



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

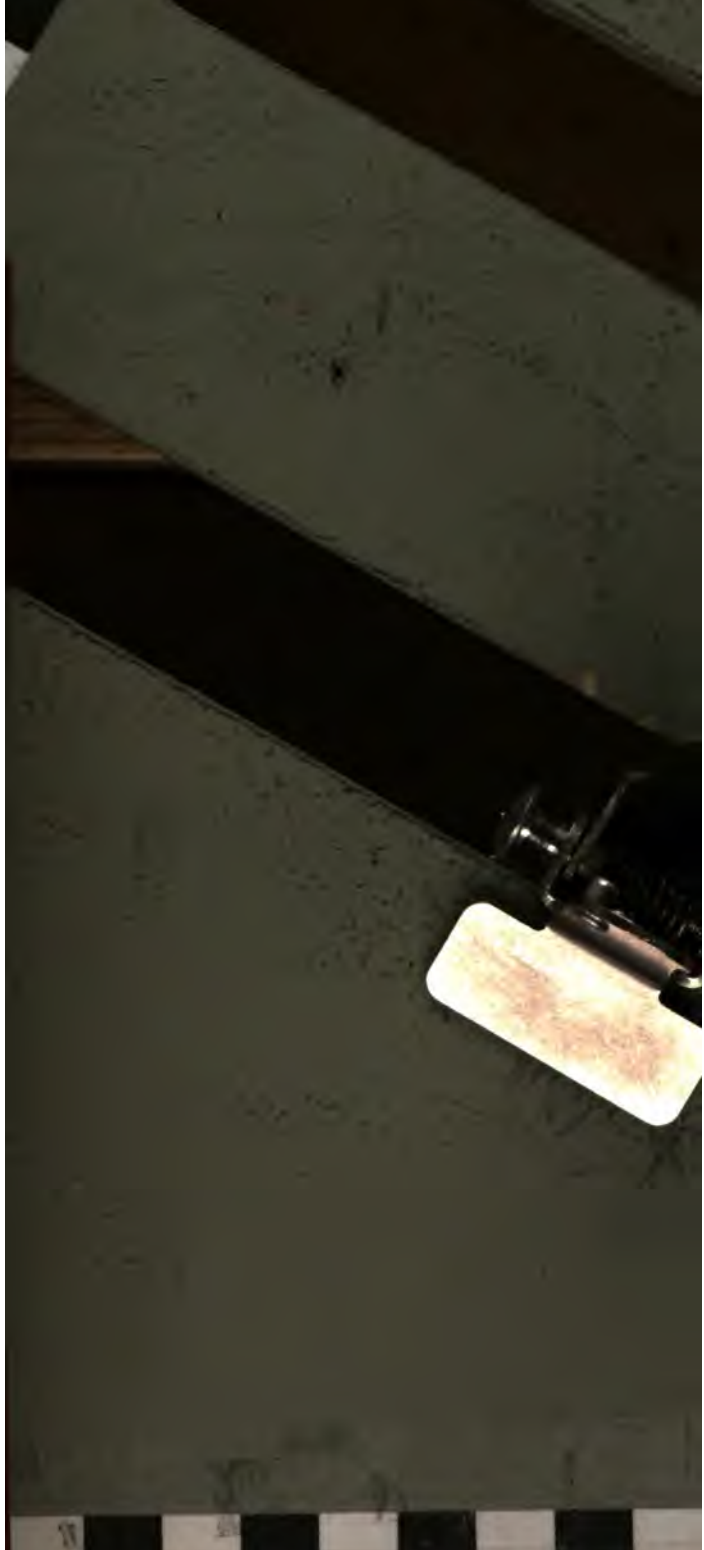
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



**Harvard College
Library**



**BOUGHT FROM THE FUND
BEQUEATHED BY**

Evert Jansen Wendell

CLASS OF 1882

of New York

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

JANUARY.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.

1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
DON RODERICK. Baird Prize Poem. - - - H. W. Hathaway,	363
FRAGMENTS FROM THE COTTREL COLLECTION. Story. G. P. Wheeler,	370
THE ADIRONDACKS. Poem. - - - - - James Barnes,	382
LITERARY CRITICISM. Essay. - - - - - J. C. Meyers,	383
HAPPINESS IN HARMONY. Poem. - - - - - D. L. P.,	392
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL LIFE. Essay. - - - J. H. Dunham,	393
VOICES, - - - - -	399
ORATORY—THE COLLEGE MAN'S CHARITY—ARE INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS AN EVIL TO BE ABOLISHED?	
EDITORIALS, - - - - -	407
ANNOUNCEMENTS—THE BRIC-A-BRAC—THE PRINCETON CARTOON- IST—THE MAN OF METHOD—SPORTING LITERATURE.	
LITERARY GOSSIP, - - - - -	415
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	418
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	423
CALENDAR, - - - - -	433

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

(Lock Box 17.)

W. C. FISK, *Treasurer*,
 PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

209
 50

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

W. D. GIBBY, N. J.
V. V. NICHOLAS, N. J.

D. L. PIEMON, PA.
S. H. SHEPARD, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITORS:

H. W. HATHAWAY, N. J.

J. M. YEAKLE, PA.

TREASURER:

W. C. FISK, N. Y. Lock Box 17.

VOL. XLV.

JANUARY, 1890.

No. 6.

**DON RODERICK; OR, THE ENTRANCE OF THE MOORS
INTO SPAIN.**

BAIRD PRIZE POEM, BY H. W. HATHAWAY, NEW JERSEY.

TOLEDO'S towers, in deep'ning shadows, rise,
And rear their silvered crests amid the light
Of earth's fair moon which sails full-orbed on high,
And looks benignly down on castle walls;
Where to and fro, upon the battlements,
Now lost within the shadow of a tower
And now emerging to the moonlight soft,
The sentinels pace: with even step and firm.
No sound the silence breaks, save soldier tread,
And save the flood of Tagus' sullen stream
That chafes the stones and grumbles 'neath the bridge,
For songs and mirth that issue from the court
Come not thus far, but linger till they're lost
Amid the black and silent winding streets.
Within those palace walls, high revelry
And sport delight Don Roderick, King of Spain,
And Elyáta, his new-wedded bride.
Don Roderick—a king of power, a youth
Of splendid and majestic mien, that won

All hearts by his magnificence and pomp ;
But now, through fortune's touch and rare success
His wide domains at peace, with soft delights
His iron heart was all dissolved in joy.
On this fair eve through all his spacious court
Loose minstrelsy rang loud, and wassail shout ;
And soft voluptuaries passed the hours
In dancing or partaking of the feast.
While Roderick, amid the blaze of light,
Surrounded by his courtiers rich attired,
And silken banners, courtly tapestries,
Resplendent in his gorgeous dress and crown,
His gay and happy guests did urge and cheer.

A herald enters, fleet of foot, yet slow
As best with courtliness and grace comports,
And low obeisance making, utters forth
This word : " Count Julian and his Lady, Sire."
Retiring then, a silence falls on all
As they, expectant, wait the coming guests.
Count Julian stood for Spanish temporal power
Upon the Afric shore and held in check
Th' advancing hosts of Moslems, as a dam
Restrains the eager flood that would outbreak.
Here then he came to pledge his noble Lord
His faith, and in the court his daughter place.
With staid advance he enters, and the king
Full graciously his minister receives.
By noble words he greets his lord and says,
Presenting him the virgin young and fair,
" My Lord, to thy protection I confide
My daughter, yet of tender years ; be thou
To her as father to his child, and lead
Her in the virtuous paths. No greater pledge
Of my allegiance here could I present."
Thus fair Florinda entered Roderick's court
To serve as handmaid to the new-wed queen.
Within a garden near the river's bank,
Where fragrant shrubs and flowers perfumed the air,
And fountains gushed, and rhythmic waterfalls
Fell over mossy stones and one could hear
The murmur of the Tagus flowing deep,
And songs of birds of every tuneful kind,
The queen and all her maidens spent the hours
Until high noon had passed in sultry Spain.

Here, from a casement framed with ivy vines,
The fair ones in the grove the king observed,
And saw how lovelier far Florinda shone
Than all the virgins in that lovely group.
Then straightway was his breast inflamed with love
That steeped his heart as in a blinding cloud ;
And eagerly his eyes did feast, and e'en
At once he sought her side, and every day,
That he might give expression to his soul,
And read, perhaps, in her coy looks that she
Had for his fervid love an answering one.
But ever with her virgin modesty,
Her sole defense, she held her eyes on virtue.
Failed all requests and warm entreaties failed,
Florinda's cheek was blanched with rage and shame ;
She spurned the love unlawful in his heart
And fain would crush the passion in his breast.
Then Roderick's heart was yet more deep inflamed—
The passionate heart to reason listens not—
And what before was his, a simple love,
A cursèd, sordid passion now became.
Florinda prayed instead he take her life
Than bring her agony by such a crime.
In vain the pledge to Julian, prayers in vain ;
Her virtue but increased his base desire
Till chastity, more dear than life, was lost
With maiden tears.

A ship bounds o'er the sea,
Impetuous, yet all too slow for him
Who bears a secret packet for the lord
That holds the Afric coast against the Moors ;
But now ere long the haven's reached and swift
The messenger, with eager sandals, gains
The court and audience before the count.
The seal is broken—and Don Julian's brow
More rage reveals than curses half expressed.
Forever shrewd, he seeks a vengeance cruel
And, plan secured, his skillful part performs.
He enters Roderick's court as vassal true.
A smiling face may screen a traitorous heart.
With clever art, obsequious withal,
Count Julian from his king rare favor won
And gave his word in counsel sought, and urged
The sending troops to guard the Lybian shore.

This gained, forth from Toledo's walls he goes
 With blessings from the king and all his court,
 —Florind' accomp'ning on a palfry white—
 And once again his Afric home has reached.
 Then straightway Julian sought the Moorish camp
 And lay before thrice eager ears his plan.
 'Neath Barbary hills, in pastoral vale, the camp
 Of Arab warriors lay, the crescent horde
 Which Musa led, the famous Moorish Chief,
 And Taric, vet'ran of full many a rout.
 In Oriental splendor Musa sat
 And met the Christian Goth with graciousness.
 Before his noble presence then the count
 Appeared and said, " My brother Nosièr,
 The time that's past has seen us foes, and brave,
 But unto thee in peace I come, and thou
 Canst make of me thy true and faithful friend.
 No country now, nor sovereign king have I,
 For both in righteous vengeance I renounce ;
 For both I hate and, wounded past relief,
 Nought but revenge my smarting pain can sooth.
 Aid, Musa, and thy hand shall rule all Spain,
 A land whose streams are all of choicest wine
 And every tree bears fruit."

Then Musa's soul
 Was filled with joy, for long he'd wished to hold
 In glorious conquest such a land as Spain.
 Through all the camp the word of Julian spread,
 And brought delight to every warrior's heart,
 And 'round the fires the tales of Spain were told,
 And this new song was sung by Merl, the bard :

A new land spreads before our eyes,
 Invites our conquering arms.
 A land beneath serenest skies,
 Possessed of choicest charms.
 Its soil as rich as Syrian soil,
 Its flowers like India's flowers :
 A land where labor is not toil
 And easy wealth is ours.
 Its air as sweet as Yemen's clime,
 Its mines like rich Cathay ;
 No land so fair in Musa's time
 Was known to Islam sway.

With cautious measures Musa tried the Count,
 And, satisfied, sent forth his troops across

The straits of Hercules. Them Taric led,
And reached the rock of Calpe where he placed
The Moorish standard in Mahomet's name.

One perfect eve, ere Taric with his troops
Gibralta's rock had gained, there came within
The shadows of Toledo's towers two men
Of venerable mien, with snowy beards and long,
And vestments white which fell and swept the ground;
Girt 'round with bands all finely wrought with stars
And zodiac signs, from which hung keys of strange
And monstrous form. The sentinels passed, they come
With reverent step before Don Roderick's throne,
And speak to him with low, impressive tone :

Know, Gracious King; know, Noble Lord,
The import of our sober word,
Know when god Hercules the brave,
In years which now lie in the grave,
Upreared the pillars at the gate
Where runs the rock-bound ocean strait,
He built near old Toledo's site
A tower of charmed and mystic might.
Prodigious strength preserved its fate
From time and change and stormy hate.
With magic art he closed the door,
Which none shall open *evermore*.
Within its awful precincts closed
A fearful secret is imposed;
And none shall ope' escaping woe
Inflicted by a powerful foe.
We come to thee by his command,
As unto every king we came,
To bid thee place a lock and band
Upon the portal's pond'rous frame.

Thus spoke the aged men and, reverencing
With manner most profound, departed hence.
Don Roderick's heart with eagerness was fired,
And warm expectancy; and heeding not
The counsel of Urbino,* old and wise,
He fixed his purpose to explore the tower:
"For was he not a pagan Hercules?"

* Urbino was Archbishop of Toledo at this time.

And ought I not this wealth to consecrate—
For wealth there is beneath this spell profound—
To uses of a true and holy faith?"
Forth from Toledo's walls King Roderick rode,
Accompani'd by a train of cavaliers
And courtiers all bedight in silk and gold,
With gorgeous trappings, silken pageantry,
And crossed the bridge that joins the rocky steeps
Of Tagus; winding then far up the road
That leads among the lofty mountain tops,
He came before the necromantic tower.
Upon a bold and barren rock, alone,
With none but crags and precipices steep
To bear it company, in grandeur stern,
The tower stood; supported by four beasts—
Four brazen lions which surpassed in height
A man on horse. Rare jasper walls it had,
And colored marbles so arranged by skill
As well to represent the warlike deeds
Of heroes who had fought long, long ago.
The morning sun shone on these jasper walls
With such effulgence as to daze and blind.
Roderick approached the towering rock amazed
And filled with awe, and saw the narrow arch,
The door of iron enclasped with ribs of steel,
On either side of which the old men stood.
With terror heard they Roderick's command,
And trembling both with fear and age essay'd
The keys to fit and rusty locks to turn.
Their feeble efforts met with ill success,
Nor could the strength of all the door undo.
Enraged at this, came Roderick forth and lo!
He scarce had touched it when the portal fell!
With rush and roar a tempest wind escaped,
So damp! and cold! as from a hundred tombs!
With awe and fear Don Roderick went within
Preceded close by torches high which served
The gloom and noxious air to dissipate.
Before a door a brazen figure stood,
Gigantic frame! of aspect fierce and stern,
Which raised on high, as Roderick's men approached,
A mighty mace and dealt resounding blows
Upon the quaking earth. Dismayed, they halt,
And on his breast-plate read in letters tall:
I act my part. Then Roderick gained his heart,

And solemnly advancing spoke and said,
" Whoe'er thou art, list' to my prayer and know
I come not violence here to do, but fain
Would seek the myst'ry of this charmed tower."
The figure paused, and through the monstrous door
Passed king and train impatient in their haste.
Within a chamber rare and sumptuous,
Whose walls were set with gems and precious stones,
From which arose a lofty jeweled dome,
The courtiers stood with admiration dumb.
No aperture admitted light of day,
But everywhere a softened, lustrous gleam
Shone from the walls and rendered all distinct.
Beneath the dome, of alabaster stone
A table stood, of rarest traceries
And carvings, and in Grecian signs inscribed
When Heracles had founded here the tower.
On this there sat a golden casket, wrought
In strange designs and rich with pearls and gems ;
Upon the lid these words in rubies shone :

I hold the myst'ry of the tower,

A king alone can open me ;

But he who shall my secrets see

Has near approached his fatal hour.

Don Roderick boldly seized the chest, despite
The chidings of his counselors, and proud,
Broke ope the lock and laid the contents bare.
A parchment roll two copper tablets bound ;
This and this only did the coffer hold.
Unfolding it he met a curious sight :
Figures of painted men on foot and horse,
Of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans red
And colored cloaks, with scimitars at side
And bows upon their backs, and here and there
Bright pennons each with Arabic device :
Behold the men to hurl thee from thy throne.
Don Roderick read and paled before the thought.
While yet they looked, behold ! a sound of war
'Rose from the roll, the figures slowly moved,
And clash of arms and shouts were faintly heard.
Then louder grew the sounds ; and spreading forth,
The parchment rolled in larger folds and soon
Had filled the room and mingled with the air !
The din and roar increased, the tramp of steeds
The blast of trumps and clash of cymbals joined ;

And battle axes, scimitars and darts
 Their music rang, while dying groans and yells
 Of vict'ry raised discordant notes around.
 Then failed the Cross, the standard in the dust;
 The Crescent followed close in swift pursuit.
 A warrior, mailed in steel like to the king,
 A war-horse rode—Orelia; swift he fled;
 But soon the horse without a rider dashed
 Along the field; and all of Spain was lost.
 Don Roderick from the tower rushed forth in haste;
 The old men at the portal both lay dead.
 The heavens o'ercast with dark and heavy clouds
 Spoke out in angry tones both loud and deep,
 Then with a roar the tower burst forth in flames,
 That every stone consumed, and everywhere
 The ashes fell a drop of blood was found.

Taric the Moor, advancing with his host
 And meeting Roderick on the battle field,
 Fought fierce and long, and won the day; and when
 The evening shadows fell athwart the scene,
 Orelia fled alone, his rider lost.

For many years within a lonely cave
 Dwelt two old men, a hoary friar grave,
 And Roderick, a humble penitent.
 And when the centuries had faded out,
 And generations passed the silent vale,
 A child was sporting in a quiet field
 Upon a stone with this inscription cut:
Here lies Don Roderick, last of Gothic Kings.

FRAGMENTS—FROM A LATELY-READ MS. OF THE
 COTTERAL COLLECTION.

(BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST WEST SAILING AMONG THE NORSEMEN.)

[*Of the Passion of Raud.*]

NOW the aged man Kolbiorn dwelt further to the north-ward. And he was loved of all. His voice had more might than a hundred battle-axes, and by a word he could

part the fury of spears. All alone he lived, save one daughter, Rachka. And she was very fair. Now he was exceeding jealous of her, and regarded not with favor those who looked with eyes of love upon his daughter. Only once did I see the maiden, and I saw her by chance, yet had my heart gone from me. Now it chanced that I came to know the sage, Kolbiorn, and was made welcome in his halls, yet I saw no answering passion in the eyes of Rachka, and I was angered in my heart. * * * * *

[Of the Ring-of-Odin.]

I have said that it was further to the east where dwelt the elder of the great Ring-of-Odin. * * * *

Nor can I tell more of this clan save that all its members are sworn by an oath. Therefore is one suspected of being of the Ring-of-Odin held in great awe of others. Skilled are its elders in magic, and theirs is the knowledge of the runes. And there can no redress be found for what deeds it may do. Men have been found dead in their halls. * *

There could be seen no wound at all on their bodies, nor mark of violence, save a small crimson spot which glowed on the white of the flesh, even as a drop of blood upon snow. In divers places was it found: on the forehead of one, the breast of a second, and yet on the arm of a third, and when the men and women saw the mark they feared and trembled, and they said, "it is the blood-star of the Ring-of-Odin." Now none knew the name of this elder, save that he was called Hiska (that is, the grey-beard), because of his wondrous age, for three generations had beheld him still in his place. One grand-son he had named Eric, and he was fair-haired and strong; beautiful of face, but revengeful of heart, and because of his pride held his head above the level of his fellows. And he hated me, and I him. Now he was not of the bold kind, but a coward at heart and dared not strike me openly, lest I should slay him. But he put a watch over me and sought to do me

some secret mischief. Now he too loved the maiden Rachka and desired her, but was not a welcome guest in the house of Kolbiorn. And since I was preferred over him, therefore was he all the more bitter against me. * *

[*Of the Summons.*]

And yet again the voice called to me, saying: "Thy father's name is Ral. Of his oath and of his mission thou shalt know hereafter. Thou knowest the King-of-Odin. Hear then that it seeks to slay him. For this reason he comes not hither himself, nevertheless he would bear thee away from this land where is naught but death for him. Thou art a man; wilt thou join him and his band? And I said "Aye, gladly! Take me!" * * * *

[*Of the Ship of Thor.*]

Long and low was she built, not square as I was wont to see, and her sails were even larger than her hull. Very lightly she sat on the water as a sea bird, and she shone with steel. On each sail was figured a hammer, miölner, the war-badge of Thor the Thunderer. At the peak was the hammer of Thor, and on the blades of the sweeps the hammer of Thor, and on her crest and upon her masts the hammer of Thor. * * * *

Now Einar was this one's name, and for his wisdom he was greatly respected by all, and he too wore upon his breast the sign of the hammer. * * * *

Often did I ask many questions, for I burned within me to know their name and wherefore they had banded themselves together, but this could not be told me. Many times, also, did I inquire for Ral my father, but * * *

[*Of the Sailing to Dosker Fjord.*]

And now, at last, sailed we toward the north and I was glad, for Einar had said "there go we to meet our chief." And lo! when we neared the land, then saw I the long

arm of Dosker Fjord stretching out to sea, and my heart was filled with desire to behold Rachka, the daughter of Kolbiorn. As for me, as I gazed toward the land, the thought of meeting Rachka, whom I loved, seemed more pleasant than that of meeting Ral the father, whom mine eyes had never beheld. Then went I to Einar and asked leave to visit the shore, but he would not. And it came to pass that when we came near, all save sufficient to work the ship went below, and it was silent. Moreover, when we anchored, these too disappeared, therefore at nightfall was the deck deserted save by me. Now as I gazed at the village lying in the starlight, I was tempted. "Surely," I said within myself, "long before the old-man Einar has perceived it, I will return, and all things will be as before."

* * * * *

[*Of the Slaying of Kolbiorn.*]

And I guarded myself as I pushed off in the boat. Dusk lay heavy on the land as I made fast and ran with swift feet to the village, * * * for her father lay sick unto death in an inner room. But my love was as a fire which rose in my throat and mastered me, and burning words came forth before I could know them. And they justly terrified the maiden and called a low cry from her lips. And I was angered that my passion was unanswered, and I threw off all bonds, so that I knew not nor cared what my lips uttered. And she trembled and gazed past me and another cry escaped her. I wheeled and there before me stood the old man Kolbiorn. * * * *

Then he spake, and the biting scorn of his words roused my fury. "Thou!" he said,—“Thou who so often hast eaten at my board art then the one to sting me. Leave my hall! Let it not behold thy form again, and hereafter will I care how I put my faith in the son of a sea-robber!” And behold, I was cut by the bitterness of the taunt and my mind remembered not his former friendship, but all

thought fled away save the bitter hatred which sprang up then. Wild, I sprang toward him and struck him a single blow that he fell. As I smote him and he fell, for the third time did Rachka cry aloud, but this time with a cry exceeding sorrowful, and with the cry, rushed forward and fell still and white upon the body of the old man and one arm encircled his neck. Now in falling, his head struck against a sharp corner and a deep and ghastly wound, through which the brain oozed forth, was cleft in his forehead. And the blood ran down his face, matting his white hair and beard and staining the arm of Rachka lying motionless upon his body. Perfectly quiet he lay, and I knew not whither to turn. And now, as I gazed, the same voice that had tempted me on the ship said, "Why art thou waiting? For the strong men to seize thee? Is it not thy opportunity, and canst thou bring back the dead?" And I listened, and said within myself, "At least thou shalt not be left for the proud Eric!" So I gathered up the still maiden in my arms, and by another door, under cover of the sheltering darkness, fled toward the shore. And well it was that I did so, for the girl's cry had aroused others, and even then I heard voices behind me as I ran, and fear lent wings to my boat and might to my arms. * *

[*Of the Taking of Ral.*]

There was heard no word nor whisper; all were listening for the faintest sound. Over the water they came—shrieks and shouts of men—and the cries came near and nearer, till they spread along the shore, for the blood on the maiden's arm had left a red drop on the lintel, showing my way, and the sand had betrayed my steps. Also had the kellestone been stumbled upon and found. Therefore was the shore lined with an excited crowd, thirsting to avenge the blood of Kolbiorn. But they perceived not our vessel, shrouded in the blackness of wave and sky. * * *

And I perceived that the minds of the ship's company

were not on the flaming brands of the villagers, but further up the strand, and behold, there a spark of red light shining unmoved. Then came the cry of a sea-mew thrice repeated. Dark and confused was all then; a shout of exultation, and a noise as of spears upon shields. We saw the torches move swiftly up the beach, till they rested where had shone the red light. A wild rush and a silence, and then rang out a terrible sound—the kald-song of the hunter—the shout of the vanquisher. * * * * *

And behold, the red light and the sea-mew's scream were the signals of Ral, my father. For my stolen errand had I taken the boat which would, long before this, have landed safe on his ship its chief. I, unhappy one, and through disobedience. * * * * *

And Einar said, "Ral is not dead, but a captive; yea, the gods help him, for when it shall become noised abroad that he weareth the hammer of Thor, then will he surely die, for I fear me the Ring-of-Odin." Then went I to Einar and knelt before him and confessed all, even the slaying of the old man Kolbiorn. * * * * *

[*Of the Curse of Rachka.*]

Now all these things had happened quickly, it being yet early in the night, and not yet had I looked upon Rachka since I laid her on mine own couch of skins. And I longed to look upon her, and though at first I had cursed myself that a maiden should bring all this upon me, yet as I knew I had periled much to gain her, the more fiercely did I love her. And I went to the part of the ship where she lay, and she lay with her face from me and turned not. But when I spoke, she lifted up her face and cried aloud, and her countenance was as the countenance of the dead, and as she raised her arm, I saw the dark stain of clotted blood. Then she spoke, lifting her arms, and her eyes looked not at me but as though gazing a great distance. On her face sat the same look of horror she wore when she had gazed past me

to behold the hoary Kolbiorn, and I saw the shadow of things strange and terrible in her eyes. And I trembled, for her words sounded not like the words of the gentle Rachka, but like one of the Elda maidens when the prophecies of Ess fall from their lips. And she cursed me with a great curse, so that I stopped my ears and fled from her.

* * * * *

[Of the Witness of the Blood.]

Then did I bind my clothing upon my head and let myself down into the sea and swam to shore, and when I had dressed, concealed myself until light, and betook myself to the village. By the murder of Kolbiorn and the stealing of Rachka, had the whole country been aroused.

* * * * * Now I had landed above the village, and entered it on the northern side, not pondering that if I had come from mine own village, I should have entered it on the southern, but of this I thought not of at the time. And behold, I had scarce entered it when I came upon Eric the son of the Elder. He was with a number of the villagers, and a sneer was upon his face as he spoke to me. * * * * *

Now all the while I perceived Eric held mistrust in his eyes, yet did I lift a bold front and went with him. And when we came to the hall where the body lay, still did he narrowly observe me, so that I hardened myself and gazed upon his countenance with unmoved face. Then, thinking by very boldness to hush suspicion, I put forth my hand to raise the cloth covering the wound, as though to look upon it, but as I drew away the band it scratched the temple and broke the clot of blood, and behold! a tiny stream of red trickled down over the dead face. Then did I make haste to cover it, lest it should be seen of the rest, for all know that when one has been slain by violence, if the murderer draw nigh and touch him, the wound will bleed a little. And lo, the blood cried out against me! * * *

But when Eric saw, he snatched the cloth from out my hand, calling aloud to the people, "Quick! See! The wound bleeds! A sign!" And at the cry they rushed in and saw it. And they, in wonder, halted at the entrance, and so we stood for an instant—I on one side and on the other Eric—pointing to the witness, and between us the corpse of the old man with the blood upon his whited brow. And I trembled and gazed till the blood swept back from my heart. Then did Eric, turning to the men, cry, "Behold! Know ye not the sign? Did he not touch the body to lift the face-cloth, and see ye not how the wound bleeds at the touch? What more do ye want?" "Thou liest!" I said, "Thine own hand has just lifted the cloth! See!" (I turned to the men who had entered.) "See! Hath he not yet the bandage in his hand?" And they looked and it was even so, for he had snatched it from me. "See the lie in his mouth when he said 'he lifted it.'" And they gazed from one to another in doubt, and knew not which lied and which spake the truth. * * * * *

[Of the Accusation.]

Then said Eric, "Even then was I far from the place with my comrades. Ask, and so will they swear unto thee! But where wert thou, O young Viking?" And I answered with a bold lie: "Late last night did I leave Thelemark, to come hither." "Forsooth," said Eric, "for one who has travelled far, art thou strangely fresh and unwearied, and thou bearest no marks of travel on thy attire!" * * * But I went on. "And ye, O my friends, who have known me! Judge now between him and me. Ye know how that I was a frequent visitor in these halls, and lived in friendship with Kolbiorn—yea, and was even favored of Rachka, who, they tell me, is disappeared, while this Eric, ye know well, tried to win her, but could not." And Eric cried out, "A lie!" "Yea," I said, "and lost the friendship of Kolbiorn, and was forbidden his house, so that it was the com-

mon talk of the village. Know ye not I speak truly?"
 And they knew that it was so. * * * * *

[*Of the Slaying of Kalburg.*]

Now as I drew near, they ceased speaking, and I boldly addressed them and said, "Has there been no trace found of the murderer, by which ye may know him?" And Eric spake, with his eyes upon me the while: "Yea, of a truth, was one taken along the shore whither the footsteps pointed, who fought hard and long. Four of the village he smote that they died, and for this alone will he deservingly suffer death." Then I said, "Where have ye placed him, for I would look upon him?" And one answered, "He lies bound in the stone-keep in the market place, but none may see him save those that have to do with him. To-morrow morning will he be shown to the people, and then his death is assured because of the death of the four slain." * * *

And suddenly a voice accosted me roughly, bidding me go no further, and behold! an armed man sitting on either side of the keep! And as I looked, I saw in the one who had challenged me, a man whose only son I had rescued when, swimming, he had liked to drown. Now this man loved me, because of his son, but I feared the other, whose face was also known to me, for his heart was cruel. *

* * * And when by this artifice, I had brought about my wish, and the man departed, I followed him guardedly, lest I should fall into some snare of Eric's. Now to-day were the four slain to be buried, as is the custom, and also the old man Kolbiorn, and the affair, I knew, would draw out the whole village to see it. Even now I perceived that the streets were deserted, and saw people hastening out of the village toward the burying-ground. In the center of the village was the market-place, and round it in a circle were the houses of the villagers built. From the open, ran the streets, everyway like the rays of the sun. Now while the man Kalburg passed down one street, I

passed down another. When we were a little distance from the open, I ran forward, crossed the distance lying between, and behind the angle of a wall, waited. Man cannot scent danger as a wild beast, and he suspected nothing. Only one pace he took beyond me, and I was upon him. * * * * But my better thought said: "Leave it not, lest perchance it betray thee!" So I lifted the body, and bore it to the window of the dwelling whose walls had hidden me, and I pushed it over the ledge with a strong push. * * *

[*Of the Enticing of Harman.*]

Now when I came again to the keep, I approached and called the man Harman by name, and I began to converse with him. * * * So, finally, I persuaded him saying: "Go now. I will watch here lest the prisoner break his bonds. Lend me thy knife. So! If he move, he shall feel its edge." So he departed. * * *

[*The Blood-Star of the Ring-of-Odin.*]

And I ran and stooped to the low door of the keep, crying "Ral, my father!" "He heareth not, for his life is faint within him," I thought within myself, for he had lain all that morning without food or drink. Then I threw myself flat on my face, with the knife between my teeth, and as the snake creeps, so I crept through. * * * He lay on his side, and his hands were bound behind his back by thongs about the wrist, and blood was dried upon them where they had cut into the flesh. * * * And when I had looked, I saw—a little spot of crimson sparkling full in the centre of Thor's hammer. So, he was dead; the vengeance of the Ring-of-Odin had been accomplished. * * *

[*Of the Flight of Raud.*]

And behold, when this cry came, I trampled down my despair and came out. It was old Harman, and when he

saw me, he spake with shortened breath—"I thought when I saw thee not that thou hadst smelt the danger and fled! The hounds are after thee, thirsting for thee. Even as I went my way toward the burying-ground, I met those returning with arms in their hands and blood in their eyes. And they told me how that a man had run in amongst the people crying out that he had been hired of Eric to watch thee; how he saw thee lying in wait, and saw thee slay Kalburg, my companion. Also had Eric arisen and told how the wound of Kolbiorn had bled at thy touch,—how thou camest in at the wrong side and covered it with a lie, and roused bitter hate against thee, boldly charging thee with slaying Kolbiorn and stealing the maiden Rachka, saying thou wert mad with love of her. So that the people who before loved thee, are now raging for they life. But in my heart I said, 'It is a lie, and I will save him who once saved mine own son.' And I sent them in a wrong way, and thither have they rushed after thee, but soon they will be on thy track like hungry wolves. Now haste thee, and sometime, when thou art safe, think how that I have repaid thee." And I ran. * * * * *

[*Of the Killing of the One who Ran.*]

On I sped, and on sped my pursuers with death in their hands. Only one could run with me, and he was a youth whom I had seen in speech with Eric. Now there lived none in all the country who could pass me in climbing, so could I reach the cliff I were safe. But still he gained on my track. Then I said, "he shall die!" So, when I perceived that he must of necessity overtake me, I rested myself and ran more slowly. * * * And he, seeing me stumble and lie still as I had fallen, thought me stunned, and running up, bent over, drawing no weapon, to bind me. Then my knife flashed into his heart. The rest I feared not, and ran easily to the cliff. Then, searching, I found a little cavern in the rocky wall, and, building up the mouth with sand, there I lay hid. * * * * *

[*The Despair of the Men of Thor.*]

So I was drawn, all but fainting, on to her deck. And Einar said, "Speak!" And I answered, "Ral is dead, and once more has Odin's bloody ring conquered." And as I spake thus despair settled upon the old man's face, and he turned away and went into his own chamber, and despair brooded over all the vessel like a storm-cloud on the sea
 * * Then I spake and said, "Truly I have sinned and done evil in the sight of the gods in stealing the maiden whose love I had not, and in staining my hands with blood, and because of this is all this trouble come upon me." And I made sacrifices unto Thor and to Freya. * * *

[*Of the West Sailing.*]

And the ship was loosed from the shore, and her head was set midway between the north and west, and for two months we journeyed on, making no stop nor change, day after day. * * * And behold, birds of strange plumage skirled above us, and there floated out to us a green bush with crimson berries thereon, such as we wot not of. * * * * *

[*Of the Passing of Rachka, and of the Curse.*]

And when we had come to the spot where I had chosen to be landed, then placed I Rachka, still and unresponsive, in the stern of the boat, and I lifted up the oars to row. And the air was pleasing and soft with summer, and I looked on the earth and she was fair, and hope was singing softly in my heart, when the maiden, rising erect in the frail boat so that it trembled and rocked, wringing her white hands, shrieked and died—falling limp upon me. And thus the hope went out of my heart, and the song was hushed into everlasting silence. * * * Then within me I cursed the gods! One and all alike I cursed them, and the curse was exceeding bitter, beyond all gain-saying. * * * * *

[Of the Embalming.]

Then Einar wrapped the body in a soft covering, winding about it a chain of fine gold, and left the face uncovered, winding the hair in a coil. And he laid it in a case of metal, whose covering within and without was pure gold. Over the head was a plate of crystal, and by his arts did he make it that it should not decay. And over the casket he placed two others of different metals, and riveted them with rivets of brass. Round about the middle he bound a ring of steel and graved deep into it a word—even the word of the mystery of Romma. And he delivered it over into my hands. * * * * *

[Of the Tower.]

And there builded I a tower of stone, looking out over the water, and the others of the band helped me hew the stone and build it. * * * * * And lo! it is the tomb of Rachka even unto this day. * * * * *

THE ADIRONDACKS.

A SILENCE, deep and heavy as a pall,
 Hangs o'er the woodland, and the massive wall
 Of bristling pines that gird the quiet pond
 Breathe ne'er a whisper; in the depths beyond
 Nature seems resting, hushed in sleep profound.

Serene and cold, the pallid, hornèd moon
 Sinks down the west, the wild cry of a loon
 Sounds from the farther shore, then stillness reigns
 Again. The flooding moonlight slowly wanes,
 And darkness holds the land safe in her chains.

Hark! with a crash of rending thunderous sound
 That wakes in echoes all the hills around,
 Some ancient pine that stood the winters' blast,
 When all but spent, now weakness growing fast,
 O'ercome with age, sinks to the earth at last.

Now in the east the first grey streaks of dawn
 Show in the sky, and Venus, star of morn,
 Mounts to her throne to hail the rising sun,
 Whose first bright rays, like heralds, swiftly run
 From peak to peak to tell that day's begun.

A grey belated owl on sturdy driving wing
 Hies to his shade, the thrush and linnet sing,
 And joyous music all the songsters make.
 A swimming stag holds straight across the lake,
 With wid'ning ripples playing in his wake.

Far from the marts of restless, toiling man
 The sun has witnessed, since he first began
 To climb above the hills, these self same sights.
 And year on year the stars have lit their lights,
 And with the moon have watched them, countless nights.

Now Progress, with a power that overwhelms,
 With breath of steam invading Nature's realms,
 Throws back the ages with her steel-clad hand,
 And hill and forest yield to her command.
 The ringing axe reëchoes through the land.

The choking stream has lost its leaping trout,
 And turns the wheel that threshes like the knout
 Which urges on to work the tired slave.
 Like conquered things the echoing hills behave,
 Shout back their tyrant's voice from rock and cave.

The smoky moon in gazing from on high,
 Laments the change, the very breezes sigh,
 The dying forests moan as if in pain.
 No more the thirsty earth invites the rain,
 But parched and black calls on the clouds in vain.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

LITERARY criticism, in a limited sense, is the art of intelligently estimating the value of a particular work, author or phase of literature. In its breadth it is covered by Arnold's definition—"a disinterested endeavor to learn

and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Literary criticism has been styled "the parasitic body of literature," and has been much condemned for its non-creative character. Though it is true that if it were not for the prolific past and the book-crammed present it would not exist, and though it does not pretend to add great monuments of originality and genius to the body of literature, yet literary criticism is indispensable and has its own undisputed place.

Modern criticism is marked by a spirit of catholicity, prides itself on its impartiality and disinterestedness, and looks not only at the form but also at the substance of the subject under consideration. Given clear insight and the ability to express himself adequately and the willingness to do so candidly, and the critic of the modern school is a power for good in the world of letters. He can rid it of great accumulations of literary rubbish, and by honest words, by broad philosophic teaching, may do much toward setting up a right standard of literary taste for the reading public. By this philosophic treatment and by the extension of the author's thoughts, and the suggestion of new thoughts, the advanced critic may yet assume the dual rôle of critic and creator. Creative power of every kind has its epochs of greatness. At times the materials are scarce. Old material has all been worked up and very little new has been found. The result is a period of lethargy in inventive circles. Ideas are the materials for the literary worker. A great mind cannot weave a great literary fabric without these idea-materials; if he can find a sufficient number neither in himself nor in the world of thought about him, he can best employ his time and talent in the preparation of the thought-soil for a future growth of ideas, and he can best do this in the sphere of literary criticism.

The purpose of true criticism is sanitary; it seeks to remove hurtful growths by the surgeon's knife of severe adverse judgment, to excite a healthy interest in the body of

literature by demonstrating its beauties and worth, and to give abiding life to young members by careful and sympathetic treatment.

Criticism has a lower and a higher function. The lower function is to choose from the great stacks of books thrown upon the market month by month those which are of merit and moment sufficient to justify the public in buying and reading. Criticism in this aspect seems somewhat trifling and mercenary, yet is very useful. The business or professional man who tries to keep in touch with the best of current literature soon finds his task a hopeless one in the face of the endless march of books. So he turns to a critic, an oracle of letters, a man whose business is the reviewing of new books. Lucky for the reader if his chosen arbiter be a competent one.

For the conservative reader, who regards the literature of the day as almost wholly ephemeral, and who waits for the decision of time to be passed on every author, the higher function of criticism is particularly adapted. This function takes two forms—the criticism of past and of present authors. The former appeals to the conservative reader just mentioned. It deals with men whose place in literature is pretty clearly defined; it gives a resumé of the thoughts of the literary world upon these authors as well as the individual critic's personal view. Such criticism is valuable in diffusing orthodox taste among many readers. Mr. Lowell furnishes us an example of this function of criticism in "Among my Books." The latter form of the higher function of criticism is intended to help the reader in judging and valuing a book after he has read it. This phase of criticism is to many a source of pleasure. After reading a book it is delightful to turn to the expressed opinion of some noted critic and see how far our conclusions regarding its merits, and the sensations, pleasurable or otherwise, excited in us by the perusal, tally with his.

Criticism is not an exact science. There is some question as to whether it is even a science at all. When the critic analyzes and discusses a work of history or natural science he is guided by principles, definite and accurate, belonging to the science itself. Not so with æsthetic questions. Some one says that here the critic must be a "prophet without inspiration." There is no accepted or tenable standard of merit. *Taste* is evanescent and unscientific. The one fact, upon which he must build his *critique*, is that he is affected in a certain way by the work of art under examination. In this lack of premises it is plain that logic cannot assist the critic to any great extent; he must depend rather on tact and instinct. Feeling, not reasoning, is the process he must employ. Of necessity then the "personal equation" enters largely into any form of æsthetic criticism, and therefore into literary criticism. As a consequence this all-important personality of the critic is to be the subject of training. The conditions upon which depend the critic's success, the essential elements, are three-fold—special taste and knowledge, insight, and disinterestedness.

The first requisite involves a decided inclination toward the critical study of literature, and a fitness for this gained by general knowledge, thorough and ready for use. The man who loves literature for its own sake, and who has within him a delicate chord, which vibrates in harmony with every literary melody and jangles with every unliterary discord, will always be a critical law unto himself, even if he does not venture to state it to others. General knowledge does not postulate liberal education. Yet undoubtedly liberal education is the best and surest road to its attainment. The great critics of the day, such as Lowell, Hutton and Dowden, are university men. General knowledge is essential, because it gives the critic a wide range of vision; it enables him to understand at once every allusion made by an author, and to compare his style with that of others.

The next great essential is one without which the one

just considered is impotent to make a real critic. Insight is inborn, not to be found by seeking, more instructive than rational. Yet it is intensely real. Matthew Arnold speaks of it as "the endeavor to see the object as in itself it really is." It is the criticism of the ideas themselves beneath the word-dress in which they are clothed. Insight penetrates the shell of the author's individuality, and finds the kernel of his active, moving thought. The critic owes it to insight if, with prophecy to be approved by time, he is able to discriminate between the real and abiding, and the provisional and transitory.

A man may have special taste, general knowledge and real insight, and never be a true critic if he is blinded by prejudice, or perverts the truth for partisan or personal reasons. Disinterestedness is the very jewel of pure criticism. Upon this "justness of spirit" rests the ultimate value of the critic's work. The critic is a judge. A righteous judge is always impartial. He is never consciously biased, and never weighs self in his deliberations. It often takes genuine moral courage for a critic to exercise perfect freedom of thought in his writings, or to make a stand against some dominant school of literary thought; but to one who puts the great interests of literature before every consideration of self, the task becomes more easy.

In addition to these necessary qualities of the true critic there are others which, if in his possession, will enhance the value of his work. Sympathy with the past and present is almost invaluable. If a man shutting out the thoughts and feelings of the present and putting himself back in the environment of some past author, can then think and feel like the men of that day, he will be in a position to catch more fully the spirit of the author's thought. For contemporary criticism sympathy with the present is demanded. Literary work dealing with the ideas and beliefs of the day is to be interpreted in the light of current thought and current action.

There should be a moral standard before the eye of the

critic. A work that offends his sense of the moral and right and which his conscience tells him will be vicious in influence, however slight, must be condemned unhesitatingly. Morality has a place in literature; the moral element does exist, and the critic should insist upon unswerving conformity to its principles. Some critics go to the extreme of prudery, seeing the atheistic in everything that is merely interrogatory and the immoral in everything that is not muffled to the ears and clothed to the toes in garments of dead-white meaningless words. Akin to insight, which the critic must have, is foresight, which is merely advantageous. Like insight, it is innate. The critic either has it or has it not; he need not try to manufacture it. This foresight is a view of the future in which the critic sees the value of a book in after times and the rank to which its author will be eventually assigned. This quality is exceedingly rare. The lack of it was the chief cause of the inadequate criticism passed by seemingly able men on such poets as Gray, Keats, Byron and Longfellow.

In methods critics have always differed and differ still. Those who regard the exact words of the author are called textual critics. A great deal of Shakespearean criticism has been along this line. Irving, Thackeray and Richard Grant White are notable textual critics. Rhetorical critics, such as De Quincy, Hallam, Lowell and Ruskin, make particular study of the form in which the thought is cast, noting the beauties and faults of the style employed. The æsthetic school of critics considers a book as a work of art, and to the greatest possible extent applies the canons of art to literary criticisms. Thomas Campbell, Coleridge and H. N. Hudson represent this school.

The philosophic critic is the distinct product of modern literary thought. He examines the spirit and purpose of the work, and taking the author's dominant ideas as texts, constructs an essay of his own—broad and philosophic. Matthew Arnold, Carlyle and Emerson were such critics;

and such is Mr. Lowell to-day. It is not to be supposed that every man named as a critic of one or the other of these schools confined himself to its particular method. On the contrary, diversity is one of the distinguishing marks of a really great critic.

The positive side of true criticism has hitherto occupied our attention; we are now to consider the dangerous tendencies which the critic must avoid.

The earliest English criticism—that of Sidney in the “Defense of Poesie”—took the form of eulogium. In the advance of the art of criticism some critics persisted in the use of this form. Pushed to the extreme of blind overpraise, this becomes one of the most dangerous foes of true criticism. Bancroft calls it the “pestilent patron of mediocrity.” Indiscriminate praise has ruined many an author of promise. The temptation to self-imitation becomes well-nigh irresistible, and if once yielded to, the writer is doomed to grinding out the same thing time after time.

Just as much to be dreaded is the tendency seen in the next stage of criticism—the authoritative criticism of Samuel Johnson and his ilk. This almost inevitably results in dogmatism. The criticism of to-day can by no means boast of freedom from it. It must be very pleasant for a critic to make *ex cathedra* statements, but the questioning spirit of modern readers will not often accept them as conclusive arguments.

Frequently the dogmatic critic is a *captious* critic too. This gentleman makes it his business to find flaws in every thing he reviews; he never points out a beautiful thought or a well turned sentence, but is delighted to hold up to ridicule the author’s least slip. He acts on the principle that all good things are in the past, or that there never was anything good and never will be this side the millennium. If he had a chance to review that, he would surely find something out of joint even there. It was probably one of this tribe that made Sterne cry out, “Grant me patience!

Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

One of the most provoking specimens in the host of false critics, and perhaps a variety of the genus just described, is the *blasè* critic who "thinks appreciation not good form and enthusiasm decidedly bad form." He is the exponent of a dangerous tendency, not only in criticism, but in the whole literary, philosophic and religious thought of the age.

The evil of hasty production is apparent in too much of present criticism. Books press on too rapidly for more than the barest glance of one who must read them all. The critic on the staff of a great newspaper will write a review of a book in little more time than he takes in cutting the pages. The trouble is that these keen, "minute-gun" critics write such crisp and entertaining articles, which in reality are unfair, dishonest and lacking in judicial treatment. So great is his haste that the critic of this order, without reading the book at all, will often build his review entirely on the previously published criticism of some acknowledged literary authority.

Now that the channels of true criticism have been charted and the dangerous shoals buoyed, let us pass to the consideration of the men who have built and steered the ship of English criticism. We find no semblance of a critic in England until we come to Sir Philip Sidney, whose "Defense of Poesie" (1581-1586), had a somewhat critical character. Yet in writing this work Sidney was actuated by very few, if any, of the motives which inspire modern critics. The critical idea was still decidedly germinal, and remained so for years after Sidney's time—years of war and years of peace, sometimes barren and sometimes fruitful in literary creations. Some writers of this period have been called critics on very slight grounds, notably the followers of Donne, who are said to constitute a school of poetic criticism. In the course of time criticism came into being in

the works of Pope and Dryden, of Johnson and Addison. Whatever may be said of much of their critical work, they must be credited with fixing and systematizing, to a certain degree, the form of criticism. The critical decrees of the autocratic *Doctor*, and the graceful *critiques* of Addison's *Spectator*, though failing to reach the heights of true criticism, are of real value in the evolution of the art. Critical monographs began to appear—treatises such as Lord Kames' "Elements of Criticism," and Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." The real beginning of the modern type of criticism is found in the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802. This magazine, edited by a coterie of brilliant young men with Jeffrey at its head, discussed politics and literature with novel fearlessness. Rival reviews, representing other parties and schools, arose, and the future of criticism was assured. Partisanship was the particular bane of this stage of criticism. Since that time the development has been rapid and brilliant. Grant Allen says that there was no criticism before this generation. The roll of honor contains such names as Gifford, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Hallam, Carlyle and, greatest of all, Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold was the embodiment of the critical temper. By genuine merit he attained the rank of an authoritative critic, and rarely misused his authority. With his watchword of "sweetness and light" he made criticism almost creative, and with a master hand moulded the literary taste of his day.

In our land criticism has not yet reached great proportions, but is no cause for shame. Irving, Willis, Bryant, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor and Whipple, are worthy names among the critics of the past. Edwin Percy Whipple is the bright particular star of this constellation; though occasionally over-generous in his judgments, he possessed the essentials for success and demonstrated conclusively that an American critic *can* be a critic. To-day we have such reviewers as Howells, Laurence Hutton and James

Russell Lowell as evidence that the American critical school *has* an existence, and is developing along much the same lines as its cousin across the sea.

In general what Crabb Robinson said to his rather hypercritical friend might be said with considerable truth to every real critic: "If all the world were like you there would be no work done. But if there were no one in the world like you there would be no work done well."

HAPPINESS IN HARMONY.

WHEN music swells in rich, melodious strains,
 A magic spell of peace is spread around.
 The soul, enchanted by the soothing sound,
 Attunes its discords to the sweet refrains.

The rainbow hues, harmoniously blent,
 Where sunshine smiles across the tears of rain,
 Arch with celestial bow the verdant plain
 And fill the mind with heavenly content.

When graceful columns, rising toward the skies,
 Blossom in capitals, like stony flowers,
 And bear aloft high domes and soaring towers,
 The harmonies of form entrance our eyes.

Two souls in sweet accord, when lost in love,
 Beat low a sacred symphony of hearts
 Whose harmonies, born of diviner arts,
 Are echoes of the bliss of God above.

Superbest harmony none may define!
 That highest union of accordant life
 When earth is banished, with its din and strife,
 And human spirit blends with the divine.

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL LIFE.

THE germs of a national literature lie buried deep in the soil of the nation's growth. They are planted by the first expression of poetic instinct which must necessarily, or rather normally precede the full maturity of the literary existence; they receive new strength as each convulsive movement shakes the internal structure of the state; they flourish with increased vigor while an invisible, modifying power penetrates deep into the soil, carrying with it the elements of a foreign literary type. Even from segmentation, however, they have received a national flavor, some distinctive manner of growth or inherent character, sufficient to mark their origin. And while at different times the semi-mature or full-grown literature has assumed various types or incurred numerous reverses, we are warranted by many examples in the assertion that it never loses its national identity. If we inquire into the reason of this peculiar adhesion to a predominating characteristic, we cannot but be convinced that the secret lies in the intimate association of the literary and national life of the people—the mutual interacting influence constantly discernible between the actions and thoughts of a nation.

Literature was born in the fostering arms of peace. It was nourished in the cradle of freedom by a people who knew little of the arts of war. It passed its youth among many vicissitudes of fortune, all the while adding to its possibilities, as century by century its environments broadened, until Dante and Petrarch in their immortal poems heralded with precursory gleams the dawn of modern thought. In all these long centuries the one condition of literary growth has been stimulus from within. The nature of this stimulus, varies, of course, with different periods. Sometimes it is the magnificence of the court and the intimate favor bestowed upon the masters of thought. The veriest example is

Chaucer. From the antagonistic influences active in his time and from the then incipient state of English literature, we must conclude that his poetic powers could have been evoked and recognized only by the cordial patronage of the nobility. We look, however, for the most manifest and veracious reflection of the national character in literature, when the popular mind is undisturbed by external influence and therefore most susceptible of intellectual outbursts. It is a frequent but sententious remark that great men are the products of the age in which they live. Carlyle had this very truth in mind when he wrote about the "Hero," describing the world in which he dwells. And what is this "world" or "sphere," as Carlyle calls it, but the product or admixture of man's actions in the varied phases of his being? Do not mistake this idea for that sordid picture that portrays man as a "creature of circumstance,"—far from it. Such a conception is utterly unworthy of a Carlyle. We ought not to sublimate man's surroundings while we derogate his conscious mental capacity, in fact to ascribe the Hero's eminence to chance, quite forgetful of his individual efforts in attaining that eminence. Let us first recognize this innate worth. We shall then be better qualified to estimate the comparative effect of his environing conditions.

Picture to yourself the statesman as he unconsciously moulds his character and broadens his knowledge of diplomacy just in proportion as the nation takes on different forms and changes in external bearings. He could not exist as a distinct personality if the particular state of affairs were not an entity. His genius is relative. In the same way does the man of letters imprint upon his writings not merely a thought as he conceives it, but that thought as modified and amplified by the immediate influence of its author's moods and situation. And yet in saying this we must not at all undervalue that thought. A thought seems only the more intensified in effectiveness because it is able

to encounter so many forces endowed with metamorphosing properties, and after contact to retain, nay rather increase, its penetrating vigor.

To restrict this relative influence of national and social life upon thought and literature to one person in whom it is notably exhibited, or even to one period, is radically unjust. On the other hand, it is unreasonable to expect a complete conformity to any arbitrary rule. There are epochs, however, in the literary history of every people that illustrate conclusively this established canon of literature.

It is a difficult question to decide, one admitting of an infinite variety of opinions: "Was the zenith of English literature attained in the Elizabethan era?" Without attempting an answer to this, let us inquire how the writings of that age received their form and character directly from national traits and dispositions. That was an era of splendor at court, of prosperity among the commons. Peace without, harmony within, marked the nation's path of progress, for society had just recovered from the thundering shocks of the Reformation. Uniting these facts with the inspiring revelations of The Renaissance, and concentrating them full upon the focal point of literature, what can we imagine more conducive to an extraordinary display of brilliancy and genius? Link together the three names of Spencer, Milton and Shakespeare and you have a triad before whose brilliancy of intellect the lesser lights of literature pale into wavering insignificance. Spencer, the bard of allegory, his fancy rich with poetic images, carrying his readers to a delicious remoteness from earth and its groveling cares, he it is that, stirred by Italy's romantic ardor, confirmed in his profound love for the infinite, is nevertheless the author of a truly national poem, impressing on its verses the English tone, the English spirit. But Shakespeare—can mortal tongue, though inspired with divine power of expression and possessed of eternal existence, presume to measure the depth of that soul? Though his wisdom be unsearchable

and his thought passing comprehension, it is not preposterous on our part to assert that this peer of all poets has, by keen insight into human nature, by unerring judgment, truthfully invested political events in the garb of the drama and reproduced with exactness human experiences in the light in which they came under his vision. Shakespeare, too, was national, but in a different way. Borrowing his subjects from other countries, he clothed them in English dress; thus we completely forget the foreign characters in our admiration for their national characteristics. Spencer and Shakespeare are, in this respect, but types of their epoch. Thus it is with Milton, who, pure in thought, beautiful in expression, resigned amidst so many trials, is truly worthy the honor of being called the chief of the world's epic poets.

These are the productions of the splendors of peace. Great writers and noble thoughts bloom and flourish with national prosperity. In times of mighty struggles for freedom, heroic and patriotic poems may appear, but in internal dissensions it is far different. The popular mind is preoccupied with weightier matters, and cannot exercise its literary powers. It is then that we find a dearth of literature and an absence of creative genius.

We have been endeavoring to point out, hitherto, the manner in which the intellect has been affected by the movements of the State; let us now see how the man of letters shapes popular fancies and moulds public character. "A man of letters is often a man of two natures—the one a book nature, the other a human nature." These words of Whipple, paradoxical though they seem, are undeniably true. Lord Byron in his books is not the same as Lord Byron in his home. It is past conception that a soul with such celestial ideas, soaring aloft on the wings of imagination in his endeavor to reach the infinite, could have lived the ignoble, debasing life which is popularly attributed to Byron. Yet, though the human side of this poet could leave no lasting monument of good, the soul-nature has been immortalized

by a poetic sublimity incomparable. The poet lives in his thought, the author in his books. Some thoughts are conceived, some books written not for a day or for a people. Centuries pass, nations decay, but they remain indestructible. And this very immortality of thought indicates its mighty dominion over the minds of men. But more than this—there is a power hidden in the thought itself, a power not perceptible at first glance, for nature has laid it deep in the mind of thought. But when in time the revelation comes, then this latent power shall burst from its confines to shake the world with its almost volcanic convulsions, while it subdues to its master, Thought, the bending wills of mankind. It must be a precious comfort to the thinker, that if he cannot move his own generation, he shall be able after his body has sought his native earth to engrave upon future ages the impress of his thought in ineffaceable characters. Thrice treasured the words of Carlyle: “Innumerable men had passed by, across the Universe, with a dumb vague wondering, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly inquiring wonder, such as men only feel, till the great Thinker came, the ORIGINAL man, the Seer, whose shaped, spoken thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into thought. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying—were longing to say. The thoughts of all start up as from painful enchanted sleep round his thought, answering to it, Yes, even so!”

It were useless for us to mention these Thinkers. Go where you will, to Jewish Singers of old, to Muses of Greece, to the bards of sunny Italy, there you will find them, each with his varying talent of silver or golden thought. Learn from them the power of one idea: it becomes an inspiration to the weary soul.

It is thus that the literary life of the individual reflects so powerfully upon the life of his associates, it is thus that the nation receives from its literary genius the color and mould

which become peculiarly evident when literature flourishes. And when we are inclined to doubt the influence of the author in the character of the state or to explain the phenomena by other means, let us immediately call to mind the sentiment of Edwin Whipple: "Now it is a fact that Thought, true or false, beneficial or pernicious, has borne the sceptre of influence in this world's affairs. Impulse, whim and chance have not been the blind guides of the generations of men. Above all the fret and tumult of active existence, above the decrees of earth's nominal sovereigns, above all the violence and evil which render what is called history so black a record of folly and crime—above all these, there have ever been certain luminous ideas, pillars of fire in the night of time, which have guided and guarded the great army of humanity in its slow and hesitating, but still onward progress in knowledge and freedom."

VOICES.

ORATORY.

THE recent voice on popular lectures was most timely. We all desire to hear some typical speakers, but the treat is seldom given us. Last year proved a pleasant exception to this rule. The demand for such a diversion is becoming more and more apparent. But the voice gives rise to a much more important question, namely, is oratory any longer a vital art? If so, why is so little interest taken in it by college men? With the exception of a few enthusiastic Hall men, little attention is given to this particular department. Some of our more pessimistic companions sneer at it, they call it a dead art, they depreciate it as an effete, an obsolete form of literary effort. We certainly do not wish to be classed with those that decry oratory, still there must be some reason for such a view of this old and powerful art. Perhaps we should say that the reasons are various. Among the first would be its abuse by those who pose as orators, being in reality mere "ranters" or scholastic essayists. Naturally, after listening to a few such distinguished personages, we go away disgusted with the very name of oratory. We were eager to hear a chaste, persuasive discourse and were rewarded with an exhibition of bombast; or we desired to be moved with the eloquence of one of nature's orators and found that the speaker wished to entertain us with an example of dialectics. Deceptions like these are apt to make us cynical. No doubt Addison had just experienced such a sensation when he said, "I have heard many a sermon which should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians."

This criticism could be applied over a wider field of public speaking. It is forgotten, however, that the fault is in

the would-be orator, who fails to appreciate the beauty of the art, and not in the art itself. The way the subject is handled in college probably furnishes another reason for this pessimistic view. True, we have a well-equipped department of oratory, where favors are bestowed without regard to the receiver's inclination. Every year we are invited to listen to the "Senior speaking." This particular phase of training seems to fail in attaining the desired end. The speakers not eligible to prizes are apt to consider the exercise a necessary evil and pass through the form with as little labor as possible. The present arrangement of the commencement programme gives but little more incentive to the cultivation of the art. The speakers are chosen, perhaps necessarily so, regardless of their power of even declaiming. The department itself is not specially recognized on that eventful day. Last, but not least, the absence of the true orator from our entertainments and university lectures. We seldom get an idea of what oratory can accomplish. Few of us have ever been held spell-bound as we listened to and felt the wondrous power of some such "master of the soul's music."

This should certainly be remedied. Our chapel stage and commencement exercises need to be somewhat changed. This the authorities can do. To secure a popular lecturer or first-class orator is more the duty of the students. Why cannot our Halls unite and invite some noted speaker to address them? "It was tried before and failed." Yes, but it was tried at a wrong time and deserved to fail. Commencement week is not the time for such a lecture. It should come earlier in the year. This would aid in bringing the Halls closer together and in showing them the noble end which they have in view.

An ordinary lawyer or clergyman is not always the best man to pronounce a eulogy on a departed Garfield or Bright, neither is he the proper person to advocate an interest in the time of some great crisis. Full justice to the

occasion demands the eloquence of a Blaine, a Gladstone or some one who has made oratory a powerful and living force. Every great event needs a correspondingly great speaker. Some say "the occasion makes the man." It seems more logical, however, that we should first have the man that he may take advantage of the occasion. Is it not fair then that a little more thought should be given this subject, that we should have an opportunity of listening to some of the true exponents of oratory, so that we may receive an impetus to greater effort in this department? Oratory is too powerful an incentive, it is too strong a form of literary effort, it is too valuable a process of communication to be allowed to become obsolete or merge itself into the placid editorial or transient newspaper literature.

THE COLLEGE MAN'S CHARITY.

IT HAS been remarked that there are two stages in our educational life—a disciplinary and a refining or perfecting stage. To the first belong the preparatory and earlier portion of the college course. As yet the student's mind is receptive; taking instruction as it is imparted, and never asking the why of things. Strength and scope being sought, every side of our thinking life is given its due prominence; in order to give symmetry to the whole. The scythe must first be whetted before it can be put to the grain.

To the second stage belong the latter part of the college, and professional courses. The scythe having been sharpened is now ready for the field. In other words, the mind having outgrown lexicons and trigonometrical functions, needs the literatures and philosophies to give it a perfected character. To train the mind ceases to be the object of our studies; and the intellect assumes an attitude for the recep-

tion of culture. Education seeks to construct and then to furnish the mind. The new art building, erected first in rough brick, was then embellished by a Greek frieze.

Intermediate between these two stages, and endangering our later success, there is a period when unguarded criticism becomes conspicuous in our mental habits. As Keats wrote in the preface to his *Endymion*,—"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy. But there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided;" so in our critical life there is a corresponding period, when our judgments have lost the careless unconcern of youth and have not yet attained the comprehensive outlook of later years. They are unhealthy. The nature of our studies fosters and develops this penetrative, searching spirit. Science, with its inveterate skepticism of the unproven, trains us to be incredulous and we are slow to accept the opinions of any. Our study of authors is prosecuted almost entirely along this same line of examining the hidden, and discovering the obscure qualities of their work and personality.

But the point we wish particularly to emphasize is that we have a tendency to transfer this same critical attitude from our college work into our social intercourse. The consequence of this fact is to none more pertinent than to the college man. The critical acumen that he may have gained in summing up the works and character of some author, in his study last night, is very likely to be transformed into an unsympathetic judgment of his fellows, on the campus to-day. Dr. Van Dyke, in his recent lectures, said, in substance, that the true artist never paints according to physical rules,—that is to say, he is not critical, always seeking out and applying the technical laws of art, but, rising above the sphere of formula, he abides in the region of instinct, allowing the spontaneous dictates of his soul to guide and regulate his brush. Now this aptly illustrates the non-critical attitude which might charac-

terize our college sociabilities. Instead of carrying that analytical mood, inculcated by our studies and encouraged by our literary pursuits, into our social life, we might enlarge our sphere of interest and sympathy by tolerating unessential differences of opinion and conduct.

It is thought that Matthew Arnold would have left in his poetry a much more lasting influence, if his stern critical attitude had not led him to disregard the sunny side and simple faith of human nature. This same principle is applicable in our daily companionship. If a new book is to be discussed, if our athletic management is to be reviewed, there could be no injustice in placing the merits in one column and the demerits in another; but when we pass from the sphere of affairs into that of persons, whatever canons of criticism we may hold in reference to other matters, they are not to be applied here, but rather a wide consideration for many moods and many minds. W.

ARE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS AN EVIL TO BE ABOLISHED?

THIS is the position held by a writer in the *Nation* for December 12th, 1889. It is plainly manifest in his introduction that he is prejudiced, and we are not surprised to find an extremely pessimistic idea of the question set forth. He exaggerates the evils without considering the benefits. The first evil connected with and resultant from these contests, according to him, is gambling. Now we admit out and out, that gambling in any form is an evil, and the "spirit ought not to be cultivated among young men who should occupy places of leadership in the business and professional world." But he would have the public believe that as a result of these contests the spirit becomes so widespread that it is a mere possibility to find an undergraduate

who "believes and lives up to the belief that obtaining money from another without rendering an equivalent, is but a form of robbery." This is decided injustice to any institution and clearly exposes his ignorance. If he had taken the pains to investigate he would have found that thirty per cent. is a large estimate for that class of students. We do not wish to vindicate the evil, but we fail to see how the abolishing of these contests will lesson the practice. These fellows do not learn to gamble at college, they have acquired the habit long before, and they will indulge in it if only by "matching coins."

His next point is that of "drinking," and this is the strongest that can be urged, and it would seem at first to be sufficient cause to abolish the contests. The outrageous acts perpetrated by some of the students certainly bring discredit upon the institution to which they belong. There is nothing to be said in its favor, except that the occasions are very rare, seldom more than once a year, not enough to counterbalance the advantages to be gained from such contests.

His third point is that "brutality and unfairness is produced." Here again he displays his ignorance of the facts of the case, and shows that he has obtained his idea from the daily press, whose knowledge of the technique of football is in many instances very meagre. Such a spirit as he mentions is not a foot-ball spirit; that is just where his point falls to the ground. If there is any rough spirit manifested, it must be conceded that it is wholly individual, and such cases are watched by the umpire. On the other hand, it is the most manly of all sports. It takes all the nerve, grit and sinew a man can muster, and develops the habit of thorough self-control.

His next point is really no point at all. What connection exists between inter-collegiate contests and the increase in a man's individual yearly expenses at college, we fail to see. Here at Princeton, the expenses are becoming less every

year, if anything, and if that is caused by inter-collegiate contests it is a great point in their favor.

He attempts to say further that these contests *prevent* a general physical culture among the students. Because as soon as a "varsity team is formed all interest is centered upon it to the exclusion of all other exercise." This is at once weak and the product of a fertile imagination. He does not seem to take into account that 'varsity practice occupies at most but two hours a day, and that the remainder of the day is left for all other necessary exercise and athletics. If what he says is true, how will he account for the formation of so many minor foot-ball teams that are constantly competing with one another; and also the inter-class contests in foot-ball, base-ball, lacrosse and tennis. We are sure that if he should acquaint himself with the status of college athletics he would take back his statement that the "college populace takes its exercise by proxy," and that in training a 'varsity team we are "making a *concentrated extract of athlete.*"

His last point is that "these contests and their results attract a class of fellows to college that have no proper place there." If this were true to any great degree, he might well be alarmed as to the consequences. But such cases are the exceptions that prove the rule. Last year several Senior members of the team took special honors, and the thing is likely to be repeated this year, while the whole team, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are men of good standing. It is a very low and humiliating view, to look upon these contests as advertisements for the respective colleges. Indeed, if such men should be attracted to college for the purpose he mentions, they would receive infinitely more benefit from the rigid course of "science and literature" they would have to undergo in order to graduate, than to throw away their lives in idleness. It certainly is a "disgrace to American education" to offer inducements to men who have "not the slightest taste or capacity for scholarship."

But that these contests do not do, and it is a base fling at all great institutions to say that "the degree of A.B. is just as likely to mean that a young man is a good ball player as that he has a trained mind." The scholarship has not been lowered at this institution, and is not likely to be. We consider that the evils brought forward by this man have been sufficiently answered, and to this will add without comment: some of the decided advantages gained by inter-collegiate contests. Personal contact of students of different colleges tends to break down the wall of conservatism, besides creating a friendly relationship, which has done so much toward making the American college what it is to-day. And again these contests stimulate athletic interest in the college itself, as has been implied in the answer to the fifth objection. There is a grand goal toward which both individual and united effort is directed; whereas, if that end should be taken away, all interest would gradually die out. And again, these contests furnish a healthful diversion to the dull routine work of the curriculum, putting new zest into our efforts.

Finally, these contests have been in vogue for over ten or fifteen years, and the constant expanding of the colleges and the present high standard of scholarship—higher than has ever been attained before—stand as living witnesses to the advantages of inter-collegiate contests.

EDITORIALS.

OUR treasurer wishes us to say a word in his behalf. Having now crossed the half-way mark to the end of our journey, he begins to think that the time has come when it will be perfectly proper to ask our subscribers to make settlement; and we agree with him. A number have already done so, in accordance with most business-like principles. The others we would like to see follow their example immediately, in order that we may be able to satisfy our creditors promptly.

THERE are two subjects which, up to this point, we have studiously avoided. They are the drumming up of contributors from the Junior class, and the remodeling of the English course. We have been very well satisfied with the curriculum, and we feel sure that there has been a goodly competition among the contributors. But we would say a word to that man who may now be lamenting that he did not enter the contest. After this number there will be yet three more, and by the judicious use of those three it would be still possible for him to secure a position on the next board. The contributors thus far have on the average done commendable work; but the winners are by no means yet certain, and their present grade may be, as it has already been, considerably changed by the appearance of stronger competition on the part of new men. And to those already competing we might say that there are several ties, which will be decided by the comparative value of their future work. We would welcome every new contributor, as well as say "good luck" to every one now in the race.

THE BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE fifteenth issue of our college annual has appeared and taken its place among the college publications. Another committee has finished its labors and retired. The annual has grown and improved from its very first issue, until now number one and number fifteen would not recognize one another as of the same blood.

The present volume surpasses, in some respects, those which have preceded it, while in many places there is great room for improvement.

The cover is neat in appearance and design and in the latest style of binding, but, being light, it is easily soiled, and for a reference book which is frequently handled it is hardly suitable.

As for the interior, the pages present a good appearance, being in clear type and very legible. There are several typographical errors, due to careless proof-reading. The illustrations as a whole are not very commendable. The figure and face drawing is poor, though the ideas they express are often good. Of the good cuts, we would mention the Kennel Club—this is probably the best in the book, since its execution is most artistic—States Represented, the Art Building, Tennis Association, Philadelphia Club, Ninety-two Class Organization, and Alumni. Of the tail-pieces: the Poller, the Gas Fixture and Old North Belfry.

We are glad to see Memorial Hall and the University Cottage in photographs. They add very much to the appearance of the book. One of the best features is the manner in which the retrospect has been conducted. Here the committee have shown marked improvement over their predecessors. The reading matter is written in an interesting and pleasant style without having sacrificed the object of the department, while the illustrations are both good and appropriate.

We learn that the committee were obliged to go to some extra expense to issue the book before Christmas, and it is hoped they will not suffer through lack of support from the fellows. The volume represents an enormous amount of work on the part of its editors, and without an appreciative reception by the college it is indeed a "thankless job."

The idea expressed in one of the "Voices" recently is one that should be adopted and put into practice: that of sending the *Bric-à-Brac* to the preparatory schools. It not only assists the committee, but affords a means whereby Princeton may be advertised in an excellent manner, and thus increase the number of its students. Let all the alumni associations serve Princeton in this manner.

Ninety-two is wise in getting to work at once, and by beginning early enough and profiting by the experience of the last board, they may avoid mistakes and improve still more our college annual.

THE PRINCETON CARTOONIST.

IF THIS is a trite subject, please pardon us. But these last three months we have been especially impressed with Princeton's need of a humorous illustrated paper. We have been compelled to stand coolly by and receive the witty jibes of "our friends, the enemy," while they make merry at our expense. No matter though we are in the right beyond the shadow of a doubt, no matter though we have the entire public sentiment in our favor; yet when explanation has been exhausted, when the brain wearies of argument, one of those striking cartoons, an insinuating cut, will stick an idea in the mind that it will require death to eradicate. Beside we ought to have the representation. With our records in other spheres, of equality, yea of superiority, it seems a surprising omission that here Princeton is

lacking. The talent of our university should be displayed side by side with that of the others in every exchange list, in all the larger city reading rooms, and wherever an illustrated paper is sold. It may at first seem small, but on consideration there will be seen a tremendous power for usefulness in a worthy representative of such a character.

Yes; we have heard the excuse. "It is not allowed—do you not remember *The Tiger*?" True, but since those days the method of management of such a paper has been completely revolutionized. The scope has widened and the darts have sought other targets. The successful course of such papers elsewhere has demonstrated that it can be done properly, and by their example and from our experience, it ought to be shown that we too can do it. What, then, should be done? Both sides should be carefully discussed by the students both privately and publicly in the college papers; a mass meeting could determine whether the students wish to appeal to the authorities for permission, and if they grant it—then organize. We would gladly see some action taken, and especially pleased if it should be that Princeton could have such a representative.

THE MAN OF METHOD.

IT IS not an unfrequent occurrence to see a brilliant young man grow up, pass his time no one knows how, and spend his whole life accomplishing little that brings benefit to the world or satisfaction to himself. He is not a dissipated nor an immoral fellow. He may be a most amiable man; a most pleasant companion, and it may be a jolly fellow. But he seems, as it were, to be sort of lost in the world; he does not seem to have any definiteness about his actions. In his youth he has given cause for bright hopes to his friends, but time rolls on and their realization

remains unfulfilled. In some rare cases it may be that he has such remarkable gifts that in very spite of himself he is dragged into a useful and profitable work, and in the end he becomes a useful and honored citizen—the pride of his friends and a source of satisfaction to himself.

But there is another man who probably is an equally familiar character. He is to be found anywhere. He is walking about every college. He is employed in every business occupation, and practices every profession; and he it is that is generally the successful man in his community. It is the man of method. He may be of very ordinary talents. He may not be the one whom the fellows would select when they wanted their jolliest times. But yet he is not an unpleasant companion; he generally likes both to hear and to tell good jokes. He is not necessarily one of those constant students who, every minute, night and day, are poring over their text-books. He is not necessarily the man of excessive neatness, who insists upon the minutest punctillio; not one of those who requires that the exact second of the appointment be kept, or complain about the failings of the human race. Yet he always keeps his engagements. There is a sort of an air about him that makes you feel that he knows where he is going and what he expects to do when he gets there. He knows just how much time he has in the day, and how he intends to spend it. He has a time for everything. If he exercises, he has a fixed time for doing it; if he resorts to the reading-room, he has a regular time for that. It may be that he has a set time for idling. But he has a time for everything, and he is accustomed to see it done at that particular time, and being such, he has time for anything. If two periods conflict, or on a special occasion a change is desirable, he simply adjusts the order and suits his convenience. It would hardly be possible to find that which, if he wished to do it, he would not devise some means for inserting in his day, and yet accomplishing the whole order in the end.

This is the methodical man. He is not found disliking his work. He expects certain duties at certain times, and accustomed to do it then, without halting he finishes the work and rests satisfied that it is accomplished. The other man beholds the work before him and hates to begin. Capable, is he? Yes, too often he is brilliantly competent, but duty after duty piles up before him until life verily seems a drudgery. The methodical man may not be brilliant, but his part is always performed. Bred to forming plans to the fulfillment of which he is continually looking forward, he becomes a reflecting man, a calculating, business-like man, a man of thorough practical methods. That man will be a success. And if it should be that at the same time such a one should be endowed with highest gifts, he will be more,—he will be a great man, one of that class who, in this position or in that, have made the history of the world.

SPORTING LITERATURE.

THE GROWTH of sporting literature in this country within the last few years has been enormous and rapid. It is due in large measure to the increase of athletic pursuits and the corresponding interest awakened. There is now hardly a town of any considerable size which does not boast of its athletic club house; while everywhere one is sure to find canoe, bicycle, tennis or base-ball clubs. Athletics of all descriptions have grown wonderfully popular. The athlete is the knight of the nineteenth century; he is the hero of the hour; and the absorbing topic of conversation among many classes, is the latest feat of strength or skill. Besides this we find increased interest in such sports as hunting, fishing, yachting, etc.

The press, which is particularly active in our day, has kept abreast of the times, and beginning with mere notices

has increased to columns and to entire pages, and in many instances has sold extras whose main item of interest was some victory on the professional or amateur athletic fields. Nor indeed, has it stopped here, but publications are now issued which devote themselves to the athletic and sporting news entire, and hence a sporting literature has been evolved which would be quite surprising to an ancient New Yorker should he rise from the grave.

The college athletics have come more into prominence; foot ball has assumed almost national popularity, while lacrosse is gradually becoming of more interest. These sports also occupy a large amount of space in the press.

The question is, what is the influence of such literature, and is it salutary? From the standpoint of the editors it undoubtedly is beneficial. Probably no literature sells so largely as this. Interested men frequently buy copies of every paper. So that the management find the dividends increase in proportion as the athletic space enlarges. It would be ludicrous, indeed, to conceive of hundreds of little Greeks in small togas shouting out in the streets of Athens, "Extra! Extra! Latest account of great chariot race, one obolus a copy." Or to have the press issue with flaring head-lines about the last Olympic game, with cuts of the wreath-crowned victor. With us, however, it is a characteristic, and when we look at our morning papers we say, "How American that is!" We are interested and buy.

For the athletes and athletic associations such publications are also useful. Advertising benefits them, of course, and the more public opinion is turned in their favor the more prosperous will they be.

But on the side of its moral and literary influence it is not so advantageous. Athletics in its proper sphere cannot be praised too highly; so long as it is used to serve an end, so long will it be beneficial. This end is the strengthening of the muscle of the nation. It is developing the physique of the citizen and improving the condition of the race which

tends to enervation. It conduces to the health of the family and the happiness of the individual and tones society. But when it is made an end in itself, then it becomes harmful.

This professional aspect is what the press largely reviews. That it has an alluring influence upon the youth of the land there is no doubt, and many a boy may be led to devote his energies in that direction when it would have been better both for himself and for his country had he chosen a more noble calling. The morals of those regularly engaged in professional athletics is, to say the least, not what could be desired. It is not such as to build up society.

Correspondingly, the sporting literature crowds out reading matter which is by far more educating and important, and serves to deprave the taste of the people by feeding them on sugar-coated chaff.

From its literary standpoint it is probably still more detrimental. The sporting editor's style is one not to be imitated. It is extravagant, verbose, redundant with metaphors and similes, weak endings and faulty periods. These are carefully to be avoided by educated men; but when there is such an abundance of sporting literature one is apt to imitate, unconsciously, the faulty style.

For these reasons, sporting literature, as a factor in our society, has its disadvantages coupled with its benefits, and it becomes the wise to avoid its baneful influences.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it—Italy;
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was,—so it still shall be."

—*De Gustibus.*

EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY-NINE has ended and its record closed. It, like every year, has been eventful in many respects. It is memorable for the Johnstown disaster and the other destructions by flood, fire and accident. In that year occurred the Centennial Anniversary of Washington's Inauguration, for which it will be remembered. By every college man the year will be cherished because it brought us the foot-ball championship.

Near the close of the year occurred the death of one who figured prominently in the history of the United States a few years ago, and whose death at the present time is significant since it virtually closes up the last gap which divided the North and South.

The literary world has lost one of the most prominent men of the century. Robert Browning is dead. The critics will now proceed to hold an autopsy and the publishers will give us his biography in octavos and duodecimos for the next ten years to come. We shall have his "works complete" in fifty different forms. The latter end of the man will be worse than the first. As yet, little of his private life has been made public, but that little would show that, aside from a romantic marriage, his life was comparatively uneventful. He did not wait to graduate from University College, London, which he attended, but asking that he might be allowed to cultivate his mind by books, travel and general experience, his father consented. He received a small income from his father's property. Miss Barrett was thirty-seven when Browning met her. They were drawn to one another by like poetic tastes, and though she was an invalid with little hope of recovery, Browning asked her hand. Their marriage was opposed by her father and occurred without his knowledge. Miss Mitford wrote: "It was a runaway match. Never was I so much astonished. He prevailed on her to meet him at church, with only the two necessary witnesses." We receive quite a shock to our cherished ideals of these two poets when we learn that they eloped, and that during their thirties. But this marriage and romance was probably the salvation of Mrs. Browning and her rare gifts; for they journeyed at once to Italy, where the new life and climate brought the bloom back to her cheek and freshness to her spirit; and the fifteen years which followed not only gave intense domestic and intellectual happiness to both,

but was the period when, under the mutual stimulus, they produced some of their best poetry, which we so enjoy to-day.

I have endeavored to find some personal anecdotes, but have not been satisfactorily successful. Miss Mitford has a few reminiscences which give us a little insight into their characters. Speaking of Robert Browning, she says: "But in conversation no speaker could be more absolutely clear and purpose-like. He was full of good sense and fine feeling, amidst occasional irritability; full, also, of fun and harmless satire; with some little affectations, which were as droll as anything he said. A real genius was Robert Browning, assuredly; and how good a man, how wise and morally strong, is proved by the successful experiment of the marriage of two poets."

We can always appreciate a man's writings the more we are acquainted with and like the man. Hence, it is generally wise to learn all we can about him.

Mrs. Kinney presents to us an interesting picture of Mrs. Browning. She writes: "A more timid nature was never joined to a bolder spirit than in Elizabeth Barrett. She fairly shrunk from observation, and could not endure mixed company, though in her heart kind and sympathetic with all." Mrs. Kinney had the pleasure of seeing that element of Browning's nature which he has so developed in his poetry. The passion of love was exalted by Browning, and he saw in it much more than the ordinary person. With him pure love develops character as nothing else will. Mrs. Kinney saw it was not a theory alone with him, but that it filled his soul full. She says that upon one occasion, when Browning was speaking of his wife, "he did not fear to speak of her genius, which he did almost with awe, losing himself so entirely in her glory that one could see that he did not feel worthy to unloose her shoelatchet, much less to call her his own."

Hawthorne gives us a little glimpse of this man in his "note-book": "After we left the table and went into the library, Mr. Browning introduced himself to me—a younger man than I had expected to see, handsome, with brown hair. He is very simple and agreeable in manner, gently impulsive, talking as if his heart were uppermost." Again, another entry reads: "Mr. B. was very efficient in keeping up conversation with everybody, and seemed to be in all parts of the room and in every group at the same moment, a most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and common-sensible, as, I presume, poets generally are in their daily talk."

These little glimpses reveal to us the man. While he was a poet and a writer, he was not a recluse, and "when he was taxing his readers with his most recondite poetry, he was fascinating drawing-rooms and dinner-tables with his vivacity and good nature."

As to the poet, we can hardly give a true estimate. Time is the only one that will adjudge him his merited rank. Meanwhile various opin-

ions are rife. Some utterly repudiate him because he is "obscure." We cannot ignore him because he is "obscure." We certainly are at liberty to like him or not. We are not compelled to worship at his shrine, but we must acknowledge him. His verse is, in many places, harsh and rugged, and he is often obscure, but it may be the very thing which preserves his thought.

Birrell says, "A great poet, like a great peak, must sometimes be allowed to have his head in the clouds, and to disappoint us of the wide prospect we had hoped to gain, but the clouds which envelope him must be attracted to, and not made by him." He thus admits that Browning is responsible for obscurities which are blameworthy, but immediately defends him by enumerating several plays and remarking that "to call any of these plays unintelligible is ridiculous." Another writer, on the same subject, says, "The poet who has written 'In a Gondola,' 'By the Fireside,' 'Meeting at Night,' 'Parting at Morning,' 'Love Among the Ruins,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' etc., has the very highest faculty of word and verse music."

Birrell picks out "Pippa Passes," and asks what play is more happily conceived or better rendered—"where innocence and its reverse, tender love and violent passion, are presented with emphasis, and yet blended into a dramatic unity and a poetic perfection entitling the author to the very first place amongst those dramatists of the century who have labored under the erroneous disadvantage of being poets to start with."

Browning's characteristics may be summed up, according to Steadman, as his dramatic gift, his method—eccentric quality of his expression, and the moral of his verses. We would add his versatility and his great ability to portray character with its human emotions and passions. To quote Birrell again, "No poet has such a gallery as Shakespeare, but of our modern poets Browning comes nearest him. What points of human interest has he left untouched? With what phase of life, character or study does he fail to sympathize? In art? He is our favorite poet. Music? He is devoted to it. Theology? Browning has more theology than most bishops. Are you in love? Read 'A Last Ride Together,' 'Youth and Art,' 'A Portrait,' 'Time's Revenges.' * * *"

Thus Browning not only has won his way among many, but in time will conciliate all, for when the hue and cry against his "obscurity" has exhausted itself, the beauty of his finer poetry will be acknowledged and his high rank admitted.

Eighteen ninety! This year means much to the Seniors. To some it means more than any previous year of their lives. I don't believe we enjoyed our Christmas recess so much this year as we would have done could we have looked back upon examinations instead of forward to them. However, it did not worry us much, and we now will buckle down to the work with zeal and try to make the new year bring us greater benefits than the old.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across :
Violets were born !

" Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud :
Splendid, a star !

" World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out :
That was thy face !"

WE CAN all see the beauty of these lines from Robert Browning, but few of us, we fear, have been able to appreciate fully the depth and sweetness of most of the poetry of this "giant among men"; but those few who have penetrated the outer crust of his nature have been fully repaid and, we do not hesitate to say, will spread the influence through ever-increasing circles of our mental life and literature; and this influence is and will be confined almost wholly to the most educated and learned of his readers, for the sympathy and power of assimilation for which he was noted was wholly an intellectual appreciation. It was because he *understood* the feelings of humanity, not because he *felt* them, that he could so perfectly express the thoughts of man. His poetry lacked that emotional element which endears so many inferior poets to the people, nor did it, except in a few isolated poems, have that music and lyric sweetness which characterizes his great contemporary, the poet Laureate. Thus, as we think of the great poet who is gone, we cannot help comparing him with the equally great man who is left. That in which the poetry of the two contrasted, perhaps, the most strongly was the learning with which the former overloaded his verse, the allusions direct and casual to matters of music, art and many other things of which the general reader could have no knowledge. We find no trace of this in Tennyson, and in him, too, our nerves are not harshly grated by the form of expression as they are by Browning's. Both had the true poetic ideal, but the search for this led Browning far deeper into the study of human interests than the external beauty of nature and of human character which, at his best, was so well shown in the lyric sweetness of the Laureate.

The great characteristic of his work, the feeling which most imbues his readers, is strength. We feel that he knows life as no one else, and that we can confidently follow him. It is true some of his work is "obscure," but the greater part can be so well understood as to thrill us with their "essence of activity," and to make us willing to acknowledge that, though those poems formally denominated dramas by their author could not be praised for their excellence, still a large proportion of his poems are dramatic in conception and spirit. That is, his poems are animated with manly strength, with force and an endeavor to elevate humanity out of the depressing elements of death and decay. These are the qualities which will ever make his name great and his work remembered; and coupled with them we must not forget his personal force and charm and the fact that, to use Mrs. Browning's simile, he was like one of his own "Pomegranates," if you cut down deep you found a heart blood tintured with a veined humanity.

So has another great man been called home. Thus do we finish our work and depart, and our places are filled by those whom God has prepared. But we must break this chain of thought, and give our usual attention to the monthly magazines which are clamoring for their meed of praise and criticism.

Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fourth year and seventh volume with the promise, that during the current year it will follow its well-approved course of printing articles of interest in themselves, by writers who really have something to say; and of aiming that great variety shall be secured rather than that any single undertakings shall monopolize its space. In the interest of timeliness and variety a department has been added where, under the title "The Point of View," an opportunity is given to the best writers for a brief and familiar discussion of subjects of both passing and permanent interest; literary, artistic and general. These are, of course, as, indeed, the title of the department conveys, to be expressions of individual opinion. In the present issue the subjects discussed, in a bright, informal way, are "The Barye Exhibition," "Thackeray's Life," "Social Life in Print," and "The French as Artists." A few pages are to be added to each number to give space for this new feature. The author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," Henry T. Finck, writes a bright article on "The Beauty of Spanish Women," and reaches the conclusion that "the mission of Spain has been to evolve the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace, the petite brunette, and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes and the long dark lashes and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their color, can be perfect." This article is the result of an extended tour in Spain, and contains much that is entertaining about its manners and customs. The illustrations are from contemporary photographs and paintings. The group of African articles in this magazine which has

attracted so much attention is continued, with "Tripoli of Barbary," by A. F. Jacassy—the first of several African studies, from an artist's point of view, which this clever draughtsman and writer will contribute. He has caught the picturesqueness and squalor, the variety and monotony, the beauty, the color, the romance of this decaying Oriental city. The illustrations and text, being from the same hand, supplement each other in a very effective manner, making the article a complete and charming picture.

The scene of "Sidney," Mrs. Deland's novel, which is one of the chief features of the January *Atlantic*, is laid in a manufacturing town, and introduces us to the hero and heroine,—in fact to the *dramatis personæ* of the story. It is evident that a moral problem will be proposed to the reader before it is ended. Dr. Holmes writes about old age. He says, "There is one gratification an old author can afford a certain class of critics,—that, namely, of comparing him as he is with what he was. If the ablest of them will only write long enough, and keep on writing, there is no pop-gun that cannot reach him." He closes with verses to the eleven ladies who presented him with a silver loving-cup. The "Forgotten Celebrity" of Mr. Cook's initial paper is John Dickinson, the author of "Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania." Another political article, "The United States Pension Office," by Gaillard Hunt, contains some suggestions as to the reform of the present pension system. The short story of the number is one of Miss Jewett's best New England dialect sketches, called "The Quest of Mr. Teaby." Agnes Repplier writes delightfully about "English Love-Songs," and gives a series of quotations to illustrate the subject. "A Precursor of Milton," a certain Avitus, Bishop of Vienne in the fifth century, forms also the subject of an interesting paper. Mr. Aldrich's "Echo Song," in a most unusual and graceful metre, and Miss Thomas's "Mens Sana," are lasting contributions to poetry.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for January is an etching by Leopold Flameng of Meissonier's famous painting "The Halt." M. Flameng is one of the best of living etchers and this is an admirable example of his work. The special interest which attaches to this picture is that it is the first etching done by the famous French etcher for this magazine. The opening paper is most appropriate to the season. It is on "The Nativity of our Lord," as depicted in the National Gallery. Excellent reproductions are given from the paintings by Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Rembrandt and the early Flemish School. Following this comes an "In Memoriam" of Jules Depré, by Ernest Chesneau. We are given the concluding "Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts," by S. R. Koehler, accompanying which is a portrait of George Peabody after the original of G. F. Watts. "Hope Nursing Love" is a page picture after Sir Joshua, and then we come to a biographical and critical sketch of Carl Haag, by Frederick Wedmore.

Reproductions of the most characteristic of the artist's paintings are given. "Wild Wales" is the subject of a well-illustrated paper, and then we are told "What a Memorial Window Should Be." The notes are full and comprehensive and keep the reader well posted in the art news of the world.

Outing, for January, is a most excellent number. The illustrations are superb, and the reading matter very good. We note "Wabun Anung," a tale of hunting in the Great Lake Region, illustrated, by Henry Sandham. "The Merits and Defects of the National Guard," illustrated, by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, is an important contribution to the literature of the American militia. "Brant Shooting on Smith's Island," by Alexander Hunter, tells sportsmen where good shooting may be had at this season of the year. "Alligator Shooting in Florida," by J. M. Murphy, graphically describes a different kind of sport. A most readable and instructive paper is that by W. I. Lincoln Adams, on "Instantaneous Photography." This article is richly illustrated. One of the most interesting papers in the number is C. H. Shinn's "Wintering in California," with numerous illustrations. The Editorial Department and Records are, as usual, replete with information on sporting events.

A feature of especial interest in the January *Lippincott's* is the publication of the first part of some unpublished manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's—a wierd tale entitled "The Elixir of Life." This is a version of the theme of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions, presents an interesting study of the great remancer's methods of work, and, by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named, imparts to the whole the character of a complete and rounded tale. "Nathaniel Parker Willis" is the theme of R. H. Stoddard's latest study of American authors. This paper is one of a series of critical articles which Mr. Stoddard has contributed to *Lippincott's*, all of which have a peculiar value, owing to the writer's personal acquaintance with the subjects of his sketches. Willis, who has fallen into comparative obscurity, certainly enjoyed a most brilliant past—a past which Mr. Stoddard resuscitates for us in a very entertaining manner.

The first issue of *Chat* was a good one; the second, a Christmas number, is better. The American Women's College Papers are continued by Miss Jacqueline S. Epes, of Augusta Seminary, Virginia, who writes most interestingly on Southern Life and Character. The stories for this number are well selected, and the chapters in that bright boys' and girls' narrative, "Erling the Bold," a tale of the Norse Sea Kings, are extremely fascinating.

EXCHANGES,

One recognizes at a glance the hand of a superior master in the opening article of the *Cornell Magazine*, on "A Plea for Biblical Scholarship at Cornell," even before he notices that it is written by a professor. So also with "Here and There in the Library." This work by professors and learned alumni raises the tone of the magazine much above the ordinary college monthly, but they take away the distinctively student character which a paper "conducted by the students" ought to have.

The "Speech of Hon. H. W. Grady," which opens the November number of the *Virginia University Magazine*, is very appropriate now that he has so recently been called to his reward. A description of the Shenandoah Valley is worthy of remark. The poetry of the number is not up to the standard.

The *Vassar Misc.* for December, prints an illustrated Christmas poem, which serves to prettily distinguish the number from its fellows.

We quote the first stanza of a sonnet in the *Williams Lit.*:

- "Adown a path with fresh-blown flowers fair,
Past fields sweet scented with the breath of June,
Sweet Love went tripping of an afternoon,
Her careless tresses floating in the air.
But as she wandered blithely here and there,
And trilled a merry roundelay, too soon
Came Pride and hushed the ripple of her tune
And bound decorously her flying hair."

THE CAROL SINGER.

"Gentles all, or knights or ladies,
Happiness be yours, always!
Dance and carolling our trade is,
But we sing for love to-day.

"Merry lads and dainty lasses
Trip beneath the mistletoe;
Dance to sound of clinking glasses,
Bells are ringing o'er the snow.

"By the look that on your face is,
Sweet, my song is worth a kiss;
There is weeping in cold places,
We must laugh the more in this.

"Gentles all, or knights or ladies,
Happiness be yours, always!
Dance and carolling our trade is,
But we sing for love to-day."

—*Yale Lit.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

WYNDHAM TOWERS. THOS. BAILY ALDRICH. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., BOSTON AND NEW YORK.)

A narrative poem of considerable length and more merit. As a narrative it is entertaining and unique; as a poem in blank verse it abounds in poetic imagery and artistic touches. The author needs no introduction to the American public, who will, we may be sure, welcome this his latest production in the charming costume in which the publishers have dressed it for the holiday season. Mr. Aldrich gives us a hint as to his idea, in the form which the poem takes, in the preface. "It was part of the author's design," he says, "however far he may have fallen from it, to give his narrative something of the atmosphere and color of the period in which the action takes place, though the story is supposed to be told at a later date." The period alluded to is the Elizabethan era, and it seems to us that in many respects Mr. Aldrich has accomplished the aim he had in view. We are told of the younger son of an English noble, who, absent on a journey of adventure, still dreamed of home:

"Ah, and softer dreams he had
Of an unnamed and sweetest mystery,
And from the marble of his soul's desire
Heaved out the white ideal of his love—
A new Pygmalion. All things drew him home,
This mainly."

BETWEEN TIMES. WALTER LEARNED. (FREDERICK A. STOKES & BRO., NEW YORK.)

Mr. George P. Lathrop opens this charming little collection of poetry with a few appropriate verses to the author:

"True are your verses, Walter, true
And full of merry lights and laughter,
With deeper tones that tremble through
The laugh, and linger long, long after."

That this is a just estimate of Mr. Learned's work one need only read of a few of his verses to be assured. It is a book well adapted to the holiday season, of mingled music and mirth and mistletoe. Bright and entertaining in the extreme as they are, this is not their only merit, for often one catches glimpses of a deeper meaning between the lines, and often pure poetry of the more philosophic character. Perhaps, as an illustration, we might quote from

MY TRUE LOVE.

"Do you know to what kingdom my true love belongs,
 To the earth or the sky or the sea?
 She belongs to them all, aye, every one,
 For she's all of the world to me.

"There are flashes of gold in her hair,
 And her teeth are the pearls of the sea;
 There is heaven's own blue in her eyes,
 So she's all of the world to me."

SESAME AND LILIES. BY JOHN RUSKIN. (CHICAGO: A. C. McCLELLAN & Co. \$1.)

In these three lectures Mr. Ruskin touches very closely the every-day life of every individual who thinks and feels. In the preface, written in 1871, he says that the book was written "while my energies were still unbroken and my temper unfretted," and adds that they are the chief truths which he is chiefly thankful to have learned and taught. Perhaps a quotation from the second lecture, which is a sequel to the first, will give a better idea of the spirit of them both than any words: "The question specially proposed to you in the first, namely, *How and What to Read*, rose out of a far deeper one, * * * namely, *Why to Read*. I want you to feel with me, that whatever advantage we possess in the present day, in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach." The clear type and substantial yet elegant binding carry out Mr. Ruskin's own ideas, expressed in the preface, in regard to the physical effect of books, and at the same time form a worthy setting to the elevation of thought and purity of diction.

THE UNITED STATES, ITS HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION. BY ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, LL.D. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

No words of ours are needed to introduce to our readers this the last work of our late beloved Professor, who had endeared himself to us all by his personality, as well as made himself known and respected to the world of thought by his clear logical and authoritative treatment. The volume contains the matter that originally appeared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the History and Constitution of the United States. The only additions to this article will be found in the notes descriptive of the admission of the new States, and the election of Harrison and Morton. The work shows clearly by the analysis and arrangement of material what a firm and comprehensive grasp his mind had of our country's history, and the spirit which inspired it. Nothing can exceed its value as a condensed and concentrated essence of the knowledge which every

intelligent citizen should have of the origin, development and genius of American civilization.

THREE DRAMAS OF EURIPIDES. BY WM. C. LAWTON. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.: BOSTON.)

The idea which this book embodies is most happy. The beauties of the Greek dramatists are generally confined to the few who are acquainted with the language in which they were written; but there are many who would be appreciative did it come within their power. To bring these dramas before such in an intelligent manner, is the aim of the writer.

The writer himself puts forth his intention with clearness. He says, "The present volume of essays is intended as a contribution to literature, not to classical philology." His chief desire is, "to make this group of ancient dramas intelligible and interesting to the wider circle of men and women who are lovers of good literature." The volume opens with an essay "On the Origin and Spirit of Attic Tragedy." Then follow translations of "The Alkestis," "The Media," "The Hippolytus," and an "Epilogue." The Epilogue being a closing essay. The plays are given in full, with many appropriate and excellent explanations, comments and elucidations interspersed.

The author had a noble conception, and has performed his work in a manner most interesting and commendable.

HYPNOTISM: ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT. BY FREDRIK BJÖRNSTRÖM, M.D. (NEW YORK: HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING Co., 30c.)

Hypnotism, more popularly known as mesmerism, is of late claiming much attention among medical men. There can be no doubt that animal magnetism is developing a great force over the physical and mental qualities of the patient, and who can foretell the benefits that may accrue in the future from a wise use of this mysterious power? Great discretion and discriminating power must be used in its investigation, and the author urgently requests none to attempt it except those having the requisite medical knowledge and sense of responsibility, as the power of abuse is almost greater than that of use. This book treats, in a thorough manner, of its discovery, growth and present status. It gives the physical and psychical effects of the hypnotic sleep, and expresses the opinion that, in so far as it affects the imagination, it may be used as a remedial agent, and also in soothing and invigorating the patient. It is also claimed that by hypnotism negligent and lazy and also mentally weak students may be aroused to successful efforts. This is one of the most interesting, if perhaps less useful, numbers of the "Humboldt Library."

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS IN PROSE. EDITED BY ANNA L. WARD. (NEW YORK: T. Y. CROWELL & Co.; \$2.)

Every one understands the importance of a wisely-selected quotation to illustrate or express one's thought. But this quotation must be going my way, as Emerson says, "and being better mounted than I, give me a cast, as we say." But "one must be a wise reader to quote wisely and well," unless he possesses this excellent compilation, which will give him the quotable sayings of every one who has committed his thoughts to English prose or that of the dead languages. The book is a companion to the same author's "Quotations From the Poets," and gives us, in a well indexed volume, arranged under subjects in alphabetical order, all utterances which seemed to the author worthy of preservation because of their "terseness, beauty or originality." The largest number are taken from standard English authors, but Americans have their full share, as do also writers of Continental Europe. It will prove of special value to every class of students, and we cordially advise our readers to possess themselves of its practical usefulness.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This is in brown cloth and contains both first and second series. It is needless to speak of the value of these essays which have long since become standard and deserve a prominent place in every library. But it gives us pleasure to announce that they now come to us in a new setting, both series in one volume, printed in clear type which is attractive to the eye and delightful to read. The binding presents a modest but handsome appearance. The characteristic of the publishers as seen in this volume and in all their publications is neatness, clearness and beauty.

IN AND AROUND BERLIN. BY MINERVA B. NORTON. (CHICAGO: A. C. McCLEGG & Co. \$1.)

Berlin is becoming more and more a place of winter sojourn for Americans, and this book is the very interesting and readable account of a winter thus spent. The writer seems to have assimilated the spirit of German civilization and here portrays the results of her observations in German society, ways and customs. The chapters which will most repay reading, are those on "Family and Social Life," "Education" and "Churches." The author finds that many of the customs of this phlegmatic and beer-drinking people at first strike Americans with surprise, and there are many in which the surprise is pleasing and the copying of them would be beneficial to us. Especially is this so with regard to social etiquette, but in the majority of cases, we would be better satisfied with our own institutions. All for which the publishers are responsible reflects much credit on them and is beyond criticism.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. \$1.25.)

The story of Jeanne D'Arc will always, from its very nature, appeal to the heart of man. It is a story of wondrous love and pity for the poor and wretched. Jeanne loved all that was suffering, and therefore loved France most of all. The "unselfish patriotism, sublime self-sacrifice and touching piety," which she displayed, awoke in the breasts of the people struggling out of the abyss into which feudalism had plunged them, the first spark of patriotism the world had ever known. The volume tells, in a straightforward way and in good English, the story of the early life of this wonderful Maid, how she was connected with the great war of the English in France, how she was tempted, tried and condemned by that scheming and pernicious order, the Jesuits. It will pay us to read it, not only as history, but also to soften our hearts toward our fellow-man.

BULLET AND SHELL. BY GEO. F. WILLIAMS. (NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

Though we have read many histories of the late war, none have touched so responsive a chord as this, coming from the pen of one who went through all the hardships of a private in the ranks. It has the ring of freshness, and sounds as though it was composed on the battlefield. The author was war correspondent of a New York daily at the time, and served under "Little Mac," Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Grant, concerning all of whom he gives his opinion. The book abounds in adventure, and is illustrated by the sketches of one who was pictorial correspondent of a newspaper during the war and whose work is done from memory and material in his possession, and thus enhance greatly the interest of the reader. We heartily endorse the book as one which all will enjoy in reading, but especially the boys.

LOOKING BACKWARD. EDWARD BELLAMY. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

"Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth Thousand" speaks for itself. No book of the kind has ever enjoyed such a wide-spread sale. Those who have read Mr. Bellamy's book unite in urging those who have not to lose no time in accomplishing such an agreeable duty, for duty it is to any one who takes an interest in the problems of social science, or pretends to keep pace with the reading public in even a most cursory knowledge of the best literature of the day. In no book of the time is interest and instruction so pleasantly united. The author's views may be extreme, but they commend themselves to the attention of all.

LUCILE. VIGNETTE EDITION. ILLUSTRATED. OWEN MEREDITH. (FREDERICK A. STOKES & BRO., NEW YORK.)

So many finely illustrated books are appearing at this time that it is almost impossible to admire them all as much as they deserve. The present edition of Mr. Meredith's masterpiece is certainly one of the most artistically illustrated books of the season. In many instances the illustrator may not have depicted the heroine in a fashion fully up to the ideal in the minds of many readers, but the figures are graceful and striking, and the faces are pretty and appropriate, so that it is with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure that we once more read this poem, with fresh aid to our imagination in the shape of numerous illustrations.

EARLY BRITAIN. BY ALFRED J. CHURCH. STORY OF THE NATIONS SERIES. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.50.)

This story of the Nations Series continues to grow and enlarge by additions, which increase the good reputation the series has obtained. In story form the episodes and important events in the history of early Britain is presented to the reader from the time prior to the invasion of the Romans to the Norman Conquest. Fifty-nine illustrations and maps adorn the pages and make the book very attractive. The book is one both for general reading and for reference, and is a worthy companion to the other excellent "Stories" which have been issued.

