1-25-1890

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Wellesley, Mass., January 25, 1890.

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The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:
Mary D. E. Lauderburn, '90.
Sarah M. Fock, '90.
Mary Barrows, '90.
Emily I. Meader, '91.
Theodora Kyle, '91.
Mary W. Bates, '92.
Edith S. Tufts, '94.

Publisher, - - - Willis F. Stevens.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to Miss Lauderburn, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnae Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent, in all cases, to the Publisher, Willis F. Stevens, Wellesley, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

"T"his miserable modern spirit of criticism!"

One could almost wish, sometimes, that it were possible to be suddenly transformed back into mediaeval days, when the art, or science, or whatever we may style it, of criticism was yet unknown. Today, in uncomfortable contrast to those happy-go-lucky, golden days, everything is criticized. Criticism, picking to pieces, finding flaws,—for to that has it degenerated, is a reliable and eminently respectable occupation, and affords employment for minds that could almost as easily set the ocean on fire, as produce the works they so ruthlessly tear asunder.

Not to deny that to just criticism we owe a vast deal of the progress of modern thought, for no one will take exception to the statement that the standard, and therefore the attainments of our body are, on an average, far above those of the ancient world, but if the ancients fell into chaos from entire lack of critical judgment, we have rushed to the other extreme. It is almost unheard of, nowadays, that anything should be wholly enjoyable, there must always be introduced the detraction of a "but."

At a concert, not long ago, occurred a scene which illustrates the point. Someone rose abruptly with the remark:

"I've had enough of this, the violins are too shrill. I am going home." She went and passed the evening to the accompaniment of her own meditations, instead of to that of the delightful music which followed, and someone in front, someone evidently not quite educated up to modern criticism, turned to her neighbor, saying:

"Why I thought that was lovely. Isn't proper to enjoy it?"

And this was at our own college.

If we would all remember what a great and wise man has said: "We can see but so much beauty as we can have within ourselves;" it might cease to seem so well educated to be capable only of fault finding.

We cannot expect to be able to move the world here at Wellesley, but we can move ourselves, and we surely can bring a more healthful and decidedly more agreeable atmosphere into our immediate surroundings, besides adding infinitely to our own individual enjoyment, by forgetting, or ceasing to believe that it shows a high degree of cultivation to be able to see the faults in everything rather than to emphasize the virtues.

Let us not allow it to be said, as it was said last year, that it would become absolutely necessary to give up vesper services, because, forsooth, the girls make such unkind criticisms.

Anne Bosworth, '90.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—Amel.
Princess, I kneel to thee! Art thou goddess, I pray, or a mortal?
For if goddess thou art, of those who rule the wide
heaven,
I would to Artemis liken thee, daughter of Zeus, the
all-mighty;
Nearest to her thou art, in beauty, symmetry, stature.
But if thou art some mortal, of those who inhabit the
earth-soil,
Then thrice-happy in thee thy father and mistresses-
mother.
And to thee may the gods grant all that thy soul longs
after,
Husband and home and concord beautiful making to
follow.
For than this there is nothing stronger and nothing
more noble,
This,—when a man and a woman, one-hearted sway
in a household.
Florence C. Wilkinson, formerly of '92.

Such, and so goodly indeed, is the home of the hero
Alkinoos,
But when the court and rooms from curious eyes shall
conceal you
Go through the megaron quickly that you may come to
my mother;
Sits she upon the hearth in the ruddy glow of the fire-
light,
Holding the purple distaff, against a pillar reclining,
Wonderfully fair to behold, and near her are seated
attendants.
There is the throne of my father, resting against the
pillar.
On this, he quaffs his wine, appearing like an immortal.
M. Louise Collins.

And, through the lofty-built house of Alkinoos, great-
hearted hero,
Shone there a radiance bright, like the glimmer of sun-
shine or moonshine,
Hence, far within from the doorway, partitions of cop-
per extended,
Crowned with a cornice of blue; and gateways of
bronzé shut the house in.
High from the threshold of copper, pillars of silver
were standing,
The door-beam above was of silver, but the ring in the
doorway was golden.
Slaves in the house are there, fifty, and some grind the
corn in the hand-mill,
Others the distaff are turning, and spinning the yarn as
they sit there,
Closely together they sit like the leaves of the stately
old poplar.
Just as the skillful Phaeaciales in driving their ships on
the ocean
All other nations surpass, so do their women in weaving.
To them Athene has given knowledge of beautiful
hand work.

Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92.

Outside of the hall near the gates,
A great garden was planted, four measures in length,
and around it
On all sides, extended a wall, and within ever-blooming
The trees wave their branches aloft, pomegranates and
pears,
The bright-tinted apples, sweet figs, and luxuriant
olives;
The fruit of them fadeth, not ever, nor falleth in summer
Or winter; throughout all the year it blooms in
abundance.
The light-breathing zephyr calls forth the new blossoms
and gives to
The hard fruit its fragrance and sweetness, and pear
after pear in
Unending succession attains its full measure of ripeness
And beauty. So apple on apple, and cluster on cluster
Are growing, and fig upon fig.

Such the gifts of the gods to Alkinoos.
Evelyn E. Parke, '92.

We had succeeded in getting the consent of family and friends and the date for sailing was set,
so to Paris we were bound, to study and become two more struggling artists. We had been warned
over and over of the evils and dangers of that great city, but no one knew enough to tell us how to live
there, still our hopes were high, and we knew that the sun shone there, at least.

O! that morning when we landed in Paris, we seemed to run miles through the city before we
reached the station. At last the train stopped, the
doors were thrown open and out we tumbled, bag
and baggage, into the hands of a porter who looked
down upon us as some of those "bêtes Anglaises,"
and treated us with utter disdain.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

Then a ride of a mile or two over the roughest streets I ever experienced, paved with "Agony stones." The address of the pension had been given us, and we had heard from Madame that she would take us in.

