

THE LAFAYETTE.

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No. 9.

BOOKS TO BE READ BEFORE LEAVING COLLEGE.

Introductory Paper.



HAVE been asked to write briefly of the books which a young man ought to read before leaving college. As others are to follow up this paper with additional matter upon the same subject, I shall endeavor to make it an introduction to the series, rather than a summary view of the whole field.

In the first place it is of importance to consider what should be the purpose of such reading as is here under consideration. It is probably safe to assume that it is to give that general acquaintance with literary topics which is essential to the education of a gentleman. It is, therefore, additional and supplementary to the more serious matters of collegiate education. It is to supply culture in a wide sense, to provide an acquaintance with the most frequently quoted authors, and to give a fund of materials for allusion and illustration in polite conversation. The importance of these objects is in the order they are named, but the apparent importance in early experience is the reverse. Consequently many young men resort to the miserable substitutes for broad and careful reading offered by books of quotations. The enormous increase of newspapers and magazines has distracted many more from the reading of books. Now we have in great cyclopaedia, abridgements, and similar publications, and in the vast array of books about books, influences which lead us away from the greater monuments of literary achievement.

The young reader should begin with creative

literature, and leave the commentary to a later stage.

This I think is a safe principle, but it strictly applies to a period long antecedent to the time of coming to college. One of the limitations naturally imposed on such a discussion as this arises from the vast variety in early opportunities. Some have read little till they came to college, others have read steadily from their seventh or eighth year. Some have early acquired the habit of reading for pleasure and profit combined, while others know reading only as a form of drudgery, or a mental dissipation.

We may safely lay down another principle to this effect; Read only good books. That is, books that are wholesome in matter and literary in form.

Of course in our work we must often read books utterly lacking in all grace of style, beauty of thought, and vigor of character. Such books may be the anvil or the stubble field of our hours of labor. But for recreation and pleasure a man should no more choose a rough, misshapen book than he should select a boor for a boon companion.

Once more, let their be a noble purpose in the books read, and a variety in type and subject.

There are many books that are full of power to build up;—character making books. There are others whose nature is buoyant, emotional;—heart cheering books. Yet others merely charm and fascinate;—delight giving books. All have their place, but it is not an equal place in usefulness and honor.

Now I cannot make anything even remotely

approaching an enumeration. Perhaps Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books" might be taken as a fair guide, each man picking from them as he is led by his own taste. But I will indicate a very few books as types. First of all the man who would understand history, literature and the general trend of intelligent conversation in modern times must thoroughly know the Bible. For large creative power and wide influence in literature and life, perhaps Shakespeare, Homer, Horace, Boswell (*Life of Johnson*), Plutarch, Scott and Dickens, may be taken as types of the writers who should be familiar to every young man. In the enormous production of books in this nineteenth century there are tremendously distracting influences. There are thousands of good books. But a few remain supreme. No one will ever make the *Iliad* a "back number," or Plutarch's anecdotes stale to the uprising generation. Mr. Austin Dobson, even, with all the charm and nonchalance of his verse does not supercede Horace. A new Miss Austen cannot replace *Pride and Prejudice* with *Standish of Standish*. Despite Mark Twain's recent scoff we shall go on reading the Vicar of Wakefield with delight.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

President Gilman, of Johns-Hopkins University, has summed up in the following manner the objects of a college education: 1. Concentration, or the ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently on one subject; 2. Distribution, or power to arrange and classify known facts; 3. Retention, or power to hold facts; 4. Expression, or power to test what you know; 5. Power of judgment, or making sharp discrimination between that which is false, that which is temporal, and that which is essential.

This season's football team and substitutes were photographed Wednesday afternoon on the south steps of Pardee Hall.

FOOTBALL.

Lafayette vs. Dickinson.

SCORE, 19-0.



THE game of last Saturday was very short and poorly contested. There was but little interest, as was manifested by the slim crowd scattered here and there, shivering in the cold, biting wind. No trouble was anticipated in beating Dickinson, nor was there any special desire to run up a large score, which, together with the fact that the team was largely composed of substitutes, in part explains the meagre score. The "veteran" players who were in any wise disabled were wisely kept out or permitted to retire during the progress of the game, lest injuries might be sustained which would handicap the team in the contest with Wesleyan. Dickinson, though much lighter, played a plucky game, and repeatedly broke through and tackled for a loss, and frequently held our men for four downs or compelled them to kick. Their offensive, however, was weak, though they were occasionally able to make first down, and once or twice made good gains, but as a rule their attacks upon our line were fruitless.

The features of the game were Duffey's field goal from the twenty-five yard line, and Rinehart's brilliant run of seventy-five yards in the last minute's play of the second half. This is the first and only drop-goal that has ever been made on Lafayette Field. Each man might be commended for individual work, but there was a sad lack of team work. Pierce played hard and made good gains. Wiedenmayer, Bray and Boyd advanced the ball well, and Herr was on hand, as usual, to take advantage of fumbles. Best, at quarter, was at times erratic and very slow. Worthington broke the interference in good style. At no time was our goal in danger.

THE GAME.

Rinehart won the toss for the first time this season, chose the north goal, and at 2.35 Lowther kicked off. The ball rolled along the

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Second Paper.