PAWNEE HERO STORIES AND FOLK TALES. BY GEO. B. GRINNELL. (NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.)

Nothing can be of more ethnological or philological use than the old myths and early tales of nations. Such are the early Greek and Roman myths, and the stories of the Northmen. The Hero Stories and Folk Tales of our own Indians are rich in interest, and, doubtless, are of use in the way hinted at above. The Pawnees were among the most powerful of our aboriginal tribes, but are rapidly dying away. These stories are given just as they were told by the Indians, without embellishment of any kind, and are a faithful picture of Pawnee nature. The second part of the volume, consisting of notes on the Pawnee origin, customs, in war and peace, religious and later history, prepare us for the better understanding of that which goes before, and form a fitting end to the book.

MAN AND HIS WORLD. BY JOHN DARBY. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY. \$1.)

This is truly a singular book. A portion of the work was written some twenty years ago, when the writer says he was "wholly a Platonist," and afterwards published under the title, "Two Thousand Years After." The

second part, containing the author's "Philosophy of the Eternal Now," is added, and the whole given to the public under the above title. The book is written after the Socratic method, being a series of imaginary discourses between Socrates, Protagoras, Cebes, Appollodorus and others, and in this respect is remarkably well done. If the author intended that his philosophy should have the vagueness and uncertainty of the ancient writings, he has also succeeded. In the introduction he says of his own work, "the author, for himself, has to confess that there are times in which the pages are as dead paper to him, while at other times, on the contrary, something or other illumines and vivifies him."

RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA. BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co. \$1.)

This tale has been honored by a world-wide popularity which was instantaneous with its first publication in 1759. Leigh Hunt says of it: "For a model of grave and majestic language, 'Rasselas' will claim, perhaps, the first place in English composition." Well-chosen selections from Boswell's Johnson, giving an account of the origin of the work and other interesting particulars, form the introduction to this edition of this literary gem. The unpretentious elegance and inexpensiveness, which have crowned the efforts of the publishers to make it appeal to the book-lover's tastes, form a setting which only serves to enhance the value of the precious stone in the centre.

HENRIETTE, OR A CORSICAN MOTHER. BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
(NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co. 75c.)

François Coppée is undoubtedly the coming popular French writer. His special forte is "short stories." "Henriette" being one of the longest, is, at the same time, one of the best. The plot turns on illicit love. The question whether such a tale should rank high has been decided in the affirmative, in the case of Adam Bede. And in this case, also, we must give a qualified assent. Henriette has more good points than Hetty Sorrel, and elicits a stronger sympathy from the reader; while Madame Bernard, in her stern purity and virtue, may be compared to Dinah Morria. Coppée is no more an English *writer* than he is an English *man*; he is essentially French. But the discreet and careful translator has removed all objections here, and we can cheerfully recommend the work to mature minds.

MAGDALEN'S FORTUNES. BY W. HEIMBURG. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co. 75c.)

This translation, by Mrs. J. W. Davis, forms an addition to the literature as well as to the fiction of the language. Magdalen tells her own story and relates what befalls her after the death of her parents. It is very exciting and full of misfortune and love. It is bound and printed

in Worthington's well-known and pleasing style and is embellished by excellent photogravure illustrations. It is one of the best of their "International Library."

THE GARDEN OF ARMIDA. BY ANNE S. COOMBS. (NEW YORK: CASSELL & Co. 50c.)

The great requisite of young people in their leisure hours is a healthy and elevating fiction. This want Messrs. Cassell & Co. are filling in their Sunshine Series of choice fiction. The excellent plots, simple chaste language, and good English for which the publication of this firm are noted, are by no means of lower standard in this, the latest volume of that series, than in former ones. The story is a healthy love tale, the heroine being a widow, and will well repay the reading to one who has time to spend in this way.

BACKGAMMON AND DRAUGHTS. (NEW YORK: FREDERICK A. STOKES & BRO.)

Backgammon and checker-boards being generally made in one, the games seem to be inseparably connected, but the latter game is by far the more scientific, and is particularly useful as an exercise of the mind as well as most exciting and interesting. This book is a thorough exposition of the two games, with tables and explanations of the various problems which arise. Every lover of these games should possess the work.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE. (NEW YORK: SOCIETY FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION. 25c.)

This neat and handy little tract is much more worthy one's attention than appears on its surface. It covers the ground-work of politics and economics in its questions which are clearly and succinctly stated. It also gives an outline of a constitution and by-laws of a debating club, together with subjects for essays and terms for defining the subjects treated.

THE HOME OF WM. SHAKESPEARE. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL.)

This is a most exquisite little book, arranged for the holiday season, consisting of a series of excellent etchings illustrating Stratford-on-Avon, with exceedingly appropriate quotations taken from his own writings. It is bound with orange ribbon, and makes a very nice present.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY. BY W. E. AYRTON, F. R. S., &c. (CASSELL & Co., NEW YORK. \$2.50.)

This is not a book made to order to fit a lot of cuts and give a general idea of the whole circle of the electrical sciences. It reveals the facts in the science of electricity, and by showing how to weigh and measure each, is an interesting and thorough introduction to the exact commercial measure of electrical quantities. It makes the terms volt, ohm, ampere, &c., at once familiar; inspires the learner with confidence in the fact that the newest and most marvelous of the sciences is also the most clear and exact when taught by one able to instruct the novice. This the author can do well, because he knows his subject thoroughly, and has had a long and successful experience in giving the young such practical knowledge of electricity as will enable them to make their living by it; but the order of topics is different from that usually employed; plunging at once into the idea of current, because currents are employed in every-day life; taking tension next, and considering resistance last, because knowledge of this implies ideas of current and potential differences.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD. BY MRS. MARY H. CATHERWOOD. (NEW YORK: THE CENTURY Co. \$1.25.)

"One of the most notable feats of arms in American annals" is what Francis Parkman, the historian, says in a preface, of the exploit which forms the basis of this story. Almost all the *dramatis personæ* are historical, except the heroine. The thrilling exploit over which the author skillfully throws the exquisite perfume of love, is that ever-loved and celebrated expedition of sixteen gallant Frenchmen under Adam Dollard (or Daulac), who, in a terrible and desperate battle at the foot of Long Saut, completely broke the spirit of the Iroquois, and purchased with their lives a long period of rest and prosperity for New France. M'lle. Laval-Montmorency, a high-born French lady, having loved Dollard in Old France, is drawn by her love to follow him to the New World, and, having come in a shipload of the "king's girls," she meets unexpectedly with Dollard at Quebec and marries him there. After the starting of the famous expedition, guided by Massawipps, the half-breed daughter of a Christian Huron Chief, she arrives at the scene of battle in time to share her husband's danger and die in his arms. Mrs. Catherwood has here invaded a new field of fiction, and if the exploration is carried on as it has been begun, we may expect a series of novels as thrilling and as popular as those of Cooper.

INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE. BY HIRAM CORSON, LL.D. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

English is fast becoming classic, and William Shakespeare is its chief exponent. Anything that will aid in studying or understanding thi

greatest English poet and playwright is a decided advance for education. This "Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare" is just such an addition. It has been prepared more especially as a text-book, with an addition of eighteen pages of questions for examination. It is the aim of the author, as he states in his preface, to indicate to the student some lines of Shakespearian study which may serve to introduce him to the study of the plays as plays. The treatise is opened by a valuable introduction, chiefly biographical. Of the special lines of study introduced, the most interesting are "Shakespeare's Verse," in which the author traces its development, "Distinctive Use of Verse and Prose in Shakespeare's Plays," "The Latin and Anglo-Saxon Elements of Shakespeare's English, and the Monosyllabic Vocabulary, in their relations to the Intellectual, the Emotional, and the Dramatic." There are also commentaries on six plays which aim to present points of view which, according to the author, are demanded for a proper appreciation of Shakespeare's general attitude towards things, and his resultant dramatic art. The moral spirit as distinguished from a moralizing spirit, etc. The bibliography and foot-notes are also valuable. An interesting and instructive style is maintained throughout. The author has certainly succeeded in his object and students will accept the work with the deepest gratitude.

A MIDSUMMER DRIVE THROUGH THE PYRENEES. BY EDWIN ASA DIX, M.A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS \$1.75.)

Books concerning the Pyrenees are rare, and *good* books exceedingly so. Till within recent years the charms of that region have been comparatively unknown. But now it is becoming realized that the "French Alps" vie with the Italian in the grandeur and sublimity of its scenery and historical interest. Instead of reproducing the picture upon canvas, the artist has simply put the effect in words, and the result is a magnificent panorama of the whole region, which is so true to nature that, with but very little effort of the imagination, we are among the company of travellers and enjoying nature's own portfolio. That is the true test of descriptive style. It abounds in rhythmic flights, and here and there interesting points of history. All along our journey we are made acquainted with numerous and interesting characters—native inhabitants. It is not only a faithful bit of description, but also a literary gem. It is tastefully embellished with twenty-five illustrations, eight of which are full-page. The name of G. P. Putnam's Sons is sufficient guarantee for the book typographically. As the work of an ex-fellow in history of our own University, we read the book with increased interest.

HERE AND THERE IN YUCATAN. BY ALICE D. LE PLONGEON. (NEW YORK: JOHN W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

America seems to have been the home in ancient times of a highly civilized race. Vestiges of this race are left in Mexico and Central

America, and especially in Yucatan among the Mayas. This book is the result of a several years sojourn in this country, and contains many interesting facts about their modes of life, religion, etc. Here is found a relic of the ancient family life in a form of communism almost perfect. The property is held in common and the meals are prepared in one house, each family coming to it for food. Not a few of the tribes are idolatrous, although there are many Catholic priests throughout the country. The chapters on the superstitious fables and traditions are very interesting. The chapter devoted to "The Lost Literature of the Mayas," gives some information useful to literary antiquarians, and the whole is illustrated with several artistically executed photogravures. Several of the papers have been published in the newspapers and periodicals.

THE LAMENT OF DIVES. BY WALTER BESANT. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co. 30c.)

The name of Walter Besant is guarantee that the book is worthy of attention. The principal characters are a young millionaire—discontented because he has nothing to work for, and wearied by the importunities of beggars—and a penniless young barrister, whose only trouble is that he cannot entertain his friends, and has to work for his living. By means of a magic fluid, they change souls, and each finds himself to have retained all his good qualities and lost all his bad. The change is to last three months, but at the end of that time such complications have arisen, especially in the matter of sweethearts, that they agree to remain changed. They therefore break the magic phial, and the transformed barrister goes on in his newly earned reputation as a socialistic reformer, while the new millionaire continues to make others happy and to endow colleges and administer charity. It is a very ingenious and interesting book, and will vie with "She" as a work of the imagination.

CALENDAR.

Nov. 26TH.—J. C. Van Dyke's third lecture; subject, "Tone, Light and Shade."

DEC. 2D.—Grand celebration over the championship in foot-ball.

DEC. 3D.—J. C. Van Dyke's fourth lecture; subject, "The Perspective."
.....Meeting of the foot-ball eleven at Nassau Hotel. Edgar Allen Poe unanimously elected Captain for the coming year.

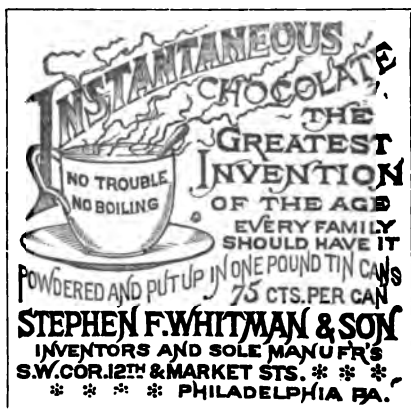
DEC. 4TH.—Meeting of the Senior Class. Adoption of the Constitution governing Class Day elections.....Clio Hall Sophomore Oratorical contest:—first prize, John Van Ness; second prize, V. Lansing Collins; honorable mention, C. P. Butler.

DEC. 5TH.—First concert of the season by the Glee and Banjo Clubs, at Princeton.....Senior assembly.

DEC. 6TH.—Lecture on Delphi by Prof. William C. Lawton.....Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert at Lawrenceville.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates, The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,
SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
Southwest Corner 12th and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

DEC. 7TH.—Foot-ball, 'Varsity vs. local picked team, at Washington, D. C.; score, 57-0.....Regular meeting of the Philadelphian Society. The semi-annual elections resulted as follows: President, A. Reid, '90; Vice-President, D. L. Pierson, '90; Corresponding Secretary, S. W. Thurber, '90; Recording Secretary, J. C. Leach, '91; Treasurer, F. T. Moore, '91; Librarians, J. E. Witherspoon, '92, and C. T. Wood, '92; Book Committee, A. B. Collins, '90, W. S. Furst, '90, A. P. Dennis, '91.

DEC. 9TH.—Fifth Division of Chapel Stage Speaking.

DEC. 10TH.—J. C. VanDyke's fifth lecture. Subject, "Drawing and Composition."

DEC. 11TH.—Whig Hall Senior Speaking; 1st prize, E. G. Rawson; 2d prize, John Zimmerman.....Senior Class elections; Master of Cere-

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & Co.

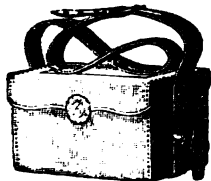
39 first floor, and 39, 41 & 43 second floors, East State St.
TRENTON, N. J.

FINE MERCHANT TAILORING

— AND —

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of Stylish Goods in the City. Pay them a Visit.



The Lilliput is the **WONDER** of the Day.

People marvel as to HOW we do it.

It is a Fact. We supply a Handsome **SOLE LEATHER DETECTIVE CAMERA**, with 6 Patent Double Holders, Non-Actinic Lamp, and 108 First-Quality Dry Plates (2½ inches Square), for **\$25.00**.

It can be used for either Instantaneous or Time Exposures. Illustrated Book of Instructions with each.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS, APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Amateur Outfits in great variety from \$9.00 upward. Send for Catalogue or call and examine.

More than Forty-five Years Established in this line of business.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

— DEALER IN —

MUSIC AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.

OPPOSITE NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

monies, K. L. Ames, Ill.; President, J. J. Charlton, Ore.; Secretary, L. D. Speir, N. J.; Class Orator, F. Palmer, Me.; Poet, H. W. Hathaway, N. J.; Ivy Orator, T. F. Chambers, D. C.; Historian, J. W. Bird, N. J.; Presentation Orator, H. H. Janeway, N. J.; Prophet, I. B. Smith, Ia.; Censor, H. W. Perrin, Pa.; Washington's Birthday Orator, G. McF. Galt, Ill.; Class of '76 Debater, J. M. Yeakle, Pa.; Class Day Committee; C. G. Bickham, O., C. R. Guerin, N. J., G. Weidman, Jr., Pa., F. S. Anthony, O., G. G. Belt, Ia., W. L. Phelps, O., M. McLaren, N. Y., D. D. Casement, O., J. W. Lewis, Mo., A. G. Jennings, N. Y., G. V. Rickert, Pa., F. S. Miller, N. Y., W. S. Kimball, N. J., *Nassau Herald* Committee; L. W. Sibbett, Pa., A. J. Collins, N. Y., E. W. Shultz, Pa., F. W. Hagney, N. J., Ode Committee; R. T. Townsend, Pa., W. S. Conant, N. J., A. S.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.



CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ORDINARY TRADE Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

VERMILYE & Co.

BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

ACKERMAN, BICKER & MANVEL,

Established 1878, and for thirteen years previous with
the late house of STARR & MARCUS,

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SOLID SILVER,
6 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

Goods sent for selection to any part of the Country. Designs and estimates for Medals, Prizes, &c., furnished on application.

Baker, N. J., Memorial Committee; S. W. Thurber, N. Y., B. H. Adams, N. J., L. E. Livingood, Pa.....Meeting of Sophomore Class; J. M. Huston elected Washington's Birthday Orator, and B. Phinizy Class of '76 Debater; Bric-à-Brac Committee elected as follows: V. L. Collins, E. M. Evans, J. G. Wilson; Artists, R. F. Woods, J. M. Huston.

DECEMBER 12TH.—Meeting of Junior Class. J. H. Dunham elected Washington's Birthday Orator, and J. C. Meyers Class of '76 Debater. J. S. Roddy elected Athletic Director for the ensuing year.....J. C. Van Dyke's sixth and last lecture. Subject, "Textures and Brush Work."..... Sixth Division Chapel Stage speaking.

DECEMBER 13TH.—Glee and Banjo Clubs' Concert at Newark.

DECEMBER 16TH.—Bric-à-Brac appeared.....Senior Class meeting; vacancies made by resignations of Class Poet, Washington's Birthday Orator, and one member of Class Day Committee, filled as above.

DECEMBER 17TH.—Freshmen Class meeting. Davis elected Washington's Birthday Orator; H. L. Henderson, Class of '76 Debater.

DECEMBER 18TH TO JANUARY 2D.—Christmas vacation.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

Finney Bros.

HIGH-CLASS CIGARETTES.

Special Favors:

CLUB, OPERA, and PRINCE OF WALES, for Gentlemen,
and BOUDOIR SIZE for Ladies.

Sweet Caporal,

New York Standard,

The Standard of the World.

MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY,

PRINTERS OF NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

TRENTON, N. J.

THE

NASSAU

LITERARY

MAGAZINE.

MARCH.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
BONAVENTURE CEMETERY. Sonnet, - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	507
THE UTILITY OF DIFFERENCE. Essay, - - - - <i>G. H. Stephens,</i>	510
DESIDERIUM. Poem, - - - - - <i>G. R. Wallace,</i>	514
IDEALISM VS. REALISM. Story, - - - - -	516
EVENTIDE. Sonnet. - - - - -	524
RUTH—AN INCIDENT, - - - - -	525
PSYCHE ASLEEP. Poem, - - - - - <i>G. P. Wheeler,</i>	530
THE HUNTING ISLAND LIGHT. Sketch, - - - - <i>Alonzo Church,</i>	531
VOICES, - - - - -	537
AIDS TO REFLECTION—A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELIST—PROGRESS TOWARD THE UNIVERSITY SPIRIT—THE STUDENTS' CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.	
EDITORIALS, - - - - -	543
ANNOUNCEMENT—THE CAP AND THE GOWN—"CRIBBING"—FOR- EIGN TRAVELING—CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.	
LITERARY GOSSIP, - - - - -	553
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	559
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	566
CALENDAR, - - - - -	574

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

(Lock Box 17.)

W. C. FISK, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

W. D. GIBBY, N. J.
V. V. NICHOLAS, N. J.

D. L. PIERSON, PA.
S. H. SHEPARD, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITORS:

H. W. HATHAWAY, N. J.

J. M. YEAKLE, PA.

TREASURER:

W. C. FISK, N. Y. Lock Box 17.

VOL. XLV.

MARCH, 1890.

No. 8.

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY.

THEY massive oaks, whose branches meet o'er head,
Like pillars of some vast cathedral stand,
And through thy nave by groined arches spanned
The night wind moans a requiem o'er the dead.
Adown thy walls the moon's soft light is shed,
Casting dark shadows on thy floor of sand:
The bitter'n's cry sounds from the near marsh land,
O'er which the chilling sea mists swirling spread.
No life or motion, save the old grey moss
That, festooned from thy branches, ghostly sways,
As from the arches tattered banners toss
In some old church, where, in the wan moon's rays,
The wavering shadows strange designs emboss
O'er armored effigies of olden days.

THE UTILITY OF DIFFERENCE.

THERE is in the British Museum an immense kaleidoscope filled with precious beads and bits of broken glass, but should these fragments be detached and separately considered, they would give no idea of the beauty of their combination or of the harmony of their arrangement. To view the individual man apart from the rest of humanity is to make a corresponding sacrifice in the beauty and harmony growing out of his relations to that composite unit of which he is a single number. The world is made up of people who, like the fragments of glass in the kaleidoscope, are alike in their fundamental nature, while they present to the eye differences in shape and in shades of coloring. There is the cube of justice and the sphere of levity; there is the scarlet of passion and the violet of gentleness; there is the blue of orthodoxy, the purple of pomp and the orange of patriotism. Partly inherited and partly acquired, these differences are natural and necessary. They differentiate character and increase the list of genialities; they define manhood and give personality to the individual; they turn men aside from a single line of activity, and entice them into a diversity of callings suited to particular aptitudes and proclivities. Thus is genius set a task, and talent and ingenuity given room to expand. Yet the differences between men are largely extrinsic and conventional. The essential elements of human nature are quite the same as when Babel went up and Helen set Troy on fire. If fashioned into a diversity of types, men are still framed of one and the same stuff, and let no one say they differ too vastly to admit of their being grouped together as in a kaleidoscopic figure, or mingled as in a single ray of light.

The human mind is constituted with reverence for the same principles of virtue and truth, with aspirations after similar good, and instincts of dread and abhorrence of the same evil; but who can number the variations in degree

and proportion of common traits? There are those who bend their heads over the pages of the same philosophers, who delight in the same grand poetry, who mark the same texts in their pocket Bibles, and who grow hushed and subdued before the same rich beauty of cloud and hill and stream. Yet who does not know from repeated experience how impossible it is to discover just the thoughts awakened in kindred minds, and how utterly futile is the attempt to impart our own? We feel baffled in both undertakings, and charge our failure to understand and be understood to the poverty of language, and fain would have a language given whereby spirit might talk with spirit. But it is rather our difference than our language that makes us unknowing and unknowable. And upon these differences that are deeper than language depend the perfecting of philosophy and poetry in their several spheres.

When first Carlyle read an essay of Emerson's, he wrote the American that he wept for joy that the voice for which he had listened so long had at last spoken to his soul from across the Atlantic. But in later acquaintance it became apparent to both that the similarity was no more evident than the wide difference of thought and sentiment. Both were mystics. Both have been called seers. Both reached their highest truth by a strange, instinctive recognition; but the one saw truth tinged with the hue of boding evil, while the other looked through rose-tinted lenses. Both stood with dangerous boldness upon the edge of the unknown, and from its vast dimness shaped to themselves an image of the All-Holy One. Carlyle cries from his full heart that "through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams," and Emerson answers, "All things are shadows of Him." Both reached at times a height almost too great to speak intelligibly; but Carlyle went up as if by the passionate force of a whirl-wind, while Emerson soared purposely and serenely aloft as in the aeronaut's car, and

descended at his will. Not only were they unintelligible to lesser minds at such moments, but to each other in so far as they differed; Carlyle's gloom and Emerson's cheer could only wonder at each other. If mutual tastes drew them nearer and nearer, it was only to bring them to that point where thought no longer met its like in quick, sympathetic response, and Carlyle felt it with pain.

We, however, may look upon the fact without disappointment or regret. For what matters it that not only Carlyle and Emerson, but all men, find in their closest and most satisfying companionship a point where coincidence of thought ceases and sentiment turns into divergent ways? In the world of action there must be ministering to man's countless needs—

"Woodman, and delver with his spade,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with written roll,
Musician, sculptor, poet and priest."

Some there must be, content to let the sky and field instruct them while they dig and sow and reap; while others must delight rather to dwell with the moths and worms among musty volumes of ancient wisdom. Some there must be, strung like an Æolian harp, so delicately that every breath of pain or joy evokes an answering cry or song; while others must inflict the lancet's keen incision with steady hand and unblanched cheek. That all may work harmoniously and to common benefit, there must be sympathy and correspondence of thought. That each may fill his own place well, there must be diversity.

In the world of thought it is not otherwise. It is a matter for thankfulness that the age that produced Carlyle also produced Emerson; yes, and others different from either. Truth is as wide as the universe, and each sees but dimly and narrowly, and with much of error blent with the truth. But group the partial views together, then truth corresponds

with truth and error stands out incongruous and inharmonious. Were the world instructed by the partial view of one alone, it must go far into error. Great reformers have succeeded only because the minds of those on whom they moved were of sufficiently similar mould to receive and adopt their thoughts; and their revolutions avoid direful extremes only because their followers possess interfering mental differences. A poet sweeps his harp-strings and our souls are filled with melody grand and sweet, because responsive chords are there. We like Shakespeare with delight, because we and the "thousand-souled" are in that degree alike. But without the responsive chords the poet might still be conscious of his soul's high notes, but his mission would be lost. There are those who have counted their noblest strains what the world has deemed meanest.

To us whose religious creeds may be differently stated, whose political views may conflict, and whose social circles may vary in rotundity, this dependency of action and similarity of mind gives friendship, sympathy, helpfulness, success and harmony to the lot which has fallen to us. Running underneath the differences that divide men there is yet a subtle nexus which, if it escape our naming, we can nevertheless feel. Round the chiefest and obscurest it spins an unseen web; revealing a diviner purpose in this human mould and constructing out of its varied idiosyncracies the sympathy and strength that comes from union. Thus Vulcan forged upon the shield of Achilles festive singers and councilors of state, brave huntsmen and plundering thieves. Some he made to plow the fallow field, others to reap grain and gather in the purple grape at the vintage time, but they were all included within "the rolling billows of the ocean stream." The Greek was the first to recognize that within the great persistent outlines of corporate life there is a consistent differentiation of the individual.

DESIDERIUM,

WHEN I wander, sleep enchanted
 On the shadow shores of Dreamland,
 Like the silver chiming vespers
 Heard afar o'er dark'ning meadows,
 Comes a voice from out the twilight
 Drifting down upon the night wind
 Soft as mother's cradle music
 When she lulls to sleep her infant,
 Clear as Alpine maiden's song note
 From the crag where hangs her cottage,
 Musical as tinkling waters
 Tripping blithely down the mountain,—
 Comes a voice from out the twilight,
 And with eager ears I listen,
 Bending forward breathless, silent;
 But the night wind moaning round me
 Steals the words and hides their meaning.
 Vainly press I on to follow;
 Vainly call aloud to tarry;
 Still the voice grows fainter, fainter,
 'Til 'tis lost upon the night wind,
 Vanishing with mournful cadence
 As the darkness closes round me.

Sometimes in the misty distance,
 As I look and look and listen,
 Shadowed on the dim horizon
 Stands a figure waiting for me,
 And the lines have music in them.
 'Tis the figure of a maiden
 With the melody of beauty.
 She is beckoning, I fancy,
 And the breezes try to whisper
 In my ears the words she gave them.
 But, alas, their tongue I know not!
 Tenderly they close about me,
 Breathing things they cannot utter,
 Like the perfume-laden zephyrs
 From the shores of Blest Arabia
 Speaking to the wandering sailor
 Of the groves beyond his vision.

Often in my restless slumbers
Two dark eyes look kindly on me—
Mournfully and kindly on me.
Up I spring, but like a phantom
Fades the vision, and the moonlight
Cheats me with a paltry lustre
For the eyes that beamed upon me.
When the arm of flesh is wearied
Battling with the rushing surges,
Back upon the sand the waters
Hurl me baffled and disheartened,
While outside the sea-green demons
Roar in rude and boisterous laughter,
Toes aloft their hoary war-locks
Bidding me to rise and meet them,
Calling out in fierce derision
“Up and meet us, we are ready,”—
Comes a gentle presence near me,
Like the balm of fragrant pine trees
Steals a voice upon my senses
Like the wind among the branches;
Comes a peace upon my spirit—
As a heavenly benediction
Strength returns and clear-eyed courage,
But, alas, the vision fails me,
Leaves me there alone, forsaken.

There is brightness in the distance,
Faint but sure, like trusty beacon
Shining o'er the wind-swept ocean.
Sometime, sometime, ah, I know it!
In the future I shall meet her,
Somewhere I again shall see her.
She will stand and not elude me,
While her eyes, star-like and radiant,
Beam with love and modest welcome.

REALISM VERSUS IDEALISM.

THE story which I am about to relate is of the genus psychological, but of the well-nigh extinct species. Fact. I trust that I shall not be doubted when I say that I am led to the narration of incidents in which I, myself, played so unenviable a part solely by a philanthropic desire to hold out a warning to all youth who have lively fancies and are liable to that unfortunate malady called love.

My name is Michael Angelo Smith; a name, I think, that unites in admirable harmony the delicacy of classicism and the solid strength of modern practicality. Moreover, I am an artist—a painter. I hope no one will accuse me of vanity when I say that I can wield the brush with unusual elegance and spirit. All my most intimate friends have told me so, although an unappreciative public chooses to pronounce a different verdict. I was carefully educated abroad, and I am devotedly attached to my profession. In fact, I so throw my heart and soul into it that I have developed to a remarkable degree my tendency to “body forth the forms of things unknown,” to weave the delicate fabrics of day dreams and to revel amidst the nameless creations of eager fancy.

When I returned from my travels in distant lands I settled very foolishly, as I now know, in one of the western cities of this country. I say foolishly, because one might almost as reasonably expect to find people of warm passions in the frozen wilds of Siberia as lovers of art in the practical wastes of our western civilization. People out there delight in cattle, fields and factories, but not in pictures and statues. However, that altereth not this tale. I soon found myself admitted into a very pleasant society. No one needs to be an art critic in order to be agreeable. By affecting a cultured languor and a romantic pensiveness (which last is a very valuable thing, indeed, as absolving one from the necessity of striving to appear intelligent), I soon became a favorite amongst the gentler sex.

I had been in L—— something more than a year when I met, at a large dance, the young lady around whom centers the story I have taken upon myself to relate.

Her name was Mary Elliot—*simplex munditiis*. She was beautiful, I thought, very beautiful. She had hair that seemed a thousand sunbeams gathered into one great wave of rippling light. Her eyes had the deep salmon-brown of autumn, and they must have stolen their quiet pensiveness from autumn, too. Her face blended in sweet harmony the serious thoughtfulness of the woman with the innocence of the child. Her whole expression seemed an instrument upon which thought and passion played unceasingly, while her every motion and gesture was the embodiment of easy grace. It will be observed that I viewed her from a purely artistic standpoint. But what man does not so view the woman of his love? And, by the way, I must not omit to mention that I fell rapturously in love with Miss Elliot the first time I saw her. A man arrives at the moral and intellectual perfections of his beloved by an induction, aided considerably by partiality, from external facts, consequently he is generally mistaken.

Led by my affection for Miss Elliot, I naturally sought to be on the best possible terms with the various ramifications of her family. Her brother and I became great chums, for ardent, indeed, was the regard with which I was suddenly inspired for that excellent young man. Owing to this intimacy with him, I was a frequent visitor at the home of the object of my devotion at the most unseasonable hours. Before three weeks after our first acquaintance had elapsed, I had the joy of perceiving that she treated me in a very friendly manner, though I was conscious, vaguely, that she regarded me as nothing more than an agreeable acquaintance. But time, I reflected, would right all things.

I have already alluded to my dreaming propensities. It may readily be imagined that my new passion scarcely diminished them; on the contrary it acted as a mighty

inspiration in that direction. I was perpetually engaged in creating a wonderfully improbable epic, in which **Mary Elliot** and a certain **Michael Angelo Smith** starred. I rescued her, in the rôle of a maiden poverty-stricken but exceedingly beautiful, from rags and want some dozens of times. I, a great and powerful prince, in the guise of an humble pretender to her hand, *à la* Salamanca student, wooed and won her *ad infinitum*. I conceived of her quite often as in the clutches of vague and nameless tyrants, whom I singly slew, and so bore her off in knightly triumph. There were countless scenes of "after the ball," "the last parting," and others equally touching. I even pictured her weeping in disheveled distress over my mangled corpse; though how I became mangled I never sought to discover. So intensely real did many of these dramas of fancy seem, that I could sometimes only with difficulty dispossess myself of the impression that they were actualities and not the "baseless fabric of a vision."

Notwithstanding the assertion which I made at the beginning, there are doubtless many persons of a skeptical turn of mind who will utterly discredit what now follows. There may always be found narrow-minded individuals who are incapable of believing what they have not themselves experienced, and who boldly declare that to be nonsense which they cannot explain; doubting Thomases who mistake their cramped suspiciousness for reason. Yet I am confident that there are others who, though they may find it hard to account for what I say, nevertheless will not for that reason condemn it as impossible.

One evening, in my studio, about five weeks after I first became acquainted with **Mary Elliot**, I was engaged on a crayon sketch of Shakespeare's **Caliban**, materials for which I had gathered from the great poet's word picture of that virtuous animal. I had only the day before returned from a fortnight's visit to friends in the East. Upon the morning after my arrival I had called upon **Miss Elliot**, my love

or whom seemed to have grown stronger with my absence. To my enraptured mind she seemed more beautiful and more gracious than ever before. If I must confess it, I thought I was particularly charming myself upon that occasion. I shuffled off the blasé coil and exerted myself to the utmost to be brilliant and entertaining. In fact, in my enthusiasm I waxed quite effusive. I noticed several times that she looked at me rather queerly in the midst of some of my tenderest raptures; and to tell the truth it afterwards occurred to me that she looked positively bewildered. But "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." I was in too ecstatic a state altogether to take much note of these small things; so I went away fully assured that Mary had given me positive encouragement.

That evening I was scarcely in a frame of mind conducive to any artistic work save that of constructing a love-epic. Visions of my fair beloved that did not consort at all well with my conceptions of Caliban floated through my brain. I even began to furnish Caliban with long, wavy hair, and I once caught myself placing dimples in his cheeks, which not the magic of Prospero could have put there. I soon despaired of ever giving him any distinct personality; so I presently dropped my pencil, sat down in my easy chair and joyously resigned myself to making extensive additions to the epic. Somehow or other my thoughts gradually took the shape of a regret that I had not avowed my love to Mary that morning, when, as it appeared to me now, I had every inducement and encouragement to do so. How happy would I now be had I only had the boldness to take the step, I thought; and when I presently retired my mind was filled with dreams of the beatitude of the accepted lover. Soon, mysteriously, certainly properly, I found myself once more in the room in which I had been with Mary such a short time since. Again she was seated by my side; and then, I know not how, her hand was in mine and she—that is I—was swearing that I had loved her

a much longer time than I had in reality known her, and was flowing on in ungrammatical ecstasy and unpunctuated rapture, and then the word had been said that bound us together for all time, and then— How I remember it all! How *right* it all seemed! There was no coldness now, and no hesitation; all was harmonious affection and happiness. It seemed almost *like a dream*.

The morning dawned full brightly. I was awakened early by the bright beams of the sun streaming in upon me. But his light was darkness compared with the luminous state of my soul as there flashed through it the electric remembrance of the events of the preceding day—my declaration and acceptance. I arrayed myself with eager haste and went forth into the fresh morning air for my accustomed walk. Never before had the world seemed so beautiful. Nature and I were attuned to perfect harmony, and every sight and sound seemed to offer me cheerful congratulations. Even the dull, heavy houses appeared to look down upon me with a sort of solid good-nature. As I returned from my ramble, it occurred to me that it would be a graceful surprise to Mary to give her a betrothal ring when I called upon her, as I contemplated doing shortly. So I purchased a beautiful and costly one—a man is never so ready to be generous as when he thinks that his generosity will have the reward of a due recognition.

Soon afterwards I repaired to the home of the mistress of my affections, in a state of blissful expectancy. When I was ushered a little later into the drawing-room, I perceived not only Mary, but her mother, an elderly person of sixty, or thereabouts, who was stout and ordinary. I greeted both with perfect self-possession; but I gave Mary such a look of mysterious understanding and soul-sympathy as can be better imagined than expressed. How eagerly she must wish that her respected parent would depart! How ardently *I* wished it, at any rate! That unsuspecting lady, actuated by what motive I neither knew nor cared,

presently gratified me by taking her leave. I blessed her as she went.

She had remained sitting upon a sofa. I drew forth my ring and took a seat close by her side. Her hand was lying white and passive upon her lap. In a moment I had taken it in my own, exclaiming as I did so, with premeditated eloquence:

“Beloved, since you are promised to be mine, it is not fitting that this fair hand”—then I looked up into her face and—“Gad!” said I, with uncontrollable astonishment, for such a look as I met have I never seen upon a mortal countenance since. Picture to yourself an expression of the most intense, supreme bewilderment, struggling amidst chaotic confusion to fix upon something definite and tangible; imagine it to be transformed suddenly into swift, deep resentment, and to culminate finally in a look of wounded pride and haughty scorn, and you will have a faint idea of what I saw in Miss Elliot’s face. Flushing deep crimson, she rose and drew herself up to her full height, which appeared, to my stricken gaze, about ten feet, and exclaimed in the tones of an offended goddess:

“Sir! How dare you! What am I to understand by such conduct! How dare you presume upon your acquaintance with me to insult me in my own house? By what authority do you venture to call me—to—to—call me by such a name without my permission? Do you imagine that I am one to be thus trifled with?”

Dare! Presume! Without her permission! Trifle! The words echoed through the caverns of my brain as though in hideous mockery of my bewilderment. By the whole line of the Pharoahs! Was I crazy? Or was *she*? Or were we both of us demented? Or was it all a horrid nightmare? I didn’t stop to speculate. Rallying my fast-failing wits, I exclaimed:

“But, my dear Mary”—

“Miss Elliot, if you please! On my word, your impudence is unbearable.”

"But, Miss Elliot," I amended, "it is impossible that you can mean what you say. Did you not only yesterday morning promise to be my wife? Can you so soon forget? Is it possible that you, in whom I trusted so entirely, can be one of those heartless coquettes who make men's happiness only to mar it? Who degrade their charms to the service of their selfish vanity?"

Before I had spoken ten words my courage returned. I grew ten times bolder. In point of fact, I recall that I waxed really eloquent. I spoke with such evident sincerity that the anger died out of Mary's face, and when she spoke again she was perfectly calm and self-possessed.

"I have known you well enough, sir, to think that you would not willingly presume upon our friendship to insult me. But I really do not know how to explain to myself your actions. You must be laboring under some strange delusion. I recall every incident of our meeting yesterday morning; but you said not a word of love to me, to do which I have certainly never intentionally given you the least encouragement."

This was too much. To have her coolly and deliberately pretend to have never heard the very words she and I had both spoken scarcely twenty-four hours before was more than I could patiently bear. It was my turn to be angry now. I assumed an air of insulted dignity, made a fierce declamation against the falseness of woman in general and herself in particular, swore that I would scorn her to my dying day, wished her, with Saturnine irony, great happiness of her success in ruining an honest man's life, expressed an unalterable determination to straightway put an end to my miserable existence, and left the room in majestic wrath.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. It lieth not in the scope of words to do it. Despair, rage, disappointment, wounded vanity, shame, banded together to torment me. But through it all and in it all there was some strange, half-conscious suspicion that more was wrong than I quite

apprehended—one of those troublesome spectres of thought that glide in and out amongst one's flesh-and-blood ideas, now vanishing, now appearing—ever delusive, intangible, unreal and provoking. The events of the previous morning were beginning to have an unaccountable duplex personality—memory was divided against itself, and was waging a mighty civil conflict. Then, as I walked on rapidly towards my rooms, I was oppressed with an uneasy sense that the character in which Mary Elliot had just now appeared was utterly at variance with all that I had heard or known of her. Was it possible, I asked myself, that she could be the cold-blooded coquette I had just accused her of being? Yet, had she not encouraged me only—*encouraged* me? What could I be thinking of! *Accepted* me, I should have—good Heavens! Why should that silly idea of encouragement so persistently intrude itself upon me?

“But,” something within me expostulated, “you *know* that you left her only yesterday morning in the very ecstasy of hope and confidence,” and then the thought flashed through my mind, Was it not *last night* that I was regretting that I did not tell her of my love at our last meeting? Verily, out of darkness was coming forth light, but a light that was blacker than darkness. By a supreme effort of will I forced myself into a state of perfect calmness—that false calm that is like the oil upon the waters of a troubled ocean. I was no longer flurried, no longer confused. Ha! ha! Should I, Michael Angelo Smith, be the sport of a lot of silly notions? The idea! Absurd! Clearly, distinctly, then, after this oiling process, I recalled the events of the past two days. I remembered that until yesterday morning I had not seen Mary Elliot for two weeks. I remembered that the last visit I could have paid her before this morning must have been on the morning after my return, and lo! every event of that visit stood out plainly before me. The outlines of the conflicting proposal and acceptance were growing dim and yet dimmer. I had now

reached my studio. There was the very chair in which I had sat in dreamy reflection last night. There was no longer a straw of doubt for my drowning hands to clutch in hopeful despair. My wrath boiled over once more, but this time at myself—the oil was wasted, and the waves were dashing high again. “Fool!” I yelled, as I turned to pace my room in impotent rage. So! there was Caliban! Poor Caliban! with his rippling locks and his dimples, looking more like the devil than Shakespeare ever intended him to be. It did not tend to quiet or soothe me—it was but a reminder of my silly delusion and imbecile behavior. I launched one kick at his visage, which in no wise enhanced the beauty of that cheerful effigy. Then sat I down and said unto myself, in Biblical confusion :

“I will arise, and gird up my loins and flee; and the places that knew me shall know me no more.”

The State of my adoption no longer numbered me among her citizens. I departed far thence, and I left no trace of the unfortunate victim of a *dream* in which I, Michael Angelo Smith, had out-Bottomed Bottom.

EVENTIDE.

THE parting glories of the sunset hour
 Have faded into twilight's gathering gloom ;
 Like nature's flowers, resplendent in their bloom
 That perish soon despite the gracious shower ;
 And far above the shades that seem to cower
 In mortal dread—away from earthly doom—
 The tiny lamps of heaven, that illumine
 Night's darkened path, reveal their hidden power
 And one by one light up the vaulted deep.
 Their softly-flowing beams, like some sweet sleep,
 Bring peace to weary souls and gently hide
 Those heartburns of the day in kind embrace.
 And dark-clad stillness veils the pilgrim's face
 As up he looks and feels 'tis eventide.

RUTH—AN INCIDENT.

MY YOUTH, in fact my life until my early manhood, was spent in the quaint, old-fashioned village of Belle Haven. It was, in truth, an ancient place—a landmark almost of the good old pioneer days. Situated on the beautiful Mon river, stretching peacefully along the banks at the foot of the prettiest of hills, it formed a picturesque and striking sight. Its narrow streets, its plain houses with their rigid architecture, the prim ways and customs of its elders, betokened a love for the antique rarely equalled. In the days of settlement, suddenly springing into existence, it had grown for a time and then, filling no want, as suddenly crystallized. Yes, history would have called it a case of arrested development, for the goddess of fortune had not allotted to this ancient village, throughout its long past, a nobler position than that of a market place for country produce. A faithful old line of steamboats, plying ceaselessly up and down, day after day, afforded the dwellers along that charming river their only means of access to the outside world.

This, as I said, was my early home, midst the pleasantest of associations and the happiest of friendships. Here grew up with me what I shall always recall as a very pleasant circle of young people. My life had been pleasant, though moving along in a quiet and uneventful way. As I see it now little sunlight streams in upon it, yet few clouds darken it. Through all those years, however, comes struggling to my remembrance one bright beam of sunlight that brightened my pathway. As the thoughts of those days fill my mind, I can see standing before me the image of a "rare and radiant maiden;" her tall, graceful figure; her face with its dark lustrous eyes, its brightness only heightened by a beautiful head of brown hair, forming a picture in my memory beyond the poet's pen or the artist's brush. One could have found prettier girls than she, few more

fascinating or more attractive; and the quaint name, Ruth, ever seemed to add dignity to her character. Ruth and I had been friends since childhood. Ours was such a friendship as youth alone engenders. Childhood's fancies have their end, however, and it is oft but a step from youth's bright friendship to love's young dream. Well do I remember how brightly my twentieth spring dawned for me, revealing to me in Ruth—my childhood's playmate, my youth's best friend—some new charm, something so utterly different from anything I had ever seen in one before. I began to long for her presence and grieve at her absence, but I hardly realized it then or afterwards, for—well, I was in love. The thought seemed to appall me, yet above it all would flit the vision of that bright and beaming face. Yes, I had been a boy till then and all my experiences were such as those of other boys. Now I felt, as I thought over my discovery, that truly youth had no pleasures like the pleasures of a first love.

The spring that had come so beautifully, wore away. Summer's heat grew more intense but the ardor of my love burned the brighter. Autumn, with its tinging shades, came on, blighting many of earth's fairest beauties, but it left my love untinged. Winter's storms, with their frosts and piercing blasts, freezing all nature, cooled not my love. Not till then did I realize fully that one fair form embodied all that was to me noblest and best. How I longed to cast myself before Ruth and tell her of my love! My pride saved me, for none knew better than I the folly of "Love in a cottage with water and a crust." I could not see my way clear, for surely my income, I thought, would hardly maintain more than such a cottage. And would it increase? There was but one answer to this. I knew it would not. Could I then ask for the hand of another with my prospects so dark before me? No! I said to myself; but I could at least live in hope, and by my ambition prove myself worthy of such an one. Fortune favored me, and I accepted a

splendid opening in a distant western town, far away from my native village. I was determined on my course. Little preparation was needed for my journey, so a few days brought the time of my departure. Did Ruth love me?—this was my parting thought. I looked deep into those eyes and seemed to read my answer—yes. And yet, though I thought so, I did not know, but dwelt long and oft on that beautiful old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." The pleasure of a word of hope from her lips, or the promise of a line from her pen—in my pride I asked for neither, but with saddened yet hopeful heart bade farewell to my old friends and much-loved associations. Early spring found me on my western journey. A year hence saw me nicely situated in a thriving business in a booming western town. News of that eastern village had reached me but seldom in my new home. It had been a year of success and great change for me, but the cares of a work-a-day world and the desolations of time had not effaced from my heart and memory the visions of that maiden. Truly, in my case, "absence had made the heart grow fonder." My correspondence had been fitful and uncertain, and I had heard little concerning Ruth from the friends of my native village. Memory bore me back to old Belle Haven and the scenes of my childhood.

A month or more passed without a letter from my old friends, or the slightest news from my native village. I longed so to hear from Ruth and know of her that suddenly I started for my early home without the slightest warning. Love admits of no delays, and hurried me on rapidly to the city near quaint Belle Haven. The faithful old line of steamboats was still plying to and fro between the city and my early home. How delighted I was to be even so near Ruth, and yet how slowly the boat moved in comparison with my thoughts. In early afternoon, as it drew up at the wharf of my native village, an unexpected pleasure greeted me. I was rejoiced to find my old friends awaiting the boat, and

bound for a little excursion to Geneva, the head of navigation of that beautiful river.

It is said a glance may often fill a lover's heart with anxious fears or hopes. As I stood on the deck that day, a glance from that face that had haunted my vision so continually for the past year thrilled me as never before. She loves me, then, I thought within myself. I knew not, but as I seemed to see the same pleasure in her face at seeing me as of old, you will not think it strange that I joined the little excursion. It was a pleasant surprise for me and, I hoped, for one other of that party also. The afternoon hours came and went only too quickly for everyone. My adventures in the West were soon sought for and recounted. Gayly did the party talk of many merry events that had happened in my absence. The grand old boat *Germania* never seemed half so gay. Pleasure and goodwill reigned supreme. There was no restraint among us. Each knew and thought well of the others, and, to our enjoyment, few regular passengers were on board that day.

But troubles brew so soon, and it was not long ere I was set to pondering within myself—what means the devotion of my old friend Jack to Ruth? Quickly the thought rose within me—can he, the noblest of friends, have played me false and fallen in love with Ruth? But how could I reproach him, for, indeed, none knew of my affection save myself, not even Ruth.

The day for the little excursion was delightful, one of those days of which the poet has said :

“ And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.”

Sunset tints were dark that evening. Twilight early turned to night. The sky had changed its hue and our

beautiful June day threatened to end with a summer's shower.

I had long hoped to speak to Ruth alone, but the pleasures of the afternoon and the constant presence of my friend Jack prevented this. There was something, after all, so different from the Ruth of old. What meant this restraint, this hesitancy so different from the Ruth of my heart? I could neither explain it nor forget it. The coming of the night oft brings the greatest evils, but it brought me hope that day, hope that I might be able to speak with Ruth alone, when I should tell her of my one comforting thought in my absence. Desperate and so eager to know my fate, I whispered to Ruth to meet me alone that night on the deck. Time seemed scarcely to move, and I began to fault myself for what I had done, but hardly had the appointed hour come as I rushed anxiously forth from the cabin.

It was a "wild and flying night." Dark masses of clouds scudded across the sky like birds on the wing. The moon had almost ceased her course across the heavens, darting ever and anon now back of a dark bank of clouds and now into the clear sky. There was something threatening and ominous about it all, but I cast all fear aside. The boat surged on. The moon passed behind a high hill and everything around was wrapped in fearful darkness. Even in that darkness I recognized Ruth sitting near me. My eyes saw her only. They looked for none else. Yet, too, I had hardly dared to hope that she would steal forth alone from the rest of the party. My heart leaped at the thought that my longed-for opportunity had come, but with it had come the fear that it might soon be lost. Little heeding whether other eyes were there to see or other ears to hear, words rushed eagerly to my lips, and I spoke hesitatingly:

"Ruth, you little knew why I decided to go west last year. I had come to love one whom I had looked on as a friend from childhood. As I felt that my income would not suffice for two, I accepted a position offered me in a distant

western town. Now, after a year's success, I have come back to lay myself and all that is mine at the feet of the one I love. May I not hope, Ruth, that you will some day love me as I"— But before I could finish, the words of my doom rang out clearly :

"Oh! Dave, Dave, you have not heard, you do not know then that this can never be?"

It was more than I could bear. She loved Jack then, I thought; she loves me not. My heart failed me. I went no further, for everything seemed blank before me, and I stooped to imprint a kiss on her hand ere I left. Once more the moon burst forth in all its splendor low down in the western heavens, and to my surprise and amazement, revealed to me the figure of a gentleman sitting beside Ruth—whose hand I was kissing for hers. I was disappointed, yes enraged; but Ruth, rising quickly to her feet, said :

"Oh! Dave, you do not know then that I am married! Allow me to present to you my husband, your old friend Jack."

It was enough. I had loved and lost, and as I stand looking back on the past and bearing up the bodies of my dead hopes, I realize as never before—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—"fonder of the other fellow."

PSYCHE ASLEEP.

LOW on her downy couch amid the flowers,
 She lies asleep—Psyche the beautiful—
 How like to death, and yet how more than fair!
 The eye-lids fringed and pale, that closing down
 Veiled all the languorous glory of her eyes
 As the pale mist shuts out the light of stars.
 The chin, where Cupid lies—the delicate cheek
 Where blushes rise and fall like the soft glow

That shines at night, red on the northern moors.
The parted lips, whose clinging, mute caress
Would flush the cold cheek of a marble faun,
Or rob a Nero of his tiger heart
The while it turned his wolfish blood to flame.
The rounded neck, where lie the azure veins
Like frozen streams winding through wastes of snow.
There, moored upon her breast, the silver zone
Rises and falls with every lingering breath
That, loath to slip from such caressing lips,
Floats like a sigh from out the vale of dreams.
Her hair in riotous profusion drifts
Across her pillow, and her tender limbs
Stretched in a sweet abandon 'neath the chaste
And flowered draperies of her lotus couch,
Would shame the grace of sculptured Niobé.

HUNTING ISLAND LIGHT—A SKETCH.

ON THE coast of South Carolina, near the Georgian State line, between Port Royal and Hilton Head, lies the quiet, sleepy little town of Beaufort. Thirty years ago it was a fashionable resort for the people of Charleston. Here stood grand old manors, which, in *ante bellum* days, were thronged with Southern beauty and the bravest of Southern chivalry. Along these smooth shell roads galloped crowds of merry gallants; over these well-kept lawns tripped many a fair young girl. But that was in "them good ole days." Now all is changed. The tide of fashion has turned into other channels, and left, as evidences of its tarrying, only crumbling bits of wreckage—ruined mansions and overgrown gardens; and the little seaport has sunk back, to drowse and nod again through another generation.

To the south and east of Beaufort lie, scattered upon old ocean's breast in nature's beautiful confusion, what are known as the Sea Islands. On the easternmost edge of these, and divided from them by five or six miles of Beau-

fort Sound, lies Hunting Island, wild, thickly wooded and very picturesque. On the coast-line of this island, almost in the waves, stands the Hunting Island Light, flashing out over the restless sea its warning to sailors of surrounding rocks and reefs.

The keeper of the light, a clever, sensible fellow with whom I had formed a pleasant friendship, invited me one November to spend a week on the island in hunting and fishing. From thence I intended to go to Charleston to meet my brother, who was coming by sea from New York.

Thus it was that I awoke one bright morning in a high, wainscoted chamber of Beaufort's quaint little inn, the Sea Island Hotel. The November sun shone warmly in through the waxy green leaves of the two great orange trees outside the window, casting soft shadows across the wide veranda, and tempting me from my slumbers. After breakfasting, I wandered out and down the dusty, white shell road which forms the main street of the town, past storehouses filled with cotton, and markets laden with Southern produce, to the quiet river front—where clumsy schooners, loaded with pine and phosphate, lay side by side with pleasure-boats once finely made and brightly painted, but now rotting at their moorings.

"And in and out of every one,
Swarmed the dark children of the sun."

At the end of a long wharf I perceived the trim little government boat belonging to Hunting Island Light, and, stepping from her, my friend the keeper. After warm greetings we embarked, and hoisting our sprit sail, sped through the dimpling waters, before a light west wind. And as we sailed out from the river, down the marsh creeks, trending away to the eastward and the sea, we talked of friends long dead, of things accomplished many years ago when we last met, or, sitting silent in our places,

listened to the hoarse cry of the sea birds and the faint sounds that reached us from the land.

After about three hours sailing, we saw on our right the wharf, and beyond it over the gray, green meadows of serge and the thick forests of pine and palmetto, the tall finger of the light-house.

The days passed quickly here, in quiet pleasure. Good sport abounded, and sometimes we hunted down the broad, ocean-washed beach for snipe and millet, sometimes in the woods for deer or coons. At night we gathered round the blazing fire, smoked our long clay pipes, drank our "spirits" and told wonderful tales of marvelous adventures. So my week's stay slipped happily by, and the close of my visit was at hand. But, on the day I had set for my departure, the weather was so threatening that I was compelled to remain at the light-house. Thus I found myself forced to abandon the idea of meeting my brother, and await on a lonely island the coming of a "northeaster."

The storm drew on apace; the wind blew fresh and damp, and all day the sky to seaward was thick and hazy. Dark clouds chased each other across the leaden sky. The sea, with the restlessness of a wayward child, dashed itself upon the sands, receding again with a hollow moan of discontent. The sea birds circled around the island with wild, discordant cries, and even the rain fell in fitful showers. This outward spirit of vague terror and foreboding aroused in me a corresponding feeling. My brother would arrive, and I should not be there to meet him—but he *would* arrive; yes, surely the storm would blow over—it was not a heavy gale; the vessel was in port long ere this. But I could not argue away my fears, and night came on, cold, wild and dreary, finding me almost ill with nervousness. Inside the little house at the foot of the tower, all was snug and cheerful. The bright fire of pine logs, our only light, cast lively shadows on the walls; my friends spun their finest yarns for my special delectation, and brought out their best corn

whiskey, but the feeling of vague uneasiness clung to me through all, and I shuddered to hear the casements tremble before the fury of the wind, and the rose tree—skeleton of its summer loveliness—tapping with ghostly fingers on the panes. When it came my turn, therefore, at twelve to take my four hours' watch in the tower—for I endeavored to lighten the labors of my entertainers—I thought to escape from myself and my dreary thoughts. But the great cylinder seemed doubly cheerless and lonesome, and the echoes of my footsteps on the iron floor were now my sole companions. It was a gruesome place that November night, and I shall never forget my melancholy watch. The storm was increasing every moment. The breakers flung themselves upon the beach with a force that made the island tremble. The wind, sweeping in from the maddened ocean, shook the tower to its foundation and sobbed around the light like a wailing child. Ever and anon a bird attracted by the bright glare and half driven by the gale, threw itself against the glass, and with an almost human cry, fell dead into the seething waves below. In the midst of all this chaos, the huge cage which contained the light turned slowly round undisturbed as fate, sending out its warning flash regardless of the warring elements.

What wonder then that with such surroundings my vague fears increased, and ugly phantoms harrassed my brain? I knew that the vessel containing my brother was due the day previous, and must have arrived before the storm commenced; but still if—pshaw—I tried to get rid of such fancies, and busied myself in refilling the light and winding up again the weight which, hanging down into the darkness below, kept the prism in motion. The moments dragged on with leaden footsteps. Would four o'clock never come? For three long hours I sat there communing with my own strange thoughts, or pacing with restless steps the narrow cage—when, hark! was that a cannon? Again it sounds above the fury of the tempest,

and this time I recognize the signal of distress. My companions recognize it too, and I hear hurried footsteps on the iron stair-case. Presently my friend stands before me whispering, "May God in his mercy pity them, for human aid is powerless." Hastily we descended together, and as I went he told me that on the bar just off the island, was a large steamer, rapidly going to pieces. My feeling of dread increased tenfold as we rushed out into the storm. How plainly we could hear the doomed ship's guns sounding like a knell above the noise of wind and ocean. Occasionally a rocket lighted up for a moment the inky landscape, and we could almost see the despairing crew, but yet we could not aid them! Gradually the reports became less frequent and finally ceased. The rockets, too, were seen no more. I fancied I heard a shriek wafted toward me from the reef, but it might have been only the wind, and I shuddered to think of what had stopped those guns, of what had befallen that unhappy crew. We could do nothing but pace the beach and wait for morning, and as I walked in sleet and rain the question obtruded itself upon me as to what vessel this was.

The end usually comes with the dawn; and as the storm-tossed daylight crept slowly over the shivering little island, the cruel gray sea, now calmer and almost gentle, began to cast up at my feet broken spars, pieces of plank and bits of sail—sad evidence of his triumph. I was worn out by lack of sleep, wet to the skin and shivering with cold, while my heart, tortured with a thousand dreads, lay like lead within my breast. Nevertheless I kept on in my weary patrol for about a mile up the beach. I halted just under the shadow of a huge palmetto, where the wreck of a Swedish bark lay half buried in the sand—another evidence of ocean's cruelty. While standing here and sadly pondering on the desolation wrought in many homes by the fierce waves of the sea, I noticed some object lying on the shore, and edged higher and higher up by each

succeeding breaker. It looked like an old sail wrapped round a spar, but yet its shape was—no, I was a fool, it must be a sail. My fears and my vigils had so upset my mind that I saw all things in a morbid light. As I stood hesitating, a great wave, with a triumphant hiss, flung it almost at my feet, and with a chill of horror I recognized it to be what my inner consciousness had whispered—the body of a man. Springing forward I knelt by its side, and by the half-light of the early morning recognized in the still cold face the dear familiar features of my only brother. Then I ceased to wonder at my superstitious fears, my strange uneasiness of the night before, ceased to worry about breaking my appointment at Charleston, ceased to anticipate a joyful reunion. Yes, there I knelt on that lonely, storm-beaten shore, far from my companions, the cold November morning, looking down with an agony that only those who have experienced it can know, into the white, dead face of the man I had promised to meet the day before, in all good health and happiness, now washed up at my feet by the cruel, relentless ocean, drowned, lashed to a broken spar.

VOICES.

AIDS TO REFLECTION.

IN A college community as in no other the sense of honor should be highly developed and well defined—a chivalry which manifests itself in loyalty and principles of right. Certainly a liberal education involves this as one of its postulates.

We make the above statement not as a text for a sermon nor, indeed, to inveigh against the standard of honor as it is maintained in our immediate body; for we believe the standard of honor among Princeton students is as high, if not higher, than that of any other college in the land.

But there is one evil among us which is grave. Its immediate effects upon those who indulge it are bad, its outcome promises to be worse. Insidious in its workings, it has a coterie of friends even among those who do not practice it. We refer to what our President aptly called “the carrying aids to reflection into examination hall.” “Cribbing” is an injustice, both to the professor and to all those members of the class who are too honorable to stoop to meanness to assist them through an exam. and who would rather flunk than cheat. It is strange, indeed, that whereas a man who cheats at cards or steals is despised by all college men alike, while a man who cheats in examination is regarded with lenient commiseration and his offense condoned, perchance, by the remark, “He only did it to get through.” This is the worst sort of mambypambyism. It is just as dishonorable to cheat in exams. as it is in the ordinary affairs of every-day life, and it is time a good, healthy sentiment were created with regard to this matter, for the tendencies cannot but be baneful.

Nor can any man excuse himself by saying that the course is too rigid or the exams. too hard to pass, for it is obvious

to all that a man with even less than ordinary ability, who exercises a small amount of individual effort, can obtain the per cent. required to pass.

On the other hand, we think we voice the sentiment of the undergraduate body when we say that we do not believe in a professor having watchers trying to spy out those who may be using illegitimate means of passing an examination. This may be conducive to the setting up an interesting rivalry between the watchers and those watched, *i. e.*, the development of keenness in trickery, but it certainly is not conducive to the development of that sentiment of true honor which, as an undergraduate body, we should hold in high esteem. We are young men taking a university course; let us be treated as such.

We venture to say that the stand taken by our President in the last exam., when he said, "Gentlemen, I put every man on his honor; I have no watchers," was highly appreciated by all undergraduates, and is a step in the right direction, from the faculty standpoint, toward the development of this sentiment of honor of which we are speaking.

D.

A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELIST.

THERE are realists who hold as a tenet of their literary faith the necessity of the study of their next-door neighbors, and there are idealists and romanticists who find the people and places of a very small part of their native land the best materials for their work; but there are also storytellers who venture on more remote themes, and give us glimpses of life and thought under other skies. After a struggle with a creole or negro dialect study, or after nodding over the rapid dialogue of the latest Boston novel, it is often a relief to turn to one of these brisk cosmopolitan novelists.

Easily chief among modern writers of this school (if school it may be called) is F. Marion Crawford. Born and bred in Italy, the son of American parents; a student in England and Germany; an accomplished man of the world, who speaks ten languages and has seen all lands worth seeing, Mr. Crawford is a true *cosmopolite*.

Mr. Crawford has tried one land after another as a setting for a novel, and, although he has scarcely made a failure in any, he has written oftenest about Italy, and seems to be most at home there. "Mr. Isaacs," the novel that made him famous, is a story of India. "Zoroaster," his only historical novel, of course is laid in Persia. We find England in "The Tale of a Lonely Parish," Germany in "Greifenstein," Turkey in "Paul Patoff," and the United States in "An American Politician." "A Roman Singer" and "Saracinesca" are the best of his Italian novels. If you are fond of the occult, read "Mr. Isaacs." Read "Zoroaster" for gorgeous pictures of Oriental life, and for sweet and passionate love-scenes, "Greifenstein;" for an understanding of German student life, "Saracinesca," and its sequel, "Sant 'Ilario," for a view of the Italy of the Unification.

Mr. Crawford's men and women are, with but few exceptions, well born. They are never "snobs," they talk and move easily, and are in harmony in thought and tone with their environments. Among them there are few villains, and those who might be given that traditional name are so human, so evidently weak rather than vicious, that the reader never hates them. The earliest of his novels—"To Leeward"—is the story of an erring wife, whose faithlessness is unnecessarily detailed, although it points a moral in its tragic conclusion. This unwholesome tendency never re-appears, and the lover of a clean novel, with stirring action, with flesh-and-blood people, and with exquisite literary finish, will never regret a sojourn in a strange land with F. Marion Crawford.

PROGRESS TOWARD THE UNIVERSITY SPIRIT.

IN A thoughtful moment, we have all possibly been impressed by what may be somewhat indefinitely termed the college atmosphere. But have we ever asked ourselves what is the most vital and elemental constituent of this atmosphere?

When roughly reviewing our progress in the last thirty years toward the university spirit, we have probably thought of the increased number of handsome buildings, of intelligent students, and of learned professors. These are, of course, the most necessary components of an educational institution. Yet these three factors are, as it were, only the media for that continuous immaterial power which constitutes the essential being of the university. This power is vast and psychical. It consists in the mental deposits of the ages—the illustrious dead living in their writings.

Viewed in this light, a university is a treasure-house, wherein all that was true, beautiful and good in the past is preserved for us who come after. Thus, the problem of the college man is, Which of the choice viands of the past do I most need for my future exertions? In putting the question in this way, he is showing a sane and truly university spirit; since he does not foolishly magnify the past and minify the present, like the antiquary, but rather employs the past as a stepping-stone to the future. Now, our belief is that we are attaining to some such conception. In these days when every corner of past ages is being peered into by judicious scholars, it is impossible that we should not catch some inspiring backward glimpses through our philosophy, our history, or our archeology. These glimpses impart the university spirit; because they tell us that learning is intrinsically desirable, and not merely extrinsically profitable.

But, you ask, what proof have we that such a spirit is beginning to prevail here? We base our argument on the altered attitude of college men toward each other. To

introduce a historical analogy, we might contend that the college, say of thirty years ago, had not passed the patriarchal stage. Every classmate knew and recited with every other, and, as a result, there was not the opportunity for that diversity of interests which now so completely differentiate the various types of undergraduates.

This change we must ascribe partially to the elective system, the enlarging proportions of which are suiting themselves more and more to our different mental proclivities. One of the most hopeful signs in this direction is the institution of special honors, and at the same time the gradual recession into the background of the grading system. The view is thus encouraged, that knowledge is desirable for its own sake, and that, as old and new worlds of learning are rapidly being opened, it grows necessary for each learner to appropriate a distinct intellectual territory.

But, you inquire, what is to give unity to our several collegiate activities as this university spirit gains ground? It is easy to anticipate the reply. Our common athletic interest—an interest unknown three decades ago—here effectually enters and imparts a corporate consciousness to our student life.

E.

THE STUDENTS' CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

WHEN a few years ago the Conference Committee was instituted it was hailed as the precursor of an era of good feeling and better understanding between the faculty and the under-graduate body. When the students had chosen the committee they naturally expected that their representatives would be successful in pushing just claims for redress of grievances and requests for increased privileges. Let us see to what extent these expectations have been realized.

The Conference Committee has now had a fair trial, if duration only be considered. If it could succeed under existing conditions, it should be a success by this time. As a matter of fact the committee's powers have too little scope. There is no opportunity for securing improvement on the material side of college life, for the simple reason that the committee can only confer with the faculty and not with the treasurer, who represents the trustees. If a new lamp is wanted on the campus, if a building is out of repair, if the servants in some public department are negligent, the committee can do nothing.

But the reader will say that the committee has surely done something in other directions. The writer has been a member of the committee for two years and knows of no satisfactory result following the committee's action except in cases of discipline. If the committee presents some carefully considered scheme for a change of the examination system, for absence gratuities, or for modification of library rules, it is respectfully received by the faculty and is heard of no more.

Last year the committee, having been repeatedly ignored, resigned in a body. The resignation was not accepted and in view of certain representations made by those in authority the committee continued to serve. This year the situation is little if any better. The committee is almost a by-word among the students, and, knowing the uselessness of doing anything, the committee does nothing.

Let the committee have more power, let the faculty consult with the committee about certain matters—rules, schedules and the like—or let the committee cease to exist.

There is more harmony between faculty and students than ever before, but the long cherished hope of student participation in the government of the college is still unrealized.

J.

EDITORIALS.

The American people are great readers, and, as a rule, they read too much to remember well even the most striking things that they read. Young people are inspired by their reading to write, and in writing they not infrequently unconsciously reproduce scenes that have most impressed them in their general reading. Many of good reputation as literary workers would be puzzled to satisfactorily account for the resemblance of some of their best work to the best work of some one else.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE above sentences have especial significance at this time, as they have been most aptly illustrated by a concrete case. We received from a member of *Ninety* a contribution, which want of space forbids us to publish; but anyone who desires to read it may find the same, *verbatim* among Lowell's sonnets, entitled "In Absence," on page 113 of Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s complete edition of his works.

THE CAP AND THE GOWN.

THE custom of wearing the cap and the gown as the regular university attire, so characteristic of English universities, has met with but little success among the American students. The spirit of their institutions, their habits and their natural disposition seemed to have placed an effective check upon the general adoption of those university insignia. And their influence is sweeping back upon English students. Though in other particulars they may imitate their relatives across the sea, in this they have had a reacting force, and now the cap and the gown is losing its place, even among its strongest supporters.

But the old custom should not be altogether forgotten. There is a pleasure, there is a real joy in participating at

times in a quaint old habit. And there are many, even among American students, who are strong conservatives in the question of the cap and the gown. Rarely a class passes out that has not its quota of "mortar-boards," rarely a class that does not, however formally, at some time in its course, adopt them as their class attire. To the Senior Class, especially, it has been an appropriate privilege. And if there is one time more than any other at which their special privilege has and ought to become their right pre-eminent, it is upon Commencement Day and throughout the accompanying week. Theirs is then the occasion, theirs the labor and the trouble, and theirs the sad farewell. To them above all others belong the honors and the distinctions of the season, and they should be designated throughout the week with the insignia of the university. It would be a most worthy custom to establish, if during that time the entire Senior Class could wear a cap and a gown. Not only would the old custom be retained and the Senior dignity be gratified, but the visitors and friends would behold a most pleasing spectacle, while the general quality of the exercises would be greatly improved. It would require none of the costly and cumbrous silk, but a light, airy and inexpensive gown could be procured which would most satisfactorily answer the purpose. The present Senior Class, in revolving in their minds the various innovations by which they can make their exercises different from the hundred and fifty that has gone before, might do well in giving a consideration to the adoption of the cap and the gown for the class dress throughout the entire Commencement week.

"CRIBBING."

THE subject of cribbing has been agitating the editorial mind for some time, and we hailed with great pleasure and approved the articles upon the subject as they appeared

in the columns of our esteemed contemporary. This evil has been among us too long, is a statement which every honest man will attest as truthful. It has been winked at by some, some have despaired of any remedy, and others have made sincere attempts to at least abate the nuisance. The methods have been of varying kinds. Some professors have tried the police system, not from personal eccentricity nor that they might exhibit their own shrewdness in outwitting the cribbers, but from a purely ingenious motive, determining on their part to give that method a fair trial. The results of such a procedure have not been as successful as we all could wish. The college cribber, like the Heathen Chinee, is peculiar

“For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,”

but it is nothing to his credit, though the natural heart does appreciate, and sometimes applaud, the success of a shrewdly contrived plan of deceit. It is this characteristic of the heart which ensures the popularity of detective stories and tales of crime, and increases the circulation of that newspaper which gives the most detailed account of criminal schemes. But that the heart responds to and appreciates such keenness is no argument for its existence. If it were, we could argue sin in its blackest forms. While the human heart does respond to knavery in this manner, yet man's nobleness and better judgment condemn all such actions.

A second method has been tried with seemingly as little success, but one which is far more complimentary to the students. It is none other than that employed by a number of our professors and familiar to all, namely, putting a man on his honor. This is generous, this is fair; and the majority of men work under it with more zeal. Every honorable man when put upon his honor can be depended upon. But some men seem to have no honor. What is to be done? How can honor be manufactured in a community? This is hard to answer, for like must come from like;

and if there be no honor in a man, the only thing left is for him to be born again. But there is honor, and if it be at a low ebb it may be stimulated by something from without. This something, is college sentiment. The most effective antidote for the habit of cribbing is to place it under the ban by a strong college sentiment against it. This is what is needed among us. It cannot be effected at once. Such things come by slow processes. There is a majority of feeling in favor of doing away with this pernicious habit, but men cannot and will not break friendship with each other, drawn together as they are by many traits which are commendable, because one commits a fault of which the other does not approve. This is not to be expected. But by degrees it is hoped that this feeling which now exists will pervade the college and be more *outspoken*; so much so, that a man will feel that he will lose caste if he indulges in the habit; so much so, that a man will be literally ostracized; his fellows will cease to associate with him and freeze him out. This can be done. It has been done. It is in operation at the University of Virginia. The sentiment should be especially prominent among the lower classes, for it is far easier to ostracize a man before acquaintance or strong friendship is formed than after.

Against the police system the college man rebels. It furnishes him with an incentive to crib. It does not in the least palliate his offense, but it gives him cause to admire himself and be admired if he has shown his capability to outwit the watcher in the game. Therefore, the second method has been tried, and when a man cribs under that system he is mean indeed. There exists to-day a marked spirit of liberality upon the part of the faculty toward the students. It is particularly noticeable in the attitude our president assumes. When, therefore, the professor is willing to come more than half way it is, to say the least, an exhibition of ingratitude for the student to take dishonorable advantage of it instead of showing appreciation and

giving coöperation. Surely there is every argument for the abolishment of this insidious cribbing habit; there is a remedy, slow though it be in its effects; and it therefore only remains for the student body to act its part by expressions on campus and in dormitory of its strong disapproval. We owe this, if only as a recognition of the University spirit shown on the part of the faculty.

FOREIGN TRAVELING.

IN TIMES when the expense of seeing a foreign country has been reduced to within the means of every ambitious man, and in times when the safety and the pleasure of the passenger are so carefully and so studiously regarded, it has become the privilege of the present generation to become acquainted with languages, with customs and with countries which their parents could know only as in a dream. Nor are they by any means reluctant in taking advantage of their wonderful opportunities. Men generally are hoarding less for their children and are seeing more of the world. Young people upon whom the blessings of riches have been bestowed, leaving their homes for a time, are setting out to see what the world contains; while youth, who have not the privileges which money secures but who are filled with an ambition to know what character of people their contemporaries may be, are saving their earnings that they may investigate the conditions and problems which are confronting people in the struggle of life.

But there is one class of men in the present age who, above all others, should take advantage, and that promptly, of all the opportunities which cheapening travel affords. We mean, of course, the college graduate; and we mean that every student who can possibly obtain the where-with-all should

give himself the culture of at least a short time in foreign traveling. After a four years' course in college, even the shortest trip could have nothing but a most salutary influence as a recreation before beginning the more serious duties of life. He could then enter the work with a renewed spirit, his subsequent study would have none of the air of the same continuous drudgery which it would possess if he began at once upon the study of his profession. But it is the culturing influence which should present to him the strongest attraction. The widely different character of men he would meet, the strange customs seen face to face which by their contact wear off the corners of his angularity, the self-reliance forced upon him by the many peculiar positions in which he would be placed, the cultivation of a better taste in all the activities of life, and above all the broadening of thought consequent upon a realization of the millions of souls that are struggling along the same lines as those upon which he himself will work—these are the results, these the temptations which ought to attract. If a student on graduation can obtain by almost any sacrifice the means of spending a few months in England and on the continent, he would find in it a profit not to say a pleasure that will repay him a thousand times in his subsequent life. But if an estimate of the enjoyment be added thereto, the privilege becomes simply incomparable. Two classmates, having made arrangements to spend a few months together in foreign traveling, have before them the anticipation of a pleasure that is unsurpassed. But the common idea of the fabulous cost of such a trip is so prevalent that many a man who is able to afford the expense or who could readily secure the means is prevented from enjoying its pleasure and deriving its benefit by his very ignorance. Some, it may be, slip by such an opportunity because the idea has never occurred to their minds or they may be putting it off till a period of greater competence. But if they would but reflect upon the extreme advisability of taking their travel-

ing at once, they would strain every effort to accomplish that end. They are probably then standing at the most favorable period of their lives for such an undertaking. At the close of their preliminary education when they know as much probably about the history and inter-relations of nations as they ever will and at the same time opening out before them the problems of life the vastness and content of which they have not yet appreciated, there could be no better, no more propitious time at which to place before a youth some idea of the extent and character of the world in which he lives. Every effort should be exerted, every possible sacrifice ought to be made to bend all to this end.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

THE choice of a profession is a subject which each successive generation of young men is called upon to consider, and consequently must be of vital interest at some period of every man's life. There can be no rules, unless indeed they be very general, which will admit of universal application. The matter is so largely a personal one in its character, that in considering the subject it is found that elements must be brought in which differ with each individual; hence, but little assistance can be looked for from outside sources or advice of friends. Generally a man's friends know more of his future than he himself does, and they often have it all planned out for him. And when at last, he has, by skillful avoidance of their proffered advice and assistance, made his choice, they take upon themselves the credit of having caused his decision. There are few instances where a man does not settle the question himself. This being the case, a few general remarks may be in order at this time, when the Seniors especially are debating the choice of their future careers.

"The purpose of a profession," says Hammerton, "of a profession pure and simple, is to turn knowledge and talent to pecuniary profit;" whereas pursuits conducted in the same field with no view to financial remuneration, "increase knowledge, or make it more accurate, or else are simply to give free exercise to high faculties which demand it. Some men prefer to have avocations of various kinds apart from their literary or scientific activity."

Though there are some men who are so richly furnished as to be largely free from earning a living, the majority fail to come under this category. Hence it is imperative that their profession be their business. But apart from the financial aspect, a man will hardly effect as much in either a business or a profession if his attention be divided between the two as he will when putting forth all his energies in one.

By giving his whole time he can secure greater results in whatever department he settles himself; he will be more likely to "increase knowledge" of that subject, at the same time giving "free exercise" to his high faculties.

It being first decided then, that it would be best not to think of entering a business for a livelihood with the expectation of making investigations in science after office hours, the more important consideration presents itself, namely, how shall a man decide upon a particular profession.

He must first consider what his natural tastes and aptitudes are. This is not difficult in the main. Some men have a strong aversion to the study of medicine or no sympathy whatever with such studies as botany and mineralogy. There is no question with them with regard to those subjects. They are not "cut out" for them, as the expression goes. Still they may be partial to two or more subjects at a time. They feel that they have capabilities which could be equally developed in whichever direction they should exert them. They have a taste for business and, at the same time, a liking for electrical engineering or practical

physics. Shall they enter business or give themselves up to investigations in science? Where there is no conflict here is little trouble to decide. In the last case mentioned, however, he should make a careful study, so far as he is able, of what the outcome would be in either case, and then be influenced in his choice by other elements which must necessarily enter and of which the second head forms one: namely, his training and environment. A man's training may have been along lines which he finds, upon coming to years of discretion, are not such as he would have marked out for himself and which do not agree with his tastes. But since he has received that training he feels called upon to make some practical use of it that he may feel he is to realize some return for the investment.

A man's present circumstances or environments have a very great determining power in this matter. A father may offer very flattering business opportunities to his son, who will be quite wise in accepting them. Or a position may come to a man before he has made up his choice of life-work, and, finding it promising, he will accept. So men are turned in directions suddenly, as it were, before they have finished their consideration of a "calling." But while this may be true for some men, others are not justified in trusting that the same will be their experience, and the question still confronts them—of double importance since their further preparation must be directed with the particular end in view. Therefore, after a man has settled in his mind what his talent is and to what his training points him and his present circumstances will permit, he must meditate as to the advisability of not heeding such guides and if it be best for him to attempt to surmount his circumstance and mark out new channels for himself. While all this is of great importance and conditions the choice of a profession, we may be guided by one rule, which admits of universal application and will prove a reliable standard at all times, namely, the best development of the best part of

the man. The conclusion will then be, "I choose this profession because I believe that herein I can find the best opportunities for my best development." This is the touchstone. Let the best part of every man be developed to its fullest extent and the result will be for the blessing of mankind and the glory of his Maker. In this maxim, if he make it his guiding one, he will not fail to make his life tell and will not commit a blunder in his choice; for he chooses his profession that he may "make his life tell," and, having chosen according to his tastes, he will put his whole soul in his work and his profession will be a success.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Once more myself in college halls I find,
 To grind philosophy and classic lore,
 To pore o'er books that students so deplore,
 And listen to professors holding forth;
 Each one extolling high the use and worth
 Of what he teaches as the noblest theme
 Which man can study and his mind esteem."

Of youth, and wit, and merriment,
 Of college freaks and jovial song,
 A story true to all intent,
 Here draws its tedious length along;
 It speaks of happy days gone by
 Ere crabbed age laid hold of me,
 Before its cold world made me sigh
 That I had left its jollity.
 Amid those scenes of thoughtless glee
 The winged hours sped fast away;
 Too fast they fled, like birds at sea
 Before a sudden storm in May.

—Fergusson.

THE man of books is mighty among us. He is the hero of the hour, and receives the homage of all. We imitate him. Some are zealous disciples, never losing sight of his stalwart form, to them sublime and full of grace. His praise is loudly sung and spoken with epithets of admiration. Others catch the spirit of his presence and find themselves mimicing his learned gait as he wends his way to his spacious temple. This is the period of his reign. Athletics are on a furlough. The clubhouse is closed for a season, and library and hall stand with open doors.

This "reading term" has its pleasures. Many a man finds in it more pleasure than he had anticipated, since he looked at it only from without. It is well to be skillful at handling books. But the period is a short one, and we stand upon the threshold of the spring term, with all its sports and physical enjoyments. As we look over the college life we can truly say that it has been enjoyable as well as profitable. The first year is grinding, but it is also excellent in its training. In the second year more freedom is given, and friendships are formed which will last through the courses. Junior year is more liberal still, and men begin to mark out their own courses. In Senior year friendships are sealed; the mind receives a marked expansion; men get a taste of the delights of higher knowledge, and they are able to appreciate the opportunities they have had and to value more justly those which are to present

themselves. The college man by Senior year has had the curtain lifted and has had a glimpse of the beauties of knowledge in its several departments, and he comes to the close of the course with regret, or at least with the desire to pursue still further the studies to which he has only been introduced.

Thinking over our American college life, the Gossip was led to make some investigation as to the English universities, and the labors in that direction were rewarded by some interesting facts and incidents pertaining particularly to Oxford. The American Freshman and the Oxford Freshmen do not very largely differ; he enters with "some amount of shyness, great reverence for the outward signs of university dignity, and a trembling anxiety not to overstep the limits of his especial privileges." He is supposed to be, and generally is, in an attitude to believe all that is told him, and the upper classmen take much delight in watching his credulous countenance as they present to him boldly drawn pictures of college life and characters, which often show great ingenuity. There, as well as here, his person is the object of practical jokes of an alarming character; "Crackers burst from his fire, stones fly through his window, he is aroused from midnight slumbers by the nailing up of his oak or by shrill cries of 'Fire!' 'Thieves!' etc."

There are certain rules of etiquette to which a Freshman must conform; chief among them is to return the calls of his Seniors, which he is not allowed to do until second term, and then he must leave no card, but continue his coming until he finds his friend in. He is soon admitted to the special parties, such as "breakfasts" and "wines," and finds his lot not such an unhappy one as he anticipated.

The Freshman of the eighteenth century is described in graphic lines:

" He struts, pulls off his cap to no-Man ;
 And to conceal, betrays the Plow-man ;
 But checkt for's Insolent Behaviour,
 And fearing to be out of Favour,
 * * * * *
 His Duty h'as so much Regard of
 He'll Cap a master twenty Yard off :
 To whom such Fear is him upon, Sir ;
 When spoken to, he dares not Answer."

The Oxford day is divided into three periods—the morning, time for work; the afternoon, for exercise; and the evening, for amusement and work combined. The day begins with chapel attendance; in some of the colleges this occurs at eight, in others at ten, and with others still, attendance is necessary on four mornings or only on Sunday. There is also an afternoon service at five o'clock.

Some seem to have had the same difficulty in getting to chapel in the olden time as now. A parody on Gray's *Elegy* which appeared in the *Oxford Sausage*, 1784, gives a description of this phase of student life. A portion is subjoined:

“ Within these Walls, where thro’ the glimm’ring shade
 Appear the Pamphlets in a mould’ring Heap,
 Each in his narrow Bed till morning laid,
 The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.
 The tinkling Bell proclaiming early Prayers,
 The noisy Servants rattling o’er their Head,
 The calls of Business and domestic Cares,
 Ne’er rouse these Sleepers from their downy Bed.”

And again:

“ Haply some Friend may shake his hoary Head
 And say: ‘ Each morn unchill’d by Frost, he ran
 With Hose ungarter’d, o’er yon turfy Bed,
 To reach the Chapel ere the Psalms began.’ ”

After chapel comes that species of hospitality peculiar to English universities—a breakfast party. The Senior men invite the Freshmen to breakfast; forming parties of six or eight congenial spirits.

“ Let the tender Swain
 Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing Tea,
 Companion meet of languor loving Nymph:
 Be mine each morn with eager Appetite
 And Hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly Buttery; there on smoaking Crust
 And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrained,
 Material Breakfast! Thus in ancient Days
 Our Ancestors robust, with liberal Cups
 Usher’d the Morn, unlike the squeamish Sons
 Of modern Times.”

After breakfast comes the pipe or cigar and the daily paper. Then the student bends his attention to three or four hours of solid reading, interrupted it may be by one or more lectures. Some perhaps, though they are not wise, take a saunter down “the High” or public walk, and then turn into one of the many shops.

Some become inveterate loungers and seem to spend their time upon anything but their studies. There is a good, metrical description of the Lounger in the *Oxford Sausage*, first published in 1764.

“ I rise at nine, get to Breakfast by ten,
 Blow a Tune on my Flute, or perhaps make a Pen;
 Read a Play ’till eleven, or cock my lac’d Hat;
 Then step to my Neighbors, ’till Dinner, to chat.
 Dinner over, to Tom’s, or to James’s I go,
 The News of the Town so impatient to know:
 While Law, Locke and Newton, and all the rum Race,
 That talk of their modes, their Ellipses, and Space,
 The Seat of the Soul, and new Systems on high,
 In Hales, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
 From the Coffee-house then I to Tennis away,
 And at five I post back to my College to pray:

I sup before eight, and secure from all Duns,
 Undauntedly march to the *Mitre or Tuns* :
 Where in Punch or good Claret my Sorrows I drown,
 And toss off a Bowl to the best in the town :
 At One in the Morning, I call what's to pay,
 Then Home to my College I stagger away,
 Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all Day."

Generally one o'clock is the time when books are laid away and the men go to luncheon—a meal which is exceedingly frugal compared with our habits, consisting chiefly of bread with cheese or butter, and beer. The boating man at least does not allow himself much more, for not only would he be unable to pull many strokes but he must be at the river by 2:30, and the walk from the college is a matter of fifteen minutes or more. This rowing is a noble exercise, and it is Princeton's misfortune that she is deprived of a racing pond.

The importance of athletics to a college is felt as much in England as America, as witness what Mr. Stedman, in speaking of Oxford, says: "For though Oxford is primarily and properly an intellectual resort, it is no secret that the position of a college upon the river and in the cricket field is the index to its popularity. Generally the first question the average man asks with regard to his future college is, 'How high is it on the river?' If a college can combine intellectual and physical superiority its popularity will be unbounded; if this cannot be, the coarser excellence will, we fear, be found to predominate over the other." It is largely the same with us. The college with the championship attracts the new students. At Oxford the river is always suggestive for conversation, and as with us, the metaphors for daily life are borrowed from the athletic phraseology. There are several teams, if we may so call them for want of a more scientific name, known as the "Torpid," the "Eight," which is more finished in style than the "Torpid," and next to the "Varsity," the most coveted of the crews, the "Fours," the "Pairs" and the "Sculls." Each college has its "Scratch Fours," and in the summer its "regatta," so that there is room and enthusiasm for all.

Foot-ball never was a very prominent game in England. There is a notice, about 1632, of one John Barwick, at St. John's, who "would frequently recreate himself with bodily exercises, and those violent enough, such as pitching the bar and playing at foot-ball, at which latter game, having the misfortune to break a player's collar-bone, he would never play again." This account is not very enthusiastic. They probably did not play the game scientifically nor have a management so excellent as our own under our plucky Captain Poe.

The Literary Societies, called the Union, of course held a prominent place in the University. One particular feature which we might adopt was that of supplying letters gratuitously stamped! The result naturally was an eager desire upon the part of many to "equal their subscription by the value of stamps consumed."

Dinner at Oxford is called "Hall." The time is six o'clock with most of the men. The men are at the mercy of the cooks for the style of their dinner and for their allowance. "At some tables soda water is allowed." There is usually one day in the week when a better dinner is served, called "Strangers' day," to which a man may invite his out-of-college friends. After dinner there are various ways of spending the evening. Some walk to the Union to smoke and drink coffee. Some play pool. College debates not seldom occur. Other men again have a jovial meeting at the "wine." Thackeray gives a description of this college peculiarity. From the hours of 9 to 10:30 most men are to be found reading, though undoubtedly there are strong representatives of the other class. After reading, or after not reading, some men visit the town. In a man's "nocturnal peregrinations he is very liable to meet the Proctor, and thereby incur a fine if he is without his cap and gown; while by re-entering college any time after 9 P.M. he must pay a fine ranging from 1 d. to 2 s. 6 d., according to the hour he 'knocks in.' If he enters after twelve o'clock, or if at that hour more than once a week, he is likely to be summoned to an interview with the Dean, or the head of the college, and to receive from him a severe lecture, with sometimes the more substantial punishment of being 'gated,' that is, confined to college within certain hours. If a man, after several warnings, is still contumacious, they may remove his name from the "Buttery" list, by which means he is unable to procure food in college, unless his friends take it out for him in their own names, as they sometimes do for several days."

These have been but glimpses of the social life of an English university and record but in part the many interesting items connected with those old-time schools. The college men do not differ much from our own college men, and for that very reason we can appreciate an account of their university life. Subtended is an English song which is very popular in Harrow School, where it originated, and which doubtless is dear to the heart of many a college graduate:

HARROW SCHOOL "FOOT-BALL SONG."

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play,
 Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song—
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! follow up!
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the cry of the twenty-two men.
 Follow up! follow up!

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and reached and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice—
How will it seem to you forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we!
Follow up! etc.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong.
God gives us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, goals for the eager
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!
Follow up! etc.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.

—*Notes and Queries.*

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

—*Alexander Pope.*

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a delightful and beautiful part of our nature.—*Sidney Smith.*

NO ONE understands fully the meaning of these lines till he has read the latest and incomparably the best humorous effusion of Mark Twain. Here indeed, in this rich fabric of tenderest humanity and sympathy for the oppressed, worked in the brightest colors of delicious satire, wild, untrammelled wit and fantastic humor, we appreciate, far better than poets and philosophers can tell us, the true character of humor. In this work Mr. Clemens shows his sound and healthful views of the problems of humanity far more clearly than in any other of his efforts. Here we have his whole mind, in the frequent flashes of anger against the injustice practiced by the nobles and the efforts to spread the benefits of equality throughout the oppressed masses of Arthurdom. In the insolent blood-fattened nobleman, who could see nothing but his right in taking the life of the poor freedman, who had killed a deer to keep himself and his family from starvation, we see a picture of the luxurious capitalist, who blinds the eyes of justice and grows rich on the labor of his underpaid workmen. This, though an extravaganza in conception and fulfillment, is one in which there is an undercurrent of earnest purpose and true American sympathy with the principle of equality.

One of the richest sources of the indescribable humor is the strange changing of dates and intermingling of accomplishments. The transition from the nineteenth to the sixth century is accomplished we know not how; the Yankee mechanic, a foreman in Colt's pistol factory, finds himself suddenly awakening in the time of King Arthur, and his first questionings and observations, as he finds himself confronted by a Quixotic individual in wrought-iron tailoring, who he supposes is an inmate of some insane asylum, are consummate examples of wit. As the im-

portance of the new arrival is recognized, and he acquires the title of "Boes" by means of his knowledge of modern science, by which he triumphs over the crude and superstitious magic of Merlin, we perceive with greater force than we ever could have done from the most elaborate description, the intense darkness and ignorance of our forefathers' minds.

Then, when he had quietly and secretly sowed the seeds of modern education and modern triumphs and sets out on his search for fame and honor, tricked out in the armor which he despised, and accompanied by the Lady Alisande, the broad, unctious humor of the author draws out many a side-splitting laugh. Not only is the picture as we see him fighting the heat and flies in the "stove" with which he has been togged out extremely funny, but the conversations with which "Sandy" and he beguile the weary way tickles us immensely.

His innovations of nineteenth century progress are productive of the most fantastical absurdity. He blasts a holy well, he starts a newspaper in Camelot, he covers the country with a net-work of underground telephone wires. The king and he disguise themselves and travel over the country as peasants. The king's inability to adapt himself to this kind of surroundings get them into trouble and they are captured and sold as slaves. Just as they are about to be hung, a detachment of knights, which the Boes has *telephoned for*, arrive on bicycles to their assistance and rescue. He fights a tournament single-handed against the united chivalry of England, armed with lasso and revolver; and finally caps the climax by declaring England a Republic at the death of Arthur, and destroying the entire nobility which this action called out against him, by electricity.

Mr. Clemens in taking out all the romance does not destroy the simple tragic poetry, and no one is more alive to the heroic in the life of the sixth century than he. Through the ridiculous Arthur we see the noble king, and the innocent coarseness of his lords and ladies brings out their best qualities. He is far and away the first of American humorists, not only because his humor is of the highest and most polished kind, but because there is a vein of right feeling and clear thinking in his fun that here for the first time has found its proper place in such literature.

We head the list of good things contained in the

MAGAZINES

of the month by this partial account of the contents of the *Century*. The most striking pictures which have appeared in the Joseph Jefferson Autobiography accompany the present (March) installment. The frontispiece is a full-length portrait of Jefferson as "Dr. Pangloss," there being six large portraits, in various characters, including another view of "Dr. Pangloss," a picture of Jefferson as "Asa Trenchard," as "Newman Nogs," as "Caleb Plummer," and as "Salem Scudder." A portrait of

Sothorn as "Lord Dundreary," and one of Laura Keane, are also given. Jefferson tells for the first time, from his point of view, of the great success of "Our American Cousin," in which he created the famous character of "Asa Trenchard," and Mr. Sothorn that of "Lord Dundreary." Three very timely and important subjects are treated by specialists. The first is the subject of municipal government, Dr. Albert Shaw describing the workings of the local government of Glasgow, one of the world's model cities in this respect. The subject of irrigation is treated in the first of a series of three articles by Professor Powell, the Director of the United States Geological Survey. This paper is entitled "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." The third great subject is discussed in a paper by Professor Fisher on "The Nature and Method of Revelation"—the concluding one in his very timely series. The same number has editorials on "Municipal Government," "Our Sins Against France," and "University Extension." This number is also notable for the beginning of the most authentic and original account yet published of the "Pre-historic Remains in the Ohio Valley." In the next number, Professor Putnam will describe the famous "Serpent Mound," the present paper being an introduction to the April article.

Scribner's Magazine, after devoting its opening pages for several months to articles of practical interest and exploration, has, as its leading feature for March, a purely literary paper on Charles Lamb, who always commands the sympathetic interest of people who read, in which Benjamin Ellis Martin has, with great zeal and industry, followed "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb" about his homes and haunts in London and its suburbs. He recalls his ever-charming personality, and surrounds him with his coterie of friends in all his varied abodes. The patient researches made by the author have enabled him to correct errors about Lamb which have passed for truths since Talfourd and Barry Cornwall wrote their books about him. Mr. Martin has unearthed the record of the exact block and floor of Lamb's birthplace—a point not yet made, even by Canon Ainger. This article is most attractively illustrated from pen-and-ink drawings by Herbert Railton, and from sketches by John Fulleylove, both well-known English artists; there are besides two remarkable Lamb portraits. The article will be concluded in the April number. Kirk Monroe, who spends half of every year in Southern Florida, has written of "A Forgotten Remnant,"—the four hundred Seminoles descended from those left in the almost inaccessible Everglades by Gen. Harney, when, in 1842, he declared the war against them ended. This remnant has absolutely no legal existence, and no help from the government, yet it has cultivated fields, raised groves of fruit trees, accumulated live stock, and developed its small commercial resources. The author, who knows them thoroughly, believes these to be as fine specimens of the American Indian as can be found. The very rich illustrations are from unique photographs. The concluding article on Ericsson is devoted

to his great inventions, which cover the entire period within which civil engineering has been recognized as a distinct profession. The "Novelty" which competed with Stephenson's "Rocket" in the great locomotive contest of 1830; the caloric engine of 1833, which puzzled scientific men; the steam fire-engine, the propeller, the "Monitor," the "Destroyer," and the solar engine, are among Ericsson's famous inventions, about which much new information is given in this article. Among the illustrations are two *fac similes* of the original pencil sketches of the first idea of the "Monitor," made in 1854.

Advance is made in society, in politics, in religion, and in practical affairs, not by revolutionary methods, but it is helped by enlightened and candid discussion conducted within the limits of reverence and dignity. All safe leaders are conservative, because they know that human progress is achieved rather by evolution than by revolution. *The Forum*, therefore, being sincerely devoted to the advancement of sound and safe thinking, has never admitted to its pages advocates of revolutionary methods, but has sought to give its readers the benefit of the thought and experience of the safest guides. It is to this fact—that *The Forum* is always constructive and never destructive in its conduct—that its great success is attributed. The mass of the people who are in search of the truth, and who have not lost their bearings by reason of any of the wild theories of the time, have found in its conduct a constructive purpose in sympathy with their own ideas of progress; and it has had the good fortune to draw to itself, for this reason more than for any other, the support of the great number of intelligent and conservative people in the country.

"Two Soldiers," by Captain Charles King, author of "Dunraven Ranch," is the complete novel in *Lippincott's* for March, and is characterized by the same dash and charm of style which make all of Captain King's stories such entertaining reading. Love and war, two topics that age cannot stale, form the theme of the tale, and the characters of two soldiers, one a brave and honorable man, the other a dastard in both love and war, are brought into sharp contrast. The dastard appears to succeed at first by clever wire-pulling, but virtue triumphs in the end. There is a capital description of Indian fighting, and the story is full of action, and is bright and healthy throughout. In "Book-Talk," Julian Hawthorne, who is at his best as a critic, has a charming little essay entitled "Eugene Field's 'Little Books,'" and Frederick M. Bird contributes a thoughtful review of a new edition of "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius."

Perhaps the following points on the qualities of an art critic, taken from the *Magazine of Art* for March, may be of interest to some of our readers:

Now, what are the qualities that are demanded of the art critic in addition to the "temperateness of judgment, coolness of head, goodness

of heart, strict and honest impartiality" of the old-world formula? They are an intense love of art and an intimate knowledge of its history and its achievements; a close observation of nature, animate and inanimate; good taste; sensitiveness of intelligence to appreciate all subtle æsthetic qualities; shrewd discrimination to detect not only artistic falsehood, but artistic imposture; and such wide catholicity that he may sympathize with every mood of every honest artist, how much soever their works may differentiate. Moreover, he must possess a lively sense of his responsibility; he must have sufficient humility to approach every serious work with respect, and enough modesty to bear ever in mind the likelihood of his own fallibility. He must, too, alas, be gifted with the evenness of temper to listen calmly to the misrepresentations of certain artists and their journalistic toadies, whom he may, perhaps unconsciously, have offended, and ignore, unfretted, the abuse and ridicule with which he is certain to be bespattered by those irresponsible paragraphists; and he must, too, possess the strength of mind to resist the ever-recurring promptings of friendship or temptations of revenge. And, in addition to all this, it is absolutely essential that the critic should be entirely familiar with the *technique* of art—not a book acquaintance merely, but one acquired by observation and ocular demonstration.

"The danger of an ignorant person in seizing an electric wire carrying a strong current is as great as that to which a person ignorant of the ways of snakes would be subjected if he undertook to take the place of the skilled observer * * * accustomed to put his arm into a tall jar containing rattlesnakes and take them out." This extract will show the general drift of an article on "Dangers from Electricity," by John Trowbridge, which appears in the *Atlantic* for March. The opening article of the number, however, is a paper upon the "Trial, Opinions and Death of Giordano Bruno," by William R. Thayer; this is followed by a paper by Charles Worcester Clark on "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con." George Parsons Lathrop shows us "The Value of the Corner," and there is an admirable paper called "Loitering through the Paris Exposition," which tells, among many other things, of all the concerts given at the cafés of the Exposition by the various nationalities—Gypsies, Javanese, Hungarians and many more. The whole paper is full of interesting sidelights on this great fair. Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing in "Over the Teacups," and seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling. Mr. James's story and Mr. Bynner's serial are continued, and Mrs. Deland allows her hero, from conscientious scruples, to decline to save a drowning woman—a novel position for a hero! The reviews, clever, as usual, bring this well composed number of the magazine to an end.

EXCHANGES.

The characteristic which most impresses the critic of the literary productions of the college-student mind is the sameness of treatment. The merits and demerits of the later numbers of the different exchanges are of the same character as those of the earlier numbers, though perhaps more or less accentuated. When we attempt to criticize the individual productions of our sister colleges, which cover our table, we find ourselves unconsciously expressing the same views, albeit in stronger language, which we gave voice to in the beginning of our career. We shall therefore mention only the productions which seem to us especially worthy of note in our more worthy exchanges and finish with a taste of the more spiritual feelings of the youthful writers expressed in the work of the poets.

"A Literary Almshouse" is the rather striking title of a composition in the *Yale Lit.*, recounting the discoveries of forgotten gems and curiosities on the dusty shelves of the garret book-case, which makes us wish to spend an hour in like manner, in the hope that we may be as well entertained as this writer seems to have been.

"The Poetry of Baudelaire," in the *Harvard Monthly*, is the best article in the February number, when we have excepted the usual contribution of the *Alumnus*.

There is nothing better in the current number of the *Williams Lit.* than "A Glimpse of an English University" and "The Bazaars of Cairo."

We have culled the following bits of verse which we think will bear repeating:

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

"The daylight died: a filmy cloud
Left lazily the zenith height;
In the calm river scarcely stirred,
To bathe its flowing garment white.

"Night came: Night saddened but serene,
In mourning for her brother Day;
And every star before the queen
Bent, robed in gold, to own her sway.

"The turtle-dove's soft wail was heard,
The children dreaming in their sleep,
The air seemed filled with rustling wings
Of unseen birds in downy sweep.

"Heaven spake to Earth in murmurs low,
As when the Hebrew prophets trod
Her hills of old. One word I know
Of that mysterious speech:—'tis God."

—*The Cheltenham Reveille.*

MUSIC.

" Child of the stars is she, sister of Light,
 Spirit of joy to worlds unnumbered given :
 She stoops to earth in her resistless flight,
 And soars at will with captive souls to heaven."

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

FAIRY SONG.

" Stars are twinkling bright above us,
 Music calls us on ;
 Shades of eve that guard and love us,
 Veil the hallowed lawn ;
 Hand in hand,
 All the band,
 Dance we till the breaking dawn !

" Hark ! the gently swelling measure !
 Form to form we cling .
 Dance while lasts our nightly pleasure,
 Clear the bluebells rings ;
 And above,
 Amid the grove,
 Nightingales in chorus sing."

—*Yale Lit.*

VESPERS.

" Mellow flushes faint and quiver
 Softly round the couch of day ;
 On the bosom of the river
 Timid breezes float and play.

* * * * *

" Slow the silvery vespers breaking
 Sweetly over hill and dale,
 Tuneful echoings awaking,
 Softly sings the nightingale."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF EVOLUTION. BY JAMES McCOSH, LITT. D. (NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

Thirty years have now passed since the publication of the "Origin of Species," and the theory brought forward by Darwin is still claiming public attention as a question to be settled. As it happens, most of the present hostility to evolution is based on religious grounds, while its scientific advocates have paid but little attention to this class of objections. Dr. McCosh, in the work before us, takes up this side of the question and repels the charges made by conservative theologians that evolution is opposed to Christianity. The two main objections made to the development theory are, that it leaves no place for Revelation, and that it takes away our strongest reasons for believing in a Creator. The first of these Dr. McCosh dismisses by showing how much more *sui generis* are the miracles of the Old and New Testaments if all other physical events have natural causes. Moreover, the revelation of Scripture can be interpreted in harmony with the new views. This is shown particularly in the chapter on "Powers Modifying Evolution," where the author claims scientific evidence in favor of special interventions of the Creator, which furnish new fields for evolution. But by far the most important part of the work, from a theological standpoint, is the discussion of Final Cause and its relation to Natural Selection. "The supernatural power is to be recognized in the natural law. The design is seen in the mechanism." "The very circumstance that a plant and animal can reproduce another plant and animal is an evidence of a more far-sighted design." "Natural Selection, with its consequent 'the survival of the fittest,' is a most beneficent provision." To any who are inclined to ignore evolution, because of its supposed hostility to religion, or are tempted to abandon their faith in religion because of recent science, this little volume will furnish an excellent antidote for the mass of polemic literature on one side or the other.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF THE NATION. BY EDWARD ATKINSON. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$2.50.)

The present unrest in the industrial world, the dissatisfaction so prevalent among the lower classes with the present system of distribution of the good things of this life, and the unprecedented accession to the ranks of the discontented in the German Empire, fills the mind of every thoughtful man with doubt and uncertainty as to the outcome. Reluctant to ally himself with the imaginary Utopias for social regeneration,

he is yet unable to see just how the facts are going to work out a successful solution. The congestion of wealth, the poverty of the lower classes, stand before his face as the result of the competitive system. What is the hope? Are the rich seizing an undue portion of the product of labor? And do the facts show that this so-called robbery is to be forever increasing and that it will be forever perpetuated? Mr. Atkinson, by collecting a series of his articles from the *Forum* and *Century*, has given us a book in which he shows that the proportion of the total product which labor receives is fully ninety per cent. He shows that under competition the profits have been growing smaller and the cost, which is wages, has gradually become a larger proportion. The conclusion is that labor's share is gradually approaching the total product, thus tending to the time when the laborer will be more independent in making his contract, and the freedom and the interdependence of the capitalist and the laborer will be equal and complete. If he is right, and his compilations are too generally received to question his authority, the present system of competition and private property contains within itself the germs which, by the evolution of history, will work the correction of our present industrial ills, when industrial equality will stand side by side with political equality and yet leave to the world all the advantage of self-interest and of private property.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. BY CHARLES A. YOUNG, PH.D., LL.D.
(BOSTON AND LONDON: GINN & Co.)