It was a little court, a small house, and from all appearances just what we wanted. We had not been long in the house when some one said: "It seems damp and cold, we must have a fire." Madame was interviewed, and after some time a fire was ordered, but we could see that it was not given with pleasure.

Such coal, I never saw; I declare to this day that it was nothing but blackened sand mixed with glue and pressed into oval molds. It was very successful in putting out the fire.

A week of going to bed to keep warm, and eating a great many courses of nothing, made us begin to question how we could better our lot. Light house-keeping seemed to be the only way to get what we wanted, and keep our expenses within our reach.

We were bound to keep warm and have enough to eat, no matter about the style or the proprieties. Luckily we fell into good hands. Every one finds friends and we were very fortunate.

Our main stay and prop was an old bachelor. A French American, who had lived in France much of his life, and knew every turn, nook, and corner in Paris as well as in the character of a French man.

In the beginning we planned out just what we would need in the way of household furniture.

A bed apiece, washstands, chairs, one table, a chest of drawers and a book case. The other little odds and ends could be added. There must be cooking utensils, and a "bonne." She is necessary for marketing, as no lady can go to market alone, without the danger of being spoken to rudely. It is of the greatest interest, though, to see these markets. Full of jolly old peasant women with quaint costumes standing by their carts of fresh looking vegetables.

But before everything we must find an apartment. There were plenty of "apartements à louer" but none seemed to suit us, not being near the studio. Up and down stairs, into one place and another, we went, until our patience was nearly exhausted. At last it was found in the Latin quarter, in the fifth story, up one hundred and one steps. "The nearer Heaven, the lower the rent." In the Latin quarter one finds the Center of Art, and everything conducive to it. The streets are old, dirty and picturesque, each having a characteristic look of its own. The peasants come here, lending much with their dress and ways. These parts are considered dangerous by the "Champs Elysee" people, but we found the people quite as easy to get on with as on the Boulevards. One might as well stay at home, and live in New York as go into the American quarter.

Our apartment consisted of a sitting room, two bedrooms and a kitchen. The sitting room was the room of rooms, into it we put all that was comfortable and artistic. There was a good corner fire-place, and a south window. After about a week of going to "Hotel Drouot," the greatest auction rooms of Paris, with our kind friend, who had a perfect mania for the place, we succeeded in getting the furniture we needed at a low price. After having stood for hours with one's eyes riveted on a table away up in a corner, and the bidding going on in French at a wild rate, one can well appreciate the article, on Hotel Drouot which was in one of the numbers of Harper's monthly last year.

Everything was a success except the chairs. We found, for the safety of any over weighty person, we must invest in a chair which had not seen Hotel Drouot more than four times.

If any one had chanced to look in on us a month later they would have thought we had spent winters in Paris, instead of four weeks. Sitting around a good, soft coal fire, we defied any Pension to come up to our standard of comfort and solid pleasure. Every morning at eight we were off to the studio. At first it was that of a noted French painter, Carlous Duran, but as we were anxious to study composition we changed to that of Mr. Lasar, a young American, who has studied in Paris nine years, and is a genius as a teacher. The great question is, where to study. I suppose the studios best known for girls, are Julien's. He has three, I believe, two for girls and one for men.

The one on Rue de Berry is the best for study. The other could not be recommended for the
moral tone is not good, nor is Carlooross's, for that matter, though it offers fine opportunities. In Carilons Duran's studio the work is not general, one is confined to mere painting and not much drawing. Mr. Lasar is excellent on composition.

There are many private studios into which it is quite hard to enter. The most noted of all French schools is the "Ecole de Beaux Arts," the National School. This is strictly for men. Here they can work and receive honors, the highest being the "Prix de Rome." This entitles a man to a year's study in Rome, at the expense of the government.

The best way is to try one place, and if you do not like it, go to the one which you have found from note, and hear-say to be that would suit you best. Some think it well to change from one studio to another to get different ideas and methods. Not much is gained if all are of the same school, and much time is wasted. If it were changing from the French school to the German or Italian, there would be some sense in it, but this would take years and if one could, it might be of some use.

There were about forty in our class, and we sat packed in as closely as our easels and chairs could be placed. Our model stood, sat or reclined just as our master posed him.

Twice a week we were corrected, and in such a way that we seldom forgot it.

Do not think that every student in this forty was living as we lived. Many a girl lives alone, in one poor little room, thinking that by living so and getting a little breakfast in her room, eating a penny lunch, and tea with bread for supper, she could get an Art Education in Paris, and go home to make her name. Poor girl, to go to her room to sit down alone in the evenings which begin the greater part of the winter at four o'clock, too tired to read, and nothing but the work of the day to go over in her mind, while outside, down in the street would be the constant roar of carts, busses, men, women and children all rushing on to some place and some end, few knowing whether the others were bound, it is enough to make any tired brain ache, and long to be anywhere but alone, and it is no wonder that half of these girls go home ill and not a few become insane in the struggle. Don't think that you can go and live alone in Paris, or, for that matter, in any large city. Find your congenial friend and you two can wage battle with the world where ever it may be. There is no cure for discouragement like having some one care enough to slip home before you can, and have a bright fire, and hot supper on the way if not quite ready. Then there is solid comfort in having some one to pour out pent up feelings to, instead of letting them feed on a hard-worked brain.

The bright days of October and November afforded us many a jaunt to suburban places. Fountainebleau was our first place. This beautiful chateau was built by Francois I. He employed many Italian Artists to come and enrich it. Andreo del Sarto, we know, did much of his finest work here. The whole shows us the best period of French Art, the early Renaissance. Every French King has had more or less to do with embellishing this beautiful palace.

The walls are covered with paintings many representing historical scenes, marriages of kings, portraits.