IT appears that I failed to satisfy the editors of THE LAFAYETTE in my introductory paper, and the first of the expected papers from other pens having failed to materialize in time for the present issue, I have been appealed to for additional and more specific particulars. The editor-in-chief wants me to name books. But it is a serious matter to order the intellectual diet for another person. It is certainly enough that we of the teaching profession should prescribe a regular diet of Euclid, Xenophon, Cæsar, and other gentry much spoken against and otherwise handled to their discredit in certain quarters. I am not going to interfere with positive prescriptions for Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts as well. It is true that I am always ready to commiserate the man who did not pass in regular process of boyhood development through Grimm's and Hans Anderson's Fairy Stories, Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales, Robinson Crusoe, The Swiss Family Robinson, Baron Munchausen, Gulliver's Travels, and the Arabian Nights. A boy might as well omit the cutting of his eye teeth as any of these natural companions of childhood. When a healthy boy gets his head well above the waters of his first decade, he begins as a matter of course to love a good fight. He has cut his eye teeth on some good Bible stories of David and Gideon, along with the fairy tales of Germany and Arabia with their magic coffers and wonderful lamps. Now he is ripe for Homer, and may read him with profit in

the rendering of Chapman, or Bryant, the first for the Iliad and the second for the Odyssey by my choice; for Virgil, also, with the aid, perhaps, of Mr. William Morris, and then as chivalry begins to lay its grip on him he will come upon Sir Thomas Malory and for the rest of his life he will have half an ear at least for all the wonderful adventures of gentle dame and distressed damosel, of desperate noble and doughty knight. From King Arthur and the Table Round it is an easy step to Ivanhoe, which introduces the average boy to the many fascinations of the Crusader on the one hand and Scott, the Wizard of the North, on the other. Rob Roy, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward and The Fair Maid of Perth are sure to be favorites with boyhood, and are likely to draw into our reading list a much inferior, but not easily neglected book, the "Scottish Chiefs." About the time this fever is passing off a robust taste for biography ought to be nourished on Plutarch's Lives and Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In this age good biographies are too numerous to select from, but after all there are but few that have the simplicity and directness and reasonable compass which go to make an ideal boy's book. Perhaps Southey's Life of Nelson and Froude's Cæsar are as good examples as can be given. While among autobiographies who can afford to overlook Gibbon's and Franklin's, or to omit the Confessions of St. Augustine and the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, memoirs as they are of a saint and a rascal.

Travels are a natural part of a boys furnishing forth. Herodotus is half historian and half professional traveller. He is the lord of a

noble field. Marco Polo and Sir John Maundeville are later masters of the art of fascinating description, and then Hacluyt and Purchas rule the mighty age of American discovery. When I was a boy Africa was just being opened up and the frozen north was far more an unsolved problem than it is now. It was with deepening thrill that I opened Livingstone's Journals, and heard the stories of Kane and his successors while they were fresh. Now Stanley and Nansen write books, but scarcely so well adapted to the half formed man.

But we must not run away from fiction without noting the growing taste for the story apart from its theme. Human sympathy becomes in time claim enough, and humor becomes a power. We laugh with Dickens in the *Pickwick Papers*, and laugh and cry at his bidding in many another volume. Thackeray is not for the immature taste, but he who never knows the Esmond and Newcomb families has lived in vain. The great field of English fiction is a life-long feast, circumstances should determine in what order anyone shall read the novels of George Elliot, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Hawthorne, Blackmore, Black, Stephenson, Shorthouse and the rest. Read fiction, read steadily, but not constantly. Read, too, the best of foreign writers; Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, the best of Dumas, George Sand and Daudet; of Ebers and Marlitt; of Sienkiewicz, and the rest.

But pure literature especially in the form of the essay has also a great claim. Such things must be taken with infinite leisureliness and repose. Bacon and Montaigne are not to be read with a rush. The *Spectator* is best read a paper a day for a long period. DeQuincey whether in *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, or the *Spanish Nun* appeals to a responsive mood. Ruskin demands an already cultivated taste, and Carlyle a special training in his methods of thought and expression. A few historical and critical essayists like Macaulay and Lowell can both be read by every man of ordinary education and read at large.

Of historical books what shall be said when they are so many and so great that libraries can scarce contain them. Thucydides, Gibbon, Macaulay, none may neglect. Of the rest time and space forbid me to speak.

One final word. Read to know and to enjoy. Be at friendship with the men of fact and fancy. Don't think of Hector as a myth, nor of Marco Polo as a fraud, nor yet of Dr. Johnson as only a writer. Know the men. Go to the inn at Eastcheap with ancient Pistol—even tho' you eschew all other inns; when you go to Shrewsbury field with sweet Sir John Falstaff don't be so bold but that you can echo his sentiment,

"Would God it were bed-time Hal an all well!"

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.



PROF. HODGE MARRIED.



VERY pretty wedding ceremony took place in the First Presbyterian Church, of Princeton, Tuesday evening of this week. It was one of the most important social events of the season, and the church was well filled. The contracting parties were Prof. C. W. Hodge, professor of logic and ethics, of Lafayette College, and Miss Sarah Henry, daughter of Evan James Henry, of Princeton. Mr. Henry Briggs, organist of the university chapel, presided at the organ, and as the sweet strains sounded through the church the bride approached the altar, leaning on the arm of her father. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Purvis, of the seminary. The bride was attired in a white satin dress, with a tulle veil, and she carried a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley. The maid of honor was Miss Lucy Henry, the sister of the bride. Miss Angeline Hodge and Miss Friend were the bridesmaids. Mr. Charles Stockton, a cousin of the groom, was the best man.



President McKinley will deliver an oration at the University of Pennsylvania on February 22.