The success of Prof. Young as a teacher, and of his "General Astronomy" as a text-book, assure an earnest welcome to this his latest work. He has entirely re-written and re-arranged the material so as to bring it within the scope of the pupils of high schools and academies. Technicalities are, therefore, to a great extent, tabooed, and the phraseology will be perfectly intelligible to the average student in our high schools. The fact that the book is already in extensive use throughout the country is the greatest proof that in these efforts he has succeeded. Many of the illustrations and much of the material of his larger work are found in this book, but the whole is elementary in quality and quantity. Some new features are presented, conspicuous among which is a brief uranography of the stars visible in the United States, with maps and a list which enable one to easily find the positions of most of the visible stars and the most important of telescopic appearances which come within the power of a small instrument. The influence of Prof. Young's personality, his genial manner and his happy faculty of imparting knowledge, are great factors in his success as a teacher, and ones which make him ever remembered by those who have had the privilege of listening to him. We are sorry for those who cannot have this privilege, and hasten to recommend as the best substitute the perusal of his work, which we do not hesitate to say will continue to grow in public esteem.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. BY ALBERT H. SMYTH. (PHILADELPHIA: ELDRIDGE & BRO.)

The study of English Literature is of the most importance for the youth of to-day, and the branch of this literature which has grown up on American soil is one of especial regard to American youth. There has been no treatise of this branch which has not been either too critical or too exhaustive for practical use in the schools. The present volume, by Prof. Smyth, is intended to show the evolution of American literature from the polemics of colonial times, through the political discussions of the Revolution to the climax reached in the really literary work of men like Holmes, Lowell and Longfellow. It gives short biographical sketches of the most important representatives of each stage, with critical account of their work, and at the end an appendix of some of the best productions as readings. These have been selected from their intrinsic value or from their capability to illustrate the historical evolution according to which the book is written. It is valuable as giving a comprehensive and general idea of the development and character of our literature. Its nature and manner of composition are essentially those of a text-book.

TROPICAL AFRICA. BY HENRY DRUMMOND, LL.D., F. R. S. E. (NEW YORK: JNO. B. ALDEN.)

David Livingstone aroused a great interest in this dark continent in his effort to redeem it. Since then the popular interest in its exploration and evangelization gradually waned till Stanley renewed the excitement with which the nations of the world watched the circumstances connected with England's occupation of certain parts of Africa. In connection with his relief expedition and Stanley's own account in the papers, and also in book form, this little book of Prof. Drummond's, which points out the large features of the country with just enough narrative to make you think you are there in person, will be read as throwing a sidelight on the African question. Besides this secondary value, they have in themselves an entertaining quality, arising from Prof. Drummond's personal opinion of the country through which he was passing, which would of itself make it a favorite book of travels. Most of the chapters have been published or delivered before "learned or unlearned societies" in England and America.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRANSITION IN JAPAN. BY YELJIBO ONO, PH.D. (BALTIMORE: AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION. \$1.)

The most of the development which has contributed to the history of the present industrial age has found its amplification among the Western nations. But civilization seems to be sweeping on Westward, and bids fair to rejuvenate the sluggish Orient. And Japan, the most progressive of those ancient Empires, is awakening with an enterprise

most American. With its new constitution and the freedom of the press, and the freedom of worship, they are in a most advantageous state to solve the industrial problem. The author describes fully the present industrial condition of Japan, with emphasis upon its manufactures and transportation. The whole essay receives special strength from being the work of one who has had an intimate and living acquaintance with Japan. In most pleasing style it makes a valuable and interesting contribution to a portion of contemporary history with which every well-informed reader ought to be conversant.

CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO. BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.
(BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 2 VOLS. \$2.50.)

One thought which dominates the rest in reading this thesaurus of information is the resemblance to Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat." All subjects are discussed, from Cicero's letter to the price paid for the last water-color. They are in the form of conversations or dialogues between two friends in the studio of one of them, in which one seems to be very well informed, while the other is lacking in just the information or anecdote which the other possesses. The author evidently possesses a fund of general information on every subject which could interest artist, philosopher, literateur or business man, as we find him discussing with equal warmth and authority the condition and products of old masters, the lives and teachings of old philosophers. The poets and dramatists come in for their share, and we have specimens of their work and learned criticisms of their style. Shakespeare, Marlowe, etc., Michael Angelo and Raffaele are compared and dismissed one after another, and religion too comes in for its due of the talk. It is one of the most entertaining and diversified works it has been our privilege to see, and, as finished up in the well-known elegant style of the publishers, will form not only an intellectual but optical addition to the libraries of our readers.

THE BARBARY CORSAIRS. BY STANLEY LANE-POOLE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.50.)

Mr. Lane-Poole has written for the "Stories of the Nations" a very interesting and instructive account of these notorious pirates. Most of his material is new, and he has interwoven a great deal of Turkish history, which throws side lights on the question under consideration. We wish he had added a few of the wild, rollicking sea ballads which one still hears in the fore-castle, and which have for their subject or origin these same Barbary corsairs. Mr. Lane-Poole treats of a time which blackens, more than any other part of history, the Christian name. The lasting disgrace of the so-called Christian Powers of Europe is in allowing renegade spirits of genius to organize as ferocious thieves and plunder and enslave hundreds and thousands of Christian mer-

chants, to satisfy mutual jealousies and enmities of the aforementioned powers. But we must not be too severe in judging them, for ethics have undergone a vast humanizing change since the Middle Ages, and every merchant vessel was a pirate in possibility, and not a few easily and quickly so transformed themselves.

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. THE GARDEN. (NEW YORK G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.00.)

This the twenty-sixth number of this exquisite series is a compilation of the thoughts of various "polite writers" on the useful and beautiful appendage to a house in the country—the garden. Some of the contributions are by such illustrious authors as Pliny the Elder and Younger and Lord Bacon; papers in the *Spectator* by various celebrated authors, and one by Alexander Pope, besides those of many others of lesser note. The compilers have purposely overlooked all writers of this century, and we have here, in a neat and handy form, all that has been artistically written in former times on the beauty of nature worth the perusal. Each addition to this series is welcomed as enthusiastically as was the first volume, and we are again eagerly awaiting later fruits of this magic press.

ELSIE VENNER. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. 50c.)

Elsie Venner was first published in the form of a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, beginning in December, 1859. It met with universal welcome, and little is left us but to congratulate the readers of the "Riverside Series" that they have had the opportunity given them of having, in popular and handy form, Dr. Holmes' peculiar romance. The strange form of heredity illustrated by Elsie Venner, with the author's ideas as to spiritual guardianship, is encased in the splendid diction and epigrammatic wisdom so characteristic of the author of the "Autocrat."

NED STAFFORD'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNITED STATES. BY PHILIP MILFORD. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co. 50c.)

Ned Stafford was an English workman who came to America, and this book is an account of the various experiences he met with traveling over the country in the capacity of a book agent, day laborer, traveling showman, and what not. The work shows knowledge and an *appreciative* knowledge of American customs and habits. Though not racy or brilliant the book is not dull, and we have seen many a book of greater pretensions and far less merit.

ELEMENTS OF TRIGONOMETRY. BY EDWIN S. CRAWLEY. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. \$1.00.)

This text-book sets forth in a clear and intelligible manner the principles of elementary trigonometry, both plane and spherical. We have never seen a book more fitted for its purpose, that of giving in concise, yet clear terms such a course as is usual in a college. By a careful selection of matter the course may be shortened by omitting some of the less important sections. A very convenient appendix contains useful formulæ.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. BY MARK TWAIN. (NEW YORK: CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co.)

This, the latest and one of the strongest and best of Mark Twain's humorous books, is variously dressed according to the ideas and purses of the various readers. We, with the rest of the world, are so much impressed with "the wildness of its humor, the fantastical absurdity of it all, and the grotesque innocence of the treatment of the theme," that we have devoted a more conspicuous and much larger space to its review than we could have afforded here. But we must here pay our tribute to the excellent illustrations which enter so well into the spirit of the text and increase the effectiveness of the fun.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE. BY EDWARD MAITLAND. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

This is the account of a soul's seeking after light, and singly and alone meeting one after another the various doubts and questions which arise in modern thought, and settling them. It is set forth in so-called extracts from the journal of the struggler, which have an interest altogether distinct from the moral in their delightful descriptions of nature. The appreciative reception of the first, and the fact that this is the second edition, would seem to indicate that it has been of help to some other agonizing soul.

JOSHUA. BY THE AUTHOR OF UARDA. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

No one is more capable than Mr. Ebers "to make the mighty destinies of the people he has attempted to describe more humanly real to the sympathetic reader." He has thrown about the majestic Bible narrative the softening influence of human feeling, and, with his inimitable genius, supplemented by his knowledge of Egyptology, he has, in this imaginative account of the Exodus, invested it with a new interest, which will, perhaps, agree with the preconceptions in many minds of the story of Joshua.

HEALTH NOTES FOR STUDENTS. BY BURT G. WILDER. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

When a student leaves home to attend college, one of the most important considerations is that of his general health. Dr. Wilder has here given some practical suggestions as to situation of room, food and drink, ventilation, etc., which are of the last importance to all students, and especially those naturally delicate. The book is paper covered and of convenient size to have continually about one for frequent reference.

HENRIETTE. FROM THE FRENCH OF LEON DE TINBEAU. BY ANNA D. PAGE. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

A novel of considerable merit. One which will be read with interest by all pleasure seekers in the literary way.

HÉLÈNE BUDEROFF. BY MARTHA MORTON. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

A book which holds our imagination with a consuming interest, but which our judgment insists is too exciting. Plenty of passion, plenty of disappointment and tragedy and—the usual ending.

A FAMILY WITHOUT A NAME. BY JULES VERNE. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL Co. 30c.)

We have no need to introduce this author to our readers; they have all read with breathless interest, in their earlier days, other works from his hand. This Indian story, laid in Canada, can almost rival Cooper's celebrated tales.

MY SISTER'S HUSBAND. (NEW YORK: J. W. LOWELL Co. 50c.)

A novel from the pen of that favorite writer of short stories, Patience Stapleton. It is a story of Galveston life, and the Texan atmosphere has been reproduced in the story with her usual skill.

MAGIC BLACK AND WHITE. BY FRANZ HARTMAN, M.D. (NEW YORK: JOHN W. LOVELL Co. 50c.)

The work is one in which deep thought and insight into the intricate workings of human life is shown, and the lover of occult literature cannot fail to find here topics of interest.

PLAIN TALES OF THE HILLS. BY RUDYARD KIPLING. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co. 50c.)

Rudyard Kipling is a comparatively new writer, who has been received with great favor in England. He has published this volume of stories of life in India, which are full of thrilling interest.

• BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MYNN'S MYSTERY. BY GEORGE MANVILLE FEN. 30c.
MASTER OF HIS FATE. BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN. 30c. **THE CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW.** BY WM. SHARP. 30c. **A VERY STRANGE FAMILY.** BY F. W. ROBINSON. 30c. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

COLLEGE STUDENTS who would like to earn from one hundred to five hundred dollars during vacation months are invited to correspond with the undersigned. Send for our illustrated catalogue, and if you will state just when you will be ready to commence work, and how long you can continue at it, we will guarantee to make you an acceptable proposition.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co., publishers of the Grant and Sheridan Memoirs, Mark Twain's books, and other standard works, 3 East 14th Street, New York.

PROF. LOIBETTE'S MEMORY SYSTEM is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus, free, as advertised in another page.

CALENDAR.

FEB. 5TH.—End of First Term.

FEB. 6TH.—Second Term begins. Mr. Carl Lumholtz's lecture on "Life Among the Cannibals."

FEB. 7TH.—Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert, in Elizabeth.

FEB. 7-9TH.—Third Y. M. C. A. Convention of Third District of New Jersey, at Pennington.

FEB. 10TH.—Regular meeting of the Philadelphia Club. Casselberry, '91, elected Treasurer in place of Semple, '91, resigned.

FEB. 12TH.—Ivy Club Tea, from 4-6 P.M. ...Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert in the Methodist Church, followed by the Junior Promenade.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates, The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,
SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
Southwest Corner 12th and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

FEB. 13TH.—Cottage Club Breakfast.....Stated meeting of the Trustees.
 Prof. T. Woodrow Wilson elected to the chair of Political Economy and
 Jurisprudence.....Dr. McCosh's first lecture in his University Course on
 "The Prevailing Types of Philosophy; Can They Reach Reality Log-
 ically?".....First Library meeting of the year. Rev. A. H. Kellog, D.D.,
 '89, read a paper on "The Egypticity of the Pentateuch."

FEB. 14TH.—Dr. McCosh's second lecture.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & Co.

39 first floor, and 39, 41 & 43 second floors, East State St.

TRENTON, N. J.

FINE MERCHANT TAILORING

— AND —

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of Stylish Goods in the City. Pay them a Visit.

Prof. Loissette's MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loissette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is used *only while being studied, not afterwards*; that *any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

GUITARS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

BANJOS.

— DEALER IN —

MUSIC AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.

OPPOSITE NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

FEB. 18TH.—Freshman Class meeting. Hayden elected Director of base-ball team. McAlpin elected captain, and J. Green Manager of lacrosse team.....Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert at Sing Sing, N. Y.

FEB. 20TH.—Dr. McCosh's last lecture.....Concert by Double Quartette, at Lakewood, N. J.

FEB. 21ST.—Presentation of "Time Will Tell" by the Dramatic Association.

FEB. 22D.—Washington's Birthday. Orations at 11 A.M. P. H. Davis, '93, "A State's Decline;" J. M. Huston, '92, "Loyalty to Law;" J. H. Dunham, '91, "The Integrity of the Ballot;" G. McF. Galt, '90, "George

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.



CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ORDINARY TRADE Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the **firm name as below** is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

VERMILYE & Co. BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

ACKERMAN, BICKER & MANVEL,

Established 1878, and for thirteen years previous with
the late house of STARR & MARCUS,

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SOLID SILVER,
6 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

Goods sent for selection to any part of the Country. Designs and estimates for Medals, Prizes, &c., furnished on application.

Washington and the Dual League.".....Winter sports of the Athletic Association, at 3 P.M. Class of '76 Prize Debate at 7:30 P.M. Question—*Resolved*, That the nationalization of land and industry would best conduce to the moral and physical welfare of the individual." Affirmative, C. Meyers, '91, and H. L. Henderson, '93; Negative, J. M. Yeakle, '90, and B. Phinizy, '92. The prize was awarded to Mr. Phinizy.....Meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association in New York. F. S. Miller, '90, was elected President for the ensuing year.....Meeting of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association, in New York. E. A. S. Lewis was elected President.

FEB. 26TH.—Preliminary J. O. Contests in Whig and Clio Halls. The successful contestants were, from Clio, G. S. Stephens, Pa.; S. Semple, Pa.; M. M. Minnassian, Turkey; E. W. Evans, Jr., N. J. From Whig, J. C. Meyers, Pa.; G. R. Wallace, Pa.; G. J. Parker, Pa.; P. C. Jones, O.

FEB. 27TH.—Discussion on "Realism" in Dr. McCosh's drawing-room.

FEB. 28TH.—Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert, at Orange, N. J.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

Finney Bros.

HIGH-CLASS CIGARETTES.

Special Favors:

CLUB, OPERA, and PRINCE OF WALES, for Gentlemen,
and BOUDOIR SIZE for Ladies.

Sweet Caporal,

New York Standard,

The Standard of the World.

MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY,

PRINTERS OF NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

TRENTON, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

APRIL.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NAUDINI, THE TENOR. Poem, - - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	579
A SATIRE ON SATIRE. Essay, - - - - - <i>George R. Wallace,</i>	583
THE VUKODLAK. Story, - - - - - <i>G. P. Wheeler,</i>	590
THE LIGHTHOUSE OF INVERNESS. Poem, - - - - - <i>J. H. Dunham,</i>	602
CURIOSITIES OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. Essay, <i>G. H. Stephens,</i>	603
THE BUCCANEERS. Poem, - - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	605
A MODERN VIKING. Story, - - - - - <i>J. C. Meyers,</i>	608
VOICES, - - - - -	516
GRADUATE STUDY—PRINCETON'S ADVANCED COURSE—DECLINE OF THE POETIC—THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY.	
EDITORIALS, - - - - -	625
ANNOUNCEMENTS—A PRINCETON LANDMARK—CUSTOM AND PRE- JUDICE—AN OLD SUBJECT RENEWED—OUR FAREWELL.	
LITERARY GOSSIP, - - - - -	636
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	640
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	646
CALENDAR, - - - - -	654

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

W. C. FISK, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

(Lock Box 17.)

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

W. D. GIBBY, N. J.
V. V. NICHOLAS, N. J.

D. L. PIERSON, PA.
S. H. SHEPARD, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITORS:

H. W. HATHAWAY, N. J.

J. M. YEAKLE, PA.

TREASURER:

W. C. FISK, N. Y. LOOK BOX 17.

VOL. XLV.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 9.

NAUDINI, THE TENOR.

JAMES BARNES.

THERE'S a pallet of straw in a corner thrown,
Of a dingy attic with sloping walls,
And a man is dying there all alone,
As the deepening shade of the evening falls.
As the bells ring out from the two tall spires
That rise high o'er Bolonga, towards the skies,
The dying man moans, for he most desires
To gaze on St. Stephens' before he dies—
For he knows the cross on St. Stephens' tower
Is now all aglow with the setting sun;
He has heard the chimes tell the vesper hour,
And has counted the strokes, one by one.

An ivory Christ, on an ebony tree,
That is set all about with jewels rare,
He clasps to his heart in his misery,
And his pale lips move in a silent prayer.

A thin ray of light, through the broken pane,
 Falls bright on the wall, just above his head ;
 As he slowly opens his eyes again,
 The grey, stained wall is a golden red ;
 Then he lifts the hand with the wan, dead Christ,
 On his coal-black cross ; through the ray of light
 Sees the jewels flash—and as if enticed—
 The hand he is hiding he draws in sight.

A glittering stone, in a locket of gold,
 Puts the gems on the cross he holds to shame ;
 The clasps fly back, and a face unfold,
 As his parched lips murmur a woman's name.
 The crucifix falls from his trembling hand,
 But the jeweled locket he holds on high ;
 He climbs to his feet, but he cannot stand—
 "Madelaine Mia!"—a broken cry
 Escapes his lips as he speaks that word ;
 He has tried to think of the church's rights,
 Repeated each prayer that he ever heard,
 Closed his mind and eyes to all earthly sights.

But his thoughts fly back to that opening night
 When he first saw her in Paris,—then
 He was Naudini, the tenor, whose voice's flight
 Through the world of song stirred the souls of men.
 And he sees her there in her box again ;
 His eyes seek hers, and his voice seeks her heart,—
 The opera that night was l'Afracaine,—
 As their glances meet he can see her start ;
 Then his very soul cries through his pleading voice,
 And he sings to her, and to her alone !
 Ah ! Verdi's music, beyond all choice,
 To stir women's hearts with its magic tone.

"Though he sees o'er the footlights that titted throng,
 The shimmer of satins and silks, the gleam
 Of bare, jeweled arms, still he sings his song
 To her, and she sits there as in a dream,
 With her chin in the palm of her slender hand ;
 Then she turns ! The rose from her hair she slips,—
 For an instant, the petals are faintly fanned
 By the warming breath from her coral lips !
 Then it falls from her hand, 'thro the heated air,
 And he sees at his feet, in the glare of light,
 This same red rose she had worn in her hair,
 As she sat in her gilded loge that night.

There's a tall, stern man, that is by her side,
With a jealous air and a frowning mein,
He's the Count de Lara, and she's his bride,—
There's more than that glittering space between
The singer, there, in his warrior's dress,
And the Countess proud in her gems and lace.
Must he live with love he may ne'er confess
Locked close in his heart with her pictured face?
No! he vows 'neath his breath that, come what may,
He will plead his cause, and will tell his love,—
She has station and beauty, and wealth, they say,
That the price of a kingdom is far above.

He had neither station nor pride of birth,—
His voice and his face were his only wealth,—
But that flower he valued beyond the worth
Of life or fame; and one night, by stealth,
He scaled the high wall to her garden bower;
Close under the shade of the old château
He stood, while the bell from the grey clock-tower
Struck one; then a serenade, soft and low,
Like those chords that weave through a lover's sleep,
Welled out on the air, and the long notes float,
Subtle and clear, through the silence deep,
To that opened window above the moat.

The Count dined in state at the Tuilleries;
The Countess, alone, from that window high
Heard that song midst the shadows of the trees
Whose great arms stretched towards the moonlit sky.
But she gave no sign, and they never met
Until one night, at a gay, masked ball,
He saw her again, and can ne'er forget
How she looked—just now he recalls it all:—
They sat in the power of that music's sway,
In a corner filled with the rarest flowers,
Where a fountain plashed in a cloud of spray,
And the moments sped into fleeting hours.

For the Count de Lara, she loved him not,—
And may God forgive her, as she did wrong,—
But those words, and those burning kisses hot,
Showered on her hands; that neglect so long,
So hard to bear, until now, at last,
She would give up country, and fame, and all.

His arms were 'round her, her breath came fast,
 And her face was white as her *robe du bal*,
 With a tremor of lip and a frightened glance
 She promised the man she loved that she
 Would flee next night from her native France
 To the South, to his sunnier Italy.

All Paris was stirred by the sudden flight;
 By that duel fought just outside Privas;
 For the Count pursued them that very night;
 Ah! that night, with the dew damps on the grass,—
 With the gleaming steel of the Count's sword set
 So straight at his heart; that fierce look of hate
 In those cold grey eyes—he can see it yet—
 As they gazed in his. But the hand of Fate
 Is over us all, and secure from harm
 He parried! then thrust! and the strong blade bent,
 While the red blood gushed 'neath the Count's left arm,—
 Then the dead eyes glazed with a look intent.

He recalls the flight in that open boat
 From that seaport town in the south of France,—
 How he bribed the fisher to put afloat,—
 Though he watched the clouds with a look askance.
 Then that storm which burst with an awful might,
 The hissing leaps of that cruel sea,
 The struggle for life through the livelong night,
 Ah! that dead drowned face, there, upon his knee!
 Those long years of wandering up and down,
 A beggar, who no one had heard to speak,
 Through the streets and paths of this dingy town,
 With a tottering step and a sunken cheek.

But that jeweled locket and rosary
 Lay next to his heart through those weary years,
 For he would not part with them, no! not he,—
 They'd been hers—oft wet with his bitter tears.
 He crawls on his knees to that window dim,
 His face is ghastly, his breath is faint,
 The moon is rising, her pale curved rim
 Just shows o'er the spire of the martyr Saint
 And illumes the cross with a pale cold light;
 The man's eyes glisten; with lips apart,
 He drinks in the air as he sees the sight,
 And holds his hand o'er his failing heart.

When the moon has risen up full and round,
 And that long black cloud from its face has passed,
 He shouts like a man who new life has found,—
 The penance is finished! is done at last!

* * * * *

A belated priest—so runs the story—
 Halted, spell-bound, in the street below,
 For that long high note from *Trovatore*
 Rings out from that attic with ceiling low.
 As he climbed the stair with a sense of fear,
 To the home of the beggar dumb, he hears
 Through the yawning beams, the *Ave Maria*,
 Sung in a way that his listening ears
 Ne'er heard before,—and there, dead, at rest,
 Naudini, the tenor, lies unconfessed.

A SATIRE ON SATIRE.

A SATIRICAL person carries with him an assumption of superiority. We, as good, stupid people, very probably walk through the world in a prosaic sort of a way, taking our surroundings as a matter of course and finding in them a great deal that seems natural and right. We may have even paused at long intervals to think how convenient this custom is or how appropriate that institution. But one comes who makes merry at our solemnity and ridicules our complaisance. He finds in manners and customs and habits of thought, in all the elements of our life, perennial springs of mirth. He is blessed with a happy faculty of detecting the incongruous; there is no symmetry so perfect that he cannot detect a distortion, no combination so fixed that he cannot decompose it with his acids. He can go to Baalbec and insert his knife into every joint between those marvelously fitted stones, and where others see a portico of giant monoliths he will show you the crevices between them. Bring him into the streets of a modern city, "Look," he

says, "at that remarkable edifice; you call it modern architecture because it is a hodge-podge of all that has ever been constructed by man. There are Doric columns at the entrance and a Romanesque arch above; the windows are copied from the Alhambra, the chimnies from Holyrood Palace, and the treatment of the façade suggests an Egyptian temple." You, of course, had never thought of that before. It may be that, to your foolish eyes, the building had had a certain grace and fitness; but now you have met one who knows where it came from, who can take it apart and change its unity into a mere agglomeration. You have nothing to do but say to your friend, "Did you ever see such a building as that?"

Neither does our social life escape. We have probably been living with a vague assurance that the world was going on about as well as it could under the circumstances, that men and women were living and dying, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, in about as orderly and decorous and withal as honest a way as could be expected. But the Annandale peasant comes down to London from his native hills and utters the magic word "sham," and our whole social fabric falls into a dismal ruin. Or it may be a polished Londoner himself, a true child of the metropolis, who takes some such innocent looking word as "snob," and by the wizard power of his genius makes it swell and grow into a huge and shadowy Frankenstein which follows, a baleful presence, into every nook and corner of the world whither we have fled to escape it. That kindly old gentleman with the gold spectacles whom we had somewhat fancied, is a snob. That dashing young officer resplendent in the glories of yellow leather and red flannel; your friend Jack who has "just gone down to Almack's;" the slim, deep-eyed student and the butler with pink plush breeches, all these must be surrendered to the all-devouring category of snobs. There is even a dim, uneasy feeling that you may be a snob yourself. It is all so true and obvious when

The seer has made his revelation that we believe him perforce. The whole thing is indisputable, but still as we laugh we are conscious that something has gone from within, call it faith in mankind or call it illusion, still it is gone, and our laugh becomes hollow.

War! How many teeming memories of the glorious past the word awakens! Have not philosophers contended rightly that it is the natural state of man, the triumph of his powers and the condition of his development? All nature tends towards equilibrium, and what is equilibrium but the balance between warring forces and the adjustment of oppositions? Can we doubt that the struggle for the mastery, the tense nerves, hardened muscles, the generalship of the intellect speaking through the eye, and the indomitable will in the rigid lips,—can we doubt that this presents the climax of man's activities? Then add a moral purpose, the inspiration of a great idea, invisible, intangible, and the spectacle becomes sublime. It is an apotheosis, and succeeding generations burn incense on the altar of the hero demigod. The united voice of antiquity speaking from its holiest shrines declares that war is divine. But Herr Teufelsdröckh has been watching the fight from his tower in Weissnichtwo, and when all is over and only stiffened corpses remain to tell of men who welcomed death for Fatherland, he takes up his pen and writes: "Have not I myself known five hundred living soldiers sabred into crow's meat for a piece of glazed cotton which they called a flag; which, had you sold it at any market cross, would not have brought above three groschen?" Quite right, O Philosopher of Clothes; there is no rebuttal; yet we assent sadly, for the negation of your philosophy has swept away who can tell what lurid and gorgeous cloud-fancies of glory and heroism. Our hearts are young, our blood is warm, our hope is high; yet, says our good sage, let the blare of trumpet and the clash of steel arouse no answering thrill. All this is but a clever method of making crow's-meat by

means of a bit of glazed cotton. Even the pitiless Teufelsdröckh repents his iconoclasm here and grants us some relief. "Nevertheless," he adds, "through all this there glimmers something of a divine idea." A welcome concession, but it comes too late.

We may divide satirists into two classes: those who have lost their faith and those who have lost their patience; those who laugh spitefully and those who laugh indignantly.

It seems in a measure unfair to include the genial Horace, laurel crowned, sipping his Falernian wine, in the first class, and yet was not his venom weakened and the barb of his arrows concealed in roses by his deliberate and dainty Epicureanism, in its spirit the most satirical of all philosophies! How speak its disciples? Life is but a play; let us make it a comedy; we will enjoy the music and the motley, with some wine between the acts; we will laugh pleasantly at the jests until the curtain is rung down and we go out into the night. There is no suggestion of ill humor about Horace. He conspired to make the little vexations of life minister to his entertainment. He takes a journey to Brundisium, and smiles like a good traveler at the mishaps of tavern and road; a man bores him to use his influence with Maecenas, and he goes into his study and writes a comical account of the interview, over which you may wager Maecenas has a hearty laugh. Now he rails at a wealthy old member of the *profanum vulgus*, and again argues learnedly on the duty of charity until he has made several philosophical systems ridiculous, and there he stops with a sly twinkle in his eye. Yes, Horace was a satirist because he had lost his faith.

But, you say, did he not write:

"Integer vitae scelerisque purus?"

True, but even there he lost confidence in himself and his theme, and, like a sensible man, returned from such lofty abstractions to his "sweetly laughing, sweetly prat-

ling Lalage." Yet there was some survival of the old Roman *integritas* in Horace. It crops out at intervals when he drops his vein of light banter and laments the noble Roman of the good old days. He is saved because he retains his belief in the past, albeit for the present he can only say:

"Nos requiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore."

The temples of the gods still stand, and yet their darkened corridors can only echo the cry, "Great Pan is dead." Alas, poor Horace! there was much of the truly noble in you. You laughed bravely, even gaily, under the burden of an empire sinking into hideous ruin. Your country villa and your fountain of Brandusia saved you from bitterness, but not from sadness. We can find no malignity in your writings; would we could find more hope!

Voltaire deserves a very different treatment. To him the world was utterly bad, and he was glad of it because it kept him in countenance. A man with a mean heart and a waspish nature, living in a guilty age, he found a small satisfaction and a cruel glee in telling the world he understood it thoroughly. "Ah," he said, "my dear sir, you look honorable, but you are not; every man has his price." The world can get along very well without critics, who prove their pre-eminence by tearing down what others have toiled painfully to erect, and the man who stood out so stoutly against Christianity and faith has not been answered, because Christianity has gone steadily on its way, scarcely aware of his existence.

When we mention indignant satirists everybody thinks of one name. How very indignant was Dean Swift! How he lashes himself into a fury over the corruptions of state and follies of society, until we begin to fear he may choke, and never get over it. With what long and savage strides he leads us through the lands of Lilliput and Brobdingnag,

almost too impatient to cry out occasionally, "There, that is a picture of the way you live at home!" The Dean was undoubtedly a lover of truth, and yet we cannot help thinking that there were times, perhaps, when his dinner did not exactly agree with him.

We must think of "the wicked little wasp of Twickenham" not without pity, because the humiliation of his deformity ate like a cancer into his sensitive soul. Pope never got quite so angry as Jonathan Swift, but he sneers with a more profound contempt.

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." So it is in childhood and in manhood; it is only a difference of kind in rattle and straw. The history of England could be written in political satires. Ever since the nation has become peaceful and laid aside the long bow and broad sword, it has had to resort to this method of expressing those feelings which were formerly worked off in round Saxon blows.

There is much to be said for indignant satire. It clears the air like a thunder storm. There are times when argument fails, when men's brains have grown too flabby to be convinced, when a degenerate and dissolute society needs a prophet having raiment of camel's hair and a leather girdle about his loins, lifting up his solitary cry in the wilderness. Yet, at best, this is but a preparation for the constructive work which is to follow. And it often happens that the name of virtuous passion is applied to what is a passion with very little virtue about it. For, after all, this irritable and imperious denunciation has little in it of the spirit of the true reformer.

Satire finds its birth in a keen perception of the parts rather than a generous apprehension of the whole. It fixes attention on superficial incongruities and fails to see the profound unity that lies beneath. It may be but the passing glance of a gruff and hearty soul, as when old Hugo von Trimberg exclaims, "God must needs laugh outright

could such thing be, to see His wondrous manikins here below ;” and we can almost hear the Teuton’s loud guffaw ; or it is the shrewd discernment of a Talleyrand who condenses diplomacy into a sentence and says with scarce a smile, “The purpose of language is to conceal thought.” Yet, whatever its manifestation, it is in its nature small and superficial. The satirist may shine as a bright and rather scorching light, but when the true genius appears the feeble flame pales as a torch before the sun. We join in the jest, and yet our greenest laurels and lasting memories are for the men who speak the sober truth. How many of the men who scoffed at Luther remain ?

Ah, friends, let us look at the great. Anyone can see the littleness of the world ; most men see nothing else, or only in moments of exaltation catch glimpses of the snow-capped peaks. Let it be ours to read in the broken lines around us the full idea within struggling for expression. Let us see in the mournful and shattered columns which survive the stately temple as it first gladdened the rays of the sun when the genius of brain and chisel had new-wrought his miracle. Be sure that every black and unsightly lump of coal in your grate has in it some of the carbon of the pure diamond ; the commonplace man can only see the blackness, but the chemist separates that carbon and crystallizes it into forms where it sparkles to the eyes of all. This is the service genius renders us. Shakespeare is a phopet, a seer, who shows man the nobility and proportion of his own soul. We are debtors to George Eliot because she has taken the insignificant and ordinary in life, or rather that which appears insignificant and ordinary, and has made us see it with those superb eyes of hers which penetrate the husk. Each generation brings a fresh offering of gratitude to Plato because he tells them the pitiful forms which reflect the light of day are not all. If they were all, even then there would be no place for cynicism but rather for despair. If things as they appear are all, then the cynic’s smile

becomes the ghastly grin of the death's head; but if they are not all, then it is the mirth of a precocious child who laughs at an apparent incongruity because he cannot see the subtle strands of the connecting thread. "Men," says the Vishnu Purana, "contemplate distinctions because they are stupefied with ignorance." What saith Charles Lamb, also? and he speaks honestly because he includes himself: "Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess freely) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or a side face at most." This confession is all the truer because he did not know at the time that he was defining satirists. "I count him a great man," says Emerson, "who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty; he has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations." We would be just to the satirist; he has his place. He often laughs with so much good humor that we are glad to forget our cares and laugh with him, often so terribly that he forces evil to hide its head before modest virtue, and yet on a cold day we do not want the flash of polished metal but the steady glow of a warm fire.

THE VUKODLAK.

HOW he happened to be there—in that square of Toulouse, on that summer's afternoon—Paul Gascoigne could never have told. He had journeyed down from Bordeaux in the morning, and now, after a dinner at a quaint little hotel in the southern faubourg, with the true instinct of the traveler, had started out to see the sights of the old city.

It was not altogether new to him, but now he gazed on everything with a new and strange delight. Perhaps because

It was such a beautiful summer's day—for there could scarcely have been a more perfect one—or it may have been because the viewer was more at peace with himself—more capable of rejoicing in the joy of nature about him—than he had been for a long time past. For there are certain times when the brown blur which the conventionalities of our busy life have woven about the material world fades away, and out from the shapeless mass of rock and out from the monotonous green of the meadows start images many colored, many shaped, and in their hue and form we read Nature's lesson to her children. We see the dull, flat plain pulsating with life and beauty—we see the grass stirring, and the leaves all a-quiver with a passionate joy in the sunlight and the air. And this feeling enters into us, so that our pulse throbs faster, and we *live* as we do not every day.

It was something of this feeling that came to Paul Gascoigne as he stood on the St. Cyprien bridge and looked down on the laughing waters of the Garonne. He never allowed himself to grow metaphysical—it was a bad habit, he thought—and he did not try to analyze the feeling, but he enjoyed it nevertheless, and as he looked out across the water and noted the beauty of the earth in the sunshine, his eyes kindled with an intense satisfaction.

Finally he walked on across the bridge, and up the broad street toward the cathedral.

It was in no romantic way that he first saw Teresa. He simply passed her. She was standing on the square just above the broad quays, and a light basket hung upon her arm.

He noted with pleasure—for he had an artist's eye—her plain white dress, with its red kerchief and loose sash, and paused on the other side of the square to observe her until she moved away.

He was singularly struck by the sight of her face, framed in a soft brown hair, which turned to gold in the sun. It

was not the face of a provençal, he told himself; there was a something subdued and delicate about it which told of refinement while it told of sorrow. When he returned to the hotel he was still thinking vaguely of it.

Later in the day Gascoigne sat at the window of the hotel smoking. Looking dreamily out upon the street between clouds of smoke, he saw a young girl pass on the opposite side, ascend the steps of a modest dwelling, and disappear within. It was only a moment before he recognized her; it was the same figure he had seen on the square.

The garçon came hurriedly in response to his sharp ring.

“Who lives there opposite—the house with the iron railing and balcony?”

“There? Surely Monsieur knew! Who but the same old gentleman Monsieur was speaking with before dinner—the one with the long surtout and grey beard. A very pleasant gentleman, as Monsieur was aware, and quite a learned man. He had written a book—‘*Lecours d’ Anatomie Comparée.*’ Perhaps Monsieur had heard of it. He often came into the hotel as he had done to-day, for he was known by some of the guests. Had he a wife? Ah, no! Madame Chrétien had died years ago. He himself was a gamin then, playing about the streets, but he remembered. *Such* a funeral! And *such* flowers! Monsieur Chrétien had never been the same man since—always sad, as though he were looking, looking for something.”

He sympathizingly wiped his eyes.

“But he has children?” Gascoigne asked.

“Oh! Teresa, that was all. She was a woman now, but if Monsieur could have seen her the day madame was buried—a little, little girl then, so small that Monsieur Chrétien must lift her up to look in the coffin. She was all Monsieur had now, and he was very fond of her.

Gascoigne dallied over his food that evening. He was thinking. He summoned the waiter. “Take my port-manteau back; I shall not go to-night.”

Later on he lit a fresh cigar and strolled out. He had seen the old man and his daughter leave the house, the father leaning upon her arm. It was just at that period of the evening when everything seems hushed into silence—the dying of the day. The sun had only a few moments to live, but the twilights are so long in that region that Gascoigne knew a full hour must pass before dusk would have fallen thickly.

He shaped his course along by the *Canal du Midi*, where he judged the walk was coolest, and just below where it joins the Garonne, under the arch of the great bridge, he came upon them.

From the first moment, when Paul Gascoigne raised his hat to Teresa, the old man engaged him in close conversation. His old-fashioned courtesy attracted the younger man even as much as his scholarly bearing and the look of patient sadness which had become a part of his nature and which showed itself in the sweet face of the daughter by his side.

Evidently it was not often that he was thrown in the society of minds congenial to him, and he at first talked with a certain reserve that at length disappeared almost entirely.

For a while they talked on indifferent subjects—the late state agitations and the outlook of France. The old man drew comparisons between its struggles and the struggles of ancient people, and spoke of the cycles in which history seems to roll and roll again; then of man in general—the wants and passions inherent in all human nature—the natural appetences which sway humanity to the same ends. From this, naturally enough, they drifted to the physical constitution of man, and thus, finally, to the old man's pet hobby—comparative anatomy.

He had made it his life study he told him. He was then engaged on the great work of his life, "*Les Ossements Fossiles des Quadrupèdes*," which, when completed, would,

he hoped, bring him notice, and more than that, means to educate Teresa here, as he wished. It was for that he toiled more than for personal fame. A year or two now, he thought, would suffice to complete it, but instruments of research were so costly and specimens so hard to obtain. He sighed as he spoke.

Gascoigne, without being selfish, had never exerted himself to interest others, but to-night he found himself striving as he had never done to make his conversation entertaining, and thought himself well repaid when the dark eyes kindled and the sweet face beside him brightened.

The walk was over all too soon for both. The old man had found a confidant, and Gascoigne had found his fate. When he bade Monsieur Chrétien and Teresa good night at their door it was with the promise to call upon them the next day.

When he raised the bronze knocker the following afternoon, Teresa herself opened the door for him. She was dressed in a different fashion now—a gown of some heavy, dark stuff, gathered loosely at the throat, and caught with an antique, gold pin. Gascoigne noted all this as he greeted her.

As he entered the little parlor the old man rose and shook hands with him warmly. "We have been awaiting you quite impatiently, Teresa and I," he said, "We have not forgotten our pleasant conversation of last evening."

The young man felt at ease immediately. There was that in the simple, courteous greeting that disarmed all self-consciousness.

So they sat and conversed, the old man saying much, Gascoigne little, and Teresa least of all. Yet somehow it seemed to the young man that he was talking with her when neither spoke, and ever and again Teresa's cheek flushed at a glance or a word.

As Gascoigne walked across to the hotel that night, he acknowledged to himself that he was in love.

Now that the ice had been thus broken, Gascoigne called often. He had prolonged his stay at Toulouse indefinitely. The Mediterranean might wait. He ventured to take Teresa walking, while her father was busied with his writings, or rowed her up the river in the sunny afternoons, and all the while his love grew stronger and more a part of himself.

It was not long after that, that he took his first meal in the house. It was on a holiday, and the city was decorated. In the early afternoon, Gascoigne and Teresa walked together to mass at the Cathedral, and, on returning, found the meal prepared and the old man ready to lay aside his books and join in the conversation.

He had ordered a new cage for Lamia, he said, the old one was so cramped and close. "Who was Lamia?" Ah, he had forgotten! He should see. He opened the door of the back room, and showed Gascoigne a long, low cage, from the centre of which hung, head downward, an enormous bat.

Gascoigne started with an uncontrollable shudder. He had always felt an instinctive horror of these creatures.

Teresa called to it caressingly, "Lamia, Lamia!" At her call it dropped to the floor and laid its head between the bars for Teresa to touch.

A great disgust came over her lover as he saw her hand caress its silky head. The old man observed it.

"Monsieur does not like our Lamia."

"No," said Gascoigne. "I think, when I was a child, some one told me a frightful story. I remember I dreamed of it three consecutive nights, and since then I could never abide one."

Monsieur Chrétien smiled. "It is doubtless the vampire-bat Monsieur alludes to. It is criminal—the tales some nurses tell children! The true vampire is the *Phyllostoma* or spectre-bat, which has a membraneous crest and two

approximate upper incisors. This, as Monsieur sees, is entirely different, having no crest and only one incisor——”

When they were seated at the table, the old man went on to tell of the legend of the vampire. The superstition existed chiefly in Wallachia and Servia, he said, where the people call it “Vukodlak,” and where they have the saying, “Death to him who lifts his hand against the Vukodlak.” The Greeks had a legend of beautiful phantom women, who lured youths to them to feast upon their blood. They called them “Lamias,” from which he had got the name “Lamia.” The Greek Christians had a similar legend—to them the bodies of all excommunicated persons were vampires. There were various charms against them—the lard of a pig killed on St. Ignatius’ day, or a staff made of the stem of a wild rose tree. He was of opinion that the *Vukodlak* was identical with the ghoul of the Persians and the wer-wolf of the German nations.

The old man’s mind was a mine of information, and Gascoigne found it a pleasure as well as instructive to talk with him.

The meal was hardly over, when a peculiar cry came from the outer room, like the long-drawn, mournful cry of a child. “It was only Lamia,” the host said, apologetically. It never cried except when they neglected to give it its food, or when angry.

Teresa went into the room and fed it with strips of meat, talking to it the while in a low, caressing tone.

“Teresa has quite grown to love it,” the old man remarked. “We have had it a year, and when it first came she was like you—she could not bear it; but now they have grown quite fond of each other.”

A few days later, the new iron cage arrived from Bordeaux. Gascoigne noticed, though without concern, that the bars were wider than in the old.

That evening, he and Teresa walked by the river. When they returned, Gascoigne looked very happy, and Teresa was tearful, yet smiling.

Later in the evening, the three sat together in the little parlor. No one spoke a great deal, but they sat silently in the dusk, yet they all understood.

It was a beautiful thing—Gascoigne's love for Teresa. He often found himself smiling at no perceptible cause.

It is not strange that he could not sleep that night. As the bells doled out the hour of twelve, he wandered out upon the street. There was no moon, but the stars were very bright. He crossed the street, and walked down past the old house which was now the center of his thoughts.

As he walked, with eyes on the pavement, something swept by him, striking him lightly upon the shoulder and disappeared in the foliage of the great beach that overhung the street.

Gascoigne wheeled, but saw nothing. "A bird or twig," he thought, and passed on. Next morning he had forgotten the circumstance.

The third morning thereafter Gascoigne was hurriedly summoned. Teresa was ill. She had attempted to dress, as usual, and, with no apparent cause, had fainted. Old Marie, their one servant, had been with her at the time.

When Gascoigne arrived a doctor had already been sent for.

"It was nothing serious," he said when he came. "All young persons were subject to such attacks. She did not take sufficient air and exercise."

But, though she complained of nothing save a strange feeling of giddiness, she was longer recovering than he had said, and it was full three days before she was strong enough to go out. Then, remembering what the physician had said, Gascoigne took her out upon the river every day.

Slowly the color came back to her cheek, and her lover thought her almost herself again, when another and a more serious attack sent a terrible fear to his heart. This time there was no fainting, but one morning old Marie failed to rouse her—that was all.

The doctor came, shook his head, and left more medicine, but it was not as effectual as it had been before. She rallied, but more slowly.

There is little need to prolong the story. A third time was the doctor summoned, and this time she did not rise. Gascoigne was statted when he first saw her. Her face was very much paler and thinner, but the old sweetness had not left it. Three days she lay, never complaining and taking no food. It seemed as though she were too weak to come back.

The old man's writing had lost its charm for him, and he sat much of the time holding her hand. That night, for the first time in his life, Gascoigne prayed.

The next morning she asked to see Lamia, and its great cage was brought in and set by her bedside, while she fed it with trembling fingers. Then it was carried back, and she lay quietly until afternoon. She had seemed a trifle better that day, and Gascoigne crossed to the hotel and lay down. He was much in need of sleep.

The bell-man summoned him in less than an hour after.

Th old man would not believe that she was dying, but Gascoigne's heart almost stopped beating when he saw her. She lay quietly and her eyes were closed, but it was evident that respiration was becoming fainter every moment.

After a long time she opened her eyes, turned them first upon her father and then upon her lover's face, where they rested. It was as though she said "farewell."

Then slowly, very slowly, the lids closed over the eyes. Gascoigne bent over the bed.

"Teresa! Teresa!"

It was the cry of a man's heart.

"Teresa! Teresa!"

A faint breath—as faint as a child's—was the only answer.

Then a tremor passed over the face, a tremor that hung about the lips after the rest of the face had settled into an immovable calm, and the daughter lay there dead in the

room, with her sweet face turned toward the bronzed one that bent over her, and one little hand held close in the old man's, which had toiled for her all through the long past years when she was a little child playing about the doorstep.

How the afternoon passed, Gascoigne did not know. The kind neighbors had done all they could, and Teresa lay still and cold in the upper room with the hands crossed above the breast. All was warm and joyous save that place. The gay sunlight flecked the bed and the still face over which the two men had bowed. All things about her throbbed with passionate, exulting life,—only she lay dead.

In the evening Gascoigne and the old man sat in the little parlor. Excitement was beginning to tell on the younger, and a flask of brandy sat on the table. The old man seemed to have aged greatly in the single day, and at times seemed quite childish; it was evident that he did not yet realize his loss.

As soon as it had grown dark he had lighted the tapers in the room where Teresa lay, and placed one on either side of her. When he came down he talked of nothing but her—rambling on until the younger man was glad when he dropped to sleep at last in the broad *fauteuil*.

Poor old man! It had been a sad, weary day for him, but Gascoigne sat gazing, gazing, out into the darkness.

His mind was filled with one thought—Teresa. He was thinking of the day he first saw her, when she stood all alone, basket in hand, on that white square of Gascony. He saw again the gleam of the sun on her soft, brown hair, and her plain white dress and crimson 'kerchief.

The old man stirred uneasily and muttered in his sleep, but the younger did not heed him.

The long summer days rolled on, and still he was by her side. They were walking by the river, and the bells from the steeple of St. Sernin were just chiming. They walked hand in hand, and neither spoke, but to both the whole

path was gilded and bright, and the river that flowed on and on seemed to them like life, bright and laughing in the sunshine, and gliding, gliding, gliding, but never ending.

Still another picture came to him. They were seated all together now—Teresa, and he, and the old man. It was the same evening, and the dusk had fallen; but it seemed so peaceful and so pleasant, sitting there, that no one had thought of lights. Teresa sat on a low stool at her father's feet. He could see the old man's smile even yet, through the darkness, and knew how tenderly his hand smoothed her hair. So real it seemed that the dreamer half expected to see her face start out from the blackness, and hear her name his name.

With a half-suppressed cry, Gascoigne started up. What was that? Once again he heard it—a low cry, like the wail of a home-sick child—and it came from the room above.

He laid his hand upon the old man's arm and shook him. "Wake up!" he said, hoarsely.

The sleeper started. "What is it? Teresa!" Then sadly, "Ah! I remember now. Why not let me sleep? One can forget when he sleeps, and I had such a beautiful dream! She was not dead in my dream."

Gascoigne stilled him with a gesture. "Hark!" and once more it came—that low, sobbing wail of seeming despair.

He gripped the old man's arm with a force that made him wince. "That is *her* room!" He was trembling violently.

"Impossible! It is Lamia!"

The old man stepped to the door and opened it, striking a match as he did so. The cage was empty.

He turned, and his face showed only bewilderment. "It is empty," he said.

Again the cry sounded, and with it a swift intelligence darted into his face. When Gascoigne looked again he

would not have known him. Some slumbering demon had awaked within him, and the features were livid and convulsed with the expression of a fury.

Quick as was Gascoigne, the old man was ahead of him, and sprang up the stairs first. He flung open the door, and there, on Teresa's breast, from which the shroud was pulled away, with fiery eyes that glowed like coals in the light of the waxen tapers, sat the awful *thing*.

The old man, with a terrible cry, drew a heavy clasp-knife from his pocket, and rushed toward it, but it suddenly spread its great wings, and, evading him, flitted before him toward the half-opened window.

It was then, as he sprang forward to strike it down, that his foot caught in the sheet which draped the death-couch, and he fell heavily to the floor, while the *Vukodlak*, uttering again its cry of anger, vanished through the window. Before Gascoigne had time for thought, the prostrate figure rolled over and revealed to him that the knife had penetrated his breast.

And so they lay—the girl and the old man—both still and both with a red wound in the breast. Unable to endure the sight, Gascoigne turned, and, with an inarticulate cry, like that of a wild beast, fled out into the night.

* * * * *

Those who arrayed her finally for the grave, found on Teresa's breast a number of minute, purplish spots, so small as to be noticed only by their contrast to the dead pallor of the skin. She and the old man were buried side by side.

And Gascoigne?

Time is a great healer, and men forget, after a time, they say. He was married in Paris last season.

G. P. W.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF INVERNESS.

MANY years have passed since that fateful storm
Raged so wildly on Scotland's shore,
When the billows surged as by fury urged
Like a triumphing conqueror.

When the cliffs seemed moved by a demon's hand,
And the ponderous rocks were rent—
It was long ago, but the awful woe
Of that night has not yet been spent.

On a lonely jutland by Moray's tide
Stood a sentinel grim and stern ;
'Mid the ocean's crash, 'neath the lightning's flash,
Each assault did it fiercely return.

Yet this staunch old guard of the Scottish coast
Had imperilled full many a sail,
When a tempest broke with its mighty stroke
And the vessel went down in the gale.

One of England's fleet—aye, her fairest ship,
Sought retreat from the storm that night ;
Heeding naught the sea, nor its fiendish glee,
But determined to baffle its might.

Long the struggle raged by rough Moray's coast,
Often victory seemed at hand ;
Till a monstrous wave, then a yawning grave
Sealed its fate on the rocky strand.

There the lighthouse tower of Inverness
Lifts its streaming, benignant rays,
As a beacon-fire that must deep inspire
Every traveller whom tempest delays.

And the weary sailors that catch its gleams
Shall take courage and gratefully bless
Every loving heart that had shared a part
In the lighthouse of Inverness.

CURIOSITIES OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

AMONG the earliest studies which tend to arouse and strengthen the youthful imagination, geography is perhaps the most effectual. There is scarcely a student who, if he recalls his first lessons in atlas drawing, will not be amused at the hyperbolic outlines with which he pictured to himself the snow-capped Himalayas, the oozing rivers of Africa, or it may be the Aleutian Isles stretching westward like stepping-stones from the Alaskan to the Asiatic shore. Later travels may, perchance, bring many of these imagined views into curious contrast with their originals.

It was with such an atlas picture of nature still lingering in mind that I caught a first glimpse of the Mississippi river. Long before the thundering train had brought the anticipated view actually into sight, my old "geography" conception of the mighty stream had come back to relieve the suspense, and I saw once more the same wild torrent of muddy waters that I had pictured to my mind's eye years before when studying of this "the longest river of the globe." But the imaginary river did not remain long, for we were rapidly approaching the reality. At that juncture where the Grand Panhandle route strikes the river, just above St. Louis, the view is celebrated for its beauty, and I turned eagerly to the window to catch the earliest glimpse. The day that had just ended had been rainy, and the lingering mists, uniting with the oncoming shadows, hung in low, heavy masses over the river and hid its face. It was therefore the most natural thing that my expectant eye should have mistaken the foggy expanse for the river itself, and of course greatly exaggerated its width. The detached clouds also, partially lifted above the general surface, furnished to my deceived eye ideal islands, and they, with the surrounding waters, faded gradually away in the misty distance. The Mississippi river seemed to me to be indeed the "Father of all waters."

It was not until the following morning that I beheld the real archetypical river, of which my imagination had painted such flattering pictures. And this morning view, seen after the mists had risen and there could be no mistake, made the third distinct and separate picture which I held in mind of the Mississippi: one derived from my atlas studies years before; a second conjured up on the evening previous, and a third the one before my eyes.

Now it seems to me that the difference between the first two pictures named afford us a faithful illustration of the difference between the poetry of imagination and the poetry of fancy. The old geography picture, if not a true, was at least a possible, conception of a real "stream of water flowing between two banks." So, also, are the products of the poetic imagination always in keeping with possibility. Here is a stanza from "The Dying Indian," by Freneau:

"By midnight moons o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—or shade."

In these lines there is nothing that is not actually possible to experience or probable to the understanding. But when we consider the second picture of the river which was influenced by the overhanging mists, we find it so distorted and drawn out of conceivable proportions, that it ceases to be a river and becomes a sea. So, also, are the products of the poetic fancy. Drawn out of all possible proportions, they cease to be actual to nature and become fantastic. Of such a kind are all those gigantic Brobdingnagians that stalk about in our dreams, and their wee Lilliputian companions that play pranks between their toes. Indeed, so apprehensive these foolish creations of fancy sometimes become that some there are who dare not trust themselves alone with this dangerous faculty after dark. But to illustrate the poetic fancy, here is an exquisite little piece, taken from Lyly's drama of "Alexander and Campaspe:—"

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin,
All these did my Campaspe win;
At last he bet her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me?"

We see an old and therefore well known instance of the difference between fancy and imagination exemplified respectively in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia." To trace the chain of psychological events through which each writer passed as he wrote, would be interesting. But the essential difference, we conceive, rests in this: that while taste and reason come in to direct the choice of materials and to supervise their construction into the "Utopia," nothing save a faint, dilatory consistency dances in the background of fancy, not, however, to advise or direct, but only to defeat the distorting effects of chance and preserve some recognizable feature to the "Rape of the Lock." That is to say, while Sir Thomas exercises a discriminating taste and judgment in balancing the institutions of his ideal state, Pope, contrarily, moves on a lighter wing, and, rejecting the suggestions of reason and probability, mounts upward into the more fickle atmosphere of startling contrast and brilliant imagery. * * *

One of the curious functions performed by the imagination and fancy is magnifying what for some cause or other we may be unable distinctly to see. This might be called a species of mental optimism, putting an enlarged construction upon small things till it stretch our credulity sometimes even to breaking. Those times, for instance, of dusky twilights or hazy fogs, when a clump of bushes, or, perhaps, the flight of some stray crow, when faintly seen, affords to the imagi-

nation a hint about which to center some monstrous apparition, growing apace, it may be, with the terror of the spectator, till with Milton he might cry, the thing

" Dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved ;
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed."

This same magnifying feature is frequently seen reflected in the writings of ancient and medieval historians. Such incongruous ideas were then held respecting foreign races, that it was incumbent upon the historian, if he would gain any recognition, to present in the most unusual and fantastic light these exaggerated conceptions about the genii and giants of distant lands. Hence it is that some of the stories of Herodotus and Livy are actually preposterous, and medieval history had made little advancement when, in order to excite belief in the strange lands of the Holy Crusades, it was actually necessary to illumine the historic page with monstrous distortions of beast and human form. Nor are we ourselves quite free from this relish for apotheosizing the distant. The roar of Niagara sounds never so loud as when heard across the continent. And yet how few of us there are who, if it were permitted us to travel in enchanted lands, would not be constrained to exclaim with Emerson at Rome, "How evanescent and superficial is most of this emotion which names of places awaken! It yields in me to the interest which the most ordinary companion inspires."

Not less curious is that other function of the imagination so often seen exercised in completing and rounding out objects left unfinished or dimmed to the actual sight. This finishing character of the imagination seems fully to have been appreciated by Michael Angelo when he left in the rough many of his choicest pieces of marble. The uncultured eye might wonder why this half-finished stone

was unsmoothed and ill-dressed. But had the sculptor hiseled his figure out into all its nicer details they would excite far less interest, for it would then have arrested the possible play of the imagination which now flits about the unfinished corners and adds an imaginary perfection the charm of which is beyond the capacity of any mere chisel. In the celebrated picture by Timanthes, of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, all the bystanders are represented as exercising their proper share of grief, but the countenance of the father, which ought to manifest a grief surpassing that of all the others, is veiled. This unusual feature has elicited many clever remarks. One critic says that the artist had so exhausted his powers of the physiognomy of sorrow that he despaired of being able to give an expression of greater sorrow to the father. Another replies that the grief of the father in such a catastrophe was beyond expression. But we do not see why it need be either the incapacity of the artist or the incapacity of the art, but simply that the artist knew that to show the eye the extremest degree of passion is to bind the wings of fancy and thereby destroy that exquisite finish which it alone can add. Along this line Lessing says: "When Laocöon sighs, the imagination may hear him scream; but when he screams then it can neither advance a step higher, nor descend a step lower without beholding him in a more tolerable and therefore in a less interesting condition. That alone is fruitful in its effect which leaves free play to the power of imagination."

In conclusion, we would like to call attention to the twofold limitation which the imagination strikes when endeavoring to shape any picture of infinitude. No sooner do we approach the infinity of small things than the most refined and disciplined imagination retires in bewilderment from the contemplation of infinitesimals of which even the microscope can only hint. The whole school of physicists, from Lucippus down to Thompson, have failed at this point, and it is probable that we shall never be able success-

fully to grapple with the ultimate structural materials of nature. No less futile is the attempt to mount upward into the region of the infinitely great. Just as the imagination in trying to compute the infinitesimal was cramped and pinched into a hollow oak, so here it loses itself in a continent of forests.

"What is beyond the skies?" asked a philosophic child of his mother, and he was answered—

"The heavens, my son."

"But when the heavens end, what comes next?"

"The heavens never end, my boy."

"But they must, mustn't they, mother; for just think, they can't go on forever, and where the heavens really do stop, what comes next—wood, do you suppose?"

"Perhaps."

"But," continued the persistent inquirer, for he was on the trail of eternity, "when all the wood and all the iron and stone and everything else is all used up, what must come next, mother?"

"Stop, child! such thoughts will turn you crazy!" and so the problem of the ages was postponed, for, alas! can even the wiser heads solve it? Pile universe upon universe and the sum-total would bring us scarce through the fractions of this great arithmetic. What, then, have we here in the infinitely small and the infinitely great if it be not a glimpse of the Alpha and Omega?

THE BUCCANEERS.

I.

THE blue sound and stretch of beach,
Where the tottering wave crests break and leap
In rolling masses of seething white,
That rush ashore in a hasty flight,
Like a frightened, huddling flock of sheep
Scared by yon whirling eagle's screech.

II.

With a flapping sail, just veering round,
A long, low craft, with tall, raking masts,
Swings in the tide-rip; and now a boat,
Steered by a man in a gold-laced coat,
Puts for the shore as the vessel casts
Her anchor there with a rattling sound.

III.

Then six men carry a great black chest,
And, stumbling, plunge through the heavy sand;
The pines are reached, and their burden hid,
With great stones piled on its iron lid;
Then out to sea and away from land!
For theirs is a life that knows no rest.

A MODERN VIKING.

ORDINARILY there is nothing gentle about Norway, with its rugged hills, rough-foliaged trees, and roaring, tumbling streams; but on a winter's night, when the snow lies deep and the moon shines in a sky undisputed by clouds, the harsh strength of the land showing only its outlines under the white counterpane, seems a thing of beauty and softness in the noiseless night.

It was on an early evening which promised to become such a night that a sleigh might have been seen gliding over the post road from Christiana to Kronhjelm. The silence was broken only by the crunching of the horses' hoofs in the snow and an occasional word encouragingly uttered by the driver. The other occupants of the sleigh were the Count Olaf Tryggevesson and his daughter Marit, who since early morning had been traveling by easy stages from the capital of Norway.

Marit was a pale little creature, with a face whose large, gray-blue eyes, appealing and wistful, and sad, sweet mouth, told of a heart which had encountered the riddle of life and

was weary of trying to solve it. Her father was a tall, spare man, whose beard, just a bit grizzled, did not entirely hide a face which was a shrewd and practical one, with no suspicion of dreaminess. The Count loved this child, who had been his sole companion since his wife's death, but he never understood her dreamy, listless nature, and there was little sympathy between them. The Count's ancestral home was in Kronhjelm, but he had been away for years. Marit had never been strong, and now, worn out by the gayeties of the court, she was going, by the advice of a physician, to her father's estate on the Drommen Fiord, which she had never seen.

It is too cold to talk. They have been skirting a low wooded hill; now the road takes a sudden turn to the left, the snow is whirled into their faces by a breeze from the sea, and the town of Kronhjelm lies before them. In the center of the town they see the castle, a strong, ungraceful pile, brilliantly lighted in expectation of their arrival. The driver's whip snaps in the frosty air, the startled horses dash through the dark streets, and to the relief of the wearied travelers the journey is at an end.

The next day the retainers of the house of Tryggevesson gather from the country round to celebrate the home-coming of their long-absent lord. Among these simple fishing and farmer folk of the North of Europe, nineteenth-century ideas have made but little headway, and, to their medieval minds, swearing allegiance to their feudal lord seems as natural as the christening or confirmation services in the little Lutheran Church on the hill. The tenants form a great procession, guild by guild, and march through the streets of the town, cheering right lustily for Count Olaf, but cherishing fond visions of the feast in the great hall of the castle that is to conclude the ceremonies of the day—a feast whose oxen roasted whole and vast flagons of ale and mead would have done credit to the appetites of the days of Thor and Odin. The most prominent feature of the procession is the

fishermen's guild—sturdy, rough-looking men and women, who chant a saga about some old Norse hero as they pass under the sheltered balcony in which stand the Count and Marit, well muffled in furs. At the head of the guild marches Niels Lofte, the youngest captain it has ever had—a yellow-haired giant, who is surely some viking come back from the days when the men of the Northland were lords of the sea. He glances at the balcony, and sees Marit's face, so beautiful—the most beautiful he has ever seen—and so white—almost as white as the fur in which it nestles. He forgets to return the Count's salute, and stands for a moment as one enchanted, gazing at the lovely vision. As he resumes the song and trudges on he carries in his heart a picture of that sweet face, so different from the red cheeks of the lasses who had vied in vain for his affections. And Marit—Marit saw a man, a strong, fearless man, such a contrast to the effeminate dandies of the court in which her life had been spent. When the fishermen had passed, Marit's cheeks glowed as she said to herself, "What a lover such a man would be!"

* * * * *

The winter had passed away and Marit grew no stronger. The white face was whiter and the blue eyes more hopelessly pitiful. The great doctor had come from Christiana, had looked wise and shaken his head, saying, "Not enough exercise. Fresh air is what she needs. Send her out on the fiord; a dose of sea air every day will do her good." When the count had inquired for a trusty boatman everyone recommended Captain Niels, so for some weeks Niels Lofte had been employed in taking the Lady Marit for a row or a sail on the fiord every day. Sometimes the count went along, more often not. The dainty, fragile girl and the rough fisherman became great friends. Marit liked him for his manliness, his honesty, his watchful consideration for her, and Niels, well, Niels had simply worshiped her since the day of the procession. He called her "Princess,"

though she often told him she was not a princess at all. It was their wont to tell each other stories, Niels reciting the legends of gods and heroes or the folk-stories of which the Scandinavian peasants are so fond, and Marit telling him of the unknown world outside or bits of the history of other lands.

One bright, warm day they were well down to the mouth of the fiord, the wind was very light and the boat little more than drifted. The old brown sail needed no watching and Niel's hand lay useless on the tiller. Marit, resting on the cushions in the bow, was telling of a slave who loved the daughter of the Sultan and had given his life for her. When the story was finished Niels said quietly, "Princess, I would do that for you." Under the spell of the story and the sweet voice of the story teller he had said it without thinking, but now he went on hurriedly, bravely. "Perhaps you will scorn me, perhaps you will never come out in my boat again, but I must tell you now. Princess, I love you, I have loved you ever since I first saw you. I am only a man of the people and you are a nobleman's daughter, but I love you, I love you." Marit was a wise little woman; this man had become a part of her lonely life, and she had learned to love him. She had half suspected his love for her, and now she smiled up into the simple, giant's face, which was so loving and so hopeless, and cried, "Why, Niels dear, don't you see that I love you?" Then the tiller was forgotten, and in a moment Captain Niels was at her side telling her of his joy. But he was very bashful, and only gently patted her soft white fingers between his strong brown hands. Of a sudden the Princess bent forward and kissed his forehead and then— Let the old brown sail hide the rest. All the world knows what lovers do.

The summer passed and winter came again, and now was almost gone. Marit was like another woman. The glow of health was on her cheek, and the light of love and happiness was in her eye. Her father was overjoyed and talked

constantly of the beneficial effect of sea air. Niels and Marit could meet but rarely, but they saw each other every day. They thoroughly understood and thoroughly trusted each other, and the seemingly insurmountable obstacles to their union were the only cloud on their happiness.

“The ice is moving! the ice is moving!” is the cry which startles the people of Kronghjem one afternoon. The river Rauma, at the head of the fiord, swollen by the melting snow, has loosened the ice along the shore, and has started the whole field down the fiord toward the sea. Then the cry comes, “The Lady Marit is on the ice!” The shore is soon black with people, standing helpless and talking in low, shuddering tones. Marit had driven in a light cutter across the fiord, and was returning just when the ice started. Frightened by the terrible cracking and sickening undulation of the ice, Marit whipped up her horse, but found a wide stretch of water between her and the Kronghjem shore. Hoping against hope, she hastened back to the other side of the fiord, only to find escape cut off in that direction as well. Now she stands wringing her hands at the treacherous edge of the ice. Some one shouts, “Back from the edge! Back for your life!” The great field of ice slips slowly by. Marit drives ever up the fiord in order to be opposite the people on the shore, who are frantic with fear and grief, but know not how to aid her. Her father, bareheaded, his gray locks disordered, runs from man to man, crying: “Ten thousand crowns to the man who saves my daughter!” The fishermen are brave, but they see no hope. There are no boats, no one can throw a rope so far, and the water is cold as death. At last a short, dark man steps forward and says quietly, but firmly, “I will go.” It is “Black Eric,” a man for whom people had never a good word. But now his bad habits, his surly manners, are forgotten; his bravery has made him a hero. A shout goes up from the people when they see the volunteer. Some one offers him a rope, but he says he can swim better without it. The white-haired Lutheran

pastor says, "God bless you, Eric," and all the people say, "Amen." In a moment he is in the water, striking out bravely for the passing ice. On and on, and then numbed with the cold and exhausted by the swift current; he moves more slowly, still he pushes doggedly on. The ice is reached, he raises one hand, stretches the arm out along the ice and tries to raise the other, but fails. Marit sees his peril, and tries to run to him. Once and again she slips and falls; at last she reaches the edge, but alas! too late! With a cry of despair, with an appealing look to the weak woman so helpless to aid him, the poor fisherman loosens his hold and is drawn by the relentless current under the ice-floe. The crowd gives a low cry of horror as Black Eric's distorted countenance disappears; and then one keen-eyed old sailor cries in shrill alarm, as he sees the beginning of the end. The ice has stopped, checked by some rock or other, and from above comes a narrow wedge of ice shearing its way through the field. The anxious watchers know its terrible meaning—in a few minutes the ice will break up and Marit will be lost among the grinding fragments.

Suddenly a burly figure breaks through the crowd. It is Niels, who has just returned from a neighboring town. He sees the awful situation at a glance—his love's imminent danger and the need of instant action. With a cherry "Courage, Marit! Courage, Princess!" he makes his preparations. He throws off his heavy coat, knots a rope around his chest and under his arms, and plunges for the fearful race with that wedge of ice. Long, strong strokes, the strokes of a lover, against the resistless course of the wedge, the course of law. Taking advantage of a jutting piece of ice, Niels swims above it and drops down upon it with the current. Cautiously, skillfully he draws himself out on the ice. Marit is in his arms, and the lover has won.

In that moment of peril the woman's heart stirs with pity for their brute companion, and Marit whispers, "Save the horse." Niels breaks the traces and lashes the poor animal with such cruel kindness that it leaps into the water

and is soon in safety. Then Niels takes Marit in his arms again and drops gently into the water. While many willing hands are tugging at the rope which is bringing them to shore, the ice-wedge accomplishes its purpose, and the great floe goes to pieces, gnashing its white teeth at the loss of its victim.

The next day Neils called at the castle. The Count and Marit were together, and the former supposed that the fisherman had come for the promised reward. After a grateful grasp of the hand the Count said :

“ Well, Niels, have you come for your reward ? ”

“ Yes, my lord. ”

“ I haven't the money here, but I will send for it at once, ” said the Count.

“ But, my lord, it isn't money I want, ” stammered Niels, “ it's your daughter as my wife. ”

In utter amazement at this peasant's audacity, and yet with pity for his daughter's savior, the Count looked at him and then turned to Marit. He saw a look in her face which dazed him, but before he could ask a question Marit cried, “ Yes, Father, we love each other, ” and then she went to Niels' side and took his hand.

While Niels is telling him how they came to be lovers and is pleading their cause with plain, strong words, the Count gathers his wits together and faces the question. On the one side is his love for his daughter and his gratitude to her preserver, on the other is the prejudice of his class and the thought of the haughty noblewoman he is about to make his wife, whose never-dying opposition he foresees. As men will, the Count compromises, and says :

“ I have a proposition to make. Marit, do you love this man enough to go out with him and make a home in the new world if I give my consent and the means for a start in life ? ”

Marit gave a loving look toward her father and a longer and more tender one to the man of her choice, and replied, “ I do. ”

VOICES.

GRADUATE STUDY.

THE desirability of post-graduate study has always been recognized by American college men. The number of those engaged in it has grown from year to year until now a considerable percentage of every graduating class pursues advanced courses of study in the year or two following graduation. While the number of graduate students has thus increased, the character of their work has changed and different centers of study have been popular.

In the early days of the American colleges, when the Colonies were knit closely to England, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge very naturally attracted such cis-Atlantic alumni as had the means or the leisure for further study. This study, however, was a mere "polishing off," supplying the deficiencies of our struggling schools. In the years of our admiration for France, our ally in the Revolutionary War, the University of Paris was sought for like reasons, and the *Quartier Latin* became familiar with the Yankee student.

But when the intellectual supremacy of Germany was established the tide turned to her universities, and ever since, Heidelberg and Leipsic and Berlin have given instruction to many Americans, men who belong to no *Korps*, fight no duels, but are usually real students with deep, intellectual purpose. With the rise of German influence the system of general courses disappeared and the era of specialization began.

Once more the drift of graduate study sets in another direction. This is seen in the development of the post-graduate department in all our older universities and in the establishment of such schools as Johns Hopkins and Clark,

which are distinctively for graduate work. Not only are the facilities thus enhanced, but the success of this educational movement is attested by its popularity. A Doctor's Degree in Course from Yale, Princeton or Hopkins has a definite value. A teacher finds graduate study a necessity, a man in another profession finds it an advantage.

It is true that there are hundreds of Americans studying in Germany to-day, but they are in the main graduates of crude Western colleges, who go abroad partly on account of jealousy of Eastern schools and partly in the desire to break just as completely as possible when they are breaking with old associations.

Why study in foreign lands, struggling against the hindrances of strange customs and a strange language? The possibility of advantageous graduate study in American colleges is a fact. Let us realize it, let us welcome it, and, if we intend pursuing an advanced course, let us act upon it.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

WHILE Princeton has lately developed into a university, it will not be amiss to give, within the short space allotted us, some notion of what a German University is.

Princeton, Yale and Harvard we call universities, because here are found the several series of professorships, with the requisite facilities, which invite the graduates of colleges to enter upon their professional studies.

But while our American universities contain these series of professorships—legal, theological or medical—they do lack a fourth, a most important one, which in Germany they call “the faculty of philosophy,” embracing all the liberal studies. Under wise administration we certainly are keeping abreast in this branch, and it is on the ground

of this advance in our college curriculum that we mainly and justly claim our title of "University."

The motive by which a German University works is to "train thinkers." In other words, it keeps all practical life in abeyance and only fosters the theoretical elements. Hence it is that Germany has been conspicuous in the production of men renowned for their enlarging the boundaries of knowledge. This one law, then, is the guiding principle of the whole life of a German University. How then does a student's life, under such strange conditions, differ in Germany from that of our own?

No sooner does a student enter the university than he is imbued with something above the ordinary level. In the first place, that we may fully appreciate his position, let it be known that a young man enters the university as ripe in years and acquirements as is our bachelor of arts, when, at the end of his senior collegiate year, he passes into the school of law, theology or medicine. The German scholar then commences his academic training in the university with decided advantages. He is regarded like one of our post-graduates, and has done forever with "lessons, marks, grades, surveillance and courses of instruction." Besides, he is a young man free to regulate the entire course of his life and to be what his energy and talents can make him. He may not be as old as a Freshman, or better prepared than some of our entering students. Nevertheless, he is regarded with a new light. His school days are over and he is a man.

As a consequence of this, a very strange relation exists between professors and students. The professor is only responsible for the quality of his instruction. Hence their relations, one to another, have come to be very ceremonial, except in special instances. As, however, the professor is exempt from all disciplinary and official duty, no unpleasant relations exist.

Thus we see that a German student is entirely master of himself, free to govern all his actions. He feels the responsibility of his position, and he advances deliberately with calm reason and judgment. Would that we might cherish this self-dependency which raises us from the triflings of youth into real manhood. *M.*

DECLINE OF THE POETIC.

COLLEGE men are, in a peculiar sense, the custodians of the national culture. Upon them more than upon any other class does it devolve not only to shape opinion and define social ethics, but to establish standards of taste, and to formulate the artistic and scientific conceptions of their age. The claims, then, upon the educated man to foster as well as patronize the more refining and perfecting departments of human culture must have their judicious bearing. Political, social and economic phases of our national life are not likely to suffer, if renewed interest directed toward those lines is any criterion. But there is especial need for the thoughtful man to reconsider the claims made upon him by one of the oldest and most refining agencies through which men have, from time immemorial, drawn much of their inspiration.

Poetry, it is frequently said, is fast becoming effete. Our practical age is too much busied with real things, either to produce or peruse these obsolete fancies. Now a spirit like this starts the serious question, Is poetry declining? and the mere question seems to carry its own reply. In England and America there are still left some sweet-voiced singers; but where are the names that are known and loved like the names of Burns and Longfellow? The younger poets do not seem to be winning the affection of the people as the old bards have done, and there is no poet to-day who can

truly be called the poet of the people. Does this lamentable dearth follow from the lack of appreciation? It may in part. But there must be some other reason. Call to mind the time when our own leading poets—Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson and Holmes—were at their best. Are there any such to-day? But the trouble lies not so much in the lack of geniuses, nor even in their lack of appreciation, as in the fact that something is driving both out of poetry into other channels. What is that something?

Since Scott, the growth and diversity of fiction has been marvelous. Dealing with every phase of human experience, historic and ideal, the novel has become the prevailing type of recreative reading. There can be no doubt that in so doing it has largely usurped the old place which poetry has so long held as the favorite style of pastime reading. Except by the select few, poetry is more rarely read than before the attractive novel came. A cogent proof of this is found in publishers' lists, popular book stores, and indeed in the average private library. We are not noticing the *why* of this substitution, but merely the fact; and we are agreed with those who have made it a fact, that if fiction is richer than poetry—if it is fuller of humanizing influences, if it goes deeper into nature and more profoundly into the human soul—then let us have it. We want the best. But after all, is it a matter of mutual exclusion, as so many are practically making it? Fiction has merits peculiar to itself, and certainly we must admit that poetry also has a deal that belongs to no other literary form.

Again, the current aim and disposition of much of our literary criticism does not foster the growth of poetry. The unfeeling manner in which the *Quarterly Review* "snuffed out the life of Keats," as Shelley put it, is not a solitary instance. Of all natures the poet's is most sensitive of virulent criticism, and, indeed, this characteristic is necessary to his art. The belligerent front preserved by the

critics may be a good thing in some ways, but we doubt if the result is the "survival of the fittest." Bad poetry will out, critic or no critics, but the better geniuses hesitate. Now the only atmosphere in which our literary men and women can flourish—and especially those who attempt this highest type of composition—is that of encouragement and appreciation. At least, their effort can be honored, if not their works.

But the deepest influence which seems to be militating against poetry is the cold, scientific spirit of the age. Boileau has bewailed those modern ideas which "banish the Tritons from the waters and break the pipes of the god Pan." At the "immortal dinners" given by Haydon, Charles Lamb is said to have denounced Sir Isaac Newton for having destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to prismatic colors; and the whole company had to drink "Newton's health and confusion to mathematics." Keats, who was present at the banquet, has since reverted to the same idea in his "Lamia:"

"Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mystery by rule or line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow."

But Milton answers:

"Divine philosophy,
Not harsh and rugged, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as Apollo's lute."

It is Milton's view that must triumph. Science and poetry cannot remain hostile when they come to understand each other better. There is a truth of fact and there is a truth of fiction. Science cannot reduce beauty to the technically true, and if on the one hand it destroys poetry, it reproduces it on the other. If the proud altitude of the Alps is no longer inaccessible, if the Nile no longer flows

from unknown latitudes—in short, if science has banished the infinite from the earth it has opened it in the sky. Our vision everywhere shades off into the invisible, and where the lights and shadows blend there poetry can sing its song. *L'infini dans les cieux*, wrote Lamartine over one of his songs, and it is the programme of a new poesy. Life is not all prose. Poetry will not yet sing its swan song. Science may remove it farther off and higher, but it will reappear again transformed upon its height. And before this thought becomes a reality, or, as it has been more poetically stated, "Before this thought and this fact are wedded there is likely to be a bridal dawn of thunder peals, and then the bards will not be wanting to sing the nuptial song."

G. H. S.

PRINCETON'S ADVANCED COURSES.

THE vast development in Princeton's graduate courses during the last few years has opened exceptional facilities to the recent college student to pursue his studies further in whatever line he pleases. The need for just such expansion has been evident and imperative for a long time. It is based upon three reasons. In the first place the student, engaged in the regular curriculum work and occupied with the required subjects that claim necessarily a large part of his time, is unable to follow out any specific course to a desired perfection. He may very properly begin research in these lines while in college. A limited outline can be secured as a guide to future activity. He can, without much trouble, so direct his college lectures and classroom work as to make them preliminary and preparatory to a more amplified investigation that he aims to make after graduation.

Again, this need is manifest when we consider the amount of collateral reading that characterizes and broadens the

pecialist or even the general scholar. The *Princetonian* very aptly emphasizes in this connection the use of the library as a helpful accessory to such a course. Time that we cannot spare from our usual college labors, or which we would now consider wasted if employed down deep among the productions of antiquity or medievalism, would insure valuable results if used in that manner as an assistance in investigating a subject. And more than this we claim for our library facilities. Having completed the college requirements, the graduate is popularly supposed to have attained a literary or intellectual finish to all his acquisitions. Be this as it may, it is absolutely certain that a supplementary training of this very nature would produce a far different man from the one that generally leaves his *alma mater*. We do not, in the least, laud the life of a recluse that separates him from the world and confines his ambitions within the four walls of a literary den, closely crowded with innumerable tomes, some of almost immeasurable magnitude. This is not necessary to a post-graduate's position. Our plea is for the fuller development of the man's capabilities and aspirations, that shall fit him for better associations with his compeers in the social and intellectual world.

A last reason exhibiting the need of development in graduate courses is this: it gives an unexcelled opportunity to those who have in view the profession of teaching to perfect their knowledge in the branch of learning to which they are committed, and to obtain, by personal observation, the devices that find easiest acceptance in the class-room, the methods which prove most beneficial to instructor and scholar; in fact, to master the rudiments of practical pedagogics. The importance of the professor's office is being more thoroughly realized with the large increase of special departments. He must be essentially a broad-minded, cultured man in the honest meaning of the last adjective. If, therefore, the foundation of his ability be laid in the

specific study of a year or so, the orthodox consistency of the superstructure is assured.

Combining, as we thus have them, the needs of the student and the remarkable opportunities that the graduate system of study offers, we seek to add a word explanatory. One person objects to pursuing this further course because he expects not to enter one of the liberal professions, but to engage in an ordinary business. The second advantage mentioned would immediately answer the objection. But another reason may be appended to clinch the argument, namely, that business, whatever its peculiarities, needs the expanded, enriched experience that must follow from a year spent in this occupation. To him it is invaluable. Far more important does it become to the student who has not yet chosen his life vocation. This interval used judiciously and thoughtfully may develop an element of his intellectual ability which he was unaware he possessed, and thereby render a competent decision to the question that confronts every Senior, "What shall I do after leaving college?"

H.

EDITORIALS.

THE prize for the best three short poems published during the year has been awarded to Mr. James Barnes, '91. The three poems for which the prize is awarded are "The Bell-Buoy," "The Buccaneers" and "The Adirondacks." Our thanks are due Dean Murray and Professor Winans for kindly acting as judges.

THE following men, from the Class of '91, have been unanimously elected to positions on the Board, for the year 1890-'91: Managing Editors—Messrs. Dunham and Wallace. Editors—Messrs. Barnes, Meyers, Stephens and Wheeler. We take pride and satisfaction in intrusting the magazine to their management.

We wish to tender our thanks to MacCrellish & Quigley, our printers, for the most excellent and satisfactory work they have done during the year.

IT IS earnestly requested that those having unpaid subscriptions put themselves in communication with our Treasurer, Mr. Wilbur C. Fisk, P. O. Lock Box 48. The retiring Board desires to come to a full settlement as soon as possible.

A PRINCETON LANDMARK.

PROBABLY many an interesting item of history would be revealed could we know the experiences of those whom we meet in our daily associations. How little we think as we pass the gray-haired citizens on the street, or deal with

them over the shop counter, what tales of adventure or interesting anecdotes they might tell us! The other day the bookstore which stands on Nassau street opposite the college entrance was closed, and George Thompson, whom most every college man knew, by sight at least, lay breathing his last. A quiet manner, habitual reticence and abhorrence of publicity were prominent among his characteristics, and when he was carried to his burial it was an occurrence hardly noticed.

His career was of more interest than you would have suspected as you traded with him or gave him, perchance, a few manuscripts to bind. John B. Gough and George Thompson learned their trade of book-binding together in New York City; and in later years, when the lecturer visited Princeton, he always had a hearty shake for our book-seller. In 1839, as the shop curtains to-day inform us, he established himself in Princeton in the business which he was conducting at the time of his death. In 1849, when the whole country was in almost breathless excitement over the news of the discovery of gold which came from the far West, he, with another Princetonian named Benjamin, went to New York and joined a party of sixty bound for the rich country. They took the overland route to Galveston, and thence by sea to the Golden Gate. For two years he was in California, and doubtless could tell, were he still living, of many strange events which happened during his sojourn.

On his return he and Benjamin were doing guard duty for the party. They had quite a sum of silver, which they were bringing east. The accounts vary as to the precise circumstances, but the fact is known that he was attacked by Indians at or near Galveston, and Benjamin was killed. Thompson escaped and returned to Princeton, practically not much richer than when he set out. After his return he opened a hotel in the building where the billiard-room now is. His partner in this business, by a strange coincidence, died the day before he himself did. After a period

f hotel proprietorship, he went again into the binding and book selling trade in the store where the business is now carried on.

His life was quiet and of that Isaac Walton type which has so many attractions. He would be absent many a day fishing or gunning, occupied, doubtless, with nothing more than his own calm thoughts, and return in the evenings with a fine string of prizes from the streams such as no other man could find, or with bag well filled with game such as no other huntsman could secure.

For nearly forty years then he was a familiar figure on the streets of this old town, and became one of its old landmarks, like many more of which Princeton is proud.

It is somewhat of a disappointment that we could not hear from his own lips his experiences, but even these few items are of interest, and it is pleasant to repeat the tales of one who was such a worthy and upright character in our old college town.

CUSTOM AND PREJUDICE.

IF ONE could divide the sum total of college life with all its various factors, pick out one by one the separate photographs that go to make up the composite picture, there would probably be an astonishing number of elements. Though it would, perhaps, be impossible to make a thorough analysis, yet a great many factors will readily appear to the observer as he watches, during his course, the changes from one phase of college life to another. From time to time he will see the sentiment changing by means which he largely understands; he will see certain attitudes of belief forming in the lower classes and reforming in the late years, and he will see in working action the more important elements that constitute the final product. And probably the first two factors which even the least astute

would discern, would be those to which we want to call attention—custom and prejudice.

In the outside world, amidst the busy labors of life, it is comparatively easy to appreciate the reasonableness of falling into a custom. But in college, where lack of leisure and laziness and indifference seem to have no place, and where, according to tradition, the wit of the youth is most active in conceiving new schemes, it is almost beyond explanation that class after class should follow out what to them is the senseless custom of previous classes, and that they should do with great pains, and sometimes with strenuous exertion, that which to omit they fear would ruin the reputation of their class. It is not difficult to find such a custom; every one can call up several. Take the usual acts that are in order about the opening of college. Some of them, no one would deny, are real sport. But some are far from being anything like enjoyable, requiring excessive labor even in the dark hours of the night. What sport there can be in carrying a paint-pot all over the township, smearing every post, slab and stone, and all without even the slight remuneration that comes from having the honor of the act duly accredited to the performer, outside of sustaining a custom, we rather think is not seen in the calmer hours of the Senior Year. But the dread of having the reputation of the class blighted forever by keeping up the custom, is the incentive to about as much work as the hope of considerable reward.

Somewhat akin to this is our second factor in the composite picture of college life—the transmission of prejudice. When the Freshman first sets foot in college, or, if so be that he meets a college man before he arrives, he naturally desires to know some of the facts concerning the mysterious life to which he is coming. And then the process begins. Along with his facts he has thrown in gratuitously a lot of heterogeneous opinions upon this topic and that, ranging from the character and popularity of the different

college organizations to the personal traits and qualities of the various professors. During the first months of his course charge after charge of this kind is injected as he accepts implicitly the counsel of the revered upper-classmen, until it constitutes his whole creed. This organization he must never join, this sport he must always support munificently, and this he should altogether ignore—here is a course that is excellent, but here is one that is utterly worthless, and so on. Shortly it becomes his turn, and in the same manner he transmits it to the succeeding classes. Now, in many cases these opinions are sound, and are exactly what the persons would themselves have formed, but often they degenerate into pure prejudices. It will so brand some of the college courses as to make them unjustly unpopular; it will keep a department of athletics in the background which deserves a most magnificent support, and by loosening the attention to several of the departments of college life, it tends to weaken the whole college spirit, the absence of which is often so sadly deprecated.

Such are two of the factors in the college world. How many more, and how potent they are, would be an interesting investigation. We have uncovered two in the hopes that a consideration of them may lead to even some little correction of the evils they contain, and at the same time to a corresponding increase in their advantages.

AN OLD SUBJECT RENEWED.

A COLLEGE MAGAZINE serves two purposes. One is to voice undergraduate thought and furnish reading matter for the undergraduate mind. The other is to provide an opportunity and encouragement for cultivating style and ease in writing.

The first mission this magazine has tried faithfully to fulfill, in so far as circumstances have permitted; the second

mission it has also endeavored to perform, while recognizing its importance and difficulty. A magazine is for the magazine's public, and whatever benefit its management may receive is of minor importance compared with the claims of its readers. It is quite necessary therefore that there be a proper sense of the responsibility which a college publication owes to its readers, and especially to those who offer contributions with a view to a position on some future board of management. It is also quite necessary that those who are thus contributing should be willing to listen kindly to any suggestions which are made for their benefit, and give them fair consideration.

The experience which the present board has had during its term of office has been somewhat surprising, especially with relation to the contributions handed in; and it is because prompted by this experience that it has been thought best to say the few words which follow. It is hoped that the motive which prompts them will be rightly interpreted, and that the suggestions offered will be adopted, by at least some, to the improvement of their style. The habit of an incorrect style in writing is most pernicious, and unless broken while the writer is young will cling to him like the old man of the sea upon the shoulders of Sinbad. We have been presented with specimens of faulty style the very creation of which by college men is incredible, to say nothing of their having escaped the writer's own waste-basket. In the first place, the fault begins in many instances with the thought. It comes forth half formed, premature, and often very insignificant. An article, for example, opens with an astounding statement, which second thought would surely have modified, but which stands as the basis of the whole discussion. Had some one else written it, its insufficiency and weakness would become apparent to the author at once. Sober and sensible thought is what is needed first. If a man has no significant thoughts let him peruse worthy books until thoughts are suggested.

In expressing the thought, let the one idea run through the sentence and avoid the introduction of inappropriate and ambiguous words which are fatal to its clearness; nor, by the wrong words, mix up the metaphors. In fact, a metaphor is a very tricky fellow to deal with, and young writers especially should keep a sharp eye upon him. An essay opened in the following manner: "As you study the writings of various authors you will notice that each one has some special strain of thought, which he interweaves throughout his works." Such a sentence should have been seized by the throat and choked to death. A second thought would have remedied such an atrocious blunder.

This is one of the great faults in youthful style: mixed metaphores and strained similies. Such expressions as a "luxuriant mind," a face peering into the "inky distance," Neptune with his "three-pronged trident," etc., are abundant. One sentence states that a certain author would have found the "brief sonnet a compact vehicle for his teeming fecundity." Now there is no excuse for college men who express themselves in this fashion. These are not examples which are few and far between, but expressions of this character are appearing constantly; and several are often found in a single production.

A young writer should read his manuscript over very carefully and critically, and not allow such faults to remain. If perchance a man prides himself upon his ability to write in this style, it would be well for him if he were dipped seven times in the Jordan until he is cleansed of his literary leprosy. He needs washing out. He needs purging and then a diet on gruel, as an ancient Latin author suggested for such a case. He needs to begin over again, and gradually, by judicious treatment, to attain again to strength. The stories too often lack sufficient plot or they are common-place. They frequently show hurried work, as a result probably of the mistaken idea that the plot is the only feature of the story which is of importance. The essays

are heavy and abstruse, deal with subjects of too great weight or subjects which have already been worn threadbare.

The ambitious, inflated, bombastic style so common to early attempts should be guarded against. Simplicity is the highest canon of the art. It lies next door to us, and yet is the hardest to attain. Too many college men attempt to write criticism of subjects which are beyond them. It is wise to study the subject well before giving your own opinion of it. If the subject be within the reach of the writer then the mistake is made in making his personality too prominent. A young writer should let modesty predominate. He should conceal himself as much as possible; let his criticisms be based on good authority, and in case the criticism be his own, let it be delivered without a blast of trumpets.

What has been said applies to writing in general, and to prose in particular. The faults of those who write verse are equally numerous. Here, as with prose articles, the subjects chosen are too often so insignificant that they are ridiculous. Weak endings abound. Line after line terminates in such words as *the, and, he, it*. This violates one of the chief principles of poetry. Each line should end full and strong, and the tendency toward having too many "run-over" lines should be carefully guarded. Another defect lies in making a short syllable do the duty of a long one, and making it bear the burden of an accent forced upon it. Obscurity is a common fault, as well as the choice of subjects better treated in prose. Poetic license is indulged in to an alarming extent. A young poet especially should be very strict about his metre, and allow himself no liberties. Some, for the sake of a rhyme, make use of words which are absurd in such connection :

" See what you've missed.
The birds all stopped to watch and list."

In short, the great fault is lack of good judgment. Young writers should study early and late masterpieces of style, and be constantly on the watch to note in their own productions any unreasonable transgression from the acknowledged canons. Not that there are iron-clad rules of style, but there is in man a responsiveness to good expression as there is to music, and just as a discord grates on the nerves so a faulty style jars the æsthetic sensibilities.

OUR FAREWELL.

“Farewell! a word that must be and hath been;
A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!”

AND now it has come our turn to depart. Slowly the days have been creeping on, and as we reluctantly counted them passing one by one, we have longed not to meet the day that must inevitably come. But it is here, and we must move on. Yet, as we look back, we have a most pleasant recollection. Coming originally with no ardent hopes that could be blasted, with little thought—at least with an altogether incompetent idea—of the many pleasant times, the happy associations, the intimate friendships, the joyous recreations, not to mention the new fields of knowledge which were to be met in contact with the various departments of the work, there was awaiting us a most enjoyable surprise. The few days spent getting under way were little calculated to reveal the privileges which we had obtained. The strangeness of the surroundings and the novelty of the preliminary work put a veto upon our appreciating properly the situation. But gradually growing upon us, stealing unconsciously over every member, soon appeared the indescribable pleasures which the sanctorium afforded. To the outsider it may seem but the gush of sentiment to speak of the pleasant times that we have

here enjoyed, yet that is but the unbelief that is the child of ignorance. Believed or not believed, we have had a most excellent time. Not like one of those coarser pleasures which last for a moment and die with the hour—that are described in a word and are gone forever—but a quiet delight that soaks into every pore of one's life, that saturates the whole soul, that is indescribable because we know not at which sense to begin, that lives forever throwing the mind back to a long series of joyous recollections. One comes up, and then another and another, until one's whole sensation lives again in the world of memory. The associations, the situations, the accustomed habits, the personal traits, with all the remembrances that rush undesignated into the mind, make up one large, absorbing picture that stops the speech and wraps the thinker in delightful contemplation.

But we are done. And in rendering an account of our stewardship we simply submit the work as it stands, asking leniency for the errors and compassion for the shortcomings. Whatever policies we may have adopted we need not defend, and the aims that we have pursued we need not recount. We have kept our faith in every contract which we entered in all the prizes. And we have endeavored to make the LIT. as acceptable to the college world as the conditions would allow. But before we take our departure it were fitting to say a word to our successors and to their prospective contributors. If our year's experience has been worth anything, it has led us to the conviction that the contributors' progress varies, as it were, directly with the intimacy which they establish with the editors. They should get from the editors a criticism of their work. Rather than go on, blindly wasting their efforts in that which satisfies not, they should request correction by the editors and seek their instruction and direction. Oftentimes the editors would be glad to suggest a correction, but fear giving offence by what is a delicate undertaking. And when the

instruction is given, the contributors should not think and stubbornly act as though the judgment was a terrible blunder, for it is highly probable that the editors themselves have been through the very same stage in the process of learning to write.

To our immediate successors we would say, "Hold fast the honored position of the LIT. You have entered a more pleasant pasturage than you think!" And to them—and to all our friends as well—we say, in the words of the world's great poet,

"Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee and make
Thy spirits all of comfort."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

What's past is prologue.—*Tempest*.

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.—*Young*.

O, my life, have we not had seasons
 That only said, Live and rejoice?
 That asked not for causes and reasons,
 But made us all feeling and voice?
 When we went with the winds in the blowing,
 When Nature and we were peers,
 And we seemed to share in the flowing
 Of the inexhaustible years?
 Have we not from the earth drawn juices
 Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
 Have I heard, have I seen
 All I feel and I know?
 Doth my heart overween,
 Or could it have been
 Long ago? —*Lowell*.

MY CLOCK is stopped, and in sweet oblivion which takes no thought of the stern passing of time, my evening is to be of long and indefinite duration. To-morrow brings the parting. The clock shall not tell me of the stealthy approach of to-morrow; it shall not harass me with unwelcome reminders that the time is nearing when I must part with my pen and my quiet little chats. If it must come, let it come suddenly; let it burst in and direct me to leave before I have had a chance to weary myself with regretful meditations. I have locked the door. The fire burns brightly in the grate and casts on the walls wavering shadows, which are fit accompaniments for meditation. No other light fills the room, and the fantastic shapes form mural pictures strangely suggestive. One takes the form of a guide-board, whose letters stand out brightly, reading, "To Europe." It was only the other day that groups were collected here and there seriously engaged over maps of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Continent, and poring intently over the time-tables for the June steamers; and then at the clubs the subject is discussed in all its phases—from the start to finish. Each group has a different route. Each one is determined to see some particular place or object if he sees nothing else, and each has his own idea about traveling. But when once over they will all change their notions and quickly adapt themselves to circumstances and surroundings. They cannot fail of a good time. College men in Europe! The Old World cannot have more appreciative visitors. They will fill the old places with life and cheer,

such as only college men can produce. Once in the stately halls of the Vatican, they may join in the appropriate song, "The Pope, he leads a jolly life," or sing "Saw my leg off" in some German medical school. France will be to them all Gaul divided into three parts. They will cross the Rubicon with feelings similar to those of a conqueror. They will be responsive to all the historical importance attached to places or objects.

For the time being they live in anticipation. The club, as said before, is the place where they air all their opinions and give expression to their hopes. At the club is where a man's individuality stands out prominently. It is the place to study traits and characteristics.

We find all classes. The wits: those who are droll but irresistible; those who are quick but often weak and frothy. The dullards, for whom explanations of witticisms must be furnished and who themselves commit dreadful murder in attempting to repeat a story. The man who is informed on every subject and who will talk on any, even though perchance he does not know of what he speaks. He is such a privileged character. He has met all the distinguished men worth meeting; he has heard from the lips of those at the top of every profession, or at the head of every industry, all the important facts in that line—either he or his uncle has. Then the quiet man, who is dignified and reserved, and whose opinion is of worth. Then the genial man, who always enters with a smile, the index of his large heart. He is the leaven of good nature for the whole club.

Take the morning meal. First comes the methodical man. He has studied the night before to his satisfaction, retired early and has arisen at his customary hour. This gives him plenty of time for breakfast and to proceed to chapel with dignity. Next enters the man who is anxious about his work—constantly "taking thought for the morrow." He has not spent as much time on the subject as he desired. He retired at 11:30 and awoke in the morning thinking the first thing of his recitation. He does not wear a beaming countenance; is apt to find fault with the cakes and thinks the coffee cold. He answers all questions petulantly and hastens to chapel with a frown. Suddenly the door opens with violence and in rushes the man who has used all his "cuts," has visited the night before, perhaps has sat up until one o'clock deeply engaged in an absorbing novel. He takes his food with animated zest, swallows it in such condition that makes you think he is specially endowed with a set of teeth in his stomach—and for the moment you envy him—then he rushes to prayers with the zeal of a crusader.

The evening meal, to avoid being ambiguous by saying dinner or supper, gives us the true club life. The day's work is over. With some it has gone well; with others the reverse. All arrive at about the same time, and soon vehement discussions, gossip full of wit and sarcasm, or lively accounts of the day's experiences, occupy the attention of all.

The weightiest subjects have full justice done them. The brightest wit is called forth. The sombre man loses his sobriety. Laughter waits on appetite, and generous sarcasms and good-natured "squelchings" are indulged. If perchance the shrewd landlady, whose husband passes through the kitchen like a shadow, answers a too voracious student by saying there are "no seconds," the club repeat with reverence their motto, "*Nulli Secundus*," freely translated as above. Then songs follow and continue as the men file out and slowly wend their way to the evening mail. One fellow perhaps bears a basket with him to his sick roommate. He sits by his bedside, anxious and willing to assist him in every way, but feeling so keenly his inexperience and incapacity. He wishes then that he had taken the medical course, and had the learning of a gray-bearded physician. It is hard to be sick at college.

The college course is a happy period in a man's life. Before he entered he had many misgivings. The catalogue seemed to show him a high iron grating frowning down on him. Just within there were lions in his path, of which those on Old North's steps seemed constantly and painfully to remind him. But by the time Senior year has come he is lying down with the lions on those very same old steps, and a little chorister is leading him—in singing.

When we look back on the days spent at college,
 Over the years that have parted our class—
 Years which have deepened and strengthened our knowledge,
 Deepened the furrows of life where they pass—
 Then we shall linger with dear recollections
 Over the scenes of our old college days,
 Over our longings, our deeds, our reflections,
 Over our friendships, our sports and our lays.

Cheer again! Cheer again!
 Till the echoes are borne far and wide,
 Let the praises of Nassau abide.
 Cheer again! Cheer again!

When the man joins the ranks of the Alumni, then will he remember all the many experiences he had at college. He will think of the familiar figure of John on the campus, how he always appeared in a Prince Albert, since his office was one of dignity and since he governed more by his moral and ministerial appearance than by his muscle—for indeed his muscle was all consumed in tolling that sounding brass at seven o'clock in the morning. The Bard will also be remembered; how he lived in the realm of poesy and invoked the nine muses surrounded by that collection of the rare and the wonderful in the college museum. No wonder that his metre and orthography were original when he worshiped that inspiring wooden image in the sacred recess just inside the door, or had for companions the bones of such animals as are found there with their long but probably assumed names.

It seemed a pity that he should be obliged to turn on the gas and lower the windows in the class-room, but he did even that with an æsthetic air.

Then he will remember the voice of the lady who weekly put her head through the door-way and inquired if *he wanted to be swept out*. Poor thing; she unconsciously made use of metonymy, but the student felt the literalness of the request just the same and regretfully made his exit with subdued mutterings and probably proceeded across the hall to a brother unfortunate. This is the side of college not often dwelt upon, but which will nevertheless be remembered

"Twenty and thirty and forty years on."

The professors will be remembered; the class-rooms will be remembered, and the little incidents which occurred in them from time to time, as when, on one occasion, a man engaged in masticating peanuts in the Greek class was calmly requested by the professor to partake for the time being of "more intellectual pabulum."

He will remember the various corners of the campus. The scene of the play-ground in early spring will present itself, when there is hardly an inch of ground to spare, and foot-ball, base-ball, lacrosse, and even tennis, are being indulged in with great animation, and balls are flying in all directions, putting heads in imminent danger. There is no end to the reminiscences.

There! the clock from Old North's belfry strikes two. Can it be? The morrow is upon us! Good night then, and farewell!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"But Thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms on either mind.

"For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

"At one dear knee we proffer'd vows;
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlets turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows."

HOW exquisitely is the brotherly love portrayed in these lines from *In Memoriam*! And how deep is Tennyson's appreciation of the heart! Dr. Henry Van Dyke in his recent book has done much to interpret him aright and to infuse into his readers something of the reverence and love for the poet which so greatly dominates his own mind. This vein of thought was heralded by a publication of some of the chapters in the magazines.

The book is a rational and analytical survey of the entire work of the Laureate, broken up with chapters on single questions, one of which is his resemblance to Milton. In this chapter his comparisons of the two poets are very instructive and clever, but we think that his well-known reverence for Tennyson leads him to place him in almost too close proximity with the author of "Paradise Lost." And it is this same reverential affection which leads him (in full justice, too,) to qualify Lockhart's criticism of the "Princess" as a "failure" by the adjective "splendid." It is a failure only in that it falls short of Tennyson's noble masterpiece. Dr. Van Dyke's treatment of *The Idylls of the King* displays intelligence and study, and we do not think he has exaggerated the value of the "historic trilogy," as he names the three great dramatical pictures of English history. It is true Tennyson was not a dramatist of the highest order, and it is equally true that the distance between his best drama and the poorest work of that never-to-be-rival'd playwright is very great, still it will be acknowledged by all that his books in question are undeniably excellent in choice of subject and poetic treatment, and are of exceeding value as so-called closet dramas.

The last and one of the most interesting chapters is devoted to the influence of the Christian Scriptures on the poet's mind and works. As an example of the spirit caught from the Bible, he quotes from "Locks-

ley Hall," sixty years after, prefacing it with "At the close the old man rises again to the sacred strain":

" Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine,
Forward till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you see the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb."

After quoting that beautiful and tender reference to the reunion of Lazarus and Mary in "In Memoriam," Dr. Van Dyke says: "Then follows that marvelous description of Mary, a passage which seems to me to prove the superiority of poetry, as an art, over painting and sculpture." And then follow those stanzas in which occur—

"All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and wet tears."

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is their blessedness like theirs?"

With many such passages, which so many of us have known and loved, he throws a golden light on the truth so apparent in Tennyson's writings, that "the poet looks onward through the mists and shadows and sees only God;

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

These few of the many quotations with which our author fills these pages suffice to show how well he illustrates his point, that the genius of Tennyson's life-work was a living and breathing Christianity, which, he truly says, blows into the heavy, narcotic air of the too-common materialistic literature "like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height, bringing life and joy."