There is a wonderful one of Pope Pius VII. One could go again and again to wander through these gorgeous rooms. But we had a glorious day before us and cared much to see the forest which has been the hunting ground of the Kings of France from the earliest times. The forest covers 42,000 acres, and is more than sixty miles around. We had a long drive along its beautiful avenue, where the sun, now getting low, made the trees one glow of color, in their autumn foliage, which threw long purple shadows.

Here Millet and Corot worked, and in the little village of Barbizon at the edge of the forest Rosa Bonheur still lives.

Another time we took the penny boat on the river to St. Cloud. This day the yellow chestnut leaves came down in showers. From a high terrace we could overlook the most of Paris, and myriads of buildings, and still we were away from the noise. The boats came and went shooting along the winding Seine.

Bad weather came and we were content to stay in the city. Our afternoons were spent in going to the Art Galleries, wandering through the Louvre and Luxembourg. There were miles of canvas, and many pictures that no one cared for, but there is
many a gem to see, for which we would go over and over again.

Many go to copy. There are regular copyists who make it a business, and there are students who go, some for the study of composition, and others, for the sake of having the copy.

Thanksgiving came and we were invited by some American friends to dinner. We were all Americans who sat around that table, so it was a purely American festival. The American flag was firmly planted in the turkey's breast-bone, and waved gaily over the plum pudding; though foreign they, perforce were made patriotic.

Christmas is a gay season in Paris, but New Years is much more popular with Frenchmen. Every shop keeper is allowed to put up booths on the great Boulevards, and on New Year's night they are gay with flowers and knicknacks of every kind. The custom is for every one to buy something and give it to a friend. So every one comes and the sidewalks are crowded with happy, jolly parties scurrying to and fro. In such crowds one never sees an intoxicated man, nor meets any rudeness.

One day the news came of the death of Cabanel, one of France's greatest artists. Invitations were sent to friends and students of the deceased. These are the size of a large sheet of writing paper with a broad black margin, and are enclosed in an envelope of the same size. It gives the names of the deceased and all the honors he has received and the names of all his relatives who request your presence at the funeral. One of the students in the studio got one through her landlady. It called for a family, so she took about six of us under her wing and we went.

The church where the services were held was small so that many were unable to enter, but they had the benefit of addresses given by several of Cabanel's fellow Artists, from the church steps. The interior was draped in heavy black cloth bordered with white. Banners with C. on them hung from the arches. The mourners' chairs were covered with black. In the center of the body of the church was placed the catafalque on which a hundred candles were burning. Candles were lighted in every part of the church. The remains were brought in and placed at the door while the great body of Artists who attended it passed in.

Then came the priests, who held a service there. After this the body was carried forward and put into the catafalque with loads of flowers and wreaths, which were put over it. Then the service went on at the Altar and round the body with burning incense and sprinkling of Holy water.

After this everyone who cared to, passed out before the bier, and crossed themselves with Holy water. We then hurried out to see the hearse, which was covered with flowers. The horses were draped in heavy black to the ground.

After the hearse walked all the Artists, Cabanel's pupils and the students of the "Ecole de Beaux Arts," and after them was carried two large wreaths given by them. After these came the long train of mourning carriages. It was all a very impressive sight.

So month after month passed and Spring came and we, like others, began to think of Italy and all that might be seen there. We left beautiful Paris and student life for the sunny South.

Harriet Ide Coman.

CLASSICS.

On no other subject could one feel more tempted to borrow the famous words of "My Double" of Hale renown, "On the whole, there has been so much said and so well said, that I prefer to say nothing."

But we of the Alumnae, more especially of the elder Alumnae, have to remind ourselves that the old questions are new questions each year; that each Fall a fresh set of undergraduates stand perplexed, as we did in our day, before the "embarras des richesses" of the college curriculum, a little more perplexed, probably, in proportion as the curriculum has expanded. So that, after all, there may be some use in a re-saying of the old arguments, or even in a mere personal testimony to the value and delight of one's chosen branch.

One who stands to plead for the Classics to-day has a task far more difficult, indeed, yet at the same time more gracious, than a generation ago. Then it was defending a tyranny, a beneficent tyranny, perhaps, but a tyranny none the less; and no clear-sighted man but felt in his inmost heart
that the claims of Science were irresistible, because just. How all is changed. Classics have stepped perforce from the throne where they sat for centuries. It is a fair field, and no favor shown, and the quondam king must fight for his footing along with the host of newly armored combatants. The field is so full, and the fight is so fierce, and some of the younger combatants are furnished with such burnished and effective weapons, dissecting-knives, electric batteries, and what not, that the classic spear and shield may seem to stand a poor chance.

Yet we who look to that same spear and shield of Athens as our ensign, see much reason for steady hopefulness. The battle's end is not yet, truly, but they have already resisted a terribly sharp, though short, attack. Power has been lost, indeed, but it was exaggerated and unlawful power, and what remains rests on native and unconquerable vigor. This is begging the question, however. Science often claims that the modicum remaining is held merely on sufferance, till the day when she shall choose to complete the half-won victory, and relegate the study of classical antiquity to the list of pleasant curiosities, like Chinese and Choctaw. In view, then, of that ever-present threat, there must be an ever-ready defence and a devotee of the classics must embrace every opportunity to give a reason for his belief.

Since this is confessedly a rechauffée of old arguments, it may not be amiss to recall the famous protest of the professors of the University of Berlin against admitting into the University the graduates of technical schools, whose preparation was chiefly scientific, embracing no Greek and little Latin. They found—at least they said so, even the scientific professors, that these students were less thoroughly trained and less capable of rapid advancement than those who came from the classical gymnasia. Well, this report is not to be strongly insisted on. There may have been other factors in the case. On this point Classics are very modest now; they simply claim that for the purposes of general mind-training, they are amply proven the equals, at least, of other studies. Do you want steady and vigorous gymnastics for the memory, take a Greek verb; do you wish to cultivate exactitude and the power of nice discrimination, take the same Greek verb,—or, indeed, almost any part of the Greek language; do you want to study the strong and closely-welded expression of thought, take a Latin period.

