

The following graduates attended the anniversary exercises on June 5th:—Judge Johnston, Dr. Armstrong, James S. Morse, Rev. T. A. Higgins, Dr. Welton, Simon Vaughan, Dr. Barss, Dr. Higgins, B. H. Eaton, Dr. Alward, Prof. Jones, Dr. Rand, Rev. S. B. Kempton, E. D. King, Rev. Jos. Murray, Rev. D. A. Steele, J. F. L. Parsons, John Wallace, A. E. Coldwell, Rev. A. Cohoon, Rev. W. H. Warren, Dr. A. J. Eaton, Howard Barss, Benjamin Rand, A. J. Denton, G. W. Cox, E. W. Sawyer, Frank Andrews, E. D. Webber, H. H. Welton, John Donaldson, W. P. Shaffner, C. O. Tupper, H. R. Welton, W. L. Barss, Walter Barss.

Among those present may be mentioned the following:—Dr. Pryor, Dr. Parker, C. B. Whidden, Rev. Calvin Goodspeed, M. A., Rev. J. L. Young, B. A., Rev. J. A. Gordon, Rev. Mr. Roe, Rev. E. O. Read, Principal Calkin, John March, Rev. H. Foshay, Rev. H. O. Parry, J. A. Calhoun, F. S. Clinch, B. H. Calkin, Rev. Mr. Churchill, Rev. J. F. Bartlett, Prof. Foster, Dr. Day,

The remains of Dr. J. Leander Bishop, '43, were recently removed from Newark, N. J., where he died in 1868, and reinterred in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, beside those of his nephew C. B. Young. Dr. Bishop was the author of a History of American Manufactures from 1608 to 1866, a standard work. He was a surgeon in the seventh regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps during the late Civil war, at the close of which he was appointed to a position of Chief in a division of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington.

THE following is what Goldwin Smith says about Charles Reade:—

The usual libations of obituary eulogy are being poured upon the grave of Charles Reade. He leaves a gap in the circle of great novelists which there seems to be nobody to fill. In fact there are decided symptoms of decadence in fiction, and the fund of plots and characters which the human mind is capable of inventing, appears to be approaching exhaustion, as well it may, considering that novels have been appearing in England at the rate of two in every three days. Reade's merits were undeniable; they culminated in "Christie Johnstone": his plots were interesting, and some of them bore the test of dramatization; his characters, if not very deep, were clearly outlined; his language was eminently strong, fresh and vivid. His morality, as a rule, was pure, though in "A Terrible Temptation" it was, to use Mr. Compton Reade's phrase, "lubricious." It al-

ways seemed unaccountable that a generally clean man should have written that dirty book. It appears that Reade prided himself upon being a gentleman; but when stung by the criticism which he sometimes richly deserved, he gave public vent to his rage in language such as never came from a gentlemen's lips or pen. This want of dignity had its root in the almost insane self-love which led him to introduce into one of his novels an elaborate, and it is needless to say, absurdly flattering portrait of himself. This is, at all events, a better excuse than that tendered by some of his friends, who declare that he did not lose his temper and that his pretended fits of rage were advertisements. But his main offence against art and against society was pamphleteering under the guise of fiction. His accounts both of the lunatic asylums and of the model prisons, though they might have some slight foundation in isolated cases of abuse, were, as general pictures of the institutions, totally and criminally false; and the attack on asylums could not fail to do mischief by setting families against the only remedy which affords any hope for the insane. To use fiction as an engine of controversy is to usurp an unlimited license of coining facts in support of your own case; and when the writer's object is to create a prejudice against any man or body of men the practice becomes at once a most culpable and a most dangerous form of slander. Denial is hardly possible, however innocent the victims of the attack may be. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not unobnoxious to criticism on this ground, and if it misrepresented the South, the responsibility of its author is heavy, for it did not a little to kindle on both sides the passions which led to civil war.

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