Truly, as Matthew Arnold says, "the future of poetry is immense," but whatever its character in coming ages the world will always look back upon that poetry which has power to cheer and sweeten and elevate human life as the greatest of achievements. And any volume (especially one of such true feeling and of such fine perception and wisdom of treatment,) which will direct the attention of the public to the study of probably the third of the world's great poets, is performing an office which the world can never repay, for the study of Tennyson, even if it be somewhat superficial and eccentric, can only result in good.*

* *The Poetry of Tennyson*, by Henry Van Dyke. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

MAGAZINES.

We mention the articles in the current number of the *Forum* which we think are especially interesting to our readers. Its leading contribution is a notable posthumous article by the late President Barnard, of Columbia College, on the degradation of our politics, in which he shows that the substitution of personal reward for public duty as the prime motive of political activity has changed the whole character of our government to so great a degree that it is no longer a republic but an oligarchy of machine politics; and the popular conception of the functions of government has itself undergone a change. This is, perhaps, the most notable of all President Barnard's writings. President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University, lays out a proper course of study for a boy up to his eighteenth year, and compares the advantages and disadvantages of the old-time system of education and the present system. He makes an interesting showing of the time wasted by the old system, but lays especial stress upon the modern production of specialists rather than of men. Chas. Dudley Warner, in an article, "The Newspapers and the Public," undertakes to show where the blame rests for ultra-sensational papers. He undertakes to explain why it is that those newspapers that have the widest circulation are those that meet the severest criticism. He finds an interesting answer in an analysis of the American character. Dr. J. M. Charcot contributes another article about his experiments on hypnotic persons—this time to show that crimes can be committed upon hypnotized people, and how they can be induced by hypnotizers to commit crime.

Scribner's Magazine for April has for its frontispiece an admirable engraving from a painting, made for this periodical by the English artist, J. R. Weguelin, to illustrate an ode of Horace (Bk. I., 4). Other Horatian odes will be illustrated by the same artist in succeeding numbers. This issue also contains the beginning of a notable series on "The Rights of the Citizen," which series is planned to give clear ideas of the privileges which government should secure to every one in the ordinary relations of life—as a householder, a user of the streets, a traveler in public conveyances, a holder of property, &c. These brief articles will formulate in untechnical language a great deal of interesting information. Frederick W. Whitridge discusses the citizen's rights as a householder with special reference to the infringements constantly made upon them in New York. The points are illustrated with specific instances, and many rights are designated which the citizen can have when he can afford to devote the time to getting them. Mr. Whitridge believes that when New York can no longer plead her infancy as an excuse, she will have her streets smoothly paved, brightly lighted, cleanly swept, and unencumbered. President Seth Low, E. L. Godkin and Francis Lynde Stetson will contribute to this series.

Civil service reform has a champion in Mr. Oliver T. Morton, who, in a paper called "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform," which appears in the *Atlantic* for April, is not afraid to say that the spoils system "is at war with equality, freedom, justice, and a wise economy, and is already a doomed thing fighting extinction. Its establishment was in no sense a popular revolution, but was the work of a self-willed man of stubborn and tyrannical nature, who had enemies to punish and debts to pay." This certainly strikes no uncertain note. The article is divided into sections, each one of which is headed by a paragraph which embodies some objection to the movement. Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," talks about modern realism, and says that the additions which have been made by it "to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." After falling afoul of a romance which has been lately quoted by a brother author as "a work of austere morality," he says, "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washerwoman."

The Century for April is remarkable for the variety of its contents. We have space only to mention a few of the best. Two of Mr. Cole's charming artistic engravings accompany a paper on Giovanni Bellini, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, in the series of Old Italian Masters. One of these engravings is printed as a frontispiece, and the conductors of the magazine claim that American wood-engraving has never before been put to such important use as in this series. Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography reaches the Rip Van Winkle stage of his career, and tells the reader exactly what he wishes to know—how Mr. Jefferson came to play the character. Three striking engravings of Jefferson as "Rip" accompany the paper, which also contains a disquisition on guying by actors, with humorous incidents. Three timely articles are "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan, in which is given a new account of the outrage at Yakutsk; "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," a practical and helpful paper, by George Berger, Director of the French Exposition; and "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, with text and pictures from life during Mr. Glave's residence of twenty months among the natives.

EXCHANGES.

How we have enjoyed the perusal of the daily, weekly and monthly additions to our accumulations of exchanges! Every mail brought messengers from all parts of our broad country. We were never disappointed in the *Harvard Monthly* and *Yale Lit.* in the arrangement of the matter and its quality, both from the standpoint of letters and of entertainment; and the *Williams Lit.* occupied a conspicuous place on our table, because we fancied that we saw in it traces of real literary merit,

to which standard we strive to conform and which constitutes the goal of the ideal college paper. The various departments in the *Amherst Lib* helped to pass away many an afternoon; and from this quarter, also, were we refreshed and enlivened by the tinkling bells and generally well-selected or well-composed quips and quirks which issue from the lips of *Lampy* and his contemporary from New Haven.

Cornell and Columbia each made a creditable contribution, and we were always sure of something spicy and interesting in our visitor from Vassar, not only in the literary department, but surely in the local and personal columns, where we always found a peculiarly sweet and feminine grace. The *Rutgers Targum* made its regular welcome appearance, and we always tore off with avidity the wrapper which contained the *Pennsylvanian*.

The *Virginia University Magazine*, from the South, was always worth reading, and if the new department, which it announces in the February number as about to be started, is up to the standard set by those already existing, we may predict for our successors at the Table an enjoyable privilege which we have just missed.

As for the swarms of monthlies and weeklies which we have received from the West and North and South, space allows us only to say that some are creditable productions of student minds, while others are amusing in the outlandish and bombastic use of words of whose meaning they obviously know nothing.

The *Princeton College Bulletin* for January has a fine photogravure of the Memorial Window in Marquand Chapel as a frontispiece. We notice a thorough and fair account of the new Catholic University at Washington, also of the new Clark University at Worcester. Prof. Marquand recently read a paper on the Special Courses in Colleges, before the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland, which is published in this issue of the *Bulletin*, together with an able article on the motives, methods and means of the Association. We note, also, a somewhat extended and comprehensive notice of Dr. Van Dyke's and Miss Edwards' University lectures at Princeton. "Pedagogics in American Universities" gives in an acute and analytical manner the position of the subject in this country as contrasted with the situation in the Old World Universities, where they have long made provision for this branch of the professional life. The *Bulletin*, by taking notice of every phase of college life, and noticing all the literary work of Princeton professors and alumni, is one of the best means of making known to the world the merits and advantages of Princeton.

The *University Magazine* for March has just reached us. It is almost entirely taken up with accounts of Alumni meetings and other matters pertaining to three of our leading universities, Princeton, Yale and Columbia. Three excellent double page cuts in appropriate colors, accompanied by appropriate songs, are devoted to the three great col-

leges named. A magnificent orange-and-black tiger, his paw on a Princeton banner, standing on an elevated rock, guards the well-loved song, "The Orange and The Black." A photogravure of the Annual Dinner of the Princeton Club of New York is followed by a detailed account of the occasion and the speeches intact or in substance. Sketches of well-known educational leaders are interspersed. Mr. Henry W. Blair shows in terse, well-chosen language the correlation between the general education of the masses and the culture obtained at a university. A collection of partly humorous, yet not the less interesting, scraps is entitled "Early College Life in New England." In "The Peripatetic" Princeton receives her full share, and the book notices close a most excellent number.

It becomes our pleasant duty in this our last issue to record our unbiased and strictly impartial opinion of the management of our esteemed contemporary *The Princetonian*. We wish especially to commend the efficient and truthful character of the Alumni Notes during the past year; this is an extremely difficult department to conduct and the editor has shown considerable skill and painstaking selection. Another department with which we have been very well pleased is that of the local Here and Theres, which has shown reportorial discrimination; and the book reviews have given evidence of literary acumen and a knowledge of current works. In these directions we can see improvement even over last year, which was in general the best managed year the paper has yet seen, but as for the remainder, charity bids us close our mouth, and our inclination following suit, we shall leave it to the opinion of our readers what could have been our conscientious criticism.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN HAMLET. BY MARTIN W. COOKE
(NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

This is an attempt to "say an unsaid word" of "Hamlet." It is an attempt to let into the subject some of the light of day which has heretofore beat upon, rather than penetrated it. He takes a very modest position among the commentators of this mysterious "Castle of Hamlet," but nevertheless his treatise is forceful and penetrating, and much more in accordance with common sense than most of the theories and studies upon this much studied subject. We, like a writer in *Blackwood's*, are glad to listen to a traveler in the kingdom of Shakespeare, though he has but sat on the green knoll 'neath the whispering tree, and listened to the music of the gentle rivulet. He shows how impossible is the solution of the problem under former theories; he lays down the proposition that the theme of the play is the intense spiritual struggle of man, and illustrates this view by analyzing many passages in the drama, and shows suggestive coincidences between this and other classic works. We have not the space to give it a more thorough review, but must add that every student of English literature should avail himself of this masterly aid to the intelligent reading of this most mysterious of the plays of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. BY JOHN BIGELOW. (BOSTON AND
NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The avowed purpose with which this book is written is that it may take the story of Mr. Bryant's life among the class of people who cannot afford time and money for the "elaborate and scholarly biography of Mr. Godwin," and there is no doubt but that it will reach this end. Written in plain, forceful English, the book reads like a romance though it is a record of plain facts. Some of the earlier chapters on the boyhood and youth of Bryant are very amusing. Bryant wrote early in life a fierce anti-Democratic poem which his father had published, thus gratifying his zeal as a politician and his fatherly pride. Though an editor of the *Evening Post*, he had not a very wide knowledge of the world, but in his sphere as an upholder of the true English tongue he did noble work. Mr. Bigelow has devoted an informing and pleasant chapter to each of his characteristics as journalist, poet, tourist, etc., and the one on the days spent at Roslyn depicts him as an ideal embodiment of dignity and repose. Publisher and biographer have combined to give us an ideal book.

IN A CLUB CORNER. BY A. P. RUSSELL. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. BOSTON AND NEW YORK.)

One of the books which come under the head of *unique*. Its title would give a suggestion of its character. Its contents consist of novel and interesting monologues "of a man who might have been sociable"—as its title announces—upon a great variety of subjects. It opens with *Conversation*, discusses such subjects as *Originality*, *Long Sermons*, *Paradoxes*, *Style*, *Public Speaking*, *Shakespeare*, *Sheridan*, *Garrick*, *Whistling*, *Sects and Creeds*, *Chairs of Common-sense*, *Friendship*, etc. It shows a vast amount of research, for a man could never give as many anecdotes and references otherwise. For example, in the remarks about the *Cost of Excellence*, he mentions many items of interest about various authors: "Pope, we are informed, scribbled down stray thoughts whenever they struck him—at a dinner-table, in an open carriage, at his toilet, and in bed." It may serve as an excellent reference book, at the same time being of much interest for general reading. The binding is exceedingly neat and tasty.

THOS. JEFFERSON'S VIEWS ON PUBLIC EDUCATION. BY JNO. C. HENDERSON. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume though not an exhaustive account of Thos. Jefferson's views on public education, still it gives the most important facts in regard to the subject and shows what were in the truest sense the "Jeffersonian Principles" of American statesmanship. When, in 1778, he presented his bill for academies, colleges and a university in Virginia, he showed that he realized the importance of educating the youth of America, if they are to be capable public servants and intelligent voters. The book is not closely analyzed and the matter is not very well sifted, but it makes one of the most interesting of the many books on this subject now in existence, both as giving the views of one of the greatest of American statesmen and thus affording a means of quickly and readily comparing them with the present views on the subject. It is substantially bound and not an unworthy work of the publishers.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN NATIONALITY. BY ALBION W. SMALL, PH.D. (BALTIMORE: JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY; \$1.)

Notwithstanding that the United States has already lived a century under the Constitution of '87, yet we have not gone so far from the date of adoption as no longer to need an understanding of the intention of the "framers." Though many points have been settled in connection with loose and strict construction, we still must prepare for future agitation along many of the same lines. And the only proper way to gain a comprehensive grasp of what the Constitution is and is to be is through a study of the bodies which combined to form the Union, and the respective attitude which they each had toward it. This is the object of Dr. Small's

pamphlet. The present essay is but a portion of what, when completed, will serve as a clear and thorough treatment of a subject which every student of constitutional law ought to master. It is not necessary to say, coming in the series it does and from the writer it does, that it will be an able and authoritative work.

NATIONAL NEEDS AND REMEDIES. (NEW YORK: THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co.)

This book is a compilation of the discussions of the General Christian Conference held in Boston in December last. After the Opening Address by President William E. Dodge and the Address of Welcome, we have reports of the progress of the work in different sections, which take up the part devoted to the proceedings of the first morning. Admirable addresses are then given on the needs of the city and rural districts by such men as Prof. R. T. Ely and Dr. Strong. The Mountain Whites of the South is an intensely interesting paper, and the remainder of the volume is made up of practical, logical papers on the various needs of the times and the remedies adopted by the Alliance in dealing with them. It embodies the motto of the Alliance, *Unum corpus sumus in Christo*, in its various treatments of the subject. It is a book which will leave every reader a great deal wiser than it found him.

MEMOIRS OF ROGER ASCHAM AND DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.
ARRANGED WITH INTRODUCTION BY JOS. H. CARLISLE. (SYRACUSE, N. Y.: C. W. BARDEEN.)

This volume is a combination of Johnson's "Roger Ascham" and selections from Stanley's Life and Correspondence of Dr. Thos. Arnold, of Rugby. The introductions by Prof. Carlisle are not by any means the least interesting and instructive parts of the book. Ascham has claims on English readers not only because he was the father of English prose, but because he introduced the era of educational literature in the English language, and our readers know that this biography of Dr. Johnson's is the one authentic work on the subject. Dr. Arnold was an intelligent Englishman who was intensely devoted to his country's free institutions, and especially that of the public school system. His labors as the Principal of the great and illustrious school of Rugby are surely worthy the careful study of all English speaking people. This portion of the book is completely given up to his life as a teacher. The union of two such English classics in one handy volume cannot be too highly recommended to all who would have any adequate idea of the early history of their mother tongue, and of the life and labors of those who stood at the helm in those formative times.

OLD ENGLAND. ITS SCENERY, ART AND PEOPLE. BY JAMES M. HOPPIN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Tenth edition; that speaks well for the popularity and worth of this delightful, rambling sketch of a journey through England. We Americans are too apt to hurry over England in our craze to get to the Continent, and thereby miss much that is, or ought to be, particularly venerated and admired by us as descendants of the former dwellers in that land. This is an attempt to make England more attractive to us by making her better known, and how well it has done its work is shown by the increased number of tourists who make long stays in our Anglican cradle; but there is big room for improvement yet. We have only to mention the fact that a new edition of this valuable book is printed in order to make every one who does not already possess a copy desire to enrich himself with it.

THE HENRY W. GRADY MEMORIAL.

It is with no little pleasure that Messrs. Cassell & Company announce that they have secured the publication of the memorial volume of the late Henry W. Grady, whose untimely death is mourned alike in the South and at the North. The book, which will be ready for publication within a few weeks, has been compiled by his co-workers on the *Atlanta Constitution* and edited by Joel Chandler Harris. It will contain a complete life of Mr. Grady and such of his writings and speeches as best represent his remarkable gifts as writer and orator. Among the latter will be the speech that he delivered two years ago before the New England Society in New York, and which at a bound made his name famous in every State in the Union, also the last of his public utterances, the equally memorable speech delivered only a few short weeks ago, before the Boston Merchants' Association.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT. BY REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D. (BOSTON AND CHICAGO: CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.)

This address was delivered before the Congregational Club, of Boston, at its Forefathers' meeting, in December last. This famous oration is a masterly treatise on the Puritan character, its elements, defects and magnificent qualities, and gives one a very much truer and nobler idea of this powerful element in our civilization than the spiteful one generally held. It will probably give the future conception of the Puritan. The publishers have given us the oration in beautiful type and binding, preceded by an excellent portrait of Dr. Storrs, and including a picture of the famous St. Gauden's statue of the Puritan, and other artistic embellishments. The book is one to be coveted by those who like to see an unusually excellent thing gotten out in an unusually fine way.

A STUDY IN SCARLET. BY A. CONAN DOYLE. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. 50c.)

Those of us who read "The Sign of the Four," in a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, will without doubt possess themselves of the present volume, which is a novel from the hands of the same author. The principal character, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, also figures in this book as the scientific, expert and private detective, and he as completely nonplusses the Scotland Yarders as in the other novel, in his skillful tracking of the criminal, for which they reap all the reward. The criminal is one whose lady-love has been stolen by the Mormons, and the crime is his revenge. The author's inimitable treatment is shown in his freedom from trashiness and vulgarity and skillful unraveling of the mystery.

THE SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF DIVINE GRACE. BY RUFUS M. STANBOROUGH. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: FLEMING H. REVELL. \$1.00.)

This is a clear and analytical treatment of the questions which rise in so many minds and on which there are so many conflicting opinions. The book is arranged in the form of a series of ten propositions regarding the resurrection and last judgment, which give forth no uncertain sound and in which he upholds in general the opinion of the Calvinists as against the Universalists and Arminians. The propositions are upheld by scriptural reference and discussion, and the book will be a valuable addition to a minister's library.

SIX TO ONE. BY EDWARD BELLAMY. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. 35c.) -

The author of "Looking Backward" has in this little romance allowed himself to forget for awhile the great problems which he attempted to solve in that illustrious work. The principal character is a New York City editor who has been banished to Nantucket for recuperation, and here in the intellectual contact of a clique of six bright and pretty girls he finds that enjoyment of one's own mind which he had entirely overlooked in his use of it as an instrument of wealth. The girls had promised each other that there should be no love affairs, but when he left he took with him one of the island beauties and left a sore heart behind him.

EXERCISES IN LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. BY M. GRANT DANIELL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN. \$1.00.)

All teachers of preparatory schools have felt the advantage of teaching Latin prose composition in connection with the authors then in process of being read. This book fills the need, by taking the material from "Cæsar's Commentaries" and "Cicero's Orations;" the vocabulary,

models of idioms, principles of syntax and arrangement of words are, therefore, found in the text. This method needs no defense, and we are sure all who are engaged in this work will be glad to learn of this publication.

AGNES OF SORENTO. BY MRS. H. B. STOWE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. 50c.)

Those who have never read this charming work, and one of Mrs. Stowe's most successful efforts, will have an excellent opportunity in this volume of the "Riverside Paper Series." Her son, in his life of Mrs. Stowe, lately published, says that the first sketch was written in a literary contest in a hotel in Florence. The story is laid in the stormy times of Savonarola, but is a mere dream sketch, and not at all intended to be historically correct. It is, of course, superfluous to the majority of our readers to say that the plot is skillfully developed, or to call attention to the brilliant and glowing descriptions of Italian scenery.

NOTES.

We quote the following, concerning the early appearance of Stanley's own book, entitled "In Darkest Africa, and the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria," (Scribner's Press) from the *New York Tribune*:

"Mr. Stanley has advanced so far with his account of his adventures in achieving the rescue of Emin as to be able to announce the title of his book. All sensible persons will await with patience for the publication of the authentic account, "In Darkest Africa, and the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria," though there will be an abundance of Stanley literature turned out from the printing presses during the next few months. Probably the smooth-tongued book-agent will be able to convince some guileless persons that he is retailing "Stanley's Own," long before the only genuine narrative of the great traveler's heroism, privation and suffering is given to the world. Would-be purchasers should be on their guard."

The Lovells, of New York, are turning out an immense lot of fiction, some of which deserves the name of excellent. "The Little Chatelaine," by the Earl of Delsart; "An Awakening," by Miss Forsyth, and "In Her Earliest Youth," by Tasma, are among the latest received from them.

W. E. Norris needs no words of commendation as a writer of fiction. To say that he has just published, through the Lovells, a novel entitled "Misadventure," is to ensure a ready sale for that which is always in demand.

"Cosette," by Katherine S. Macquoid, is a story of French life taken from the lower strata, yet not less interesting than the stories of higher life in more gorgeous surroundings.

"Was Ever Woman in this Humor Wood" is a strange title for a book. It is nevertheless attractive, as is also the book itself, from the pen of Charles Gibbon, the English novelist, and from the presses of Frank F. Lovell & Company.

COLLEGE STUDENTS who would like to earn from one hundred to five hundred dollars during vacation months are invited to correspond with the undersigned. Send for our illustrated catalogue, and if you will state just when you will be ready to commence work, and how long you can continue at it, we will guarantee to make you an acceptable proposition.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & Co., publishers of the Grant and Sheridan Memoirs, Mark Twain's books, and other standard works, 3 East 14th street, New York.

CLIO HALL, PRINCETON, N. J., March, 1890.

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise Providence has called to his eternal reward JOHN H. STEWART, Judge of the Mercer County Circuit Court; and

WHEREAS, We did recognize in him an honored alumnus of Clio Hall, and one who faithfully and successfully performed his public duties; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we do extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to those by whom his loss is most deeply felt; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be published in the Trenton papers, in the *Princetonian* and the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*.

[Signed,]

J. GREEN, '93,
W. HARRIS, '92,
H. W. GREEN, '91,
V. V. NICHOLAS, '90,
D. L. PIERSON, '90, *Chairman*.

CALENDAR.

MARCH 1ST.—The Philadelphian Society, at their regular business meeting, elected the following delegates to the State Y. M. C. A. Convention, at Morristown: Charlton, '90; J. Lewis, '90; Denman, '91; Kennedy, '91; Eanshaw, '92, and Newton, '93.

MARCH 5TH.—Mass meeting of the College. Number of members to compose the Graduate Advisory Committee increased from 3 to 5. Prof. Osborn and Duncan Edwards, '85, were elected for the three-year term, and Henry Thompson, '77, for the two-year term. A. D. Wilson, '91, was elected president of the Association for the ensuing year.

MARCH 7TH.—Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert at Philadelphia.

MARCH 8-10TH.—D. L. Moody's sojourn with us.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates, The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnieres.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,

INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE
THE
GREATEST
INVENTION
OF THE AGE
EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD HAVE IT
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS
S.W. COR. 12TH & MARKET STS. * * *
* * * PHILADELPHIA PA.

Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,
SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
Southwest Corner 12th and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

MARCH 10TH.—Formation of the Southern Club. Committee to draft constitution appointed.

MARCH 12TH.—Postponed mass-meeting for the election of foot-ball treasurer. Max Farrand, '92, was elected. A slight amendment to the constitution was made. A motion to abandon the cane-sprees was defeated.....Clio Hall Prize Debate: First, S. Semple, '91, Pa.; Second, W. K. Satterfield, '92, Pa.; Hon. Men., T. L. Rankin, '92, N. J. Whig Hall: First, E. G. Rawson, Jr., '90, N. Y.; First Hon. Men., J. C. Bucher, '90, Pa.; Second Hon. Men., S. Wasson, '91, Pa.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & Co.

39 first floor, and 39, 41 & 43 second floors, East State St.
TRENTON, N. J.

FINE MERCHANT TAILORING

—AND—

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of Stylish Goods in the City. Pay them a Visit.

Prof. Loissette's MEMORY DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loissette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is used *only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

MUSIC AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.

OPPOSITE NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

MARCH 13TH.—Freshman Class Meeting. The design for the Class cap was selected.....Formation of the New York Club.

MARCH 13TH-16TH.—State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Morristown.

MARCH 15TH.—Glee and Banjo Clubs' concert at New York.

MARCH 17TH.—Meeting of Southern Club. A constitution was adopted. Officers elected as follows: President, E. B. Baxter, '90; First Vice-President, R. B. Snowden, '90; Second Vice-President, E. A. Poe, '91; Secretary, J. H. Sealy, '91; Treasurer, J. M. Brennan, '92; Assistant Secretary, W. A. Guild, '93.....Meeting of the Philadelphia Club.

MARCH 18TH.—Library Meeting. Mr. Davidson read a paper on Rosmini, the great Italian philosopher.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.



CIGARETTE SMOKERS who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ORDINARY TRADE Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the **firm name as below** is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

VERMILYE & Co. BANKERS,

Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEALERS IN INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

ACKERMAN, BICKER & MANVEL,

Established 1878, and for thirteen years previous with
the late house of STARR & MARCUS,

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SOLID SILVER,
6 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

Goods sent for selection to any part of the Country. Designs and estimates for Medals, Prizes, &c., furnished on application.

MARCH 20TH.—Meeting of New York City Club. A constitution was adopted. The following officers were elected: President H. M. Alexander, '90; Vice-Presidents, C. H. Jackson, '90, and A. G. Murray, '91; Treasurer, J. B. Agnew, '91; Secretary, W. K. Prentice, '92; Sophomore Director, J. Brokaw, '92; Freshman Director, E. Y. Thorp, '93.

MARCH 21ST.—Meeting of Tennis Association. Officers elected as follows: Pres., A. B. Gladwin, '91; Treas., E. D. Duffield, '92; Sophomore Director, W. H. Condict, '93.

MARCH 22D.—Election of the Lit. Board of Editors from the Class of '91: J. Barnes, N. Y.; J. H. Dunham, N. J.; J. C. Meyers, Pa.; G. H. Stephens, Pa.; G. R. Wallace, Pa.; G. P. Wheeler, Pa. Managing Editors: Dunham and Wallace.

MARCH 25TH.—Meeting of the '91 Gun Club. The following officers were elected: Pres., A. B. Gladwin, '91; Sec. and Treas., T. L. Williams, '92; Executive Committee, L. Adams, '91, A. Spruance, '91, A. Moses, '91.

MARCH 26TH.—Meeting of the Philadelphia Club.

MARCH 27TH.—Prof. Scott's lecture on the Scientific Expedition to Eastern Oregon.

MARCH 28TH.—Graduation of the Senior Class from the Cliosophic and American Whig Societies.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

Finney Bros.

HIGH-CLASS CIGARETTES.

Special Favors:

CLUB, OPERA, and PRINCE OF WALES, for Gentlemen,
and BOUDOIR SIZE for Ladies.

Sweet Caporal,

New York Standard,

The Standard of the World.

MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY,

PRINTERS OF NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

TRENTON, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

MAY.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BRIDAL HUSKING. Story, - - - - <i>George H. Stephens,</i>	1
AT THE MASKED BALL. Poem, - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	11
THE MUSE OF THE NETTLE-CROWN. Essay, - - <i>S. Grant Oliphant,</i>	13
THE DEATH OF RUSTEM. Poem, - - <i>Edward W. Evans, Jr.,</i>	22
CARLO. Sketch, - - - - <i>V. Lansing Collins,</i>	25
<i>Τηρησις,</i> - - - - <i>George P. Wheeler,</i>	24
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, - - - -	35
SCIENTIFIC AFFECTION—STUDENTS AND THE COLLEGE PERIODICALS—HOW WE WRITE—THE HALLS—A PRINCETON GUIDE-BOOK.	
EDITORIALS, - - - -	45
"LIT." TREASURER—OUR ADVERTISERS—GREETING—"LIT." PRIZES —THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS—A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.	
GOSSIP, - - - -	48
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - -	52
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - -	57
CALENDAR, - - - -	64

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

(Lock Box 647.)

G. B. AGNEW, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DUNHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Look Box 647.

VOL. XLVI.

MAY, 1890.

No. 1.

THE BRIDAL HUSKING.

IT WAS one of those quiet, somnolent days when October draws together with both hands the shades of the morning and evening. The purple haze of Indian summer had swathed the sides of the Elken Mountains, and, leaving a mellow glow in the valley of the Wylusing, floated away to mingle with the blue on the far horizon. Scarce a breath stirred the musing forest; and, with my gun swung from my shoulder, I stepped softly over the fallen leaves lest their rustling should waken nature from her dreaming. It was about ten in the morning when my hounds left me, striking a fresh trail, I suppose, for they bounded madly away, and soon their deep baying was lost in the distance. I blew frequent blasts on my horn, thinking to call them back, but they had passed beyond its hearing and I saw them no more. Then I began to wonder which might be the shortest way home, for stealthy dusk was creeping up

the valley, and I knew the hills would soon be wrapped in darkness. I walked briskly, hoping to come upon some mountain path leading out of the wood, but the faster I hurried the swifter night seemed to come on, till all the bright autumnal tints had faded away into the monotonous shade of early twilight, and I realized that I was lost in the wildest regions of northern Pennsylvania.

I had lost hope of finding my way, when suddenly I caught the gleam of a light through the thick foliage, then lost it again, till, gaining a little eminence, I clearly discerned, far down across the valley, lights which I knew must be shining through cottage windows. Half from joy, half to announce my coming, I turned my horn in that direction and blew one long, heavy blast. Only the echo, sounding over the valley, fell back upon my anxious ear. Yet they must have heard it in the cottage below, for the lights seemed to grow brighter, and two others appeared, looking together like a cluster of stars fallen from the twilighted heavens.

It was an old log hut. But woodbine and honeysuckle had redeemed the decaying logs and hung in rich profusion about the open door. At the further end of the room a brushwood fire was burning cheerily in the wide chimney-place, and over it an old woman was bending to swing out the sooty crane over the blaze. She waited only to hang on a shallow pan, then came quickly to the door in answer to my sounding step. Seventy years had whitened her head and bent her form, but in her countenance there was a wild, pleading question, made doubly strange when she put it in words:

“O, my lost Vinnie, sir! have they found her yet? Think you they’ll bring her back to-night? The horns have been a blowing all day long in the mountains, and I know as how they’ve been looking for my poor lost child. And do you know, sir, if they’ve found her yet?”

She paused as if to listen and clasped her hands like one in prayer, but hearing nothing, beckoned me within. It

was an old-fashioned home. On the walls of the simple room were hung some rusty tools, an old flint-lock, a few dried herbs, and a broken distaff half wound with flax. High in the corner stood an old wooden clock measuring out the time with slow, even tick. A small oak table had been spread with clean homespun and blue ware, and at each window two fresh candles were burning "to guide them home," she said, "for it's very dark on the hills to-night, and poor Vinnie'll want the light. And I've warmed the toast, too, and steeped the tea," she added, pouring me a fragrant cup, "for Vinnie'll need a bite, poor child; and won't she come to-night, d' you s'pose? They've been searching the hills to-day, I know, for the horns never blowed so strong and clear-like in all the long days o' my keeping watch in the valley. And didn't you know, sir, as how our Vinnie got lost?" she continued, seeing my wonder; "then draw nigh to the warm hearth, as 'ull cheer you, for the story is long and sad.

"It's going on forty year," she began, "since John and me moved into the valley to clear land and build us a new home. Little Vinnie, our only child, was just ten year old then, and we lived and worked for her; 'twould ha' been hard making a fresh beginnin' if she'd been gone then, for her bright face took the smart out of the work, and she helped of a bit, too, for she'd carry John a fresh drink from the spring, and drive up the cows at night; then she tended the flowers in the yard and planted the wild ivy vines agin the side o' the house as is now run all over the roof. And so it was as that she eased the heavy load; and things 'peared to get on well wi' us—the fallows burned clean, the crops yielded heavy, and we watched our little home grow year by year until Vinnie warn't no longer a child. Then came a young Warren into the valley, and took up land next to us; and while he was gettin' started he lived with us, working over the hill and coming home nights, so at noon-time, Vinnie, she had to carry a warm lunch; and

when I'd ask why she's so long gone, she'd say as how the vi'lets was so thick and the adder-tongues had all blossomed out and such like. But by-an'-by I begin'd to guess why she'd took to the flowers all so fond-like. But we didn't mind it that he cared for her, for he was as fine a man as ever set axe to a tree, and she loved him. So, in the fall-time, 'twas 'ranged as how they'd be married; and accordin' to the custom back in the old State, Warren, he asked to call in the young folks 'round and husk out the corn 'to pay for his bride,' as we used to say, for, you know, in them hardy, pioneer times, one hand worked while t'other played. Well, I took to the idee at once, for John and me was married at a huskin' our own selves. So, Warren jumped on to his horse that very night, and started out to do th' invitin'.

“How well I remember the day they came! The hills was tinged with red and yellow, and the sun shone through the smoky sky just as it did to-day. We'd got everything ready in-doors, Vinnie and me—cakes and cookies and pumpkin pies, enough to 'stablish a king's larder; and Vinnie, she'd made her a new gound out of some plaids John had fetched from the city. And the men folks, they hauled off the big corn-stouts down onto the beaver meadow, and set 'em up in two great circles, ready for the happy huskers. And what a gay lot of 'em there was! boys and girls, pretty lasses with their sturdy beaus, and even the old folks, they came out that night to see as what was going on. And they did make the corn fly! Ranged in rings round two circles, the merry huskers stripped out the yellow ears and throw'd 'em up into two great piles in the middle, and the moon came out and lit up the flinty mass as made 'em look like two great heaps o' gold, and if one was lucky to find a red ear, he'd tost it over to the one he liked, and then they'd all stop to see 'em chase 'round the ring. Beats all as how them girls 'ud run, like as if they'd the breath o' th' fannin'-mill. Round and round they'd spin, dodging

one way then t'other, till at last he caught her, and then—well—they played other games, too. I 'member they'd begun 'I spy,' an' had hid behind the corn-stalks and among the husks, and Warren, he was a-hunting 'em out; but afore he'd found 'em all, John, he came down and said 'twas time to begin the bridal huskin'; so they stopped off and chose 'em two leaders, Warren and Ben Casey they was, to drive down the bridal stakes into the tops o' the two great corn heaps till they stuck a foot or so out above. I can see just how proud lookin' and happy Warren was that night as he took his iron-wood stake and stepped up onto the great pile o' corn, and with one mighty thrust sent it a-tearing down through the top of the heap. And Ben Casey, too, when he'd drove his stake, and they'd all made ready, someone gave the go, and they begun to husk as fast as ever they could to see who'd be first to cover up their stake, for, you know, 'twas 'warded to them to lead the bride to the house and set down to the first table, while th' others had to stay in the field and finish out the rest of the corn. Well, if the 'Merican inderpen'ence was dependin' on the end, they couldn't stripped out the corn no faster. At both heaps the corn went flying into the middle so fast as to look like the spokes in a spinnin'-wheel, and us as had gathered 'round begin'ed to see 'twould be tight as to who'd win. But I know'd Warren would do his spryest, for he'd been heard to say openly as how he'd be first or lose his bride, and now he was rushing 'round a-directing here and there and urging 'em on so fast as that Partheny Higgins put her thumb out o' j'int trying to break off one o' the big ears, and while she'd run to the house for some o' my arniky, old Aunt Hucky as was standin' by, she got so excited for Warren as that she run in to take her place, but was so overcome-like by the shoutin' o' the leaders and the hustle o' the huskers, as that she didn't git only one ear out and broke that 'un off in the middle. Then all of a sudden they begin'd to cheer over in Ben Casey's ring, for

they'd got their stake well nigh covered, and then someone made a lucky throw and landed 'n ear square on top, but it fell off again, and they set to work faster'n ever.

"It begin'd to look like as if Ben 'ud lead the bride anyhow, for they'd covered more o' their stake 'an as had Warren, but just then some of the girls—as John said it was—throw'd in some ears with the husks a-dangling, and as this was against the rule, Ben he reached up to pull 'em out, but that set the rest o' the ears to slidin', so as that all their shoutin' and screamin' could'nt help it, and nigh half o' the heap slid away. Then 'twas Warren's band as cheered, for some o' the boys o' surest aim had throw'd close in 'round the stake and 'ad hid it clean out o' sight. 'The bride! the bride!' and the shout rang out and echoed agin the hills, but no bride come. 'The bride! the bride!' and they shouted agin, and listened and looked and wondered. Nobody'd seen her since they'd play'd hide-an'-seek, and they thought as how she'd staid hid a purpose. So they turned the stalks over and looked under the husks, but she warn't there; and when they'd searched close along the fence and behind the stumps and didn't find her, we concluded she'd gone on to the house, and I hurried ahead to see, but nothing only the old wood clock stood a-tickin' by 't self in the corner. I called out, and th' clock went tick, tick, and Tim come a-runnin' into the door and mewed. Then it flashed on me as how she may a hid in the edge o' the woods and got lost, so I roused out the men with their lanterns, and when they'd hunted the fields over again, they went deep into the woods and far up on the hills, and I watched the lanterns moving and heard the horns a-blowing just as they did to-day. And when they'd all gone home 'cept them as was searching on the hills, and I'd been 'lone in the house till it seemed as how I'd go mad a thinkin' o' poor Vinnie, suddently there came a cry, clear and plaintive-like, and I run to the door to listen. Again, way up on the side o' the Elkin hills, I could hear it so sad and pitiful-like, as that my

heart jumped nigh out o' my mouth, for I know'd it was Vinnie. I ketched up a shawl and flew out acrost the pasture, way up into the woods afore I stopped even so much as to catch a breath; then I heard it agin, and I called out as loud as ever I could, and run on fast, and when I got a long way up the side, it cried out agin, nearer this time and more wildish-like, then 'twould answer back every time I'd call, till I got so near as that it seemed to die away in a sort o' whining. Then suddenly it stopped and I didn't hear it again.

"I called out to Vinnie and strained my eyes if I could see her, but 'twas dark under the trees, and no one answered and my heart sunk. I searched all 'round, but couldn't find nobody, and then I thought as how I'd hurry back and tell the men as could come with the lanterns. I started back down the hill, but stopped every now and agin to listen and call out, for I thought I heard someone a-walking behind on the dry sticks and leaves. But nobody answered and I hurried on. I came back by the way o' the beaver meadow where they'd been a-huskin'. 'Twas long in the morning-time and the moon was pretty nigh down, but it shined out acrost the clearin' enough as that I could see the corn stalks a-standing together like as if they'd been a huddle o' Injin wigwams, and in the middle o' them the yellow corn gleamed faint-like as if it 'twas their camp-fires goin' out. When I'd got out to where they was, I set down on the stalks to rest a bit. Suddently I heard that crackling noise agin, and I turned about and there, crawling sly over the fence and coming straight at me was a great, fierce catamount. It crep' down very still and stole along behind the stumps, peering out cat-like. Then 'twould stretch up its nose and sniff the air and show its white teeth. I tried to shout, but my blood froze and I couldn't stir. Just then the moon went down, and it got bolder in the dark and crep' on faster. I could see its wild eyes glare like two balls o' fire, and soon 'twas so near as I thought 'twould spring.

But to my su'prise it went straight by, up to the heap o' corn, a-sniffing and scenting the air, and then it went twice 'round the heap, peering in and looking as 'twould find some partic'ler ear; and when it 'ad got just acrost from me it put 's lean nose into the ears and smelled, made a low, snarlin' cry and began to paw the corn. Then suddenly it caught sight o' me and made one terrible spring—I don't know as whether 'twas at me or to put off to the woods, for I swooned away and didn't know no more.

“For days I laid unknowin' even them as found me and fetched me in from the field. All I could see was poor Vinnie, lost off on the hills and torn by the wild beasts as I couldn't help to drive away. But my mind came back at last, and John he was standing by. But I told by his looks as they hadn't found her yet, and he said 'no; but them as was out searching hoped to get some clue o' her yet. Warren,' he said, 'was nigh about crazed; he'd been out day and night, not coming in scarce to take a bite to eat.' And then John said as how he must go out, too, if I'd stay alone. And that night when they'd all gone to the hills, and it grow'd dark, I took an' lit the candles and put 'em in the window for the first time. Many a weary, weary night they burned bright to guide them as was out searchin', till at last they come back for good, and said as 'twas no use, they'd scoured the country over for miles 'round, and she'd never be found. But I couldn't hear to 't, so way long into the winter I'd light the candles and set 'em in the window as how she might chance to see 'em and come back. And so its been, sir, this long, long year. In the fall-time, when the leaves turn red and the corn gits yellow, and I can see the smoke o' Injin summer in the sky, then I know it's the time for Vinnie to come, and so I light the candles agin and set 'em in the windows and watch.”

She fixed her eyes on the blazing hearth and sat for a moment musing; then, getting up, went to the open door, and lifting one hand as if to shade her eyes, gazed long and

wistfully at the hills outlined darkly against the sky. There she stood listening, till a gust of wind rustled the vines over the lintel, and she came in and closed the door. Then, going to the candles, she took up the snuffers, trimmed their charred wicks and shoved them a little nearer the window. Out over the darkened valley streamed their quickened light, and whether the moon clouded or the stars grew dim, they shone on, steady and clear, fit emblem of a mother's love!

"There's another little thing as I might tell you about," she continued, sitting down. "It was nigh about ten days after the huskin' was over and they'd give up the search, that John and Warren hitched on to the great cart and drove down into the beaver meadow to haul up the corn. When they'd worked nigh half o' the morning, I went out to the crib to where they's unloadin' and asked what time they'd be ready for dinner. John said as how they'd finished Ben Casey's pile and 'ud begin on Warren's next; so they wheeled about and drove back to the field. But they hadn't been gone long afore I see 'em coming back as fast as they could and bearing something between them. When they came nearer I seen as how it was a young girl. They fetched her right in and laid her down. The corn silk had tangled in her hair, and straight through her breast there was an awful bloody wound. And oh, I can see Warren's face now, and it was all white like a ghost, and his lips was moving, and at last a sound came, faint-like, and he said, 'Vinnie, my Vinnie, I've killed you! I've killed you!' And, poor boy, he warn't in his right mind, for he thought as 'twas my lost Vinnie as they'd found in the heap o' corn where she'd hid when he drove down the bridal-stake—my own lost Vinnie as is wandering on the hills to-night and as 'ull come back to her lone, lone mother, again. And John, too, poor soul, he said as it was our Vin, and I couldn't comfort him though I know'd he war in the wrong—and the suddent shock after the long night watchin'

brought on the fever as he never got over, and afore many weeks was gone by they digged another grave down under the white elm. Then the old home got dreary, for John was gone and Vinnie she didn't come back; and Warren, when he'd come down of a morning to bring the fuel and things, he'd say, 'Mother, Vinnie 'ull never come; you'd better go and stay with me.' But I said no, not till Vinnie'd come, then we'd both go, and we'd cut the bridal-cake, too, as I've been a-savin' this long, long time." She went once more to the door and looked out into the night. She had forgotten my presence, for I heard her say mournfully, "Won't you come to-night, Vinnie—for your poor old mother's waited long and she's weary and can't trim the wicks much longer? There, listen!" she broke in suddenly, for her mind was wandering now, "don't you hear the merry huskers down in the beaver meadow? Hark! There's Warren calling to send down some more o' the fall-pippins—and the laughing—and cheering—don't you hear 'em?—and there—there goes the old husking song—

"And here's to the bride and to him by her side;
 Let the silk o' the corn her fair brow adorn,
 And the storm and the blast be as far, far away
 As on this her bridal husking day,
 On this her bridal husking day."

* * * * *

I awoke and came down very softly. The embers had died away on the hearth, and the old wooden clock had run down and stopped. The candles had burned low in their sockets and gone out. And there, still holding the wick-snuffers, the weary watcher sat. She was asleep. A morning ray had crept in at the window and haloed around the whitened brow. I watched the silent figure a moment, then noiselessly opened the door and passed out. Poor tired heart! All too soon would she waken to her grief again. So I passed out of her world, but often and often

the scene with all its infinite sadness comes before me, and wonder if there, in the shadow of the Elken Mountains, that solitary figure still sits alone in the darkness, snuffing the candle with weary hand and watching and listening for the lost Vinnie that will never come.

G. H. S.

AT THE MASKED BALL.

ON a balcony off the ball-room,
 Half hid by a clinging vine,
 I pledge my silent vis-à-vis
 O'er a seething bottle of wine.
 She lifts the mask's lace fringes,
 The wine she slowly sips,
 And I see, past her jeweled fingers,
 A tremble on her lips.
 There is something almost familiar
 In the shape of that slender hand—
 In the form of those tapering fingers,
 That toy with that ivory fan!
 In the full round turn of throat and arm—
 The curve of that shoulder bare,
 And the way that yellow rose droops down
 O'er the love curls of the hair!

I remember some one wearing
 A rose in the self-same way—
 The last time I saw her was years ago,
 But it seems as 'twere yesterday.
 And that very waltz I remember,
 As I list to the music's throb—
 'Tis Strauss'; I'd danced it with her!
 Was that a sigh or a sob?
 And I turn to the silent figure
 That has never spoken a word,
 And say, in an easy manner,
 Though my heart is strangely stirred—
 "Will you not tell me, lady,
 What makes your eyes gleam so—
 Like stars in the night, half hid from sight,
 'Neath the shade of your domino?"

As she leans o'er the table toward me—
 Ah! the wealth of that odorous hair!
 She repeats some lines from that cynic poet
 Who misjudged us all, Voltaire.
 The maskers pass before us,
 Her voice sounds soft and low,
 And the tones of that voice touch my memory
 As if heard in the long ago.
 I almost fear to remember—
 The very accents seem
 To wake my echoing heart strings,
 As if listened to in a dream!
 I almost half believe I dream,
 For just as I raise my eyes,
 With a question forming upon my lips,
 I give a start of surprise.

With a rustle of silk she had left me,
 And I gaze with a frightened stare
 At that glass of wine she had pledged me in,
 From that opposite empty chair.
 There young Count D'anvers finds me
 And proffers a cigarette,
 With a smile, at the same time saying,
 "Ah! where is *La Belle Silvette*?
 She was sitting just now, here, with you."
 But I turn and carelessly say,
 In answer, "I'm bored, Count, and going.
 We take, do we not, the same way?"
 And no one we pass but a grim gendarme,
 As the gas lamps, cold and hard,
 In the gray of the morning glimmer faint
 Down the empty Boulevard.

But my very brain seems reeling—
 A sound like the hissing of steam
 Rings in my ears as I murmur aloud,
 "It was not all, then a dream!"
 They told me she'd married a title—
 A noble with wealth untold.
 She had jilted me, thrown me over,
 For the sake of his name and gold!
 I bid farewell to my gay young friend;
 I leave Paris to-day at ten.
 I am tired of life in cities,
 I am tired of women and men.

THE MUSE OF THE NETTLE-CROWN.

“Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.”

—*Horace.*

“Mieux est de risque de larmes escripre
Pour ce que rire est le propre de l’homme.”

—*Rabelais.*

THE Satiric Muse is the daughter of the primeval woods. The exact date of her birth is not recorded in either the Annals or the Chronicles of Literary History, for she, like her younger cousins, the Classic Nine, was a child of no great promise in her earlier years. It was only when she had grown into a charming, laughing maiden some centuries later—for the immortals must needs grow slowly—and after men had become enamored of the coy nymph, that any considerable interest began to be felt in her life history.

But men are mortal, *ergo*, their memories are bounded by finite limits, notwithstanding Pythagorean theories. So when they would seek for her age and antecedents, they found them irrecoverably lost in the mists of antiquity. Ask her? Whoever knew a maid of that age that would give any satisfactory answer to such a question?

Modern scientific research, however—for it can do everything—has thrown some little light on the subject. Indeed, it is now well established that she was born during the early days of the human race. M. Lenient says it was as long ago as the “antithesis of day and night,” but there must be a little hyperbole lurking somewhere in his statement, for, if Moses’ diary is correct, that “antithesis” preceded man’s advent. Modern speculation has also conjectured with great plausibility and equal probability that her mother was “Human-faults-and-follies-open-to-correction,” and that her father was “Natural-desire-to-act-the-part-of-personal-censor-of-others.” This, I think, though I have not found

this opinion expressed by others, fixes the date of her parents' birth.

It was in Paradise, after the fall and before the expulsion, that is, according to the old and, of course, thoroughly reliable Rabbinical legend, between the tenth and eleventh hours of the sixth day of creation. For did not Eve eat the forbidden fruit—whether it was the wheat-ear of the Rabbi Mayer, the grape of the Rabbi Jehuda, the Paradise-apple of the Rabbi Aba or the fig of the Rabbi Josse—and was not this the first of “human faults and follies open to correction?” And if John Milton took correct stenographic notes of the conversation that followed, Adam exhibited something of natural censoriousness.

But we must pass on. Satira, our Muse, was born not long afterwards, for in those days everything was done in a hurry. Her childhood was spent in the wild woodlands, where she conceived that passionate love for the flowers of the white nettle (*Urtica alba*), of which she always wears a crown. A few ages later she became a somewhat ubiquitous maiden, appearing in diverse parts of the world in rapid succession, and she became decidedly roguish and mischievous. She put Momus in Olympus in company with grave old Zeus, and Thersites in the Iliad beside Achilles. She nettled Saul by leading the daughters of Jerusalem in singing through the streets of their city, “Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands,” and egged on Elijah when he stood on Mt. Carmel and mocked the priests of Baal.

At a later date we find her at Athens, where she proscribes Aristides for pure *ennui*, condemns Socrates for piety, elevates Cleon through a whim, makes Cratinus the “people’s lash,” gives boutonnieres of her favorite white nettle to some of the writers of the Old Comedy, and carries on a flirtation for some time with a certain Aristophanes, her cousin Thalia’s young man. Ever restless and seeking fresh fields of fun, she quits the classic walks and scholastic

retreats of old Hellas, and removes to Italy's genial clime. Here she finds an untutored people met at the earliest festival of their race for religion and revelry, for church members had not yet learned the art of wearing long faces on such occasions. So after they had offered Tellus his porker, Sylvanus his milk and the Genius his wine and flowers, as Horace doth excellently devise, you might have heard her merry laugh as she set those

"Agricolæ prieci, fortes parvoque beati,"

pelting one another with rustic jests and raileries as fresh as the turf beneath their feet.

Some have cast reflections upon her morals at this time because she accepted the term Fescennine for her verses, but others with equal warmth defend her, and give a quite innocent etymology for the term. However that may be, we need not discuss the point, for she will soon discard the name. But it is certain that about this time she lost her temper. For Horace tells how that taunting Fescennine song became transformed into fierce lampoons and libelous scurrility, which had finally to be checked by one of the laws of the twelve tables. This awoke our heroine to the consciousness of the fact that though immortal, she must, while among mortals, mortal laws obey, and so through *formidine fustis* she settled down for some time into a quiet and demure young lady.

About this time she took the name *Satira*. Certain antiquarians of philological lore connect this name in its origin with the *satura lanx*, a plate filled with various kinds of fruit and offered to the gods. This epithet, by easy transition, came to mean merely a medley, and so was applied to a *fabula*, consisting of a medley of vocal and instrumental music and dancing. I have come across one poor fellow who, like Poe's raven,—“nameless here forevermore,”—cannot understand why the feminine form of the adjective *satur* was used. But does he think the men had the

monopoly of Falernian in those days? Then why should she have paraded under a masculine name, like George Khot or Charles Egbert Craddock? Women in those days did not want to wear the toga, in spite of Xanthippe's example.

She was now old enough to make her *debut* into society, and, of course, she must have a new dress. So she went to Rome and ordered a new costume. This is, probably, why Quintilian boasted, "*Satira quidem tota nostra est,*" and Horace described her as "*Græcis intacti carminis.*" But she did not take very well in the fashionable circles of Rome, for she could not forbear poking fun at the dandies of Rome, and they, in turn, had not wit enough to admire the courage and common sense of the rustic lass who refused to wear high-heeled shoes, and then they were afraid of that nettle crown.

However, she was not destined long to pine away and waste her sweetness on the desert air. Cato had just returned from Sardinia, and in his train he brought the poet Quintus Ennius. As he was from Rudisæ, and somewhat *rudis* himself by nature, he was more of her ideal. He, too, was smitten with the charms of the demure country lass. It began to look like an incipient love affair. But he was thirty-five and old enough not to lose his head. Though he was wont to boast of his three hearts, he kept two of them for himself only, and divided the third—his Latin one—between Calliope, Clio, Melpomene and Satira. The last, however, came in for a liberal share, for he wrote six books which he called by her name. She reciprocated this attention by wearing for him the poetic dresses which were his favorites.

But Ennius waxed old and died of the gout—*podagra* they called it in those days—without proposing. Satira, for she really had cared for the man, was considerably sobered at the loss of her favorite. She cast aside much of her girlish giddiness and quietly resolved to live henceforth for a purpose.

While considering just what to do, her attention was directed to the forces of Vice, Falsity, Corruption and Hypocrisy, which were harrying on the fields of Religion, Politics, Literature and Society. She thought it would be a glorious thing to start a Crusade against this quadripartite alliance of the enemies of the human kind. She saw the struggle would be a tremendous one, but she is one of these lucky little women who will die by inches while fighting, if need be. Then she was encouraged by the thought which some dolichocephalous poetaster has since put into verse:

“ When a woman will, she will, you may depend on it,
But when she won't, she won't, and that's an end on it.”

So, nothing daunted, the doughty little Amazon took thought for the fray. She decided that the nettle should be her weapon, but she was at a loss how it could be made most effective.

She was taking a walk one morning—for maidens did not lie abed until noon in those days—and, as she turned the corner, Lucilius, “Aurunca's mighty foster son,” came driving his prancing steeds that way. He was a young, handsome, manly fellow, who had come to the city, and she had on a crown of fresh white nettle flowers, which set off her blooming countenance and reminded him of his old country home. Little Cupid, Venus' irrepressible son, was hunting at the time. He came flitting by that way, saw his quarry, let fly his golden winged shaft, and—the usual result.

Lucilius was ever faithful to this, his first love, and proved himself of valuable assistance to Satira and her cause. It was his ingenuity that solved the question which had long perplexed her—how to use her nettles most effectively. Together they wrought fine hexameters out of censorious criticism, a material of great structural ductility. They then moulded these into the shape of formidable pieces of ordnance and loaded these with nettles. They found the

discharge thereof produced more frightful havoc in the enemy's camp than that of the heaviest artillery. They constructed thirty of these warlike engines during the lifetime of Lucilius, and he named them after her whose cause they were to aid so nobly.

Flaccus, commonly called Horatius, next found favor in her sight; but she could never induce the jolly bachelor, "high priest of the devotees of *savoir vivre*," to devote himself heart and soul to her cause.

Another Flaccus—Aulus Persius, but no relative of Horatius—next espoused her cause, and they did some effective work with the nettle engines, putting six more of them in the field. But in his successor and superior, D. J. Juvenalis, she again found a lover after her own mind. It was the Flavianic days, and Satira saw her enemies stalking openly through the city in brazen insolence. She and J. put sixteen pieces of far heavier ordnance in the field, and loaded them to the muzzle. The effect must have been terrific. We can almost hear the thunderous, murderous roar, and see the clouds of nettles flying yet, when we examine those old pieces. J. also introduced the innovation of making nettle balls by using a sort of mud as a cement, so that when an enemy was struck by one of these he was pretty well used up. On this account J. has been much abused. But a careful examination of the evidence shows pretty conclusively that, first, this abuse of J. comes entirely from the friends of his enemies, and especially from those of *Dux Hypocrisis*; secondly, that J. was not defiled with the mud he handled; and thirdly, that the exigencies of the moment demanded desperate measures. It was really, as someone has said, a "war like Thor's attack on the serpent Midgard." J.'s courage is worthy of great commendation, and if you have any friends on the opposite side, we would advise you not to go too near to those old pieces even yet, for you may find some stinging nettles still hovering over them.

Martialis, another champion of the same time, used light weapons, but they were exceedingly sharp at times. Luki- nos, of Samosata, a Syrian Greek, next took Satira's eye, while she was in the Orient on a vacation. Hand in hand they ranged a wide field, and loved nothing better than to impale upon their shafts either "some notorious theory or personage of the time."

But during all these years there would be times when the old, unbridled restraint and love of mischief of her childhood days would return for awhile with overpowering force. On one of these occasions, when her Italian friends were sweltering beneath the fierce October sun, she went north for a few week's sport and recreation. Here she set our rude Scandinavian forefathers to lacerating one another with their "nithing-verses." Her stay was short, but she left an influence behind her. On another occasion she was found pitching sacred chickens overboard to see if they would drink when they declined to eat. When Ventidius is made consul from being a muleteer, she gathers her devotees and sings in the streets of the city—

*"Concurrite, omnes augures, aruspices,
Portentum inusitatum conflatum est recens;
Nam mulos qui fricabat, consul factus est."*

Cæsar has subjugated Gaul, conquered the world, crushed the Senate and seduced the people. Everything is fettered through fear or admiration, but Satira leads the soldiers in singing behind his car of triumph,

"Urbani, servate uxores, mæchum calvom adducimus,"

for she sees the baldness beneath the laurel, the vice that disfigures the greatness.

But interesting as the biography may be, we must take a long stride forward. Let him who wishes to fill the gap read such works as M. Lenient's *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*, and to see her at her best during these long

centuries, let him look for her in the *Pantagruel et Gargantua* of Rabelais, the *Colloquia* of Erasmus, and the superb masterpiece of Cervantes, *The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Manche*.

About five hundred years ago she went out one morning to catch the dew on Malvern Hills and found there the tall, gaunt figure of Long Will, with his long robe and shaven head. She saw at once that he would be a powerful ally, with his straightforward habit of speaking the plain truth. Together they harried on the enemy in the fields of religion, and made forays against them in those of politics and society, and the enemy's hospital staff was kept quite busy with their Urticaria patients for some time. Since then she has been wooed by many of the English tongue. Indeed, that language seems to be a favorite of the polyglot nymph. But we must content ourselves with merely naming a few of those who have basked more or less in her smiles, *c. g.*, Butler, Dryden, De Foe, Swift, Steele, Addison, Pope—the most favored of them all—Johnson, Byron, Lamb, Hood, De Quincey, Sydney, Smith, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Arnold, Swinburne, and our own Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes and Howells.

Satira is proud of her conquests; what maiden who ever made any is not? But she may well be so, for she has numbered many of the world's brainiest men among her devotees. A list as long and as strong might be named from the Continent. Her history is bound up with that of the human race, and our knowledge of any period is incomplete without a knowledge of her doings in that period. Thus it is said that "Aristophanes is the best commentator one can add to Thucydides;" that "Juvenal explains more than one page of Tacitus." The historian must go to *Piers the Plowman* for London life of the fourteenth century. Rabelais is necessary to understand French life of the sixteenth and Voltaire and Beaumarchais the eighteenth century.

“In one form or another,” the immortal nymph has “had place in all nations and all ages, assuming special prominence at definite literary eras and among particular peoples.” She is still in the fresh bloom of youth, for she inherited the gift of everlasting youth with her immortality. She is wanton at times, often mischievous and generally more or less good-humored. She does, we are sorry to say, sometimes, things which are below the proper dignity of a muse, at least, according to our conception thereof.

Sometimes her animus is ridicule and humor. She laughs at the follies and foibles of man, and aims to reform him by appealing to his sense of shame. At such times she never hurls her missiles with intent to kill or even to wound. She “attacks the sin rather than the sinner.” It was in this mood that she played with Horace, Cervantes, Moliere, Butler, De Quincey, Thackeray, Holmes and Lowell.

But at other times her animus is invective or rebuke. Sometimes it is a “righteous indignation,” when “*difficile est satiram non scribere,*” and *facit indignatio versum*. She shows this in company with religious reformers, and such strong characters as Juvenal and Langland. In this field she is often a “veritable Nemesis, an invincible power, enemy of the present and accomplice of the future.” But at other times, it is a fit of ill-temper which is sometimes malicious and vindictive, when she runs off into iambs that kill as surely as steel. We find her thus in Boileau, Swift, Byron or Poe. With ruthless cruelty she pillories the object of her hate or malice.

He is not a wise man who, at such a time, will attempt to soothe her by smoothing those fair tresses, for the crown of stinging nettles may inflict mortal pain. Our own advice would be, if you are the weaker, to wait until the storm blows over; but if you are the stronger, pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves and give her what Patrick gave the

drum, and, so, teach her better. For we have seen that the "*formido fustis*" had a salutary effect upon her once.

For when she loses control of her temper and runs off into malice, personal abuse and vituperation, her power for good is negative. But when she is herself, when she is the voice of nature appealing to man's instincts against the old quadripartite alliance with which she swore eternal warfare in the days of Republican Rome, then the Muse of the Nettle Crown may be a great power for good in the land. She has often been the "last resource and the sole vengeance of the weak against the strong," the steady and constant "foe of all tyrannies, feudal, clerical, monarchical and popular," and has "more than once defended the cause of good sense, justice and truth."

As long as human nature remains what it is—that is, until the millennial dawn—the world will be the better for her services. The present age, especially, needs her aid. Corruption, vice and hypocrisy, her old enemies, are rife in the land. Arise, thou Juvenal of the twentieth century, for Satira hath great need of thy caustic pen!

S. GRANT OLIPHANT.

THE DEATH OF RUSTEM.*

WHAT mortal man dare brave Heaven's bursting storm,
Or dam with sand the swelling flood of Fate?

Not Rustem, of the long-lined sons of Zal
The chief—not Rustem, of the lion-heart,
Rustem, the glory of the gray-haired Zal;
For Sughad, false of heart and shrewd as false,
Brother of Rustem, with no brother's love,
Thus to his liege, Sálím, prince of Kaboul,
Spake: "Ill beseems it, Sálím, lord of light,
That Rustem, king of but a puny few,

* The outline of this narrative poem is taken from the Shah Nameh, the Persian epic, of Firdausi.

With growing tax, should make thy back to bend
 Beneath his hated yoke ; for thus thy rule,
 Illustrious, grows weak and weaker still."
 Soft on the ear of Sálím fell the words,
 And, nothing loath, he made reply : " Sughad,
 At thee, his slave, fit to be trod upon,
 As well as me, doth Rustem hurl his scorn."
 " Come then, since common hate draws tight our hands,"
 Spake Sughad quick, " I have a net whose mesh
 Entraps e'en such a great and cautious fly
 As Rustem. When the cheeks blush with the wine
 Of twenty summers,—at the feast to-night,
 When every ruddy drop is as a goad
 To make one quarrel with his bosom friend,
 Do thou make sport of me, and call me " slave,
 Hated of Rustem and my father's house."
 Then I, in seeming wrath, will rise and go
 To Rustem, and will urge him on to fight
 With thee and thine. Meanwhile, dig seven pits
 Along the hunting-ground twixt Rháb and Khive,
 And let each pit be floored with seven blades,
 Sharp-pointed, bristling, while, with cunning art,
 Each pit is ceiled with sward, to horse's foot
 So soft, that Rurah, Rustem's mare, will tread
 Upon it with a short-lived joy." To this
 Sálím assented with a cunning glance.

Upon that very night, when every lord,
 In glittering robe, stood round, and mirth rose high,
 Up in a clear and smiling sky there rose
 A cloud, that burst upon the head of him
 Who knew and feared it not ; for Sálím raged,
 And swore that such an outcast cur, though born
 Of lion's stock, as Sughad was, might seek
 No crumb from him. Then, with a lowering look,
 Sughad stole from the hall, and sped post-haste
 To Rustem, and inflamed his smouldering soul
 To vengeance.

Thereupon, Rustem, in grief,
 A farewell took of Zal, his father old.
 With Sughad and a chosen band,—in strength
 But weak (Sughad vouched Sálím durst oppose
 Not e'en a girlish troop with Rustem chief)
 Before two suns were set, Rustem had crossed
 The Oxus stream.

Dazzling, as does the sun
In summer, Rustem came and stood before
Sálim, prince of Kaboul, and Sálim bit
The dust, and clothed himself in penitence,
Thus, by his feigned humility, to mould
And shape the heart of Rustem to his wiles;
And as a froward child cowers 'neath the glance
Of a stern father's eye, thus Sálim cowered.
The father's heart in Rustem melted then,
A mild, forgiving light shone in his eye,
And Sughad's guileful heart grew glad when he
Perceived his soul to pity turned; he, too,
Agreed to give Sálim the kiss of peace;
And even did propose,—since they were then
Caparisoned and horsed,—that, by the chase,
They celebrate their re-united bond.

So, on this morn in glowing autumn's prime,
While murmurous zephyrs sport with bright-hued leaves,
Rustem, of Persian warriors most renowned,
Mounted on Rurah, rode, unheeding Fate.
His eye was frank and smiling, like a spring
Whose every pebble at the bottom gleams;
But Sughad's eye glanced sideways 'neath its lash.
Thus rode they, till a halt from Ruráh caused
Rustem to frown and ply the spur, in vain;
Nor would she budge, till Rustem, waxing wroth,
Drove deep the spur. Then Rurah, with a bound,
Frightened and trembling, plunged and fell and sank.
Clean to her flank she plunged; but, with a spring,
Terrific, she emerged. And as a ship,
Upon the wind-lashed sea, rises and falls,
Tossed in the yawning surge, so Rurah sank
And rose, and sank and rose again, and yet
Again; till, near the seventh pit, a sight
There was, fit to make pity gush from heart
Of stone: there Rustem lay, of pallid hue,
Pierced cruelly by the treacherous hidden spear!

Soon as his eyes slow opened to the day,
Then as a cloud, black-browed and terrible,
Sweeps lowering o'er the earth and shrouds the land
In clinging shadows, stealing away the sun,
So o'er him swept the sudden blight and chill—
The knowledge of a brother's perfidy—

Quenching in night the last long ray of love.
And yet his heart died not—that lion heart—
But, with a ghastly feint of glee, he spake :
“ Sughad, since Fate at last hath willed that I,
The conqueror of knights till then supreme,
Should die a woman’s death, but string thy bow
For me, that, as a seeming scare-crow, I
May fright away the wolves when I am dead.”
Sughad, with mocking triumph, strung the bow,
Then placed it in his eager trembling hand.
Scarce was it done, when Rustem, like a flame
That, smouldering, flickering, dying, quick flares up,
Till all around is lurid with the blaze,
Up sprang and grasped the bow and drew the string ;
And like a flash of lightning sped the shaft
Unerringly to where Sughad had fled,
Blear-eyed with fear, to shelter of a tree.
Onward the arrow flew, a lightning flash
With awful vengeance barbed. The bolt of doom,
Quivering, struck and pierced both tree and man !
Then Rustem’s eye waxed bright, and he exclaimed :
“ Rustem, victorious in death, is what
Thou durst not be through all thy craven life ! ”
Straightway his eye grew dim, nor could he see
The setting sun that threw a parting ray
To crown his ebon locks and massy brow.
But for a moment did the ray remain,
And then the shadows fell, and moaning winds
The while, were tearing from the boughs the leaves.
But to their moaning Rustem listed not.

EDWARD W. EVANS, JR.

CARLO.

NIGHT was falling on the little town of Saint-Ange. The last rays of the sinking sun had flooded the western sky with gorgeous color, and lightly touching the spire of the old ivy-grown church, had left a purple trace on the narrow pointed windows and faded behind the distant hills. The men in the fields had ceased their work,

and with coats thrown over their shoulders, were making their way home in little groups to their cottages, where the evening meal was waiting them. Across the hillside one could hear the sweet tinkle of the sheep-bells and the frolicsome barking of the shepherd's dog as the flocks were being driven in for the night. Through the open door of the cathedral—for the people of Saint-Ange loved to call it such, though it scarce deserved the name—you could see the dim light of the candles on the simple altar and the snow-white robes of the priest and his little chorister boys as they went about their sacred duties; and you could also see the kneeling figures of the silent worshipers—for the vesper-bell had rung; and even now a few late-comers were hastily crossing the threshold. The soft notes of the hidden organ came floating out on the hushed evening air, and save that and the faint sounds of the chanted vesper prayer, nothing broke in upon the peace that reigned over the place.

In a garden adjoining the smallest of the quaint thatched-roofed cottages, lingered one figure, heedless of his surroundings. He had been leaning over the gate for more than an hour past, not noting the evening bell nor the beauty of the sunset, and though his eyes were fixed on the landscape he saw not its charm. His thoughts were far away, and they must have been sad thoughts, too, for a tear glistened in his eye.

Carlo was an odd fellow, they used to say, yet no one could ever give any definite reason for such an opinion. It is strange how many prejudices we entertain for which we have no firm basis whatever. When we are asked why we think so and so we say, evasively, "Oh! everybody else thinks so!" And so it was in this little town. With the exception of the *curé*, old Pierre, the shoemaker, seemed to be Carlo's only true friend. Nothing pleased the old man better than to sit on the little bench outside his cottage door and, with many a pull at his long pipe and many a

pause to watch the smoke go circling upward, to relate to a stranger in Saint-Ange how he had found Carlo one morning on the doorstep of his cottage, a mere baby, wrapped in a tattered shawl, with nothing to mark or identify him, and how he and his wife—alas! dear soul! she died long ago—and the good shoemaker crossed himself in reverence, *mais Mon Dieu, où en étais-je?*—ah! yes, yes, they found Carlo one morning on the doorstep, and they took him in and reared him as their son; and when he was old enough they sent him to the school—that white building yonder with the belfry—where Pierre Jacques—*vous le connaissez le curé, Pere Jacques, n' est ce pas, Monsieur?*—taught the boys of the place reading, writing, arithmetic and the catechism. And so the old shoemaker would talk on until his pipe was empty or his listener rose to leave.

Carlo had never been a favorite at the parish school. It may have been because he did not join in the sports and games in which the other boys passed their spare hours. He was always made the butt of their ridicule and rancor. He had never forgotten how, one day, a boy named Rudolf, who was always foremost in the persecution, stole his pet white mice and out of spite killed them, showing their skins as trophies of his deed. He remembered how bitterly he had wept at his loss, and as he mused over the rustic gate this autumn evening many other incidents of his childhood came to his mind. But it was not the thoughts of his childhood that brought the tear to his eye or that caused the far-off sad look on his face. The weary days of school life had long since passed away. Nor did the sense of his unpopularity oppress him. What did he care for other people's opinions? There was his work to keep him busy, for he had learned old Pierre's trade, and there were the ever-pleasing walks in the fields or through the woods to amuse him. No; had we been able to look into his heart we should have found this story as the cause we sought:

Gabrielle Mureau was the belle of Saint-Ange, for what town, be it ever so small, does not have its belle? Ever since Carlo could remember he had known her, and even as a boy he had secretly loved her. Nor was he her only admirer, for it would have been hard to find a single pupil in that school of Pere Jacques, who did not declare himself her champion. Many were the battles that took place among those hot-headed lovers on her account. But now she had grown up, and what was once a merry child with sunny curls and laughing eyes was now a tall, graceful woman; and in Carlo's heart the true fire burned this time. It was no boyish fancy; he was in love. Suitors Gabrielle had more than any other girl in the town, but to Carlo it seemed that he was the favored one. Perhaps she saw how others shunned him, and from the kindness of her heart pitied the lonely outcast. Alas for him! he mistook this for something else, and slowly his hope grew. He had not noticed what indeed few others had seen: the flush on her cheek when she was with Carlo's schoolboy enemy, Rudolf. He had not noticed the sparkle in her eyes when, on Saturday evenings, they danced together—for it was and even is to this day the custom in Saint-Ange for the young folks to dance on Saturday evenings, in the summer, while their elders sat around, the women knitting and gossiping, the men smoking and speculating on the farming prospects. Carlo, we say, had not noticed all this, and the days had come and gone and still he hesitated. But at last, one evening not so very long before, as he was taking one of his solitary strolls, he had met Gabrielle in the little path across the fields and had walked back with her. He remembered it well—the beautiful girl beside him, the low thick hedge by which the narrow path ran, the tuneful rustle of the corn that seemed to whisper love, the dark green of the trees beyond, the broad woodland, the rolling meadows and the mountains in the distance now growing blurred and dim in the fading light—yes, he could see it all. There

in the fields, that summer night, he declared his love, and there she quietly told him that her love she had given to another—Rudolf! That was in the summer, and now the last of the autumn leaves were falling and no one knew his secret sorrow.

This was what he was thinking of as he leaned over the garden gate, and this was why he was so sad. Then his mind wandered off again to the huge placards he had seen posted upon the door of the Town Hall, proclaiming that, by order of the Emperor, a conscription was to take place at Saint-Ange in a few days—for it was the beginning of the war and more soldiers were needed—and though it was unpleasant news to most of the young men of the town, yet in his recklessness he even felt glad. He might draw an unlucky number and have to go off to the war. If he were killed in battle, *tant pis*, it would not matter; he would die fighting, at least; and if he survived the campaign, ah! he might perhaps be promoted and even become an officer. But, after all, what would it all amount to without Gabrielle? And at that thought his lip quivered and he hastily brushed his sleeve across his face. It was getting dark now. The purple glow had sunk lower and lower over the hills and only a narrow streak remained. Faintly a few early stars were glistening from the violet dome above. Lights were appearing in the cottages and the people were coming out of the old cathedral. Carlo paused yet a few moments to let the cool evening breeze that rustled the leaves in the tree-tops and bore the sweet scent of mown grass from the meadows fan his fevered brow, and then, abruptly turning away from the gate, he strode up the little path between the fragrant rosebushes and the flower beds, under the low bough of the apple tree where in childhood's days there used to be a swing—old Pierre had made it for him—up to the cottage, raised the latch, entered and closed the door behind him.

The day for the drawing of the recruits had come and was almost gone; it was evening once more. The appearance of the square in front of the town hall during the day would have led a stranger to imagine that this was a fête day. From early morn till late in the afternoon the square had been thronged with people. From the neighboring farms and the adjoining hamlets, from everywhere around, they had flocked in to the conscription. Tall, strapping laborers in clean blouses, aged farmers hobbling along with the aid of their sticks, accompanied by their wives and rosy-cheeked daughters decked out in all their country finery, and their sons dressed in best clothes, with the gayest of silk handkerchiefs. The townsfolk, of course, had turned out to a man. The shops and stores were closed, and everyone had joined the throng. A band of music helped to keep up the semblance of gaiety.

The drawing had taken place. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the faces of those sturdy young men as they came out of the hall. All went in bravely enough, and some came out joyfully running down the steps and waving triumphantly the little card-board slips on which were printed the lucky even numbers they had drawn, and these hastened to tell the good news to their friends who were anxiously waiting for them. Others came out slowly and with downcast eyes, and painful were their meetings with their friends. Here was an aged mother shedding bitter tears over the fate of her only boy, who was trying to comfort her, saying he would be sure to come back; here it was a father with snowy head and bent shoulders in vain trying to hide his emotion; and there it was a maiden weeping for her lover. Some few of the men having the dreaded odd numbers came down smiling, looking straight before them and attempting to appear indifferent, but very few could maintain the false indifference after they had mingled with the crowd below. Ah! war is a cruel thing indeed! But the conscription was all over now. Each man's fate had

been decided. This was the last evening that many of those brave young fellows were to spend in the town where they had lived all their lives, for the conscripts had orders to leave next day for C—, where the recruits from all the surrounding parts were to meet and receive hasty instruction in the art of warfare. The square was now deserted. The people had all gone their several ways, and sorrow was in many homes that night. Many a tear was shed, and many a silent prayer was offered for a son, a brother, and, perchance a lover, who was to leave Saint-Ange on the morrow to fight for his country.

Carlo bravely put his hand into the urn and his fingers closed on one of the slips, but he dropped it and drew another. He hardly dared look at it, but the officer standing by the table immediately cried out in a loud voice, "21," and the mayor's quill pen scratched along as he wrote down the name. Carlo was a conscript. His brain reeled for a moment and he felt a lump rising in his throat. Already he saw himself on the battle-field; he saw the enemy, the guns, the smoke, the wounded, the dead, and heard the rattle of the musketry and the sharp commands of the officers. He was a conscript.

Recovering himself with an effort, he turned about and went down the stairs out into the fresh air. His courage had left him now. He would have given worlds to exchange his odd number for an even. And as he gazed over the crowded square, and his eye rested on the familiar places, and as he saw the woods and fields beyond, he felt for the first time what a pang it would cause to leave them.

As he stood musing apart from the crowd, he saw Rudolf come out, pale as death—he, too, had drawn an odd number; and Carlo even felt somewhat sorry for his rival, because he knew the tidings would be sad to Gabrielle.

Very early next morning they formed in the square, the roll was called, arms were distributed and last farewells were said. Old Pierre was the only one who stood by

Carlo. The poor old man was overcome with emotion, and putting his arms around his neck, embraced him as the tears trickled down the furrows in his cheeks. Then a cheer—a shout of “Vive l’Empereur!”—and the first detachment was off! But just as they left the square someone touched Carlo’s arm, and looking round he saw Gabrielle. “Adieu, Carlo!” and somewhat timidly she held out her hand. He grasped it silently. One look, and they moved on. Rudolf was in the next detachment, which was to leave a little later.

Steadily they turned the corner, the tramp, tramp of their feet and the roll of the drums, sounding loud on the loosely-paved street. Then slowly up the hillside they went, along the dusty road, where often they had played as children. As they reached the height, each man turned and took one long farewell look at the dear old town, with its ivy-covered church and its zig-zag streets, its thatch roof with slate ones here and there, its red tile chimneys, its trees and gardens, and each man looked once at the special spot of which he had the tenderest recollections, and then glanced down at the square, where the people were still standing, waving their handkerchiefs. Then resolutely they turned about, went over the ridge, down on the other side, and faced the future.

* * * * *

The enemy had been met on the outskirts of the forest. It had been a hard fight—the conscripts’ first battle—but the Germans at length had been beaten back, though there was many a gap in the French ranks, and Carlo was one of the fallen.

When he came to himself again, he wondered at first where he was, but the sight of the motionless, bleeding bodies dotting the field about him reminded him of the hideous reality. There was a terrible pain in his breast, and as he saw his thick coat was stained with blood, instinctively he knew that he was severely wounded. Leaning back against a stump, he tried to ease his position. The

pain grew worse and worse, and now it was so cold—so cold!

Then far away in the distance it seemed he heard the boom of the guns and the faint shouts of the soldiers; and then he thought he was at home once more; he heard the tinkling sheep-bells on the hillside at Saint-Ange, and the vespers ringing from the old cathedral. He could see the women going to evening mass, and hear them praying for the absent ones, and as he passed by he saw the *curé* and Pierre. The dear old man looked a little grayer now. Then he came to the little garden he knew so well—it was just the same—the old gate, the rose bushes, the bough of the apple tree; and now he was strolling along the narrow path across the russet fields—there was the low hedge and yonder the dark trees, and the rolling meadows fading in the distance. Then suddenly he saw a figure in white coming towards him. He seemed to recognize it. Where had he seen it before? It came nearer and nearer—no—yes—yes it was—— Just then a deep groan called him from his dream, making him start and open his eyes. With an effort he turned half round to see whence the sound came.

The movement sent a twinge of pain through him and the wound in his breast began to bleed afresh. A soldier lay quite near him. He was evidently in great pain, for he groaned again, and Carlo heard him moan piteously for water. At that moment the sufferer turned his head and Carlo saw—*Rudolf!* What could he do for him? And why should he help him at all? Rudolf had never said a kind word to him in his life; he had always hated him, and carelessly Carlo looked down at himself and then caught sight of a soldier's spirit-flask lying near the stump. With trembling hands, for he was getting weaker and weaker, he leaned over, and, picking up the bottle, shook it to see how much there was in it. Very little, barely two or three mouthfuls. His first impulse was to put it to his

lips and swallow the whole of the contents. The temptation was strong, but a voice whispered, "No, no, let *him* have it; he has Gabrielle to live for, and you have no one. Forgive, forgive!" For a moment he wavered. Yes, it was too true; Rudolf had Gabrielle, while *he* had nothing. So, painfully and slowly, he dragged himself over to his wounded comrade, and, half-kneeling, half-crouching beside him, steadily poured the entire contents down his throat, faintly whispering, "*Pour elle!*" Then it seemed as though the silvery tinkle of the sheep-bells came stealing over the battle-field once more, bringing peace with their music; and then a mist rose up before his eyes, and he fancied he saw a sweet face smiling at him, a face he had loved so well, while a voice murmured, "Merci!" Suddenly it all grew dark, the flask fell from his nerveless fingers and he sank down at Rudolf's side. Later in the day, when the twilight shadows began to fall, the ambulance wagons came to pick up the wounded, and side by side they found these two—the hero and the man he had saved. They left one where he lay, but Rudolf they took with them.

V. LANSING COLLINS.

Τηρήσεις.

We live in prisons—we can touch
 The bars; they are so low
 We cannot see the path we tread
 An hour before we go.
 A look, a sigh, a whispered word—
 A struggle fierce and slow—
 A closing down of eyelids pale,
 And this is all we know.

—GEORGE P. WHEELER

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME one has remarked about scientists that they would "demonstrate filial love on the blackboard" if it were possible. Darwin, despite his amiable disposition, seems sometimes to have gotten the crayon between his fingers. In his latter years he is said to have regretted that the music and painting that once delighted him had now lost all their charm. This noted confession is known to have frightened some of his friends, who would have aspired to a more intimate knowledge of science themselves, had they not loved their æsthetical accomplishments too dearly to have in any wise endangered their existence. We cannot admire such on their knowledge of the compatibility of things.

How entirely dispassionate Darwin could be in carrying on his investigations is seen in his work on the "Expression of Emotion." "I observed," he says, "that though my infants started at sudden sounds, when under a fortnight old, they certainly did not always wink their eyes." He subjected members of his own family to biological experiments with as little apparent concern as if they were not yet out of catdom or monkey-kingdom. Notice the laboratory twang in this remark: "I shook a pasteboard box close before the eyes of one of my infants when 114 days old, and it did not in the least wink." Connected with such experiments as: "a stuffed snake thrown into the monkey house caused several species to bristle;" "a cassowary erected its feathers at sight of an ant-eater;" and, "I placed a looking-glass on the floor before two young oranges," who proceed to cut up their usual monkey shines; and then "I asked one of my boys to shout as loud as he possibly could, and as soon as he began he firmly contracted his obicular muscles."

The great naturalist may thus have gained a wide induction to prove his point, but it occurs to us that it would take many hours' study of the classics to counteract the dehumanizing effects.

AN ALUMNUS of the college, at a late social gathering, expressed the desire that the students might look upon the periodicals of the college from the same standpoint as a graduate, and stated for himself that he had only lately come to realize the importance of these expressions of college thought and opinion.

The wish was a timely one. If we may judge from the editorial comments and the tables of contents, there has been a growing difficulty of late years in obtaining anything like that general and faithful support which the importance and value of these periodicals merit.

It may be said that our professors are crowding the students with so much work, especially if they are seeking general or special honors, that they have little time for thought beyond the demands of the class-room. And as to the college press, it may be said, also, that the exactions of the English Department in the way of essays and orations, the regular work of the literary societies, and the competition for the increasing number of college and Hall prizes, absorb fully the little time that can be gained for literary composition.

If true, this is to be regretted. The best minds of the college should unquestionably support our periodicals if they are to exist at all. And the contributions offered should be given not only with a view to possible succession to the editorship, but also in loyalty to the institution. A great deal is said and written as to the duty of the students to support college athletics, and strong pressure is brought to bear in order to secure the active interest of those who

night prove candidates for positions on our various teams. With this spirit we are in full sympathy; but we think the *sprit du corps* of the college should also lead those who are gifted in writing to enter as heartily into the work of sustaining the reputation of Princeton's periodicals as it leads others who are physically endowed to strive for her honor on the athletic field. We are confident, if the importance of this matter were kept in mind, the result could be accomplished not only without the sacrifice of college honor or class position, but with actual advantage to the students interested.

In keeping with the spirit of this communication we have reviewed the record of the editorial control of the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*, as given in the *Bric-à-Brac*. How largely the best men have given of their time and thought to these interests is seen when we notice that of the one hundred and two LIT. editors, sixty-six, or sixty-five per cent. of the whole, were honor men in their respective classes, while of the remainder, a large number distinguished themselves in the English Department. But when we come to compare the first half of the period with the latter half, the call for such an article as this becomes apparent, since, during the first half, sixty-nine per cent. of the editors were honor men, while of the latter half, sixty-three per cent. came within that category. The record of *The Princetonian* shows, for the same period, forty-four per cent. of the Senior editors were honor men, while in the earlier half of the period forty-nine per cent. received Commencement honors, as against only thirty-eight in the latter half.

No invidious distinction is designed by these figures. Their force lies in the simple fact that, as a rule, honor men are distinguished in the English as well as in other departments. When we add to what has been said that class pride should join hands with college loyalty in the support and management of the college press, we think that it is clear

that all students who have any taste or skill for literary productions, should feel themselves bound to do their part in upholding and advancing that high name which has been cheerfully accorded to the periodicals of Princeton College.—*M.*

PERHAPS the greater part of student literature might be said to illustrate the title, "Habits of Composition;" for it is true that the average student writes unconscious of any very well-established method. Indeed he may be said to have had such a brief experience that even his best efforts reach but a tentative standard, revealing more the hesitancy of an amateur than the conscious planning of a perfected writer. And if he be unaware of this fact himself, if he lack the self-critical faculty of viewing his own compositions from an objective standpoint, then it is pretty certain that he writes solely from habit and not from any definite forethought. Indeed, the best test of progress for a young writer, as well as the best proof that he does not write from habit merely, is the shame-facedness with which he is able to view one of his earlier compositions. For, like an apprentice, his last work should reveal the skill acquired in previous effort.

In general we may mention three popular ways of writing that are conspicuous in most college productions. The increment theory, if not the most popular is the most pernicious. It works after the pattern of strata, the last layer of which need bear no relation to the preceding in either color or substance. Like a game of checkers, it may be played at occasionally, in the meantime allowing the board to be put away and gather dust; all planning is unadvisable, since moves are too contingent upon circumstances to allow of much pre-arrangement. Progress, then, always comes after the analogy of the schoolboy at his multiplication

table,—he must go back and review, thereby catching an impetus from the whole ascending series before venturing an advance.

A second manner of writing may be called the inspirational—not of the plenary sort, however. Like the priestess of Apollo, here the writer sits long on the tripod, awaiting the ecstatic moment. It is generally expected the night before essays are due,—and we are not so sure but that it infrequently comes. At any rate there is much that can be said in favor of this manner of writing, especially over the one just mentioned. Many celebrated writers have encouraged it. Baily says of Keats that he composed his “Endymion” “apparently with as much ease as he wrote his letters;” and indeed Keats was here acting up to his own principle “that, if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves of a tree, it had better not come at all.” But the fact is that for anyone less than a genius, spontaneous productions are apt to resemble the leaves of the trees in but one very obvious respect.

There remains but one other theory of writing that has any considerable recognition, and we think justly so. Addison said, “Before I set pen to paper, I have the whole scheme of the discussion in mind.” The one serious difficulty here involved is that the production is apt to seem factitious rather than natural—to smell of the oil. But this artificial tendency can be entirely overcome by holding the contemplated subject long enough in mind. Literary frameworks are put together slowly if they be natural and strong. Story plots, essay outlines and oratorical climaxes are not perfected at one sitting; and the great advantage of working them up before they are needed is that from the common incident of student life, an abundance of pertinent illustration will naturally gather around the embryonic theme. A half dozen subjects are thus not too many for one to hold in anticipation at once, since the wider their variety the more advantageously can the matter of private and class-room readings be turned to literary account.

PRINCETON'S literary societies occupy a unique position in the college world. In other institutions the Greek letter fraternities have either banished them entirely or reduced their influence to a minimum; and even among ourselves there are those who do not accept the privileges offered them, preferring to devote their whole energies to curriculum pursuits, and not realizing what an important supplement to these pursuits they are passing by unnoticed.

In the college course a man's work is more or less of the routine order; the memory plays a large part in mastering the different branches of study, and especially the forensic powers are not often called into action. Thus arises the criticism so often directed against university graduates, that in active life, where men must think and act for themselves, where nothing is laid down in text-books, they fail to keep pace with some others who have not enjoyed even one-half their advantages.

To guard against this possible misfortune our Halls were organized, and their thorough training in oratory and debate gives their members ample opportunity to put into practice the knowledge acquired in the class-room.

No matter what profession or business one expects to enter, the habits of logical thinking and clear expression of thought, engendered by constant practice in speaking and writing, will be an invaluable aid to success; and the success of any two individuals, equal in other respects, will be conditioned by their possession or non-possession of these habits.—*J. G. W.*

THE constantly increasing numbers of the incoming classes make it extremely difficult for a Freshman to gather reliable information about the various departments of college life. Besides there are many things the newcomer would like to know, and, indeed, he ought to know;

but innate timidity and a fear of exposing his ignorance keep him from consulting an upper classman. This gives rise to an ever-growing demand for a suitable little handbook which shall embody in concise form the historical facts About Princeton—the Halls, the athletic associations, the College publications and the various buildings.

A plain statement of the object and records of each Hall would eradicate one of the worst evils of campaigning—misrepresentation—and would save an immense amount of time for the neophyte.

In the arena of athletics many men would be brought out for team work and financial support if the heads of the several associations would state their claims upon the undergraduates, and the benefits they offer to their members.

The book should contain a general idea of the contents of the museum; of the library, with a detail of the procedure of "taking out" books; the chapel services with compulsory attendance, and Murray Hall.

The cost of publication could be greatly reduced by publishing the advertisements of the town merchants, in a sort of business directory, as a supplementary part.

Besides fulfilling the above aim, such a pamphlet would serve as a pleasant souvenir to the many visitors who annually come to Princeton, and would thus be a means of scattering knowledge about Princeton in the various sections of the country to which they would be taken.—*C. I. T.*

EDITORIALS.

THE Lit. Board takes pleasure in announcing the unanimous election of Mr. George B. Agnew to its treasurer-ship.

WE WISH to recommend very strongly to our readers the advertisements that accompany this volume. They represent a large variety of articles very necessary to the college community. Having selected them with the greatest care, we feel quite warranted in thus urging those who are about to purchase to consult the index placed at the beginning of the magazine, which will enable them to turn easily to any firm whose specific line of goods they desire. It is but just and compatible with the spirit and custom recognized among us, that the college world should bestow its patronage upon those who by their advertisements in the periodicals of the institution indicate their interest in these publications and in the college itself. One word, we believe, is sufficient to bring this matter in an impartial light before the students and their friends.

OUR GREETING.

WITH many hopes and anticipations the present editors have taken under their care for the ensuing year the literary interests of undergraduate Princeton. As each succeeding Board assumes the management of the magazine to which they have been heretofore only contributors, there

comes to them a natural desire to distinguish their particular administration. We shall not attempt anything radical, however, but will cling to the old, tried traditions which have grown up under the successful management of nearly fifty Boards.

The only change we have made is in regard to the "Voices." This department is a survival of the days when there was no *Princetonian*. Since the establishment of our contemporary at the other end of Reunion, its "front page" has very properly assumed the function of representing public sentiment on the ordinary questions of the campus, while the *LIT.* has devoted itself more exclusively to literary work. It seemed to the present Board that nearly all the *LIT.* has to say on general college matters might find room in the editorial pages. It seemed, too, that there should be some department for short contributions of a literary character. There are many aspects of student life that can be written up gracefully, and many out-of-the-way bits of literary history that would interest everybody. The title "Voices" did not appear broad enough to include such contributions, and we have therefore changed the department to the "Contributors' Club." As will be seen by the present number, it is not the intention to make any sudden change, but we hope that during the year our contributors will help us to make their "Club" the first part of the magazine to which our readers will turn.

Before going further, we wish to say a word about the position of the *LIT.*, which is perhaps unnecessary. It does not stand before the college as in any sense a private or personal enterprise. It is simply the literary organ of Princeton, and, as such, has the right to ask the cordial support of every loyal son of Nassau Hall. It is professedly the work of amateurs, and should not be judged by the same standards as publications of higher pretensions. On our part, we can only say that we appreciate the responsi-

bility of our position, and will endeavor to maintain that standard which has made the NASSAU LIT. the acknowledged leader among college literary magazines.

And still we have not pronounced our salutatory. Another Board has left forever the well-known, oft-frequented sanctum and yielded the well-worn editorial pens to their successors. To the members of the retiring Board we extend a hearty farewell. It is hard to take up the work after a year so eminently successful, and yet the past good management left everything running so smoothly that the transfer has been made without any friction. Our deepest gratitude and kindest feelings follow their departure.

We bring to you now the opening number of our semi-centennial year. If you fail at first reading to observe bright promise for the coming year, we beg your kind indulgence for this initial number.

PRIZES.

THE BOARD have decided to offer the following prizes, which may be contested for by any undergraduate of the college:

First—A prize of fifteen dollars, for an essay, to appear in the June number; notice of which has already been posted.

Second—A translation prize of ten dollars, for the best translation of a short story from the French or German, to appear in the November number. We do not wish anything longer than the ordinary LIT. story. The award will be based on the accuracy and smoothness of the translation.

Third—A prize of fifteen dollars, for a story, to appear in the December number.

Fourth—A prize of ten dollars, for a sketch, to appear in the February number.

Fifth—A prize of ten dollars, for the best three short poems published during the year from one contributor; to be announced in the April number.

THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS.

WE DO not mean that college men should become politicians. Anyone who has an inclination to such a career will follow it without urging. But there is a political responsibility which we all have, and which should not be shirked. When one remembers that just about one-half of one per cent. of the young men of the country receive a collegiate education, and considers the influence which their education gives, the use which is made of it becomes an important question. American patriotism is peculiar. Most of us are patriots enough to shoulder a rifle and march against an invader should one appear, or to risk our lives to suppress an uprising of anarchists, but less than that we will not do. This is a country of great ideas, and nowhere is it better shown than here. The amount of patriotism required to take an intelligent interest in political affairs and do what one can for pure government in his community is beyond most of our educated citizens. One has no time, another thinks the government is getting on well enough, a third never did take any interest in politics, and so it goes.

Now we are getting to be a big nation, and we have to be governed by somebody. The control of our politics puts a vast amount of power somewhere, and the question is, Where? The recent revelations in New York are a good answer. It is time, too, that the growing power of the Jesuits in our politics should be recognized. Let anyone who thinks this fanciful remember their history, and recall

the actual evidence which has recently been brought out. The formation of different organizations for the purpose of consolidating the scattered patriotism and making it effective, shows that many are beginning to realize the need of the times, and in this revival of the true spirit of Americanism the college man should take his place as a leader.

A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE new Board desires first of all to be on familiar terms with its contributors. We wish to see a stronger literary feeling developed in college, so that men who have tastes in this direction may enjoy the stimulus of a congenial atmosphere. Anyone who has attempted to write knows how important such a stimulus is. Now, the only way to get it is for the literary men to become better acquainted. There is nothing so suggestive and helpful as the interchange of ideas about our common work, and there is no reason why there may not be a class of men here who, by working together, shall give "literary Princeton" a standing and a recognition worthy of the growing University. The LIT. rooms ought to be the center for this. A man often drops a contribution into the box at 1 N. R., and, after watching in vain for its appearance, becomes discouraged and gives the whole thing up. We find in our desks many rejected MSS. of much real merit. Some of them are kept from press by a little crudeness in style or development which might easily be remedied, and others are not exactly the kind of matter desired. Here is where the advantage of familiar intercourse comes in. A little candid and friendly criticism would often enable a man to change his productions so that we would be glad to publish them. Drop in and talk the matter over with us or with any one of the editors. If you don't know us personally, no matter, we

shall be glad to see you. Just introduce yourself as one who wishes to write for the LIT. and you will receive a cordial welcome. A little chat on matters connected with the MAGAZINE will do us both good.

* * * * *

A word about essays. Don't try to make them too profound or learned. What we want is an essay that will interest our readers. Don't take too big a theme; get a subject that is really good, or some interesting fact or incident connected with literary history or a literary man, and work it up in an easy, graceful way. We do not mean to urge an attempt at humor, but in deciding what shall appear, we will be apt to give the preference to something entertaining.

* * * * *

All that we have said applies to every undergraduate in college. Members of the Freshman Class sometimes think that their compositions will not be acceptable, and do not start to write until the following year. This is a great mistake. Nearly every member of the present Board began writing in his Freshman year, and the men in Ninety-three who have LIT. aspirations will do well to begin now. The training will be found invaluable when they come to the active competition of Junior year.

GOSSIP.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

—*Wm. H. Longfellow, from the French.*

VALE Heims! Ave! Juventa—Hail spring, the happiest time of the year, to the college man the most welcome of all. This is the time in which we seem to enjoy the ever passing moment, and hope, at least, to be thankful for what the future may bring forth. For the past eleven days the sun has been out bright and clear, and “smiling spring” deserves her name. By the way, how much some peoples’ happiness depends upon the weather; we see men who are perpetual barometers; when the sky is bright they forget everything, even debts, in the simple joy of being alive; when it is changeable, the wind seems to be blowing from the east with them also—they cannot be happy, or they do not wish to appear so; a stretch of bad weather and they are hypochondriacs. They enter your room, and sit down with the water dripping from their rubber coats into the hollows of your best easy chair, and their remarks on the state of their health and the weather are “frequent, painful and free;” they are gregarious, restless, and seldom seen with books. Happy the man who, ensconced in his chair before the fire, can enjoy, in the pauses of his reading, the drive of the rain against the window, and forget the draught that blows down the cold, damp entry and under the crack of his door; if it bothers him, he puts on an old hat, tosses a rug against the sill and is once more wandering with his author “fancy free.” What pleasant day-dreams those are which flow through the mind like a stream, turned from one direction to another by the ideas which your book suggests, “as boulders turn the brook.” Ah! how time flies now. It will not be long when you will sit, perhaps, before the fire again, more sensible to draughts than formerly; your finger marks the place, your mind is busy with the past, your brow may be furrowed by time, care or sorrow, yet the old-time thoughts are with you, suggested, perhaps, by the ashes in the grate. To youth, the future; to old age, the past. What a pleasure it is to be in sympathy with others, for then they are in sympathy with us, even if we only know them by their books—what greater pleasure can we have? True, they

may have lived, toiled, suffered and died a hundred years before we first drew breath, but still they seem alive to us—are sometimes with us when we are alone. The other day I was reading the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. What a struggle for expression this strange woman, cynic, poet, artist, child, has given us. We cannot write our soul. We can show our mind and thoughts, our lives; but our inner self—how can we show it by means of written words? Who was it said, that "He who could express his every feeling was a mere creature of language?" The great painters approach the nearest to expression of this "self." That upward glancing of Mary of Murillo makes us feel it; it grows upon us; it conveys what writing never can.

What a charming book the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" is, by Jerome K. Jerome. It is just what the title claims, "a book for an idle holiday." There is plenty of food for thought in it, however, and his soliloquies are very human. Many young men, if they ever met the author, could say, "Mr. Jerome, I have done that very thing; I have thought this also, and felt all this besides." He has one essay "On being hard up," which says, "At present I am very hard up." Many are your sympathizers, Mr. Jerome. Ah! that poor chap who walks all over the campus to get a glimpse of the clock on Old North (this after a futile prob with the forefinger in the vest pocket), you can understand his position, for you say, "How hard it is to have to depend on public houses and churches for the time of day." It is, indeed, Mr. Jerome. We also agree with you when you say, "True art in pawning comes from practice, not from chance" (at least I have a friend who assures me that this is absolutely so). Jerome, who has been an actor on the English stage, has seen the world from both sides of the footlights. One minute you are watching with him at the pantomime, seeing the gilt as gold, those graceful fairies with golden hair who dance about the stage so lightly, looking, as he says, "too happy for anything;" one would think they knew no cares of earth, or sorrow; that their mission is to be happy, look pretty and dance. But then he takes us behind the scenes. He shows us after all, that the gilt is guilt—and tarnished at that—the fairies are little boys and girls, human and hungry too, sometimes; and the pathos of it all as he often shows it. When we look, how common the pathetic is. One meets it every day in almost any street of New York or any large city of the world. We do not always notice it. Indeed, perhaps we do not want to, but pass on as if everybody was happy and entirely uninteresting. That little newsboy, with his bundle of soaked papers, cowering next to that ash barrel under the elevated steps, crawls out and meets you under the flickering gaslight. He has been "stuck all these papers," he says, but you, under your umbrella, with the prospect of a supper and dry warm slippers, hurry on; you say, "Nonsense, all old papers," and flatter yourself that you are "up to all the dodges of these little rascals." But you cannot get that cold, pinched little face out of your mind, you

noticed how the rain in great drops hurtled by the corner lights and dripped from the great trestles over head. So you turn, meet him again, and his cold little hand, like the paw of an animal, takes the coin from your gloved palm. Yes, give them all the benefit of the doubt, and your supper will be all the better for it. Talking of suppers, how good the first meals at home taste after a long siege at a Princeton eating club. Your family must think that you, like the Thespian of the story, "never eat" while you are away. Now, I do not wish to breathe a word against our dear, devoted landladies—they have to endure enough—but you know that it is a very rash thing for them to serve an unusually good meal; they will lose on it every time they attempt it, for you unconsciously eat enough to make up for three succeeding bad ones. When at home perhaps this habit pursues you. Now, an economic landlady strikes a good even line of mediocrity in the diet (after the first week), and when you get home force of habit again makes you eat more at first, for (unconsciously) you fear it is too good to last. Your family notice this, perhaps you don't, and I only offer this in the common defence. What marvelous steaks I have seen issue from the club kitchen, fat steaks, lean steaks, tired steaks—pounded until the tissue is destroyed but still tough—and apologetic steaks; steaks that seem to say, "Beware of me," or if you are of a "curious temper" like Joseph Surface's neighbor, "tast me" not "taste me," the latter is rare—no joke intended. But when, on one of the landlady's rash days, you find before you an inviting, *tender* juicy bit, done to the turn, you feel as uncomfortable as if some one had paid you a laborious compliment and you think, "What have I done to deserve all this?" The waiter usually gets all the credit, and the next day when he asks you to "lend" him a quarter or buy a ticket to a colored oyster festival, for the benefit of the A. M. E. Church, you haven't the heart to refuse him. Merideth says, "We may live without learning, we may live without books, but show me the man that can live without cooks." True.

I started to say something about Spring, when I first took up my pen, but what has not been said, sung and written a hundred times about the "fairest season of the year?" "For now puts forth the budding leaf of Spring"—Shakespeare said that, and every poet and writer has said it since, over and over again. Lowell says that "We make one leap from April into June;" but it is a leap that takes thirty-one days, and we enjoy the sensation and call it May. She is a lovely maid, this May; it is most unkind to compare her to a leap, or to pass her by without a recognition; be sure she will return it with a smile, half hid by her tears, perhaps, but still a sunny smile. I am in love with May; have been ever since I was old enough to climb the old stone-wall and gather the violets and her namesake flowers that nestled there in the sun; I shall always love her, and though I grow old and bent, and in the way, she will always be the same to me.

I cannot close without saying something about the severance of ties that must occur so shortly, when our Seniors leave us. Many friends will part when "Ninety" leaves college. Many familiar and loved faces will be missed upon the campus, for the University spirit is so growing that petty feelings and those small distinctions are overcome in the last year of college life, and when we are the "grave and reverend" they may come back and feel at home. "God speed ye, merry gentlemen, wherever ye may go." May you be all successful and happy, and be liberal subscribers to our alumni fund. Mizpah!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse."

"New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are fol'ow'd."

"We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so; might not we imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?"

FASHION plays a leading part on every stage of life. When we think of fashion we are wont to associate it with the material side of our existence, particularly with the things of dress. A new style comes from somewhere across the sea, it is supposed to have the sanction of the Prince of Wales, and we must needs all bow down and worship it. It may be irksome to a man of thought and independence to be compelled to conform to the constant changes in the fashions of dress, but there is no alternative. Unless, indeed, he is a poet or an artist, in whom vagaries of attire seem to be expected.

Did you ever think to what extent the intangible, but very real, thing called Fashion holds sway in the intellectual sphere also? In music, in philosophy, in art, and in literature, there is always some master or thinker whom it is "just the thing" to follow. It is very natural in this age of periodicals that the magazines should follow the literary fashion. As a matter of fact, they often set the fashion. Let Rider Haggard or Amèlie Rives be the novelist of the hour, and the question "Have you read 'She'?" or, "What do you think of 'The Quick or the Dead'?" is heard on the street, in the railway car and in the drawing-room, and the merit of the author is discussed by editor and essayist in every periodical. Is Browning the craze? Then we have the Browning cult preached by innumerable Browning Clubs, and the deep words of a great poet become a jargon in the mouths of the followers of a fashion. A while ago the whole English-speaking world was agog over a 700-page theological novel; a fierce battle was waged in reviews on both sides of the sea; even a Gladstone and a McCosh took part in the controversy. At last the book came to be given away with a bar of soap, and Robert Elsmere died. Do you remember all the talk and all the writing about Robert Louis Stevenson not so very long ago? Then Mr. Bellamy's new "Utopia," which had been published without attracting much attention, suddenly leaped into the arena and challenged the thinkers to do battle for or against the new economy. And how the battle has been fought! For

while we were all of us about half Socialists. Now we're relapsing into our old science of selfishness. A few months ago someone translated the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*, and the mail is still bringing us exchanges with sentimental effusions upon that mirror of an abnormally emotional mind. Poor girl! it seems to me that it is the sad fate of the young artist-author, and not any intrinsic merit, that has given the book such a wide reading. Just at present the literary amateurs, and some, too, that are not amateurs, are discussing the dramas of Henrik Ibsen, a realist resembling Zola rather than Howells. The "Doll's House" and the rest have not invaded the college magazines yet, and we hope that we may escape this last plague. So the triumphal car of Literary Fashion rolls on, and most of us go chained to its wheels. You are wondering what the purpose of all this talk is. Well, just this. We want to emphasize the duty of the student of literature to be a student of something more than the ephemeral. While it will do him no harm to be able to talk about the current literary fad to people who like that sort of thing, it is of much more value to have a critical knowledge of standard authors.