The scientists, by the mouth of Spencer, have sundry hard things to say about Classics not cultivating the powers of observation and independent judgment, and increasing the already "undue reverence for authority." Possibly, no one supposes at the present day that any one study is the best for every faculty of the mind. The beauty of the present situation is that no rational student, though a classicist, thinks of neglecting Science. We are perfectly willing to concede that Science is stronger in the above-mentioned points (when it is properly taught, observe,) but, on the other hand, Classics do certain things not wholly worthless, such as cultivating the taste and the critical faculty, and laying a broad and deep foundation for culture, to which Science cannot pretend.

This brings us to the relation of the Classics to language and literature work. It seems hardly possible to overstate their pivotal character there. So far from the study of Classics preventing the acquisition of modern languages, it would be hard to find a good classical student, who was not at the same time familiar with French and German, at least, and who did not find that his familiarity with the vocabulary and syntax of Greek and Latin made the acquisition of still other modern European languages a light task. It is like working from the trunk of a tree out upon its branches, while passing simply from one modern language to another rather resembles the leaping from branch-end to branch-end, not an easy feat at times. The same is true of literature, but instead of dwelling on the perfectly familiar relations of modern literature to the classical, it is better to meet the objection that to know the classical master-pieces, it is not necessary to know the classical languages, that translations are sufficient. True, much can be gained from translations, and Emerson's well-known saying to the effect "that he would as soon think of swimming across the Charles river where there was a bridge, as of reading any author in the original when he could have a translation" must be confessed to contain some truth, for authors which are read more for their matter than their manner. One could gain a very fair acquaintance with
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

Thucydides from Jowett's masterly rendering, (only that in point of style Jowett's English is somewhat superior to Thucydides Greek,) but what translation ever gave an adequate idea of Homer—or of any poet, in fact! How much of Plato and Demosthenes and Cicero is gone, when the form is gone—the form which they moulded and chiselled and polished "ad unquem" with loving care and supreme art?

But the great, the terrible objection to the Classics lies in the crushing dictum, "They are not practical!"

Well, no, "practical" they are not, in the Gradgrind sense. I have heard that a certain Greek enthusiast and well-known Boston clergyman used to make his way about in Greece, and convey his ideas very successfully by means of the classic tongue, but his feat is certainly alone of its kind; while it does occasionally happen that two scholars of different countries make shift to communicate by means of Latin, but this too could not be considered an exception of any great importance.

So far, however, from regarding this as a subject for denial or apology, I boldly claim it as a glory—yes, a glory. And it is only the changed position of Classics that makes such a claim possible. The old-time classical education, when a man spent many years in memorizing the Greek grammar, and perfecting himself in the production of Latin periods and machine-verses—the while he was sublimely ignorant of the action of his beings or the plays of Shakespear—that was an education against which the reproach might properly be hurled that it was not practical. But now when a well-balanced curriculum is universally sought after when the aspirants for "honors in" Mathematics Languages, Sciences, let us say, have for at least three-fourths of their training pursued the same studies, and have an identical foundation of general work on which to super-impose their specialties—the case is changed. Now for the first time it is not hopelessly audacious to claim that the "non-practicality" of the Classics is their glory. The practical! is there any danger that we can ignore, can forget it, are we not rather in danger at times of being stifled with its omnipresence? By the strict test of practicality, how much would be left of Astronomy, that noblest and most unworlly of Sciences? How much of the empyrean of pure mathematics? Does it need to be demonstrated that the application of this principal hardens and vulgarizes all higher education in a subtle, but unmistakable fashion, that higher education truly so-called, indeed, ceases where it is allowed to dominate. Nor is this the selfish principle of the scholarly recluse. It is "Learning for Learning's sake, because the brain is the nobler part of us, and the honest and earnest use of its powers is an absolute good."

In this connection I maintain farther that the unlikeness of the classic to the modern is an actual merit. In these days of ever-increasing sameness, when, what with the railroad and the steamship and the telegraph, the whole world is fast coming to dress alike, act alike, think alike, there is a profound relief in turning to the contemplation of a life, to the study of masterpieces so different from those of our own day. Nor is this a mere idle pleasure, there is an actual benefit. I have sometimes thought that if either the Parthenon or Cologne Cathedral were to be destroyed, I should choose the Cathedral: not that it is not a masterpiece of art equal in value to the other—vastly superior, of course, in actual beauty—but because the Parthenon embodies elements—a profound thoughtfulness, a noble simplicity and a divine calm,—that have now gone from the world, and which the world can only regain in part by repeated contact with the masterpieces, architectural, plastic, or literary, of the wonderful epoch that showed their perfection.

Certainly it is no light task, and one profoundly deepening and hardening to the mind, to come to an intimate knowledge of all the phases of a civilization so great, unique, harmonious as either the Greek or Roman. Whether there is an equal gain in learning a fresh phase merely of our modern life and thought, is at least a question.

This of course rests on the fact, needing no demonstration here, that these civilizations though different, are yet alike, though ancient, are not remote. The Chinese civilization also is certainly unique, presumably harmonious, possibly great, but it is utterly remote from ours, and profoundly unimportant in history.

