

We would understand from an editorial in the *Dickinsonian* that the attendance at the gymnasium there has been made compulsory, and that it is giving some trouble. We fail to see what should induce any one to object to physical training. It certainly must be some cranks who do not appreciate the exercise which is so essential to the life of the student.

"The Senior wears his trousers wide,
The Junior does the same ;
The Sophomore wears a cutaway
And always sports a cane ;
The Freshman is a puzzle,
His clothes are always plain,
He wears high-water breeches,
And his life is full of pain.

—Ex.

One of the new arrivals on our exchange list, is the Lutherville *Seminarian*. The distinctive feature of the exchange column is the discussion of questions proposed, instead of the usual comments. While we favor the plan to some extent, yet we think the exchange column should not be given wholly to it, for it is by kindly comment and criticism that college journalism has been made what it is at present. The *Seminarian* is a bright, lively little paper which we have perused with pleasure.

'Twas in a game of poker once,
When two men at the table
Kept putting in their big blue chips
As long as they were able.

"Alas!" cried he who lost the pot,
In a manner very ranty
"I'll have to go see 'uncle,' now
Since you have seen my 'auntie.'"

The February number of the *Muhlenburg* contains a splendid article on, "The Teachers Mission." We cannot give a review of it here as our space is limited. Read the whole article when you are in the reading-room.

I'm sitting to-night by the fire-light,
In the glad old college hall ;
The fragrant jet from the cigarette
Doth dreamily rise and fall.

The dear old house 'mid the leafy dome,
And the hamlet down below,
Came floating back on the bounding track
Of mem'ry's ebb and flow.

The happy gleams of faded scenes,
The school-room carved and dun,
Tho little girl with the golden curl,
Soft eye and rippling fun.

Ah, pure old scene, from memory's sheen,
You shame this dizzy strife.
To-night I'm sad, on the morrow glad ;
Ha, Ha ! 'tis college life !

—Bowdoin Orient.

Our own opinion of "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is very clearly expressed in a recent number of the *Sibyl*. Mr. Clemens, the author of the work, has given his personal opinions and ideas very freely, and in the English nobility and royalty he has found a very fitting subject for his keen satire. He presents his views on all subjects from the divine right of kings to that odd free trade or protection. The hero of the tale is a Connecticut Yankee, the superintendent of Colt's great arms factory in New England. In a battle with one of his men he is knocked backward into the sixth century ; where being a man of inventive genius and full of resources he is soon recognized as a superior being, and is made the king's minister with the title of "Sir Boss." Throughout the manifold adventures and experiences of the tale, the author is never funny at the expense of the weak, the unfortunate, or the helpless ; but right and wrong are set up in bold contrast, and the wrong subjected or submitted to a constant fire of sarcasm. Being employed in the service of humanity, the delicious satire, keen wit, and sly humor of the great writer appear at their best. (Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York, publishers.)