The May number of the *Magazine of Art* will be highly prized by all lovers of Browning. W. M. Rossetti begins a series of papers on the "Portraits of Robert Browning," and his long acquaintance with the poet enables him to write faithfully. Five portraits illustrate different periods of Browning's life, but the one by Talfourd, made in 1850, is the only one that approaches our ideal of the master. "Hameln: the Town of 'The Pied Piper,' or *Der Rattanfänger*," is another good Browning article. "Newlyn and the Newlyn School," is an illustrated description of a new artist's haunt in England. "Modern Venetian Glass and its Manufacture," corrects a false impression of ours about an art that we thought was lost. An etching by Rajon, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the frontispiece.

We welcome a new visitor to the Table. It is the cheery, bright-colored *Cosmopolitan*. One having a taste for art will like Professor Evans' "Artists and Art Life in Munich." Marie Bashkirtseff is the subject of personal reminiscences of a fellow-student, and the article is of interest on that account. "The Gymnasium of a Great University" is the Hemenway Gymnasium of Harvard, and is particularly attractive to college men. Miss Bisland is in the second stage of her "Flying Trip Around the World." Murat Halstead's department is full of the keenness and dash so characteristic of the man. The number contains some excellent verse.

Lippincott's for May contains as its principal fiction Bret Harte's "A Sappho of Green Springs." The title recalls "A Phyllis of the Sierras," and the story itself shows that Mr. Harte, though so long abroad, has

not forgotten the West, and has not lost his charm as a story teller. Lafcadio Hearn, perhaps the most brilliant word-painter among living writers of English, contributes a powerful psychological story in "Karma." Henry W. Raymond discusses "Subsidies and Shipping," a subject familiar to Princeton debaters. Mr. Raymond believes, and gives reasons for his belief, that subsidies would do much to revive our shipping interests. Edgar Fawcett writes "The Icicle," a bright comedy in rhyme. Professor W. H. Johnson replies very effectively to Mr. McNally's very narrow answer to the question "Does Collège Training Pay?" All in all, this is the best *Lippincott's* for months.

"Barbizon and Jean-Francois Millet" is the opening article of the *May Scribner's*, and is fronted by a portrait of the great painter. It is richly illustrated, and, in view of the present interest in Millet, is timely. "As Haggards of the Rock" is a unique short story. Frank Dempster Sherman is represented by a bit of his graceful verse. T. J. Nakagawa tells of "The Theatres of Japan," and gives us a glimpse of a drama and a stage we had never seen before. The many students of Jurisprudence in Princeton will enjoy the second of the series of papers on the "Rights of the Citizen." Karl Erickson, a new writer in a new field, is the author of "Pernilla," a tender story of love and life among the Scandinavians of Minnesota. The June number will probably contain Stanley's article on the Emin Relief Expedition.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for May opens with "Henrik Ibsen: His Early Literary Career as Poet and Playwright." If you are interested in Ibsen and would have a proper understanding of his mature work you must read this account of the formative period of his development. Agnes Repplier contributes a clever and daring article on "Literary Shibboleths," in which she pleads for the expression of individual tastes as opposed to current fashion. Mr. James' "Tragic Muse" is concluded. Mr. Morton meets in a second paper "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." Dr. Holmes talks as delightfully as ever "Over the Teacups," and closes with some charming verses, called "I Like You, and I Love You."

In the *May Forum*, Mr. Carlisle criticises the administration in "Republican Promise and Performance," and shows reason for Democratic hope for the future. Prof. Goldwin Smith discusses his hobby once more in "Canada Through English Eyes," a partial reply to Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain." Archdeacon Farrar, in discussing "Literary Criticism," shows how much more often critics have failed than succeeded in marking a great man. Rev. B. W. Bacon was a great foot-ball player when at Yale, and now does a good turn for his *Alma Mater* by writing on "Bible Instruction in Colleges," with special reference to the study of religious literature at Yale. Rev. Howard Crosby shows the condition of New York under its "Government by Rum-sellers." An optimistic prophecy of the future of the farmer concludes the number.

The *Princeton College Bulletin* for April opens with an abstract of the President's Report to the February meeting of the Board of Trustees. Professor Fine discusses very fully the subject of Local Entrance Examinations, and shows the need of an endowment for their proper maintenance. A sketch of the life of Dr. Frederic Vinton follows. The "Original Contributions" and various scientific papers are evidence of the work being done by Professors and Fellows.

Every year the colleges of America are being drawn closer together in community of interests—in religious work, athletics and the like. Surely the college publications can help this good tendency by their interchange of news and of opinions. We have met a good many college people at the Table in the last week or two, and have found some of them very good company indeed. They are of many sorts—witty and dull, pugnacious and conciliatory, large and small, well-dressed and otherwise. Some of them like to gossip, some are intensely practical, some are of a literary turn of mind. Those literary people are particularly interesting to us. They tell entertaining stories, and write some good poetry, and essays that are not always heavy or trite. We can only talk this time about a very few of our friends.

The *Harvard Advocate* of a recent date has, in "Marvin The Half-Back," a story which is much below the average. It is puerile in tone and as a story is incomplete. "An Old Song New Sung," in the same number, is a pleasing short poem.

"A Dream of a Dreamer," in the *Trinity Tablet*, is an allegory exceedingly well done, and showing a power of imagination and of word-painting far beyond the ordinary college amateur.

The *Cornell Magazine* is unique among college periodicals. From cover to cover of the April number there is not a word by any of the editors. "The Journalist Abroad," by Prof. Tuttle, is interesting and, of course, well written. The work of professors and alumni, though good, does not reach the standard of the metropolitan magazines with which this non-student publication must compete. Why should this magazine exist if it has no literary constituency to furnish its material? We would suggest giving the young women of Sage College a chance.

Our French exchange, *L'Université de Paris*, has an entertaining account of a ball given by the association of students.

The *Columbia Spectator* is disappointed by the work done in its Prize Story Contest, and, after reading the prize story, we are not surprised.

We give some of the best verse of the month's exchanges:

A SEA SHELL.

An idle dreamer, strolling down the sand,
I found, laid at my feet, a tiny shell,
Tossed and abandoned by a failing swell,

A point of light upon the low black strand ;
 Caressingly I held it in my hand,
 And heard its hidden whispering voices tell
 Strange secrets of the home where it did dwell
 Ere careless breakers bore it up to land.
 And like that tiny shell my spirit seems
 Tossed helplessly on life's uncharted shore,
 Murmuring a mystic burden o'er and o'er,
 A melody of half forgotten dreams,
 Faint echoes from some lost life lived before
 In happy reverie by Arcadian streams.

—*Yale Lit.*

DOLCE PAR NIENTE.

She sits alone with weary half-closed eyes,
 While at her feet the waves are lapping low,
 And far away,
 The dying day
 Steals gently off with limping steps and slow.
 But heedless of this all she sits and dreams,
 Her clasped hands rest idly on her knee,
 Her glorious hair
 Is shining fair—
 As with a myriad light it brightly gleams.
 Why builds she thus her castles frail and light
 As though the life about her held dismay ?
 For wasting thus
 Her sacred trust,
 She fails to find life's object true and bright.

—*Swartmore Phoenix.*

THE VANISHED YEARS.

The vanished years! When soft and low
 The winds of evening gently blow,
 Calling the weary souls to rest—
 And one cloud rosy in the west
 Tells of the day's departed glow,
 Then fleeting visions come and go,
 Dreams of the past. More sweet they grow,
 More sad. Ah! would that we possessed
 The vanished years!
 Like to ceaseless ebb and flow
 Of some vast sea, so to and fro,
 Surge waves of longing through the breast.
 Vain longing! Who can hope to wrest
 From Time's firm hand the long ago,
 The vanished years?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE AND STYLE. BY T. W. HUNT, PH.D.
(NEW YORK: A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.)

The reader of this volume will be convinced that the author has in an admirable manner accomplished his purpose, which he informs us is "to state, discuss and exemplify the representative types of style with primary reference to the needs of the English literary student."

It will prove a very valuable assistant to the student of style and literature, for he will find in this convenient compass a clear and complete tabulation of the various kinds of style with their several characteristics, accompanied by well selected specimens from the masters. The book opens with a discussion of "the claims of Literary Studies" and then proceeds to treat of the intellectual style, the literary, the impassioned, the popular, the critical, the poetic, the satirical and the humorous. Two chapters follow upon the special literary characteristics of two of our modern masters of style, Matthew Arnold and Emerson. The book is a result of very wide reading, of discrimination and study, and provides the student with an excellent guide for the formation of a proper style.

IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS. BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
(BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS.)

Like a fair woman, tastefully dressed, is a volume of verse in an appropriate binding. "In the Garden of Dreams" comes in a charming form, with an ornamented cover and exquisite illustrations. But the externals are not everything. Mrs. Moulton writes gracefully without being superficial, and voices most tenderly the sadness which is not bitter, but is the sentiment of those who have found more of sorrow than of joy in this life, and have hope only for another. This is not a mere jingle of current literary pessimism. In the Lyrics and the French Tunes occasional poems in lighter vein appear. Roses are such a favorite theme that the book might have been named "In a Rose-Garden." "His Second Wife Speaks" is the weakest thing in the book. The author proves her claim to the title of poet by her success with the sonnet. Of these "In the Court of the Lions" is perhaps the best. The following bright bit of verse is one of those styled "French Tunes:"

"Thistle-down is a woman's love,—
Thistle-down with the wind at play,
Let him who wills this truth to prove,
"Thistle-down is a woman's love,"

Seek her innermost heart to move.
 Though the wind should blow her vows his way,
 Thistle-down is a woman's love,—
 Thistle-down with the wind at play."

ALBRECHT. BY ARLO BATES. (BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS.)

In these days of the fleshly French realism on the one hand, and the commonplace American realism on the other, it is a pleasure to meet a novel which is essentially idealistic in subject and treatment. A hint of the story is found in the author's naming the brief preface after the German—Fore-word. Mr. Bates tells us in that Fore-word that this tale is not a historical novel, is not didactic, does not aim to give a picture of the times, but finds its excuse for being in the deep problem of human experience.

The time is the age of Charlemagne; the place, an old castle in the Black Forest, whose chatelaine Erna is loved by Albrecht, a prince of the "Kobolds," a race without souls. Tradition says that marriage with a human maiden will give a Kobold a soul. Albrecht marries Erna, and, losing his old impetuosity and heedlessness, studies earnestly, under the good priest Father Christopher, everything spiritual. The wife, on the contrary, acquires a great deal of Albrecht's past nature. So they drift further and further apart. Erna finds a lover in her cousin, Count Stephen. After many doubts and partial estrangement, after their married life is almost wrecked, the haven is reached at last, and the love of Albrecht and Erna is secure in a peace which will never be disturbed. It is difficult to characterize the charm of the fitting and simple style in which "Albrecht" is written. It is worth a careful reading.

A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY. BY T. C. MENDENHALL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This work was first published in 1886, but has been thoroughly revised and extended so as to embrace the wonderful advances which have been made during the last three years. It is now re-issued as the first volume of the Riverside Science Series. It is not a scientific treatise, but the author sketches for us in an interesting way the growth of the science of electricity during the present century, with its principal applications. This branch of science is at present attracting a great share of the attention of scientific men, and here we have presented to us in a book which every one can read and understand, the fundamental facts and principles underlying the science. The binding is exceedingly neat and the type clear and legible.

THE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF GASES. BY ARTHUR L. KIMBALL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Prof. Kimball, of Johns Hopkins, is the author of this second volume of the Riverside Science Series. It is of a popular character, not pop-

ular in the sense of science made easy, but as adapted to the needs of one who wishes in brief and readable form the results and theories of contemporary physical science. The properties of gases regarded as fluid masses and those which depend on their molecular structure are quite fully discussed, and then the kinetic theory is examined and the evidence for it presented. The comprehension of the subject is aided by some forty illustrations.

SEMITIC PHILOSOPHY. BY PHILIP C. FRIESE. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

The title of this book scarcely gives an adequate notion of its nature. Instead of a historical or critical treatment of the development of philosophy among Semitic peoples, the author attempts to tear off the incrustation of creed and dogma which has been formed around it, and discover the fundamental principle, the vital content which has made Semitic and particularly Jewish thought so potent in shaping our civilization.

There is a reminder of the starting point of Erigena in his assumption that true philosophy and true religion are one. His theory of material Sensuous Ideas is rather startling, but is proved by a paragraph. After discussing his First Principle, the author makes a practical application of it to modern social conditions. Here many suggestions are interesting, although the reader will likely disagree with him on some points.

WHOM TO TRUST. A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MERCANTILE CREDITS. BY P. R. EARLING. (CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

A college man whose head is full of the theory of exchange and credit will do well to turn to a work which treats the question from a practical standpoint. Mr. Earling has for years had charge of the credit department of one of the largest firms in Chicago and he gives in his book the result of his experience in a clear and business-like form which will make it a valuable hand-book to young men entering business. While written from the practical point of view, the work is conceived on broad lines and shows a thorough knowledge of the theoretical and historical side of credits as well.

GOETHE'S SESENHEIM. EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY H. C. O. HUSS, PH.D. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

It is pleasant to contemplate the multiplication of valuable works from the pens of our professors. If Dr. Huss has done nothing else with this little book, he has made the task of the student of German more interesting. Sesenheim combines the two requisites of a text for successful class-room work—excellent style and entertaining matter. It is the

story of a sweet and tender episode of Goethe's student life told by him in his old age. The introduction and notes are helpful and adequate.

AN ICELAND FISHERMAN. FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE LOTI.
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co. \$1.00.)

When one writes in a true and sympathetic way of an unfamiliar country and of people little known, when the story is of love and death, each, at times, the greatest friend and foe of man, the heart of the reader goes out to the story-teller in gratitude for something new and strongly human. Add to these elements of novelty and sympathy grace and individuality of style and you have the reasons for reading Pierre Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande," a very adequate translation of which lies before us. It is a story of the Breton fisher folk at home in sunny France, and on their long cruises in the dangerous seas near Iceland. The unwavering love of the beautiful Gaud and the vexatious obstinacy of the brave fisherman Yann, their betrothal at last, their marriage and Yann's sad, last voyage are the thread of the tale. The sea, the generous, the remorseless sea, giving every year their means of life and requiring every year its quota of victims, is an ever-present undertone in the life of the Bretons and in this story.

SISTER SAINT SULPICE. FROM THE SPANISH OF DON ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS. (NEW YORK: T. Y. CROWELL & Co.)

We are almost reconciled to realism after reading the prologue to this novel, in which Senor Valdés makes a masterly defense of the fiction which tries to photograph nature. He confesses regret for writing some passages in former novels which gained much praise, but in which he fears that he yielded to the sin of "effectism." Sister Saint Sulpice, the heroine, is a nun, who dares to laugh, in fact laughs a great deal throughout the story. She is adorably beautiful, and leaves her convent to marry a young physician who had attended the Mother Superior. It is a delightful tale of Southern Spain, and we fear that Senor Valdés will have cause to regret some more situations which are "too effective" for the even tenor of realism.

MORAL MAXIMS. BY FRANCIS, DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULD. (CHICAGO: BELFORD, CLARKE & Co.)

The world is very fond of epigrams to-day, and this new edition of the aphorisms of the famous La Rochefoucauld will undoubtedly find a welcome. Living as he did, in the midst of the gorgeous superficiality of the court of the Grand Monarch, it is not strange that the author thought that all human action could be traced back to self-love and that he accordingly took it as the thread upon which to string his maxims.

Some of his sayings are now proverbs in all languages. He pierced sham when alive and he may do it again to-day. If you have never read *La Rochefoucauld*, read him now, but do it with the knowledge that all that he says is from one standpoint and that much is distorted for the sake of the epigram.

EKKEHARD, A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL. 2 VOLS. (NEW YORK: W. S. GOTTSBERGER & Co.)

The charm of the German historical novels is well known, and this latest translation will surely be well received. It is uniform with the translations of Ebers and Eckstein already published, but is superior to them in having the notes at the end of the volume instead of the old footnotes so familiar and so vexatious. It is a story of mediæval Germany. Hadwig, Duchess of Suabia, a beautiful, masterful woman, is loved by her tutor, the Monk Ekkehard, and half loves him in return. He is accused of sacrilege in making love to her in the chapel, and is thrown into a dungeon by the order of the abbot. He escapes and becomes the hermit of the Ebenalk, where he composes his epic—the *Waltari-song*. After awhile he goes out and mingles with the world, never returning to the monastery or to Hadwig's castle by the Bodensee.

SYRLIN. BY OUIDA. (J. B. LIPPINCOTT.)

"*Syrlin*," a novel of the present time, by the author of "*Under Two Flags*," deals with life in England among the nobility. The story of *Syrlin*, the actor, fresh from his triumphal career on the stage, his introduction into the highest social life, and his romantic love for *Lady Avillion*, is told as only Ouida can tell such tales. Ouida has a faculty of creating, from a purely imaginative and ideal character, a very possible hero or heroine. We cannot say that we have ever met people like them, but they seem to have existed. The book is filled with those remarks on men and character, philosophical, cynical and original, that Ouida's society novels abound in. It holds the high tone of interest to the end.

THE FEET OF LOVE. BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

The odd title of this story comes from a verse of Swinburne which appears on the title page, and if Swinburne should write a novel he might write it in a way not unlike some of the passages in this one. The subject is the passion of a giddy young clergyman for an old flame of his, who is the "salaried companion" of his fiancée. A terrible necessity for a choice between them is the denouement of a novel that will be read this summer.

THE PRINCESS OF MONTSERRAT. BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE. (ALBANY: ALBANY BOOK COMPANY.)

After being tormented by theological and philosophical platitudes and fine-spun metaphysics, masquerading as novels, it is refreshing to take up a real good, old-fashioned story where hero and heroine pass through a number of interesting adventures in an entertaining manner and marry in the good old English way in the last chapter. If anyone wishes to rest the speculative convolutions of his brain and enjoy a bright narrative, let him read this book.

MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN THOUGHT. BY S. LAING. ILLUSTRATED. (NEW YORK: HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This is a reprint of a book which ran through six editions in England in one month. It is a brilliant array of the principal results of modern science by one who has accepted them *in toto*. In view of the present uneasiness in religious circles we may predict a wide reading for this book in America. The supplemental chapter on Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World will interest Princetonians who have heard Professor Drummond and have read his book. This work appears in two numbers—117 and 118—of "The Humboldt Library of Science."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE STORING OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY. BY GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., D.Sc. ILLUSTRATED.

THE MODERN THEORY OF HEAT AND THE SUN AS A STOREHOUSE OF ENERGY. BY GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., D.Sc. ILLUSTRATED. (NEW YORK: HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING Co.)

These are Nos. 119 and 120 of the valuable Humboldt Library. To the specialist and to the dabbler in science they will be equally interesting. They are important additions to the literature of science.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION. TRANSLATED BY PROF. A. B. HAET. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

The Swiss Constitution is here so admirably and accurately rendered into English that it will be a great aid to the constantly growing body of students of Political Science.

FRESHMAN AND SENIOR. BY ELVIRTON WRIGHT. (BOSTON AND CHICAGO: CONGREGATIONAL S. S. AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.)

This is a story of life at the University of Vermont, and as such should be interesting to college men. The central figure of the story is an impossible five-year-old boy who goes to college with his elder brother and is known as the "little freshman." A lively cane-rush is an episode which comes home to most of us.

HAUNTINGS. BY VERNON LEE. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co. 50c.)

This is a collection of four stories of the weird, which are tinged with the Italian life of the author. *Dionea* is perhaps the best. A readable book for a summer evening.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TWENTY NOVELETES. BY TWENTY PROMINENT NOVELISTS. 30c.

A MYSTERY OF THE FAST MAIL. 25c. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

THE FOURTH READING BOOK. BY EBEN H. DAVIS, A.M. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Better than many similar collections. The extracts are from good authors and are well adapted to the purpose.

THE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PHRENOLOGY. BY O. S. AND L. N. FOWLER. 50c. (NEW YORK: FOWLER & WELLS COMPANY.)

The subject of phrenology is interesting to all—even to those who will not admit its claims. This is a complete hand-book, and is copiously illustrated.

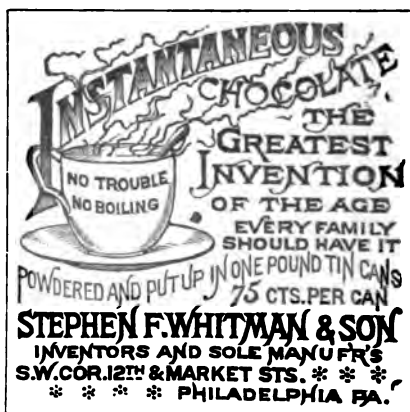
CALENDAR.

APRIL 1st.—First annual Athletic and Gymnastic contest of Princeton Preparatory School. Following medals awarded: McDowell, '90, for general excellence; Mahai, '90, horizontal bars; Anderson, '90, parallel bars; Clay, '91, middle-weight wrestling; Garman, '92, light-weight wrestling.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates,

The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,

SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
1316 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

APRIL 2D.—Base-ball game. Princeton vs. Athletics, at Philadelphia. Score, 5 to 12.

APRIL 5TH.—Berkeley A. C. indoor games, in New York. Princeton light-weight tug-of-war team won second place.....Base-ball. Princeton vs. Newark, at South Orange. Score, 4 to 12.

—◀PARIS OFFICE, 4 RUE D'UZES▶—

—ESTABLISHED 1861—

SAMUEL BUDD,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Shirts and Outfittings

FOR GENTLEMEN,

MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

8 KING EDWARD STREET, LONDON.

DR. CHARLES DIPPOLT,

Dentist,

Gas and Ether Administered.

111 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.
FIRST FLOOR.

APRIL 7TH.—Philadelphia Club (of the College) banquet, at Philadelphia. Representatives from the alumni and the New York Club were present.

APRIL 11TH.—Glee and Banjo Club concert, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

APRIL 12TH.—Lacrosse game. Princeton vs. Brooklyn, at Princeton. Score, 1 to 2.....Base-ball game. Princeton vs. Lehigh, at Lehigh. Score, 13 to 1.....Amateur Athletic Union games at Boston. Dohm, '90.

DECKER BROS. PIANOS, HAINES BROS. PIANOS,
MASON & HAMLIN PIANO,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, CROWN ORGAN,
BRIDGEPORT ORGAN.

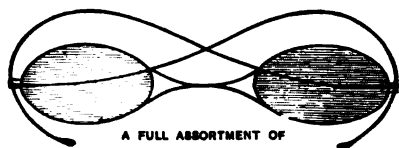
WM. G. FISCHER,

1221 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

SEND FOR CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, &c.

HUBER & WEBER,
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

GOLD
EYE-GLASSES



GOLD
SPECTACLES

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Eye-Glasses, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

LENSES OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

26 NORTH 13TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Careful Attention Paid to Oculists' Prescriptions. Repairing Promptly Done.

won in 600 yards. Time, 1 m., 18½ sec. Cary, '93, won in 75 yards. Time, 7½ sec. The tug-of-war team did not compete.....Gun Club handicap tournament. Gould, '91 (31 birds), won first place. Mr. Phillips (scratch), second.

APRIL 16TH.—Base-ball game. '91 Scrub vs. Lawrenceville, at Lawrenceville. Score, 18 to 8.....Tennis Club meeting. A. B. Gladwin, '91, elected President.

HOTTEL, Agt.,

THE HATTER

33 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

AGENT FOR DUNLAPS' CELEBRATED HATS.

LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL CAPS.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

Music & Musical Merchandise,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.,

Opposite Nassau Hall,

PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

APRIL 17TH.—Freshman class meeting.....Charter meeting of the American Patriotic League chapter.....New York Club meeting..... Meeting of Executive Committee of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Arrangements were made for the games on May 31st.

APRIL 18TH.—'92 men eligible for the Biddle Prize announced.

THOS. C. HILL & SON,

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

Lunches and Course Dinners

—WRITE FOR PRICES.—

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE



GALES SAFETIES.

—AND—

NEW MAIL

Bicycle Sundries of Every Description. Wright & Ditson's Tennis, Reach's Base Ball Co. Is. Flannel Suitings, Shoes and Caps.

SEND FOR SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.

APRIL 19TH.—Glee Club concert at Brooklyn.....Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Lehigh, at Princeton. Score, 8 to 4.....Lacrosse game, Princeton vs. Staten Island Athletic Club, at Livingstone. Score, 1 to 0.

APRIL 22D.—Subscription concert, given by Nassau Club.

J. F. HANCOCK,

PRACTICAL BAKER AND ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER

FANCY AND WEDDING CAKES. FINEST CONFECTIONS.

HANCOCK'S CELEBRATED ICE CREAM.

CORNER NORTH BROAD AND MANOVER STREETS,

TRENTON, N. J.

RUHLMAN'S

MUSIC ❁ HOUSE

105 EAST STATE ST., OPP. CITY HALL,

TRENTON, N. J.

EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE
AT LOWEST PRICES.

STEWART'S CELEBRATED BANJOS

A SPECIALTY.

Also, Finest Quality of Banjo, Guitar and Violin Strings.

APRIL 23D.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. Score, 35 to 0 (five innings).....Whig Hall Preliminary Lynde Debate, J. J. Charlton, H. K. Denlinger, E. G. Rawson, Jr.; alternate, G. L. Shearer.

APRIL 24TH.—Clio Hall Preliminary Lynde Debate, H. M. Geener, H. W. Merchant, J. M. Yeakle; alternate, J. B. Hillegass.

YOUMANS DERBY,
FINE CANES, UMBRELLAS
 AND COLLEGE CAPS,
DOBBINS, The Hatter
 15 EAST STATE STREET.

—THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

Fine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

CLOCKS, FINE SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

—IS AT—

JOHN C. DEMMERT'S,

Successor to Chas. Stakeman,

23 EAST STATE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

☞ Prices always 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere ☞

I make Classical Books and Photographs, together with the *Artistic Framing* of Class and Club Photos, a Specialty. Masters as well as Students should not fail to *take time* to inspect my large and elegant Stock of Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures and Water Colors. I carry the largest line of Pictures and Picture Frames in the State; and offer in addition Rogers' and other Statuary Groups, and many small decorative goods suitable for room ornamentation.

WM. H. BREARLEY,

26 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

JUNE.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE SCHOLAR. Prize Essay, - - - Edward W. Evans, Jr.,	71
INSCRIPTIONS. Verses, - - - - - James Barnes,	80
THE MERMAID O' CROMARTY FRITH. Story, - George P. Wheeler,	80
A REVERIE. Poem, - - - - - George R. Wallace,	89
GEORGE H. BOKER, - - - - - James Barnes,	90
THE RHYME OF SIR RUPERT'S PAGE, - - - George P. Wheeler,	98
UNDER THE PRINCETON ELMS, - - - - - George R. Wallace,	100
THE HEART. Poem, - - - - - Frank Lubens,	107
THE ISLANDS OF PROMISE. Sketch, - - - James C. Meyers,	108
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, - - - - -	113
HUMOROUS LEAF FROM PAST COLLEGE LIFE—TO THE NEW DOR- MITORY—THE POLLER—UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.	
EDITORIALS, - - - - -	118
"LIT." PRIZE ESSAY—NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS—TRANSLATION PRIZE—THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN THE CURRICULUM—OUR TRACK ATHLETICS—"THE TIGER."	
GOSSIP, - - - - -	124
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	126
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	132
CALENDAR, - - - - -	140

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

(Lock Box 647.)

G. B. AGNEW, *Treasurer*,
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DURHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Lock Box 647.

VOL. XLVI.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 2.

THE SCHOLAR.

LIT. PRIZE ESSAY, by EDWARD W. EVANS, JR., NEW JERSEY.

THAT the age of discipleship has passed is a significant fact. The philosopher and the statesman had formerly far more partisan adherents than at present. This increasing individualism can be variously illustrated by contrast with previous periods. In physical science, such an overshadowing figure was Newton that, for generations, his methods dominated the minds of men to the exclusion of originality. About a century after Newton's death, Lord Brougham severely criticised Thomas Young, because the latter in his theory of optics presumed to differ from Sir Isaac. Such overmastering influence imparts no inspiration. It rather discourages personal endeavor. But, in this era of independent opinion, we have ceased unswervingly to circle round some large intellectual luminary. Thus, Dr. Edward Caird says of Hegel, that there are few,

if any, who would be willing to label themselves Hegelians, as a complete indication of their ideas and tendencies. The fate of Hegel, in this respect, is similar to that of the majority of recent great men.

Our iconoclasm ill accords with Carlylean hero-worship. Historical criticism has made us receptive of germinal truths, wherever found, and has taught us to regard even the best thinker as but a link in the chain of human development. Nevertheless, as there cannot be an infinite series of syllogistic proof, but all reasoning must ultimately rest upon apodictic relations, so genius and inspiration can never be eliminated from our vocabulary. The subtle causes which mould a Beethoven or a Shakespeare defy detection, just as the beauty of the Parthenon, intuitively perceived, is incapable of being geometrically demonstrated.

That catholic insight, however, which would recognize the vast intellectual constituency which each man represents, is most favorable to the creation of a scholar. Notice, for example, the conception of human society which such insight engenders. We can best illustrate this by a reference to Carlyle. Mazzini, in a suggestive *critique* of the "French Revolution," says: "Carlyle does not recognize in a people—nor, *a fortiori*, in humanity—any collective life or collective aim. We rise from the perusal * * * with a disposition toward scepticism nearly approaching fatalism." In this regard Carlyle is out of joint with his times, and it is for this reason that his influence has been much less pervasive and beneficent than that of Emerson. His aristocratic spirit vitiated his judgments—as in his scorn of our Civil War. When Dr. Johnson forbade the mention of the Romans in his presence, and declared that London streets and London life satisfied him, he, in a different way, was encouraging the same fallacy. Rome has its lessons for London.

Again, glance at our enlarging horizon in the sphere of art. In its enthusiasm for the beautiful, the eighteenth

century—save in the persons of Winckelmann, Herder and Lessing, solitary hierophants of the muses—was inferior to our own. Kant probably embodied the customary attitude of the cultivated toward art products. And a biographer says of him, “Gothic architecture seemed caricature—the fruit of a perverted taste and a barbarous age. * * * ‘The old songs from Homer to Ossian, and from Orpheus to the Prophets,’ he says on one occasion, ‘owe the brilliancy of their style to the want of proper means to express the ideas.’ * * * He speaks of print-collectors merely to quote an illustration of an amiable weakness. * * * In music his favorite strains were the stirring notes of a military band.” How different from the prevalent æsthetic notions of to-day! We find no difficulty in reconciling our appreciation of classic serenity and of romantic exuberance. We can admire the white light in which the classicist exhibits his ideas, as well as the iridescent atmosphere through which shine the splendid fancies of the romanticist. Furthermore, we are now constructing to our imagination the gradual evolution of the Greek *xoanon* into the Athene Parthenos, and this, in course of time, into the mild-eyed Madonna, tracing the tentative efforts of the Egyptian sculptor to the finished achievements of the latest French painter—a development which Hegel, in his “Æsthetics,” *ideally* sketched long ago.

We have thus dwelt upon the inclination toward large synthetic views, because we conceive it to be *the* influence favorable to scholarship at the present day, and also because it needs emphasis in opposition to our oft-mentioned tendency toward mere material aims. That *philochromatic*, by which term Plato described the Phœnicians, might be applied to us is undeniable; nevertheless, there are adjectives, not opprobrious, which more truly characterize us. One of these is large-minded.

In any theory of culture, ingenuous receptivity of claims from all sides must be deemed vital. Indeed, some cultur-

ists push this position to an extreme. Thus, Hegel contends that culture must begin with a determined self-effacement, and that only by becoming thus disinterested can we hope to pronounce a judgment that is not discolored by the fumes of our own idiosyncrasy. To put it philosophically, in proportion as we eliminate self are we criticising the object *per se*. No doubt, to vigorous minds a draught of self-forgetfulness may be salutary. Impetuosity and assertiveness are stifled. But a sensitive soul is crushed by such a Spartan-like process. We can, however, predict one valuable result from this self-repression. It would surely check a youthful proclivity to hasty generalization after but a scant induction of facts.

If Hegel asks the scholar to enter into a nirvana, so to speak, Goethe would require him to watch life's drama as a *spectator ab extra*. Goethe stands as a type of pure, calm intellect. Xenophanes' sublime words, characterizing the Deity, "untroubled he moves, and directs all things by his thought," are to no mortal more applicable than to Goethe. We can fancy that Goethe speaks when Milton makes "Belial" exclaim—

* * * * "Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity."

Goethe is an "eye among the blind," and, from his mental elevation, coldly smiles at prejudiced human-kind.

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count the perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain."

One cannot help believing that this man, "hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and science, and, by his own

versatility, to dispose of them with ease," this man who lived for what culture could work *in him*, grasped but a half truth.

Clough, in one of his poems, intimates that it were better to shake off moral lethargy by committing a *crime*, rather than to submerge conscience, in stolid indifference. We could imagine Goethe committing a crime for the intellectual experience, the study in pathology. And one cannot but hold that the "soul" in the "Palace of Art," "struck thro' with pangs of hell," solved this problem of the relation of culture to morals, when she said :

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there,
When I have purged my guilt."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of culture we find little more satisfying than that of Goethe. It is too purely humanistic, and recognizes too rarely that dim region where the seen shades off into the unseen. Mr. Arnold has none of that warm, mellow nature which attracts. His character and writings have the simplicity and coldness of a Greek temple, rather than the magnificence and variety of a Gothic cathedral. Perhaps it is not quite fair for Mr. Whipple to say that "the slightest taint of vulgarity repels him as though it were an inexpiable sin." But it is certainly true that the satire of Mr. Frederic Harrison on the ineffectual dilettantism of Mr. Arnold strikes an Achilles' heel. Notice this barbed arrow, for example: "Culture," says Mr. Harrison, "deprecates any strain upon the nervous system. It eliminates from the well-nurtured soul all that savors of the zealot. Here again it diffuses a chastened atmosphere of sweetness and light. * * * The harmonious, the suave, the well-bred, waft the bright particular being into a peculiar and reserved parterre of paradise, where bloom at once the graces of Pantheism, the simplici-

ties of Deism, the pathos of Catholicism, the romanticism of every age, where he can sip elegancies and spiritualities from the flowerets of every faith." Culture of this sort becomes mere impotence in the presence of action.

Having noted the present synthetic tendency in thought, a condition of things which was preceded by a searching analysis, and having remarked the more or less pivotal place comprehensiveness of outlook holds in theories of culture, we are directly confronted by the distinguishing traits of a scholar. Modifying Buffon's epigram, "The style is the man," we may say, "The spirit is the man." Restless consumption of print and even vast erudition do not, in the high sense we would use the word, individuate the scholar. The scholar is he who follows the noblest leadings of his nature. He alone is independent. Books and all the remains of former things he treats as his servitors. If they quench not the deep thirst of his soul, he will have nothing of them. The past he unblinds only to enlighten the future, so that, if he cannot make the dead by-gone fact live in his own experience, he discards it as a useless husk. By no means does he disdain books. He merely disdains the tyranny of books. Like Emerson, a typical scholar, he reverences a genuine author. He has, however, no reliab in a fact for its own sake; he desires it mainly for its spiritual applications. And he requires a book to give him himself. His own "shadowy recollections" and "visionary gleams," which he can never clearly envisage, he asks his brother, the *seer*, to declare to him. In short, it is only when the book of nature is indecipherable that the scholar resorts to the world of books. When he can read his Bible in the smile of a little child, the letters of a book grow dim and faded in comparison.

Not only is the scholar distinctively the freeman; he is also preëminently the man of nature and sincerity. Conventional standards he weighs in the balance truth, and, lest his own prepossessions should turn the scales, he is

careful to weigh himself also. His unalterable determination is to live surrounded by trees and streams—by genuine men and women. In plain terms, he declares, "I do not propose to do the stereotyped grooved thinking that men ten times my mental superiors will do; I shall eliminate, to a possible degree, the trend of custom, and then *candidly think*. I shall remove myself from the circumference of traditional estimates, and seek to enunciate some eternal verity." Like Emerson, the scholar would bring the universe under the light of a few primal truths, although his contemporaries, enwrapped in many a transmitted coat of custom, gibe the offender, as though he were engaged in a ridiculous sciomachy. In presence of nature the scholar has a sense for unity. While men are splitting up knowledge, he recognizes that all sciences, in proportion to their validity, are joined inextricably; therefore, he who would organize his study of physics or biology into his intellectual cosmos must remove himself from pedegogic and bookish associations. He must interrogate nature herself. The scholar, therefore, specializes only after he has caught a glimpse of the interlacing fabric of the universe, the subtle *nexus* that binds all the parts of nature into a unit. Then, he treats his specialty as a microcosm, bringing his various acquisitions to bear upon it.

The scholar of all men should be the most practical. He who thinks deepest and farthest is best able to execute, since the thought is potentially the act. But the scholar is the thinker, therefore he is the doer. The popular notion that the scholar is a cripple in practice is essentially false, and rests upon the vulgar assumption that the practical man is the shrewd charlatan. Doubtless, like Plato's philosopher, who returned to the cave after basking in the sunlight of truth, the scholar may grope in the twilight of popular opinion; nevertheless, he carries with him the memory of the glorious sunshine, and can best lead others into the light. The scholar is never at a loss how to conduct him-

self, because of his catholicity. He is attuned to many moods and many minds.

How marvelous is our dramatic mood, when the scholar's spirit is strong upon us, leading us away from "custom, heavy as frost and deep almost as life," freeing us from the bonds of self-seeking! Our thoughts surmount the ephemeral ends, which are not even means to the sublime end of self-culture—culture which, duly communicated, signifies the rejuvenescence of humanity. While our thoughts surmount, they yet cling in tender compassion to checkered human life. Then comes the dramatic mood, when each of us is not one individual, but many,—when we are each many types of mankind, character, potential and breathing, and needing only the dramatic situation to set them into effective actions and counter-actions. Perchance we are strolling in some crowded thoroughfare, when this mood captivates us. Then, we are the gay butterfly of fashion, or rather, the gaudy bee of the social season, that gathers honey from short-lived flowers, and ever and again, when the sweet transitory occupation is interrupted, leaves an envenomed sting. We are the toil-worn workman, going home to his nest after the day's job; or the street Arab, who hangs about the open-air-counter of hot waffles, with greedy eyes, and, pretending that he wants five cents' worth, watches the baker sugar and wrap the steaming morsels, and then, when he is expected to receive and pay for them, scampers off, to the chagrin of the baker and the exultant shouts of other street urchins. In such a humor life is free, natural and active; and one can look upon weak circumscribed humanity with somewhat the eye of the Deity, knowing and sympathizing.

Such is something of the scholar's animus toward books, toward nature and toward human life. This attitude has its danger as well as its grandeur. The æsthetic culture of Mr. Arnold produces dilettantism; and even the universal culture that we have been advocating has its snare. Truth

is many-sided, and he who would apprehend all its sides gets but a dim idea of any. Narrowness is strength. Luther could never have effected a religious reformation had he not restricted his horizon to a few mighty facts. Doubtless he saw truths distortedly; nevertheless, some he discerned so clearly as to fulminate them over Europe. But we of to-day behold the *pro's* and *con's* so dispassionately that we are incapable of sacrificing ourselves for either cause; and when Novalis tells us that "a character is a completely fashioned will," we stand confounded. He who would parody culture might invent a word, and describe culture as an invention of the devil to *devolutionize* its debilitated devotees. Mark Pattison is an example of the burden that excessive culture loads upon a disposition naturally irresolute. Mr. John Morley says of him: "Pattison had none of what so delighted Carlyle in Ram-Dass, the Hindoo man-god. When asked what he meant to do for the sins of man, Ram-Dass at once made answer that he had fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of the world. Of this abdominal fire Pattison had not a spark. Nor had he that awful sense, which no humanism could extinguish in Milton, of service as 'ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'"

Amiel is an extreme case of this vastness of view. In his "Journal" he tells us of his "protean nature essentially metamorphosable, polarisable and virtual," of his "capacity for all form," and of his effort to be "not a soul but *the* soul." Mr. Arnold points out the natural result, when he affirms that "Amiel was paralyzed by living in these ideas of 'vague aspiration and indeterminate desire.'" No mortal can usurp the place of Deity; and, from Plotinus downwards, the attempt to confine the Universal Soul within the individual consciousness has proved a grotesque failure. He who would sit

* * * "as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all,"

must logically reach an enervating agnosticism.

But, avoiding this severance of nerves from sinews, must we not seek culture in so far as universality is compatible with the personal needs of our nature?

INSCRIPTIONS.

I FOUND a rapier once, in Spain,
 'Twas tarnished, old and worn;
 The blade all rusted, and from its hilt
 The gems and the velvet torn;
 Yet the steel was supple, and strong, and straight,
 And inscribed on a golden band
 Was the line, "I am ever true to him
 Who holds me in his hand."

I opened the clasps of a golden brooch,
 And found two pictures there;
 One was a soldier young and brave,
 The other a woman fair;
 And inscribed between on a silver wreath
 Were the words, "Though we should part,
 I am true to the only one I love,
 Who holds me in his heart."

JAMES BARNES.

THE MERMAID O' OROMARTY FRITH.

NEIL SANDISON stopped abruptly on the hill and looked eastward across the Frith, now growing a faint grey in the dawn. The stars one by one paled and faded into the blue, the first shaft of rosy light came dancing over the ripples of the bay and turned the jagged rocks on the shore a lovely orange, and then finally up rose the sun out of the waves, turning the twilight into the fairest day that ever looked down on the slopes of Drieminyr.

So, indeed, it seemed to Neil as he stood there drawing in full, deep breaths of the cool morning air. From the spot where he stood there was no fairer view in all Scotland. Far to the west stretched the shining waters of Cromarty Frith; eastward, terrace on terrace, lay green hillsides; looking southward, the eye saw a bold rocky promontory jutting out into the sea, looking like a giant of stone standing knee-deep in the surf, and leaning back against the cliff, which seemed only thus hindered from toppling over into the waves.

The grassy knoll on its brow was known as the "Lovers' Leap." In the days of early persecution (so the legend runs) two lovers had leaped from its rim into the sea, preferring to separation a death in the waves which lapped its foot.

Northward the bay rounded gradually, and in its innermost recess lay the famous Dropping Cave, for which the whole region was justly famed. Its roof was high and arched, and from it rained continually a shower of the purest water, coursing down the sides in tiny rivulets and pouring into a deep pool in the center, from which ran a wider stream down among the crags, to be finally swallowed by the thirsty sands of Nigg; no doubt helping to contribute to their infamous reputation for dark, hidden pools and treacherous, sticky quicksands.

It was along the higher ground above the Sands of Nigg that Neil Sandison's way led. The object of his journey was the rocky point above, from which the fishing boats went off.

There were several waiting the turn of tide when he reached the point, and their skippers sat smoking in a group upon the sand until the tide should have flood enough to float the heavy fishing dorys. There were general "good-mornings" when Neil approached, and the men made room for him beside them.

"Hae ye heard the news, lad?" said the oldest there, "Hae ye no heard o' the Mermaid?"

"No," said Neil.

"Eachen Macinla o' Tarbat saw her las' nicht. She were sitting on the rock near the Dropping Cave, trailing her hair in the swell and singing. He says as how he were dizzied and blinded wi' the moon-shine, and before he could look again she were gone—like a blier on a gowany brae."

"Was he frae Cromarty?" asked Neil somewhat skeptically.

"Aye, but he hadna been drinking, and was walking along by himsel' and thinking naething till he saw her. Do ye ken when Ernest Beth saw her frae the bed o' Dunskaith? That were a day like this—a bonny simmer's evening—but afore morning his boat were in wee bitties, and ye ken how we foun' him—drowned i' the sea-weed."

A silence fell on the circle, broken by another voice: "It will be a storm frae the sea, I'm thinking. The gulls an' skarts hae been flying low sin' daybreak, an' the groun'-swell is booming heavy, e'en now. It's early the fishing 'll be owre the nicht."

"Ken ye no spell for the Mermaid?" asked Neil. "Maun, the storm always follow when she bides on the rock?"

"Aye, it always does, tho' the women do hae it that if ane can sieze her an' hand her, she maun grant him three wishes. Hae ye nae heard that?"

"Sure," said Neil, "but should one see her, she would be gone before he could touch her, an' they say too that if her een meet his, waes him!—he is lost—he hae no choice but to follow her. I hae heard my father tell when a lad o' a fisher-boat that was rounding the point when the Mermaid sung. One was bound to try the spell, but the others were for making the land; so he jumped frae the boat and waded in to the rocks. They saw him round the edge, and they waited long; but he ne'er come back, and

he next tide washed his body ashore all swollen and rushed in the surf."

"I hae heard the same too," replied another, "Oh, wae the mon who sees her or hears her sing! say I."

That night, by a strange coincidence, Eachen Macinla, of Tarbat, was caught in a squall off Cromarty Point and went down never to rise. When it became known that he had seen the Mermaid, people shook their heads and told stories of the Dropping Cave like those Neil had often heard. There were always a few who insisted that Macinla had been in his cups again, and had seen only a rock on the yellow sand or heard the lapping of the waves, but by far the majority found the coincidence too tempting a one to be disregarded, and accordingly, this appearance of the Mermaid and its direful consequences was chronicled in the unwritten history of Cromarty Frith.

Neil Sandison was twenty-three years old. His beard was blonde and curly, his eyes frank and blue, and his frame large and well formed, and up to the present year he had successfully resisted all the tender glances of the maidens of Drieminy. But now he was in love, and with an heiress. Helen Reid, adorably young, who had lived in Brittany until a year ago—she, the proud, disdainful beauty who had flouted three far richer and more important men than he—she, who would sometime own, in her own right, all the slope of the hill whereon the old mansion stood, clear down to the Frith and the Dropping Cave.

The first time Neil saw her was at the Fair of Cromarty, the day after she had come from France. She was walking quietly with her father, and passed him so near that he might have touched her. He stood looking at her from head to foot, but he did not dare ask her name, for fear his face should betray him. But he soon found out, for everyone was talking of her, and all the maidens of Cromarty

were most tellingly critical. When he was at length introduced to her, he took off his hat in a somewhat embarrassed though graceful manner. He remembered it vividly—the fair was closing, the flower-stalls were being ruthlessly stripped, their gay streamers flapping wearily in the wind, and before him standing this calm, lovely creature speaking to him. His blood hurried through his veins in a tremulous haste, and he did not remember what he said, only that she had smiled at him as she left him.

He had spoken with her many times since then, but what a change seemed to have come over him now! He was a poor fisherman, she an heiress, and realizing the utter hopelessness of his love, he had accepted his disappointment silently. The next time they met, he barely spoke to her, and turned away his head. A moment after he was sorry he had treated her so impolitely, and would have spoken again, but she had already turned aside with a heightened color, and a light in her eyes he had never seen before. He was sorry to have made her angry, but there was nothing to beg her pardon for. And so, since that time, he had still loved her, though no one knew of it. He would far sooner have cut off his arm than tell of his hopeless passion to anyone else.

And this was what he was thinking of as he strode homeward along the sands.

Alone in her pretty room, in the bright, yellow light of that May morning, Helen Reid stood half leaning against the edge of the tall window, and with one hand parting the curtains to look out toward the Bay. The sunlight through the rifts in her white wrapper fell upon the glistening shoulders and upon the light, flowing hair.

Down on the beach a figure turned, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long up the slope across the rocks toward the house. Even at that distance she recognized Neil. Finally he turned and plodded on down the rocky path.

Helen turned, releasing the curtains, and with a vivid flush upon her face, threw herself face down upon the bed.

On the first of June, Neil rose before daylight. The moon was paling as he set out. He took his skiff and rowed slowly along the bay, just skirting the rocks. The tide was at its flood, and the promontory, at whose foot lay the Drooping Cave, was lapped by tiny waves, which chased each other on almost to the very door of the cave and stretched a shining barrier between it and the shore.

As he rowed slowly on, the twilight began to gather a more decided tint of pink, the moon whitened, the stars were gone. Finally, with one burst of rich color, the sunlight shot across the water in a broad line of flame, and the morning had come.

Neil's thoughts were very bitter. He did not try to lie to himself—he loved Helen Reid with a love that consumed well-nigh every waking moment. It had taken full possession of his strong but simple nature, and though despairing, he was far from being resigned to the thought of losing her. Slowly the light skiff skirted the rocks until it was just opposite the green slope crowned by the stone mansion. It was all hers, he thought sadly, clear down to the water's edge, while he owned little more than the boat he fished in, the house that had been his father's, and his strong right arm. He rested on his oars awhile, and let his eye wander over the hillside. He noted the great trees and green sward, and the little, white winding path that ran zigzag across the green toward the Drooping Cave, clear to where the high tide had swallowed it. Then he let his gaze rest upon the house, into whose windows the early sun was just peeping. Finally he turned with a sigh and lifted his oars.

It was just then that a wonderful thing happened. As he half-turned in his seat to note his direction, he saw the figure of a young girl sitting half upon the rock and half in the ripples at the entrance of the cave. Her long, light

hair fell in luxuriant profusion about her shoulders, and she shook it out with her hands till it fell about her waist as she sung a low, sweet melody. Her side was turned toward the approaching skiff, and the sun shone on the white arm and shoulder with dazzling brightness. The Mermaid of Cromarty Frith!

Neil's first thought was one of almost fear, then an overmastering desire seized him to put the charm to the test. If he could but capture her, and demand his reward, his love might be his. And then he thought how a mortal cannot endure the Mermaid's eyes; how one single glance was enough in its languishing tenderness to allure the unwary fisherman against his will under the waves to his death. All this passed through his mind in an instant, and he had decided as soon.

Carefully he rowed along with that noiseless dip of the oar that the fisherman learns, hugging the rocky shore of the bay. On, still on, he went, taking advantage of every crag in his way; on, until he had rounded the innermost bend of the bay, and the figure was partially concealed from view by the edge of the rock. Here, making fast the swing of his skiff, without hesitation he stole warily along the rocks, working his way silently around the base of the cliff toward the entrance of the Dropping Cave.

As he came nearer he could hear her song floating out, re-echoed from the cave, and broken now and then by a low, delicious laughter:

The won o' the Sun King is owre at last,
 The wind an' the waves are free.
 An' the fisher-lad leans frae his boat in the blast
 To catch but ane look, 'ere the vision is past,
 O' the beautiful maid o' the sea—
 The bonny mermaid o' the sea!"

At length he reached the turn, and, lying flat upon the sand, looked out. Not a dozen feet away the creature was leaning against the tilted rock, over the edge of which her

shoulders rose, white and gleaming in the sun. To creep upon her from behind—to seize and hold her against the rock until she granted his wish—this was his plan. Even now he trembled as he thought of his near proximity. If she should turn and meet his eyes before he could seize her he was lost.

Had he been less a lover than he was he would never have ventured further, but now he thought of nothing but of gaining the hand of Helen Reid. He rose stealthily, sprang forward, and her song suddenly lengthened to a shriek in which were mingled surprise, shame and terror, as Neil's strong hands seized each an arm and with irresistible strength drew her back against the face of the rock.

She struggled with all her power to drag her arms from the hold of the brawny fisherman behind her, but he thought of Helen Reid, and held the tighter, saying no word, knowing that were he to speak first the charm would be forever broken.

“What, with me!” she panted at last—“who holds me?” and her voice, which trembled at first, now rang out like a challenge. “Off, I say!”

Neil bent his head to the stone and closed his eyes, lest by any chance she should turn so as to look upon his face and so dissolve the spell.

“Wishes three,—
Maid o' the Sea!”

—he replied in the prescribed formula, which alone could demand a response from the uncanny visitor.

There was a silence, and when she spoke again her voice seemed unnatural yet more subdued. “And thou dost seek the Mermaid of the Dropping Cave to gain thy three wishes? Name them.”

“I would wed Helen Reid.”

“And the second?”

“To wed Helen Reid.”

"And the third?"

"The same."

"Thou hast wished thy heart's wish?" And the voice was sweeter now. "Dost thou not wish for happiness?"

"With her I would be happy."

"Nor wealth?"

"Aye, and rich, too. Grant me!"

"Loose and have! And thou shalt wed her, too!"

Neil sculled back down the bay as in a dream. Since he had turned and ran swiftly around the rocks to his skiff with never a backward glance lest the charm should be broken, his heart had been full of a wild joy. She should be his—had not the mermaid promised him?

When he reached the lower part of the Frith he ventured to turn and look back. The entrance of the Dropping Cave was in sight, looking like a tiny black speck in the white cliff, but intervening headlands rose between him and the green slopes behind, and he could not see, hurrying up the winding path to the great, stone house, the form of a young girl, who alternately laughed and blushed in incoherent but happy confusion.

Before the summer was over a wedding-feast was duly celebrated in the old kirk of Cromarty, and Neil Sandison and Helen Reid were wed. After the capture of the mermaid, Neil proceeded with an assurance that he had theretofore lacked, and found the Mermaid's promise true.

Toward the close of their honey-moon Neil sat with his bride upon the sands of Cromarty Frith, and both were perfectly happy. Neil lay watching the waves, and Helen sat at his feet absently humming a song. She broke off suddenly to see Neil gazing at her with wide-open eyes.

"That song—sing it again!" he said.

She did so, smiling up into his face—

"An' the fisher-lad leans frae his boat in the blast
To catch but ane look 'ere the vision is past
O' the beautiful maid o' the sea,
The bonny mermaid o' the sea!"

"That is what the Mermaid sang!" he cried. "I ken it
veel. How—"

"Neil," Helen said with a delicious blush. "Suppose
he Mermaid were in love wi' ye hersel?"

GEORGE F. WHEELER.

A REVERIE.

SNUG in my easy chair I sit and gaze
On folios of philosophic learning;
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

I'd break a vision full of rare enchantment,
For stretching wide before me, I can trace
A silver lake, and limned on its horizon
The clear and sunny beauty of your face.

Again I move the oars, and hear the ripple
Against the bow, while in the stern-sheets, there,
From watery beds you drag the yellow lilies,
The vagrant breeze is lurking in your hair.

Your eyes are smiling with the sweetest meaning;
I move the oars and care not where we go;
What matters it? The lake is spread before us;
We'll drift and dream until the sun is low.

Snug in my easy chair I sit and gaze;
But what care I for Locke or Kantian learning?
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

BACK in the years 1841 and 1842, on the campus in front of Old North, where the students used to meet as they do now, you might have caught a glimpse of a figure that immediately would have attracted your attention, a young man of 18 or 19, slight and graceful; with clear-cut features and curling hair, whose mobile sensitive mouth was just shaded by the down of youth and whose kind frank eyes, rather deeply set, expressed the gentle, dreamy nature that lay within. Any one who met him never forgot it. There was a charm, a sincerity, about him which won the heart, which made every one wish to keep his friendship and value it accordingly. The son of a wealthy Philadelphia banker, the heir to a considerable estate, Fortune, indeed, seemed to have smiled on him, and bestowed her gifts on him with lavish hand; endowed with a truly poetic temperament, he yet had a fund of humor, and an appreciation for the good things of the literary and poetic world, with the means at hand to gratify his tastes. The opening numbers of *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, first started on its successful career by the class of which he was a member, contained some poems from his pen which even then showed the promise of his future work. As soon as he was graduated he began the study of the law in Philadelphia. But Blackstone did not hold the attraction for him that Shakespeare did, and although he possessed the clearest mental qualifications, yet to him the prospect of a literary life and world, was like the sight of a beautiful, smiling country, after a long march through dusty and arid plains. He could appreciate the best that the life afforded; he knew how to pick and choose; he imbibed the best feelings and methods, yet with all he was original. In the fall of the year 1847, he returned from an extended trip abroad, and published his first work, a collection of short poems entitled "The lesson of life and other poems"—this at the age of twenty-five. They attracted

such attention, and although in some respects showing the faults of youth, they were full of the romanticism that only youth can impart. They show the deep love of nature, the appreciation of the beautiful, and the search and striving after the true that mark his later work. Then, in the following year appeared the first one of a series of dramas. The plot was laid in Spain, where Boker had passed so many pleasant days. This tragedy—Calaynos—immediately marked him as the coming dramatist. I can do no better than quote the words of Robert T. Conrad, who says: "Calaynos without any adventitious recommendation, unheralded by a popular name and unaided by a popular theme, was eminently successful, not only in this country, but in England, and immediately placed its author in the front rank of living dramatists." A pure and elevated tone of sentiment pervaded all his work; he resorted to no subterfuges, but was clear and straightforward; forcible, easy and graceful throughout. Tuckerman says: "The glow of his images is chastened by a noble simplicity and naturalness of expression. He has followed the masters of dramatic writing with rare judgment. He also excels many gifted poets of his class in the quality essential to an acted playspirit. To the tragic ability he unites aptitude for the easy colloquial and jocose dialogue, such as must intervene in the genuine Shakespearean drama, to give relief and additional effort to high emotion. His language often rises to the highest point of energy, pathos and beauty." Such is the opinion of a well-known critic. To the ordinary reader he possessed a charm that was above analysis—the charm of a man of letters and the library lamp. You felt at home with him when you read his poems; you felt the movement of his plays, whether you saw them on the stage or read them in your study, they possessed the "acting quality" as well as closest beauty.

In 1850 appeared the tragedy, Anne Boleyn, remarkable for the force of its passion, its deep pathos, and the direct-

ness of its composition. In it there was nothing didactic, nothing forced or over-drawn. Then followed in succession "Léonor de Guzman" and "Francesca da Rimini." The latter was an immediate success. The leading role has been taken by one of America's prominent actors, of the legitimate school, who to this day considers it one of his strongest parts—Lawrence Barrett. In 1856 he published his "Plays and Poems," in two volumes, which contained, besides the foregoing dramas, two more—"The Betrothal" and "The Widow's Marriage," ornaments to literature in the matter of style and finish. It is, perhaps, as a poet that we like him best; for who can read such poems as the "Ivory Carver," "The Podesta's Daughter," "The Song of the Earth," "Ballad of Sir John Franklyn," and "The Dirge for a Soldier," without feeling the various emotions that each excites. Of the "Ivory Carver" it has been said that it is "purely original and luxuriantly imaginative." Robert T. Conrad says of "The Podesta's Daughter:" "The age has not produced a poem more graceful than this one, nor scarcely one so distinguished for its simple and genuine, but deep and thrilling pathos. The reader who can forbear to drop upon the page the tribute of a tear to the gentle Giulia

'Sweeter far than rose or lily, violet or vine,
Though they could gather all their charms in one,'

would weep for nothing."

Then those stirring war songs, published under the title of "Poems of the War." Who has not been thrilled by "The Black Regiment," "The Dragoon's Song," "The Lancer's Song," and his "Dirges?" Just before his appointment as Minister to Turkey, in 1871, he published "Street Lyrics," "Königsmack and other poems." While living in Constantinople he was elected a member of a Greek literary society named the Syllagos, an honor conferred upon few foreigners. In 1875 he was transferred to the position

of Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, and returned in '79 to Philadelphia laden with honors, and leaving hosts of friends. But he had not been idle, for in 1882 he published a collection of sonnets, his last work, "The Book of the Dead." It is now but a short time since *his* name was inscribed upon that great unfinished book, for on the second of January, 1890, George H. Boker, poet, diplomat and christian gentleman, passed away, rich in years, honors and friends, thousands of whom he had never known, but who mourned his loss none the less. When we mention such names as his, and kindred others, we feel a pride in our Alma Mater and know that she is watchful, never forgetting those in whom she also feels a pride, whose names are dear to her and to the memory of her sons.

JAMES BARNES.

THE RHYME OF SIR RUPERT'S PAGE.

"LOVE runneth as the blood,"
 L For so the legend saith ;
 And woman's heart hath had its part
 In the love that loves in death.
 Oh, woman-wise her prayer !
 Oh, woman-weak her tear !
 But through weeping and pain she follows on.
 Though she faint and fall when the day is done,
 She loveth true and dear.

The sun dropped large and round
 Into the shining sea,
 And in and out, the sails about,
 The breeze played fitfully.
 It fanned the throbbing brow
 And cooled its fever-heat,
 But the knight gazed back upon the land,
 Then dropped his head on his mailed hand,
 Nor felt its blessing sweet.

A knight loveth
 the daughter of
 Sir Guy of Nyec,
 but being
 spurned by her
 father, saileth
 for Holyland.

The little page
appeareth at the
ship.

It was a gentle page,
His eyes were like the sky,
His golden hair did seem too fair
For knightly company.
He came when the sun was low,
And the ship at mooring lay.
When they questioned him he raised his head—
"I am Sir Rupert's page," he said,
And turned his eyes away.

"Sir Rupert bade me here,"—
He spoke out calm and brave,—
"That I may ride by his right side
And bear his knightly glaive ;
And when he sleepeth sound—
(The page spoke soft and low)—
To watch till the daylight 'gins to shine
Beside his tent in Palestine,
For ward of the Paynim foe."

They admit him
and the ship sails
from the land,
but the knight
continueth sad.

He lightly stepped aboard,
They questioned him no more,
The wind flew fast and every mast
Bent as they loosed from shore.
But Sir Rupert stood alone
With his hand upon the rail,
His broad shield 'gainst the mast did lean,
His casque was drawn, and his face, I ween,
It seemèd sad and pale.

Sir Guy of Nyee
discovereth the
absence of his
daughter and
starteth in pur-
suit.

Could the knight have seen as far
As the land whence he had come—
To the castle of Nyee, that faced the sea—
I trow he had turned anon ;
For there rose the clash of arms,
And hastening to and fro,
And shouts and buckling on of mail,
And hurried bending of the sail
As on a deadly foe.

But the knight
knoweth it not.

Up rose the pallid moon ;
It rose up silently
And pale and wan, the moon went down
Toward the sobbing sea.
And the little stars shone on

Brighter and still more bright,
 But the knight still stood with face to land,
 And his head was bowed on his mailèd hand
 Through the long, watching night.

"A boon, a boon, Sir Knight!
 I pray thee grant it me!"
 And the knight was 'ware of the presence there
 Of the young page on his knee.
 He started at the voice
 As he had ta'en a blow,
 But when he looked he saw no one
 Save the young boy kneeling there alone,
 With golden head bowed low.

The page offer-
 eth his services
 to the knight.

"Rise up, my gentle page,
 And I will grant thy boon;
 But thy form to me is strange, pardiè.
 What master dost thou own?"
 The boy made answer strait:
 "I have no master dear.
 The only master I did own
 Has left me, grieving and alone,
 Or ere I prayed thee here."

"I ask one only boon—
 To be ever at thy need,
 To bear thy brand in Holieland
 And run beside thy steed,
 And I will be as true
 As ever page might be;
 And be the foe or far or near,
 With song or mirth, or knightly spear,
 I'll serve thee loyally!"

He stayed upon his knee
 And no word more he said,
 And as he stayed, Sir Rupert laid
 His hand upon his head.

The knight
 thinketh him
 over weak for the
 battle and re-
 fuseth.

"I thank thee, gentle page,
 Though I may not answer yea;
 My page must ward me mortal blow
 And fitter thou for tourney-show
 Than for warrior companie!"

"Thy curls for lady's bower
 Than helmet fitter are,
 And thy tender breast was never pressed
 By the steel of the corselet bar ;
 Thy hands are not for war—
 Nor as squire's, lithe and brown,—
 Too white the bloody stain to know
 And slender I trow, for my cross-bow,
 Or to hold my war-horse down."

But he sheweth
 himself worthy
 and the knight
 accepteth him
 as his page.

The young page sprang upright—
 "And dost thou judge," he cried,
 "That a faint-heart lies beneath the eyes
 That are too youthful-wide ?"
 He seized the warrior's lance
 And bent it double ways—
 Till the tough yew groaned as one with pain
 And shivered down to deck in twain
 Before Sir Rupert's gaze.

And the light in the page's face
 That was so white of blee,
 Flamed sudden red as in its stead
 The blood rose clowdily.
 Then "nobly done!" cried the knight,
 "Thou shalt be page of mine,
 And grant no harm from either side
 Make thee to wish thou here didst ride
 When we ride in Palestine!"

The page heareth
 the approach of
 Sir Guy's vessel,
 but the knight
 re-assureth him.

Ah, joyfully he knelt
 And kissed his master's hand—
 "Now why dost start as timid hart
 That dreads the hunter's band ?"
 "Methought I heard a roar—
 The crash of shield and spear!"
 "'Tis nought but the sound of the waves, I trow
 That break against our good ship's bow
 Thou hast none else to fear."

"Why art thou grown so pale ?
 My page, thou tremblest sore!"
 "I hear the cry of the companye
 Who follow thee from shore!
 I pray thee, sail full-fast,—

The dawn is breaking clear,—
I fear me they come from castle of Nyee,
An' it prove so, now Christ help me,
For the Lord of Nyee I fear!"

The knight looked out and saw,
Through the shadowy twilight pale,
A stranger craft, whose warriors laughed
As they heard the pilot's hail.
Showed shield and battle-axe,
And spear with steely sheen,
And 'neath his brazen vizor, he,
The cruel, haughty Guy of Nyee.
Looked darkly out between.

Nevertheless the
ship finally over-
taketh them.

Sir Rupert grasped his shield,
While 'round the stout ship wore;
'Mid plume and spear and battle gear
He watched the ship before.
And when she nearer drew,
Strode forth with knightly grace—
Scarce a stone's cast the vessels lay,
And he looked upon the Lord of Nyee
As they stood face to face.

So stood they for a space,
And each gazed silently;
Then, "By my head," Sir Rupert said,
"What seek ye, Lord of Nyee?"
Sir Guy was mad with rage;
He shook his iron mace;
"I seek revenge for honor lost
On thief who stealeth from his host
The daughter of his race!"

The knight de-
mandeth of Sir
Guy his errand,
and is accused of
stealing her
whom he would
have wed.

"I loved thy daughter true,
Since first I saw her face;
To ward her harm, my own right arm
I'd lay on battle-place.
To thy castle walls I rode,
To offer my suit and name,
And was answered with thy unjust scorn,
And insult hitherto unborne,—
Thy sneer at my knightly fame."

The knight
answereth.
Could he not wed
her in honour, she
were nothing to
him.

"The bride I wed must stand
 In hall or castle fine
 With the proudest ladyes of the land
 Or she were no bride of mine.
 So honor first of all.
 Didst thou not say me yea,
 Then know ye now, Sir Guy of Nyee,
 That came your daughter on her knee,
 My scorn would answer nay."

The page heareth
 his words and
 weepeth.

The knight spoke cold and proud,
 And certes did not see
 His page's look as he were shook
 With a fierce agony.

"And have I lost thy love
 By thus forsaking all?
 Hast thou for me but scornful word?"
 And the hot tears 'neath his vizor barred
 Adown his cheeks did fall.

Sir Guy answereth
 him with
 insult, and the
 knight hurleth
 his axe, which
 cleveeth Sir Guy's
 helmet.

Sir Guy of Nyee laughed loud,
 And a sneer was on his tongue.

"Well pratest thou of honor now
 When thy knightly deeds are sung!
 For my daughter I scorn to fight,
 Dishonored an' she be,
 But at thee, who wrought this shameful thing,
 At thee, Sir Knight, and *Uer*, I fling
 The endless hate of Nyee!"

Sir Rupert answered with no word
 The insult of his foe,
 But ne'er, I ween, did tourney-queen
 Behold a knightlier blow.
 For he raised his battle axe
 And hurled it might and main:
 It flew like shaft from his cross-bow.
 Straight at Sir Guy of Nyee, I trow,
 And cleft his casque in twain.

The battle begin-
 neth, in which
 the knight is
 worsted. The
 page refuseth to
 leave his master.

Loud rose the battle-roar
 As the ships ground rail to rail,
 And the page would 'bide at his master's side,
 Though the arrows fell like hail.
 But force of arms must win,

And 'ere the sun rose high
 One-half Sir Rupert's knights lay 'round
 With broken mail and ghastly wound,
 And the day was with Sir Guy.

But the young page still would stay
 His chosen master near,
 Thrice did he ward a thrust of sword
 And turned aside a spear.
 "Now leave me, brave my page,
 I have no need of shield,
 For I would seek Sir Guy of Nyee,
 And he shall fight the death with me
 Till he or I shall yield!"

Fierce waged the mortal fight
 Sir Rupert pressed his foe,
 But slipped to knee and his enemy
 Aimed him a deadly blow.
 They heard a startled cry
 But neither saw, I ween,
 Till sharp and cruel the bright steel pressed
 Through the mailed links,—through the page's breast,
 Who threw himself between.

But Sir Guy of Nyee went down
 Beneath the iron mace,
 And the knight knelt there by the golden hair
 And the dead smiling face.
 He raised the drooping head,
 He wrenched the breast-plate clear,
 And strove to staunch the flow of blood
 When lo! 'neath the crimson, welling flood
 The breast of a woman fair!

He looked upon her face;
 The eyes were cold and wide;
 But the smile he read, then clasped the dead,
 And strode to the vessel's side.
 He leaped far out from the ship,
 And he leaped not alone,
 And all that saw the men of Nyee,
 When they searched the slain for their enemy,
 Was a shield afloat upon the sea
 Like a jewel in the sun.

The knight
 seeketh out Sir
 Guy of Nyee for
 mortal combat,
 and falls in peril
 of his life at his
 hands, but the
 page receiveth
 the blow.

The knight, after
 slaying Sir Guy,
 discovered his
 page's sex.

The knight, per-
 ceiving that the
 body is that of
 the daughter of
 his enemy, and
 of her whom he
 loved, and hav-
 ing lost the bat-
 tle, leaps with her
 from the ship.

UNDER THE PRINCETON ELMS.

THESE old elms on the campus know more than they tell. Very few rushes they have not seen, not a canesprees but they have caught glimpses of it around the corners of West College; they have stood about the bonfires in the Quadrangle at many a great celebration, and sometimes, too, have cast their shadows on groups of saddened men just returned from the Yale game. If Nassau Hall has a familiar spirit, and it certainly must have, you may be quite sure that it is lurking somewhere among the branches of the old elms. Without them and the broad campus under them, Princeton would not be Princeton.

At Northfield last summer, where over one hundred and twenty colleges were represented, an Oberlin man remarked that the Princeton boys seemed to stay together and be such good friends. "Why," he said, "you fellows are just like one big family," and he was right. There is no other college of the size where the undergraduates are so generally acquainted. We have no Greek Letter Fraternities. They were here some time ago, but the Faculty abolished them and the students would not allow them to come back now. The broad community of feeling and free social life which springs up in our dormitories and in the intercourse of the campus is worth too much. We would not exchange them for the rivalries of a number of small circles bound together by that deep sympathy and fellow feeling which comes from having ridden the same goat and paid the same initiation fee. There is really no use for fraternities here. At many colleges students are scattered all over the city, and these centres of social life are necessary, but we do not need them. Our dormitories are nothing but big club houses, and the campus is simply an extension built out into the open air.

A good deal has been said unjustly about the reserve of the Princeton people toward the students. Anyone who is

received elsewhere will be received here, and cordially. There are always some men who go out considerably, and if the number is not as large as it might be, the students have only themselves to blame. The fact is our college life is so full and absorbing that there is little inclination to supplement it. After running around in *negligé* all day, when the alternative comes in the evening of attiring one's self for a call or dropping into a neighbor's room, the latter proposition is apt to have the advantage. Who does not know the charm of those evenings in a fellow's room? It doesn't matter much what is done. Several stringed instruments improvise an orchestra, there are stories, songs, jests, a hand at whist, possibly crackers and cider for refreshments or it may be crackers and something else—say lemonade. The details are of small importance; the real pleasure is in the freedom and abandon of college companionship, the jolly *camaraderie* of half a dozen of the best fellows in the world.

These little circles fill many a long winter evening, but when the spring comes the twang of the banjo is low and the thud of the base-ball bat is heard in the land. Everybody moves outside and becomes an athlete. The *Princetonian* issues its annual challenge against the LIT., eating club teams organize and train with an ardor worthy of the 'Varsity, and every other man you meet is a captain or manager. He is looking for another captain or manager and wants to arrange a game for that afternoon back of Reunion. A good-natured crowd is always on hand to coach, cheer or guy as the occasion demands while the "Grasshoppers" hammer out base hits on the "Hoffman House," or the "Butterflies" make life miserable for the umpire. It is impossible to live in Princeton without learning to play ball. On a good spring day one can scarcely walk from Reunion to the Gymnasium without having to field a ball gone astray from some bat, to which his attention is called by vociferous cries of "Thank you there!" In

the fall it is foot-ball. The scene is changed to the field back of Witherspoon, and wonderful teams in a wonderful medley of costumes come out and play with the desperation of a Thanksgiving game.

Then those Saturday trips to the neighboring preparatory schools! It is a beautiful day; coaches full of players, managers and mascots leave the front campus gate after dinner and spin across the country to Hightstown and Pennington. The preparatory school always labors under the impression that it is playing, if not the 'Varsity, at least the 'Varsity scrub, and a corresponding degree of enthusiasm prevails. The girls are out on the grand stand in full force and applaud fine catches and errors with delightful indifference. If there are any ball players among the visitors they generally win, but if not, they leave a proud and happy preparatory school behind them. It is a day of anxiety for the Principal. He has a hundred girls under his care who want to see the college boys, and a score of college boys who want to see the girls. In spite of his watchfulness there is generally a little informal reception. The girls come to the windows, the fellows stand below and carry on a desultory conversation. There are cases on record where oranges and bananas have been tossed up to the windows, and flowers or handkerchiefs dropped in return.

Those who become acquainted with Princeton from the outside are struck with its Democratic spirit. The centre of our Republic is the quadrangle in front of Renning. This space is to us what the forum was to Rome. Is there some hitch in athletic matters? Has the Faculty become insubordinate, or is a college election approaching? Immediately there is a gathering of the clans and opinions are advanced, supported and attacked with marvelous earnestness and force. For these congresses rain and snow have no terrors, umbrellas and storm coats are brought into service, and the session continued. Men move from one group to

another to hear the various oracles and advocate their own views. Before very long there is a substantial agreement, or else party lines are drawn and vigorously sustained until a mass meeting in the English room settles the matter.

In the Fall there is a daily pilgrimage to the 'Varsity Grounds to see the practice. Here are trained those football teams whose weights assume such enormous proportions in the college press. We have known a half-back to go up from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty-five pounds by the simple expedient of having his weight printed in "The Crimson" after a Harvard game. Here are developed those rushers who rush so hard that some of our friends can account for their prowess only on the hypothesis that they are drawing large salaries. The college lines-up along the ropes; every player is watched and every good play enthusiastically cheered. Each spectator feels that the responsibility for the championship rests largely on his shoulders, and has his own views as to the wisdom of the captain's method of training. For two months nothing is heard but foot-ball. The papers are read only to see the scores of other teams, and former games are played over with a never-dying interest. The climax comes on Thanksgiving day, when we go to New York for the Yale game. The college goes *en masse*, leaving a score of musty book-worms and a dozen of stranded unfortunates in sole possession. Every man wears his orange-and-black button, and the freshmen celebrate this first opportunity to wear colors by a prodigious display of orange ribbons on their umbrellas, canes and hats. Then the game: thousands of people, gaily decorated coaches, a profusion of streamers, and a rattling fire of hostile cheers. A storm of applause announces the appearance of the teams. A little practice, and then the excitement rises to a pitch absolutely painful as the line-up is made and a dashing V opens the battle. How they play! We win or else we don't. If we win, New York isn't large enough for us that night. Every man, woman and child on

Broadway seems to be wearing orange-and-black, the world was never so bright, the theatres are crowded with spectators more bent on celebrating than on seeing the play, and after midnight a tired and happy crowd boards the "owl" for Princeton, telling each other over and over again how it was done. If we lose, things are different.

The genus poller is never more distinct than during the foot-ball season. He rarely casts his shadow within the Varsity gates, and sometimes does not even know who are on the team. There is a tradition of a poller who was here for three years without knowing where the grounds were, but it does not appear to be well authenticated.

The base-ball returns with the robins, and with it the daily journey to the practice field is renewed. Princeton generally starts out with a championship team and rarely fails to win the first Yale game. Something nearly always turns up before the end of the season and we don't get as many championships as we should, but while we are enjoying the prospect of victory everything is lovely. If it is our turn to go to New Haven, an eager crowd gathers in front of the telegraph office to hear returns an hour before there is a possibility of any news. A number of humorists take advantage of the opportunity to start false reports. One will go up stairs to the office and suddenly dash down in wild excitement; his abettors at the door raise a cheer which is echoed over the whole campus. Princeton has won—seven to three! The Freshmen are delighted until they meet an upper classman, who smiles and says that the news never comes in so early. The waiting crowd relieves the suspense by singing and speculating. At last the true word comes and we have won! No rest for the Freshmen that night. They must scour town and country for a mile around in search of fuel. They determine that their fire shall be the biggest ever seen. Contracts are made for gallons of oil, and tar barrels sell at a premium. Prudent house-keepers have their front gates taken in and send their hus-

bands out to watch the coops and dog-houses in the back yard. Gangs of suspicious-looking individuals in old clothes scout the streets and alleys, returning with a vast miscellany of boards, gates, panels of fence—anything that will burn. A few Juniors with the critical eye of professional builders direct the arrangement of the pile about the big cannon. Straw and tar barrels first, then boxes and rails; then everything that comes in. When the task is completed, the last can of oil poured on, and the dark pyramid, thirty or forty feet high, towers up in the centre of the quadrangle, the column is formed, and with torches, horns, drums, banners and fire-crackers, moves off in triumphal march. The President and some of the Faculty are visited and called upon for speeches. They come out on the piazza and make a few remarks, in which every sentence is punctuated by a tremendous cheer. When the circuit is completed the celebraters return to the campus and apply the match. A column of flame shoots up through the tree tops, and in the broad glare of the bonfire happy and contented groups stand about and discuss the full score just received. When the embers are burning to a dark red and the great clock in the belfry of Old North strikes midnight, the last stragglers retire to their rooms or go down to Dohm's to finish their discussion around a table.

Examinations are scarcely over before a few zealous Juniors are busy getting the new class out for its first rush. With great care the word is circulated around that the next night at ten the class will form back of the Observatory. The Sophomores are to be taken completely by surprise. The secret is so burdensome that the Freshmen gather in groups and talk earnestly under their breath in their efforts to keep it. They pass on the street with knowing looks and exchange significant gestures. As a natural result, the Sophomores are generally in front of Reunion waiting for the fun to begin. What a delicious sense of conspiracy and adventure there is in that silent

gathering for the first rush! Every approaching figure is scrutinized; rumor says the entire Sophomore class is lined-up back of Witherspoon. Scouts are sent out to work the dormitories and report on the enemy. And then, for the first time, the stillness is broken by three cheers for '9—! a challenge and defiance to the Sophomores. It is not a very good cheer; it is ragged and rough, and runs down at the end like an exhausted bag-pipe. But never mind, they mean it, and it is the old cheer. They will soon learn it better; they will ring it out with passionate enthusiasm in the critical moments of great games. It will proclaim the joy of many a victory, and when, after four years cheering, with depleted ranks they stand for the last time on the steps of Old Nassau at the close of the last Senior singing, they will express their undying devotion to class and *Alma Mater* by a deep and sober chorus in that best of college cheers, Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Princeton! We have forgotten our Freshmen again, but the Juniors have been taking good care of them. By this time they are marching around the triangle singing "Here's to '9—," and working up courage for the impending conflict. At last the moment of destiny is come. They are lined-up closely, eight abreast, the big men in front and the little men behind, ready to push for all they are worth. The column heads for the front campus gate, and a thrill of pleasure or fear runs down every spine as the sharp, clear-cut Sophomore cheer announces that the opposing forces are coming to dispute entrance. This is usually the signal for Mat Goldie to step in and say, "Gentlemen, if there is a rush every man in it will leave college to-morrow." Sometimes this is effective, but the blood of '9— is generally too warm to be cooled by the Proctor's eloquence. The Juniors pull their hats over their eyes and move among the Freshmen, suggesting that Mat. don't know them anyhow. A short parley, and then with a fierce shout, at it they go. The two solid columns dash together—a violent col-

lision, a few moments' desperate pushing in the densely-packed masses, suddenly something gives way, and you are either joining in a rousing cheer for victory or gathering the scattered forces for another charge. These rushes are comparatively harmless and do a great deal to bring men together.

After the rush comes the pasting of the procs and then the cane spree, and so one might go on indefinitely. But a complete narration of the whole medley of events which make up our varied existence would still fail to give its essence, the indefinable charm of that spirit which lingers about Nassau Hall and sheds its influence over all the petty incidents of college life. We feel it when in those inexplicable groups where everyone seems to be reclining on everyone else. We lie on the grass and listen to the Senior singing; it creeps over us when we stroll about the campus under the stars; it comes down with the moonbeams through the leaves of the whispering elms. Yes, we may talk about it, we may tell you all the details of each day's life, but if you really wish to know what it all means you must come here and spend four years with us under the Princeton elms.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

THE HEART.

REFRESHING draughts of truth as pure as light,
And thoughts of mighty things, with long delight,
May mankind lowly drink from nature's spring,
That wells with richest meaning depth can bring.

A long, low by-path arched with green,
A sunset's glow spread o'er it,
A sandy shore where the surf has been,
The breathing blue before it;
A pale, pink rift in a storm cloud's face,
The earth's vast buried treasure,

The space of time that the mind can trace,
 A silver cloud in azure;
 The crystal flake of pearly snow,
 The depth of a star in ocean,
 But greater far is human woe,
 And the power that prompts devotion.

Such thought of mighty things may mankind drink,
 But, drinking, feel that nothing can impart
 A draught more sweet than, welling o'er the brink
 Of nature's fount, pours from the human heart.

FRANK LUKENS.

THE ISLANDS OF PROMISE.

LIKE many self-centred men, Jordan Colby found great pleasure in fishing, and left his clients to the tender care of the office boy for a few weeks every summer while he took himself off in pursuit of his favorite sport. He tried many places, but was not entirely suited until he chanced upon the Islands of Promise, in the Minnewago river. Upon the largest of the three islands there was a comfortable old farm house, which dated from the middle of the last century, when it had succeeded the log cabin of the purchaser of the islands from the Indians. That old pioneer must have had a vein of poetry in him, for, instead of dubbing his new possessions Jones' Islands, he merely anglicized their picturesque Indian name. Now his lineal descendant "took boarders"—always men, most of whom came for the same reason as Colby.

It was always a relief to Colby, who was by most people considered a sort of a woman-hater, to get away from the stuffy city with its present discomfort and its memories of last winter's work and tiresome round of social events. The ordinary American summer hotel would not have suited him a tenth as well as the quiet, roomy farm house.

Here were no noisy, petulant children, nor trifling *tête-à-têtes* with insipid young women, nor stifling ball-room and nerve-wrecking orchestra of the nightly hop. Wholesome food, refreshing coolness and quiet, with the privilege of wearing a *négligé* suit from rising in the morning to going to bed at night, were the unassuming attractions of the Islands of Promise.

One sultry July day Jordan Colby stepped out on the platform of the railway station nearest the river. As usual, the old white horse and the buckboard were in waiting, and the year seemed scarcely to have changed the landlord's red-headed son Uriah (locally called "Yi"), who came forward to welcome the expected guest. After this ceremony, which was always painful to Yi, the long, hot drive to the river began. Colby, having long ago learned the uselessness of trying to make the taciturn Yi talk, had relapsed into silence and was just thinking that things were exactly as they had been for the last four years, when Yi pulled himself together and broke the silence by exclaiming, "Say, Mr. Colby!" A long pause.

"Well, what shall I say, Yi?"

"Mom said as how she didn't think you'd like the women boarders this year, but she had to take 'em to pay the int'rest on the mortgage."

Jordan Colby's reverie was gone in a moment, and with a sense of having been deceived and imposed upon, he resolved to go back to the city at once. A moment of reflection showed him that there was no train until the next day, and that a night at least must be passed on the Islands of Promise. Smiling at the situation, he began to question Yi about the intruders, and learned that they were an invalid, Mrs. Knight, and her daughter Marion. The only comments that the uncommunicative Yi would make upon them were that Mrs. Knight was "quiet-like" and Miss Marion was "real purty."

Hot and dusty and dissatisfied the traveler reached the river at last. The sturdy old bridge was quickly crossed and Colby had to encounter the effusive and rather apologetic greeting of Yi's mother. No sign of the ladies until supper-time, when the newly-arrived guest was presented to them with all the landlady's impressive graces. He saw a patient, placid lady who fully justified Yi's "quiet-like," and whose manner had none of the querulousness which makes the masculine mind so fearful of invalid women. Mrs. Knight was one of those gentle, unselfish sick folk whose own sweet personality is reward enough for all the loving care bestowed upon them. Jordan was agreeably disappointed with Marion, whose rippling brown hair, fearless grey blue eyes, fair clear skin and cheerful mouth, smiling without a suspicion of affectation, made a picture wonderfully winning. Jordan Colby liked this new face for its happiness, health, sympathy and sincerity. Already he began to repent of his decision for the morrow, and his repentance was complete when the three guests sat together that evening on the wide porch facing the west and he discovered that Miss Knight was fond of out-door sport, especially fishing. The friendly, sensible conversation of his fellow-guests seemed to give a new charm to his old haunt on the Islands of Promise, and he was surprised at his regret when the deepening twilight and the dampness coming up from the river put an end to their first evening's chat. It happened that no other man came to board at the Island at this time, so Jordan Colby was frequently accompanied by Miss Knight on his fishing excursions. To his surprise he found that in direct contrast to her usual vivacity and talkativeness, she was quiet and patient on these occasions and proved herself a true disciple of the immortal Izaak.

* * * * *

Jordan Colby and Marion Knight had become fast friends. Not a word of sentiment had ever passed between

them. Jordan never imagined that under Marion's bright, gay exterior there might be a heart capable of passion; Marion had seen no more tenderness in Jordan Colby than had any one of the women who had known him in the past. When the day came which Colby had set for his departure, he made a startling discovery—he was not ready to go. His legal mind was not long in finding the reason—he was in love. Yes, Jordan Colby was in love at last, and his strong will was not strong enough to enable him to fly as he had done before whenever an intimation of such a thing had come to him. He told himself that his love was without hope, but he resolved to enjoy Marion's friendship as long as he could. So the vacation was prolonged, but the day on which he must depart drew unpleasantly near.

One morning he said to Marion, "Shall we go fishing under the bridge this afternoon, Miss Knight? We won't have many more opportunities, as I am going back to town day after to-morrow."

If Jordan had been more watchful, he might have seen a slightly more vivid color in Marion's cheeks, and might have heard her voice tremble as she said,

"So soon, Mr. Colby! Of course we must go. There's an east wind blowing, and I don't believe we'll have any luck, but it will be delightfully cool there."

The sultry afternoon found them in a light skiff anchored under the great blue limestone arch of the bridge, where there was always shade and a breeze. They fished with due skill and patience, and when the perversity of the fish was apparent, they tried to talk, but the parting so near at hand cast a restraint over them, and each attempt signally failed. At last Marion took up a book and pretended to read, while Jordan, half reclining in the bow of the boat, thought of the pleasant comradeship so soon to end. The drowsy influences of the summer afternoon soon conquered his well-mannered intention to keep awake, and when

Marion lowered her book after awhile to glance at him she saw that he was asleep. In the freedom of the moment she looked at him with all her woman's heart in her eyes, with a face which was a picture of yearning, hopeless love. Pleasant dream-thoughts seemed to come to Jordan Colby, for he smiled happily, but suddenly his expression changed, and showed grief and disappointment instead. A foolish thought came to Marion—the thought that she could kiss away that look of pain. Her sense of propriety drove it away, but it came back reinforced by an argument—no one would see, and he would never know it. Then, too, this man of her love was going away, perhaps forever. She hesitated a moment and looked around to assure herself that no one was in sight. Then she began to creep stealthily toward the bow of the boat, steadying herself with a hand on the gunwale. The rower's seat passed, she felt that retreat was impossible. She bent over Colby's sad face, but of a sudden half drew back, in realization of her boldness. The movement roused Jordan, and his eyes opened wonderingly upon a face in which love and shame strove for the mastery.

The old bridge had never done a better deed than when it stood witness to the betrothal of Jordan Colby and Marion Knight, and it seemed to laugh back to them when Jordan rowed away saying, "Not such bad luck after all, Marion."

JAMES C. MEYERS.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONLY ignorance of history can breed pessimism. In a recent article in *Lippincotts* Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard describes Yale when the subject of his study, N. P. Willis, was a student there. "They had," he says, "their high junks, of course, those young Yalensians of sixty years ago—had their town and gown rows, painted the house of the president red, white and blue, and put a cow in the belfry, and at Christmas broke windows, cut bell-ropes, squirted the Freshmen, and were given to other follies." Now, were it not for our hesitancy in resuscitating the buried past of those "grave and reverend Seniors," our fathers, we might disclose some pretty tales—overheard—concerning Princeton pranks, say of a generation ago—how the recitation benches were tarred, and the students were obliged to sit on seats hastily washed by Dennis and still moist; how at the private exercise of Senior speaking a lone cabbage was made to do duty for a bouquet, being thrown at every speaker, as an *encore*.

If the desire to screen our fathers did not seal our lips, we might even mention an odorous chapel joke, one redolent of new-mown hay. It seems, one evening, after the campus had been clipped, that the newly-cut grass was carted by rash Freshmen to the Old Chapel. A window was lifted, and the grass, deposited in the body of the building, rose even with the pew backs. Worse than this, by some esoteric means a calf was lifted into the rear gallery, there to sniff longingly the fragrant heap below. The sequel to this verdant joke was, that in the services of the next morning the organ was interrupted by a bovine solo from the rear gallery.

Those were the good old days when every man knew every other, and when the Seniors must have been forced to deduct, all told, at least a week from their college year in order to obey the fashion of writing in each other's autograph

albums. Indeed, some men became distinguished in this line, and one Senior is reported to have been placarded on the "bulletin elm" as an autograph writer "of neatness and dispatch." We have at our disposal an authentic specimen, exhibiting the average literary merit of these effusions. After the necessary preliminaries the writer says: "You must in college, as in the business of life, grapple with success in order to make it yours. Success will never come to you. You must reach forth and put tight the grappling irons; minding these Senioric injunctions, you will grow 'healthy, wealthy and wise.'" Most of these efforts are in a similar vein—the sentiment irreproachable, being a flat mixture of the hortatory and the truistic, with now and then a sad attempt at the humorous.

Such, in terms as concrete as are at our command, was the then condition of student life. Those were the times when the recitation rooms were on the ground-floor of our present college offices, and the students had the felicity of attending first recitation before breakfast. Fancy anticipating old Sol by having lamps placed in the recitation halls of an early Winter morning. Then, grades, showing a profuse expenditure of Arabic numerals, including proper fractions of various degrees of propriety, were accurately kept in each department, and the marking system, involving unpleasant rivalries and inspiring studious habits, held unchallenged supremacy.

Any contrast between such antiquated ways and our own would be unnecessary. No doubt we can distinguish advancement in many particulars. And it would not be well to disturb any rightful self-complacency. Nevertheless, it may be remarked by the way, that, while the chapel joke recorded against our fathers was certainly puerile, the effervescence of sophomore wit manifested on last Washington's birthday, in the same storied hall, was of a kind as frothy—not to say *floury*—as any previous manifestation of factious pleasantry.

TO THE NEW DORMITORY.

COULDST thou awake long-slumbering memories—
 Thou incomplete yet stern and frowning pile!—
 Hadst thou an history like thy comrade there
 Who smiles at me with many a bright-lit eye
 While thou from grim and sightless orbs dost peer
 Glowering like some great winged, grey-breasted owl!
 I'll stay with thee awhile and tell thee how
 In future years thou'lt fare; as now the moon
 Around thy shoulders grey, a filmy lace
 Does throw with gentle hand, and stars above
 Shall whisper if my words be false or true.

Where now the soughing winds hold company
 And moan weird dirges to thy cheerless heart,
 Or chase in elfish sport about the walls,
 There "jest and youthful jollity" shall reign,
 And merry laughs with light and tuneful note
 Will from thy chambers woo th' unfriendly night.
 Then, in the quiet hours, perchance a tale
 Thou couldst unfold of many a sport and play
 Within thy ken, to listening brother-halls,
 Or have thy name as oft and fondly sung
 As Old Nassau's about her ivied front.

—R. D. SMALL.

HE IS on his way to his club. His face is haggard, his eyes sunken, his steps are half halting. And you mutter beneath your breath, "One of those miserable pollers!"

Yes, he may be a poller; he is miserable, but the two epithets are not by rights united.

The hard student need not be miserable. If he be miserable what good does his study do him? Study educates, and education ought to make a man happy—happy, because his education is a source of pleasure to himself and also to others. The student should cultivate congeniality so that his knowledge may benefit those around him. My friend, the "miserable poller," lay aside your books for awhile;

leave your table and your chair; come out and mingle with your classmates; get some play and not all work out of life, and you will never regret it. You will be a better man for it; and when the by-path of college-life, with its four dividing mile-stones has been traversed, and you turn into the broad and bustling highway beyond, when the face of an old college friend meets you on your journey, you will remember and rejoice.—V.

WITHIN the past seventeen years there has been a movement among the English universities which is producing a closer contact and more vital relation of the educational institutions with the masses. This movement owes its origin and present development to the foresight and energy of Professor Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In such localities as manifested sufficient interest in the plan, a lecture course was given. The classes were furnished with printed syllabi, interleaved for additional notes. Printed questions accompanied each lecture, and the students of these classes were required to send written answers. A final examination was held at the conclusion of the course. The classes were conducted by college professors, and the themes discussed embraced the entire realm of human thought and investigation.

Success has attended the movement from the outset, due to the fact that it supplied a long-felt national want. A brief glance at its history and development cannot fail to reveal the desire for a higher education which pervades the mind of many of the common people, but who are deprived of it from their pecuniary position. The people hail with delight this new effort in their behalf as is evidenced by the mammoth proportions to which it has attained.

This movement must have an elevating effect upon those whom it reaches. It unites in one common pursuit of

knowledge—the forge, the factory, the shop, the colleges and universities of Old England.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the value of systematic study. True, some will be superficial, but the advantage will be to the greater majority.

Arising in England, this movement is so catholic in spirit that it could not be retained there alone. It has spread to this country and Canada. It is the most important outgrowth of camp-meeting life, and is known as Chatauqua University. Its reading course is so well known as to need no comment. Chatauqua has inaugurated this English movement here and it will be watched with a deep interest by all who are interested in the uplifting of the masses. But in this country, class distinction is not so strong, and its success seems assured.

The liberal education furnished by such a university course cannot fail to have an ennobling and elevating effect upon the moral, social and religious life of our people. The rapid strides made in the cheap production of books puts the means of knowledge within the reach of many who might otherwise be deprived.

We have been making very marked advances in art, literature and mechanical contrivances, but it has been chiefly at the expense of the masses. Let us hope that the introduction of such a departure in education will mark the dawn of a more intelligent era in our history, and a period of broader vision and charity.—*C. I. T.*

EDITORIALS.

OUR thanks are due to Dean Murray and Professor Magie for kindly serving as judges in the Prize Essay Contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Edward W. Evans, Jr., '91, of New Jersey.

IN ORDER to insure the prompt appearance of the October issue of the *LIT.*, our contributors are requested to mail their contributions to the Managing Editors, Princeton, N. J., on or before September 10th.

WE DESIRE to call attention once more to the translation prize that will be awarded in the November number. Let the story be interesting, the translation accurate, the style smooth.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE action of the Conference Committee in recommending the college not to elect successors is a step we regret to see, and yet, under the circumstances, scarcely any other course was open. A few years ago the Trustees provided for its election without any request from the students, and the college felt that a very considerable step in advance had been taken. The old times of hostility between students and faculty had passed, and it was believed that the new

committee might, by its experience, be of much use in developing just what part the undergraduates might advantageously take in the decision of college questions. The students responded to the action of the Trustees by electing men in every way fitted for the position. It is now four years since the first election took place, and the experiment has been a failure. The college soon found out that a recommendation of the committee would be courteously received by the Faculty and often never heard of again. Confidence in its efficiency began to diminish, and when anything special was wanted other means were taken to secure it. Each year a smaller number of men went to the elections, until at present many men do not know who are on the committee. As for the committee itself, its action has always been above criticism. It has been temperate, prudent, and, if anything, too cautious. If it could have succeeded, it would have done so under the men who have controlled its actions.

The resolutions advising discontinuance are supported by the sentiment of the college. It was generally felt to be useless and was in danger of becoming ridiculous.

We still think, however, that a Conference Committee properly organized with some definite function would be of great value. Cases are continually occurring where the students have occasion to communicate with the Faculty, and it would be well to have some recognized body to act for them instead of relying on the methods of petition and informal representation. One thing which has hindered the committee from being effective is the fact that it had no right to go before the Treasurer. He has always received its members very courteously, but could not consistently recognize them as in any way representative. Many of the minor matters which the students wish to bring to the notice of the authorities, such as complaints growing out of carelessness of servants, when brought before the Faculty are met with the answer "no jurisdiction," and when sub-

mitted to the Treasurer, with the reply "no right of appeal." If the Trustees consider the re-organization of the committee on a solid and practical basis, this is one matter which should not be overlooked. We still think the problem of student representation can be solved, and solved with substantial advantage to college government.

THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN THE CURRICULUM.

IT IS about this time of year that the thoughts of a number of college men are centered upon the pleasant prospect before them of a summer's ramble over Europe's historic ground, of coveted delvings into hidden antiquities or profitable study in classic and medieval lore. And often in his hurried preparations the student lays aside his Latin lexicon or Greek grammar upon the shelf of sweet oblivion and hastily scans a "First Lesson in German" or glances with eager eye at the old French book that he once declared he had put away forever. He gratefully thanks the framers of the curriculum that the "despised trash" was required in his Freshman days, and though he cannot erase from his mind the recollection of the hours and weeks he toiled over the troublesome idiom or grammatical intricacy, he feels a thrill of triumph and satisfaction now, because the time of usefulness even to Freshman French has come at last. In fact, the prospective traveler considers his equipment, intellectually, almost perfect. The laborious course of two years has given him an insight into the structure of the language and fixed indelibly in memory a few of the more common phrases. Conversation in French will be easy after just a little practice, and he will thus be able to direct his own path on the Continent. So he meditates, but finds unfortunately a slight mistake somewhere. One day under Italian skies

reveals a part of his misconception. In fact, he should be acquainted with Italian.

We plead in this erratic way for a new interest among students in a language that contains so many of the world's classics. The noblest thoughts of mortal intellect have found expression in its soothing tones. To catch the inward meaning, to appreciate each delicate shade that one sentence often conveys, we must go beyond the mere verbal translation or paraphrase to the original form. For this reason, preponderant to some, a plea for the study of Italian in the university is not to be frowned at. It would not require a place in the curriculum as a distinct elective. It could at least be *continued* as an optional study, recognized as an individual member in our Modern Language Department. Yet, if it were possible, we see no valid objection that could be advanced against its establishment as a regular elective study. Certainly the importance of Italian among the European languages will justify such a departure. Even should the study of Italian result in no direct material advantage to the student, it would be of untold value when he came to prosecute a more extensive research in medieval literature.

What we say of Italian we can say relatively of Spanish. We recognize, of course, the more insignificant place that it as a language has taken among the Romance tongues. But this does not preclude us from claiming the same position for Spanish among college studies that we have suggested for Italian. Beyond doubt the growing need that would justify such additions cannot well be overlooked. It is one of the aims of college training to produce men of cosmopolitan character and views. One means to this end, we believe, which will be an invariable test for cosmopolitanism, is to present to the university student sufficiently elaborate courses in the living languages to warrant his spending a due portion of his elective time in this essential department.

OUR TRACK ATHLETICS.

A RECENT number of the *Princetonian* contained a well-considered editorial on the problem of track athletics, and the suggestion was made that the Association should be changed into a 'Varsity organization. The suggestion does not imply any charge against the present management, whose efficiency and enterprise we cordially recognize, but in the very nature of things this branch of our athletics would succeed better if it were brought into direct relations with the college. The only difficulty that suggests itself is the matter of support. The Association at present depends largely on the sale of membership tickets, and it is urged that if this source of revenue were cut off the track could not meet expenses. It seems probable, however, that the abolition of the ticket system would work for the better in two ways. In the first, a canvass would get from many men much larger subscriptions than the price of tickets, and every man now holding a membership ticket would subscribe at least as much as it costs. In the second place, many men who do not feel like running now on account of their inability to join the Association could be brought out and developed. It is very evident that the track is behind the other branches of our athletics, and some measures should be taken to bring it up to its proper place. We have a few splendid representatives, who bring honor to the college, but scarcely any average men. If the Mott Haven team were put on a par with the other 'Varsity teams and allowed to wear the blazer, it would do much to make men work. As it is now, no inducement whatever is offered to a man to train. This is a matter which must be taken up and acted upon next winter, and those who are particularly interested should be thinking it over and devising some definite plan looking towards a better organization of track athletics.

"THE TIGER."

'THE Tiger' is coming! The Faculty have given a conditional consent, and the men who have the matter in charge are sufficient guarantee that the Faculty can be satisfied; so we may regard "The Tiger" as an assured fact. Princeton has long been needing this very thing. The literary and news departments are already represented; with the addition of a jester our college press will be complete. There are many things too obvious to argue about or too trivial to be treated seriously; there is a vast amount of real good fun going to waste on the campus daily for lack of such a paper. Let "The Tiger" come, and it will find plenty of foraging to keep it in a fat and flourishing condition. The college owes its thanks to the gentlemen who have taken upon themselves the responsibility, literary and financial, of this venture. It also owes them something else. In the first place, every man who can afford it should subscribe; a paper cannot live without money. We hope the canvass next fall will meet with a ready and generous response. In the second place, every man who can draw, or suspects himself of having some humorous talent, should get to work. During the summer there will be opportunity to draw and plenty of time to write verses and paragraphs for the contributor's box. When the new sanctum is opened next fall let the editors be cheered by finding behind them a large body of contributors. Competition for places on the Board will begin at once, and we understand that appointments will not be confined to any class. The paper will be issued every two weeks, in the general style of the "Record" and "Lampoon." We hope the college will get many a good laugh from its pages, and join us in wishing the best possible success to "The Tiger."

GOSSIP.

SMARTLY dressed June is here again with her new gowns, her flounces and her furbelows, as fresh and rosy as a bride. It is our busy season, these last few days of May (dear May) and these first few days of June, but the temptation to procrastinate is never so strong as now, with the long delightful evenings on the campus "in front of Old North." (I am almost sure that the latter should be in quotation marks, it has been written so often before.) How quickly the twilight fades as we sit around the elms listening to the Senior singing; it grows so dark that the lighted cigarette or cigar glows like a firefly above the recumbent masses on the grass, the quick spurt of a match makes a patch of light like an impressionist picture; then a cheer, and the groups disperse, some to their studies, some towards Nassau street "on pleasure bent." Thus it has been going on for years, thus I hope it will go on for years to come; it is the time when the returned Alumnus feels at home. We feel when we leave a place dear to our hearts that everything must change, the changes often cause a twinge of pain, as we miss a loved land-mark or notice something new where it once stood; but here everything is the same. even the songs—at least most of them—and the Alumnus is one of us again.

It is late, too late to go out and borrow some tobacco, and my pipe is empty; nearly all the lights are out except in the hallways of the building opposite; the lighted windows, one above the other, glare out like the lights of a watch-tower through the darkness; one other only is left burning in Old West. Perhaps some eager student with a throbbing head "there burns his midnight oil;" but no, the sound of a guitar, a burst of light-hearted laughter and a suspicious tinkle and clink wafu through the half-opened window; the throbbing head will probably be to-morrow. What a comfort, solace and inspiration one can derive from the fragrant briar wood. I wish that I had some tobacco now, but a diligent search produces only a few grains in the bottom of my pouch. Away ye scorers of the weed! Ye who have never felt its soothing influence; have never seen all cares and sorrows vanish in a single whiff, while the future promises peace, rest and comfort as far as you can see. There was a picture in the Paris salon, I think it was in eighty-five, an allegorical tableau, entitled "Coffee coming to the relief of the Muse." Coffee, here represented by a mulatto angel, was bringing a cup of the brain-stirring concoction to the tired Muse, who lay half fainting over her stylus and tablets. I should like to paint a picture of Tobacco coming to the relief of—well, anybody or everybody, rich or poor, great or

small. Too bad that she should have so ugly a name, and that her reputation with some people is such that they deny her an admittance. I should paint her white and graceful, light and airy, with golden hair and veiled in a waving, curling smoky texture that would float and fade behind her in the distance like a train. In her hand she would hold a wand and inscribed on it would be (just to show that she had some strength of character) the words, "I will not stand abuse." There was once a man—but that is another story, and I have digressed enough. I did not intend to write a eulogy, but bear with me and pass it over. A few days ago and we were celebrating a most glorious victory, won and deserved through hard work and constant training. There were times during the game with Yale when a single error of judgment, a single rash or ill-timed word of coaching, would have given the whole college the blues badly, but everything was done coolly, and with "head." The training that a man derives from work of this kind must last him through his life, the simultaneous action of mind, will and muscle; the quick thought and unerring decision, all must be of benefit to him afterwards, even if he never steps on a base-ball field again—which is not at all likely. Commencement will soon be here, the beginning of a new life for some here now who will go out to battle for themselves. Some have their work mapped out before them, others have yet to choose; but there is room for all of you, gentlemen, and the anxious eyes of loving friends will watch you as you go. Believe that your Alma Mater will keep you in her view, rejoice in your success, condole with you in your misfortune and expect of you the loyalty of a dutiful son. "Again farewell." Out on the campus some one is singing "Little Annie Rooney"—off the key. Bill is going the rounds with his lantern and now disappears in an entry, the song stops, the light goes out in that corner room, a window slams, my head is nodding, and my ink bottle is dry. Good night to all, a pleasant and profitable vacation to each and every one.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil,
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
 But these our brothers fought for her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness;
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves are true,
 And what they dare to dream of dare to do."