But the Greek and Roman civilizations are vital
knots in the world’s life, and no increased length in
the conductor of years weakens the electric force
that flows from them. The Age of Pericles will be
as central for culture and thought when four thou-
sand years instead of two thousand separates it
from the “present.”
Nay, the fact is, that under the vivifying effect
of fresh research, with the clearing away of medi-
\eval rust in the recent “struggle for existence,”
with the improved methods whose use its enemy
has taught them, Classics are far more “in touch”
with modern life to-day, than they have been for
generations.
In the special case of choosing between advanced
electives—which is, I suppose, the one to be chiefly
considered in these papers—there is certainly a
great satisfaction in embracing advanced classical
courses. They are the efflorescence, as it were, of
the years of rigid grammatical drill, and ceaseless
lexicon-turning that has gone before,—years which
have left their indelible effect, indeed, on the tex-
ture of the mind—but which receive their double
justification and their crown in the higher and
freer work in their own domain which they make
possible.
“Delight” is properly the last of considerations.
In this case, too, it is the least effective test, for
who ever failed to enjoy his specialty? I spoke of
Chocow. Undoubtedly the master of Indian dia-
lects feels every whit as keen a pleasure in his work
as a chemist does in his—which would hardly prove
Chocow as valuable as chemistry. But if such tes-
timony is wished, it will certainly not be wanting.
I challenge you to find any class of students with a
warmer devotion to their chosen branch, a keener
pleasure in it, than “classicals.” Ask them if Euripides or Plautus seem “dead” to them. And
if real novelty and genuine excitement are wanted,
turn your attention to the annals of archeology, or
better still, its personal pursuit, and satisfaction is
certain.  
Emily Norcross, ’80.

SHORTHAND AT WELLESLEY.

Why not? College people are charged with being
impractical the moment they get out into the
world. Colleges expect to send their graduates
into the world to earn their own living, and
yet they send them ignorant of one of the most
useful weapons for that struggle.

“I wish to be a journalist,” says a sweet girl
graduate.
“You must acquire shorthand,” says the busy
editor without looking up.
“I would like a position as business correspon-
dent, then.”
“You should have a knowledge of phonography,”
says the man of business.
And then they both smile in their sleeves and the
editor puts it in the June number of his paper that
“cucumbers, college graduates and other green
things are now abundant.”
And think of the value to the Freshman of a
quick and easy way of taking down all the teacher
says in her lecture period! How little to be
dreaded are the coming examinations! Harvard stu-
dents take this short road to knowledge and find
time even to give lessons in phonography. To be
sure there is this excuse for Wellesley’s being be-
hind Harvard for once. Harvard did not probably
spend quite so much upon Prof. Loissette’s memory
system.
But seriously, why not have an extra elective of
one hour a week in the best system of phonography?
The economy of paper-space in our University
note books would go far towards paying the ex-
\pense. A lecture by a professional expert could
be given to five hundred as well as five. And how
proficient the practice of our numerous lectures
here by the time we leave college.
Why not? Will some one please tell us?
Student.

THE TRUANT POET.

Weary in heart and brain, a Poet cried,
“What joy or rest doth all my labor bring
To the great world that toils and slaves outside?
When dare they wait to hear a Poet sing?”
He fell asleep, and in great agony
Dreamed that he stood upon an arid plain,
Where pale and hungry faces he could see,
And hear sad voices call on him in vain.
From out the throng there spake a woman fair,
“O, Poet dear, return unto the skies!
Or we shall die, for lack of that sweet air
Thou sendest to the soul that pants and dies.”
Back to Parnassus' heights the Poet came,
Begging the gods their truant child to claim.

Nancy K. Foster.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, January 19, Rev. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, took as his text Prov. 4: 7: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding."

On Saturday afternoon, January 18, Prof. Chapin gave the third lecture in the course on Greek Literature. Her subject was the Greek drama, especially that of Aeschylus and Sophocles. In her introduction she recalled Symond's statement that the Greeks and Hindoos are the only nations who have developed the drama independently, as an expression of their national life. Love of liberty and beauty was the predominant characteristic of the Greek intellect, and it is the embodiment of this principle in their art, which has made Athenian literature the model of all literature. The Greek drama differs from that of modern times, in that it was a national and religious institution: Dionysus, the wine god, was also the god of the poet when intoxicated by the frenzy of song. There were two festivals of Dionysus; one celebrated in the country, the other at Athens. At the Athenian celebration choral dances were executed around the altar of Dionysus. These choruses were composed of about fifty people and form the original nucleus of the drama. The purpose of the classic drama was not to arouse the emotions of pity and terror, but to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the emotions in harmony. The ruling characteristics were regularity and simplicity, and the central idea was retributive justice. Of the dramatists before Aeschylus scarcely more than the names are known, Aeschylus being the first great tragic poet. His range of subjects is small, but his treatment of them is large. He deals with problems of deep religious nature, rather than with characters. The titles of seventy of his plays have come down to us, of which only seven are extant. His field of subjects comprises the Trojan War, the royal house of Thebes, and the royal family of Argos. His plays were in trilogies of which only one, the Orestian remains. Sophocles was the rival of Aeschylus, and represents a new phase of Attic art. Aeschylus is the prophet, Sophocles the artist, Euripides the realist. In Sophocles, moral teaching is not changed but humanized: the atmosphere is clearer and sweeter, and more aspiring toward immortality. In dedicking character, he is masterly. His characters are human beings idealized, not gods and heroes and furies as in Aeschylus. His descriptions of natural scenery are sympathetic and beautiful. Of his many works, only seven remain, and of these, there may be taken as the key-note, a line at the close of his Antigone: "Man's highest blessing in wisdom doth lie."

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

An afternoon tea was given to the A. C. A. of Philadelphia, Dec. 14, by Miss Amelia A. Hall, '84, Miss Emily Gregory, '84, and Miss Eliza Kendrick, '85, at the home of Miss Gregory at Girard College. The afternoon was one of the most unpleasant of the season, but, in spite of the bad weather, between twenty and thirty of those invited were present. Seven Wellesley girls were there, six of the seven being from '84. Miss Hall is president of the Philadelphia Branch of the Association this year.

