketch, "The Cloverfield's Carriage." A portrait and sketch of Verdi is exceedingly instructive. Uncle Remus produces another one of his enjoyable social character sketches in his "Trouble on Lost Mountain." Gen. Pope adds another to his fearless and confidence-inspired war papers and makes a severe attack on Fitz John Porter. Bric-a-Brac, Open Letters and the "Topic of the Times," contain unusually bright and spicy matter.

In receiving the January number of Lippincott's Magazine we almost welcome a new monthly. It has changed its Editorship to Mr. William I. Walsh (William Shepherd); has changed its cover; its general make-up; and, seemingly, its type. The cover is pretty and attractive, printed in red and black. The double columns have been done away with and single columns now replace them. An anonymous writer contributes a serial entitled "Taken by Siege," which promises to be an interesting and true description of New York life. The other serial is "A Bachelor's Blunder," by W. E. Norris, a prominent English novelist. There is another which deserves mention. It is from the ready pen of Miss Tincker, who has given it the odd name of "Palingenesis." A discussion on Civil Service Reform is opened by Gail Hamilton. Hon. D. B. Eaton is expected to respond in the next number. We congratulate the publishers upon their new acquisition, and especially upon the ability and enterprise of their new Editor. Our wishes are for their abundant success.

January St. Nicholas, welcome alike to young and old, seems to be almost an improvement on the Christmas number. W. H. Howells is a prominent contributor, as is also Edith Thomas. Such a magazine, circulated among the young, has a powerful influence in awakening an appetite for beneficial reading.

Smoke Scotch Cap cigarettes.

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the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?
"I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should
be—stationery!"

Young Mr. Lemon Peale was heard to remark
at the Philadelphia chrysanthemum exhibition:
"Ah, Miss De Bisque, the chrysanthemum is just
like yourself—it comes so late." "Indeed! and
like yourself also, Mr. Peale—it has no scents to
speak of."

Papa, soberly: "That was quite a monstrosity
you had in the parlor last evening!" Maud,
nettled: "Indeed! that must depend upon one's
understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Pa-
pa, thoughtfully: "Well, two heads upon one
pair of shoulders, for example."

Mrs. Fizzletop has been making an earnest ef-
fort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the
piano. A few days ago Mrs. Fizzletop called up-
stairs:

"Why aint you practicing your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. You haven't touched the piano
in the last half hour."

"I've been practicing all the same. There
are pauses in this march, and I am practicing
them over and over until I know them perfect."

A smart professor advised a student who
wouldn't express his thoughts, to send them by
freight.

Freshman: Hurry up with the incubator. I
want to blow the football up.

An American girl can buy the title of an Aus-
trian duchess for \$150,000. This is much cheap-
er than marrying a foreign nobleman, and decid-
edly more pleasant.

The sultan of Turkey's expenses are \$12,000,-
000 and his income only \$3,000,000. The Sultan
must feel very much like the \$7-a-week clerk who
takes his best girl to a \$10 opera.

"You dear thing," she said, gushingly, "how
handsome your bonnet does look! I'm sure it
looks as well as it did last winter." Only a
woman could say things like this and say them so
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The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS BY GEN. GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, Gen. D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. H. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mr. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Arcadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eccleston and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sideral Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson, (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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