IT IS Decoration Day—we have never learned to say Memorial Day—
 and the beat of drums, the shrill whistle of fifes and the tread of
 marching feet are heard in the North and West and even in the once
 rebellious South. The unusual sounds send an awakening thrill through
 the sleepy village of Princeton, and needlessly remind the men of the
 campus-world that this is a holiday. The repose of the Editor's Table,
 the result of a month's neglect, is disturbed not unpleasantly, and with
 the day's sounds comes the day's thoughts—thoughts of the great war
 with its heroism, its sacrifices, its successes and failures; thoughts of the
 nation as it is to-day—opulent, proud, facing in confident strength the
 many foes that assail its integrity. As we look back upon the conflict
 that came to an end twenty-five years ago, we exclaim involuntarily,
 either "What a blunder!" or "What a crime!" Either the Southern
 leaders were strangely blind or were foolhardy even to criminality. Is
 there any other explanation for their hopeless attempt to cope with the
 boundless resources and unlimited credit of the Northern States? But
 blame the leaders as we will, we must recognize in the men who fol-
 lowed them bravery quite equal to that of the loyal men who fought for
 the Union. To-day the nation delights to honor the men who wore the
 blue, and Decoration Day has become America's proudest holiday. Yet
 amidst all the acclamations a murmur of discontent may be heard, and
 the once loved name of the Grand Army of the Republic too often pro-
 vokes a sneer or a shrug of the shoulders, owing to the shameless hunt
 for pensions and the disgraceful manipulation of the soldier vote. Let
 us not be too quick to join in wholesale denunciation of the veterans;
 let us distinguish the noble and self-respecting from the base and self-
 seeking, and, though we may find fault with the soldier living, let us

still strew flowers over the soldier dead. Perhaps you think that these observations are not consistent with the supposedly literary character of the Editor's Table. Well, our excuse is that they are by way of preface. Decoration Day suggests some thoughts on literary subjects also. The marked inactivity in literary circles during the war is well known. Of course this was due to the fact that there was little or no demand for the work of authors. Why no demand? We usually say because people were too busy with other things. This was not all. People have been just as busy since, the race for wealth has been fiercer and life more hurried than ever, but people have found time to read. It seems to me that the war itself filled one of the prime functions of literature in ordinary times. It furnished glamour, it transfigured the humdrum struggle for existence with its lights and shadows, its glory and its pathos. A novel, a poem, sometimes even a history or biography, makes a man forget himself, or, if he remembers himself, it almost invests that self with a new personality. So with the theatre and with music. The time will come when that great war will inspire literature, and its stories will cast a glamour over the life of another generation of readers. Perhaps that time has begun already. We have had huge volumes and endless magazine articles written upon the war, but they are not literature. The history of the war is yet to be written. Some day the war will furnish the setting for a great novel, and far on in the years to come, if the art of epic writing be not entirely lost, as some would have us believe, it will be the theme for a great heroic poem.

Charles Dudley Warner writes very pertinently in the June *Atlantic* of the duty of the public schools in furnishing reading for the young people of the land. The paper is entitled "The Novel and the Common School." General Walker treats "The Eight-Hour Law Agitation" with the same confidence in established theories of Political Economy that inspired him in his scathing criticisms of Henry George and Edward Bellamy. "The National House of Representatives; Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body," is an expression of the general discontent with the way in which the people's representatives transact the people's business. Agnes Repplier contributes another of her unique papers, this time "A Short Defense of Villains." Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" goes on, and "Rod's Salvation" is concluded. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," finds a good word to say for cranks.

The June number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens with the promised article by Henry M. Stanley, on his already famous "Relief Expedition." The illustrations supplement the description with a peculiar vividness. The architecture of "The City House" of past and present types is described in the next article. Another paper on Millet finds place in the following pages, reproducing some of his personal letters. "Amateur Track and Field Athletics" offers especial interest to college men just at

this time, on the very eve of the great Intercollegiate contests. We notice with pleasure the favorable mention of Princeton's representatives. A long poem, "Rosamond," follows; it is a dialogue between the Queen and Rosamond. "The Magic House" catches some of the expectation of the passing vision and embodies it in the verse. Hon. Seth Low continues the discussion of the "Rights of the Citizen." It refers mainly to city life, to the citizen as a "user of public conveyances."

The frontispiece of the June *Cosmopolitan* is a fine portrait of Murat Halstead, who furnishes the customary "Review of Current Events." The first paper deals with "Farm Life and Irrigating in Persia," describing some of the curious customs prevalent there. A reporter's life and hardships receive a brief mention in a following article. "The Coaching Era" immediately interests us. The illustrations are particularly good, some of them well drawn. And now the *Cosmopolitan* has been seized with the mania of portraying "American Beauty." We compliment it heartily on the selections. Meteorology contributes some curious phenomena in the "Fragments of the Stars." We read with interest the sketches of "Leading Writers of Modern Spain," beginning with Emilio Castelar. They form a group too often overlooked. "A Ghost at His Fireside," by Louise Chandler Moulton, is the attractive story of this issue. It holds the attention from start to finish. "La Fandango" is an incident of the Mexican dance told in verse. It is written in jolting measure, in imitation of the movement.

Century for May came too late to be reviewed in our last number, but should not be overlooked. There are several papers on Washington, with some unfamiliar portraits. Walt Whitman has a poem, "Twilight Song," "For Unknown Buried Soldiers North and South." Other poems and articles of similar character make this a Decoration Day number. Amelia E. Barr's quaint story, "Friend Olivia," has reached the seventh chapter. In "Blacked Out" Mr. Kennan shows the marks of appreciation that are put upon the *Century* in Russia. "The Romance of Two Cameras" is an exceedingly taking short story. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes a sonnet, "I Vex Me Not With Brooding on the Years." Joseph Jefferson tells of his experiences in Australia.

It is in the spring and summer that *Outing* is at its best, and the June number justifies all the devotion that college athletes and "athleticists" feel toward the magazine. The opening paper is a fine article on "America's Place in Athletic History, and The History of the Manhattan Athletic Club." Prof. Sumichrast, in continuing his yachting series with "Ladies at the Helm," deals with the most enjoyable feature of amateur sailing. "Trout Streams in Pennsylvania" is of interest to disciples of Izaak Walton. Many will enjoy reading the description of Epsom and Ascot, the great English racing centers. Lieut. Leary tells the story of the Green Mountain boys in his finely illustrated article on "The National Guard of Vermont." "A Ramble with Rod and Tent"

tells of a delightful vacation in the quaintest and most picturesque part of Canada. "A Revolution in the Cricket Field" discusses the proposals made to render the game more popular in America. If some of these were adopted, Princeton might add cricket to her list of sports. The fiction of the number is "Wrecked on Carr's Reef," a story of Lake Superior. It is so interesting that its conclusion will be eagerly awaited.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June is "Circumstantial Evidence," by Mary E. Stickney. While not a remarkable story, it has a number of good situations, and is certainly readable. "Nita," the heroine, is warm-hearted and lovable. When we picked up this number and saw a paper on Richard Henry Boker we feared that our own article on the same subject had been anticipated. On reading, we found that it consisted mainly of personal reminiscences told by Boker's friend, Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Robert Burns Wilson is the author of a poem called "Lee; A Chant of Remembrance." It is a fitting tribute to the great general of the Lost Cause. Arthur Goddard contributes "Fiction for the People," an entertaining article. Agnes Repplier, who always writes in such a piquant way, has an essay upon "Reality in Fiction." "Round-Robin Talks," a series made up of short things by clever people, makes a promising beginning in this number.

A photogravure of Hubert Herkomer's great painting "The Chapter of the Charter-house," forms the frontispiece of the June number of the *Magazine of Art*. The number opens with Mr. Spielmann's paper on "Current Art," illustrated with works of well-known artists. "Satsuma Ware and its Imitations," by Masayuki Kataoka, deals with a contemporary fad in ornamental pottery. A series of papers on the National Gallery of Ireland is begun, and gives reproductions of some of the best pictures. Joseph Pennell writes and illustrates his "Rhône Sketches" with like cleverness. "The Literary Remains of Albert Dürer," is instructive and valuable. Mr. A. M. Rossetti has a second paper on "Portraits of Robert Browning," giving six portraits taken from 1847 to 1888.

As many of the Exchange Editors of our contemporaries begin their work they find that their department is not very much read and is, seemingly, of little value to any one. The result is that many propositions for a change of method are made. Somebody suggests that the various editors propose topics of general interest in the college world, to be discussed in a sort of peripatetic symposium style. This suggestion has found favor with several magazines. The scheme, if carried on in a haphazard way, would be a source of endless confusion. An organization to direct it would scarcely be worth the trouble, and, if formed, could only include a quite limited number of publications, and would destroy the delightful freedom of the old way. Why leave that old way? If we try, we can put more life into our criticism. Fair and free criticism is a good thing. We Exchange Editors write for each other

almost exclusively. In almost every case the Exchange Editor turns first to the exchange department of the magazines that come to him. Why? You know that you do it to see what they have to say about your paper. Now, let us express our appreciation for a good thing wherever we find it, even if it is in a most insignificant sheet; and when we dislike anything let us say so plainly and kindly, and the exchange department will be interesting to somebody at least.

We have talked so much about the method that we have very little space left in which to practice it.

The *Virginia University Magazine* contains an essay on George Eliot, which shows considerable critical ability. The contrast between George Eliot and Thackeray is well drawn. "And in the Day of Judgment?" is a story of remarkable power. The story itself is good, the style of writing still better. The description of the death-wreath is admirable.

The *Yale Lit.* is a magazine of short articles. Just now the editors are doing most of the work, and very good work it is, too. In the May number "Thomas Hood and Bret Harte" is an example of this. The most characteristic thing about the *Yale Lit.* is the Portfolio, which is rarely stilted and is always readable.

The Brown Magazine has received many welcomes, and though we may be rather late, we take this the first opportunity to add our good wishes. The first number is in itself a promise of success. We hope that the magazine will have no conflict with the *Brunonian*.

The Vassar Miscellany is the best of the literary publications of women's colleges. Its literary departments are well conducted and contain many graceful things. In the last number "La Madonna Della Sedia" is especially charming.

Walt Whitman has been a favorite subject in recent exchanges. The *Adelbert* has one of the cleverest things, an amusing parody of Whitman's style.

The verse of the month has not been particularly pleasing, but we choose the best:

Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness,
Sweet are blooming everywhere;
Orchards glow with rose-touched whiteness,
Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness—
Swift they fly with fairy lightness,
Snowing in the mild May air;
Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness,
Soft are drifting everywhere.
—*Amherst Lit.*

TWILIGHT.

Shadows slowly stealing
O'er the dusky waters cool;
Corydon is kneeling
By the idle, listless pool.

Far beneath its placid surface
Shines the sand-bar's yellow gleam.
Nothing in the mirrored image
Mars the beauty of the dream.

Breezes softly stirring,
In the willows come and go,
The waters gently furring
With a foam as white as snow.
Through the spray is seen no gleaming ;
Drifting clouds obscure the light ;
Dimmer grow the tiny ripples
' At the coming of the night.

—*Williams Lit.*

LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

One stroked the hair where yet the soft light stayed,
Saying, " I would have loved her had she stayed."

One turned with passionate sobbing to the wall ;
" So long to love and this the end of all ! "

One bent and kissed the mute lips with a smile ;
" Patience, sweet love, 'tis only for a while."

—*Harvard Monthly.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

JOHN JAY. BY GEORGE PELLEW. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOGGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In the last year or two a great deal of careful study has been put on the early history of the United States. Much has been written about the periods of the Revolution and the making of the Constitution. With a better knowledge of the times and of the men who figured in them a disappointment to many has come. The demigods are no more. We know that men and politics were much the same then as now, and that selfishness and partisanship were powerful factors in public life. But our faith almost returns when we read this life of John Jay, the most recent addition to the valuable "American Statesmen" series. John Jay was the Cato of the public men of his day. In his unselfishness, integrity and devotion to duty he was the ideal statesman. In many positions of honor and trust he served his country long and well. President of Congress, Minister to Spain, Peace Commissioner, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Chief Justice of the United States, Special Envoy to Great Britain and Governor of New York are the milestones in his career. The Commissioners who represented the Colonies in making the Treaty of Paris were instructed by Congress to have implicit faith in France. Jay's keen insight showed him the double dealing of the French representatives and he dared to go beyond his instructions. During "the love frenzy for France" this action was highly condemned, but a study of the French archives and of the correspondence of the French Minister, Vergennes, and others has completely vindicated Jay's judgment. Curiously enough Jay's life falls into three periods of twenty-eight years each, the first covering his boyhood, education at King's College, study and practice of the law; the second, his public service; the third, the years of retirement, which he had anticipated so fondly and which he enjoyed so much. He was so self-contained and unimpulsive that there is no revelation of his inner life to be made.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS AND HERBERT D. WARD. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOGGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The Orient is so rich in color and its history is such a long gallery of impressive pictures that it ever attracts the story-teller. In the opening chapter of Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster" we saw Daniel, the great exile, in the grandeur of a noble old age. But it was only a glimpse, and the story went on without him. In "The Master of the Magicians"

we see Daniel again, but here with the pride of his youth upon him—the chief of the high-born Hebrews attached to the court of Nebuchadnezzar. It is the story of the love of Allit, the King's captain, and Lalitha, the daughter of an astrologer. The passion of the queen, Amytis, for Allit is conventional, and her jealousy throws obstacles in the path of the young lovers. When all the other wise men fail, Daniel interprets the King's dream, and is proclaimed "Master of the Magicians" and is made Governor of Babylon. On the death of her father Lalitha becomes Daniel's ward. The young ascetic feels a very human affection for Lalitha, but bravely yields her to his friend. The story is always interesting, and at times has the deep tone of true passion.

ROBERT BROWNING: PERSONALIA. By EDMUND GOSSE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This neat little volume, which is a reprint of some papers in the *Century* and the *New Review*, will find room for itself among the host of Browning books which have appeared since the poet's death. The sketches are well called *Personalia*, in view of the long and intimate acquaintance that Mr. Gosse had with Browning. They are glimpses at the simple, serene life of the master, who, in making us think, has made us love him for his manliness and truth.

HORATIO NELSON AND THE NAVAL SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. \$1.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A new series, "Heroes of the Nations," is opened with a life of the great seaman of England, and the publishers very wisely chose as the author one who has charmed all by his sea tales, and gives quite a nautical flavor to this book. The early biographies of Nelson were written by landsmen, who were lost in admiration of their hero, in whose mouth they put a vast number of bombastic phrases. Mr. Russell avoids much of this absurdity and strives to give a picture of the man himself. We could wish to know more about Nelson's early life—that hard life of a midshipman among the horrors of an English man-of-war of the eighteenth century. In such a school did the delicate boy become the rough sailor and dashing fighter of after days. Mr. Russell shows that, contrary to received opinion, Nelson planned carefully the evolution of his ships for every battle, and did not depend alone on the dash and vigor of the attack. Mr. Russell writes pleasantly throughout, but excels in his vivid pictures of Nelson's most noted engagements. The book is well bound and profusely illustrated.

THE STORY OF RUSSIA. BY W. R. MORFILL, M.A. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Russia is a very prominent figure in the world to-day. The vast extent of its empire, its bold political designs, its interesting literature, the dark stories of despotic cruelty, all attract attention. It is difficult to realize for how short a time Russia has played a part in European politics or even laid claim to the possession of civilization. We all know something of modern Russia, but we have much to learn about the old half-wild Russia of yesterday. This volume, in "The Story of the Nations" series, gives us exactly what we need. Mr. Morfill writes with a singular freedom from English prejudice, and with great appreciation of the people and language of Russia. The chapters on Russian Literature and the Social Condition of Russia are particularly interesting. The book has numerous maps and illustrations.

AMERICAN FARMS; THEIR CONDITION AND FUTURE. BY J. R. ELLIOTT. \$1.25. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The wide-awake man must see that the future of the American farm is one of the gravest questions of the day. All through the East the cry is, "Farming doesn't pay." Farms are being abandoned, and the population is moving to the cities. In the West the deadly mortgage stares the farmer in the face, and to escape starvation and utter ruin he must become the tenant of some large holder who has absorbed his homestead. The situation is very serious. Mr. Elliott sets its forth very clearly. He says truly, "Protection is the farmer's deadly enemy." He is terribly afraid of the single tax and of socialism, which he says are no remedies. After an array of facts and figures regarding the condition of the farmer that will set any one thinking, Mr. Elliott states his objections to the remedies proposed and then offers his own: A more general realization of the necessity of having a large agricultural population, and also the union of the farmer for political action. Mr. Elliott finds comfort in the quotation "Morality is stronger than a majority," and has faith in the ability of the American people to solve the problem.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D., LITT. D. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS.)

This stirring tale has been so widely read and is so deservedly popular that a new edition was needed. Dr. Ludlow is a graduate of Princeton, and has done honor to his *Alma Mater* by this successful novel. The central figure of the story, it is scarcely necessary to say, is George Castriot, called Scanderbeg by the Turks, who had stolen him in boyhood and trained him for the corps of the Janizaries. When he had learned all the Turks could teach him of the art of war, when he had become captain of the Janizaries and first of the Sultan's generals, he left his

high position and returned to his native Albania, where for years he maintained a successful struggle against the Turks. There is plenty of action, and the interest is kept up throughout. If you have never read this novel let it be the next one on your list.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEXICO. BY ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. \$1.00.
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co.)

The barrier between the United States and the neighboring republic of Mexico is being broken down by increased intercourse—commercial and otherwise. The history of Mexico cannot be said to be very interesting. Vague traditions before the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century, the monotonous story of three centuries of bondage to Spain, the kaleidoscopic series of governments since the revolution—such is Mexican history. Mexican archæology is a rich field scarcely touched yet, and Mexican social life of to-day offers opportunities for much profitable study. Mr. Noll has given us in convenient form a really valuable hand-book of Mexican history.

THIERS. BY PAUL DE REMUSAT. TRANSLATED BY M. B. ANDERSON. \$1.00.
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co.)

Thiers was a great statesman and a great writer. His public life extended through the Government of July, the Second Republic, the Second Empire and six years of the Third Republic. M. de Remusat gives an excellent and entertaining account of Thiers' political career and a fair idea of his personality, but the treatment of Thiers as a man of letters is very meagre for a volume in the "Great French Writers" series. The historian of the Revolution and of the Consulate and the Empire holds a place in French literature which entitles him to critical study. Thiers as a statesman was sometimes a trifle unscrupulous, but through all he acted with a high purpose, and served his country well in a time of darkness and trouble. There are few more noble pictures than that of the old man of seventy-four undertaking, as First President of the Third Republic, to restore order out of the chaos left by the Franco-Prussian War.

DISRAELI IN OUTLINE. BY F. CARROLL BREWSTER, LL.D. (PHILADELPHIA: PORTER & COATES.)

Probably the most striking figure in English political history is Benjamin Disraeli. The son of a despised race, the possessor of no political backing, Disraeli saw his opportunity in the leaderless Conservative party, made himself its chief, and strangest of all, made it a party of progress. The man who made a ridiculous failure in his maiden speech and sat down comforting himself with the defiant "The time will come when you shall hear me," lived to be Prime Minister of England and to

give Victoria an empire. Mr. Brewster gives, in compact form, the main points of Disraeli's life and an appreciative study of his character. A valuable feature of the work is the abridgment of Beaconsfield's novels, together with various contemporary criticisms.

GETTYSBURG, AND OTHER POEMS. BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.
(PHILADELPHIA: PORTER & COATES.)

In perfect keeping with the opening poem, "Gettysburg," this little book is bound in blue and gray. "Tacey Richardson's Ride," we imagine, will find its way into the repertoire of many an elocutionist. "A November Nocturne" has some touches of real poetry—"Where Time's slow windlass draws the days like links of anchor-chains." And again—"So low they flew that on the trees their strong wings splashed a spray of moonlight white."

MESSALINA.—A TRAGEDY. BY ALGERNON S. LOGAN. \$1.00. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

The subject of this drama is one of the treasonable plots which abounded in the political life of restless Rome. It is a tragedy of some power, but it is powerful less from the treatment than from the dramatic character of the materials. Messalina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius Drusus, versatile, passionate and ambitious, reminds one of Cleopatra. One of her many loves is Silius, the consul-elect, with whom she plans to usurp the Imperial purple. But in so doing, Narcissus, a gifted freedman and secretary to the Emperor, is cast aside. A formidable enemy is thus raised, who is enabled by his position to cause the death of both Messalina and Silius.

THE WORLD-ENERGY AND ITS SELF-CONSERVATION. BY
WILLIAM M. BRYANT. (CHICAGO: S. C. GREGGS & Co.)

The appearance of this little volume is most timely. It expresses an opinion on what to us seems *the* question of modern thought, and that is the relation of scientific to speculative inquiry. To anyone who is at all conversant with the history of Philosophy and the progress of Natural Science there must often have been suggested the question as to their relation. Some there are who have denied that there is any connection between the empty categories of the mind and the real things of nature, and out of this denial some of the deepest skepticisms of the day have risen. Now our author has attempted to prove that the Physical Sciences and Mental Philosophy cannot be in fundamental opposition. To this end he institutes an ingenious comparison between Hegel and Spenser. The one has the framework of reality as it is constructed by the mind alone, and the other has more of the content

exclusive of the framework. Now, what each needs is the other, and in this union of the speculative with the empirical data, we get a true and substantial philosophy. Nothing could give us greater personal satisfaction than having our own views of the future of rational inquiry expressed in these prophetic terms: "We may infer that the scientist of the future will not be content, nor even feel secure, without a 'speculative' training; while the specialist in speculative studies will not dare, even if he should desire, to remain in ignorance of the special methods and results of the so called 'empirical' sciences."

TIN-TYPES TAKEN IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. BY
LEMUEL E. QUIGG. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.)

How suggestive of the contents of the book is the title! These sketches are surely tin-types—not all in the *streets* of New York—no; there are instantaneous pictures of the dining-rooms of the rich, of the Wall street broker's office, of the anarchistic beer saloon, of all phases of New York life, from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest. And exceedingly clever and accurate are they, too! We should judge that the writer was familiar with all the amusement, with all the good, with all the pathos, with all the wickedness, and with all the nobleness in the life of our great metropolis. The author has simply set down in plain, unassuming language, short detached sketches, which, like the photographs from which they take their name, are not complete, and exhibit but detached portions of the whole with unfinished edges. They are—as we have said—now amusing, now pathetic; now they exhibit the wickedness of human nature and now its nobleness; now it is a satire on ward politics, and again on the "Four Hundred"—in short, we advise every one to read and appreciate it as we have done. The publishers have left nothing undone to make it as attractive in looks as it is in contents.

TRADE ORGANIZATIONS IN POLITICS; ALSO, PROGRESS AND ROBBERY—AN ANSWER TO HENRY GEORGE. BY J. BLEECKER MILLER. (NEW YORK: THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.)

As the author says in his introduction, the prominence of trade organizations in politics makes this discussion a timely one. The various chapters are reprints of the papers and speeches of a man who takes a strong interest in municipal and national politics, and sees clearly the grave social questions of the day. The treatment is thoughtful and judicial. The reply to Henry George, while it finds the weak points in the armor of "Progress and Poverty," is scarcely a conclusive argument against the Single Tax theory. The author looks to the future bravely and hopefully; is not afraid of a certain degree of state interference, and in his views of Political Economy, he leans toward the German School—the "Socialism of the Chair."

MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB. REPORTED BY AMOS K. FISKE.
(NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

Most of the papers in this volume were originally published in a New York Sunday newspaper, and are reprinted here, as the author says, to rescue them "from the quick oblivion of the newspaper." They were worth rescuing. They are talks upon religion, politics and society, by the "Judge," who is an independent thinker with pronounced ideas. He pleads for tolerance in religion and for morality in politics. At times he seems to us too radical in his treatment of venerable things, but sincerity of purpose atones for his transgressions.

TURNING POINTS, OR GREAT QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN. BY JOHN L. BRANDT. \$1.00. (CINCINNATI: STANDARD PUBLISHING Co.)

The author, realizing that the hope or the curse of a nation rests in its young men and young women, has written for the young people of America a book that talks plainly without mincing matters and points the great questions of personal and national life. His discussion of some of the turning points is direct enough to set his readers thinking. "The Fast Young Man" is very aptly characterized, and "Questions of the Age, and Who are to Decide Them," is one of the best chapters.

BELLA'S BLUE BOOK; THE STORY OF AN UGLY WOMAN.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MARIE CALM. \$1.25; PAPER, 75c.
(NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON COMPANY.)

This is a strongly-written novel in the form of a diary kept by a young wife who, while tormenting herself with her imagined ugliness, in reality is singularly attractive. The diary, for once, does not spoil the story. The self-analysis sometimes reminds us of Marie Bashkirtseff.

We have received from various publishers a number of the novels that will be read by everyone in the summer that is before us. We can notice them only by title:

THE RAJAH'S HEIR. A NOVEL. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

BLACK BEAUTY; HIS GROOMS AND COMPANIONS. THE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE. BY ANNA SEWELL. (BOSTON: THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.)

THE MERRY CHANTER. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON. 50c. (NEW YORK CENTURY COMPANY.)

-
- A MAGNETIC MAN. BY E. S. VAN ZILE. 50c.
- IN THE VALLEY OF HAVILAH. BY F. S. CLARK. 50c.
- THE PERFECT WAY. BY EDWARD MITTLAND AND ANNA (BONUS)
KINGSFORD. 50c.
- THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR. BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D. 50c.
- THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH. BY MAAARTEN MAAARTENS. 50c.
- OUR ERRING BROTHER; OR, CHURCH AND CHAPEL. BY F. W.
ROBINSON. 30c.
- "DINNA FORGET." BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, AUTHOR OF "BOOTLE'S
BABY." 30c.
- A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. BY T. L. MEADE. 30c.
(NEW YORK: FRANK F. LOVELL & Co.)

CALENDAR.

APRIL 26TH.—Meeting of the I. C. F. B. A. at Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. E. A. Poe elected President, and the Championship awarded to Princeton.

APRIL 30TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Easton. Score, 6 to 3.

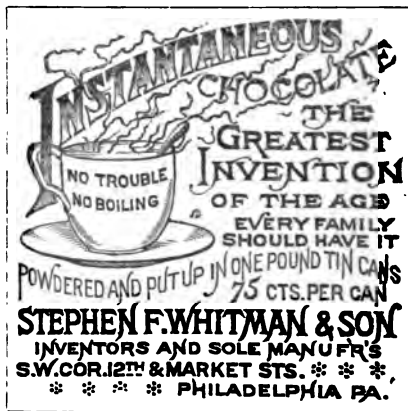
The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates, The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,

Hickorynut
Bar,

Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,

Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,

Black
Walnut
Bar,

Molasses
Chips,

Almond
Nougatine,

Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,

SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON

1316 CHESTNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA.

MAY 1st.—Whig Hall Freshman Speaking; H. W. Bridges, N. Y., First Prize; P. H. Davis, N. Y., Second.....Meeting of Princeton Club of New York at Hotel Brunswick.

MAY 3d.—Annual Meeting of Philadelphian Society. President, W. W. Casselberry; Vice-President, C. M. Gordon.....Lacrosse game, Princeton Reserves vs. Lawrenceville, at Lawrenceville. Score, 4 to 0.....Base-ball

—◀PARIS OFFICE, 4 RUE D'UZES▶—

—ESTABLISHED 1861—

SAMUEL BUDD,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Shirts and Outfittings

FOR GENTLEMEN,

MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

8 KING EDWARD STREET LONDON.

DR. CHARLES DIPPOLT,

Dentist,

Gas and Ether Administered.

111 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.
FIRST FLOOR.

MAY 9TH.—Whig Hall Prize Debate. J. C. Meyer, Pa., First Prize; C. T. Wood, Da., and J. S. VanCleve, Pa., Honorable Mention.....Clio Hall Freshman Speaking; B. McAlpine, N. Y., First Prize; J. C. Green, N. J. Second.

MAY 10TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Cuban Giants, at Princeton. Score, 9 to 3.....Lacrosse game, Princeton vs. Stevens, at Princeton. Score, 12 to 0.....M. A. C. games in New York—Dohm, '90, first in 500

HOTTEL, Agt.,

THE HATTER

33 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

AGENT FOR DUNLAPS' CELEBRATED HATS.

LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL CAPS.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

Music & Musical Merchandise,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.,

Opposite Nassau Hall,

PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

yds., with Roddy, '91, third; Woodbridge, '93, second in 1,000 yds..... Clay Pigeon Shoot, '91 Gun Club vs. Rutgers, at New Brunswick. Score, 52 to 39.....Lacrosse game, Princeton Freshmen vs. Y. M. C. A., at Philadelphia. Score, 0 to 1.

MAY 14TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Jaspers, at Princeton. Score, 8 to 0.

THOS. C. HILL & SON,

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

Lunches and Course Dinners

←—WRITE FOR PRICES.—→

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE



GALES SAFETIES.

NEW MAIL
—AND—

Bicycle Sundries of Every Description. Wright & Ditson's Tennis, Reach's Base Ball Goods. Flannel Suitings, Shoes and Caps.

SEND FOR SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.

MAY 17TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Staten Island Athletic Club, at Livingston. Score, 6 to 2.....Lacrosse game, Princeton vs. Johns Hopkins, at Princeton. Score, 3 to 2.....Yale-Harvard Base-ball game, at New Haven, a walk-over for Yale.

MAY 19TH.—Conference Committee disbanded.

J. F. HANCOCK,

PRACTICAL BAKER AND ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER

FANCY AND WEDDING CAKES. FINEST CONFECTIONS.

HANCOCK'S CELEBRATED ICE CREAM.

CORNER NORTH BROAD AND MANOVER STREETS,

TRENTON, N. J.

RUHLMAN'S

MUSIC ❁ HOUSE

105 EAST STATE ST., OPP. CITY HALL,

TRENTON, N. J.

EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE
AT LOWEST PRICES.

STEWART'S CELEBRATED BANJOS

A SPECIALTY.

Also, Finest Quality of Banjo, Guitar and Violin Strings.

MAY 21ST.—Base-ball game, University of Pa. vs. Princeton, at Princeton. Score, 8 to 3.

MAY 24TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. Score, 1 to 0.....Lacrosse game, Lehigh vs. Princeton, at Bethlehem. Score, 3 to 2.....Clay Pigeon Shoot, '91 Gun Club vs. Yale, at Princeton. Score, 89 to 98 (out of a possible 120.)

YOUMANS DERBY,
FINE CANES, UMBRELLAS
AND COLLEGE CAPS,
DOBBINS, The Hatter
15 EAST STATE STREET.

—THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

Fine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

CLOCKS, FINE SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

—IS AT—

JOHN C. DEMMERT'S,

Successor to Chas. Stakeman,

23 EAST STATE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

~~63~~ Prices always 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere ~~63~~

I make Classical Books and Photographs, together with the *Artistic Framing* of Class and Club Photos, a Specialty. Masters as well as Students should not fail to *take time* to inspect my large and elegant Stock of Engravings, Etchings. Photogravures and Water Colors. I carry the largest line of Pictures and Picture Frames in the State; and offer in addition Rogers' and other Statuary Groups, and many small decorative goods suitable for room ornamentation.

WM. H. BREARLEY,

26 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LITERATURE AND LIFE. MacLean Prize Oration, <i>George R. Wallace,</i>	147
FOUR O'CLOCK. Verses, - - - - - <i>Irvine McColl,</i>	155
"WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE." Story, - <i>George P. Wheeler,</i>	155
NAPOLEON'S STATUE AT SANSSOUCL. Poem, - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	163
PRESENTIMENT. Etching, - - - - -	165
LA GRANDE PASSION. Poem, - - - - - <i>George R. Wallace,</i>	166
"TANTINE"—A FINISHED TALE, - - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	157
SUNSET. Poem, - - - - - <i>Ralph D. Small,</i>	173
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, - - - - -	174
ON ORIGINALITY—THE WASHERWOMAN—LITERARY CLUBS—SAL- MAGUNDI—"HALL" SONGS—IN AN OLD QUARRY—ON READING— "THE REASON"—UNIVERSITY INSIGNIA.	
EDITORIALS, - - - - -	189
PRIZES—TO CONTRIBUTORS—AN INNOVATION IN SENIOR SPEAKING —THE PRESERVATION OF THE CAMPUS—THE SMALLER COLLEGE— THE PHILISTINE IN COLLEGE—UNIVERSITY FREEDOM IN ENGLAND.	
GOSSIP, - - - - -	160
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	201
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	207
CALENDAR, - - - - -	214

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

G. B. AGNEW, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DUNHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. LOOK BOX 647.

VOL. XLVI.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 3.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION. GEORGE R. WALLACE, PENNSYLVANIA.

LITERATURE is geological. Each stratum speaks of the past. Each outcropping ledge bears a testimony. Every fragment turned up by the spade of the antiquary has a story to tell us of the far-gone days when it too saw the light of the sun and heard the music of the birds in the branches above it. When we consider an epic or a drama, our first thought is: This is the work of a man; it is limited by his genius and the range of his knowledge, its point of view is determined by his experience, it is but the shadow of his personality. Here are two men living in London under the same king. Chaucer, a gallant gentleman, the pride and delight of a glittering and luxurious court; and Langlande, a poor priest, burdened with poverty and gaunt with famine. One gives us gay pictures of life—processions, pageants, May mornings and dreams of love; the

other looks from his cavernous eyes, a stern and gloomy judge. He will address the revelers only to read their doom, and, when he sleeps, his visions will be of the multitudinous wrongs of the mute, long-suffering people.

Yet behind our writer's experience and equally potent is the personality of the man. It is that individual and peculiar stamp, that primal impress which he receives from the hand of his Maker. It is that illusive something which makes him not like other men. It is that spontaneous variation which gives him a face, a gesture, a habit of thought, a soul of his own. Charles Lamb could never have made a Ben Johnson, and no amount of sweetness and light could have transformed the rugged Carlyle into a Matthew Arnold.

But a man does not stand alone. He has antecedents, and the little circle of his daily life is but an eddy in the great stream. His personality is specifically his own, but in its genus it is national; it is a spontaneous variation, but a variation from a fixed and well-marked type. We turn to the poetry and folk songs of the Slavonic peoples and are touched by a childlike and submissive spirit, a brooding melancholy, a pathetic tenderness. They sing in a minor key of lovers who must part forever; they love softly, and bear separation with a gentle and sorrowful resignation. There is none of the fire and defiance of the Frenchman, none of the stubborn pertinacity of the German. Their literature tells us these people are children, and as we read it we understand why the Czar is the Great White Father and Russia the last patriarchal despotism in Europe.

The development of many of these national characteristics we can trace. When men live together they learn to think together and feel together. They are under the same sky; if it is bright and warm, if wood and meadow and curving shore are sensuous with the soft harmonies of form and color, if the willing earth readily yields her fruits, we shall have the light-hearted races of the South. Their purpose

shall be pleasure; their ideal, beauty; their life one long rejoicing in the brightness and abundance around them. But if Nature is stern and cold, the sky somber, the sea wintry, the forests dark, life becomes a veritable struggle for existence, and in that struggle the fibres of the soul grow hard and tough, the eye becomes fixed with a dogged determination, a race is developed strong, resolute, enduring. Such men do not smile. For them Nature is no variegated pageantry, for them life is no long holiday. Stern necessity surrounds them. They must toil, endure, suffer. The sensuous side of their being is undeveloped; the mind turns in upon itself and constructs a gloomy mythology and a grim philosophy. Contrast the productions of the Teutonic with those of the Romance nations. In every age, in every literary form you will notice the broad distinction. The Northern men have strong conceptions of duty; they are sober-minded, introspective and sad. Their novelist writes with a distinct moral purpose, and even in the gladsome spring-time their poet cannot shake off his gloom.

“ Winter has waned that was the flowers' bale,
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.”

Not so the warm-blooded child of France. He plunges into the delights of the returning bloom with a merry abandon.

“ Hail! month of May, with garlands fresh bedight,
All softly swaying in the balmy breeze,
Filling the blooming woods with pinions light,
To earth revived, you promise joyous ease.”

We find, too, with a nation as with a man, the second great factor is the experience through which it passes, for national personality means national life, and life means change, growth, progress. Each generation inherits a

certain residuum of experience, a certain solid acquisition, which is in turn increased and transmitted to the next. The first impulse to compose came to men who were uncritical. They spoke because there was something in them clamoring for expression. They give us wild songs of battle, lofty hymns, or weird tales warm from the heart and glowing with a splendid imagery caught from their close contact with that Nature which they loved and deified. So Homer celebrated the wrath of Achilles and the valor of Hector; so the Sanskrit peoples chanted their hymns to the Great Father as they climbed the slopes of the Himalayas; and so our own Saxons sang of the deadly Grendel and his slayer Beowulf in words so vehement, broken and furious that they reproduce the shock of the conflict and the "din of slaughter-stroke." But the type of the later age is Goethe. Not for him the whirlwind and chariot of Homer's inspiration; not for him the beatific vision of the Harper of Israel! Clear, cool, penetrating, in the midst of the accumulation of facts and multiplicity of systems which mark our day, his princely intellect was master of them all. No science was unfamiliar to him, no art escaped him; no history or philosophy which he had not made his own. The infinite complexity of modern life found its synthesis in his capacious brain. No breezes from the caves of Helicon or draughts from the fountain of Castalia wrought the magic of his mood. In quietness of soul, in the pure white light of a developed consciousness and a critical reflection he fashioned his mighty works and demonstrated to a doubting age that the spirit of poetry still lived; that underneath all the wearisome detail of this merchandising, exploring century, there still were the springs of human life, as deep, as rich, as inexhaustible, as when the first bard struck his first impassioned note.

But progress is not uniform. The history of the world must be written in epochs, and literature reflects what history narrates. The character of the times must determine

whether any literature shall be produced at all. For such a production implies energy and an enthusiasm. If society is absorbed in other pursuits, or is wearied and discouraged in spirit, there will be no creation. For more than a hundred years, while the English race at home was adding name after name to the splendid catalogue of its literary genius, the same race in America enrolled not a single one. The people were the same, they inherited the same institutions and character, they were brought up under the same schoolmasters; but here the necessities of a new country gave them tasks very different from the composition of stinging satires and elegant essays. Look on the other hand at France under Louis XIV. Here an elegant and opulent court, devoted to a life of leisure and refinement, made of a strolling player a Molière, and the world has laughed ever since at the rascalities of Scapin and the blunders of Monsieur Jourdain.

But leisure and opportunity, without some impulse, some definite enthusiasm, can produce nothing of power. If the soul does not burn it can emit no spark. For a thousand years the monasteries of the west were devoted to the reading and making of books, and yet what schoolman has added to the time-defying literature of the world? Why was a period so fruitful in books so barren in literature? The spirit of men had grown sad. The light of the new gospel had been swallowed up in the gloom of mediæval barbarism. Eternal Rome, the glory of the centuries, undermined by its own corruption, had fallen with a crash; the masses were sunk in a coarse and groveling sensualism; for the man who thought there was nothing but despair. The purpose of the ages had failed, the golden hope had perished, and so, stricken by the spectre of a ruined world whirling on to its final doom, the affrighted soul lost the power of action, withdrew into itself, and sought peace in isolation and a blind submission to an overshadowing authority. But when the spell was broken, when discovery

and invention and commerce had given men a new interest in life and brought back confidence and self-respect, when the world had come to believe in the dignity and destiny of man, then the enchained spirit broke its bonds and found utterance in a wave of literary expression that gave Italy her Renaissance and England her Elizabethan era.

The epoch, too, determines the standpoint. When Europe, in the darkness of ignorance and civil disorder, saw the possibilities of manhood only in dreams and felt vaguely, instinctively, the hard and narrow limits of mediæval life, her poets expressed her longing for the absolute, her aspirations for something higher and better, by picturing impossible heroes performing impossible deeds. The condition of mediæval men made a romantic school inevitable; and as they sat in their rude castles and heard of Tancred and Rogero slaying giants and Paynims before whom many a worthy knight had fallen, they felt if they did not see in such a tale the analogue of their own life, only for them the deliverer had not yet come. But now, when the dreams of men are being worked out and our ears are full of the actual achievements of this nineteenth century, our writing must take the standpoint of its age, and we have our Thackerays and Dickens and George Eliots introducing a literature of practical philanthropy and leveling good, homely thrusts at the common vices and evils of the day.

The epoch, too, is expressed in the form its work assumes. No one would write an allegory now; our greatest genius has made his name imperishable in the drama where modern poets have failed; the dialogue embodies the richest philosophic thought of the past, and yet it is out of the question to-day. We seem to feel the subtle differences between forms which suit them to our varying conditions, and where old ones grow inadequate we evolve new. The father of modern science gave us the essay, and the peculiar needs of our times created the novel. The drama had given out-

lines of character and action. It had presented life in the relief of a Parthenon frieze, catching attitudes and expressions, but leaving much to be inferred. But when that supreme conception of the personality of man, towards which the world had been so long struggling, was at last reached, then life became more significant and worthy of a deeper study. The proper respect for stage effects, also, had vanished, and where the Greek heart thrilled as Zeus thundered upon Prometheus, the modern only smiled and thought of the copper sheets behind the scenes. We had learned that the tragedy of life is not in the roar of the tempest or the clash of steel, but in the human breast. This inner action with its fine analysis and slow development the stage could not attempt. We needed a new form to express our dawning sense of the dignity and sacredness of each man as man—the supreme interest of every event and every sentiment which might affect a human life—and it came.

The first requirement of real literature is that it shall be universal. Nothing shall live that does not go deeper than the manners of the time, deeper than the transitory interests and momentary ambitions of a short-lived generation and touch the great throbbing heart of the world. For, after all, we are one. Far removed we may be in time, living under different skies, speaking a different tongue, and having a different inheritance, still we are one. The same heart has beaten in every breast; the same mysteries have been faced, the same problems confronted by every soul that has crossed the threshold of life. And as we who stand upon the very verge of time, possessing the long inheritance of the ages and enjoying the accumulated triumphs of our race, by the magic of its literature look far back into the past, we see that the sky was as bright then, the earth as fresh and green, the impulses of the heart as strong and various, and the great burden of unaccomplished destiny as heavy then as now. Those fierce

and shaggy Thanes drinking deep in Edwin's mead-hall seem remote enough from us, and yet, before the messenger of the evangel one rises and, in sentences which have never been surpassed in beauty and pathos, reveals how his mind had been groping in the dark for some broad and sure foundation; reveals how that irrepressible question, that insatiable demand for truth, was as imperative and absorbing in the fens and forests of the Saxon as in the vaulted judgment hall of the Roman governor. For this is the question of the world, and all its literature swells in one mournful and various chorus to give utterance to the answers which the restless brain of man has proposed. The Sagas of Scandinavia and the light and elegant verses of Horace, the Vedic hymns from distant India and the witty and cynical writings of Voltaire, each in their way present a philosophy of life. The Genius of Literature is Protean. It may mask in the gay attire of an Aristophanes or trail through Hell the sable garments of a Dante; it may express itself in the amorous lays of a Flamenca or assume the armor and heavy battle shout of the Song of Roland. But in whatever form, under whatever disguise, it is always the Genius of Life. It is still the expression of that same striving, hoping, erring, god-like human soul. And even when it rises to the sublimest heights, when it enters the palace of the king, and in mysterious and awful characters inscribes the doom of nations upon the walls, there still we may trace the guiding "fingers of a man's hand."

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

HARK! Can you hear the lark's first song?

Far to the dawn he's winging;

Some mystic word, my lad, I know

To thee the strain is bringing.

No need to tell—I know it well—

He sings for thee,

As once for me,

The song of Love's first singing.

Why early from your bower, fair maid,

To hear the sweet tones ringing,

When morning kisses dimpled cheeks,

And leaves its crimson clinging?

'Tis in your eye, the reason why!

You came to hear

Through day-dawn clear,

That song the lark was singing!

IRVINE McCOLL.

"WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE."

ABE HORTON was coming back. The new lode at Black Rock find had not turned out as favorably as experts had predicted, and now, one by one, the miners who had flocked in from the surrounding country were finding their way back again to their old places.

The stage driver had been the first to bring the news, and when he told the men leaning over the bar of the Red Gulch tavern, the game of California Jack, in the rear of the room, was momentarily disregarded.

"What's that, Ary? Abe goin' to take a sneak again? Whar?"

"Here."

"Hah! Glad. When'll he break up?"

"Next week, he 'lowed. Don't think the wash pays nohow there, he says."

"Never 'lowed 'twould," said the first speaker, scornfully. "Y' hear that, Mark?" to a young, handsome fellow who just then stepped into the doorway. "Y'r pard is strikin' out for th' old diggins. Comin' back again!"

"Is he?" answered the one addressed, a gleam of genuine pleasure lighting up his face. "Good! When is he coming, Ary?"

"Next week. But you don't mean to say you've been lonesome like, Mark?" with a good-natured laugh in which the rest joined. "Not lonesome, eh?"

Mark did not answer, but flushed darkly. "Come now, Mark," said Ary not unkindly, "learn to take a 'casional joke free an' easy. 'Twont hurt y'r complexion any."

"Mark needn't be so d—— techy about the girl anyway," he remarked when the younger man had gone out, "no one was a sayin' anything agen her."

"No," said Bas Homans, the horse trader, "'twouldn't be no ways safe for you to do that act. Mark's meek enough gen'rally, but he's blame ugly when he ra'ars."

* * * * *

Mark was lounging at the door of the saloon when Abe rode into the town, and the rest of the men waited in the background until the two had shaken hands with an almost affectionate greeting. And there was a bond of something akin to affection between these two men of such different characteristics—Mark so slight and awkward, with tightly curling golden hair and beard, and Horton graceful and well-formed, older, with dark hair and eyes and a cynical curve on his lips. Drawn by what unexplainable attraction it is impossible to say, the two men had thrown their lots together since they had first come to the Gulch three years before.

Mark was frank and open, and in two weeks his taciturn partner knew his history and the young man, too, as well

as he did himself. Understanding him as he did, when on one or two occasions the younger had thrown insult in his face and flung himself out of the house in a fit of passion as unreasonable as it was uncontrollable, the older and cooler man had gone about his business calmly and unconcernedly, and next day Mark would turn up and the two would shake hands solemnly as though nothing had happened.

But it was not from him that Abe got the news about the woman. The men had often of late laughed good humoredly over Mark's infatuation, and it came to Horton in that way as he was leaning over the bar the following morning lighting a cigar from the dingy brass lighter the tavern afforded. Not that it made any particular difference to him, except that he wondered casually what kind of a woman it was and why Mark had not spoken of her.

"Blame techy he is, too," volunteered Ary Bilder, "can't mention her a little bit but he pulls up and walks."

Abe laughed. It did not surprise him, but only argued that the young one was hard hit. Afterward, with the cigar between his lips, he vaguely wondered who could have smitten Mark at all, for, from his own experience of the Gulch, attractive maidens were in a great minority.

He did not think of the matter again until toward evening, when he was walking in the growing twilight down past the corner stores, and saw coming toward him along the old post-road the figure of Mark with a woman beside him. Abe did not doubt for a moment that this was she of whom he had heard, and his fancy was immediately struck by her costume, which was in pleasing variance with the costumes of the women one was accustomed to see upon the street at Gulch. His eyes lingered critically on the tasty, gray dress and the neatly trimmed skirt, with its surprising lack of gaudiness, and it was not until he was almost abreast of the pair that he raised his eyes to hers.

There was just the slightest shade of change in his face, but that was the only sign of recognition, save that the

cigar he held in his hand dropped and lay unnoticed in the yellow dust as he raised his hat and passed on. But the woman's face had grown bloodless to the lips.

Abe did not go back to the cabin that night until late. Mark was asleep when he came in, and he rose in the morning and went out before the younger man awakened.

* * * * *

That same morning a woman stood by the mantel in a small plain room of one of the few boarding houses the Gulch boasted. She held a note in her hand and crushed it in passionate anger in her small palm. The note read:

"Meet me at ten at the gable rock. I have something to say to you.
"A. H."

As she read the terse, short sentences her bosom rose and fell with her hurried breaths, and her large eyes flashed, making her still more lovely than when her even features were in repose. For she was a beautiful woman, certainly. At first glance it would have been difficult to guess her age. Hers was one of those faces that are so different in action and in rest. When she slept, it may be, one might have noted the downward curve of the lips, and the dark, wearied cast of the eyes, hinting at a past of not all peace and quiet. But now, in the glance of her wonderful eyes one saw none of these things, and only that she was very beautiful.

She crushed the paper fiercely in her hand, and poking open the door of the little stove, dropped it in a tiny crackling ball inside.

As she stood upright again, her eyes fell upon a photograph on the board mantel. It was a fair likeness of Mark, looking even more youthful as it had been taken a year before, but the eyes and the curling golden beard were there the same. Her face grew wonderfully soft as she gazed at it. All the hate and defiance with which she had

stooped to toss the note into the blaze died out, and her lips quivered. Twice she sat down to the square table in the corner and began a letter, but each time she abandoned the attempt, and got up to walk the floor nervously. Finally, when the hands of the wooden clock pointed to half-past nine, she put on a hat, and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, went down stairs and walked quickly over the rise toward the upper end of the Gulch.

Just to the left of where the post-road sweeps away over the mountain, there is a spot where the trees grow denser than usual, and there, well nigh covered with moss and lichen, stands a huge rock shaped curiously like a roof with its pointed gable. This was "gable rock."

Before she turned off from the wide, dusty road, she looked distrustfully about her, but no one was in sight, and she turned back through the firs and boulders. After walking quite a distance, she turned sharply to the right and passed into the gloom of the shadowy, overhanging boughs.

Horton was there, leaning against the rock, and when she had come near she stopped and looked at him in silence, and with no attempt at a greeting.

"How long have you been here?" he asked her, brusquely.

"Since May."

"How long do you intend to stay?"

"I don't know. It depends."

"Listen. Is there anything between Mark and you?"

"Yes," she answered, with sudden passion. "I love him as I never loved you or any other man, Abe Horton, and I'll keep him, too! Why," she cried, breaking down and sobbing before him. "Why can't you let me alone? The world is big enough!"

The man went dispassionately on. "You know me. You knew me years ago in 'Frisco, and what my prospects were before I met you. You know what I am now. You

did it, and you know it. I swore then that I would never see you again. I didn't want to. I came on here. You come here also, and now you want to ruin Mark. He is my friend—my friend—and he shall never go through the mill I went through five years ago! Understand me, and bear me witness that I do not do this in revenge, but only for him. This is what you shall do. I will give you two days to break with Mark and leave here. Never come here again. If Mark leaves afterward, I shall go with him. If you have anything to say in the meantime, write it."

He turned and strode away, leaving her standing there with breath that almost choked her, and clinching her hands, until they were bloodless, in a helpless passion of anger.

At noon of the same day the woman sat before the window of her room with the dark circles about her eyes left by weeping, but with an unquenchable fire in their dark depths; the man stood in his own doorway, calmly and slowly tearing a piece of paper into bits and scattering them in the wind, and no one would have guessed, as the breeze flung about the floating shreds and played with them, that they were all that was left of a woman's passionate avowal of love and defiance inscribed through tears that blinded and with a hand that shook.

Horton waited two days, going to his work as usual. When noon of the second day came, and the forty-eight hours were gone, he sat down and penciled a note. It read as follows:

"This is the last time. You have yet a chance to leave to-night. Mark is my friend and if you care at all for him you will not let him suspect my connection with your going.

"HORTON."

As an afterthought, he turned the paper and wrote on the back:

"If you do not, I shall tell Mark all I have known of you, and I know him well enough to believe that will be an end of it.

"A. H."

He sealed and directed it and giving it to one of the boys in the tavern, directing him where to carry it, he shouldered his pick and started for his tunnel.

Mark Hendley ran against the small messenger as he came to the door. "A letter? Give it here; I'm going right up," and he pocketed it without a glance at the inscription.

When he handed it to her on the threshold of her room she changed color, knowing the writer. Had Abe told him? She glanced up in his face, suddenly frightened, and he, seeing her terror, became suspicious. She would have put the letter in her pocket without reading it, but he, seizing her arm, stayed it, and in a single glance at the envelope recognized the well-known chirography of Horton. In an instant he became terrible in his jealousy. "Give me that letter," he demanded, crossing the room toward her with both hands extended. She held it behind her. "Don't read it, Mark, don't read it," she pleaded, "it isn't so; indeed it isn't." He paused a moment. "What isn't so?" Then, with increased emphasis, "Give me that letter. I'll see what he writes you, by G—d!" "But it's mine, Mark, and I don't want——"

He snatched it from her, and pushing her aside with an oath, opened and read it. Then he went rapidly down stairs, leaving her leaning breathless against the mantel.

* * * * *

Abe looked around as a figure obscured the mouth of the tunnel. He saw in a moment that it was Mark, and a quick glance told him that something was wrong. "What's up, old man?" he asked affectionately. "Come in and squat." But Mark stood quite still, leaning against the rock. "Anything wrong, Mark?" he asked, approaching.

"Come on in. What makes you so pale? Been working in the sun? Come in where it's cool."

Mark drew his hand from beneath his coat and struck with an inconceivably quick motion, and Horton fell back against the side of the pocket and slowly settled to a sitting posture, exclaiming, "Oh God—Mark, what did you do that for?" Mark stood above him an instant and then threw the knife away with a rattling laugh. "So you were going with her to-night, were you? Didn't want me to know it either, as I was a *friend* of yours! Even thought of me when you wrote this, didn't you?" smoothing out the crumpled paper as he spoke.

"Mark," said the other slowly, "you're wrong. I knew her in 'Frisco before I knew you. She did for me, and I wanted to save you. Read the other side, Mark, and then take my advice and pull out for the States."

Mark, with a hand like ice, turned the paper over and read. Then he called, "Abe!" first beseechingly and then more roughly, but there was no response, and turning away, he rushed out of the tunnel into the open air.

* * * * *

Over the clay hills from the Gulch that evening trudged a woman, every now and then drawing down with crooked, numb fingers the silk shawl about her neck with a poor attempt at decorum. Her skirt was torn and bedraggled, and, as she walked, now and then one foot would plump down in a mud hole, and the dirty water would splash to her knees. But she walked stolidly on and did not seem to mind it.

The dry yellow dust, or maybe the sun, had affected her eyes, so that now, while she was conscious of the landscape about her in a vague, dull way, she really saw only one thing, and this with the distinctness of a black paper silhouette on a shining white ground—it was the picture of Mark hanging from a tree.

NAPOLEON'S STATUE AT SANSSOUCI.

A HOSTAGE in cold marble here he stands,
 Held for the ransom of a monarch's sword.
 Adventurous Napoleon, whose name
 Made Prussia tremble to her very core,
 Here stands in silence, midst the gathered wealth
 Of all the arts of Europe. On his face
 No trace of aught but pride of fulfilled aims.
 The mighty emperor stands, as once he stood
 In the full zenith of his short-lived power;
 Stern and unbending, full of hidden fire—
 Held for the ransom of a monarch's sword.

Napoleon, when on that northward march
 That despoiled Prussia of her rarest gems,
 Victorious entered Potsdam; halted here,
 Here in the playground of old Prussia's kings;
 Whose palaces deserted, fountains stilled,
 And choked with rotting leaves, the statues prone,
 The gardens rank with grass, and grown with weeds,
 All round showed ruin and neglect of war.
 He climbed the marble steps to Sanssouci—
 These steps ne'er knew before the jingling spur
 Of an invader, and the echoing tread
 Resounded strange along the terrace wall.
 Then throwing wide the door he entered in.
 Here was the room where slept and wrote Voltaire,
 And there the chair in which great Frederick died.
 Upon the walls were portraits rich and fine,
 Electors, kings and royal mistresses.
 Great cases filled with rare old books, and plans
 Of campaigns, sieges, fortresses, and all
 The trophies of successful generalship,
 Gathered by Frederick many years before.
 And just below the great king's favorite home
 There stretched a marble gallery. 'Twas his wont
 To walk there daily, and with pride survey
 His treasures, representing in their cost
 The price of kingdoms. Valued for their worth,
 As the creations of great master hands—
 Raffaello Santi, Titian, Carracci,
 Robusti, all the great Italian schools;
 Ryckaert and Teniers, Van der Meulen, Fyt,
 Gerard Dou, Rubens, all the best known names,

Down to his favorite of them all—Watteau,
 For Frederick was a Frenchman in his tastes.
 Now all Napoleon's robber nature stirred.
 With greedy eyes, down the great hall he gazed,
 An auctioneer and purchaser at once,
 Who fixed his own price—nothing—on each one.
 Then to his staff he turned and slowly said,
 "Take that to Paris for the Empress,
 'Twill surely give her pleasure. This methinks
 Would hang well on the walls of our Versailles."
 'Twas easy buying thus; to pick and choose
 Was all he had to do. So soon he tired,
 And strolled out on the terrace toward the road.
 'Twas noon; great banks of sodden clouds massed low
 Down in the east, and overhead the sun
 Hung like a great red ball half hid in smoke;
 The ground beneath the feet was soaked and soft,
 And fitful drops fell from the reeking trees.
 A regiment of horse had made their camp
 Down in the park, and the damp air around
 Was filled with neighs of horses and French oaths.
 Napoleon noticed naught, but raised his hand
 And with a gesture said, "There lies Berlin."
 Then held him silent though his lips still moved.
 "Call me my guard," he added suddenly,
 "There's something I would see within the town."
 Down through the streets of Potsdam, past the arch,
 And past the wrestling figures carved in stone,
 They rode with clanking arms and ringing hoofs,
 Straight to the doorway of the Church of Arms.
 There the great Frederick lay at rest, within
 A soldier's coffin, in his great carved tomb.
 Into the tomb itself Napoleon went
 With steady hand, stern and immobile face,
 Lifting the sword from off the plain oak chest—
 That sword that Frederick carried in his wars—
 "This for myself," he said unto his aid;
 "I hold thee now responsible for this."
 Then off he rode across the old stone bridge.

A few short years, and Waterloo was stamped
 Forever plain on Europe's aged face.
 Napoleon had fallen, once for all,
 And Paris lay within grim Prussia's grasp,
 For Blucher with his army held her fast—
 The second time in two eventful years.

From off the marble arch of Triumph, there,
 He took the Victory, with her prancing steeds,
 And brought her in her chariot to Berlin,
 To stand once more above the Brandenburg.
 The pictures, statues, all the works of art
 Napoleon took from Prussia, he returned ;
 But robbed not Paris of what still was hers.
 Yet searched he everywhere—he could not find
 That sword of Prussia's hero, general, king,
 Taken from Potsdam. Then he waxed wroth,
 And swore unless the trophy was returned
 He'd burn the Tuilleries within two days.
 And still it was not found. He spared the torch,
 But took Napoleon's statue from its place,
 Saying, " We'll hold *thee* hostage for its safe return."
 And there he stands to-day at Sanssouci,
 And on the marble wall, now hung again
 With pictures as of old, behind him stands
 A painted Justice with her balance scales.

JAMES BARNES.

ETCHING—PRESENTIMENT.

AND when I lay down to sleep, she whom I loved lay beside me and I fell asleep with her arm about my neck.

And as I dreamed, I died, and my spirit stood alone with a great longing because *she* was not with me. And I said, " What is death? It is naught. Surely, now that I am with her no more she will soon die and will come to comfort me."

And looking, I perceived near me the spirit of a man, and I sprang upon him and grasped him and held him. And behold, he was the dead friend of my youth. And I said, " Teach me to find her whom my soul loves!"

And he looked upon me sadly and said: " What is humanity but nothingness, and its loves are less for they live not here. Death is the end. After the quotations—the stocks and bonds, after the merry life and the voluptuous dance, after the love of wife and the clinging hands of little children comes cold death and its garner-house, the grave.

Even love, which lives in the beating of the heart, when it has gone down into silence, dies. And so will yours also die. Does not your earthly wisdom tell you?"

But I cried out against his words: "It is not so! Love is forever! There is death, but it cannot endure. There is silence, but it is only for a time. Our wisdom is nothing. We boast of our knowledge, but the most that the wisest philosopher can do is to lie down with a passionate hope that somewhere in the immensity of death he may sometime clasp one little human soul that he has once loved." And I cried out in anguish, "Where is she? For what is either life or death without her?"

But afar back in the darkness an angel laughed, and I awoke with a great noise of weeping, and stretched out my arm to find her, and behold she was not there!

LA GRANDE PASSION.

WOULD I could live and love upon the stage,
 Where hearts are generous, blood flows free and strong;
 Love's vows are deathless, hate is deep and long,
 We only play at love in this cold age.

I.

A shepherd maiden strays through woodland glade,
 A huntsman clad in Lincoln green am I.
 I gaze, she sighs, the chase's rout goes by,
 For love is all, beneath the greenwood shade.

II.

Her father's rich—he has a cruel eye,
 While I am poor but noble, tall and proud.
 The fifth act has a wedding or a shroud,
 For I have sworn to win my love or die.

We only play at love in this cold age,
 A summer's idyl gilds the lagging hours;
 New loves will bud when blow the new spring flowers,
 Would I could live and love upon the stage.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

"TANTINE"—A FINISHED TALE.

THE first time I saw Tantine was at the Louvre. In fact no one ever met her any place else, except, perhaps, coming to her work there in the morning and leaving it at night.

She was copying a picture of Botticelli's, a Saint Thomas, if I remember rightly. Such a poor little mistake of a copy, with an inebriated looking saint and uncomfortable dough-faced cherubs flying round his head. The colors, too, were very, very bad.

Yet when I looked from the impossible canvas and saw the sweet, thin little face with its gray fringe of curls, the nervous childish mouth with the age-wrinkles in the corners, it made me sad.

Tantine was sixty or seventy, possibly the latter. She had been a copyist ever since the time, years, years ago in Dresden, when she walked with her father, the poor drawing master, to the Grand Musée; so she said. She would be a copyist always, sitting before her easel with its muddy canvas until the closing of the book.

Sometimes she would leave her stool and stand behind us as we worked, saying in her odd, shy way, "Very good, my child; I could never get that light effect myself; I've tried it often; yes," with a sigh, "many times." She had seen them all come and join her where she stood, at the bottom of the stairway leading to the groves of fame, and slowly climb up past her, and beyond her sight, towards the top, where the laurel wreaths hung thick upon the gates, but not for her.

Sometimes a philanthropic stranger would turn from the wonderful coloring of a Murillo and notice the earnest little figure in rusty black painting away with nervous, spatchy touches. She was always copying the old masters, "They aimed so high, my dear." Once or twice the passing philanthropist had asked her price, or, if the copy was

for sale, had bought it from her, to do what with heaven only knows. On these rare occasions the wrinkled, pinched little face had colored like a praised school girl's, the thin, paint-bedaubed fingers that grasped her bunch of brushes trembled so she could hardly hold them, and her eyes seemed filling up with joyous tears.

I heard her say one time, in answer to the kindly query of a sweet-faced American girl, "Oh yes, it is for sale, but then I know so well it is not good; no, not good at all," with a pathetic side glance from copy to original; "but some day I hope I shall paint, oh! so much better that no one would know that this was mine at all." Poor little Tantine, my eyes blurred so that I had to wipe them on a clean corner of my varnish-smelling daub-rag.

In a short time I was to give up Paris for an indefinite period. I felt sorry about going, for I knew that I would never see Tantine again. Who had given her that name we did not know; some said it came from "petite Tante."

Between her and myself a friendship had sprung up, and many talks we held about the youth and early works of famous painters, whom she had known, beardless and poor, in the old days.

Tantine was failing fast; any one could see that. One afternoon as she leaned back in a rickety old chair in the hot, close student's canvas room, I noticed that the little luncheon of black bread and cheese—a peasant's fare, she said she liked it—was untasted nearly. One poor, thin hand fell wearily from off her lap. There was a tiny jingle of metal, and the plain gold circlet that she wore upon her middle finger fell upon the floor. She gave a start; a little cry, half fear, half sorrow, broke from her lips.

Ah Tantine, that was the reason for the fluttering, upward motion of that pale left hand that we had noticed so often in the past few weeks. It was to keep that worn old ring in place when it had slipped down over the thin, wan finger. And I said, "Tantine, you must rest; you work too hard." She said, "I think I will, to-morrow."

No one knew where the little copyist lived; she had not told me even. I thought, however, that it was across the Seine, and not far off; because one morning as I was hastening across the Champs d Elysées, there she was, just ahead, close to the fountain which marks the place where the guillotine once stood.

Following at the skirts of the threadbare dress she wore was the most disreputable looking, weak-eyed French poodle that I ever saw. Not that he was very dirty or unkempt, but he had the air of having been forgiven for his transgressions many, many times, and his conscience not giving him peace—a remorseful looking dog.

As she passed the great basin with the plashing, spouting tritons, she put out her hand and held it in the spray, and then I saw she grasped a bunch of common flowers. Across the street she went, and laid them at the feet of the statue of the lost Alsace, who sat there with her broad lap filled with costly withered wreaths, and streaming, time-stained ribbons, left from the latest outburst of popular enthusiasm.

As I approached she turned and greeted me in such a simple, childish way—Tantine always would remind me of a shy young girl.

Then she said, "It's time, Tony, that you said adieu." She addressed the little, white, droop-tailed dog who had been eyeing me suspiciously ever since I had joined them. He halted uncertainly. "Ah! he is such a bad, ungrateful dog, and has run away so very often. One time I paid ten francs to have him brought back to me; he was such a fright. I don't believe he'd had the tiniest morsel in a week. He is getting older now," she rattled on, "and is so much better mannered than he was. "Adieu, Bijou. Adieu! Adieu!"

The dog dropped his ragged bit of a tail and started up the street. "We live not far from here," she added, "and Tony goes straight home now, like a good dog should—that is, he almost always does."

I turned. There was no doubt of Tony's going home; he had every appearance of the home-sent dog, that evident loss of self respect, the steady, lifeless trot, in a straight line; not a turn to the right or left, his mind occupied with his disgrace, or pondering, perhaps, over the hard injustices in the life of a well-intentioned dog.

And then I saw him go over the bridge across the river.

As we walked along I said, "Tantine, should you like to have France win Alsace back?" She looked up at me. "Ah! the cruel war. I should not like to see another war." She spoke quietly, and seemed to be going over something in her mind. "But then, all I ever loved was in Alsace—is there now; only gone and dead and buried—all, everything." I fancied for a moment that she was going to tell me something of herself, but she did not continue further, and soon we were climbing the steps to the great gallery, on the second floor of the gray old Louvre.

Now, when Tantine did not appear for two whole days after our interview in the canvas-room I felt worried. She had been working on a perfect pin-cushion of a Saint Sebastian for a week, and I knew would come if she was able to walk about or stir. In three more days I was to leave Paris. I must find Tantine.

Then the strangest fact of all, no one knew her name. Her card of admission as an art student had been taken out so long ago that all trace of it was lost; all we knew of her was that she was "Tantine."

Then I remembered the picture of a dejected little dog with watery eyes, and a dragged tail trailing behind him across the Pont du Nord. I remembered her saying, "We live not far from here." If that "Tony" had not proved false again there still was a hope of my finding where they lived. "A little old lady, with a white poodle dog." I would ask it from house to house.

It was a cold, cheerless day when I started out on my almost hopeless quest. As I turned out of my lodgings in

the Rue de Lachilles the dry street dust was whirled up into my face and speckled my best black coat. Two zouaves passed me, the wind filling their great loose trousers like balloons; a man came running towards me, chasing a runaway hat; the end of my nose began to feel the effect of the chill north wind, and I realized that winter had begun.

As I crossed the bridge above the Seine, the smoke from the noiseless little steamers was blown straight down the river and under the dark arches of the bridge, like a vanishing pennant, as it came rolling out of the funnel. The trees were fast losing all their hardier leaves and stood stripped and gray along the banks. The top of the hideous tower on the right was in the clouds. As I passed a kiosk I bought some flowers, a trifle frost-bitten, but still fragrant, for Tantine was very fond of flowers.

For some reason I kept straight ahead, and was just about to choose a suitable house to begin my questioning—with a dawning sense of the endlessness of my task—when I saw a dog.

Now a dog is no uncommon sight in Paris, even a white poodle. But there was no mistaking that woebegone air, that despairing attitude; he was sitting before a little low house down a narrow side street, gazing at the closed front door.

There was a wagon before the house, and when I saw it there my heart fell, while a curious tightening feeling came into my throat, and back of my eyes and lips. Still it might be some one else—it might be some mistake. I climbed the worn stone steps with the dog sniffing at my gaiters.

"Tony"—he looked up; my voice sounded strange and hollow—I repeated his name; perhaps he recognized me, for he whimpered; such a half human, heart-broken whimper, that I knew the worst. The door was opened and I had to stand aside, for two men were carrying something out. It was a moderate-sized box covered with plain black cloth.

"Who? what name?" I asked a third man dressed in sombre black. In answer he thrust a paper into my hand. It read "Hortense de Beauvilliers, artiste, widow of the—" but I could not read it all. Our dear little "Tantine" a widow—it seemed odd and out of place.

There were no followers except the usual hired "black coats" of the French funeral; and I placed my flowers on the little black coffin and walked, sorrowful and mystified, through the respectfully curious crowd that had gathered bare-headed on the sidewalk.

Tony and I were the only real mourners, and we both wept all the way out to the little cemetery beyond Mont Martre. Poor little Tantine; it had taken all the money her art had ever made for her, most likely, to pay for her respectable going out. It was for this, Tantine, that you saved and pinched and starved.

It was evident that she must have had some miserable pittance of a pension, that ended with her. She left no papers, and her poor effects she gave to the servant in the little lodging-house. Her palette, brushes and maul stick she left to me.

Quite a long time afterwards, when I had learned that to have a picture of your own hung well at the salon and pulled to pieces by the critics does not mean absolute wealth, I met Fleury.

Tantine had mentioned Fleury, so I asked him if he knew "Madame de Beauvilliers." "What, Tantine?" he responded. "Yes, indeed." I watched this prematurely gray young man, whose face was usually so cold and passive. There was a quiver in his eyelids.

"Did you ever hear the story of her marriage?" he went on in his terse way. "She married a young lieutenant of noble birth, in a field hospital, just before he died; his family never recognized her; they were poor as peasants, but rolled in pride."

Then all was clear to me, and I remembered that Fleury's mother's name was Beauvilliers.

“ He was my uncle. She always thought her miserable pittance was from the government. You know I am not rich. She never knew that I had heard her name.”

Then I saw it all.

About “ Tony.” Well there he is in that arm chair, old, fat and wheezy. His eyesight is as bad as ever.

JAMES BARNES.

SUNSET.

THE monarch of the skies sinks down to rest,
Attended by his maidens, clouds in white,
Who, 'neath caresses, filch his locks of light
And hide their plunder in a snowy breast.

Ah, farewell kisses dropped on cheek and brow !
Bringing to tints of snow the rose's hue,
Ye voiceless messengers that say “ adieu ! ”
Upon night's bosom, lo, he slumbers now.

RALPH D. SMALL.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ON ORIGINALITY.

"The golden coinage of a long past reign
Remitted oft, may circulate to day;
And old-world truths, pure gold from ages gray
Pass current as new thoughts from brain to brain."

There is possibly no quality of the writer more desired and appreciated than that which W. Wilsey Martin has so beautifully expressed in the preceding lines. At the present time there is imperative demand for originality—that an author's productions be different from everybody else's, in fact so different that originality is in danger of losing its charm of spontaneity and naiveté, and of becoming supplanted by mere technical ingenuity or cunning. But it is not of or for this false originality that we wish to speak. It is rather to our purpose to call attention to the fact of its absence, and to ascertain, if possible, the causes that tend to make a thing at once so desirable and so necessary, difficult and rare of attainment.

There is an opinion among young writers that this quality of originality only emanates from a supreme superiority of intellect, is the fruit of brilliant and established minds, is, in short, the product of genius. This feeling of inferiority is a most disastrous one to him who aspires above the penny-a-liner. It implies a dwarfing of the writer's independence, and finally reduces him to nothing more than an ordinaire or a servile imitator. But common parlance has abused the term genius. Even Schopenhauer avows that "Genius is a man who knows, without learning, and teaches the world what he never learned;" and Lavater says, "Who can produce what none else can, has genius?" We, nevertheless, side with Mr. Howells, who thinks that this power can display its full capabilities *only through industry.*

This was in the way of Carlyle's mind when he said, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble;" and George Eliot, "Genius * * * is the end of patient practice." Bryant, in the same line, offers the more striking contradiction to Schopenhauer's theory of genius when he says, "What it does is infinitely less than what is done for it." From these opinions can be formed some idea of the term genius for originality—capacity for taking trouble, to receive discipline, willingness to labor faithfully and practice patiently.

A second barrier to originality that we may cite, arises from external influences, such as persons and books. Even from one's early training, a person finds himself dependent upon the thoughts of others. He attends school or college and learns Latin. Whose? He learns physics. Whose? He is constantly working in his neighbor's garden; as "a child of a larger growth," he studies or reads apparently for facts, yet necessarily he imbibes ideas, modes of thought and methods of expression. Mediocrity is indebted to scholar, scholar owes its bill to scholar, and so *ad infinitum*. This is the way the world progresses, by studying the works of others. To be the poet, author or artist, one must dwell with the poets, authors or artists. But it is, nevertheless, true that, in our contemplation of the works of others, the tendency is to modify or lose this indistinguishable stamp of mind and passion of ours, which marks a man as *sui generis*.

The absence of originality is due, again, rather to the sameness in nature than to a particular lack of individuality. Nature and experience is everywhere the same, and perhaps in every field of expression has been effectually portrayed. Emerson recognized this monotony, this eternal unity, when he said, "Nature everywhere hums the same tune." All that any one can do is to catch up this tune, as it is caroled to him and sing it over and over again, sing it with variation and addition if possible, but sing it with his own voice, and as his abilities fit him.

These are, then, the three obstacles to originality; want of natural talent, which can be overcome by industry; power of one's environment, which can be averted through an independent spirit; and uniformity in nature and experience, which is rather to be viewed from some unique position, than to be entirely overcome.—*H. F. Covington.*

THE WASHERWOMAN.—She is certainly an unromantic character. A short and somewhat stout female of middle age, respectably attired in garments which have long since seen their best days—a remark applying especially to a quondam bonnet. She is the washerwoman. A discussion of her qualities would not readily lend itself to poetic treatment. She is, if we may so put it, one of the hard, dry facts of our life; one of those plain, commonplace realities without which our life, strive after ideals as we may, would not be complete. Like most of her profession, she has a demure, guileless countenance, and like many in her business she boasts a name of distinctly Hibernian origin.

It appears that she has been ill in bed for the last few days with “the remattics” and has been compelled to employ some one to do her work for her, and so, as she shyly ventures to observe, she “’opes you won’t mind if the things ain’t quite so nice as usual.” But now, she says, her Johnnie has a very bad cough and has to have the doctor, and her little Susan is not feeling well. She thinks she has caught cold, and the rent is due, and she wants to buy two or three necessary things, and her husband is out of work, and altogether she does not know what to do. (A pause for breath here.) Then, (very sweetly) would we mind paying her the month’s washing in advance, and she will give us a receipt which will make it all right at the college offices; and she brings forth a diminutive piece of paper on which are written some words and a few figures, and under-

neath a name which might as well be in Hebrew for all the knowledge it imparts to the would-be reader. If it be the first time the washerwoman has called on her present errand, we give her the money, not being wise; and she limps off down the stairs, with a beaming face.

Her life is hard if she is a typical laundress. It is all she can do to make both ends meet, and when they do meet they never join neatly, and we cannot but pity her. She is blessed with from six to a dozen small children, of whom two or three are usually on the sick list. Her husband does odd jobs, and seldom is in steady employment, so the brunt of the life-struggle falls on her shoulders.

Let us take a mighty leap across the dark blue sea, across to a land of romantic associations, a land whose very name inspires poetic fancy, and let us glance a moment at its capital. It is said, on good authority, that at Madrid ten thousand women souse and beat the linen of the city every day in the scanty waters of the Manzanares. Washing is done nowhere else in Madrid. One writer declares, "That no other than these Manzanares *lavenderas* are permitted to labor as laundresses, and for three miles up and down the stream, from the heights of Montana del Principe down past the Toledo gate, the moving dots of red and blue, yellow and gray, comprise this great army of Amazons, with arms and legs on them like tree trunks, with voluptuous breasts and shapely necks, hard-muscled and bronzed as Turks, the most arduous toilers, the wickedest blackguards, and withal, the sunniest tempered souls in Spain."

At noon they assemble in wooden sheds erected for the purpose and eat a small meal, and then the guitars are brought out and the dancing begins. Any one passing by, stranger or otherwise, can find willing partners among them, and may dance until the short half hour allotted for food and recreation has expired. The same takes place again at four in the afternoon. It is asserted that, during these short intervals, everyone dances, from girls of eighteen

to women of eighty, and the scene along the banks of the river is, at these periods, more than picturesque.

Such are the washerwomen of Madrid; and as we think of that gay army of dark-eyed Spanish *lavenderas*, dancing on the banks of their river, we cannot help placing our *lavenderas* for a moment in their position. Imagine them sousing and beating our linen by the banks of our river—yon saffron-hued canal. Hark! 'Tis noon—they have eaten their midday meal—the tinkling guitar is heard in the land—and they are dancing—yes, dancing!

Away with Washburn-and-Arlington circuses! Away with moccasined braves from Ireland and cowboys from the rocky prairies of Jersey City! Away with stuffed whales and all traveling shows! Their work is done; their day for us is past! Princeton's washerwomen are dancing on the banks of the "raging canal!" 'Tis too much, and we cry to the gods above: Omen avertite! omen avertite!
—V. Lansing Collins.

LITERARY CLUBS.—The formation of literary clubs among the two earlier classes is to be especially commended. Besides acquaintance with "the best that is thought and done in the world," and broadening ideas, they afford a great deal of solid pleasure. There is none of that stilted formality about these pleasant, selective meetings in which all freely participate, preserving a "chatty familiarity," as Birrel would say, with the writer in question. It is a ripe time for character-study as well, as you note the various remarks that come from the members on an eloquent passage or questionable sentiment, besides observing how quickly they show their predominant characteristics in the course of a few hours. For instance, one man always has a new view to present—the original man; another has culled all the choicest gems for the delecta-

tion of the rest. And then there is he who manages to see something odd or whimsical in the most dignified theme, who, Lucian-like, "fleets the world carelessly and laughs." And we have a talkative man, "whose loquacity, like an overfull bottle, can never pour out a small dose;" the oratorical man, who sighs and rolls his eyes when reading poetry; and, lastly, the sedate man, who only smiles under protest. And yet they make a happy crew, and when refreshments of a different order are served, after the mental repast, some hot discussions are generally indulged in. Your man of opinions asserts that Swift was insane, while another begs to differ. So on, until almost everything worth hearing has been said or read about the author, and one feels as if he has learned a thing or two, when the company disbands for the evening. No labor; only doing the prescribed reading throughout the week, selecting passages which strike you as having a happy ring or expressing a noble truth, and thus exercising your critical taste and asserting your individuality, and, lastly, getting a knowledge of the facts of the author's life coupled with the estimate by standard critics.

Such is our programme, and one and all enjoy it.—*R. D. Small.*

"SALMAGUNDI."—Is among the earliest writings of Washington Irving. "A light, trivial publication, the sport of my boyish days," he is said to have remarked of it. Among the *Memorandums for a Tour to be entitled "The Stranger in New Jersey"* will be found a brief description of Princeton in 1807, so delightfully frank and so entertaining that I have ventured to transcribe a portion of it for the LIT.:

"Princeton is a college. Professors wear boots! Students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire and burnt out the professors. Excellent joke, but not worth repeating. (Mem., American students much addicted to burning down colleges.) Two societies in the college.

Good notion encourages emulation and makes little boys fight. Students famous for eating and erudition. Saw two at the tavern who had just got their allowance of spending money. Laid it all out on a supper. Got fuddled and d—d the professors for nincoms. N. B.—They were Southern gentlemen. Commencement—Students give ball and supper. Company from New York, Philadelphia and Albany. Students can't dance, always set out with wrong foot foremost. N. B.—Students got drunk as usual. Went to the graveyard—apostrophe to grim death. Saw a cow feeding on a grave. May have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors. Made me melancholy for fifteen minutes. Country around Princeton finely diversified with sheep and hay stacks."

—Alonzo Church.

"HALL" SONGS:—There is a need in our college life of which we wish to speak, one which will give the musicians and poets of the college a chance to exercise their peculiar abilities. For a considerable time past there has been complaint that Princeton has not enough distinctive college songs, and efforts have been made by offering prizes, to remedy this deficiency, but with only partial success. The great difficulty seems to be a lack of subjects on which to compose. Other colleges have in their fraternities and secret societies a practically unlimited number of themes, and some of the songs, as, for example, those sung at Yale in honor of *N Y* and *Δ K E*, are remarkably pleasing. But if we have no fraternities we have at least two Halls, Clio and Whig, and surely both are worthy of having the muse invoked in their praise. The task of celebrating their glories would be an easy and delightful one, and the completion of the task would fill what has always seemed to us a great void in our college life. The songs would give an added zest to the campaign in the fall, and their singing could be made one of the features of the annual meetings during commencement and of the various Hall contests.—*J. G. Wilson.*

IN AN OLD QUARRY.—The year's work was almost done, and I walked out into the fields one day last June to get a glimpse of something else than a book. I came to a slate quarry, almost worked out, which I had often visited, but had always found deserted. On this particular day there was a man at work there. I am fond of talking with just such men, so I clambered down the steep stone wall. The quarryman was not alone. Seated on a heap of stone was a little boy, bright faced and dressed in the clean frock of Saturday afternoon. I talked to the laborer about his work and then about his son. It was plain that he was the joy of his father's heart. The child was kicking his heels against the stones and, after telling him to stop, the father remarked, "It costs more to keep that youngster in shoes than it does me." He said this as if it were a matter for pride, and then he went on about the boy's virtues, about his strength and suppleness, and said, "He's going to be an athlete." Thinking that this was an evidence of the influence of the neighboring college, I said, "A foot-ball player, I suppose." "Oh no! A circus actor, a trapeze performer." Then I remembered the circus that had struck the town the week before, and I understood the inspiration of the man's ambition for his boy. I heard some one calling, and I saw a young woman coming down the road into the quarry. It was the quarryman's wife, "come to fetch the boy," she said. The child ran to his mother, and then, as if he had forgotten something, he turned to his father and asked for a penny. The man committed what some social scientists would call an unwarranted extravagance for a man who earned probably but a dollar a day, for he gave the boy five cents instead of a penny. He asked me the "time of day," and as the mother and child were disappearing over the brow of the hill he shouted, "I'll want my supper in half an hour." She called back laughingly, "It won't be ready so soon!" He replied with confidence,

"Oh! I guess it will." The man resumed his work with doubled energy, and I went away thinking that it isn't wealth nor books nor culture that brings all the happiness into the world.

* * * * *

I went back to the quarry a day or two ago and found the same man at work, but this time alone. His face was changed; the light had gone out of it, and he looked as if he had been drinking. Wondering what had brought the change, I asked, "Well, how's the little athlete?" He did not reply for a moment, and then he turned away his head, saying with choked, bitter voice, "He's dead. He died this summer of the fever." I tried to say something of sympathy and of hope, but he cried, "Don't talk to me about God. God isn't good. I was a poor man and he took away from me the only thing I had." He would not listen; I was helpless. As I came away the sun did not seem to shine so brightly nor so warmly and the world seemed very sad.—*J. C. Meyers.*

ON READING.—There are some subjects which are as old as the recurring seasons, and yet they are ever as fresh and as new. One of these is about books and reading. That old, old saying of Bacon's, "Reading maketh a full man" has as much vitality and truth now as when it was first penned; and yet when the cry against college education comes to our ears, what is it but that our colleges do not turn out full men but exceedingly shallow and superficial ones? That "Athletics" on the one hand or "Dead languages" on the other exert such a warping, one-sided influence on college students that the rounded character in a graduate is rather the exception than the rule. Vigorously as we would deny and challenge much of this talk, impartial judgment must confess that there is some truth in

it, and we who believe in college education would fain find where the deficiency lies.

Now several reasons might be offered, but in the light of Bacon's axiom, the most potent appears to be a lack of reading. Cursorily glancing over any student-body, it may be divided into three classes, "athletes," "pollers," and that large number who approach more or less closely a happy equilibrium of the two. Now the majority of the second and third classes are likely to have definite aspirations, and it is to these we would appeal on the subject of books. Are we, in our own individual experience to disprove or verify the sneer of outsiders? The answer does not seem difficult. The college world is virtually cut off from the great world that lives and moves around it. Sever the one electric wire which connects the two and the scenes and realities of actual life must grow fainter. What wonder that the "poller," well equipped in one direction only, is too "top heavy" to stand fairly on his feet against the tremendous odds of modern activity? What wonder that the average man of the third type should find himself handicapped in the struggle with practical experience? To both a fair amount of reading is more than an advantage, it is a necessity.

Let the seeker after pleasant recreation once enter the world of books and he will find a rich source of delight. Let the "poller" follow the bent of his literary tastes and he will find his dry husks of knowledge filling in and broadening out into ripe ears of grain.—*C. B. Newton.*

 THE REASON.

I built a yacht, to call it Nell,
 The fastest on the lake.
 Who's Nell?
 The masts are set,
 The sprits in place,
 And sails are wet
 At last. The case
 Of wine is broken,
 As a token,
 By Nell, over Nell.
 Who's Nell? Won't tell?
 Why, she — but well —
 I built a yacht, to call it Nell,
 The fastest on the lake.—*H. F. Covington.*

UNIVERSITY INSIGNIA.—Every few years, not only at Princeton, but in many of our American colleges, the question of the cap and gown is agitated. Perhaps as often as once in each academic generation the Senior class, if not the whole college, is urged to adopt this distinctive dress in part or in whole with the constantly repeated result of only partial success and that short lived. The cause of this failure, in a matter which is the pride of transcontinental universities, becomes an interesting question, the answer to which may be found in the history of these insignia or in the characteristic social and political distinctions between the two continents.

If we take a brief review of the history and the honors conferred and represented by the cap and gown, we will see more clearly why they have not occupied a more prominent place in American colleges and universities.

If an alumnus or undergraduate of one of our American institutions were asked what are the "Insignia et Honores" conferred by a college diploma, the answer of the present age must be very much like the famous chapter in Sterne,

upon the snakes in Ireland—"There are no badges and honors by our diploma conferred." In other times and in other countries it was otherwise. The graduates of the universities were as easily distinguished in any public assembly by their "insignia" as line and staff officers in any army. Upon the continent and in England the scholar's gown is seen, not only in the university but in the pulpits of all churches, prelatical or Puritan. Like the Latin of our parchment, the gown is simply a survival of ages indefinitely past; it is the later adaptation of the Roman toga, and has been retained by the conservatism of culture, while the fashions of a frivolous world have so often changed that what was once the common dress of the people becomes an *insignium* of a class.

But the higher degrees are each marked elsewhere, as the degree is conferred, by some robe, cap, chain or ring, and it is an easy matter to tell by the "phylacteries" of a clergyman ministering in an English pulpit the rank in which he stands in his university. In no place so much as in England have these academical insignia prevailed. Dr. Philip Schaff, in his late essay upon the eight hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Bologna, notes that, while the representatives of American universities present were clad in citizens' attire, the graduates and professors of the continental universities wore their scholars' gowns, and the doctors' chains of gold about the neck; badges which are seen in nearly every picture of Luther, Calvin, or their literary contemporaries; while the delegates from the English universities were gorgeous in all the colors of their various colleges.

The academic habits of Oxford have remained unaltered for nearly two hundred years. A graduate of Oxford, who is at the same time a clergyman, will wear a gown with loose sleeves and no collar. Graduates in law wear less ample gowns, with closer sleeves and falling collar. The sleeves of undergraduates have dwindled to mere strips. An Oxford master of arts wears appended to his gown a

hood of black, lined with cherry color; a Cambridge master, one lined with white; a Dublin man, one lined with blue. "B. A." hoods are generally black and bordered with white fur. D. D.'s of Oxford wear gowns of scarlet cloth, lined with black silk; Cambridge doctors of divinity, gowns of the same scarlet lined with lilac or pink silk. In Old England a literary assembly is as brilliant as a gathering of the officers of her army and her navy. The diploma conferring their "insigna" is as highly prized as an officer's commission entitling him to two bars or a silver eagle on his shoulder straps.

There might well have been some anxiety to possess the insignia of scholarship in the olden time, when the graduates of the more famous universities, at least, had a right upon all public occasions to sit with the dignitaries of the state and to walk in great processions with a clearly defined adjustment of their respective dignities. When we call to mind all these facts, the civil and ecclesiastical privileges which attached to the possession of a degree, the right to wear fixed badges of distinction and to hold a quasi rank among feudal lords and hereditary nobles, we may the better understand why in our legislation granting charters to collegiate institutions "the right to confer degrees" is so carefully and specifically confirmed. It is a survival of the colonial period. In this democratic western world of ours it does not seem to be a very important privilege, but once it meant the power to create a literary citizenship and peerage possessing distinct rank, acquiring pecuniary value, and guaranteed civil immunities not obtained by hereditary princes.

If the possession of a college diploma does not mean in these respects to-day that which it meant in the days of Thomas Aquinas, Abelard and William of Champeaux, in other respects it means vastly more. It may mean far less exalted privileges, but it means a far broader culture and a far wider range of sympathies. It means less of class distinction but more of human fellowship. It confers no

courtly rank, but it numbers him with a historic class whose past achievements and present possibilities alike evoke his nobler ambitions. By his diploma he is enrolled among those brave spirits and cultured minds who have passed the torch of knowledge from hand to hand down all the ages.

That the introduction into American institutions of university insignia is constantly meeting with more approbation is a significant fact. This is not in opposition to the republic spirit which is and should be so truly American.

Civil privileges we can never gain by the cap and gown, but there are privileges far greater than these—privileges that their adoption gives to an American university fellow in England or on the continent, of association and recognition in the literary gatherings of scholars and literary men.

Besides this is the conservative spirit which we must consider. We have seen that these insignia are the badge of all the old universities that have given to the world its greatness. There is something about their use that suggests and belongs to the scholarly man. Princeton is conservative—of the progressive type of conservatism it is true, but still conservative, and there are some connections of the present with the traditions of the past that are not to be broken with advantage, and we can understand how these insignia might bear their part in emphasizing the true manhood of American university men.

Besides this, "There is a pleasure, there is a real joy in participating at times in a quaint old habit," and we are conscious that independently of all Old World traditions and privileges these insignia give grace to the person and dignity to the occasion when we see them on the chapel stage or as worn by the Faculty during the Commencement. There is an academic appropriateness in the habit which cannot be gainsaid.

The difficulty in the matter would be the beginning. Anything like a general adoption distinctive of university degrees would require a consensus of the Faculties and governing powers of at least the leading literary institu-

tions, and even in a single institution, such a result would be reached only by a compulsory order as to the dress and the occasions upon which it must be worn. However, a beginning could be made by the adoption by the Senior Class of some distinctive dress. If, further, certain insignia should be indicative of class and fellowship honors and of post-graduate study for university degrees, the hope for wider use would be brighter. Certainly we see no reason why such scholastic rank should not be as eagerly coveted as the blazer with the monogram of 'Varsity teams or nine.

The subject is worthy of agitation, and while these university insignia can never take the position of civil and ecclesiastical privilege, they may yet occupy that high place of honor among students and graduates of American institutions which they have attained among our relatives across the sea.—*Charles E. Mudge.*

EDITORIALS.

CONTESTANTS for the Translation Prize are requested to hand in their translations on October 20th. The translation must be about the length of the usual LIT. story. Notice will be given in the next issue regarding the Story prize, whose award will be made in December.

IT IS time now that we recur to the old subject of contributions. Fair opportunity has been given to the Junior class to exhibit some of its possibilities in the literary line. The results have been, to say the least, meagre. The usual interest, for which we had a right to look and from which we had hoped much, has provoked no effective competition. Contributions, to be sure, have fallen into our hands, but they have not manifested the real ability that we feel sure resides in the class of '92. We offer this in no spirit of harsh criticism, but with the conviction that the standard of literary quality established by the LIT. board must be maintained. If members of the present Junior class who are anxious to secure a place on next year's board and are willing to work for it, imagine that it can be obtained by presenting a poorer grade of literary work than they would use for a college exercise, it would be well to disabuse their minds of this idea at once. The LIT. board does not desire to make any egotistic or unwarranted display of its own productions, but it must do that in preference to printing some of the contributed literature of the past months.

AN INNOVATION IN SENIOR SPEAKING.

THE establishment of the Baird Prizes a few years ago marked a decided advance in the opportunities and incentives offered to the Senior Class for the cultivation of oratory. "Chapel Stage" speaking became, then, one of the regular required exercises in the Senior curriculum. It formed a logical and supplementary sequence to the advantages of the Junior year, which found their culminating efforts in the Junior Orator Contest. Still, with all the bright prospects that the new prizes offered for extending the province of Princeton's course in public speaking, the results have not been as satisfactory as could be wished. If you have ever looked in upon an audience that greets the usual list of speakers at the Chapel Stage exercises, you have seen, not an assembled crowd of expectant hearers filling the body of the hall, but merely a few interested students augmented by members of the college community, who always support these gatherings.

A subordinate aim in the establishment of the Baird Prizes, after a practical training to the Seniors in this art, was to furnish the student-body with a pleasant diversion in which they could not only compare different types of oratory as illustrated by the participants, and judge therewith the merits of each, but also from them to gain some hints and cautions instructive in not a small degree to themselves. That this purpose has had the desired realization we dare not assert positively. It may be that the speakers themselves have not bestowed the same amount of attention on this exercise as on others more attractive to their taste. But we need not make such imputation. The fact remains that the interest awakened has not been sustained.

Recognizing this fact and also the more serious one that judges are not readily attainable, who are willing and in position to serve throughout the entire six weeks of the

contest, the Professors of Oratory have decided to make a slight innovation in this line so as to popularize the contest and to elevate the standard of the orations. At a specified date all the orations must be handed to the proper authority. These orations will then be judged, and the estimate placed on them be included in the final judgment upon the eligibility of their writers to the contest. The eligible contestants will comprise certain groups by themselves, and these alone will speak before the judges. This arrangement is designed to relieve the judges from appearing more than two or three times, and to place the interested speakers in a separate section, based to a large degree upon merit. At the speaking of the other sections, the judges, of course, will not be present. This, however, is not to be taken to mean that this part of Senior speaking is not compulsory. The only variation from the old system will be that the contestants for prizes and the other speakers will deliver their orations on different evenings. If this innovation finds permanent place, it will in a great measure emancipate chapel stage exercises from the thralldom and dullness of routine work. It will institute among us an annual Senior exhibition in oratory, poetry and disputation which should be the peer of the Junior oratorical contest, and it will offer a stimulus in this department which is very often lost at the end of Junior year. We welcome heartily this advancement, and expect that large and excellent results will follow its adoption.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE CAMPUS.

TH**ERE** is a rumor in college that one of the new dormitories is to be built back of Reunion. We trust the report is not well founded, and yet the fact that a few members of the committee favored that site for Albert Dod Hall

has caused some apprehension among the undergraduates. It is of course no easy task to accommodate the growth of the college to its traditions, and it will be increasingly difficult in the expansion of the university to retain the old, joyous, outdoor campus life which has been so distinguishing a feature of Princeton. It has always been our boast that in no other college of the size was acquaintance of undergraduates so general or the spirit of college fellowship so strong. If this is so, it is almost entirely due to the fact that the easy intercourse of the campus has kept us together. The centre of that intercourse has been the field back of Reunion. One who has never kicked football there or knocked out base hits for his eating club nine can scarcely be regarded as a normal Princeton man. It should be remembered that men who are not experts enjoy an afternoon's game as well as 'varsity men, and have an equal right to opportunities for recreation. There may come a time when the Reunion field will have to go the way of the "Yale fence," but so long as there is available ground elsewhere, we trust the authorities will conserve so important an element in our college life.

THE SMALLER COLLEGE.

ONE of the most significant features in the development and extension of university education in this country has been the rise and growth of the smaller college. During the first century or more of our collegiate existence the trend of public desire as expressed in the average student, together with the example of leading educators, made it evident that unless local or temporal circumstances prevented, the British system of university centrality would be established in America. The forbidding circumstances entered very soon and in their natural consequences, as we view them, pro-

duced quite an opposite character in our collegiate life. We ascribe the differentiation of faculties and functions that in England belong to the university as an entirety, into schools and seminaries of technical learning—not so much, perhaps not at all, to any advanced conceptions of education, but to the special and peculiar requirements of our social and political system.

Yet this is but one of the differences between the English and American scheme of higher instruction. The most striking dissimilarity is a numerical one. Instead of a half dozen centres of learning as in the British Isles, the United States contain nearly four hundred institutions that aim to supply the place of the British few. But do not mistake us that when we compare the numbers in these two nations we compare the scholastic standards that they represent or the functions that they perform. It is our purpose merely to note and then to justify this diverse development and numerical expansion.

The high and significant position that the small college has attained is due, we believe, primarily to the demand that each section of the country individually has manifested. A common, academic education that once was the highest intellectual attainment of the Western or Southern student, is now but the basis of a general collegiate course. To supply this increasing demand becomes now largely the province of the smaller college. Its position is frequently commensurate with, and to a great extent regulated by, the growth of commercial enterprise in its vicinity; and consequently these smaller universities have grown with marvelous rapidity from a scattered score into hundreds, outranking in size and resources many of the older institutions of the East. They are assuming functions and characteristics that find place in the most highly organized university. The standard of scholarship is continually rising. Many of the elementary branches that once burdened the curriculum have been relegated to the fitting-school, so that, in lieu of a few large, centralized institutions from which the whole

intellectual life of the nation emanates, we possess a system of collegiate education that finds a center in every portion of the country and that accomplishes practically the same end.

The smaller college has also been very successful in developing the technical and special branches which once we judged could be taught only in a large institution. Professors and specialists of distinction have found their first stimulus among these little student gatherings. The reason lies, beyond doubt, in the fact that the natural fear of the novice of being overshadowed completely by some great genius, whose power is already recognized, finds no encouragement here. In this way they have lent some very valuable assistance to science and art; but, if we mistake not, the very best service that they have rendered has been in elevating the intellectual tenor of the people generally, and in laying a foundation of learning and culture whose superstructure promises to be well worthy of the intentions and ambitions of the founders. Our public school organism has long been our pride; it is time now that we point with somewhat of the same feeling at our national collegiate education, for we have solved the problem that has long puzzled great educators, how the average student shall obtain a college training without entirely quitting his home associations and therewith the means of personal support.

THE PHILISTINE IN COLLEGE.

WHEN Matthew Arnold began to talk about Philistinism, he gave a new word to the language. The Philistine is a ubiquitous individual, amusing enough when seen some leagues away, but apt to become annoying when he gets within hailing distance. We all know the British species as portrayed by the great Apostle of Culture. He

is heavy—heavy in mind, heavy in ideas. He has a good eye for the main chance, regards poetry as nonsense, sentiment as foolishness, and in general congratulates himself on a certain stolid and ox-like indifference to everything except grass. This genus is not confined to the British Isles. When we see one of them leaving his comfortable home and Philistine wife, and go down town to conduct his business among his brother Philistines, there is a certain fitness and harmony in his surroundings which detract from the natural antipathy we feel against the race. It seems only right that he should be hustling about in the streets of Gath and Ascalon. But when he appears in college he is conspicuously out of place. The college variety is slightly different from the ordinary type. He does not despise poetry; he admits that there is such a thing as literature, and that it has certain advantages; he reads some of its more ordinary forms and enjoys them. College can do a great deal, even for a Philistine—can do everything except make him something else. We overheard one of them remark, the other day, that for a man to take up the study of Spencer and Darwin, was a confession of mental weakness. There may be defects in the philosophy of dirt, but it has a few advantages over the philosophy of roast beef. The more delicate creations of the imagination and the lighter veins of fancy are incomprehensible to our friend. He may read them, but they do not appeal to his common sense. This does not worry him, however; it simply shows that the poets do not know what they are talking about. Your true Philistine must, in fact, show his superiority to mere men of the pen. We are glad there are not more Philistines in college, and yet, perhaps, it is well that they should come. They will never recognize themselves, they will broaden their ideas somewhat, and may, in the course of time, send back sons who have lost the characteristics of the race.

UNIVERSITY FREEDOM IN ENGLAND.

THE life of the English university is coincident with the life of the several colleges which form the constituent parts. When, therefore, we speak of university freedom we must consider it as being a distinct attribute of the separate college and not of the composite university. Perhaps this epithet as applied to the English college might sound a little ridiculous or at least inconsistent to an American student who chanced to visit one of these university departments at an evening hour. They tell us that the large, ponderous gates which stand before many of these college halls clank to at early hour in the evening and that thereafter the students who have been strolling out a little beyond their usual season of open-air perambulation, or those who have spent the night in social jollity and pleasure, must seek admission from the porter at the expense of a penny or two. It is an old-time custom, 'tis said, which traditional reverence preserves. Underneath you may find, perhaps, a better reason for its preservation, for the number of absentees on an evening is not small, and every penny that drops into the gate's treasury helps the funds which the college has at its disposal. But this old custom is merely an external semblance of restriction. Its spirit is scarcely ever apparent in the curriculum of the college or the conduct of the students.

It is taken for granted in the English university that the man who matriculates in it has some specific line of study that he wishes to pursue. It is also a presupposition on the part of the college instructors that thorough preparation in the fundamental and general branches of knowledge has been acquired before entrance. The first year of university study, therefore, ordinarily corresponds to the Junior year in Princeton, where direct specialized work begins. But there is a vital distinction right here, namely, that for the most part the subjects read by English university men are technical or graduate, in the significations of those words,

common to us. For instance a man goes to Cambridge and enters Pembroke College; he does so with the intention of studying or "reading," in English terminology, the theological curriculum. After a three years course he takes his degree and then is ready for a curacy or some definite position in the Anglican church. The same process is undertaken by the student who desires to read history or social science. Thus this very option in the selection of subjects is an indication of the freedom that prevails in the English university.

We notice it further, though, and perhaps as being more distinct and unhampered, in the students' manner and method of carrying out their chosen curricula. If the college master requires more than six hours a week for lectures, he is thought to be placing too great a burden upon the members. Seven hours of "class-room" duty, we are told, fix a very high limit. If anyone does override that he is dubbed with a title that possesses even deeper significance than our American "poller." What becomes of the other hours that we usually assign to the curriculum, do you ask? The English university man consumes them in "reading"; in fact, the entire work in the universities of England is done by private, specialized reading. The recitation system, that is so distasteful to students pursuing higher branches, is obsolete. A few exercises a week constitute the sum total of the work done in common. For the rest, it depends upon the university man himself as to whether he shall be fully prepared for the final examinations or not.

These are a few of the customs that center in the English college. Of course we could not adopt very many of them in our American college life. That would be impracticable and injudicious. Still, if we may estimate aright the "signs of the time" as they find revelation in Princeton's growth, it would not be touching on untruthfulness or illogical conclusion for us to say that every recent innovation in our curriculum has originated more or less directly in the old-established practices in England. We pride ourselves on our

originality in methods and results. The *elements* of our college life are found undeniably in the English college. If one has observed the gradual broadening of undergraduate studies and the substitution of graduate courses in the undergraduate elective work it must have become evident to him, upon comparison, that we are doing what the English university has already accomplished.

Were it possible for us by thorough discrimination, even by practical test, to prove the value and influence of these agents of university freedom that have been so dominant in England during the last few decades, we might effect for ourselves in the college life of America a change at once beneficial, educative, productive of that higher freedom for which the student often longs. Till experience bids us yield our tried, established customs for something to us shadowy and indefinite we shall preserve our curriculum system with vigilance, and seek to derive from it every advantage and possibility.

GOSSIP.

"Here we are again."—*Grimaldi*.

I SEARCHED for a long time to find a proper quotation to begin this month's Gossip with. When I found one full of "Autumn Leaves" and all the salient characteristics of the waning season, behold! one of the other editors had already used it. So I open with the famous saying of Grimaldi. Yes, "Here we are again," at least most of us. And so the Gossip greets you all, Welcome! the new faces that will soon become familiar; and thrice welcome the old ones. Missed are the ones that have passed out of our college life, out of our family circle, to buckle on the sword of Fortune.