WASHINGTON WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

The second annual reunion of the Washington Wellesley Association was held at the residence of Miss Emma Teller, Dec. 27, 1889. About thirty guests were present including three teachers from the College. A telegram was read from President Shafer expressing good wishes and her regret that she was unable to be present. The Secretary, Treasurer and Chairman of the Business Committee gave their annual reports. A motion was made to amend the constitution so as to include all those having pursued a course of study at Wellesley or having official connection with the College, residing in the District of Columbia or vicinity.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Miss Emma Teller, '89.
Vice-President, Miss S. P. Breekinridge, '88.
Secretary, Lillian Hunt, '81-'83.
Treasurer, E. M. Mayse, '91.
Chairman Business Committee, J. C. McDonald, '88.
Lillian Hunt, Secretary.

WESTERN WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

There is one great charm in building our chapel ourselves. The various efforts made to raise money usually result in good times for those who make them; so that the chapel, when it becomes a reality, will be a lasting reminder of innumerable pleasant hours spent in its service, and we certainly shall have a feeling of personal affection for it not otherwise possible.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

This really is a comforting way of looking at the matter, for it never will permit us to mourn unduly, if our entertainments fall short of the sum we hoped from them; since each one that pays but little leaves so much more opportunity for others and the list of good times increases as the amount resulting from each one decreases.

During September the Chicago members of the Western Wellesley Association put down one on the list of their pleasant evenings spent for the benefit of the good cause. Marion Ely, our president had presented our wishes in such persuasive form to Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood that she willingly gave us her evening. Mrs. Chas. H. Case threw open her beautiful home for our entertainment. The crowning glory of this house is a delightful little hall on the third floor where every one can see and hear. For the time being it looked like the College Chapel minified with the Wellesley girls and their friends enjoying the parallel to a Monday evening entertainment. After a violin duet, Mrs. Catherwood read from The Story of Dollard. Her face and voice, equally attractive, gave the story an added charm. Music followed the reading and then down stairs in the drawing room we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Catherwood.

Not the least noteworthy feature of the evening was the delicious fraçpèl, made by a member of the Association.

The material result was something over one hundred dollars, but we all went away as happy as though it had been twice as much. For better than money for the Chapel Fund was the remark with which our host bade us good-night: "Whether the evening was a success financially or not I do not know, but I am perfectly sure that the Wellesley girls themselves are a great success!"

May Estelle Cook, '88.

Mr. William Edwards.

Whereas: In the death of Mr. William Edwards, late Collector for the Botanical Department of Wellesley College, we feel that the Department has lost a devoted co-worker, and the College a faithful and genuine friend:

Resolved: That we recognize with gratitude the Providence that has so long given to us his valuable aid; that we bow with submission to the Divine Will which transfers him to a higher service, and that we offer to his bereaved family our sincere appreciation of his character and of his work and our heartfelt sympathy with them in the great loss which they have sustained by his death.

Susan M. Hallowell,
Frances E. Lord,
Evelyn Barrows,

For the Faculty of Wellesley College.

Dec. 17, 1889.

From a letter by Mr. Storrow Higginson of Boston.

I am filled with sad regret by your news of yesterday, the departure from our midst of that good man, for whom during long years I have not ceased to cherish a deep regard. Mr. Edwards illustrated finely the grace and beauty which pervades the character of a true lover of nature. The simple phenomena of the natural world as revealed to the naked eye were projected thence upon his higher spiritual vision, and his exquisite child-like delight in their loveliness kept fresh his enthusiasm, and lent to his declining years a buoyancy which no worldly accident could destroy. He was in no proper sense old, since the light of perennial life warmed the honest heart, and his face was ever turned towards the morning.

His spirit was a tonic to one who wandered and waded with him. His fervor and sincerity kindled my own to kindred ardor, as he sought the treasures of his neighborhood; and I shall never forget his delight when I took him to Charles River Village and almost in sight of the busy thoroughfare showed him Campionsoris flourishing despite authority.

His days had been darkened by care, even when I first knew him. And from him I learned how adversity may be softened by the sweet pity of wild flowers pleading for recognition; how, drawn close to the bosom of great Nature, even sorrow and bereavement may be assuaged, and the eternal goodness and love, through the divine sense of the beautiful, may touch and comfort a truly reverent soul.

Though his humble calling had denied to him the early advantages which would have rendered him eminent, yet the thirst for scientific research drew him ever on, until his higher marvels opened to his later years, when through your excellent institution opportunity came to him.

When the warfare with his inner longings could no longer be sustained, and the shop must perforce be forsaken forever, though he were to perish by the way, with none but his loved woodland proteges to mourn for him, the benison of livelihood, honor and heart's
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The hospital list is kept pretty full. When shall we be ready to settle down to hard work?

The lateness of the Prelude last week was due to the prevailing malady which hindered work in the printer's office.

Mrs. Charlotte Farnsworth Little, student at Wellesley, '86-'89, and Miss Julia Bissell, '85, who has been for some time a missionary in India, spent Sunday at the College.

Everybody is enthusiastic over the skating. It is said that the ice never was better or, indeed, 'half as good. A fund has been established for keeping the ice cleared. Happy, thrice happy are they that do skate!

The Faculty have a class in gymnastics. Students are not allowed as visitors but they hope for an exhibition in the spring. And, since they do not have an especial proclivity for having splinters in their feet, they rejoice that this unlooked for proceeding has brought about a partial re-flooring of the gymnasium.

Examinations have begun and indeed are almost finished and the Prelude has not had a chance to get a word in edgewise about it, or even to give a warning as to how students should spend the time which hangs heavy upon their hands. It is sincerely hoped that as a result not much valuable time has been wasted.

The awarding of the prize for the College cheer will be delayed a week, because the number sent in is so small. It seems as if we were not imbued with the proper college spirit or more interest would be taken in a matter which concerns us all so deeply. Can there not be an increased enthusiasm in the short time remaining and very many more cheers sent in so that the committee's task may not be so provokingly easy?