Not so many changes as we expected to see on the campus. It can never look dignified again until the débris of the new buildings is removed, and our two "Marble Halls" and the new dormitory are finished and occupied.

What a comfort our room life is. Our rooms, be they in Old North or in "Grand Witherspoon" with its ornamental (?) fire escapes, are our castles. It is in them that we live. In other colleges they use them merely to sleep in. We dwell in ours.

How a man's room reflects himself, better than his looking-glass. It is an index to his tastes, and almost to his character. And here I must say that if he is blessed with a "private servant," that individual has something to do with it also.

What strange things visitors and fond parents run across. The careful, observant mother who looks on both sides of things—including mantle ornaments—she sees a good deal of dust probably, if nothing more startling, and remarks that she "would like to bring Bridget down from home and have a thorough sweeping out." Yes, indeed, she would revel in it, dear, kind soul, and the occupant of the room would feel so strange that he would go and live with somebody else for a few days, and accustom himself to the change by degrees. Such is life! We miss everything we become used to, even if the change is for the better. Going to the post-office, for instance—we miss that. At present I am missing my old gas-meter. True, I have a new one and a better one, but I miss the old one. I miss the uncertain fluctuations of the light that were so startling and bewildering—one burner was as bad as a revolving light. I miss the familiar whirr, snap and pant of the worn-out bellows in that old meter. It does not seem like the same room. There was one good thing about that old machine. You could always tell when she was at work. How do I know that that brand new recorder is not piling up the feet against me all the time, in silence, like a new official, in a

new position, who makes all the money he can at first quietly, then, when he can afford to be honest, calls attention to the fact.

But I have digressed. Gentle skipper—I think that is a better name than “reader;” few people read nowadays—you will pardon me I know, for that new meter has prayed on my mind lately to such an extent that it has permanently injured my health.

I was saying that a man's room reflected the man. I maintain it.

There is that fellow you all know who never unpacks his trunk until it is time to pack it again for the next vacation. You all know his room. He has bought some pictures, but he has never had time to hang them up; there they are, face to the wall, just where Mershon placed them. The bill is in an old china bowl on the table, filled with other bills and odds-and-ends; it will stay there safe enough. His pipes are lying around loose, unemptied and ready to deposit their ashes on the table cloth; hit them a “puff” and they are on the floor; so it is, all the same thing. This chap loses all he owns in the wash, and returns home a pauper, with someone else's shirt on. He doesn't care, and neither do I, as long as it is not my shirt. I like him; he will share his last pipeful of tobacco with you, and probably borrow your last dollar, if you respond easily. He burns his gas all day, and uses toothpicks from the club to light up with, and always forgets to buy matches when he is in the town. But, bless him, I like him; there is nothing mean or stingy about him. Then there is the bare room filled with books, and the crowded room filled with novels. The rooms with advertising pictures and the rooms with remark-proof etchings. Rooms that smell of cooking, and rooms that smell of spilt champagne, and so on; you see the room, you know the fellow; but more on the same subject later on. I am growing flippant, and that will never do for the Gossip. I am going to write some more about our Princeton rooms some day, but will have to watch that gas-meter, and “taps” is the word.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" Delightful Summer ! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew ;
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly ? "

" Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave ; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt."

THE word "last" has for most of us many unpleasant associations, and when the college man goes away for his last vacation it is that word that casts the only shadow over the anticipated good times. When we left Princeton last June it was with the determination—an almost grim one—to enjoy our last vacation to the utmost. Come what may of hard work and irksome cares in the years beyond, the halcyon days of that last summer would be ever a sweet and tender memory. We have spent the summer in ways differing widely. A few have devoted the time to study or deep reading, but most of us have joined the gay, unthinking host of pleasure-seekers and have followed the will-o'-the-wisp to the country, to the mountains, to the sea and even beyond, where wearers of the orange and the black have encountered each other in all the notable places of London—from the Tower and the Academy to the Alhambra and the Empire; on the Eiffel Tower and the boulevards of Paris, and even in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in Berlin. But the summer is gone now and we have come back with an abundance of health and with the knowledge gained by reading in the World-book from the chapter on Human Nature. Senior year is here with its offering of last opportunities. What will we do with them?

New books were few during the summer and those that the publishers did launch were almost wholly of the typical summer varieties. Yet the three months were not without their topics for literary thought and discussion. The great sensation was the published translation of Count Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata." By the injudicious advertising given the book by the postal authorities it had a wide sale and disappointed many of the viciously inclined. The "Kreutzer Sonata" is not an immoral book. It is the expression of the great reformer's hopelessness and disgust in the face of the foulness that masquerades under the name of good society in Russia. Hopelessness is not quite the word, as the author

finds hope for the soul, though not for the race, in St. Paul's doctrine of celibacy. Tolstoi did a noble work in robbing war of its glamour, but in trying to subject the institution of marriage to the same process he attacks the family—the very foundation of social order and morality. Though Tolstoi is wrong in theory and offers a remedy that is no remedy, he does society a service by scoring the State's partnership with vice, by showing in its real blackness the respectable immorality of aristocratic youth, and by indicating the disturbing elements of conjugal life. We must not forget that Tolstoi is a great man and a sincere reformer, who is not satisfied with mere preaching, but who puts his own shoulder to the mired wheel of social progress. A very different writer is the new literary demigod, Rudyard Kipling. The "Plain Tales from the Hills," a collection of his stories previously published in various magazines, was an immediate success in England—a success that, of course, called forth a pirated edition or two in this country. Everybody read Kipling this summer and everyone enjoyed the reading. For a long while the French were undisputed masters of the field of short stories. Of late years good stories by English and American authors have appeared in great numbers, but they were too largely imitative. In Kipling we have one who writes original stories in an original way; who tells of what he has seen and uses terse, rugged English in the telling. Plain words, short words, few words, are the characteristics of his diction. He is one more standard-bearer in the revolt against the so-called realism, and, wearied of the ill-executed photography of the monotonous life about us, we turn with decided relief to his breezy tales of men and action. The future work of Rudyard Kipling must decide his claim to the title of genius, but genius or not he has added to the sum of things worth reading, and that is no little thing.

The October *Forum* opens with an article by Bishop Huntington on "Social Problems and the Church." The Bishop realizes the importance of the Church's taking some action in these days of social change if she would hope to maintain any hold upon the masses. The preaching of something else than other-worldliness and the wise direction of intelligent sympathy are necessities. Mr. Bellamy does not believe that Nationalism is a "castle in the air, with no ladder to climb up by," so he contributes "First Steps Toward Nationalism." "The Future of Our Daughters" is a thoughtful paper. "The Idea of Life After Death" is discussed once more, this time by Prof. J. P. Lesley, who, after regarding the subject historically, concludes that the body dies and only the soul lives on forever. Mary D. Cutting studies "Two Forces in Fiction"—supernaturalism and psychology.

That inimitable master of yarn-spinning, W. Clark Russell, furnishes in "A Marriage at Sea" the complete novel for the October *Lippincott's*. It has all the fine, salt flavor of his other tales, with the finer elements of a true love and a beautiful, tender woman added. It is the story of a

yachting cruise which threatened to end disastrously, but happily brought to pass the "marriage at sea," which was sacred and binding though performed "without banns, and without license." "Envy of Grief" is the best verse in the number. The practical theme of "Electric Lighting" is well handled by David Salomons. There is another plea for "University Extension." "Le Prix de Rome," with its inspiration to artists, is the subject of a paper by L. R. McCabe. In Book-Talk Julian Hawthorne gives a bright, sketchy *critique* of Rudyard Kipling.

"The Stone Age," after the painting by Fernand Connon, makes an effective frontispiece for the October number of the *Magazine of Art*. "Sculpture of the Year" is reviewed and finely illustrated. George du Maurier contributes a characteristic paper on "The Illustrating of Books." "Babies in Art and Nature" is a subject charmingly treated, and the opportunity it gives for illustration has not been neglected. "Some Ancient Representations of Eros and Psyche" gives us numerous illustrations from the old masters. A third article on "Illustrated Journalism in England: Its Development," is particularly interesting in this day of progressive journalism. The "Notes" are valuable as ever, those on American art being especially worthy of mention.

The last installment of Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, which appears in the October *Century*, is accompanied by an excellent frontispiece portrait of the author. In this last paper the great actor gives his final reflections upon the art of his love. The great Darwin's son, a professor in Cambridge, Eng., contributes a valuable and original paper on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems." The war-prison series is represented by "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie." Lieutenant Shelton illustrates his own paper in an admirable fashion. American archæology has been neglected to a great extent, and we are glad to see such an interesting paper in this line as "Prehistoric Cave Dwellings," by F. T. Bickford. Dr. Edward Eggleston writes an entertaining travel sketch. Mrs. Barr's powerful story, "Olivia," is concluded. Civil Service Reform is advocated in several articles.

The conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney," which opens the *Atlantic* for October, exemplifies her theory that the worth of life lies in love and self-sacrifice. The climax of "Felicia" is the heroine's marriage with a man whose occupation is most distasteful to her. Dr. Holmes also writes of marriage in "Over the Teacups," and he has something to say of a certain women's college which he visited recently. John Fiske gives once more the dark story of "Benedict Arnold's Treason." That the enthusiasm over Ibsen is not yet exhausted is shown by Mr. E. P. Evans' "Henrik Ibsen; His Life Abroad, and Later Dramas." Josiah Royce tells us some new things about General Fremont's public life. He concludes, "The real man behind that public life it is that I find so curious and baffling an enigma, as all others have found him."

The frontispiece of the October *Scribner's* is "The Lovers' Quarrel," which accompanies Mr. Gladstone's translation of Horace, Bk. III, Ode IX., reprinted by permission. A prominent Chicago architect, Mr. J. W. Root, contributes "The City House in the West," in which he shows that Western cities are not wholly mushroom growths, but have made real advances in building. Professor Shaler has a second paper on "Nature and Man in America." Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, who has just retired from a long and successful career at the head of a "Private School for Girls," writes in defense of the much-ridiculed "polishing school." In the "Point of View," M. de Coubertin's book, "Universités Transatlantiques" is reviewed, and we translate one of the quotations. The author having been introduced to the Princeton foot-ball captain, describes him as "a big, strong fellow, with curly black hair, a rough-and-ready air, and dressed in a kind of yellow great-coat [sweater?], in which one could see an unembarrassed carelessness in dress."

One more American woman has ventured into the field of fiction. It appears that the Julien Gordon, whose story, "A Successful Man," is concluded in the *Cosmopolitan* for October, is really Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, a well-known New York society woman. The story has many strong points. The end is decidedly abrupt and not pleasing. "A Glimpse of Guatemala" tells us something of a neighbor, lately an object of attention on account of its mimic war. Congressman Lodge shows his versatility by writing on "Horses and Riders." Capt. Charles King goes out of the path in which he became famous, and contributes "The Twin Cities of the Northwest." He manages to treat the subject so as to make an enemy of neither of the rival towns. James Jeffrey Roche writes of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet-patriot.

The exchange editor finds very little material for his department in the first number of the college year. Most of his contemporaries are as late in making their appearance as is his own magazine. The dust of the summer has gathered upon those that came to the Table last June, and they do not look very attractive. They are like a last winter's hat—they did very well in their day; but we do not want to praise or condemn them. June is so long ago. The authors and editors have forgotten what they wrote. We will not disturb them. *The Dartmouth Lit.* and *The University of the South Magazine* were more enterprising than the rest of us, and issued September numbers in good time.

The Dartmouth Lit. has a long essay on Robert Browning. So much has been said and written about the great master that we could scarcely expect to find anything original, and we are not disappointed. The writer, though probably a true lover of Browning, is not yet ready to pass from "perusing" to criticising him. We enjoyed reading "A Glimpse of Nova Scotia," because we have been over the ground and because it is well written. If more amateurs would write about what they have seen, they would have more general success. "The Loon" is a well-executed bit of verse. The departments of the *Lit.* are always

good. "By the Way" calls for better stories and with good reason, if "The Last Moose Hunt" is a criterion of contributions at present.

The University of the South Magazine is doing good work. An appreciative criticism of Alfred De Musset, and a bright, chatty sketch, "Glimpses of Florence," are the best things in the last number. While "An Unpublished Report" may be valuable, it is wholly out of place in a college publication. This magazine is marred by the necessity of doing the newspaper work of its college. It is unfortunate that it cannot yet confine itself to the literary field.

We have made some clippings from the dust-covered magazines on the table and we offer them without comment:

BALLADE TO MOLIÈRE.

WHEN life in France meant court and king,
 When marquises judged art and play,
 When all the poets strove to sing
 The praise of Louis, great and gay;
 When wars and pensions swept away
 The peasant's substance, grain and sheep,
 The poet told them, sad as they:
 "To laugh is better than to weep."

"If grief and care your bosoms wring,
 Then is the time to go your way
 With mockery; tears can't ease the sting
 That pain about your heart doth lay.
 Though pleasure comes not all the day,
 Though night drags on and brings no sleep:
 Though through Grief's house your feet may stray,
 To laugh is better than to weep!"

Whatever evil life might bring
 He mocked at it, and so grew gray
 With laughter, never sorrowing
 For cares his hands were weak to stay.
 So, when Armande was led astray,
 When all his joy was buried deep,
 When he was sick to death—he'd say:
 "To laugh is better than to weep."

ENVOI.

Poet, we grieve, too, but betray
 Our grief with tears, too weak to keep
 The maxim you could still obey:
 "To laugh is better than to weep."
 —*Harvard Monthly.*

DAWN.

Down from the mountain tops uplifted high
 The nightwind comes, with soft and silent tread,
 As if in reverence for the noble dead
 Who in the mountain church-yard buried lie,
 And passes through the pine trees with a sigh.

The eastern sky grows pale, and one by one
 The star-lamps fade before the coming sun ;
 While in the woods, the whip poor-will's last cry
 Startles the lark within his leafy nest,
 Who, springing up, ascends with steady gaze ;
 And summons slumbering mortals from their rest
 Which came when yesterday's hard toil was gone.
 The light increases, and the bright sun's rays
 Complete the daily miracle,—and it is dawn.

—*Williams Lit.*

VALE O' DREAMS.

Deep hid from other eyes,
 For every human heart, away somewhere
 Beyond the realms of mortal ken, there lies
 A valley sad and fair,
 Beneath the misty light and softer gleams
 Of changing isener skies—
 The Vale o' Dreams.

Ne'er trod of stranger feet,
 'Tis strewn with heart-hopes of the by-gone times,
 And sighs and laughter meet,
 Where tinkling down the sands of vanished years,
 The babbling, weeping brook of memory streams,
 Sometimes with happy, sometimes plaintive rhymes,
 And fills with smile and tears
 The Vale o' Dreams.

—*Southern Collegian.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

IN DARKEST AFRICA. BY HENRY M. STANLEY. TWO VOLS. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

The long-heralded book of Stanley has come, and it is not only a record of a wonderful journey, but is also a monument to Stanley's wonderful energy in writing. Think of Stanley, after his weeks and months of toil and hardship, settling down in his hired house in Cairo and writing in fifty days the story of his successful quest! Though hurriedly written it shows but few marks of haste. It is remarkable how well these men of action—Grant, Sherman, Stanley—write. Many a professional literary man may envy their simplicity of style and their success as writers. Stanley begins his book with a review of the occupation of the Soudan, and then begins his narrative. No wonder he calls his book "In Darkest Africa," when the relief expedition was in the forest for 180 days. Stanley throws light upon the dark places, shows the land's unsuspected resources, and blazes out a path by which the agents of civilization may enter. Surely Africa is meant for something better than a hunting-ground for slaves and a market for bad whiskey. Let commerce and Christianity follow the march of Stanley's vanguard. The land lies open for possession. All the charm of a tale of adventure and discovery hangs over Stanley's book. It is handsomely bound and illustrated. Each volume has a frontispiece—each a portrait of Stanley—the one taken in 1886, the other in 1890. The touch of time has wrought great changes in the short four years.

THE WORKS OF WALTER BAGEHOT. EDITED BY FORREST MORGAN. 5 VOLS., \$5.00. (HARTFORD, CONN.: THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE CO.)

The works of this great English thinker and writer are first published by an American financial corporation. Walter Bagehot was remarkable for depth, originality and versatility of thought, made possible by vast stores of information always ready to hand. He could pass with ease from a versified translation of Beranger to an abstruse metaphysical or economic study. In these five volumes we have literary, biographical and political essays, his work on the English Constitution, "Physics and Politics" (perhaps his most famous production), "Lombard Street," and his other financial papers. One may not always agree with Mr. Bagehot's conclusions, but his argument, or his theory always demands respectful attention. The world was a loser when Bagehot died, but it is a gainer by this publication of his complete works. This edition will be valuable in every library.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES CONSIDERED
WITH SOME REFERENCE TO ITS ORIGIN. BY JOHN FISKE.
(BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A new book from the pen of Harvard's greatest essayist is always welcome. In the volume before us Mr. Fiske has brought his broad grasp of history and critical acumen to the treatment of a subject which is daily becoming more important to the American student. The day is going by when the affairs of local and municipal government are left in the hands of the least truly representative class in our heterogeneous population. In the renaissance of the American spirit we prophesy for Mr. Fiske's book an important mission. The study of our institutions in the light of comparative history cannot fail to give a new sense of their dignity as well as awaken an intelligent interest in their conservation and further development. The name of the author is sufficient to attract the general reader; we would particularly recommend a careful reading to the men who are devoting themselves to the courses in Politics and Social Science. Although published as a text-book, the questions and divisions do not interfere with its interest to the reader.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN—NATURE, ADDRESSES AND LECTURES. EMERSON. \$1.00. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The publishers have combined in this edition of Emerson his essays on Representative Men, his celebrated essay on Nature and a number of addresses and lectures delivered on various occasions. Taken together they make a very desirable accession to one's library. The "Popular Edition" of the publishers is too well known to need any renewed description. We are glad to welcome this new addition to it. It presents a portion of Emerson's productions in neat and attractive form. We too often lose sight of Emerson's lectures and addresses or lay them aside for some of his more familiar essays. By combining them in this way with a few of his biographical essays, the editors have succeeded in placing both on an equality of worth. We might mention a specific address as an instance of how some of his productions of peculiar merit have been partially neglected. "The American Scholar," a very potent oration, has never received the consideration it deserved, merely because it has never been brought into prominence. An edition like the one under consideration will do much, we believe, to accord to such addresses and lectures their merited place in literature.

AZTEC LAND. BY MATORIN M. BALLOU. \$1.50. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

That indefatigable globe-trotter, Matorin M. Ballou, has been visiting our sister republic, Mexico, and has recorded his impressions with all his usual charm. The preface savors a little of an advertisement for

Raymond's Excursions, but the book itself is irreproachable. The author first gives a sketch of Mexico's history, and a brief statement of the characteristics of her climate and people. Then he tells of his journey, and we follow him from town to town; through the streets of the city of Mexico, we view with him the bull fight, we hear the cries in the market place, we see the people in their daily life. At last we come back and breathe the air of the United States, so much freer than that of poor, ignorant, superstitious Mexico. The book should be read for instruction as well as entertainment. It is a patent fact that Americans usually know more of Japan or China than of their nextdoor neighbors—Canada and Mexico.

CHAPTERS FROM THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF SPAIN. BY
HENRY CHARLES LEA, LL.D. (PHILADELPHIA: LEA BROTHERS & Co.)

As the title would indicate, this work is not a detailed history of the Church in Spain, but rather a study of some important phases of that country's experience with the Holy Inquisition. The Censorship of the Press is first discussed and that very ably. The author says: "In its origin, Censorship was devised by the Church to preserve purity of faith; then the papacy made use of it to strengthen the defenses of the temporal power, and the State naturally took hold of the machinery thus created to serve its own purposes." The effect of the Censorship's repression upon literature, upon journalism and political thought, is clearly shown. The subject of the next essay is "Mystics and Illuminati." This is a particularly interesting paper. In "Endemoniadas" demonic possession and methods of exorcism are the superstitions discussed. The essay on "El Santo Niño de la Guardia" treats of the persecution of the Jews by the Inquisition. "Brianda de Bardaxi," one of the *conversos*, is the subject of a brief paper. Mr. Lea has entered a comparatively unoccupied field, and has proved his title to a holding. An admirable index adds to the value of the book.

HISTORIC HOMES IN WASHINGTON. BY MARY S. LOCKWOOD.
(NEW YORK: BELFORD COMPANY.)

The interest created in Washington homes by the burning of Secretary Tracy's dwelling has been well followed up by the present volume, which aims to point out some of the more prominent buildings belonging to noted men—prominent not only by reason of their external beauty, but because of the reminiscences associated with them and their owners. The author begins with a sketch of the first settlement of the Capital City, mentioning the old historic dwellings of the Revolutionary periods. A full, detailed history of the White House during the successive presidential administrations follows this, closing with the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison. It is both interesting and unique. Different parts of the city containing the monuments and buildings that give to Washington such richness of aspect are laid before the reader. The homes of

statesmen, jurists and diplomats find abundant description. The volume is made very readable and instructive. The attractiveness is also greatly enhanced by the numerous engravings, accurately picturing their subjects.

"O THOU, MY AUSTRIA!" TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF OSKIP SCHUBIN. BY MRS. A. L. WISTER. \$1.25. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Mrs. Wister's translations have become famous, and it goes without saying that this one is worth reading. The title is the oddest thing about it. One would naturally expect an intensely patriotic tale, embodying the woes of Austria's past or hopes for a brighter and freer future. From beginning to end there is no suggestion of politics. It is the story of the love of two cousins, their quarrel, Harry's unintentional betrothal, the difficulties overcome before his honorable release, and the lovers' final happiness. Sketched thus the story seems commonplace. In reality the interest is well maintained; both action and dialogue are good.

TWO GREAT TEACHERS — ROGER ASCHAM AND THOMAS ARNOLD. WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY JAMES H. CARLISLE. (SYRACUSE, N. Y.: C. W. BARDEEN.)

This book comprises Dr. Samuel Johnson's memoir of Roger Ascham and selections from Stanley's *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*. Roger Ascham, the tutor of Elizabeth, the great scholar and the great teacher; and Thomas Arnold, the noble master of Rugby, each stood for the best forces in education in his day—the one in the sixteenth, the other in the nineteenth century. Dr. Arnold was dear to the hearts of his pupils, and this sketch will appeal to the young men all over the world, who have read so eagerly "Tom Brown at Rugby."

A POCKET HAND-BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY. BY HENRY F. REDDAL.
A PRACTICAL DELSARTE PRIMER. BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL.
HOME EXERCISE FOR HEALTH AND CURE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF D. G. R. SCHREBER, M. D. (SYRACUSE, N. Y.: C. W. BARDEEN.)

These little books—true hand-books—come from a publisher who pays especial attention to educational works. The "Hand-book of Biography" contains the names and "labels" of more than ten thousand celebrities. The "Delsarte Primer" unfolds the famous Delsarte method in elocution. The writer is fitted for her work by experience and study. The "Home Exercise" has proved itself valuable as an aid to health and is in its twenty-third edition in Germany. These books merit attention.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT. BY GEORGE W. CHILDS.
(PHILADELPHIA: COLLINS PRINTING HOUSE.)

Few men have known so many great men intimately as Mr. Childs has done. In this little pamphlet he tells us the interesting things that he remembers of his intercourse and conversations with America's greatest soldier.

LOOKING FURTHER FORWARD. BY RICHARD MICHAELIS. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" created American "Nationalism," and its friends and its foes are still discussing the much-read book. In the book before us we have a clever defence of the present order of things. The author recapitulates "Looking Backward," inducts Julian West into his duties as professor in Shawmut College and introduces him to his predecessor who had been reduced to the post of janitor for expressing heretical opinions in his lectures. The rest of the story shows the disastrous results of the suppression of individuality and is just ending in a general massacre of the friends of the administration when West awakes in his own room in Boston, A. D. 1887. The author is a German-American who does all in his power to inspire in his people a love for American institutions.

THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW AND OTHER TALES. BY RUDYARD KIPLING. (NEW YORK: GEORGE MUNRO.)

Here we have another collection of tales from the pen of the popular author of the day—the young Anglo-Indian, Rudyard Kipling. Four of them deal with the ghostly and mysterious and are written with all the marked individuality of "The Plain Tales from the Hills." The story which gives the book its title is the most powerful. The last four stories are intended for children, but will have many older readers. When this book is read most people will ask themselves eagerly, "How long will it be before Mr. Kipling writes another?"

THE MYSTERY OF M. FELIX. BY B. L. FARJEON. 50c. (NEW YORK: JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY.)

People who are not afraid to admit that they like a good detective story—and there are many such people—will find in this book such a story, with a complicated plot and an abundance of situations. We must caution you, however, that it is no "Old Sleuth" story. Mr. Farjeon is at home when he writes about London, and London is the scene of this tale.

A MODERN MARRIAGE. BY THE MARQUISE CLARA LANZA. 50c. (NEW YORK: JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY.)

This is a story of life in New York written on the lines of the French realism. A young literary man and his wife live in a "cheap and nasty" flat. The wife, accustomed to luxury in her childhood, revolts against the monotony and hardships of the poverty of her married life. She finds a lover. He proves a wretch and a coward. She appeals to her husband to be taken back, and he refuses. It may be successful realism, but we hope there may be few modern marriages like the one portrayed in the story.

THE NEW EVADNE. BY FRANK HOWARD HOWE. 25c. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

This is a story of the spoils system as applied to the Treasury Department at Washington. A faithful treasury clerk is to be removed to make way for some great man's henchman. The clerk's sister-in-law, a powerful actress, has an interview with the great man and paints such a prophetic picture of the future of his children after his death that he is moved to recall his order. The tale is thrillingly told.

DISENCHANTMENT. BY MABEL ROBINSON. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

A young woman loves intensely; makes a god of a man who tells her that she is wrong in her judgment of him, that he is mediocre, weak. She will not believe him; they are married, and this book tells the story of her disenchantment. The husband is a member of Parliament, is over-worked, falls into drinking habits, and one night is brought home "dead drunk." The wife in disgust would leave him, but stays with him from a sense of duty. She stays with him until he goes out into the unknown, and then she returns to her old life of an artist. It is a sad story well told.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS. BY MARY AGNES TINCKER. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

All who enjoyed this author's "Signor Monaldini's Niece" will welcome this new work. Warm-hearted, backward old Italy forms the setting for a story which aims at the unfolding of a young girl's character—the pure, noble Aurora. The evolution of her soul life is accurately studied. There are other characters, perhaps more interesting because more human than the heroine.

PEARL-POWDER. A NOVEL BY ANNIE EDWARDES. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

The heroine of "Pearl-Powder"—Philippa Harkness—is very different from Aurora. She is warm-hearted, impulsive to rashness, and is an English-woman. Castaway Jo, a low-browed, degraded ruffian, who

possesses the redeeming trait of devotion to Miss Lipps, is an interesting character. The story is told in a sprightly fashion, but is by no means trashy or silly, as its rather ill-chosen name might suggest. You will find in this story reminiscences of your favorite authors. Various old-time properties are used, some of them to good effect, notably the trial scene.

LUCIE'S MISTAKE. BY W. HEIMBURG. TRANSLATED BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS. 75c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

"Lucie's Mistake" is the latest addition to the International Series. It is illustrated with exquisite photogravures. The writer is one who understands motives and character, and therefore puts his people in natural situations and makes them talk in a natural way. Lucie broke off her engagement with Dr. Adler, and the story tells the way in which she discovered the mistake she had made. Hortense von Löwen, her dearest friend, is one of the most interesting people in the book. No one need fear improper suggestions in this story.

CATHERINE'S COQUETRIES. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE DEBANS BY LEON MEAD. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

A country game in France forms the opening scene of this tale, in which Catherine, the wife of a wealthy gamekeeper, is made to exhibit her coquetries and fascinating caprices. By her charms she has infatuated a young peasant, Bruno, who also is loved by the little lame Sidouie. The faithless Catherine plots secretly to slay her husband, Monsieur Barrau, and with conspirators accomplishes it. Bruno, perceiving her deed and desiring to shield her, makes himself the guilty one. He is vindicated by the faithful Jean and immediately justified by popular assent.

FLIRT. A STORY OF PARISIAN LIFE. BY PAUL HERVIEU. TRANSLATED BY HUGH CRAIG. 75c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This book, gotten up in the fine style characteristic of this well-known house, has the regulation French flavor, and it therefore goes without saying that it will find numerous appreciative readers. To detail the story would be to rob the reader of a large part of his pleasure.

CALENDAR.

MAY 27TH.—Johnson, '92, won tennis championship of college.

MAY 28TH.—Base-ball. Staten Island Athletic Club vs. Princeton.
Score, 6 to 2.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates,

The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnieres.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Platt
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,

SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
1316 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MAY 30TH.—First field meeting of the Interscholastic Athletic Association of the Middle States, on Princeton 'Varsity grounds.

MAY 31ST.—Intercollegiate athletic games at Berkely Oval, New York. Harvard won with 32 points; Yale, 29½ points; Princeton, 24 points; Columbia, 19½ points.

—◀PARIS OFFICE, 4 RUE D'UZES▶—

—ESTABLISHED 1861—

SAMUEL BUDD,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Shirts and Outfittings

FOR GENTLEMEN,

MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

8 KING EDWARD STREET LONDON.

DR. CHARLES DIPPOLT,

Dentist,

Gas and Ether Administered.

111 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.
FIRST FLOOR.

MAY 31ST.—Base-ball. Columbia vs. Princeton, at Princeton. Score, 0 to 15.

JUNE 4TH.—Base-ball, Englewoods vs. Princeton, at Princeton; score, 0—8.

DECKER BROS. PIANOS, HAINES BROS. PIANOS
MASON & HAMLIN PIANO,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, CROWN ORGAN,
BRIDGEPORT ORGAN.

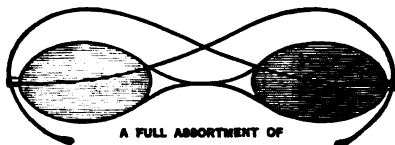
WM. G. FISCHER,

1221 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

SEND FOR CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, &c.

HUBER & WEBER,
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

GOLD
EYE-GLASSES



GOLD
SPECTACLES

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Eye-Glasses, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

LENSES OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

26 NORTH 13TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Careful Attention Paid to Oculists' Prescriptions. Repairing Promptly Done.

JUNE 7TH.—Central Pennsylvania Club banquet at Philadelphia.....
Base-ball, University of Virginia vs. Princeton, at Richmond; score, 4
—9.

JUNE 8TH.—Baccalaureate Sunday.

HOTTEL, Agt.,
THE HATTER

33 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

AGENT FOR DUNLAPS' CELEBRATED HATS.

LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL CAPS.

GITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

Music & Musical Merchandise,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.,

Opposite Nassau Hall,

PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

JUNE 9TH.—Class day of Ninety. Junior Orator contest in evening.

JUNE 10TH.—Base-ball, Yale freshmen vs. Princeton freshmen, at New Haven; score, 13—10.

THOS. C. HILL & SON,

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

Lunches and Course Dinners

← WRITE FOR PRICES. →

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE



GALES SAFETIES.

—AND—

NEW MAIL

Bicycle Sundries of Every Description. Wright & Ditson's Tennis, Reach's Base Ball Goods.
Flannel Suiting, Shoes and Caps.

SEND FOR SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.

JUNE 10TH.—Caledonian Games. Class of '90 won.....Guyot Memorial Tablet unveiled in Marquand Chapel.....Sophomore Reception and Lynde Debate.....Corner-stones of new Halls laid.

J. F. HANCOCK,

PRACTICAL BAKER AND ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER

FANCY AND WEDDING CAKES. FINEST CONFECTIONS.

HANCOCK'S CELEBRATED ICE CREAM.

CORNER NORTH BROAD AND HANOVER STREETS,

TRENTON, N. J.

RUHLMAN'S

MUSIC • HOUSE

105 EAST STATE ST., OPP. CITY HALL,

TRENTON, N. J.

EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE
AT LOWEST PRICES.

STEWART'S CELEBRATED BANJOS

A SPECIALTY.

Also, Finest Quality of Banjo, Guitar and Violin Strings.

JUNE 11TH.—143d Commencement.

JUNE 14TH.—Base-ball. Yale vs. Princeton, at Brotherhood grounds, New York. Score, 8—8.

JUNE 18TH.—Base-ball. Yale vs. Princeton, at Brooklyn. Score, 5—6.

YOUMANS DERBY,
FINE CANES, UMBRELLAS
AND COLLEGE CAPS,
DOBBINS, The Hatter
15 EAST STATE STREET.

—THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

Fine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

CLOCKS, FINE SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

—IS AT—

JOHN C. DEMMERT'S,

Successor to Chas. Stakeman,

23 EAST STATE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

Prices always 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

I make Classical Books and Photographs, together with the *Artistic Framing* of Class and Club Photos, a Specialty. Masters as well as Students should not fail to *take time* to inspect my large and elegant Stock of Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures and Water Colors. I carry the largest line of Pictures and Picture Frames in the State; and offer in addition Rogers' and other Statuary Groups, and many small decorative goods suitable for room ornamentation.

WM. H. BREARLEY,

26 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LITTLE SOLDIER. Prize Translation, - - - <i>Bowdre Phinizy,</i>	221
THE SAINT OF THE CENTURY Verses, - <i>Burton Egbert Stevenson,</i>	229
AUTUMN IN AMERICAN POETRY. Essay, - <i>Charles Ogden Mudge,</i>	229
THE SPY. Poem, - - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	236
"L'ETOILE." Story, - - - - - <i>V. Lansing Collins,</i>	238
JEAN. Poem, - - - - - <i>George R. Wallace,</i>	242
AN ODD FELLOW. Sketch, - - - - <i>James Cowden Meyers,</i>	242
SONG, - - - - - <i>George P. Wheeler,</i>	246
WHY 8— WORE TALL COLLARS Etching, - - - - -	247
UNMOORED. Poem, - - - - - <i>J. Harry Dunham,</i>	248
FRAGMENT, - - - - - <i>John Glover Wilson,</i>	249
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, - - - - -	251
AUTUMN—THE SPARROWS—A WALTZ—A UNIQUE VILLAGE—A BROKEN RHYME—IN THE LIBRARY.	
EDITORIAL, - - - - -	261
TRANSLATION PRIZE—STORY PRIZE—THE "LIT" MEDAL—THE "TIGER"—A NEW CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—THE ENGLISH DE- PARTMENT.	
GOSSIP, - - - - -	266
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	269
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	277
CALENDAR, - - - - -	285

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

G. B. AGNEW, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DUNHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Lock Box 647.

VOL. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 4.

LITTLE SOLDIER.*

"LET." PRIZE TRANSLATION. BOWDEN PHINIZY, GEORGIA.

EACH Sunday as soon as they were free, the two little soldiers set out walking. After leaving the barracks, they turned to the right, passed through Courbevoie, with long, quick strides, as if they were doing military duty. Then having left the houses behind, they followed, at a slower gait, the big road, bare and dusty, which stretches out to Bezons.

They were small and thin, and seemed lost in their military frock-coats, which were much too big and too long. The sleeves hung down and covered their hands. And they were much embarrassed by their immense red breeches, which made them open their legs wide in walking fast. Under the stiff, high shako, you could see only the shadow of a face—two poor, empty Breton faces, simple with an

*From the French of Guy DeMaupassant.

almost animal naturalness, and big blue eyes gentle and calm.

They never spoke during the walk, going on straight ahead, with the same idea in mind, which took the place of conversation. For they had found at the edge of a little grove in Championx a spot which reminded them of their own country, and they only felt happy when they were there.

When they came beneath the trees, just where the two roads from Colombes and Châton cross each other, they took off their hats, which pressed down upon their heads, and wiped their brows. They always stopped a little while upon the bridge of Bezons, to look at the Seine. They lingered there two or three minutes, bent double, leaning over the railing. Or, perhaps, they would gaze at the great lake of Argenteuil, where the white and slanting sails of the clippers running before the wind doubtless reminded them of their own Breton sea, of the port of Vannes, of which they were neighbors, and of the fishing-smacks putting out across the Morbihan towards the ocean.

After crossing the Seine, they purchased their provisions from the pork merchant, the baker, and the wine merchant of the country. A bit of blood-pudding, four sous' worth of bread, and a pint of cheap blue wine, made up their rations, all of which they carried off in their handkerchiefs. But as soon as they left the village they began to walk along with very slow steps, and also began talking.

Before them lay a barren plain studded with tree clumps, over which led the way to the wood, a little wood, but which seemed to them to resemble that of Kermarivan. Wheat and oats lay on either side of the little path, which was soon lost to view amid the fresh verdure of the growing crops. And Jean Kerderen would say every time to Luc Le Ganidec, "Every thing looks very much as it does around Plounivon."

"Yes, it is very much alike."

They walked along side by side, their minds full of vague remembrances of their home of awakened images—pictures

as simple as the colored sheets that sell for a penny. They saw again some familiar field-corner, a hedge, a bit of moor, a cross-road, a granite cross. Each time, too, they would stop near a stone that marked a certain boundary. For this stone had something on it like the cromlech of Locneven. Coming up to the first clump of trees, Luc Le Ganidec broke off every Sunday a switch, a willow switch, and began to peel off the bark very slowly, thinking all the while of the folks at home.

Jean Kerderen carried the provisions.

Occasionally Luc mentioned a name, or called up some childish deed in a word or two only, which put them to thinking for a long time. And their country, that dear, far off land, gradually took possession of them and despite the distance, sent them, and surrounded them with its familiar figures, its sounds, its well-known landscape, its odors—the smell of the green land where the salt sea air blows over. They were no longer aware of the scent arising from the Parisian trash heaps, on which the earth of the suburbs fattens, but of the perfume of the flowering broom which the ocean breeze plucks and bears away. And the sails of the barges, just visible above the river bank, looked like the sails of the coasting vessels, sighted out beyond the long plain which stretches from their home down to the very edge of the waves.

They walked along very slowly, Luc Le Ganidec and Jean Kerderen, content and sad, haunted by a gentle sadness—the mild but penetrating sorrow of some caged animal who seems to remember.

And when Luc had finished peeling the little stick of its bark, they had come to that spot in the wood where they breakfasted every Sunday. They found again the two bricks that they had hid in a thicket, and lighted a little fire of twigs to cook their pudding, stuck on the point of a bayonet. And when they had eaten breakfast, devoured their bread even to the last crust, and drunk their wine to the last drop,

they remained seated upon the grass, side by side. Speaking naught, with eyes fixed on the distance, and eyelids full and heavy, fingers crossed as at mass, and their red legs spread out alongside the common field poppies. The shining leather on their shakos and their brass buttons glistened in the bright sun, causing the larks to stop in their singing as they flew over their heads.

Towards noon they began to look, from time to time, in the direction of the village of Bezons. For it was about time that the girl with the cow was coming. She passed them every Sunday in going to milk and pasture out again her cow—the only cow in this neighborhood that was put out to graze. And its pasture was a narrow strip of meadow beyond the edge of the wood, further on. Soon they saw the maid—the only human being walking across the country. And they brightened up very much under the brilliant reflections cast off from her shining milk-pail by the sun's rays. They never spoke about her. They were content only in seeing her, without knowing why.

She was a large, strong-looking girl, freckled and burned by the heat of sunny days—a big, hardy, country lass.

Once, seeing them again seated in the same spot, she had said to them, "Good-day. Do you always come here?" Luc Le Ganidec, the more daring of the two, managed to say:

"Yes, we come to rest." That was all. However, the next Sunday, seeing them again, she began to smile, smiling with the protective kindness of feminine insight. For she felt that they were timid. She asked them, "What are you doing there? Are you watching the grass grow?"

Luc felt his spirits revived by this and smiled also. "Perhaps," said he.

She continued: "My! that's not very lively." He replied, still smiling, "No, it's not." The girl passed on. But coming back with her bucket full of milk she stopped again in front of them and said:

“Do you want a taste? It will remind you of home.”

Prompted by her instinct, for all of them were of the same rank in life, and she, too, perhaps, was far away from home, the girl had guessed their longings and touched them exactly. They were much moved, both of them. Then she made a little of the milk, after a great deal of trouble, trickle into the neck of the glass bottle in which they had brought their wine. Luc drank first, taking little sips and stopping every second to see whether he had not drunk more than his share. Then he passed the bottle to Jean.

The girl stood up in front of them, her hands resting on her hips, her bucket on the ground near her feet, well satisfied with the pleasure that she gave. Then she went off, saying, “I must go. Good-by till Sunday.” And they followed her with their eyes as long as they could see her, until her tall figure, getting farther and farther away, and growing smaller and smaller, seemed to lose itself in the surrounding verdure of the fields.

As they were leaving the barracks the week after, Jean said to Luc:

“We ought to buy her something nice, oughtn’t we?” And they stopped, perplexed over the question of choosing something nice for the girl with the cow. Luc thought that a bit of chitterlings was the very thing, but Jean preferred candy, for he loved sweet things. His advice carried the day and they purchased, at the grocer’s, two sous’ worth of red and white candy.

They breakfasted more hurriedly than was usual, eager with expectation. Jean was the first to see her. “There she is,” he cried. Luc answered “Yes, there she is.” She smiled, catching sight of them while yet a good way off.

“Does everything go as you wish it?” she cried.

They replied together, “And how goes it with you?”

Then she talked with them, speaking of simple things such as would interest them—the weather, the crops and

her masters. They didn't dare offer her their candy, which all the time was slowly melting in Jean's pocket. Luc at last plucked up courage and said, "We've brought you something." "What is it?" she asked. Then Jean, blushing to his ears, pulled out the little paper bag and handed it to her. She began to eat the bits of sugar, rolling them from one cheek to the other, making lumps beneath the flesh. The two soldiers seated in front of her looked over, much moved and delighted.

Then she went to milk her cow, and coming back, again gave them some more milk. They thought of her the whole week and even spoke of her several times.

The next Sunday she sat down and chatted a longer time. All three of them seated side by side, with eyes lost in the distance and knees clasped in their hands, talked of the little going-ons and minor details of their life in the villages where they were born. While the cow down there, seeing the maid stopping on the way, turned its big thick head with dripping nostrils towards her and lowed for a long time to attract her attention. The girl was soon prevailed upon to eat a bite of bread with them and take a swallow of wine. Often she brought them plums in her pockets. For plum time had come. Her presence sharpened the wits of the two little Breton soldiers. They now chattered like two birds.

One Tuesday Luc Le Ganidec asked for permission to leave the barracks—a thing that had never happened before. He did not return till ten o'clock that night! Jean was uneasy, and sought over and over again in his mind for what reason his comrade could have had in leaving thus. The following Friday, Luc having borrowed ten sous from his bed-fellow, again asked and obtained leave for several hours.

And when he started out with Jean for their Sunday walk, his manner was curious. He was very nervous and quite different. Kerderen could not understand it, but he

vaguely suspicioned something without inquiring what it could be. They did not speak a word all the way out to their usual stopping place. From sitting so much in the same spot they had quite worn away the grass. The breakfast proceeded slowly. Neither of them was at all hungry.

Soon the girl appeared. They watched her coming as they did every Sunday. When she was quite near, Luc got up and took a couple of steps forward. She dropped her bucket on the ground, and kissed him. She kissed him passionately, casting her arms about his neck, not noticing Jean, without seeing him, without dreaming that he was there. And he sat there distracted; he, the poor Jean. So distracted that he did not understand it at all, disturbed in soul and heart broken, without yet knowing it himself. Then the girl sat down by Luc, and they began to talk.

Jean did not look at them. He knew now why his comrade had left twice during the week. And he felt within him a sharp grief, a kind of wound—that anguish caused by treason. Luc and the girl got up, and went off together to change the cow's pasture. Jean followed them with his eyes. He saw them going off side by side. The red breeches of his comrade made a bright spot in the road. It was Luc who picked up the mallet and drove down the stake which held the cow. The girl stooped down to milk her, while Luc patted the cow's sharp back with heedless hand. They then left the bucket on the grass, and entered deep into the wood. Jean no longer saw anything but the wall of leaves where they had entered. And he felt so dazed, that if he had tried to get up he would have surely fallen. He remained motionless, overcome with astonishment and suffering—a suffering simple and deep. He wanted to cry, to run away, to hide himself and never to see any one any more.

Suddenly he saw them coming from the thicket. They returned slowly, holding one another by the hand, as those

do who are betrothed in the villages. It was Luc who carried the bucket. They kissed once more before leaving, and the girl went off after having thrown a friendly "good evening" to Jean, and a smile, full of intelligence. She did not think of offering him any milk that day.

The two little soldiers sat side by side motionless as ever, silent and calm. The quietness of their faces showed nothing of what was troubling their hearts. The sun was shining upon them. The cow occasionally looked at them from the distance, and lowed. At the usual hour, they got up to return. Luc plucked a switch. Jean carried the empty bottle. He left it with the wine merchant of Bezons. Then they went upon the bridge, and, as they did every Sunday, stopped in the middle a few minutes to look at the running water.

Jean leaned over, farther and farther over, the iron railing, as if he saw something in the current which attracted him. Luc said to him, "Are you trying to drink there?"

No sooner had he said the last word than Jean's head overbalanced the rest of his body, his legs flew up, describing a circle in the air, and the little red and blue soldier fell in a heap, entered and disappeared beneath the water. Luc tried in vain to cry out. His throat was paralyzed with anguish. He saw farther down something moving. Then the head of his comrade rose to the surface of the river, only to enter it as soon.

Still farther down he saw, again—this time a hand, a single hand, which rose from the stream and then plunged into it. That was all. The boatmen that came running up could not find the body that day. Luc returned alone to the barracks, running along, his head nearly bursting. He told of the accident, his eyes and voice suffused with tears. He blew his nose again and again.

"He leaned over—he leaned over—so far—so far that his head turned a somerset—and—and—he fell—he fell——!"

He could speak no more. His emotion was too great. If he had only known!

THE SAINT OF THE CENTURY.

PICTURES of saints of ages gone
 Are thrown athwart the floor,
 And a single ray of the setting sun
 Steals in thro' the old church door ;
 It falls like a halo round the head
 Of a kneeling figure repeating the prayer,
 Whose dark eyes now are discreetly closed—
 The Saint of the Century, passing fair.

Still—so still, is the vaulted room,
 Save the murmur of the air.
 The stained glass throws on the opposite wall
 An angel's image there ;
 But the figure kneeling so prayerfully,
 With the sunshine caught in her gold-brown hair,
 Is thinking of somebody now, I know—
 The Saint of the Century, passing fair.

Will her voice be as soft, will her eyes be as mild,—
 When I tell her, I wonder. Shall I dare
 To tell her I love her—ask her to be
 My Saint of the Century, passing fair ?

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

AUTUMN IN AMERICAN POETRY.

“Sorrow and the scarlet leaf
 Agree not well together.”

THE conditions under which the literature of any country is developed will account largely for the characteristics of that literature. Both its defects and its merits are developed from the physical and moral circumstances which surround it. And while this is true of all literature, it is especially true of poetry, which is nothing if it is not faithful to the sentiments of the writer himself. In perhaps no department can you read between the lines and determine

the spirit of an age, the religious character of a people, the physical characteristics of a country, and even the outlines of history, as in that of poetry. And if we should distinguish between them we should give special prominence to the fidelity of the poetry of nature, as she reveals herself, in sky and on land and water to the mind of the singer.

All this is exemplified in the history and development of American poetry. The busy life of our early colonists, leaving no leisure for refinement in their battle with the soil, and the struggle for independence absorbing the whole energies of the nation, is not the less seen in that of the literature which they naturally developed than in its antagonism to romance, leaving us nothing of poetry worthy of the name. It was not till the passing years gave time for thought that poetry arose, and a poetry whose peculiarities are in keeping with the principles I have named.

If Italy has her unrivalled sky and if Scotland has her hills, the United States may glory for what nature has done for her templed groves and wooded hills in the later months of the year. Certainly no country, holding a prominent place in literature, can present such scenes of gorgeous and varied beauty; nowhere does nature shade her colors more exquisitely, and nowhere does she throw about the fading year a mantle of such glorious beauty and significance. As a natural consequence we find that autumn tints, autumn scenes and autumn thoughts abound in the writings of those who, because lovers of poetry, are also lovers of nature.

It would be time profitably spent if one should gather some of the autumn fruits from the pages of our poets.

The most perfect autumn poem in our literature is "The Closing Scene," by Buchanan Read. It has been said that in Buchanan Read the arts of the painter and the poet have been joined in the same person. Witness his autumn scenery:

- " Within the sober realm of leafless trees
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
- " The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills,
 O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.
- " All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued;
 The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled blow."

But if this charming poem is the most perfect autumn picture, the chief claim to the title of the "Poet of Nature" belongs to William Cullen Bryant. This is the more strange as he spent the most of his life in the throng of the city and amidst political conflicts. But he never lost his youthful love of nature, and in his leisure moments his thoughts forsook the city and roamed among the leafy forests, the peaceful valleys and the wide sea of prairies. The perpetual autumn of his writings is especially peculiar. Some of the finest of his poems will be found in "The Voice of Autumn," "The Death of the Flowers," "My Autumn Walk," "November" and "October," which contains the following:

- " Ay, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
- " Wind of the sunny South, oh, still delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden air,
 Like to a good old age, released from care,
 Journeying in long serenity away."

What color there is in his "Autumn Woods," where we see—

- " The mountains that unfold,
 In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
 Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
 That guard the enchanted ground."

The very opposite of Bryant is James Russell Lowell, revolving in great cities and their cries, and setting them to rhyme with hearty enjoyment. Although his poetical poems are, for the most part, set on fire by political zeal, yet he was not beyond the sway of our autumnal scenery when he tells how

“One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with director impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year.”

T. B. Aldrich paints for us this scene :

“And now the orchards which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime ;
The clustered apples burnt like flame ;
The soft-cheeked peaches blusht and fell ;
The ivory chestnut burst its shell ;
The grapes hung purpling in the grange.”

So Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman's “Still Day in Autumn” takes us into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days :

“I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robe of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.”

“Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.”

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes of summer :

“She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.”

Another poet, Mrs. Helen Hunt tells us how

“ Her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days.”

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of that rich tint which gives its charm to "The Moon of Falling Leaves":

“ The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glares red as blood across the setting sun,
As one who prouder to a fallen fortune cleaves;
He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt.”

“ The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush.”

“ The woodbine up the elms' straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal fires.”

And Longfellow watches autumn coming

“ With banners, by great gales incessant fanned
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand !
* * * * * like Charlemagne
Upon the bridge of gold ; * * * .”

And none but he wrote this :

“ Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet passionate wooer
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beach, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside weary.”

Whittier is pre-eminently a poet of nature as nature reveals herself in New England ; and not even Bryant has painted so lovingly, so often, and so well, the varied aspects of autumn.

The ripened corn, the yellow pumpkin and the huskings, what Emerson calls "autumn's sunlit festivals," he has not scorned. He sees it all in a halo of "that light which never

was on sea or land." That calm trust in the divine love which is the sum of Whittier's ardent faith, shows itself also in his delight in God's works and the smoothness and quiet beauty of sentiment for which his poems are loved. What a fine figure in the lines—

"And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
Across the waters leaned, to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold."

How true to nature "The Last Walk in Autumn," when we see—

"Along the river's summer walk
The withered tuft of asters nod,
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume on the golden-rod ;
And on the ground of sombre fir,
And azure studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose."

And from the decaying of the year the poet draws this hope :

* * * * * * *

"And I will trust that he who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alders' crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as he hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine,
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."

Florence Percy's "Left Behind," from the first stanza to the last, is full of autumn melancholy.

"It was the autumn of the year,
The strawberry leaves were red and sere ;
October's airs were fresh and chill ;
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me."

Among the brief poems that we love to read, but cannot quote, is "The First," by Hannah F. Gould. Pervaded with sentiments, deep and real, is "The Latter Rain," by Jones Very, and such poems as "October" and "Asters and Golden Rod," by Mrs. Helen Hunt.

And to return once more to him who has been ranked as first among our poets of nature, Bryant writes of the latest autumn :

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows warm and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe, it is during the Indian summer. Those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

We love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian" as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom, and even as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and to the peculiar beauty of our autumn scenery.

Writers upon American literature in other lands have not failed to attempt to gather to the honor of their own countries whatever laurels belong to American verse, on the score of imitation. They tell us with persistent reiteration that our writers have "sought the sources and themes," as well as "the rules and the sanctions of their art in the Old World;" that our poets "have not sung to us what is most beautiful in the kind of life we lead," and that "we still read the old English wisdom and harp upon the ancient strings." These Autumn poems do not stand alone in refutation of this exaggerated criticism. Acknowledging fully

and freely our indebtedness to the rich stores of Old World culture and history, such poems as "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," the political contributions of Lowell, the national lyrics of Whittier, and the peculiarly American themes of Bryant, are evidence that our poets, at least, have found many of the sources of their inspiration in their own land. And it is an added proof of the originality and maturity of our American poetic spirit that so large and varied a collection of poems of Nature can be made which could only have been written under American skies and by those who had held converse with Nature in her American dress.

CHARLES OGDEN MUDGE.

THE SPY.

With a crunching sound
On the frozen ground

Pick-axe and spade are at work, over there
Just beyond the hill, in the morning still
They are busily plied, with no time to spare.
They've been hard at work since the sun's first ray,
For they're digging the grave of a man to-day;
And all through the camp there's a sense of dread,
For they're digging a grave for a man not dead.
Then reveille sounds, 'tis the first parade
And they give a short rest to the axe and spade.

Then brought out to die
Is the captured spy.

Every man in the ranks draws a long, deep breath
As they wheel into line at the place of death.
They keep a sharp touch at the elbow and knee,
Each dreading the sight that he's got to see.
Each face is pale as the line is dressed,
Each heart is beating, each lip compressed,
But the calmest of all is the captured spy;
Not a tremor of limb, not a quiver of eye—
He's wide with his thoughts in the far north land,
Sees the mountains again where the pine trees stand,

Sees an old, stained house in a clearing there,
 And some pasture bars—and the face so fair
 Of the one he loves as she said good-bye.
 He raises his face to the snow-pent sky
 And breathes a prayer that she may not know,
 Then looks at the ground, and the dirt-strewn snow,
 And they show him the spot he's to kneel upon.
 "Ah, could I but die with my uniform on!"
 He thinks to himself, yet shows no alarm,
 And kisses the flag on his tattooed arm.
 His eyes are bandaged, his hands drawn tight—
 All is hushed and dark as the blackest night;
 An order is given, low and clear,
 But not so low that he cannot hear.
 There's a crash, a lurch, a convulsive roll,
 A heave of the chest and a fleeting soul
 That leaves the shell lying mangled there,
 With the blood and dirt in the tangled hair;
 The semblance of something that was a man,
 Full of life and strength when the day began.

"Forward! Guide right!"

Back once more, out of sight

Of the pick and the spade at work again,
 Where they bury that soldier boy from Maine.
 The brigade's on the march to the silent camp,
 The snow is melting, the air is damp,
 A blue-bird twitters—a sign of spring,
 A crow flies over on lazy wing,
 The earth peeps forth in dark sweltering spots;
 Some scattered leaves show a few red clots—
 Never mind! perhaps it will snow to-night
 And all will be hidden, and smooth, and white.
 And the prayer he breathed, it was surely heard,
 For how he had died, she received no word.
 'Tis his general's secret where he died,
 And why he was there, and how he was tried.
 His name was reported among the "missed,"
 With hundreds and more on the self-same list;
 But she's waited, and waited, from day to day,
 Till her face is wrinkled, and hair turned grey;
 And no one remembers his name or face,
 And the grave of the spy is an unmarked place.

JAMES BARNES.

"L'ETOILE."

A NEW model had come. She posed for very few. It was evidently her first attempt. No one knew her. These models usually go by sobriquets; so when one of us said that our fair unknown was as beautiful as a star, the name clung to her, and thereafter she was known as *L'Etoile*.

Whence she came or where she lived we could not tell, and, indeed, did not care. This much we did know—that in those dark winter evenings she would leave the studio closely wrapped from head to foot, in that dark brown shawl of hers, which had just a dash of red in it here and there, and that once outside the door and on the street she would disappear in the crowd.

Soon after *L'Etoile* came to us a stranger artist joined our circle. His name, he said, was Dauvin—*Esprit Dauvin*. The first day we met him we were struck with his resemblance to our model. He seemed about the same height, his hair, which fell in ringlets on his shoulders, was of the same dark shade, and his eyes had *L'Etoile's* deep, intense color. Sister and brother were never more alike. Once in his studio, we laughingly told him that if his moustache were shaved off, and his hair were longer and bound up in a knot on his head, he would make a second *L'Etoile*. He flushed slightly, and without a word bent closer over his canvas. After that no one spoke to him of our beautiful model; and we took it for granted that we were right in our supposition as to their relationship. We had it from his own lips, too, that she never posed for him. He was very quiet and seldom had much to say, and when in that soft and womanly voice of his he did speak, it was never about himself. He was a puzzle. But we liked him. There was something in him—we could not tell what—that made us like him, mysterious as he was.

I went to his studio one day. It was a small room up at the top of a rickety flight of stairs in a gloomy by-street.

He was painting a new picture. It was simple, and the idea perhaps was not exceptionally original—a fisher-girl standing on a rock-strewn shore, gazing at a piece of wreckage that the waves had borne in their restless hands and laid at her bare, brown feet. Across the bottom of the picture was scrawled in crayon: "The omen."

The maiden's face was all that Dauvin had as yet finished, but I saw at once that the whole life of the painting would be centered there. It was a strangely touching face—a face that appealed to your heart—one that you would almost have spoken to had you not half-feared that the sound might cause that look to change. Longing love and hope struggling against evil foreboding, were portrayed in those wistful, deep blue eyes; and the tightly compressed lips told how that heart was beating—beating in fear for the safety of perchance a sailor-lover, who was far, far away! Ah, Heaven; guard him! The rest of the picture was barely sketched in, excepting the sunny waves, which had been highly touched with color.

I stood some time before the easel, moved by the sadness and tenderness of that face. Turning at length to congratulate Dauvin, I saw two tears trembling in his eyelids, and then I realized that to him there was a meaning in "The Omen." What was it? He did not seem to care to talk, and soon after I left him.

The days and weeks came and went and thus twelve months passed, when one day we missed our brother artist, and that same evening our model failed to keep her appointment. The next day it was the same. Two of us decided to visit Dauvin and see if he were ill. As for *L'Étoile*—well, we did not know where she lived nor even her name, and besides it was easy enough to get another model.

So we went to the gloomy by-street; we climbed the rickety stairs to the little studio at the top of the house, and knocked on the door. No answer. Turning the handle we entered—the room was empty—Dauvin was not there. Opposite us, on the easel, still stood his picture,

"The Omen." It had been finished some time since. The face was more beautiful, more eloquent than ever. We paused in front of it for a moment or two and then, as we turned to leave the room, we saw on a shelf by the door, among Dauvin's palettes and brushes, an open purse and a page of a newspaper with a small paragraph cut out. Inside the purse, fastened to the cover was a card bearing this name "Marie Isling," and below an address. We looked at each other and then at the purse. Whose was it, and how came it there? Another mystery. We resolved to call, at any rate, on the person whose name was written on the card, and return what evidently was hers. Perhaps she might tell us about our friend. Taking the purse with us, we descended the creaking stairs and made our way to the address given. It was a dingy, cheerless looking house. I pulled the bell. It was broken—the handle came out in my hand. There was no knocker, so I rapped with my knuckles. An old woman came to the door and, opening it a few inches, asked us gruffly what we wanted. We enquired if a Marie Isling lived there. "What do you want with her?" she snarled. We said we had important news for her. The old woman eyed us curiously a moment, and said she had not seen Marie Isling for two days. Her room was No. 25, third floor. We could go up if we wished—she did not care. Up we trudged. It was so dark in the passage on the third floor that we could not make out the numbers on the doors. We struck a match and looked around us. No. 25 was at the end of the passage. We knocked. Hearing, as we thought, a faint reply—it must have been our fancy however—we opened the door.

A low, tiny room with a small square window, whence we saw nothing but black chimneys and brick walls—a dreary outlook. A table, plain and bare, stood in the centre of this little den. On it lay a plait of dark brown hair, an envelope, and what looked like part of a false moustache, similar to the plait in color. Over the one chair the room possessed was flung a large brown shawl dashed

here and there with red. Some articles of clothing were lying about. All this we took in at a glance as we stood on the threshold. And then our eyes fell on the cot that occupied almost all one side of the room. A form was extended there, motionless, the face turned to the wall. One arm, white and rounded, with dimpled elbow, hung over the edge of the narrow bed, and in the half light that came in at the window we could distinguish beneath the thin sheet the outlines of a woman's figure. On the bare floor just under the hand, was a small vial, unstopped and empty, labeled with a scarlet label. Something about that arm made me approach and touch it. It was cold as marble. At the same time I leaned over and looked into the averted face, and started back in amazement. *It was Dauvin*—his countenance perfectly bloodless, his moustache gone, his eyes staring and glassy, his long, brown hair curling still around his neck! *Dauvin—dead!* And yet, that bare throat was no man's throat, or that arm, and that dimly defined form, the brown shawl, the plait of hair, and—ah! the envelope. I tore it open and hastily unfolded the sheet that it contained. A newspaper clipping fell out. I found afterward that it exactly fitted the gap in the page we had found in the studio. It was to this effect:

“Capt. J—, of steamer L—, reports that when six days out, he came across a piece of a wreck, and found the name ‘Drura’ on parts of the timber. This is, most probably, the vessel which left Havre more than a year ago, and which has never since been heard of. All hands, without doubt, were lost.”

On the sheet of paper were only a few words. The last lines were:

“I waited for his return. He said he would come back. To earn a living I became a model. I had talent and I thought I would be an artist and a model at the same time. A dream made me paint ‘The Omen.’ Alas it was too true! The Drura was Pierre's ship, and she was wrecked. If he were alive, he would have come back already. I loved him—I loved him. I hate my life. I hate everything. Farewell. *Dauvin c'est moi, et moi—j'étais L'Etoile!*”

V. LANSING COLLINS.

JEAN.

SHE thinks I do not see the flush
 That comes unbidden to her cheek,
 The deeper lustre of her eyes—
 Ah, Jean, your tell-tale blushes speak.

She thinks I do not see the gaze
 That loves to dwell when thought unseen,
 The sudden drooping of the lids
 When eyes meet hers—I know you, Jean!

The dainty poise of that fair head
 When speaks a someone I could name.
 She does not guess—I make no sign,
 But O, I read you just the same.

I see it all, and yet you ask
 Why I should sad and silent be?
 Alas, my friend, you do not know,—
 She's smiling now, but not for me.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

AN ODD FELLOW.

YES, he was an odd fellow. At least everybody said so, and what everybody says goes for the truth. In the first place, his name was enough to make him queer. His parents were simple, unlearned folk, marked by that old-fashioned piety which holds Bible names as a part of its creed. So they named their only son for Paul's co-worker, and they hoped that someday a line in the Book of Fame would receive the name of Apollos Eaton. There's nothing in a name, you say, but I am going to tell you the story of a name. On the face of it "Apollos" seems harmless enough, but drop the final letter and you have a name that has possibilities of endless torture for its owner. When young Eaton went to the Academy to take the first steps toward the goal of his parents' ambition—the ministry—

the older boys promptly nick-named "Apollo" the slender chap who answered so timidly to the reading of his odd name at roll-call. Other subjects might grow thread-bare, but the school-boys' callow wits never wearied of this one. Perhaps, on the principle of "humor by contrast," it owed its ever-new freshness to the difference between the beautiful Greek god and this poor Yankee mortal. "Apollo" Eaton was very long and very narrow, he had troublesomely large hands and feet, a face with ill-assorted features, and above all, hair of a queer, carrot red. Red hair alone will make a man one of the set apart. Now, that you know all this, I need not say again that Apollos Eaton was an odd fellow. But nobody called him a "crank"—at least in those early days the poor fellow, far from trying to appear eccentric, tried with all his might to be like other people. But it was no use. After awhile he stopped trying. Then he began to grow bitter. Sometimes he envied these good-looking, light-hearted well-to-do-boys who made sport of him, but always he hated them for their making sport. As the years went by he grew more bitter still, and he came to hate all men.

In the meantime he had gone to college. That was but an episode. He stayed two years, living much by himself. It was the old story of nicknames and jibes. He tried to speak in a literary society one night and broke down under the music of his hearers' laughter. Then he knew he would never be a preacher. And when in his lonely reading and thinking he went astray after false gods of philosophy and science, he gave it all up and went out into the world. His parents disowned him, but that did not surprise him. He found a place in a large wholesale house in Boston—a place that did not require good looks nor sleek talking, and he worked himself up to a position of responsibility and trust.

I said that he hated all men. But he did not hate women. He had an ideal of womanhood. He had gotten it from books; he had no way of knowing women other-

wise. At last—no matter how—he met a beautiful woman, refined as well as the next, and he fell in love with her. He fell in love with her! What right had a poor, ugly wretch like Apollos Eaton to fall in love with any one? Love is a gift of the gods to the most favored of mortals. But I must go on. This is not a love story. He told her his love haltingly, but manfully, and she—well!—she did not even reply; she only laughed. He went out into the darkness with one more hate in his heart.

He did not kill himself. He reasoned it all out in his slow way. Love was not for him, nor was friendship. Happiness was a dream. He had dreamed and was wakened by a laugh. There was only one thing left for him and that was far off—power, power to revenge, power to humiliate; yes, power to do good, for he had a vague memory of something in the Bible about “coals of fire!” Since he had not beauty, nor quick wits, nor ready tongue, there was but one avenue to power for him—the way of gold! He went to work to make a fortune. He worked hard; he had nothing else to do. But it was so slow, his savings were so meagre, and five per cent. was such small interest! Then he found a way of getting rich quickly. Some people called it gambling. He didn't. He had learned painfully that the world's motto is, “Every man for himself.” His eye grew brighter, his step firmer, for he was winning. Yes, he was getting rich at last. He had a “system” that never failed. One night there was a heavy stake. He was sure to win, and he had borrowed some money from his employers to add to his own store. Somehow his calculations went wrong. And then—I forgot to say that his borrowing was without asking—his employers discovered his fault and turned him adrift. He had been a faithful servant for so many years that they told him they hadn't the heart to send him to jail. He was ungrateful and did not thank them. Perhaps he forgot it. He had only one thought then—to get away to some place where nobody knew him.

I had been one of "Apollo" Eaton's persecutors at the Academy, and had lost sight of him after he left college. I saw him, for the first time in years, at a Socialist meeting in New York. I had dropped in, partly from curiosity, partly from sympathy with the new theory. I soon tired of the unscientific rant of low-bred foreigners, and fell to watching my neighbors. I was particularly attracted by a man who sat on my right—a man whose badly-tinted hair was less striking than his thin, white face all aglow with a strange mixture of fixed hatred and vivid enjoyment. He seemed to drink in the red-hot broken English poured forth by the rabid opponent of plutocracy and individual property. He did not move until the meeting closed, and then he rose quietly and went out without speaking to any one. Over and over again the thought came to me that I had seen that peculiar face before, and at last from a far corner of my memory came the name "Apollo," and then the wonder was how I had ever forgotten him. He had never been a factor at school or college; perhaps that was the reason. Now that I was older and I felt that I had treated this fellow meanly, I resolved to atone for my former heartlessness. The next week I went to dingy old Germania Hall again and found my red-haired neighbor in his place. He did not look at me. I spoke to him at the close of the meeting. He looked surprised, but recognized me and replied in a way that was less than civil. I persevered from evening to evening and before the winter was over, this lonely man and I were almost friends. It seemed to me that afterwards there was less hatred and less enjoyment in his face during an agitator's speech. There were fewer lines about his mouth, too. I did not understand it then. One night he was not in his place. I missed him and went out early. When I reached my lodgings, I found a note from Eaton, asking me to come to see him. I went at once and found him very ill. I saw that the warning of his narrow chest and half-concealed cough had been only too true. He was not deceived. He knew what was coming. He said that

he wanted to tell me the story of his life after leaving college, and he told me in his own way what I have told you. He added some pitiful details of the sufferings of his sensitive spirit, but they are not part of the story, nor are the things that he faltered about my kindness part of the story. I was not worthy of half of them. "The only friend I ever had," he called me, and when I rose to go, and promised to come back in the morning, he took my hand—we had never shaken hands before—and held it as if he was afraid to let go. At last he turned away and I could not see his face. He did not say a word; I could not. So I went away. During the night another friend came to him and took him away, and when I went back in the morning the room was very quiet. As I looked at the face of the dead—the face of a man whose loving nature had been dwarfed and his life embittered by the thoughtlessness of his fellows—I made a vow. It has been very hard to keep, but I am still trying.

JAMES COWDEN MEYER.

SONG.

FAIR and tall—fair and tall,
 With the first sweet joy of a love at her call,
 With her hair all gold—
 And her wealth untold,
 She sits by the river broad and deep,
 With a red rose in her hand—
 —A red rose in her hand.

Pale and tall—pale and tall,
 With a white, white mantle of snow for a pall,
 With her hands grown cold,
 And her hair in the mold,
 Down by the river she lies asleep,
 With a white rose in her hand—
 —A white rose in her hand.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

ETCHING—WHY S— WORE TALL COLLARS.

IN THE first place, S— got a peculiar liking for abnormally high collars. He took up this habit only a little while after he came to the house, and it seemed to me they grew taller and taller until they came away up under his ears. I declare, it used to make me nervous, sometimes, to see them, and they attracted attention everywhere, I am sure, from their very size. I never said anything to him about them, though some of the others used to guy him, for I didn't like to criticise the man, especially as he seemed so morbidly sensitive in regard to it. He got crabbed after a while, and no wonder, for everybody in the house got to making jokes on S—'s collars.

Soon after I noticed this curious habit, I was dressing one evening in my room, which was just across the hall, and happening to want a little bay rum, ran across and knocked at his door. There was no answer and I pushed it open. There he stood, in his shirt sleeves, before a small mirror he had hung from the gas-fixture, with his face turned to one side, intently examining his neck. He evidently had not heard my knock, for when I spoke to him, he showed, I thought, a foolish agitation. But it was gone in a minute, and when I asked for the bay rum, he handed it to me quite naturally. As I was leaving he called me back.

"Look here," he said, "do you see anything on my neck?"

I looked at it closely. "No," I said.

"Nothing like a red mark? Are you sure?"

"Where?" I asked.

He drew his hand sideways down the left side, but look as I might, I couldn't see even a scratch.

When he went away to Chicago, we shook hands with him, and Charlie made some facetious remark about his shaking that collar by the time we saw him again, but he didn't even smile.

It was, I think, about two weeks after, that Charlie and I came in toward morning and went up together. We had been doing night specials, and didn't get through much before we went to press; I know by this that it was about three o'clock when we finally turned up Clark street.

When we passed S—'s old room, Charlie hit it a rap with his cane, and it swung open. As he reached his door and turned back to say good-night, he suddenly caught my arm and pointed down the hall, and there, as sure as you live, collar and all, came S—.

The hall-gas was turned very low, and I didn't notice anything strange about the figure until it came abreast of us, and then I noticed a curious stare of the eyes and a twist of the mouth, as though he were in pain.

He didn't say a word, but passed through the door Charlie had kicked open, and stood before his glass. We saw this by the gaslight that came through the window.

And then he put up his hands and slowly and deliberately turned down his collar, and then I turned as weak as a cat.

And sure enough, we read about it in the morning's paper. Poor fellow! He had done it after all—with a razor.

UNMOORED.

QUIET it lay there on the moonlit sand,
The storm-brown boat of a lone fisher boy,
I watched him moor it fast with careless hand,
Touching its bow, as it could understand
All of his heart's desire, his sea-nursed joy.

He left me there watching the rising tide.

Musing what hopes this humble lad possessed,
What future waited him—what star his guide,
Till gathering waves my fleeting thoughts outvied,
And thrust my fancy from its eager quest.

I stood and gazed an instant on the wave,
 Painting my vision of a fate unknown.
 I lingered till the flying foam-flakes gave
 A quick, prophetic chill as when a grave
 Rises before one as he walks alone.

A plashing low and sudden caught my ear,
 And lo, the fisher-boat within my sight,
 As vanish hopes and fortunes fondly dear,
 Slipped slowly from its moorings at the pier,
 And vanished in the darkness and the night.

* * * * *

The tide had changed, my dream-skiff's all adrift,
 Engulfed in gloom that deepened from the shore,
 The unknown future, and its greatest gift
 Seemed cheerless now—the clouds had closed their rift,
 The sky was dark—the stars shone on no more.

JAMES HARRY DUNHAM.

FRAGMENT.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF SENANCOUR.]

THE evening shades are falling, and the hour of rest and solemn sadness is at hand. A twilight haze has settled upon the valley, and the black wings of night are slowly closing over it. Off towards the south, the lake is bathed in darkness, and the encircling cliffs form a dusky belt beneath the icy dome which lies about them and seems to retain in its frosty bosom the brightness of the day. The last beams of the setting sun gild with a golden glory the chestnuts crowded thick upon the barren rocks, and stream in far-extending rays beneath the lofty Alpine firs. The mountains are tinted with a gentle radiance, the snow glitters and the air seems on fire.

The quiet water, sparkling with light and blending with the sky, has become boundless as the heavens, and even more serene and fair and beautiful. Its stillness startles you, its clearness deceives you, and the celestial splendor

which it reflects seems to fathom its depths, while at the foot of the mountains, separated from the earth and, as it were, hanging in space, you see the void of the universe and the vastness of the world. It is a time of witchery and dumb forgetfulness. The sky and the mountains have disappeared, you stand upon you know not what, and all is a blank about you.

The horizon is gone, your thoughts are transformed, strange feelings overpower you, and everyday life is left behind. When darkness has covered this watery vale, when the eye can no longer see what lies before it, and when the evening wind has stirred the waves, then the rock-bound lake, except the western end which glimmers faintly through the gloom, is but an invisible gulf, and in the midst of the silent blackness you hear, a thousand feet below you, the tossing of the restless waves as they ebb and flow unceasingly; now rolling in upon the land at equal intervals, now swallowed up in the rocks, and now breaking upon the shore with a hollow moan which seems to echo and re-echo in the unseen abyss.

JOHN GLOVER WILSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The leaves are falling
One by one—
The Summer's dying,
It's labor done.
The winds are blowing
Fierce and cold,
The flowers are going
Beneath the mold.
The light grows shorter
Day by day,
And heralds winter
Chill and grey.

—Charles B. Newton.

THE SPARROWS.—It rains. The leaden skies have been weeping all day, and their tears are cold and frequent. Sometimes they come down copiously, and make little splashing pools in the road and on top of the porch roof. Out in it the sparrows are flitting about, trying to be happy. The effort may be successful, at least it is so with those who sit inside and hear their cheerful chirp. One sounds forth his spunky note, and then his mate responds in tones that would say, "stand it out, my dear; its as natural for the rain to come down as for sparks to fly upward." And so they urge one another. A whole chorus will set in occasionally and swell the air with criss-cross notes, and then they sit stiff on the limbs and wait for the next down-come of water, which evokes another chorus, and then off they start trying each to dodge the swift rain-drops. There is a wild vine that grows beside the piazza post, and when it gets near to the roof it twists and twines and withes and winds in and about the helices. Here they have built their

sheltered nests, but they shun them on stormy days, and come forth to wet their coats and dance waltzes with the rain drops. Soon the winter will come and the snows heap up and cover the ground where they seek their food. But they are happy now even though it is by effort; and their reward will be toughened limbs and sturdy bodies to stand bravely what they know is predicted in the cold blast and the frost etchings they find on the roof in the early morning. They might fly in under the eaves, but they have two reasons not to. One is they would compromise with the storm; and this they could not do for it is against their nature; and if you wonder why it is against their nature, go and ask any of the other birds that have dared to build their nests within a wide radius about, and you will know. They puff up their fluffy feathers and assume quite a belligerent front at all intruders. And now they will not give in even to the great storm. "We can sneer at the winds and sing songs to the pessimistic rain-drops, for we have taken possession of these whereabouts and none, no, not even the fierce tempest shall affright us away." The other reason why they will not fly in under the eaves is because they know that such is the resort of the muddy swallow, and they would not think even, to perch where a cowardly swallow had made it his home. They despise all other sorts of the feathery tribe; and, therefore, could not once think of alighting on the crooked cornice braces where the departed swallow used to sit. Then they are little athletes. The body and limbs grow toughened if exposed to the testing storm. So they perch themselves high up in among the wind-clothed branches, and bid defiance to the rain coming down. Hang tight, ye little feathered Stoics, and may the blasts deal lightly with you!

A WALTZ.

"Am Schönen Blauen Donau,"
 The rich notes rise and fall,
 To the sweep of feet, the music's beat,
 Sounds the last waltz of the ball.

They are standing out there in the moonlight,
 He is conquered, and held in thrall,
 That he's under a spell, he knows full well,
 As the rich notes rise and fall.

There's a face looks up at him coyly,
 From a fluffy Indian shawl,
 And a tapping slipper marks the time,
 To the last waltz of the ball.

She knows that he fears and trembles,
 I am sure that she knows it all—
 When he tells her how much she is to him,
 As the rich notes rise and fall.

There's a sound of a sigh in the moonlight,
 Two shadows blend on the wall,
 There's a gentle pressure upon his arm,
 Through the last waltz of the ball.

—James Barnes.

A UNIQUE VILLAGE.

"One of Indian summer's most perfect days
 Is dreamily dying in golden haze."

The poet was thinking of Concord when he wrote these lines; the spirit of the dying summer is so strong there that to resist its persuasive influence were well-nigh impossible, so the place usually weaves its mystic web around very willing captives.

The lazy buzz of the flies, the quiet streets, with their solemn green canopies overhead, sending down such a cool,

delightful shade upon the few passers-by; the slow gliding Concord, in whose waters the willows wash their long green tresses, meandering contentedly through the flowered meadows and woodlands, the sighs which now and then escape from the swaying hemlocks as if in remembrance of the striving revolutionary times, when the brave minute men gave their blood to fill the country's veins, or as if in regret over the departed great and "the good old days of long ago,"—all these exert a peculiar power. Thus speaks one on whose memory the village had indelibly impressed itself: "Concord is like no other town; it seems utterly undisturbed by the turmoil and agitation of life, utterly free from worldly ambition or petty rivalries of any sort. The hospitality of its people is boundless, and so is their refined kindness; and the beautiful village seems the one spot where there is abiding 'peace on earth and good will toward men.'" The picture is not overdrawn; quiet, but not stupid and languorous, like the town of Rip Van Winkle. On the contrary, its tranquil individuality seems to have moulded to a considerable degree the nature and temperament of her brightest thinkers. See Thoreau preaching solitude as better than friendly intercourse and isolating himself at Walden. Hear Hawthorne say in placid tones, "To me there is a peculiar quiet charm in these broad meadows and gentle eminences. They are better than mountains * * * *. A few summer weeks among mountains, a lifetime among green meadows, * * * * such would be my sober choice." And then Emerson singing the quiet beauty of Concord and proclaiming that Home was the proper sphere for man.

To see Concord, one should be snugly ensconced in a phaeton and in company with a rural *cicerone*. One of the objects of "intrist," you are told, is the "Old Church," in which the first Provincial Congress was held in 1774. Here also assembled those sturdy revolutionary patriots, Hancock and Adams, who, by their burning eloquence, did much to hasten the struggle for liberty. You next pass the Wright

tavern, in which Major Pitcairn made his celebrated remark, while stirring the brandy with his bloody finger: "I'll stir the rebels' blood before night!" Then, after circling around the common, with its stolid obelisk, the road lies through an avenue of noble ash trees. On emerging from this leafy tunnel you pass between two granite posts and behold the most ideal of country homes, "The Old Manse." A spell of witchery, of by-gone days, seems to hang around this dear old home, with its wealth of vines clinging tenderly around it; the wood-shed, the old clock, the long table, oft groaning under the ample wealth of the rural larder, the huge andirons; all are here as in the days of its former occupants, Sibley, Emerson or Thoreau. One curious room is that called the "Saint's Chamber," with its high-backed chairs, recalling the strict uprightness of our forefathers, and its walls rich with the maxims and advice of the holy men who have reposed there. The most interesting, perhaps, is the one in which R. W. Emerson wrote many of his poems and essays, among the latter the delightful one on "Nature." The genial influence of this inspiring room often filled the wings of Hawthorne's fancy, and he gives us some tender recollections of his stay there in "Muses from an Old Manse." A rod or so further on and a turn in the road brings you to another avenue of trees, consisting of well-proportioned maples, all planted in one day by the villagers, in commemoration of the battle of Concord. At its extremity looms up a lonely monument upon a grassy mound. Here is the precise spot where the first British soldier fell in that little battle, fraught, however, with such important consequences. Across the "Old North Bridge, where

"— once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot, heard round the world,"

is the space where "Old Concord's heroes met to face a foreign foe," and here is the consecrated portion, where fell the first American, a sturdy farmer.

"He loved the quiet village life, but he loved his country more;
For he heard the earliest call for help, and answering to the cry,
Showed how a soldier ought to fight, and a Christian ought to die."

And there, to commemorate his fall, stands French's statue of the minute man, whose finely-cut features and determined pose make us admire the Yankee manhood of '76. On the base is inscribed one of Emerson's hymns. Thus it has a triple value. "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor and an occasion."—*Ralph Duffield Small.*

A BROKEN RHYME.

She put her little hand in mine,
And pressed it with a soft "Farewell;"
Her eyes looked kind, her smile half sad,
Did she feel more than she would tell?

I settle down in cushioned ease,
The Pullman speeds into the night;
What does she think of, sitting now
Alone before her hearth's dim light?

Has she like me a vague desire,
An inarticulate regret,
The sorrow of a broken dream,
A joy unknown before we met?

Ah, lake and wood and summer's moon,
Your magic oft hath breathed a spell,
As fleeting as a happy song
Will this bright vision fade as well?

—*George R. Wallace.*

ON THE SHELVES.—There is no more pleasant place to spend an afternoon than in the Library.

Who does not remember the pleasant hours spent in the alcoves?

What a vast store-house of knowledge it is.

The fiction lover can choose from a legion of volumes.

The historian finds no impediment to his thirst for knowledge in the books of his favored alcoves.

Even the "math fiend" can revel in the dusty volumes of exploded theories of the past as well as in the latest thoughts of the men of science of to-day.

In the library each one follows his own bubble. Here is one working for the next debate in Hall; already he can hear the applause which will greet him.

There is another, resting both elbows on the table with a book open before him, hard at work. He is getting notes for his essay.

Over there, near the door, is a Freshman a little awed and somewhat startled by the scene around him.

Ah, the best and brightest of your "college days" will be over when this much-despised "greenness" wears off.

This college world will never seem as bright as it once appeared.

What a story of influence and power some of those volumes could tell!

Those books with the name "Voltaire" on the back, in that alcove, caused that great earthquake—"the French Revolution."

Here are those few lines which the poet Gray spent seven years in composing, gaining at the same time immortality.

In the alcove above is that article in the *Edinburgh Review* which closed the lips of the sweetest singer of "Old England, who sleeps to-night far from home beneath Italy's sunny skies.

Near by lies an almost forgotten pamphlet, written by one Napoleon Bonaparte, then a sub-lieutenant, who walked twenty miles each day to correct the proofs.

What keener enjoyment can there be than to roam or wander among the alcoves with no fixed purpose in view, stopping here and there to take a book and glance at the pages as fancy leads us?

We discover some books with worn backs and soiled pages, bearing testimony of the usage of students who have "gone before," and for this they appear more interesting and precious in our eyes.

You find them to be noble books, written by men who were "Lords of the public domain of thought."

How many students have read and handled Arnold's "Essays on Criticism," Mathew's "Hours with Men and Books" or Blackmoore's "Laura Doone" before we have made out our "slip" for them?

Whatever our enjoyment in the past, we have hope of greater joys yet to come.

May our hope not be in vain!—*Charles I. Truby.*

EDITORIAL.

WE ARE indebted to Profs. Westcott and Harper for acting as judges in the Translation Prize contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Bowdre Phinizy, '92, of Georgia.

THE LIT. congratulates itself and its contributors on the excellent work done in the contest for the Translation Prize. The offering of this prize was a new step, and was therefore something of an experiment. It has proved an unqualified success. There was a good number of competitors, and the judges have expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the high standard of the work done by all the contestants.

By the conditions of the contest, we were compelled to exclude from the competition an excellent poetical translation from Ovid. It deserves very high commendation. The Translation Prize will, no doubt, become a permanent feature of the LIT. prize system.

THE contest for the Story Prize will close November 18th, the award being made in the December issue, as before announced. The maximum length will be four thousand words.

THE "LIT." MEDAL.

THE LIT. Board has decided to make a slight alteration in the list of prizes as announced for this year. The Sketch Prize, to be awarded in February, will be abandoned.

In its place a LIT. medal will be offered to the participants in the morning exercises of Washington's birthday. We have long felt that there should be some direct stimulus to the orators on that occasion, other than the mere honor which attaches to it. We are assured that not only better work will be done in the preparation of the speeches, but a higher tone generally will be given to the gathering. Washington's birthday celebration has come to be our mid-year event. Immediately after the close of the foot-ball season men begin to look forward to it as the next college attraction. With this central position, it is worthy of our best endeavors to make it a thorough success.

The LIT. medal will, in a general way, be similar to the Junior Orator medals, and will be awarded to that speaker who shall be adjudged to have delivered the best oration. The rules governing the speaking and the award of the medal will be substantially those which are used in the Junior Orator exhibition, with the single exception that the speakers are chosen as at present, one from each class. We believe it to be eminently proper that the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, the literary representative of the college, should introduce this innovation. The judges will be appointed by the Board. The LIT. reserves the right to publish the successful oration or not, at its discretion. We hope that the results on next Washington's birthday will fully justify future Boards in maintaining the LIT. medal as a permanent college honor.

THE "TIGER."

THE LIT. takes the *Tiger's* right forepaw in both hands and gives it a hearty shake. We are glad to see him. He is a well-conditioned, good-natured animal, with the frank, merry twinkle in his eye that belongs to Old Nassau. When he first emerged from his Rip-Van-Winkle slumbers

he blinked a little, but two weeks of life on the campus and along the ropes at the 'Varsity ground have restored him to his native sleekness and jovial vigor. We understand his appetite is good, and we urge undergraduates and alumni to feed him liberally with subscriptions. He is also very fond of contributions. To the gentlemen who have him in charge we extend our best wishes and hearty congratulations.

A NEW CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

IT IS a matter of general regret in the Faculty, we believe, as well as among the undergraduates, that the Conference Committee proved of no practical service. And yet we do not think this failure should discourage a further effort to find some means of taking advantage of the best undergraduate sentiment in attaining the ends of college government. If a workable plan could be devised, there is no question that the advantage would be felt in a higher undergraduate tone and a better conception of the relation of Faculty to students. It would finally do away with the old idea of a game between the authorities and students, and put Princeton at the head of American institutions in developing a thoughtful university spirit. The Conference Committee was the first step in the right direction. It was an experiment. It did not meet the conditions and died a natural death. And yet the experiment has not been without its value; we have learned at least, what the conditions of the problem are. The Conference Committee failed because it had no definite function. It could not speak in positive terms to the students, and could not assume on its own motion to represent the undergraduates before the Faculty. In many of the minor matters of public comfort where it might have been useful, it could do nothing because it had no right to petition the Curator of Grounds and

Buildings. If a student committee is to be useful it must meet the following requirements :

(a.) It must have some definite functions. (b.) It should have some representative right to speak for its constituency. (c.) It should have some sanction. It is much easier to state the problem than to solve it, and yet we cannot help believing that a solution is possible.

Some of the occurrences of this term show where such a committee would be serviceable. A few men, against the sense of the whole college have brought some discredit upon it, and yet because no one wished to take it upon himself to interfere, nothing was done to make the undergraduate sentiment felt. A healthy feeling against "cribbing" is being developed, but here again there are no means of giving the college sense expression. In the University of Virginia, anyone caught cribbing is tried by a court of students, and, if found guilty, is compelled to leave college. This shows what can be done. The difficulty is, however, that the Faculty, and very justly too, does not wish to surrender any of its jurisdiction; and even if it were inclined to give a subordinate power to a student body, there would be difficulty in determining its limits and finding a suitable sanction.

Still the manifest advantages make it worth the effort. If a Committee of Seniors and Juniors elected by those classes respectively, and vested with a subordinate power, should be formed, it might act without in anywise affecting the action of the Faculty. It could take cognizance only of cases which the Faculty could not reach, and instead of conflicting would be purely supplementary. Every student knows of occurrences which, from their very nature, the Faculty can never learn of, and yet which the public opinion of the college condemns. If a student body should take cognizance of such cases, it is hard to see where the jurisdiction of the Faculty would be in any way infringed, and yet a valuable service would be rendered to the college. The question of sanction comes up. Probably a mere sum-

mons by the student board and expression of disapproval would, in most instances, be found sufficient. A little experience would suggest what might be required in addition. We hope at their next meeting the Board of Trustees will not let this matter pass without consideration.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

WE have viewed with great pleasure and anticipation the marked change and development in the English branches of our curriculum. Not very many years ago it was the custom to make the study of English rather incidental and subordinate than really essential. Emphasis was rigidly placed upon the classics and mathematics as the educating, culturing factors of a college course. Necessarily then, with barely two hours a week for pursuing his English study, the average student could not become conversant with the many varied sides of our language and literature or acquaint himself with their historical antecedents and contemporaneous relations. Of course, it would be unjust as well as indicative of a limited familiarity with our collegiate history to say that the former exclusive position of the classics and mathematics was not amply justified by many years' experience. We do not wish to enter upon this much-discussed subject, but by a little observation one must acknowledge the rapid growth of the sentiment that made the study of English co-equal and co-existent with other studies. And with the growth of this sentiment has come the ready expansion of the field which the term English covers.

If Princeton be our illustration of this development, we may discern three distinct phases. In the first place, the province of study in English Literature has been continually widening. Students have come to see the imperative need meeting them of gaining a thorough acquaintaince with

their own literature by systematic study. The regular curriculum courses have proved stimulative to further individual investigation, which, in its turn, has led oftentimes to the elucidation of hidden meanings or the discovery of new literary possibilities. Another change has become manifest in the study of English language. The structure of the language, its philological bearings, the laws of discourse, the methods and rules of composition are important elements of instruction. They have lost their old time savor of drudgery in the renewed interest and attractiveness with which they are treated. One special feature of this expansion we must note—the impulse given to the study of Anglo-Saxon, and of its influence upon modern English thought and writing. The third department in which a distinct transformation has taken place is that of English composition and oratory. Not radical at all, perhaps unnoticeable, have been the changes along this line, introduced always with the idea of making individual composition an essential, inseparable part of the curriculum. The labors required by these exercises seem arduous sometimes in conjunction with the numerous other duties of recitation and lecture; still they have proven themselves a positive advantage.

That these departments give promise of increased excellence in their results is well attested by the number of prize contests established within their province. This last year has seen the institution of three new prizes in English, one for Sophomore year work, two in Junior year for English literature and Anglo-Saxon respectively. These with the Biddle Essay and Maclean prizes and the Senior prize in English literature, constitute a group of no mean proportion. The stimulus that they must necessarily give to better class-room work makes competition all the more effective.

Of course, there is abundant room for expansion yet in the English branches. The subject of *Æsthetic Criticism* that has received notice in the catalogue for years, has never been sufficiently developed. We are credibly informed that the professor in oratory has under considera-

tion a special course on this topic which will soon definitely materialize. Should realizations meet our expectations, we shall have presented to us a new line of study, inferior in no way to kindred subjects, and possessing a charm not of novelty merely, but of genuine interest. If our minds shall be unburdened of the prevalent notion that *Æsthetic Criticism* is the personification of vagueness, this will be an adequate justification of such a course.

But this is only one form of expansion. We have in mind another in the department of English literature that would be very acceptable to many students—the establishment of a Sophomore elective or required exercise in literature. At present American authors are reserved till the last term of Senior year for study, and then are hurried over in connection with English writers of the Victorian period. They consequently are studied more for their relation to their transatlantic contemporaries than for inherent worth. If this fascinating and instructive course could be placed by itself as a single Sophomore elective, it would form a logical opening for the subsequent branches. These are suggestions merely. We doubt not that in the process of time, as change follows change, as better lines of work supplant or supplement those that have accomplished their ends, as the field of study widens and impulses for deeper investigation grow stronger, the English department of Princeton will utilize its developing functions in the same progressive spirit that has ever characterized its growth.

GOSSIP.

"The mud is deep and clinging,
I am in a towering rage,
I've walked thro' the rain to the 'Varsity grounds,
And they're practicing in the cage."

—94—

I HAVE searched for the quotation book, but I suspect somebody is afraid that I may misuse it, and has consequently hidden it. I am not to be done out of my quotation in that style, however, and so quote from a rejected poem that I found in the table drawer.

That daily walk to the 'Varsity grounds—"I wish that I had a dollar for every time, &c." We all know the way, every foot of it; that corner redolent of onions, soiled boiled clothes and dish water; that tied-up cur of a dog, that looks up at you from the yawning mouth of a reclining barrel. As for that waddling, quacking, sagged-down-at-the-end duck, I am an old friend of his, though he might claim only a passing acquaintance, being rather exclusive, as it were. Then there's a baby that has outgrown his perambulator since I first knew him, and always looks as if he had been tasting the turnips in the garden behind the house, without washing the dirt off them, and an aged rocking-horse on the front piazza—but he's got "sand," has that horse, and prances away on four game legs just as "cocky" as when he first had his spots painted on him and owned a tail.

Yes, yes, we know the old road well, and we are ashamed of it and always apologize for it to our friends, and say that we'd like to see it improved, and mention a keg of gun-powder and some inflammable material as first-rate improvers for portions of it.

We have stumbled in the same place twenty times on the uneven pavement, and know just how to avoid that slippery place near the leaky old hydrant. N. B.—Take the middle of the street.

We have gone down that road elated and come back cast down; we have gone down that same road cast down and come back stuck up. We have groaned "Why won't he come out and play?" and wonder if so-and-so has any "insides." I don't know why he should not, he has a good appetite. We have built imaginary foot-ball teams that were "out of sight," and said "did you ever see such—adjective—playing?" And, the strangest thing of all, we never mention the kindness, perseverance, patience and pluck of our muddy, much-abused scrub, except to say "Even that miserable scrub can score," &c. And the poor bruised "scrubie" walks up to town while the 'Varsity rides up in a palace car, thinking that some day he might, possibly might, make a tear, and get a box in the other room. Thank heaven he is well-fed nowadays, though

he gorges himself trying to gain a few pounds. I say all honor to the scrub, "Are you ready? Hip, hip—"

I was in a room to day when an old alumnus came up to see it; he did not want to buy it for his son, his son was graduated and had a son of his own, but he just wanted to see it, it had been his once, you know, and he thought he'd just like to look at it again.

When he found some initials in red ink on the closet wall he was pleased as a boy, and then he found a date—good gracious, it was long ago, before you were born—and then he found some more initials, and he looked quite sad; and I asked if he had the room alone, and he said that the owner of those initials had had it with him. Then he said something about the war, and Shiloh, and remarked that time had flown, or something to that effect. Then he went out.

I can imagine what had been going through the old gentleman's mind. From the present he had stepped once more over the bridge of memory deep into the past, had forgotten that the top of his head was shiny, and that climbing the old stone steps took all the breath he possessed. He could feel the old associations awakening recollections that had lain dormant for years and years. "Barrings out," that almost forgotten escapade of the students in the old days, when, with the entrances to the second floor of Old North blockaded, they defied the power of "Johnny" and the faculty, until they were starved into submission, or effected a compromise that saved the disgrace of capitulation. He remembered how he had worn blisters on his hands pulling on the old bell-rope—the bell rang continuously for twenty-six hours on one of these occasions. And then he thought of all the friends of those wild young days—where were they now? First, his room-mate—but he died in battle, killed at the head of his regiment; then of others, where were they? One was a judge of the supreme court, another a great physician, one a professor, another a wealthy monopolist, one an aged and greatly-loved pastor, another a writer on agnosticism, one a poet, one an inventor, one was a missionary in Syria, one was in an insane asylum, one was drowned at sea, and one had killed himself with hard drink, long ago. The rest gone, faded away, somewheres like a fleet of scattered vessels; some had struggled along against the tides and then had given up and sunk out of sight; some lay at anchor in snug harbors waiting for the final dismantling; they have become fewer and fewer, and soon—then he thought of some one who had his name, the same initials as were there upon the wall, and he sighed. Ah! he would have been in college now. But there was still one to come, and he thought how queer it would be if his grandson should have the same old room. I hope that we will all come back many times before our heads are shiny and our bellows out of order, and visit our old rooms; our initials may be papered over, but we might find that depression beneath the paper where that pistol ball left its mark, and remember when it was fired, and how scared we were, for of course we "did not know it was loaded," and we will remember how dear old

Tom used to put his long legs up on the mantle-piece, and wonder if little Tom will ever make a foot-ball player like his daddy.

There is one room in college that has never been papered, and if any one does paper it he will be very foolish. It is a bed-room, and on the plain white walls are a number of charcoal sketches, varying in merit; one or two, the handiwork of a famous half-back, who knew more about tackling than he did of perspective. One or two more or less ambitious productions of Bric-à-Brac "artists," and two that deserve care and preservation.

One day a painter, whose name is well-known throughout the whole country, happened on this same room with its crude mural decorations; he was interested, in a moment his coat was off, and with a rag in one hand and a stump of charcoal in the other, he was hard at work. A few quick dashes, a firm, clean stroke with the finger, more dashes of the stump, a gentle shading with the bit of rag, and it began to appear—like a negative in a bath of hydro-conine—a lake with great rank weeds growing out of the shallow water near the edge, a low-lying neck of land covered with great dense trees a short ways over yonder, then way across, a line of low-lying hills. Great masses of piled-up clouds overhead—done with the broadside of the stump and the thumb and forefinger—and then we had it. A little persuasion, and we had a snow scene in the woods; snow soft and massy, tall birch trees lifting out of it, a vista of naked boughs against the sky, a rabbit track, and a few lifeless leaves—all unframed and hung for good upon that bed-room wall. I hope to see that room as it is whenever I return.

Then we know the room with the stuffed owl that stares at you, with an evening tie around his throat and a pair of glasses on—he looks like some one we know. The room with the stolen signs: "No fishin' here," "Keep off the grass," "This is my busy day,"—I know the owner of this room and doubt the latter admonition—"Help wanted," "Boarding," and lots more; but a truce to this.

"Hello, you ink-spillin' editor, aint you coming up?" I forgot I promised to go to a friend's room and translate some Sanskrit, and, perhaps, smoke a pipe and eat some of his mother's chocolate cake. He's halloing outside, and I must close.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

- “ They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are warranted ‘early editions,’
These worshipful tomes of mine.
- “ In their creamy ‘Oxford vellum,’
In their redolent ‘crushed Levant,’
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant.
- “ Blind tooled and morocco jointed,
They have Zaehnsdorf’s daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust no less.
- “ For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and bruised *octaves*,
The dear and dumpy *twelves*—
- “ Montaigne, with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell, the worse for wear,
And the worm drilled Jesuit’s Horace,
And the little old crooked Moliere.
- “ And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea’d,—
For the rest I never have opened,
But those are the books I read.”

EVERYBODY seems to write of his love for *old* books—either those well-thumbed books that have been his daily companions or the rare volumes that mark him a book-miser. So much has been written, in rhyme and in prose, about old books that one scarcely dares whisper—even over the safe *incognito* of the Table—that he is a heretic and is distinctly a lover of *new* books. By new books I do not mean simply first editions, though there is a fascination to me in reading a book that has not been weighed and labeled before, but I mean especially my favorite authors—not all of them classics either—in the fresh, clean clothes of a new edition. To cut the leaves of a book and feel that no one has read those pages before is a real pleasure. A book, if grown old in your hands, is too apt to be soiled and dog-eared, and, if it is a bibliophile’s treasure, is sure to be clumsy and yellow and musty.

Books are made to be read, and, in my case at least, new books are read the most easily and with the greatest satisfaction.

When I reached this point in my writing I felt that, though a heretic, I had no right to be an original heretic, so I went to the library in search of authorities. Look as I would I could find no one who preferred the

new book to the old. There was much about the value of books and reading in general. I opened first the "Philobiblon of Richard de Bury." How eloquent the quaint old bishop grows in the chapter on "The Advantages of the Love of Books!" He says, "It transcends the power of human intellect, however deeply it may have drunk of the Pegasus fount, to develop fully the title of this chapter." He comes very near the truth when he declares that "All who are smitten with the love of books think cheaply of the world and wealth." After awhile I tired of good advice and then I wandered among the bibliophiles—"The Book Hunter," "Pleasures of a Book Hunter," "Books and Book-men," and greatest of all, Dibdin's "Bibliomania." Before I left the alcove the enthusiasm of the authors had so wrought upon me that I, the heretic, was almost ready to join the search for books on vellum, presentation copies, Elzevirs, and the like. How valiantly these book-lovers defend their hobby! The calmest of them argue that every man must have some craze, and that bibliomania is, in every way, the least harmful. One quotes Ruskin: "If a man spends lavishly on his library you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of men ruining themselves by their books." They tell such queer stories of the mania. One old fellow, "a well-disposed, harmless creature," is said to have prayed as follows before going to bed: "Bless my books; all my Bible books, all my *hocus pocus*, and all my *leger-de-main* books, and all my other books, whether particularly mentioned at this time or not." We find in the dialogues of Dibdin's "Bibliomania" this suggestive passage: "'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant bibliomaniac; that I love books dearly; that the very sight, touch and mere perusal—.' 'Hold, my friend!' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession; you talk of reading books, do bibliomaniacs ever read books?'" But through all the gentle insanity of these writings shines the flame of a real love for knowledge, and one comes from the reading of them so enamored of books that he is almost ready to say with Andrew Lang, in his Envoy to the "Ballade of the Unattainable":

" Prince, bear a hopeless Bard's appeal;
Reverse the rules of Mine and Thine;
Make it legitimate to steal
The Books that never can be mine!"

The frontispiece of the November *Scribner's* is a naval scene, "Signalling to Moorings," drawn by R. F. Zogbaum. It accompanies the artist-author's concluding article on the recent cruise of "Our New Navy." In these days of interest in Africa we are reading so many "travels" that, perhaps, we are a trifle wearied, and we turn with pleasure to something of a different character, but in the same line, such as "The Tale of a Tusk of Ivory," by Herbert Ward. It is excellently

illustrated by Frederic Villiers. There are two sonnets upon "The Death Day of Cardinal Newman," of which Inigo Deane's is the better. "Dr. Materialismus" is a story, rather original and decidedly weird. Read it and answer the naturally suggested question, "Was the doctor a hypnotist?" The excellent serial, "Jerry," is continued. We have Jerry's impressions in his first visit to a great city. In Chapter XVI there is an excellent characterization of the Nineteenth Century, "this practical, money-getting, soul-crushing age." In "The Training of the Nurse," by Mrs. F. R. Jones, we have an able explanation of this lucrative and eminently fitting occupation for women who wish to be self-supporting.

People who, children-like, must have a magazine with pictures, and therefore do not read the *Atlantic*, miss a great deal. Its papers are always upon pertinent subjects, and those subjects are always ably treated. Its verse in general is good, and its fiction, though too much inclined to mental dissection, is of a high grade. The November number is not an exception to the rule. Mr. Stockton begins a serial, "The House of Martha," and these early chapters give promise of another expression of his clean, dry humor. One of his unique creations is the "Malarial Adjunct," the husband of a bright and bustling amanuensis. W. D. McCracken analyzes fully and entertainingly "The Tell Myth." Frank Gaylord Cook, in his paper, "Robert Morris," pays a just tribute to one of the most unselfish of Washington's associates and co-workers. Francis C. Lowell and Robert H. Fuller tell of some forgotten highwaymen, the one having as his subject "A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages," the other "An American Highwayman." Dr. Holmes says good-bye in his last paper, "Over the Tea-Cups." He acknowledges his debt to a stylographic pen that has permitted his thoughts to flow freely. In the last few pages the well-beloved doctor shows us himself and talks a little about his writings and then about the autograph-hunting bore. Of the remaining articles, "The Fate of a Japanese Reformer" is particularly interesting.

Dear to the heart of the average college man is *Outing*, and the November number of this magazine, in its rich treatment of the sports of autumn, will disappoint no expectant reader. The fellows who like to handle a gun or a rod will enjoy reading "Sniping on the South Side of Long Island," "Turtling in Florida," "My First Norwegian Salmon," and "The Champion of the Salmon Season." The camera fiend will first read "Photographing Interiors," by C. Headley, Jr., who gives some valuable hints. Yale's foot-ball saint—that redoubtable coach, Walter Camp—contributes an illustrated article on "Foot-ball Studies for Captain and Coach." "Athletics at Williams College" deals with a sister institution, with which, we are sorry to say, we rarely come in contact on the athletic field. Prof. Hitchcock concludes his discussion of "Wrestling." "The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto" is a finely illustrated paper. Of the fiction, Capt. Charles King's "Rancho del Muerto" will

find more general favor than "The Hidden Law; a Cyclist's Story," by Henry Francis.