Do you notice that the Week is a page short in this number? Dear reader, one of our Junior editors, who was zealously taking her exercise on a very windy day, met with the dire catastrophe of being blown from a bridge into a moist and perilous quicksand. She was rescued with difficulty and all proper restoratives were used. And we are happy to say that the patient is now doing well. The rest of the Junior editors extend their sympathy and hope that by next week their comrade will be able to fully resume her labors.

content came to him through the womanly delicacy of Wellesley's noble patroness. Ah, well did he and we who loved him, know his debt to her! But all Wellesley was kind and good to this kindest and best of men, and every maiden who brought him a flower, or asked him to show her one, and every friendly word and look of hearty trust, contributed to crown his deepening years with tender repose. He was all Wellesley's. Let us rejoice that its quiet, warm and generous sympathy folded around the days that might have been desolate their mantle of loving-kindness. It was like great Nature's tenderness, he would have said, weaving her robe of beautiful lichen over her still decay. I ramble on, all the while shedding secret tears for one to whom I gave all that man can give to man.

Sad to you must be the silence of his withdrawal from your midst. You touch with reverence, as I do, the lichens received from his hand, the many tributes of his consideration and regard. He will always be with me in my study, as his footprints will ever be warm at Wellesley.

From a letter by Miss Brittingham of Philadelphia.

I thank you heartily for the pleasure which I enjoyed in seeing the pretty "Procession of the Flowers." To one who has hanted these flowers about the "College Beautiful," the lovely poem appeals in a peculiar manner; and as I read it, flashes of the old pleasure at finding the wild flowers in their favorite haunts came back to me, and Wellesley's woods and hills and water, clothed in beauty and color were before me.

The usual Elective Course in Bibliography will begin with the second semester, Jan. 31. The study will prove of special value to anyone intending to teach or to enter upon literary work of any kind hereafter. The course is practical in its nature, and through it the student can acquire a familiarity with reference works and bibliographical aids, that it would take years to attain, unassisted by lectures and personal guidance.

The course requires class attendance once a week, Fridays at 4 p. m., and outside work to the extent of two periods each week.

Any further information desired, may be obtained by calling at the Library office, January 29, from 9 to 12.
INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

PRINCETON will award trophies in the shape of miniature foot-balls of gold, to her victorious eleven.

The Law-school established at William and Mary's was the first in America, and the second in the English-speaking world.

American college papers exhibited at the Paris Exposition, excited great interest in foreign education. Undergraduate journalism is practically unknown in Europe.

Saturday, January 11, was celebrated at Cornell as Founder's day. The exercises were held in the armory. There was singing by the Glee Club and an address by Ex-President Andrew White on "Personal Recollections of Ezra Cornell."

The Faculty of Iowa College have allowed the Senior class to select their own commencement orators, thus abolishing the system of making these appointments by rank, and making it probable that the marking system will be abolished entirely.

A medical students' club has been formed at Johns Hopkins, similar to those in Berlin, the object being to bring the various departments into closer connection, to stimulate original research and protect the claims of priority of work done by the members.

Osborn Hall, Yale's new recitation hall, was formally opened Tuesday, Jan. 7, when President Dwight, in presence of a large number of students, delivered a dedicatory address.

The new hall is by far the finest recitation building at Yale. The various rooms have a total seating capacity of 1450, almost equal to the present number of students; the large lecture rooms will seat nearly three hundred men each.

In announcing the annual dinner of the Yale Alumni Association of New York, which was held at Delmonico's, Friday, Jan. 17, the Mail and Express says:

"Chauncey M. Depew will preside, and 200 persons are expected to be present. There will be several novel features connected with the dinner. At the plate of each guest will be an oar about eighteen inches long, made from the wood of the elm trees recently cut from the campus to make room for Osborn Hall. To every oar will be attached a blue silk flag on which will be written the names of the speakers and the bill of fare. A song composed by Pinsuti and written by a Yale man will be sung by a double quartet. The recently arrived Spanish mandolin players will furnish the music."
THE WELLESLEY PUNDE.

OUR OUTLOOK.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

Heine's famous remark that German marriage was not true marriage, since the German man took to himself "not a wife but a serving-woman, and continued to lead his isolated bachelor existence of the intellect even in the bosom of his family," would seem to hold true for an indefinite time to come. Two elaborate articles have recently appeared in the Evening Post, which show that, as regards the higher education of women, Germany is behind not only America and England, but all her sister countries in Continental Europe. Among the Teutonic nations the admission of women to the colleges took place earliest: Democratic Switzerland, of course, led the way, the University of Zurich, admitting women as early as 1868; Sweden followed in 1870; Denmark in 1875: Latin, Italy, Holland and Norway, 1876; France and Spain by 1880. In Germany the old idea of woman's sphere still prevails. Last year it was stated with much impressiveness by a National Councillor in Berlin, "Where now," he sternly asked, "does woman best fill her appointed destiny? Holy Writ gives us the answer: 'And they said unto him, Where is Sarah, thy wife? and he said, Behold, in the tent.'" The education which is granted to women is in harmony with this patriarchal conception. They are taught only such things as are supposed to make them pleasing or useful within the tent, and none of those things which will make them think upon the larger and more serious problems of life. A convention which met at Weimar a few years ago thought it was giving utterance to advanced doctrine when it said that the German girl must receive a good education, to the end that the German man may not be bored "at the domestic hearth" by the ignorance of his wife. In other words, the only end of women is to please men, and the only education to be granted them is such as will aid them in pleasing. Within the last few years, however, a few women have insisted upon a different conception, and have demanded that women be educated for their own sakes just as men are educated for their own sakes. To this end they drew up a petition in 1887 to the Minister of Education, asking that women be given a larger share in the teaching of girls in the high schools, and that institutions be established for the training of women teachers to do this work. The petition was denied, but the agitation has gone on, and has finally resulted in the establishment of a course of advanced instruction in mathematics, physics, political economy, and the modern languages for girls who have graduated at the high schools. Among the women who helped in the establishment of this innovation was the Empress Frederic. The reform has thus gained a foothold. Its prospects are all the better because the emancipation has been started by the class to be emancipated—namely, the women.—Christian Union.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Forum for January opens with a timely discussion of "The Tariff and the Farmer" by the late speaker of the House. The drift of Mr. Carlisle's argument is to show that the American farmer buys in a close market and sells in an open market. The article may well be read in connection with the present discussion in the columns of the Nation on the deplorable condition of farming interests in New England.—Other articles bearing on American political and economic questions are "The Abuses of the Veto Power," and "Horace Greeley's Cure for Poverty."—Under the title "The Wrongs of the Ute Indians" G. T. Kercheval adds another chapter to the shameful story of our relations with the "Wards of the Nation."—In the article on "Woman's Place in the State," Goldwin Smith shows that his newly acquired conservatism is not only with regard to Ireland. He takes as his text Lord Salisbury's recent declaration in favor of female suffrage.—The Editor of London Truth is always racy, and the article on "Democracy in England" will be read with pleasure. It is interesting to notice that England's most outspoken Radical looks forward to an indefinite continuation of monarchy in that country.—There are several articles this month of a scientific character "Magnetism and Hypnotism" contains some new facts of interest.—Major F. E. von der Heydt writes of "Prehistoric Man in America" and sums up his conclusions in the words "There are no evidences of races of people occupying the country anterior to the Indian tribes."

The reminiscent view of the Fortnightly Review for January, 1890 adds greatly to its interest. Swinburne has a sequence of sonnets on the death of Robert Browning, and Prof. Tyndall contributes a sympathetic article on Carlyle, showing that great man in some of his choicest moods, and giving us again the famous story of the installation of the Lord Rector at Edinburgh.—An unsigned sketch of Stanley's expedition sums up the scattered accounts of the relief of Emin Pasha and the march to the coast.—Prof. Edward Dowden writes of an Eighteenth Century Mystic, vividly reproducing the excited religious life of that time.—"The Homes of the Poor" is a plain statement of the condition of the dwelling houses in the worst parts of London, the article is of great value in showing how the very laws made for the protection of the poor, work against them and for the men who exploit them. For a practical statement of the difficulties in the way of ameliorating the conditions of the poor it will be of interest to would-be reformers.—Grant Allen's article on Sacred Stones is a supplement to Herbert Spencer's treatment of the subject in his Principles of Sociology it will engage the attention of all students of comparative religions.—"The Black Mountains" is a sketch of Montenegro by A. Hulme-Beaman.—Other articles are "The Cretan Insurrection of 1866," and "Portugal's Aggressions and England's Duty."
BOOK REVIEWS.

Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Science. A Text-book for High Schools and Colleges. By Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner. Translated by Charles De Garuuo, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages in Illinois State Normal University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. A translation of a textbook which has already gained the approval of educators and has obtained a firm footing in schools and institutions of a country like Germany is of interest always to educators, but is especially so when it comes prefixed with an avowal of intended reform in pedagogics. The translator calls our attention to his belief that psychology is the only sure basis for a sound pedagogical practice; that current psychologies are apt to fail to excite any general vital interest in the subject of the training of the mind, because failing to touch the experience of the student; and that Dr. Lindner's work is forthright and is a direct incitement to introspection on the one hand, and to further study on the other. Whether the book as presented to us combines all these rare qualities or not, will doubtless be proved by its reception by practical educators; but from once reading we should judge that the opportunity was still open for some great genius to write a psychology which should be entirely inspiring. The work is well planned and the treatment of the subjects, essentially scientific. The author's avowed aim is to "begin with experience and never get away from it." The first part, which treats, under the general head of "Knowledge," of the production of sense-concepts, reproduction and memory, the intellect, and self-consciousness takes up half of the volume; and is followed by a short part on "The Feelings," in which the classification is quite universal; and by a masterly closing part of some fifty pages on "Striving, or Impulse to Action," treating of desires, impulses, passions, the will. The terminology as well as the classification seems at times quite independent of all precedent. The terms are used consistently, and on the whole the meaning is clear; but they are used particularly, and it seems as if they unnecessarily differ from current psychological phraseology. This is probably partially the fault of the translator. The author aims at simplicity of expression; but the English of the translation is often obscured by quite roundabout expressions. A system of addenda is used which, while it is an improvement upon the method of numberless appendices which so many authors use, and which are as inconveniently objectionable as all notes in the back of students' books are apt to be, is yet open to criticism. At the end of each section from one to five "Remarks" are added in fine print, and like post-scripts in a letter, the remarks sometimes contain the pith of the subject, and might easily be incorporated in the main body of the section. The faults of the book, however, are more those of style and manner than of substance, and after all has been said, the work is yet an addition in many ways to our list of psychological text-books. It contains the most approved latest theories worked out in an excellently logical manner; it is fully abreast of the times; and it claims to embody all that is best in the Herbartian School of thinkers, seeking to add its influence to their aim of reducing education to a true science.

The Monachini of Plautus. Edited By Harold North Fowler, Ph. D., Instructor in the Phillips Exeter Academy, Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn. This volume belongs to the Student's Series of Latin Classics from the press of Leach, Shewell, and Sanborn, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Pease, of Bowdoin College. The book is a credit to editor and publisher alike. It appears faultless and elegant in paper, type and general mechanical execution. The literary work, both in plan and the manner in which the plan is carried out, evinces a sound scholarship, and also acumen and nice critical judgment in selecting from the stores at command what is adapted to the College student. Every essential point seems to have been taken up and handled with well-warranted confidence. The notes are clear, instructive to the scholarly and not too inviting to the indolent pupil, giving generously and with admirable conciseness only what the student could not well find out for himself. They are, in our opinion, most properly placed at the end of the book,—the foot notes giving the variations of the MSS. The only benefit we have found in the work is one perhaps generally considered rather a merit,—the marking of the accents.

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