One more periodical, the *Cosmopolitan* for November, discusses the "College Education in Relation to Business." The writer is that eminent showman, P. T. Barnum. It is the old argument—the four years spent in college are the years in which a boy would be getting his start in life if his studies had ended with the school. In these days of the university education, when the curriculum is no longer confined to Latin, Greek and mathematics, the avowed object of the college is the training of the student in methods of thinking. The man who has learned to think may find it slow work in his first year or two, but when he gets his start he rises faster than his competitor who had the four years' handicap. College men do succeed in business—from the railroad office to the ranch. That there are some failures goes without saying. It is probable, too, that the college man is less likely to allow all his energies to be absorbed in money-getting. The *Cosmopolitan* has won a name for its fiction, and "A Norse Atlantis," by H. H. Boyesen, and "The Pursuit of the Martyns," by R. M. Johnston, maintain its standard. The latter writer has made a departure from his wonted line. The verse of the number is unusually good. "Reiteration," by Charles W. Coleman, is charming. "The American Amateur Stage" is an interesting topic well handled, by C. C. Waddle. The Harvard Hasty Pudding Club and the Columbia College Dramatic Club are discussed at some length.

In the November *Forum* Francis A. Walker puts on his armor again and once more does battle for the existing social conditions. The object of his attack is Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent article on "Industrial Democracy." He particularly criticises Dr. Abbott's phrase "Wealth of the people, for the people, by the people." In conclusion he says, "Like Dr. Abbott I entertain highly optimistic views regarding the future of society, but I look forward rather to an industrial republic than to an industrial democracy." Gen. Walker is an eminent economist, but he is kept busy just now combating the government-interference ideas of the new school of Political Economy. Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol gives a very fair criticism of "Tolstoi and 'The Kreutzer Sonata.'" He does not find it indecent, he recognizes Tolstoi's mission, but thinks the book too full of horror—lacking in proportion of parts. He comes dangerously near a pun when he says by way of epigram, "The Kreutzer Sonata is the most bruted, if not the most brutal publication of the day." In discussing "Formative Influences," Edward Eggleston makes this startling statement, "Schools and colleges—I do not say universities—are primarily for those that cannot or will not study without them." Dr. Eggleston, on account of ill health, did not receive a college training. In "Embattled Farmers," Dr. Washington Gladden treats of the Farmers' Alliance, its demands and prospects.

"A Laggard in Love," by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, is the novel in the November *Lippincott's*. Its central idea—the mistaken attachment of a

young man for a girl "out of his set," her heart-break and his atonement—is not a new one, but the setting of the scene is out of the common, and there are interesting situations and characters. "John Ford" is perhaps the best creation. Junius Henri Browne studies Balzac's women in "Heroines in Human Comedy." Readers of Balzac know that his women are not very lovable. "A Philosopher in the Purple," is Lord Chesterfield. "Bond's" is a short sketch—unique and readable. This number is marked by excellent verse: "Where Lies the Land?—Rondeau," by Charles D. Bell; "My Lady Waits," a beautiful poem by C. W. Coleman; a translation of "The Famous Sonnet of Arvas," and "Whom Others Envy," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe. "Journalism vs. Literature" shows how absurd it is for anyone, especially a college graduate, to expect to reach literature through journalism. The writer is wrong in his assumption. We believe that few, if any, college men enter journalism with the idea of finding in it literary training or opportunities. They become reporters in order to make a living. They may hope to achieve something in literature by outside work, but that does not enter into the problem.

The Magazine of Art for November is one of the best issues of this popular magazine that has come to our table. The frontispiece is a photogravure of "The Shipwrecked Sailors." This is from the original of the famous Dutch painter Josef Israels. The accompanying biographical and critical paper, by D. C. Thomson, is illustrated by specimens of Israel's work, and by an interesting portrait of the painter and his son sitting on the side of a sail boat. A poem, "Love's Rubicon," written by Kate Carter, and illustrated by the late Alice Havers, follows. The editor of the magazine contributes a paper entitled "Should there be a British Artists' Room at the National Portrait Gallery?" in which appear communications from the trustees, among whom are Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Derby and Lord Ronald Gower. Claude Phillip contributes a paper on French sculpture, excellently illustrated by engravings of modern examples. George Moore, whom current gossip accuses of wishing to be called the Degas of modern literature, writes of "Degas: the Painter of Modern Life," an "impressionist" of note, whose pictures are well known in this country. The customary notes show the renewed activity of the painters as winter approaches.

The Century will contain throughout the coming year extracts from advance sheets of the "Talleyrand Memoirs." The first article will be accompanied by an introduction written by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Minister of the United States to France. These memoirs will be interesting, not only for the light they will throw upon a most important period of history, but also for the personal experiences and thoughts of that most astute diplomat—Prince Talleyrand.

Though *Harper's Magazine* is not one of our exchanges, we cannot refrain from noticing Prof. William M. Sloane's paper on "Princeton University," in the November number. Professor Sloane has not con-

fined himself to a mere statement of the history and present status of Princeton, nor to a logical argument for Princeton's curriculum theory, but he has also breathed into his writing much of the Princeton spirit—that enthusiastic love for Alma Mater which knows not how to keep silence.

The Literary Digest is a new-comer to our table. It is an eclectic weekly which culls the best of current literature and arranges it in handy and readable form.

One who does not know would think that during the long vacation the competitors for positions on the various college magazines would do their very best work, and would fill the first number of the year with clever and well-written contributions. We who know would curse our contributors for hopeless stupidity if our too faithful memories did not tell us that we were just as tormenting to our predecessors a year ago. It is a rule that the first number is either written entire by the editors or pieced out with slipshod contributions. There is not an exception to this rule among all our October exchanges.

The opening article of the *Williams Lit.* is "College Colloquialisms." The writer weaves in the slang of Williams in an ingenious manner. We had always thought that the Princeton vernacular was peculiarly rich, but we are fain to confess that in comparison with that of Williams it is a pauper. "John Bull's First Smoke" is the best thing in the number, and begins in this original way: "What man is there who has forgotten his first smoke? The memory of your first love, or of your first shave, is a dim and faded shadow compared with the impression left by that first puff of real tobacco." The fiction of this number is poor. "The Caliph's Daughter" has the elements of a good story, but the writer is not at home with his subject. No one can write successfully about people and places of which he knows practically nothing. "Whither It Listeth" is an excellent title, but is attached to the story of the love affair of a conventional foot-ball hero and an erratic, unlovable woman. "Ballade of Her Deep Dark Eyes" is the best of the verse. The *Lit.* seems to encroach, in the Alumni Notes, upon the domain of the weekly. The editorial departments might be given more prominence and individuality.

The Window Seat is always the best thing about the *Amherst Lit.* It is original and chatty, and therefore eminently readable. That last word is the measure of success for a college magazine. The college amateur can not expect to produce anything of permanent literary value nor of startling novelty in the presentation of truth, but he can aim at being readable. If he attains this, he surpasses most of his fellows.

By long odds the best thing in the month's exchanges is "A Man All Alone," in the *Wellesley Prelude*. There is a deal of imagination in it to begin with, but it is particularly noticeable for the exquisite simplicity of its writing and the marvelous finish of the details. The writer's

power over the little things shows that she is no beginner. Such a writer should not send all her contributions to a college weekly; there is room for such things as "A Man All Alone" in the great world outside.

The verse of the month is unsatisfactory, but we print the best of it, as usual.

IN OCTOBER.

The earth lies in a golden haze,
 The winds blow faint from the dark'ning sky,
 Her face no inward pang betrays—
 And must she die?
 Sweet Mother Nature, must she cease
 To blossom? Fainter grows her breath—
 And is this gentle calm the peace
 That comes with death?

—*Amherst Lit.*

AT EVENTIDE.

Dearest, at the eventide,
 Oft in the quietness I lie,
 When the noisy, noisy world has, for a season, passed me by,
 And left me free
 To think of thee,
 To think, perchance, of thee and sigh.

Whatever the world can give,
 Wealth, and name, and fame, and power,
 All, alas, seems sadly poor at the coming of the twilight hour,
 A smile of thine
 Is still divine,
 Though in the west the tempest lower.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

THE MOONLIT SEA.

Soft is the air, and dreamly
 The sad, sweet voices of the sea
 In cadence low float to my ear
 With weird, fantastic melody.
 The mighty surges, rising grand,
 Rush rolling, threatening, breaking on,
 Upon the long white stretch of sand,
 Throw silvery, sparkling flecks of foam.

The ocean dark, before my eyes,
 Tumultuous rolls with mighty sweep;
 I watch in restless rise and fall
 The heaving bosom of the deep
 Forth from her distant hiding place,
 Her silvery rays swift stealing near,
 The radiant moon uplifts her face
 And quick dispels the shadows drear.

Like elfin sprites, with footsteps light,
The moonbeams dance in silent glee,
The spirits of the air come down
To greet the spirits of the sea.
Bathed in the warm, refulgent glow
The foamy sands before me lie,
The soft-winged clouds with breasts of snow
Float idly through the night on high.

Beside the foamy, moonlit sea
Thus peacefully the hours speed ;
Corroding care is put to flight —
To toil and grief we give no heed.
Their life has less of dreary sighs,
Their future takes a sunnier hue,
And faith and hope come from the skies
The fainting spirit to renew.

—*The Brown Magazine.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. By W. D. MORRISON. \$1.50.
(NEW YORK: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

Mr. Morrison's addition to "The Story of the Nations" series covers a period of only three hundred years, and yet within those three centuries forces were developed which have exerted a tremendous influence upon our civilization—may almost be said to have shaped it. We have had plenty of studies of the rise of Christianity from a theological standpoint, but so far as we know, Mr. Morrison's book is the first one devoted exclusively to a study of this period from the standpoint of universal history. The contact of the Jews with the Western World has been neglected. At first we see Roman and Hebrew acting together with the common purpose of weakening Syria. It was only after years of alliance that the renewed spirit of conquest under Pompey changed Palestine to a subordinate territory and eventually a province. With the hatred of everything Roman, which sprang up under the changed conditions, it is interesting to observe the subtle influence of the Greek thought upon the Jewish mind. Had it not been for the universal empire of the Roman and the universal language of the Greek, humanly speaking, the disciples of Christ would have remained a Jewish sect. Aside from its historic value the story of this period, with the splendor of Imperial Rome in full blaze, the hopeless struggles of the Jews and the dispersion of this most clannish people, is a vivid and interesting one. Mr. Morrison's book is the twenty-ninth in this valuable series, and is not surpassed by any preceding volume. To those who wish to study a vital chapter in the history of Christianity and civilization we recommend this book.

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND. By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D. \$1.50.
(NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The love that Princeton men bear for Scotland is strong and not unreasonable. Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen helped to lay the foundations of our venerable college, and for twenty years of glorious history a Scotchman was its President. In the bent figure of the strong man—James McCosh—we see a type of that hardy, intellectual race, whose fighting men have been no mean foes, whether they wielded the sword or the pen. "The Story of Scotland" does not end with the merging of the government with that of England, but comes down to our day. We have here an account of that strange clan-life the long-lived relic of primitive conditions; of the border wars immor-

talized in ballad; of the unequal struggle with Roman and Danish and English invaders, which served to make a nation of hostile tribes; of the dark days of religious persecution; of the union with England; of the rallying of the Highlanders under the standard of the Old and Young Pretenders in 1715 and 1745; and of the long period of peace in which the Scotch mind has had a world for a pupil. Covering a space of so many years, Dr. Mackintosh's book is necessarily little more than a chronicle, but it is of great value for its accuracy and impartiality. A peculiar example of the turn of the Scotch mind is found in the custom of conspirators—as, for instance, for the murder of Lord Darnley—to have a bond drawn up and signed with legal formality. The chapter on "Modern Literature of Scotland" shows the great debt which English literature owes to Scotland. Any country would be proud of such names as Hume, Scott, Burns, Thomson, Campbell, "Christopher North," Chalmers, Adam Smith, Hamilton and Thomas Carlyle. The chapter on "Religious Movements" is not the least interesting in this valuable book.

THE UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

BY CHRISTOPHER G. TIEDEMAN, A.M., LL.B. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The author takes advantage of the awakening of the American people to the importance of political and constitutional study, and he sets before us the growth of the Federal Constitution, not by amendment, but by judicial interpretation and the habit of the people. He says that "all political constitutions undergo a constant and gradual evolution, keeping pace with the development of civilization, whether there be a written constitution or not; that these changes generally take place without formal amendments to the written constitution." No one will question the truth of that statement. In the opening chapter Prof. Tiedeman discusses municipal law in general. He attacks the commonly accepted definition of Blackstone that law is "a rule of conduct *prescribed by the supreme power of the state*," and he gives due prominence to customary or common law and to judge-made law. He considers Lynch law in an unsettled country as real law, though in a rude state of development. In discussing the origin of the Constitution the author shows that a constitution, to be operative, must have its roots in the habit of the people, and that our Constitution as a whole was of such a character. In a later chapter he cites the Electoral College as an example of a made-to-order provision which proved a failure. In other chapters he studies the most prominent features of the Constitution. The author thinks that decided disapproval of the President's serving for more than two terms has been expressed by the people, and that this opposition is as prohibitive as an amendment to the Constitution would be. The chapter on State Sovereignty, with its adequate treatment of the idea of sovereignty, is a particularly able one. The last chapter presents "The Real Value of Written

Constitutions." The value of our Constitution lies in the fact that the Supreme Court, with the life tenure of office, is removed from an overpowering temptation to yield to popular clamors in its interpretation of that instrument.

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING. BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN, PH. D.
\$1.25. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

There is presented in this little volume a concise but thorough review of the art and historical bearing of dramatic production. It will be a decided help to the playwright, the student and the dramatic critic, as the author suggests in his title page. The treatise begins with the technical part of the theatrical business. The officers of the theatre, the stage, the scenery and general directions are first discussed, appended to which are a few stage perspectives. Different kinds of plays are treated, special emphasis being laid on the "Mediated Tragedy." He defines it thus: "The play as a whole is of a serious character and seems tending to a tragic catastrophe, but at the conclusion the disaster is averted and all ends happily." A complete classification of drama, ancient and modern, is a valuable addition. The real value of the book, however, lies in the hints and suggestions as to theoretical construction. The author discusses the elements of a play, the essential characters, the theatrical conventionalities. The work closes with advice and caution regarding dramatic production. Many of the touches, especially the knowledge of minutiae, indicates the writer's thorough acquaintance with his subject. He has also displayed the faculty of making the technical details interesting, not only to the dramatist and the dramatic critic, but also the casual critic.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. BY PROF.
ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M. \$1.50. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.)

The field of belles-lettres is enriched by the appearance of Professor Alfred H. Welsh's new and original book on American and English Literature. It has been a question of peculiar concern to instructors in this department how to provide their classes with a text, both comprehensive and detailed, on the growth and content of our literature. The universal criticism on works of this profession has been that the great outlines of literary history have been sacrificed in order to bring into greater prominence the rich content of individual writers, or else, on the contrary, the second and third-class authors have suffered complete oblivion at the expense of matter which belongs more specifically to the Philosophy of Literature. Prof. Welsh evidently felt this defect, and guarded especially against either one of these extremes in his valuable and unique "Digest" of our Literature. There are three distinct commentaries on the study of Literature. The cardinal events in a Nation's

history, which in turn, condition more or less the state of society and the progress of civilization, furnish the first two cogent influences in molding the individual character—the third interpreter of a literature. Prof. Welsh has neglected no one of these essential sidelights, and we recommend his work to every student of literature.

THE ANGLOMANIACS. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.)

When "The Anglomaniacs" was appearing in serial form in one of the magazines, every one was guessing at the name of the author, and not until it came to the end, was it discovered that it was the work of Mrs. N. Burton Harrison. The Cassell Publishing Company has sent this "story of our own times" out into the world of readers in a neat, handy form. No one who picks up this charming story will put it down until it is finished. A great many characters one almost seems to know. The plot is interesting, the ending is different from that of the conventional novel, and is, perhaps, too true. The character of the young Englishman, Jencks, Mrs. Bertie Clay and Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, are cleverly drawn, while Lily, in her own sweet way, wins our hearts although we wish she had been more independent. "The Anglomaniacs" is an artistic and literary conception of the deepest interest throughout.

SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POESY. BY ALBERT S. COOK. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

For modernizing the spelling and punctuation of the "Defence of Poesy," and providing a careful introduction and notes, Prof. Cook deserves grateful recognition from all who are interested in the revival of Elizabethan literature. The age of Elizabeth is to the modern world what the time of Pericles was to the ancient. During the reign of the Virgin Queen all the typical forms of literary art were practiced and brought to a perfection which has been as rarely excelled as have been the "Zeus" of Phidias and the "Prometheus" of Æschylus in the Periclean age. The works of Sir Philip Sidney are not, however, of this character. Shakespeare's dramas and Bacon's essays have become classic, but Sidney's "Arcadia" and his "Defence" attract us for a totally different reason. Neither the "Arcadia" nor the "Defence" show the perfection of assured workmanship; they are, nevertheless, of great value as indicating the germs of the novel and the critical essay respectively. In the course of the latter work Sidney gives a critical estimate of the English poets, his fundamental design, however, being to prove the superiority of poetry over all other forms of secular writing. As Mr. Cook shows, there is a remarkable similarity between Sidney's theory of poetry and that of Dante and Milton. All three place it upon the same high ethical basis. We would, therefore, especially recommend

the reading of the "Defence" to those dilettant critics who advocate art for art's sake.

The introduction and notes to this little book are all that good scholarship and literary taste could require, with one exception, and this we have already hinted at. The "Defence" is particularly notable as marking the beginnings of literary criticism at a time when the creative, rather than the reflective, spirit predominated. In our judgment, therefore, it would have been well for the editor to have made distinct mention of this fact, and perhaps to have given a short sketch of the growth of the critical tendency in English writers.

LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD. BY ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.
(ALBANY, N. Y.: ALBANY BOOK COMPANY.)

The publication of Mr. Bellamy's ingeniously conceived, though revolutionarily inclined "Looking Backward," has given an impulse to the popularization of economic and socialistic discussion. Mr. Vinton in a succinct and fascinating manner has pointed out the fallacies and impossibilities of the Nationalist theory of government. His book, taking advantage of Bellamy's statement that China, alone of all nations, had continued constant to the old ideas and customs, treats of a war, or rather of a civilized migration of the Chinese army and navy, which took place in the year 2020. He unmistakably shows how loss of individualism and the lack of means for the preparation for self-defence made the United States powerless to repel the invaders. This novel, including as it does, a charming love episode, is so realistic and entertaining that we venture to predict great popularity for it. It should be especially interesting to Princeton men, being dedicated, as it is, to a well known graduate of our Alma Mater.

LOVE AND LORE. BY EDGAR SALTUS. (NEW YORK: BELFORD COMPANY.)

Edgar Saltus is nothing if not unconventional, and this dainty volume of alternating essays and verse, though by no means daring, maintains his reputation for a kind of originality. "The Court of Love" and "The Canons of Pure Courtesy" contain some charming touches. In the "Future of Fiction" and "Morality in Fiction," the author makes something of a defense—though not avowedly—for his own methods. However, he leaves the reader very much in doubt as to his own opinion. He seems to halt half way between Romanticism and Naturalism. He characterizes the choice offered a writer as follows: "The ambitious writer has on one side of him a corpse still warm, in whose features he recognizes Romanticism; on the other is that silk stocking filled with mud, which is the emblem of the Naturalists." Of the page-long poems in this book, "Fiat Nox" seems to us the best. In it he pictures three phantoms struggling for his heart, and concludes:

" Yet still they brawl
 Though Love—the first fair phantom—faints for breath,
 And soon will falter, weary of the fray;
 Then Fame will drop the sword, and both will fall,
 And leave the triple victory to Death "

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD. A NOVEL BY PAUL HEYSE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN. 75C. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

This is the most powerful novel that has appeared for a long time. It is long, filling nearly 600 pages, but we would not have it one page shorter. It deals with the prevalent skepticism of the day in Germany, but it is not polemical, is not an attack upon orthodox Christianity. Instead, it is a strong plea for the same charity to be extended to "seekers after truth," the "children of the world," as is given to the Romanist, the Jew, the Mohammedan, and even the Buddhist. Of course there is no involved plot, but the story is interestingly developed. There are so many strongly marked and well drawn characters that we hesitate in specifying any as the best. The Herr Candidat Lorimer is meant to be and is an utterly contemptible man. The brilliant Mohr, with his want of faith in his own powers, with his strangely blended cynicism and generosity, is the best of the men, while Toinette Marchand, another contradictory character, lovable for herself as well as her beauty, is easily the best of the women.

ASBEIN. FROM THE LIFE OF A VIRTUOSO. BY OSSIP SCHUBIN. TRANSLATED BY ELISE L. LATHROP. 50C. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

This is said to be the life-story of a great composer, who to-day thrills Europe with his symphonies. But true or not, the story is one of vivid interest. If one may venture the suggestion, "Asbein" is the "Kreutzer Sonata" idealized, with the horror and the bestiality left out. This, too, tells of the love and estrangement of an ill-mated couple, but it differs from Tolstol's novel, in having a reconciliation at the end. Boris Lensky, the virtuoso, a child of unknown lineage, after a boyhood with no softness and no refinement in it, dazzles a world and is idolized by the noble ladies of Russia—idolized as a genius not as a man, and the man in him revolts against it. But there is one exception, one who seems to like him for himself; it is the Princess Natalie Assanow, a beautiful young Russian, and he woos her with the Asbein, the Devil's all-bewitching strain of Arabian tradition. The rest of the book tells of their going apart, and at the end Boris comes back only in time to see his wife die. The author, Ossip Schubin, has already been noticed in this country for his "Oh Thou! My Austria."

MY OWN STORY. BY JOAQUIN MILLER. CLOTH \$1.00, PAPER 50C. (CHICAGO: BELFORD-CLARKE CO.)

This book, as the preface tells us, is the story of the writer's life among the Indians. This race has been written upon in various strains and from widely different standpoints—from the United States Army Re-

parts to Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona." From his long residence among the Indians and through acquaintance with their tribe life and disposition, Joaquin Miller is a man fully capable of judging just how far the Government has been in the wrong in its treatment of the red man. This judgment he sets forth in strong, unmistakable terms. He gives no uncertain sound. His story is full of a quaint beauty. We feel a warm sympathy for the weak and friendless lad as he tells of hunger and peril, sickness and wounds, and this deepens into admiration for his patience in suffering and bravery in actual conflict.

The book is graphic in its description of Rocky Mountain life and scenery. His mountains are Ruskin-like gems of word-painting, and his pictures of trees, cañons, streams and flowers show him to be a true lover of Nature. His "Songs of the Sierras," except in structure, are not more truly poetry than is "My Own Story."

A FELLOW OF TRINITY. BY ST. AUBYN AND WHEELER. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

The title of this book, in itself, is enough to entice college men to read it. It is the story of the everlasting struggle of a poor but ambitious university student, who has entangled himself in the ties of matrimony, and fails in his lofty endeavors on that account. The character of the student is none the less interesting, however. In fact, his passionate love for his wife, coupled with an earnest desire to make headway in his university career lends a very subtle charm to the story. He is impelled to this marriage by the death of his tutor, who leaves behind an orphan daughter. He considers it his duty to protect her. The tragic interest of the story is further heightened by the death of the student whose family cares and University studies have proved too much for. Unlike many other books, the story keeps up its interest with the struggles of the mother and her only son. Her beautiful character is reflected in her son, who after various success in schools, gains the honor in the University for which his father had struggled in vain.

THE MAGNET OF DEATH. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE. (NEW YORK: THE VANDERPOOLE PUBLISHING Co.)

The grewsome superstitions of the Hindu fatalists have always a certain attraction about them, even though the persual of a tale founded upon one of them leaves an uncanny impression on the mind of the reader.

"The Magnet of Death" tells a terrible story, but it is suggestive. Whether love has in it a mighty force "forever sweeping all wanton breakers of human hearts to resistless retribution" may be disputed, but there is something enthralling in the story of that awful attraction which leads the erring wife to her doom on the grave of her deserted husband. "The Magnet of Death" will be read, and leave its impression, however eerie that impression may be.

NOTES. -

"THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF THE SOUTH." *Public Opinion*, the eclectic weekly published in Washington and New York, offers a first prize of \$50, a second of \$30, and a third of \$20 for the best three essays on the interesting question: "The Industrial Future of the South." This is a most timely topic, and great interest will be awakened in the competition. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of three business men of national repute, who will not know the names of the writers until the decision is made. The essays must be limited to 3,000 words, and must be received by December 15th. Full particulars may be had by addressing *Public Opinion*, Washington, D. C.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given by the *University Magazine* to the writer of the best story of College Life, or Reminiscences of — College, to be written either by an Undergraduate or Alumnus of any American University. The article to contain not more than 9,000 nor less than 1,000 words, and to be received at the *Magazine* office on or before December 1st, 1890. The award will be made December 20th, 1890. The editor reserves the right to publish any, or to return all but the winning composition. Writers should not sign their names, but use a symbol or word, and enclose the name in sealed envelope with the story.

Volume fourteen of *Alden's Manifold Cyclopedic* takes the work from Exclude to Floyd. We notice the same skill in the selection and treatment of topics and the same careful editing which has characterized the work from the beginning. In fact, as it progresses, its great merit becomes still more conspicuous. The combination of a dictionary and a cyclopedic is an excellent idea and is being well carried out. The judicious use of illustrations is a helpful feature, and the treatment of subjects is clear, direct, and practical. Thus, while it is of great value to professional men, it is also a thoroughly serviceable and helpful work for the masses of the people. Among the subjects treated in this volume are Excommunicate, 3 pages; Extreme Unction, 1 page; Eye, 20 pages; Faith and Faith Cure, each over 1 page; Faraday, 2 pages; Fertilizers, 1 page; Feudal System, 4 pages; Firearms, 6 pages; Fishery, 7 pages; Florence, 5 pages; Floriculture, 2 pages. Covering the various fields of agriculture, manufacture, commerce, science, art, invention, history, religion, law, biography, and politics, the work is truly *manifold* in character as well as name. Specimen pages free; sold on easy installment, if desired. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

CALENDAR.

SEPT. 17TH.—College opened, with an increase of 300 new men.

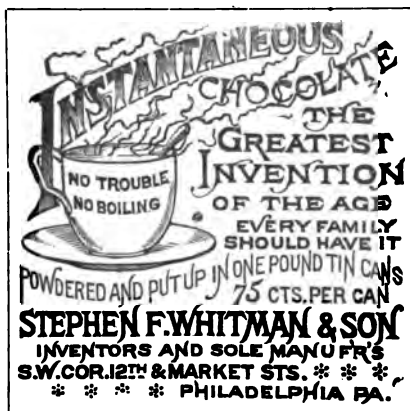
SEPT. 23D.—Base-ball; first game of the Inter-class Championship, '91 vs. '94, on the 'Varsity grounds. Score, 8 to 3.

SEPT. 25TH.—Base-ball; '91 vs. '93. Score, 4 to 6.....'92 vs. '93. Score, 12 to 6.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates,

The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,

SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
1316 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

SEPT. 29TH.—Base-ball; '91 vs. '92. Score, 1 to 10.

SEPT. 30TH.—Base-ball; '92 vs. '94. Score, 6 to 1.

OCT. 1ST.—Final game of the Inter-class Championship series; Sophomores vs. Freshmen. Score, '93, 4; '94, 1.

—◀PARIS OFFICE, 4 RUE D'UZES▶—

—ESTABLISHED 1861—

SAMUEL BUDD,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Shirts and Outfittings

FOR GENTLEMEN,

MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

8 KING EDWARD STREET LONDON.

DR. CHARLES DIPPOLT,

Dentist,

Gas and Ether Administered.

111 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.
FIRST FLOOR.

OCT. 4TH.—First foot-ball game of season, on the 'Varsity grounds. Princeton vs. Franklin and Marshall. Score, 33 to 16.....Fall meeting of Inter-collegiate Foot-ball Association took place in New York. The schedule of games was arranged and referees were appointed.

DEOKER BROS. PIANOS, **HAINES BROS. PIANOS'**
MASON & HAMLIN PIANO,
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN, **CROWN ORGAN,**
BRIDGEPORT ORGAN.

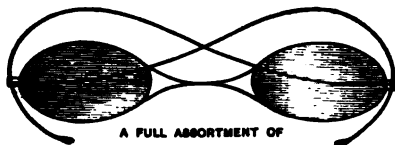
WM. G. FISCHER,

1221 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

SEND FOR CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, &c.

HUBER & WEBER,
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

**GOLD
EYE-GLASSES**



**GOLD
SPECTACLES**

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Eye-Glasses, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

LENSES OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

26 NORTH 13TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Careful Attention Paid to Oculists' Prescriptions. Repairing Promptly Done.

OCT. 8TH.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Rutgers, on the home grounds. Score, 27 to 0.

OCT. 9TH.—First issue of the rejuvenated *Tiger* appeared.

OCT. 11TH.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Orange, at Tuxedo Park. Score, 0 to 0.

HOTTEL, Agt.,

THE HATTER

33 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J

AGENT FOR DUNLAPS' CELEBRATED HATS.

LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL CAPS.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

Music & Musical Merchandise,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.,

Opposite Nassau Hall,

PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

OCT. 13TH.—Meetings of Western Pennsylvania and Southern Clubs.

OCT. 14TH.—Meeting of New Jersey Club.

OCT. 15TH.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. U. of Pa., on 'Varsity grounds.
Score, 18 to 0.

OCT. 16TH.—Lacrosse Inter-class Championship; '91 vs. '93. Score, 1 to 0.

THOS. C. HILL & SON,

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

Lunches and Course Dinners

←—WRITE FOR PRICES.—→

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE
+



GALES SAFETIES.

—AND—

NEW MAIL

Bicycle Sundries of Every Description. Wright & Ditson's Tennis, Reach's Base Ball Goods.
Flannel Suitings, Shoes and Caps.

SEND FOR SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.

MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY.

PRINTERS OF NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

TRENTON, N. J.

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER.

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
1890.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
OLD BILL'S BROTHER. "LIT." Prize Story, - <i>Jesse Lynch Williams,</i>	293
SLEEPING. Poem, - - - - - <i>Burton Egbert Stevenson,</i>	299
PHILIP FRENAU. Essay, - - - - - <i>Alonso Church,</i>	300
THE PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT OF NIOBE, - - - - <i>James Westervelt,</i>	304
THE BIG GERMAN, THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND THE YANKEE Etch- ing, - - - - - <i>George P. Wheeler,</i>	308
A SONG, - - - - - <i>James Barnes,</i>	313
MY WARD. Story, - - - - - <i>Charles Irwin Truby,</i>	313
LE DÉPART. Poem, - - - - - <i>George R. Wallace,</i>	320
A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST, - - - - - <i>Cortlandt Patterson Butler,</i>	321
THE TWO SISTERS. Poem, - - - - - <i>George P. Wheeler,</i>	323
BIXIOU'S PORTFOLIO. Sketch, - - - - -	324
THE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER. Poem, - - - - <i>John Glover Wilson,</i>	329
CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, - - - - -	331
A BIT OF NEW JERSEY—IN GOOD TIME—MY HAUNT—LINES TO MY FICKLE LOVE—THE EPHEMERAL NOVEL.	
EDITORIAL, - - - - -	337
STORY PRIZE—THE NEW COMMENCEMENT HALL—THE GAME— THE COLLEGE MAN—INCENTIVES TO HISTORICAL STUDY.	
GOSSIP, - - - - -	345
EDITOR'S TABLE, - - - - -	347
BOOK REVIEWS, - - - - -	355
CALENDAR, - - - - -	367

The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published monthly during the Academic year by the Senior Class of Princeton College. The terms of subscription are \$2.50 (payable in advance); single copies, 30 cents. All contributions should be left at 1 N. R. H., and all communications should be addressed to

G. B. AGNEW, *Treasurer,*
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JAS. BARNES, N. Y.
J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.
G. P. WHEELER, PA.

MANAGING EDITORS:

J. H. DUNHAM, N. J.

G. R. WALLACE, PA.

TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Lock Box 647.

VOL. XLVI.

DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 5.

OLD BILL'S LITTLE BROTHER.

LIT. PRIZE STORY. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, ILLINOIS.

WHAT was the matter with Old Bill? He had not spoken for as much as ten minutes, and even when I called to him, he kept on pulling the oars in silence. Surely something was the matter.

He made a quaint picture there in the light of the sinking sun; his white beard waving in the breeze, like the loose canvas of the schooner coming about out there in the channel, and his long brown arms taking that peculiar "Old Fisherman's Stroke," as regular as clock-work. We were nearing the two small rocks that lay off Cadot's reef. So low were they that the three or four rumpleberry bushes growing on them seemed to be floating on the water.

What could be the matter with Captain William McIntyre, usually the biggest liar on the South Shore? Did he have an unusually severe twinge of rheumatism? No,

the customary profanity was lacking. Was he fearing nasty weather? No, it couldn't be that, for though nor'easters come up very suddenly in the straits, yet we were too near shore to fear anything in that respect.

I was about to inquire into the mystery, when Old Bill, without lifting his eyes from the bottom of the boat, said—and I thought there was just a bit of tremble in his voice—“Would ye jest ez soon do without paintin' yer picture this evenin', sir? I ain't a feelin' well,” and without waiting for my answer, as was always his way, he put about for shore, which lay a quarter of a mile away.

Now, I inwardly rebelled against this summary shattering of my plans, for I had several times wanted to go out to the Flat-iron rocks, but had always been put off with one of Bill's excuses. On the larger Flat-iron there is room to put an easel, and I wanted to make a sketch from that spot just after sunset, with the light-house in the foreground and the bright horizon in low relief. This was my last day at Marquette Bay, and now, just as we were within a stone's-throw of the rocks we must put about, all on account of the whim that an old tyrant of a light-house keeper chose to air!

I had half a mind to order him to head about again,—it would be a new experience for both of us, my commanding *him*. And then suddenly I noticed his silence, and wondered that he had not spoken since we turned. But knowing Old Bill's peculiarities, I humored his mood, and a few minutes more found us pulling alongside the shore towards the dock.

The light-house is not on the end of the point, but about a hundred yards back. We landed in silence, without Old Bill's usual prediction of the next day's weather, and beached the boat without his customary “All together, lads—pull!”

It was not until after our supper of white-fish that he seemed to be waking from his pre-occupation. The two

“lads,” the only other occupants of the light-house, were aloft fixing the light.

Bill began by looking around nervously. I never saw him smoke so fast. He seemed to be trying to hide his head in smoke. Presently he got up, pulled down the curtains and threw more wood on the wide-open fire, making the cabin “ship-shape,” as he would say. Then he sat down and refilled his pipe, holding the match in his hand without striking it, as though waiting for some one to tell him what to do next.

Noting his uneasiness, I ventured, “Well, let her go. What’s your yarn?”

The wind outside was blowing in that quiet manner so suggestive of reserved force; the dark, smoky rafters, upon which the fire shone, made a shadowy background for the bronzed face, surrounded by its white hair and beard.

The first thing he said startled me at first, and then brought me back to the naturalness of the situation: “Kin ye keep yer mouth shet?” and he lit his pipe while waiting for my answer.

I tried to assure him that I could, and often had done so.

He smoked in silence for a few moments, and then addressing the fire, began, or rather seemed to be continuing aloud something he had been going over to himself:

Then Artie, he went out to the shed to get the pails, an’ I went down to bail the yawl. Then we shoved out an’ headed fer the Flat-irons, me a-pullin’ an’ Artie a-settin’ at the tiller, the breezes a-pickin’ up his yellar curls an’ a-lettin’ ’em down again, gentle-like, as if they was too nice fer ’em to play with.

I was a feelin’ good with the sun a-shinin’ on me, an’ was a-singin’, “Bos’n Brave am I,” but Artie he looked troubled-like, an’ right quick he says to me, “Willie”—all the other lads called me jest “Bill,” ’ceptin’ only him; he called me “Willie,” and that ’cause the mother did—“Willie,” says he, “I aint asked the mother if I could go.”

"Shet up," says I, an' I reck'n I swore some; "do ye want ter go round all the time lashed to yer ma like Bill Simmon's body were to the foremast o' the Jennie King last winter?"

That made him shiver a bit, an' then he says, sort o' big-like, "Naw, I ain't a carin' any, Willie, but I didn't know but how she might want me to help carry up ile." With that he jines in the chorus o' the "Bos'n Brave," and brings the yawl up on the lee side o' the little Flat-iron ez purty ez any pilot on the lakes. Then out he jumps with one o' the pails, singin' out like the mates, "Throw out yer head-line,"—meanin' the painter in the bow, instead o' which I eases off and says fer him to pick rumples there—I were a-goin' to the big Flat-iron, an' I pulls back to it, which, o' course, we passed goin' out, they bein' nigh onto thirty yards apart.

"Willie," he says.

"What?" says I.

"Willie, take me over to yer rock; please do, Willie."

"What fer?" I says, awful cross-like, knowin' he was a-feared to be there alone.

"Nothin'," says he, standin' up straight, like he'd seen father do when he was a-talkin' to the Gov'ment inspectors,—"only Bill, do ye think they be ez big ones here ez where you be?"

I didn't answer him. "It 'll make him brave," I says to myself, feelin' sorry fer the little chap, I bein' five years older'n him.

Soon I was a-pickin' rumples fer all I was worth, an' a-reck'nin' how much we ought'er get fer 'em in the winter when they was dry, an' not a-thinkin' o' little Art, 'cept now an' then when he'd sing out a bit o' "Bos'n Brave."

After while Artie sings out, "Willie, the breeze is fresh-nin' up a bit." Then I looks up. The wind hed come up hard, from the nor'east too, an' there was Artie a-hangin' onto the bushes, with his feet a-gettin' wet up to the shins

at every sea, an' the wind a-blowin' his curls as if they was jealous an' was a-tryin' to tear 'em away. He smiled when he saw me a-lookin', an' says sort o' chirp-like, "Reck'n I'll hev ter wear dad's slippers to-night, Willie!"

"Why didn't ye tell me before?" I yells out.

"Gee, Bill," he says, ez he'd heerd the other lads talk, "I ain't no baby; I don't mind it none!" But his teeth were a-chatterin' with cold all the same.

Then I sings out in a jokin' way, so's he couldn't be scared, "Hold on a minute longer an' we'll be there with the life-boat," ez I heerd 'em sing out when the Jennie King went to pieces; an' Art he laughed ez if he thought it was a good joke.

With that I steps 'round an' reaches for the painter which I had wrapped 'round a bush. I ain't once since that time forgot that second when I found out that the yawl was gone. The wind had bent down the bush and let her slip off. There she was, a-drivin' along in the outer bay as if she was afeard we'd catch her.

Artie he'd seen her too. "All right," he says, with the tears in his purty blue eyes. "It weren't yer fault, Willie," ez cool ez if we were in the boat and I had splashed a little water on him.

But the wind she kept a-growin' stronger an' stronger, a reg'lar nor'easter—the first one that fall. Sometimes the waves would splash all over poor little Art, a-wettin' his purty curls which I'd seen the mother comb out in the mornin'.

An' there we was, thirty yards o' bilin' water betwixt me an' him an' a good quarter mile betwixt us an' shore. I was a purty good swimmer in them days fer a boy o' sixteen, but it wasn't no sense tryin' to live in that there water. I begun ter yell fer help, an' told Art to yell too, but we knowed it wasn't no use, an' we soon quit.

Purty soon it got so's a sea once in awhile would wash over the big rock where I was. Artie was all covered up

every now an' then, an' I could hear him sing out between the waves, "That's all right, Willie—you tell Ma it were my fault—'cause I wanted t' stay here alone.—Honest I did, Willie. Promise you will—Willie."

Then I could hear him a-sayin' his prayers, the same ez he said on the mother's knee—"O God, bless father an' mother an' Willie an' Artie, an' keep any vessels from wreckin' on the reef, fer Jesus' sake, amen." An' then oh how I prayed!—not what I used to pray when I was little like Art, but somethin' I made up then. I prayed that Art might be saved. Then I prayed that I might drown in his place. Then I prayed that he mightn't any how go down in front o' my eyes. Then I prayed fer the folks to come from the house with the life-boat, fer it was still light enough fer 'em to see us if they was aloft.

An' then things begun to get sort o' dark, and once I thought Art let go, an' I was a-goin' to let go myself, but then he got a hold again.

But nobody come an' it were gettin' mighty cold. All on a sudd'n I heard Artie's light, little voice: "Willie, I guess I can't hold out—much longer—I'm too tired—it's too cold here.—You know I aint strong like you, Willie.—Tell ma not ter mind; I don't.—Be a good boy, Willie.—Good."

Then I got wild. I cussed God. I said there weren't no God. I dared him to knock me off the rock, if he could. But the next minute I was a-prayin' that Artie was still a-hangin' on.

Just then I saw some little yellar curls lifted on the waves. It was too dark to see any more—only a skiff's length from my rock. Then I shut my eyes an' hung on to the roots of the bushes.

It seemed like a couple o' nights passed, an' all the time I could hear Artie a-cryin': "Willie, take me over to yer rock; please do, Willie! *Please* do, Willie!" An' I thought o' how he was allays delicate-like, an' not like the other lads, an' how I often use ter say ter him ter go home

an' not ter foller me around; an' how he didn't use ter say nothin' back, but jest walk home slow. An' then I thought how it was all my fault, 'cause I made him stay on the small rock all by hisself, an' how he tried to keep brave.

Then I reck'n I must a-went crazy, 'cause I thought I was in hell, an' ez each sea hit me, I thought it was a flame o' fire a-burnin' right through me, an' the howlin' o' the wind I thought was the devil sayin', "You're a murderer. You've kilt yer little brother!"

Then I saw, over my back, somethin' I thought was a big red eye. It got nigher and nigher, till I could see the light of it shine on the rumpleberry bushes which were a-wavin' in the wind ez if nothin' was happenin'. Then I heerd some one yell out: "Is that you, Bill?" Then somethin' struck me on the leg, an' I held tight on to the bushes, an' I heerd a voice, which sounded mighty like father's, sing out: "Bill, where's Art?" Then I reached around an' saw the thing that hit me was the life-buoy, an' I crawled in, an' they pulled me into the life-boat.

The old man stopped talking, but kept his gaze on the now smouldering embers, and kept pulling on the cold pipe.

I stole out of the cabin and went up to my bed-room, and, as I went through the hallway, I noticed that the wind outside was freshening up a little.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

SLEEPING.

GATHER thy brightness, O Sun,
 Glory on glory up-heaping
 Over the low, grassy mound,
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Breathe, O ye winds, the perfumes
 Of the orange-groved South in thy keeping,
 Leave all their fragrance to cling
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Come with thy tear-drops, O rain,
 Though canst but image my weeping.
 Comfort the roses that mourn
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

Snow-mantled winter, descend
 As down from the Pole thou art sweeping,
 Spread a white, glittering shroud
 There where my darling lies sleeping.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

PROMINENT in that remarkable coterie of genius gathered at Nassau Hall in the closing years of the last century, stands Philip Freneau, the patriot poet of the Revolution.

He came from a fine old Huguenot family who, on account of the oppression of Louis XIV, had emigrated from France to New York, where they had already lived for three generations when (in 1752) Philip was born.

Entering college at the age of fifteen, his ready wit, vigorous mind and active body soon made him a leader in undergraduate affairs; and we may be sure that, if not the originator, he was one of the chief figures in a quaint expression of student patriotism thus described by his room-mate, Madison:

“That base letter from the merchants of New York to those of Philadelphia, entreating a return to their allegiance, was lately burnt by the students of this place in the college yard, all in their black gowns, and the bell tolling.”

In his Sophomore year appeared “The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah,” the first of sixteen poems written while at college. It bears, of course, the marks of youth and inexperience, but at the same time shows promise of the graceful description and vigorous handling which mark his later pieces.

All these poems indeed, though not equal in literary merit to those he afterwards wrote, are of special interest to the Princeton student, for they treat of subjects still discussed among us.

Who cannot sympathize with the poet when he ejaculates, in "The Debtor's Soliloquy":

"O credit, credit, what a cheat art thou!
I paid no cash, but pay-day came at last!"

Many of us still appreciate the force of that line from "The Deserted Academy":

"And some in logic seek repose."

And we heartily join in the feeling of regret at separation from near and dear companions expressed in "The Parting Glass," though

"The nymph who boasts no borrowed charms,
Whose sprightly wit my journey warms,"

has, perhaps, since his time, fled from the shadows of Old Nassau's elms.

Freneau had always been an active member of "The Plain Dealing Club," and when "The American Whig Society" was founded, in 1769, he became one of its charter members, lending the aid of his keen satire to the warfare in which, in 1770, the rival societies, Whig and Clio, became engaged.

He figured prominently in the graduating exercises of his class, as is shown by the following curious record, still preserved:

"At Three o'clock the Audience reassembled. After singing by the students, an English Forensic Dispute ensued on this Question: 'Does Ancient Poetry Excel the Modern.' The Respondent Mr. Freneau being necessarily absent, his

arguments in Favor of the Ancients were read to the Assembly. Mr. Williamson answered him supporting the Moderns, and Mr. McKnight replied. A poem on the 'Rising Glory of America' written by Mr. Freneau was spoken by Mr. Brackenridge and received with great Applause by the Audience.

* * * * *

"The Speakers performed their several Parts with Spirit Ingenuity and Address, and met with the highest Approbation and Applause from a numerous, Polite and Discriminating Audience."

Freneau's absence is accounted for by the illness of his friend Madison, whom he was doubtless caring for at the time. His writings were none the less a success, however, and the poem particularly, written in blank verse, shows unmistakable signs of his vigorous personality and versatility of expression, and is imbued with that strong note of independence which attained so full a vigor in his later pieces. I quote the closing lines :

" Nature's loud storms be hushed and seas no more
 Rage hostile to mankind, and worse than all,
 The fiercer passions of the human breast
 Shall kindle up to deed of death no more,
 But all subside in universal peace.
 * * * * * Such day the world,
 And such America thou first shall have,
 When ages yet to come have run their course,
 And future years of bliss alone remain."

During the Revolution, Freneau was confined for several months in the British prison-ship *Scorpion*, and describes his sufferings in one of his most characteristic poems, "Canto's from a British Prison-ship." Here we find his keen wit and power of satire displayed in the character of the Hessian Doctor, and the graceful descriptions of the scenery on shore are powerfully contrasted with the misery of the captives.

Most of his poems have some such political connection, and were, at the time of their publication, exceedingly popular, the correspondence between Nanny and Nabby, on the removal of Congress from New York to Philadelphia being favorably compared by the critics to Moore's celebrated epistles in verse.

They have, however, to a large extent, lost their interest, as the men and subjects satirized have passed into forgetfulness, and his descriptive poems, elegies and imitations form the true basis of his fame. For a man who figured so prominently in the political activity of his time, his appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature is remarkable.

In 1776 he visited the West Indies and produced "The House of Night" and "The Beauties of Santa Cruz," describing the splendor of the tropics—his best, most finished pieces.

In this line he was known and admired not only by his own countrymen, but by the literary men of England as well. Jeffrey, the remorseless Scotch reviewer, has only the highest praise to yield him. Walter Scott, in the introduction to *Marmion*, Canto III, has made use of a line from Freneau, and Campbell has incorporated one from "The Indian Burying Ground" into "O'Connor's Child." I quote the whole of Freneau's graceful stanza:

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade."

The secret of Freneau's greatness lies in his vigorous personality. He refused to follow the stilted school of Pope so long relied on and imitated, thought his own thoughts and expressed his ideas in his own way. Crudeness, of course, was the result, but beneath this exterior awkwardness we find the varied genius of a true poet; one

who not only did much for literature in his own day, but made it possible for his successors to do more.

ALONZO CHURCH.

THE PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT OF NIOBE.*

THE Theban dames are offering sacrifice
 In praise to Leto and her children two.
 Binding their brows with laurel crowns, they pray,
 And offer incense up on holy fires.
 Who comes this way, all gay-bedecked, with gold
 Inwoven in her robes, while flashing wrath
 Gleams through the queenly beauty of her eyes?
 See! how, with angry toss of that fair head,
 She flings her golden hair from side to side!
 She stops, and those proud eyes are raised on high
 With angry imprecation, "Foolish ones!
 What folly thus to worship fabled gods
 In preference to those before your eyes.
 Or why should Leto worshiped be with fires,
 Whereas no incense burns to honor me?
 Me, Niobe! ('twas she) whose noble sire
 Was Tantalus, than whom no other man
 E'er sat at meat with great Olympian gods.
 A Pleiad mother brought me into life;
 Great Atlas, the earth-bearer, was her sire;
 My father's father is high-thundering Jove,
 Me Phrygian nations fear. I rule as queen
 O'er Cadmus' royal realm; the town whose walls
 My husband's music wrought is swayed by us
 Conjointly. Wealth beyond belief is mine;
 I far surpass most goddesses in form.
 A further claim to honor are my sons
 And daughters,—seven each,—a goodly throng.
 Ask now, forsooth, what cause of pride I have!
 To think of Leto, Cœus' child, preferred
 To me! She whom earth granted not a place
 Wherein to die! A pretty goddess she!
 Whom earth, nor sky, nor sea would deign to have.
 An exile she on earth till Delos said,
 "A wanderer thou on earth as I at sea,"

* Ovid's *Metam.*, Book VI.

And gave her restless resting-place, where she
Bore twins,—the seventh part of my fair flock.

“Cared by fortune, happy, I: let him
Who can, deny it. Wealth my lot ensures.
I am too great to dread the petty snares
Of Fortune, ever faithless to her friends.
Though much were taken, still would much remain,
So sure is my position beyond fear.
E'en though some should be stolen from my brood
Of goodly children, yet should I have more
Than only two, as proud Latona has.
Sure, she is not so far from being barren.
But come! Enough of silly sacrifice!
Lay now aside these laurels from your brows!”
Her stern command is outwardly obeyed,
Though Leto has their silent heart-felt praise.

The wrathful goddess flushed with ire, and straight,
On Cynthus height, she thus her twins addressed:

“Behold how I, your mother, am despised!
Though rendered by your birth the queenly peer
Of any goddess of them all, save one,
Yet my divinity is cast in doubt.
My right to altar-worship through the years
Of all the coming ages is denied,
Except that ye, my children, give your aid.
Nor have I yet told all. To wicked deeds
Are added insults. Tantalus' bold child,
Doth name her offspring your superiors,
And dares to call me barren. Oh, that ye
Would make her rue a tongue too like her sire's!”
She would have added more, but Phoebus said,
“Enough! a longer plaint would but delay
Due punishment.” Thus, too, his sister. Straight,
With wingèd flight, adown to earth they wend,
Clothed all in mists, to Cadmus' citadel.

About the walls stretched wide an open plain,
Much worn by bounding hoofs and chariot wheels.
There found they some of Amphion's stout sons,
Astride their steeds, with Tyrian trappings brave,
And reins inlaid with gold. Of these the chief,
Young Ismenes, his mother's pride, first-born,
Was guiding skilfully a stormy steed,
While bit, and spur, and rein his madness curbed.
E'en while he strives to turn his horse's head,
He reels, and from his helpless hands the reins

Drop down ; a cruel shaft fixed in his breast,
He slowly from the saddle sideways slips.

Again the empty air gives forth the sound
Of twanging bow-string. Sipylus lets go
His reins ; as when a pilot on some bark,
Foreknowing rain, has seen a cloud, and draws
His flapping sails more taut, so that the breeze
May not be lost. So Sipylus. A shaft
Sticks trembling in his neck, and from his throat
The cruel steel protrudes. He, falling flat,
With flowing hair rolls o'er and o'er, as fast
As, galloping, his gallant steed could go,
And dyed the darkened ground with gelid gore.

Two other brothers, hapless Phædimus,
And Tantalus, named from his mother's sire,
When as they ceased their wonted daily toil,
For pleasure's sake the youthful toil began
Of wrestling. Breast to breast, in closest grip
Entwined, they scarce commenced before a bolt,
Impelled from tight-drawn bow, transfixes both.
One groan escapes them both ; one moment sees
Them both, with anguish writhing, sink to earth ;
Both at the self-same moment raise their eyes
To heaven ; together flee two souls at once.

Alphenor sees them, wildly beats his breast,
And runs to aid them to untwine their limbs,
Fast growing cold in stiffening embrace.
But, tenderly performing love's last act,
He falls, shot through the breast by Delian shaft,
And, when he strives to draw the weapon forth,
The cruel barbs tear out his lungs ; his blood
Pours out, and with the effort flies his soul.

Unshaven Damasichthon, wounded deep,
Is struck where sinews twine about the knee,
And, as he strives to draw the deadly steel,
A second arrow strikes with fearful force
Quite through his neck. He leaps but once, and dies.

And now young Ilioneus alone still lives.
He lifts his arms in unavailing prayer,
" Oh ! spare me, all ye gods ! " he cries aloud,
Not knowing whom he must propitiate.
Apollo, when it was too late, was touched,—
Too late,—but yet he dealt an easier blow,
Nor did the barb go deep into his heart.

Their wretched mother soon heard all this woe ;

She saw the people's grief, the tears of friends,
And wondered wrathfully how any god
Had dared so much, or had sufficient power.
For Amphion, her spouse, shot through the breast,
In death had ended life and grief at once.

Alas! how changed this Niobe from her
Who lately bade her subjects leave the fires
Alight in Leto's praise, and proudly walked
Back through the city, with her head erect,
While all her friends were envious of that pride,—
Now, rather, fit for pity e'en from foes.
Their corpses cold she kisses, bending low,
And, stretched upon them, kisses each again
Unconsciously, and, crazed with grief and rage,
Lifts up her hands, and, piteous, wails aloud,
"Glut well thy wrath with all our awful pain,
Latona; satisfy thy cruel breast.

Revenge is sweet; fill full thy steel-bound heart
With gloating over seven manly dead.
Thou may'st exult victorious by this deed—
Yet thou art not victorious! for I ween
That I, though cursed, am yet more blest than thou.
Though seven be dead, I still have more than two!"

She ceased, and sounded near the threatening clang
Of tight-drawn bow-string. Niobe alone,
Grown bold through crime, of all near by remained
Untouched by fear. In mourning robes around
Stood seven sisters by their brothers' biers;
And one was sadly drawing forth the steel
From out her brother's side, when paled her face,
And forward dead she fell. Another child,
Attempting to assuage her mother's grief,
Stopped silent suddenly and bowed her head.
So deep her wound that scarce she closed her lips
Before her soul had fled. A third in vain
Attempts to flee, but, dying, drops to earth.
Upon her corpse another child falls dead.

Thus six are slain with many horrid wounds:
The youngest still her mother shields from harm
In close embrace, and ever winds her robes
About her darling. "Spare my youngest child!
I ask but one," she moans, "and that the least."
E'en while she prayed, the child for whom she prayed
Lay dead. Bereaved of all, she sank to earth
Amid the lifeless bodies of her sons,

Her daughters, and her husband ; there she sat,
Made cold and stiff by woe. Nor could the breeze
Disturb a single hair ; while in her face
No color showed, and motionless her eyes
In sunken cheeks ; no sign of life she showed.
Her very tongue cleaves to her frozen lips ;
Her pulses cease to beat ; her neck grows stiff ;
Nor can she ever stir or hand or foot,
But to the core is turned to solid stone.
Yet weeps she evermore, where, wrapped in storms,
She has been wafted to her fatherland.
There, firmly fixed upon a lofty peak,
Fretting away her soul with woe, she sits,
And even now the stone is stained with tears.

JAMES WESTERVELT.

**ETCHING—THE BIG GERMAN, THE LITTLE FRENCH-
MAN AND THE YANKEE.**

WHEN the "City of Paris" first steamed away from the shore, Wilhelmina became very sick, and did not leave her cabin for several days.

When she first started for the deck, the salt air felt delightful, and she went along the passage-way at almost a run, and turning sharply, ran plump into a big, burly, bearded man, who unmistakably said, "Ach ! Der Teufel !" and held on to the side-rail in some alarm. Wilhelmina begged his pardon and went up the steps slowly. As her head emerged from below, the first puff of the strong sea-wind tore her light wrap from her shoulders and sent it rolling across the deck. A little dark man, with the whitest of white teeth, and the quickest of quick motions, captured it, and brought it to her with a smile. She thanked him, and he protested with a shrug.

Wilhelmina walked over to the windward and was about to lean over the rail, when a tall, angular man touched her elbow and observed, "Excuse me, Miss, but the spray flies thick there and you'll get wet." This attention pleased

Wilhelmina, and she thanked him, especially as a few drops had already splashed in her face.

Just then the captain, whose business it is to make everybody acquainted with everybody else, introduced the pair, and soon they were talking animatedly together. When she went down to dinner, he held her hand rather longer than was necessary, as she came down the ladder.

At dinner Wilhelmina found on her right the captain, and on her left the big man she had collided with that morning. Of course they had to talk, for how could Wilhelmina receive the careful and polite attentions of the big man without murmured thanks? Or how could she reply in monosyllables to the bright, gay chat he poured into her ear? After dinner, the big man took her on deck, and went and brought her the latest novels and magazines.

She had hardly had time to grow tired of them when the little dark man, who had saved her shawl, walked up and seating himself on an empty stool, began to make himself so agreeable that Wilhelmina could not help being pleased. It was almost time for lunch when he left her, and he even walked with her almost to the door of her state-room.

After the meal, three men found themselves in the smoking parlor. One was a Yankee with a big cigar, one was a little Frenchman rolling a cigarette, and lastly, was a big German puffing an enormous meerschaum.

"Nice ship, this," said the Yankee, reflectively.

"So! And nice persons too," said the German.

"Right you are," said the Yankee. Now, for illustration, this morning I met the finest young woman I've seen for a long while."

"Eh?" said the German. "So, too, did I. A handsome one too. It was after dinner that I talked with her."

"And I!" said the little Frenchman, excitedly, walking up and down. "Ah, messieurs,—I swear to you—the sweetest, the loveliest of mesdemoiselles. Ah, I already worship her! And it was this evening I have only spoken with her!"

"And further," said the Yankee, "just this minute, there is the young woman I meant;" and he pointed to the door. All three turned. A trim figure was walking across the inner cabin, just outside.

It was Wilhelmina.

"Sac-r-e-e-e!" said the little Frenchman.

"Donner Vetter!" said the big German.

What the Yankee said is not recorded.

But they all glared at each other.

Then the Yankee threw away his cigar, the little Frenchman swallowed part of his cigarette, and the big German put his pipe in his coat-tail pocket. Then they left the cabin.

The evening was bright and star-lit, and Wilhelmina was seated on deck enjoying it, when the Yankee strolled up and sat beside her. A moment later, clearly by accident, the little Frenchman came and sat on the other side, and finally, the big German,—for heavy bodies move slowly,—with a very suffused face, sat down hard on a stool in front. Then they fell to talking—the Frenchman, of Paris; the German, of the Rhine.

"Yes," said Wilhelmina, "I love them both. My mother was a German, and my father came from Paris."

"Und kanst du Deutsche sprechen?" cried the big German, excitedly, forgetting all about the polite form.

"Jah," said Wilhelmina.

"Mon Dieu! Parlez-vous Français?" cried the little Frenchman, gesticulating wildly.

"Oui," said Wilhelmina.

"Not to mention English!" said the Yankee.

"Yes," said Wilhelmina, "I have lived in America all my life."

Then there was such a polyglot babel for a few moments that she closed her ears in dismay.

"Tousand Teufels!" (from the German).

"Sacre Bleu!" (from the Frenchman).

"Blame Idiots!" (from the Yankee).

"Wait a minute," said the German. He took three pennies out of his pocket. "Let us toss," he said. "Two will be alike. The one who has the odd one will talk, and the other two will listen. Are you agreed?"

"Yes," said they both.

He tossed his coin, but so awkwardly that it fell on Wilhelmina's lap and struck edge down in a fold of her dress. The Frenchman's rolled across the deck, and vanished over the side. The Yankee's fell squarely "heads." The Yankee was jubilant, the little Frenchman in despair, and the German looked dubious.

Wilhelmina laughed, and put the coin that lay on her lap into her pocket. "I am going to keep this as a remembrance, and now we will have no more nonsense," she said. "We will talk English, for we all understand that."

So they talked English, but the big German glared at the Yankee until he remembered that Wilhelmina had his coin in her pocket.

Now the days went by, and Wilhelmina did not fall overboard. She often stood and looked over the rail, and, on such occasions, the big German, the little Frenchman and the Yankee stood in a group behind her. Wilhelmina knew that they were all hoping she would fall over, but she didn't. The little Frenchman couldn't swim, and, moreover, he hated the water, but that didn't matter; he thought he could do something when the time came.

But Wilhelmina stayed on board, and nothing—not even a fire below—happened. But the night before the "City of Paris" came into port, something *did* happen.

Wilhelmina was sitting on the forward deck, and one light was in sight from the headlands. She had hardly seated herself when a great form came rolling up and sat down beside her. It was the big German. Down from the other side came a slight figure that both recognized as the little Frenchman.

When he saw them both together he started. "Ma Fois!" he said, under his breath.

"Donner und Blitzen!" replied the big German emphatically,

Just then there was an angry snort behind them, and they perceived the Yankee.

"Goodness me!" said Wilhelmina.

"Wait," said the big German. "It may be as well that we may have this settled at once."

"What do you mean?" cried Wilhelmina in surprise.

"Meine gnedige Freulein! Ich liebe dich! Mit meine varre seele. Ich liebe dich!"

Wilhelmina gazed on the little Frenchman for an explanation.

"Ah, Mademoiselle—Je t' aime aussi!"

Then Wilhelmina looked enquiringly at the Yankee, but he only said savagely, "If it weren't for these blasted foreigners!" and went away.

"I will decide before I go on shore," said Wilhelmina, "and now I am going to bed."

They walked on either side of her to her cabin. "Will you allow me to kiss your hand?" said the big German.

"Certainly not," said Wilhelmina, but nevertheless she held out her hand to them and they both kissed it.

"Aufweidersehen!" said the German.

"Au revoir!" said the Frenchman.

"Good-bye!" said Wilhelmina.

Then she went in and shut the door.

The next morning when the little Frenchman came on deck it was broad daylight, and the ship lay at the wharf. Walking up and down was the big German.

"Where is she?" asked the little man.

"She has not got up yet," said the big one.

Just then the captain went hurrying by and overheard them. "She is gone," he said, "on the early boat."

"Gone!" said the little Frenchman; "Le Diable!"

“Mein Gott in Himmel!” observed the German, “We have been one tam fool!”

And the Yankee? Oh, he wasn't there. He had gone on the early boat with Wilhelmina, and at that very moment was inquiring, “Is the Reverend Malleby at home?”

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

A SONG.

I STOOD one day in a prison's gloom,
The world seemed far and still;
And a dread in the place, like the chill of doom,
Crept o'er me, despite my will.

As I stood, I heard from a distant cell
A ballad so gay and free
That I said, “O Warden, I pray you tell
Who this light-hearted singer may be!”

For he sang of a tryst in a lover's nook;
Of the maid who would meet him there;
How she stood on the bank of a purling brook
With a flower in her waving hair.

And the Warden said, “He's done naught but sing,
With no sign of remorse nor care,
Though the hours are fleeting like birds a-wing—
And the death-watch with him there!”

JAMES BARNES.

MY WARD.

IT WAS drawing near the end of a blustery December day and a few flakes of snow were falling from the sky, to be blown here and there over the frozen ground. A gloomier day would be hard to find.

The street seen from my office window was almost deserted; the passers-by hurried along on their way. Across

the meadow, on a pond, a few hardy skaters were gathered around a fire at the edge of the shore.

My office, at the north side of the Ohio State Insane Asylum, was warm and cosy, thanks to the old-fashioned fireplace. I am one of the doctors of the asylum, and, I am glad to say, a successful one.

I hope a kind one also. For years Marcus Arvulun's injunction, "Be tolerant to fools," has been my watchword. I count among my treasures the letters I have received from former inmates, thanking me for the skill and kindness which I had bestowed upon them in their darkest hours.

There was a rap at my door—an old familiar one—and in the next moment my ward entered the room.

She was of medium height, her every step, every attitude was graceful. What was most striking about her was her eyes, brown and shining with a steady light, which seemed to light up and give a fascination to the whole face.

"I just now had a letter from Dick," she said; "he is coming home Thursday"—holding it up in triumph.

"What's that? I must see to this; coming home a whole week before the time."

"Only two days! Yes, he *did* say if the governor growled I was to tell him that a senior was a privileged character, and that they could come home two days before the rest. Read what he says."

"Humph! he calls you 'dear.' I will have him understand that no one shall address my ward in this affectionate manner without my permission."

"I would like to know what good you see in my scapegoat son!" But she only said, with a laugh, "Titania loved Nick Bottom," and walked towards the door. Glancing at the table near by, the knives the surgeon had left on it caught her eye. "What shining knives these are," she cried. "I must look at them."

Every bit of color left my face. "Stop! Don't go near them," I cried, springing from my chair and detaining her

almost roughly, and quickly placed the knives in the drawer.

“Why, you look frightened,” she said, retreating towards the door. “They did not hurt me.” Then she added, “I must go to the post-office now, but I will stop on my way back and we can go to supper together.”

The door closed softly, and I could hear her step grow fainter and fainter down the long hall.

I was still thinking of those knives. What a part a gleaming knife had played in the history of her life! They recalled to me the strangest, as well as the saddest, scene I ever experienced.

Some sixteen years ago I received a letter from my ward's father, George Gilchrist, an old college chum of mine, asking me to pay him a visit and stating that he feared his wife was losing her mind.

The news shocked me beyond measure. During our four years of college life, we had been warm friends—he was a splendid fellow, with the same beautiful brown eyes his daughter inherited, standing high in his class and giving promise of a brilliant future. After graduating from college, we separated; he going to Germany and I to New York to study medicine. We, however, kept track of each other. Soon news came that he was practicing surgery in the West. I learned also that he was married, and had every reason to believe that it was a happy union.

I at once replied to his letter, setting the next month as the time of my visit, adding that it would please me better to come in the guise of an old friend than as a doctor on a professional visit. By that means I would not cause anxiety to his wife.

It was a lovely June evening when I arrived at Gilchrist's home, and as I stepped from the cars his hand grasped mine, and we eagerly scanned each other's face. He seemed to me even handsomer now than in our college days.

Soon we were driving through the streets of the town towards his home, a handsome house at the edge of the town. I noticed, as we drove up to the door, that the nearest house was a square away.

"I think tea is about ready, 'Jack,'" he said, and added in a lower tone, "My wife only knows you as my college chum."

We entered the dining-room where his wife was awaiting our arrival. "This is my old friend Jack Elmer," he said, presenting me to his wife.

Her face was beautiful, although it showed traces of deep suffering and sorrow, and when she spoke the sound of her voice was tender and pleading.

"Why, where is Nell? You want to see our little daughter, Jack."

"Not to-night," she said, "she has gone to bed; won't to-morrow do? She is asleep by this time and she will fret all night if she is disturbed," said the tender, pleading tones of his wife.

"O nonsense! Jack wants to see what a nice daughter we have."

"Well, I will bring her," she answered.

"You see she does not even wish me to see my little daughter," said he when she had left the room.

In a few moments she returned carrying a little girl, who, with a merry laugh, as soon as she was placed on the floor, sprang to her father's arms.

I don't think I ever saw a fairer sight in my life. Every feature, to my eye, appeared perfect as she nestled there in her father's arms, half frightened at my appearance.

"What do you think of these brown eyes?" he said, turning her little face towards me. "These are the kind of eyes the Greeks gave to the immortals."

I noticed his wife never for a moment took her eyes off the child while he held it.

"Come now, George, let me have her. I know our little pet is sleepy. Nurse is going on a visit to her home to be

gone a month, and she wants to take our darling with her. Don't you think it would do my little daughter good, Mr. Elmer?" she said, turning towards me with her child on her arm, in that tender, pleading tone which went to my heart.

With those sorrowful eyes fixed on my face, I was on the point of saying, "Yes, send your little Nell with her nurse; it will do no harm," but the look her husband gave me recalled me to my duty.

"Why, your child is the picture of perfect health. Surely you could not spare her sunshine a whole month!"

I saw that she became very pale, and a look of something like despair came over her face as I finished speaking. She left the room without another word.

George and I spent the evening talking of our college days. I noticed that I remembered many details which he had forgotten. After trying in vain to recall some old foot-ball scores with Yale, he said with a laugh: "My memory is not as clear as it once was. This busy, roaring world around me has crowded out some of the vital incidents, even though I did play against Yale that day."

Towards midnight we separated for the night. I sat in my room recalling the strange scenes of the evening, his wife's strange conduct and her sad looks.

Next morning I found his wife waiting for us in the dining-room. She gave no explanation of the sudden departure the night before; and George came in, a few minutes later, with shooting-jacket and guns, ready for the hunt he had promised me.

The afternoons we spent in the library, where Mrs. Gilchrist would often join us. She rarely entered into our conversation, but when she did I was surprised at the deep study and learning she showed, proving clearly that her memory was not affected, a symptom which I had been wont to consider as one of the first symptoms of insanity, yet her face always wore the same sorrowful expression.

I observed that her little daughter was seldom with us. When her husband would ask for her she would always have some excuse to offer for her absence or an objection to make to her appearing. On the few occasions that their little Nell was with us in the library, the mother did not take her eyes off the child for a moment.

Thus the days rolled on without any noticeable change until the time came for my return, which was lengthened by a week at the earnest request of George, his wife joining heartily with him in this request.

By this time their little brown-eyed daughter had grown fond of me, and would climb up in my arms each morning before breakfast for a story, while her father went for the mail. I confess I grew to love the little tot, and the thought of how she would miss her stories carried the day, and I stayed yet another week.

It was now the third week of my stay, and I admitted myself completely baffled. I was no nearer the solution of the problem than I had been on the first day.

The cause of his wife's strange actions when her husband held their little Nell, and the sad look on her face, I could not explain.

One morning, two days before my departure, I left the breakfast table early to go on the porch to smoke a cigar. Hardly had I seated myself when, through the open door, I caught the sound of Mrs. Gilchrist's pleading voice, louder and more sorrowful than before.

I at once walked back and, standing near the door, I looked into the dining-room. Oh, how duped I had been! There by the table stood George Gilchrist, with a slender gleaming knife in his hand. Across the table stood his wife, with her child in her arms. "O George, please put the knife away; see how it frightens Nell!" she was saying.

I heard her husband's mocking reply and insane laughter.

"We are going to live forever if we do it. This will draw it direct from the heart without spilling a drop. Come, hand her to me."

“See! Nell is smiling. Surely you would not hurt her!” she said in a pleading voice. But he replied only with mocking laughter, which showed all the craftiness of a madman.

Escape seemed impossible. He stood between her and the door where I was standing unseen by both, but helpless, for my least motion, I felt, would only cause him to rush upon her.

But even then the brave wife’s good sense and tact did not desert her. “George, take the blood you need out of my arm,” she said, extending it towards the cruel knife. “Won’t I do in place of our darling?”

“No, our Nell laughs and sings. You won’t do; you never laugh and sing any more. Your blood is sad; it would kill us if we drank it.”

“Why, George, I can sing,” and she at once started up one of those grand old hymns of Luther’s.

Picture the scene if you can.

I soon saw her plan. While she was singing she kept moving step by step towards the door until she darted forth out of the room past me. With a baffled cry, he sprang after her with uplifted knife. As he passed me, I stooped down, grasping him about the waist, so that, carried by his start, he fell heavily forward and the knife flew harmlessly against the wall opposite. He was at once secured and bound tightly.

That afternoon the butler started with him for the asylum, but he never reached his destination. A careless engineer, a broken rail, tells the story.

And it was a thousand times better so. He was taken out from the wreck, without a mark on his handsome face, which was now calm and peaceful in its last sleep. He was buried with honors befitting his station and wealth, and no one but the trusty butler, his wife and myself knew the sad secret of his life.

What a brave, plucky woman his wife was! This was not the first attempt he had made to kill his child, I after-

ward found. This was her reason for asking that the child should be sent away.

A year afterward I was called to make a second journey to the home of my friend. The strain had been too great for his loving wife to bear, and I found her on her death-bed, where she placed in my arms her lovely little Nell, entreating me to be her guardian. The next day she died and was buried by the side of her husband. I hope they will both be joined again in the land that knows no sorrow.

I took my ward home. She has been the sunshine of our home, and I have treated her like my own daughter. This she has repaid me with a daughter's love.

What caused George Gilchrist to write that letter has always been a mystery to me.

Nell is my daughter-in-law now.

CHARLES IRVIN TRUBY.

LE DÉPART.

FROM the alcove, screened with its tropic palms,
 Comes the orchestra's rhythmic beat
 As the revelers, merry, with bow and smile,
 In the lancers part and meet;
 When slender and fair
 A-down the stair,
 Trips the goddess I long to invoke—
 Comes Annie, my queen—with a smile half shy.
 As she glances out with a roguish eye
 Under her opera cloak.

Through the broad portière comes the orchestra's throb
 And glimpses of color gay;
 But the music grows fainter—the figures grow dim,
 For Annie is going away.
 There's a murmured "good-bye"
 At the doorway, and I,—
 (I scarce knew the words that I spoke)
 But over her shoulder she smiles as we part,
 And I know that she carries away my heart
 Under her opera-cloak.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

TO THE always-hurrying nineteenth-century people there is a strange fascination in the older times, when the great world moved more slowly, and the generations passing away, left the face of the earth almost as their fathers' fathers had left it. It must be because we grow tired of never-ending conflict, and because the older days seem so very full of rest.

It was my privilege, a year or two ago, to visit a little village, not many miles from New York city, which, although it may not present a perfect likeness to other days, still has much in common with the past. You come to this place after twelve miles of stage riding over the hills, and find it situated on rather high ground sloping off toward Long Island Sound, which is visible some fifteen miles away. There are rocks on every side, and one cannot help thinking that they who first chose this country for their home must have been a strong and rugged folk. The houses are nearly all of the older style of architecture, very plain and neat. The people are kind of heart, and one is easily drawn to them, for kindness is the thing we love best after all.

The first place in this village which I visited was "the store." Here was for sale all that one's heart could wish, whether molasses or calico, iron pots or harness. The post-office was in the store-room, of course. And here in the evenings, the men were wont to gather and talk over all that they had seen and heard during the toilsome day. They spoke of crops and stock, and even descended to gossip too, while sometimes one of their number read from the daily paper, and then looking out into the wide, wide world so far beyond them, they discussed the nation's matters, and many things which they perhaps but dimly understood. The storekeeper, in idle moments, leaned over the counter and joined in the conversation, and when trade was very dull he even came and took his seat among the com-

pany, where the village jester brought forth shouts of laughter by his ready wit, or "the village statesman talked with looks profound." The blacksmith with his tales of strength, the woodsman recounting strange adventures with snakes and other denizens of the wood, the village sage who gave advice to all the circle, the old man who remembered the daily weather for half a hundred years, the young man who had been to town with his produce, or to "the water" after clams, all were there. It was a happy company, and now and then in talking of their neighbors' business, what wonder that they sometimes said a word too much?

Across the way from the store stands the church, built away back in Revolutionary times. As I sat there one Sabbath day and looked at the double row of windows, the glasses stained by contact with the various weather of an hundred years, the straight-backed pews, the high pulpit, and the aged pastor who, for more than half a century, had ministered to the same beloved people,—as I listened to the melody of sacred song and heard the simple eloquence of the living Preacher proclaiming there the living Word, it seemed to have a solemnity about it which I cannot well describe. The minister began his work way back in the 30's. During the years of his pastorate the older generation—as he first knew it—had long since passed away; the young folks then had grown to be gray-headed; and some children yet unborn when first he came had seen their children and their children's children. During all these years he had labored faithfully and well, and in strictest truth "none knew him but to love him." His was one of those strong, sweet lives of which you sometimes read, but do not often see. As you grasped his hand, and looked into his happy face, and heard his genial conversation, there was an indescribable something which told you very plainly whom he loved, and whom he served.

"Only Christ's dear Gospel true
Did he strive to preach,
Nothing strange, or false, or new,
Would this parson teach.

“ But tho’ this parson was so good,
Of such a holy mind,
Ne’er to sinful man could he
Be sought else than kind.”

And those who were erring loved him just as well as did the faithful ones.

In a corner of the church one might always see the sexton—a character altogether unique. He was an old man with white locks, and, when he was bedecked for the Sabbath day, wore a long frock coat of ancient cut. He opened the church an hour before the service and, grasping the bell-rope, let the people know that the time for worship was drawing nigh. As the rope went up, he always sprang with it into the air—a laborious fashion, and a curious one, in keeping with the man. Then there was another old man who thought one night he saw an angel, who told him that he should not die until the coming of the Kingdom, and gave him signs by which he knew that the word should be fulfilled.

Thus I saw these people live and worship in their quaint, old-fashioned way, and while I do not agree with those who say the old was better than the new, still it is very restful now and then to glance at one of the fast-fading remembrances of other days, and there is a feeling—it may be only sentiment—but still there is a feeling which comes over one, a something about those old times and ways which makes us call them “good.”

COURTLANDT PATTERSON BUTLER.

THE TWO SISTERS.

ONE was slender and white of blee—
The clock strikes one—the clock strikes one!
And one was dark, though fair to see,
And I sit on in the dark.

A lover one had, in a far countree—
The stroke is done—the stroke is done!
Ah, that she now his bride might be,
While I sit on in the dark.

I loved that lover, ah, woe is me!
 For I had none—for I had none;
 And I was the other, as you see,
 As I sit on in the dark.

The lover came back from over the sea,
 In storm and sun—in storm and sun.
 But he found the fair one dead at my knee!
 And I sit on in the dark.

Oh, the wind moans low in the poplar tree—
 I was the one—I was the one!
 He mourned her long—he weeps her free,
 And he gave not even his curses to me,
 So I sit on in the dark.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

BIXIOU'S PORTFOLIO.*

ONE morning in the month of October, a few days before I left Paris, as I was breakfasting, I saw a round-shouldered old man coming up to my gate with trembling steps; his coat was soiled and threadbare, and he trembled on his long legs like an unfeathered, wading bird. It was Bixiou. Yes, Parisians, your Bixiou; savage, charming Bixiou, that constant joker who for fifteen years has enlivened your leisure hours so much with his satires and cartoons. Ah! poor fellow, how pitiful! But for a grimace, which he made as he entered, I would never have known him. With his head awry and his cane at his lips like a clarinet, the celebrated jester advanced with a sad air to the middle of the room, and placing himself before the table, he said in a mournful tone:

“Pity a poor blind man!”

It was so well done, that I couldn't help laughing. But he said, very coldly:

* From the French of Daudet.

“ You think I am joking,—look at my eyes,” and he turned toward me two great white, sightless balls, “ I am blind, my dear fellow,—blind for life; that’s what comes of writing with vitriol; I have burned my eyes out at that pretty trade. Look, now! burned to the bottom—to the very sockets!” added he, pointing to his eyelids, where no longer remained the vestige of a lash.

I was so amazed that I found not a word to reply. My silence made him uneasy.

“ Are you busy ? ”

“ No, Bixiou, I am breakfasting; will you join me ? ”

He made no response, but by the quiver of his nostrils I saw plainly that he was dying to accept, so taking him by the hand I made him sit down by me.

While he was being waited on the poor fellow kept snuffing the table and chuckling to himself the while:

“ Delightful air all this has, a real treat for me; it’s been so long now that I haven’t been getting any breakfast of mornings—a penny bun every morning as I go the round of the Departments, for you know I haunt the Departments now; it is my only vocation. I am trying to hook on to a tobacco shop, for there’s nothing better. Those at home must be fed. I can’t sketch any more, I can’t write any more. ‘ Dictate,’ do you say? But what? I have nothing in my head any longer; I can’t think of anything. My trade—it was seeing the shams and humbugs of Paris and putting them on paper. I can’t do that any longer, so I have conceived the idea of a tobacco shop—not on the Boulevard, of course not; I have no right to that favor, for I am neither the mother of a ballet dancer nor the widow of a superior officer. No, simply a little country shop, far away somewhere in a nook in the Alps. I will have a large porcelain pipe for a sign; I will call myself Hans or Zebedee, as they do in the story, and I will console myself for not writing any more by making tobacco pouches with the works of my contemporaries. There you have it; that’s all I ask. No great thing, is it? Well, perhaps not, but

the rub is to get it. My backers ought not to fail me though. I used to be very tony; why, I dined with the Field-marshal and with the Prince and his Cabinet. I was a lion with them all then, for I used to amuse them, or else they were afraid of me. But now I cause no one any uneasiness. O my eyes! My poor eyes! I don't get invited anywhere now. It's so sad to have a blind man at the table! Pass me the bread, if you please. Ah, the villains! they will have made me pay dear for that miserable tobacco shop. For six months now I have been wandering through every Department with my petition. I come in the morning when they are lighting the fires or giving His Excellency's horses a roll on the soft sand of the court-yard; I don't leave until night, when they bring out the great lamps and the kitchens begin to smell good.

"So it goes; my whole life is passed in these wooden cages of ante-rooms. And the officers know me, I assure you. At the Home Department they call me 'This Worthy Gentleman,' and, to win their favor, I make some puns, or, with a stroke of my pencil on a corner of their blotting-pads, I outline funny faces with great mustaches, which make them laugh. That's what I've come to, after twenty years of howling success. That, forsooth, is the end of an artist's life. And to think that there are in France forty thousand poor wretches who would give their ears to join our profession! To think that day after day a locomotive comes puffing up here, bringing us car-loads of idiots on fire with literature and the idea of a printed reputation. Ah, romantic land! would that Bixiou's misery might be a lesson to you!"

And then he leaned over his plate and began to eat eagerly, without saying a word. It was a pitiful sight to see. Every now and then he would lose his bread or his fork, or feel around for his glass. Poor fellow! he was not yet used to his affliction. In a moment he went on:

"But there is something worse yet than all that—I can't read the papers any more. One must be a disciple of the

quill to understand that. Sometimes at evening, as I am going home, I buy one for nothing in the world but to scent the damp paper and the fresh news; it's so good! and nobody to read them to me! My wife could, easily enough, but she won't. She makes believe that you can find lots of things in the columns which aren't fit to read. Ah! these old-fogy dames, once married, there's nobody more squeamish than they. From the very moment I made her Mrs. Bixiou, she has believed it her bounden duty to become a bigot, and she doesn't wish me, either, to have my eyes bathed with Salette water. And then the holy bread, the collections, the holy infancy, the little Chinese, and what not? We are up to our necks in charities. It would be a charity to read my papers to me—but, no, she isn't so inclined. If my daughter now were at home, she would read them to me, but when I went blind, I sent her to the Notre Dame Art School, so as to have one mouth fewer to feed.

“And there is another thing which gives me satisfaction—that girl. She isn't nine years old yet, but she has already had every disease that flesh is heir to. Sorry specimen, she! and ugly! uglier than I, if such a thing could be.

* * * * *

Well, well, I am kind, I must say, to recount my family troubles to you. How can it interest you?

“Come, give me a little more of that brandy. I must get myself worked up. I am going from here to the Department of Public Instruction, and the officers are not easily amused. They are old stagers down there.”

I poured the brandy for him; he began to sip it slowly. I was absorbed in watching him. Suddenly some fancy or other struck him; he rose, glass in hand, turning his sightless eyes about him a moment with the amiable smile of a gentleman who is about to speak, then with a voice loud enough to address a banquet of two hundred:

“To Arts! To Letters! To the Press!” And off he started upon a ten-minute toast, the wildest and most mar-

velous impromptu speech that ever came from that buffoon's brain.

Imagine an exhaustive review of the current year; the Lower Story of Literature in 186—; our would-be literary assemblies, our gossip, our quarrels, all the drolleries of an eccentric world, inky rubbish, hell without its grandeur, where they cut each other's throats, where they cut each other up, where they rob one another, where interest-money and coppers are bandied about far more than at the shops, but it does not hinder anyone from perishing of hunger there as much as anywhere else; all our baseness, all our poverty; old Baron de Raffle crying, "Here! Here!" at the Tuilleries, with his wooden bowl and his blue coat; then the deaths of the year, the advertised burials, the funeral oration by the appointee, always the same: "Dear and regretted! We mourn—" over a poor fellow whose tomb-stone they refused to pay for; and the suicides and those who have become insane. Imagine all this recounted, detailed, acted out by a genius,—you will then have some idea of what Bixiou's outburst was like.

The toast finished, his glass drained, he asked me the time and was off, with an air almost savage, without bidding me "good morning." I never learned how M. Durny's officers received his call that morning, but I am very sure that never in my life have I felt so sad, so low-spirited, as that morning when that terrible blind man left me alone. My inkstand disgusted me; my pen made my hair stand on end as it rubbed against my fingers. I wished to be far away, to stroll in solitude among the trees, to experience something pleasant for a change. What venom! Great heaven! what rancor! what need had he to sputter over and soil everything? Ah, the wretch!

And I wrathfully paced my apartment, seeming ever to hear his snort of disgust as he spoke to me of his daughter. Suddenly, near the chair in which he had sat, I felt something roll under my foot. Bending over, I saw that it was his portfolio, a great, shiny portfolio, with the corners

broken. He was never without it—calling it, laughingly, his “poison-pocket.”

That pocket, in our world, was as renowned as the famous paper-boxes of M. de Girardin. It was reported that there were terrible things in it. Now seemed a good opportunity to assure myself of it. The old portfolio, packed full as it was, had been broken open by its fall, and all its papers had tumbled out upon the floor. So I placed them back, one by one;—a packet of letters, written upon some flowered paper, commencing, every one: “*My Dear Papa,*” and signed, “*Celine Bixiou, of the Daughters of the Virgin,*”—some old prescriptions for children’s diseases—croup, convulsions, scarlatina, measles (not one had the poor little thing escaped). Finally, a large, sealed envelope, sticking out of which, as from a little girl’s bonnet, were two or three curly, yellow hairs, and upon the envelope, written in a large, trembling hand—a blind man’s hand:

Celine’s hairs, cut on the 13th of May, the day she entered down yonder.

That is what I found in Bixiou’s portfolio.

Come, now, Parisians, you are all the same. Disgust, irony, a stony laugh, harsh, heartless chaffing, and then to end it all, *Celine’s hairs, cut on the 13th of May.*

THE SHEPHERDS' PRAYER.

[In Provence, when the peasants see a shooting-star, they say it is a sign of death.]

AROUND a blazing fire at night,
A group of simple shepherds lie,
Alone upon the mountain height,
Their couch the rock—their roof the sky.

With many a tale and legend old,
They banish all their thoughts of care,
When suddenly, above the fold
Flashes a meteor through the air.

The eldest shepherd says, as glows
The star's bright track upon the sight,
" Pray, comrades, for that soul's repose
Who to its God has fled to-night."

Then kneeling 'neath the frosty dome,
Whose million stars, like angels' eyes,
Look down on their bleak, mountain home,
Their simple prayers to Heaven rise.

JOHN GLOVER WILSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A BIT OF NEW JERSEY.—It is getting toward the close of the afternoon, and the sun is down. A slowly thickening fog is blotting out the landscape, and is gradually shortening the long length of muddy, terra-cotta colored road that lies at our feet.

On the right the damp, green meadow slopes down to the little river, whose broadest expanse is visible through the trees just beyond. Through those same trees, almost stripped of their autumn coloring, the smooth water of the canal shines, not with its usual brilliant reflection, but with a dull glimmer that is barely visible through the mist.

The south wind brings to our ears a faint blast from a distant boatman's horn, signalling his approach to the lock at the little village of Kingston. A well-known note arouses us, and a robin flits over our heads and into the bare trees that line the little stream. Other bird-calls, dropping from the gray and misty clouds, announce the passage of a little flock of summer-birds, wending their way to the sunny south.

At the left of the road there stands a large mansion, whose colonial style of architecture, with low windows and wide verandas, proclaims its antiquity. The house is surrounded with tall pines, through whose dark branches the wind sighs softly, rising and falling with the faultless harmony of nature. The place itself is evidently uninhabited, and the battered front-gate sags on its rusty hinges, as though inviting the chance passer-by to enter.

A single light on the hill beyond the river shines dimly through the fog, and the increasing chill of the wind warns us that we have not long to linger. One last look at the scene, darkening with the approaching shade of night, and we turn our faces homeward, toward the lights of the college town.—*Paul Burrill Jenkins.*

IN GOOD TIME.

He wearily wandered homeward,
After a toilsome day,
While the soft faint light of evening
Was falling across his way,
And that kingly star in the blue afar,
Was marshalling his array.

The noise of the day was ended,
All was surpassing still,
Save the chirping of the cricket,
And the cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the sound of the breeze up in the trees,
And the murmuring of the rill.

He had spent his time in scattering
The seed upon the ground.
From early morn till twilight
No leisure had he found ;
But all the day he had kept his way,
The wearisome field around.

And when the day's work was finished,
Looking across the field,
He could see no signs of his labor,
Nor promise that it would yield ;
The earth all bare as he saw it there,
No blade nor ear revealed.

But his heart was not unhappy,
For he knew the golden grain,
Warmed by the summer sunlight,
And moistened by the rain,
Would surely rise beneath the skies,
And perfect growth attain.

And he doubted not that evening,
As he trod the pathway o'er,
As light of heart, tho' tired of limb,
He entered his open door,—
That cloudy or clear, he need not fear,
The harvest would come once more.

—*Courtlandt P. Butler.*

MY HAUNT.—On the mounds at the edge of town is a nest of rocks which has always been a favored haunt of mine. As I sit there, over my head the branches wave, tall and beautiful, trying to shut out the sunlight which tries to filter down through the foliage on my book.

At my feet flows Pennsylvania's noblest river, the broad Susquehanna, in a lazy, leisurely fashion, its bright waters dotted here and there with boats or tiny islands. In the distance, perhaps I can see a group of bathers, and the wind brings their laughter to me.

Across the river the mountain rises sheer and steep, as if some mighty monarch had cut with a knife a passage for the river to the sea; at its top, on a lofty tree, a daring spirit has nailed our starry flag, which the wind has now sadly tattered.

A mile to the northwest gleams the waters of the blue Juniata, "fabled in song and story," winding like a silvery thread through an English meadow, on her course to join the river. At the fork of the rivers, on a lofty bluff, lies the village grave-yard, the silent sentinel of our peaceful village. What a lesson of vanity does she teach the hurrying throngs who tread the streets below! As the river, so flows the current of their life, ever moving on towards that final end.

From the base of the mountain to the fork of the rivers, extends the town—a typical Pennsylvania village—with its large old-fashioned square and town pump.

If this makes one's mind wander to olden times his thoughts are quickly brought back when the eye rests on the neighboring corner, for there stand side by side all the great factors which have made the world what it is to-day, and contain all the elements of our century's growth—the church, the school, the jail, the printing house.

This is what I see from my haunt. Especially in the early twilight, it has a peaceful and quiet beauty, with nothing of the sternness of most mountain scenery, or the vastness which stirs the imaginations but fails to touch the heart.—*Charles Irvin Truby.*

OVERHEARD.—The other night I was making for my room in East College, when I noticed two little ragamuffins going in the same direction. Their hands were in their pockets, of course, and their little elbows had an independent swing in the moonlight. One of them was humming a tune—not “Annie Rooney,” nor “Don’t You Hear Dem Bells?”—but the song we love but so seldom sing, “Home, Sweet Home.”

I was not the only one who noticed the unusual tune. Some fellow who was just going into North East, stopped for a moment to listen and then held the door open for the boys. A little black dog that had been following them slipped in first, and then, as the boys followed, the youngster who had been singing said to the collegeman, “much obliged.” This act of politeness was the most surprising thing of all, but somehow or other it seemed to me that the boy said it more for the dog’s sake than for his own.—*James C. Meyers.*

LINES TO MY FICKLE LOVE.

The long, sweet walks 'midst summer's fragrant beauty,
 The whispered word, the glance of eye to eye,
 With naught to follow but love's pleasant duty,
 A ready yielding to the spirit-tie,
 The last good-night, half-sad, yet full of bliss—
 Years hence, oh love, wilt thou remember this?

The tender sorrow of our latest parting,
 The shining tear, the half-suppressed sigh,
 The hopes and terrors into life upstarting,
 The bitter-sweetness of that fond good-bye,
 The last embrace, the last warm, clinging kiss—
 Years hence, lost love, wilt thou remember this?

—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

THE EPHEMERAL NOVEL.—There is no subject upon which the average critic is so apt to be deceived as upon the merits of a novel. Whether this is due to the fact that works of fiction far outnumber any other kind of publication, or because they are judged under the heads of idealism and romanticism between which there is no clearly defined line of difference, or whether the fault lies with the not infallible critic, I shall not try to determine. It is sufficient to say that at rare intervals there is a place for the good novel, and the critics, in their haste to decide what novel shall fill this place, often fall far short of the mark. Many a novel have we been beguiled into purchasing through indiscriminate praise of some critic.

Has an author some new or unique belief in religion, he straightway incorporates it in a novel. Has he some advanced or peculiar idea on social reform, the surest way to bring it to the public attention is the novel. And a still more original conception is that of a Canadian lady, who regards a work of fiction as the best method of giving us her views on reciprocity. Then, there is the ordinary novel with the ordinary theme.

Now and then a novel appears which finds a very flattering reception. Some literary nestor advances to praise it. The magazines herald it forth as a "work of genius," "one of the few novels that will live," etc. The author of the book is compared to a George Eliot or a Dickens, and by no means unfavorably. His admirers form clubs for the study of his works and the prosecution of his ideas. His previous attempts are resurrected and critically examined to determine the growth of his genius. The author, in short, is lionized by a literary world gone mad, and unless the poor author be wise enough to profit by the fate of others, he believes himself on the road to immortality. But at length the white heat of enthusiasm begins to cool. The critics find out their mistake and the magazines gradually subside in their praises, and end by ignoring the

author altogether. The clubs disband when the "fad" is worn out, to seek some new idol for worship. In a short time the author is unknown, and his book is relegated to the category of "forgotten novels."

It is not only works possessing some merit which attain great popularity. Indeed it would be an interesting study to analyze the composition of the American mind which in a few short months devoured thousands of copies of Robert Elsmere, and then, with equal avidity, turned to such spawn of the press as Mr. Barnes, of New York.

One of the most noticeable examples of the ephemeral novel in our own literature is that of the "Lampighter," by Maria S. Cummins. The utter oblivion in which this novel is now buried stands out in most marked contrast to the immense popularity it attained thirty or forty years ago. We scarcely ever hear of it now, except in the catalogue of some publisher whose stock-in-trade is limited. It is needless to refer the reader to examples of such novels in our more recent literature. Any person at all acquainted with current literature can immediately call to mind such novels as "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland; Rider Haggard's "She," and Amélie Rives' "Quick or the Dead." The far-famed "Looking Backward," has already shown unmistakable signs of a waning popularity. The same process, essentially, has been repeated with a host of novels in the past, and there is no one with so prophetic an eye that he can foresee what novel will engage public attention after a twelvemonth has past.—*Loren M. Luke.*

EDITORIAL.

OUR thanks are due to Profs. Westcott and Harper for their services as judges in the Story Prize contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. J. L. Williams, '92, of Illinois.

THE NEW COMMENCEMENT HALL.

NOT since the John C. Green School of Science was placed on a permanent and prosperous basis by the erection of its amply-equipped building, has the college been the recipient of so munificent a gift as that which President Patton announced before the trustees at their late meeting. It was a genuine surprise, and for that reason all the more appreciated. The sentiment of the college, faculty, students and friends, has long been that a new place for holding the Commencement exercises ought to be secured. The yearly increase in graduating classes has made the First Church practically inadequate to accommodate the growing number of visitors. Added to this is the fact, that at present we possess no hall commodious enough or rightly adapted in appointments, in which concerts, entertainments and literary exercises may be presented with justice to all concerned. The new Commencement Hall will solve these troublesome questions.

But if we understand correctly the purpose of the giver, the hall will be more than simply a large auditorium. There will be attached to it offices and committee rooms of various sizes; so that the faculty will not be compelled to conduct its sessions in the cramped apartment now used, or the trustees to occupy an ante-room of the library. We are informed, likewise, that in all probability a general college

reading-room will be provided in the building, where faculty and students alike may have access to current newspaper and periodical literature. Such a provision could not interfere with the present arrangements of the two Halls. It would be only a further recognition of enlargement in the university spirit.

We beg a little indulgence in referring to a phase of the subject that has already evoked some discussion—the location of the Commencement Hall. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that it should be placed as near Nassau street as would minister best to the convenience of the students and to the ornamentation of the neighboring campus. Following this criterion, the only available spot is the ground which adjoins the church directly to the west. A better location need not be sought. We would therefore join with the *Princetonian* in pressing the claims of this part of the campus as the proper site for our new building. A moment's thought on the proportions of the hall, its architectural beauty, which will rival if not surpass that of any other building among Princeton's many, its immense significance and the prominent position it must take immediately in our college life, will make it plain to a dissenting reader that a secondary location is not to be considered. The projection of this plan may necessitate some few changes in the adjacent residences, but these changes will, we believe, be acceded to willingly, for the prosperity of the college and in view of the surpassing kindness of our liberal patroness.

To Mrs. Alexander we are under many obligations because she has obviated in a simple but effective way one of the growing difficulties, and has at the same time paid a glowing tribute to the influence and fair name of Princeton. Her interest in Princeton's advancement has been unwavering; in converse true, her recent gift will bear, indelibly stamped upon it, the conscious undying gratitude of Princeton's loyal sons.

THE GAME.

PRINCETON has lost the championship, and in doing so has sustained the worst defeat in her athletic history. Defeat is never pleasant, but in this case we have the satisfaction of knowing that our failure is due to no one's fault. Our management has been energetic and careful, our captain has struggled heroically against the worst combination of circumstances that ever confronted a Princeton captain, and the eleven which finally faced Yale had trained faithfully and tried their best to win. There is always one consolation after an unsuccessful foot-ball season, and that is, "next year." This time the prospects for the "next year" are not bad. There will be better material in college and more experienced players. Princeton must win next year; there is no doubt about that. Yale has one advantage over us, and that is in her rowing, which keeps her old athletes hard and develops the muscles of the coming men. She has also better gymnasium facilities at present. No one looking at the two teams as they came on the field could help noticing the stocky build and the shoulder and leg development of the Yale men. The same characteristic may be observed in Harvard teams. Princeton has relied too much on the natural strength of her men, and has not given enough attention to building up material. In the present status of athletics the only way she can hope to make up for smaller numbers is by making the most of every available man. We would urge upon the new captain the advantage of getting out a squad of all the foot-ball men in sight and keeping them at work during the rest of the term. Strict training rules would not be necessary, but some good, vigorous gymnastic work a few times a week, mixed with a little cross-country running, would turn out a squad of candidates in June much stronger and many pounds heavier. Of course the hardness would scarcely last through the summer, but the weight would, and the men would get into

shape much quicker in the fall. Princeton is somewhat handicapped in various ways, and if she wants to win against Harvard and Yale, must accomplish it by working harder than they do. This means we must work very hard indeed, and the sooner we realize it the better. Just one word to the alumni: Get up a systematic scheme to have some of your number down here every day from the beginning of the season. Coaching makes the winning team.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

THIS is a phrase which we hear very often, and with a great variety of meanings. It may imply that the college man is simply one who has gone to college, or it may express the idea that he is radically and intrinsically different from the rest of the human species. It is a phrase which is peculiarly relished by a certain class of students whose consciousness is dominated principally by the idea that they are no longer "preps." The restrictions of the school are gone, and these young gentlemen are rejoicing for the first time in the sensation of being their own masters. The sensation is well enough if it does not become too exuberant. But very often it becomes so abnormally developed that it takes the form of denying any restrictions whatever. There is nothing the college man may not do. There is a divinity that doth hedge him and make acts which in others would be flagrant violations of breeding or morality, simply excusable and exquisitely delightful pranks. Do humdrum people, called the public, object? So much the worse for the fossils who are stupid enough to prefer their own comfort to the pleasure of his highness the college man. He has other ways of showing his superiority. There is the matter of dress. We can easily recognize our friend on the campus. He wears a "horse" hat, and his raiment would make the vocal Memnon feel ashamed of

itself for speaking only at sunrise. When you meet him he smiles with a pardonable vanity as one who would say: "What do you think of me as I am now—not bad, eh?" Then, too, there is that air of lordly indifference to things in general which becomes one so well.

We must confess that this is not the ideal which appeals to us. A college man is a man who has gone to college, and the former word should be as much emphasized as the latter. The first thing is the man; the second is what a college can do for him. We think it can and does do a great deal. It gives him a better disciplined mind, a wider range of knowledge, a higher point of view, a superior polish. We are heartily in sympathy with the *esprit de corps* which gives the college graduate a proper pride in his class, and makes him find in his fellows a congeniality and a fraternity which do not extend outside the charmed circle of academic walls. A college man is one who has had a generous desire to develop himself, and who has had special advantages in doing so. But all this has little in common with the noisy and self-assertive bravado of the man who likes to wear his hat cocked over one eye, and who thinks it as good as a patent of nobility to get into his room particularly late after doing something real bad. Princeton is fortunate in having a small representation of this class of students, but she could get along with scarcely any. Her reputation is not helped by men who wear her colors and show a refreshing absence of the true college spirit.

INCENTIVES TO HISTORICAL STUDY.

AS THE editorial eye was perusing an old volume of the NASSAU LIT. in search of a certain production published therein, it rested accidentally upon one of the editorial comments which bemoaned the inefficiency and restricted province of Princeton's curriculum in history. The writer

noted the wide field that such study might cover, exposed to view the limited resources which the college possessed along that line, and closed with a ringing appeal for liver interest and better work in the historical department. The appeal perhaps was warranted by the exigencies of the situation.

We have been conscious, however, in recent years, of a decided advancement in standards of work and in competence of methods. The old system of historical study that laid great stress on the importance of history in its universality and entirety, or emphasized the mechanical side of the study as represented by dates and battles, has yielded step by step to one of higher philosophical character. The change was wrought, we doubt not, by the new mode of history writing. Mr. Edward Freeman has become the great exponent of the "new history." His conception of the historian's duty is not revolutionary. "Married to facts" is his watchword, too. But he departs from the methods formerly accepted, by singling out the epoch or the individual state and connecting its history by logical reasoning with that of preceding and subsequent eras or of co-existent nations and contemporaneous events.

This spirit, illustrated in historical production, has become the dominant impulse in historical research. University lectures no longer deal with insignificant dates and uninteresting facts, save as they form links in the chain of the world's development. Students now seek the reasons for growth of institutions and for evolution of governments. Long lists of dynasties and rulers are studied not for their own distinct virtues or deeds, but for their relation to the general development of the state or as they subserve the working out of some grand idea in the social and political life of the nation. And if the student catches this catholic spirit, he will extend his range of vision and investigation until he can draw his warranted conclusions from numerous well-selected data, that such and such a nation was

bound to disappear from the world's cognizance at the time it did, and that another one was to succeed upon its ruins. He tells further, that the peopling of the new hemisphere was inevitably necessary, that non-historic nations must remain in their excluded condition as long as they retain their internal characteristics. A charm it is, unquestionably, that thus attracts the intensest interest of the historical student. He deals, in the present regime, with living thoughts and flesh-clad purposes, with telling actions that find daily re-enactment, with social phenomena that to him wear the garb of his own nation's character. These readily become incentives to historical study and even more. He moulds them into active principles, that must be the directive, controlling energies in the sphere of political activity.

A still more subtle charm lies in the predictive power which the historical imagination guarantees. The "new history" dwells frequently on this hitherto unrecognized phase of study. We cannot, to be sure, rely absolutely upon the accuracy and universal application of prophecies which owe their origin to the tendencies in former years developed. And yet, the student who associates and systematizes these distinct manifestations and induces therefrom a general law to regulate the trend of coming events, finds in his constructive work an attraction born of peering into a mystic future.

We have diverged somewhat from our original purpose by this side-light glance at the transformation in production and study of history. Let us return once more to a consideration of how this change has become visible in Princeton's historical department. It has been attended with a multiplication of topics subsumed under the generic head. Philosophy, science, politics, have now their separate histories unfolded. Lectures in this branch have become the most popular electives. And with all these additions there has been created and sustained in our midst a desire for individual research among historical subjects which has already

been productive of many valuable results among alumni and professors.

That these results may be multiplied and made more thorough, the Historical Fellowship offered by the college has been enlarged and now requires the presence of the holder in Princeton, where he must devote his time entirely to the study of history. This fellowship is designed, primarily, to fit students for teaching its branches, and can therefore be held for three years consecutively.

We are also glad to see awakened interest in a special but important division of this department, American political history. The new prize for excellence in knowledge of America's early growth will draw the college student's attention to the formative period of this government and its vital connection with our own times. We miss the meaning of many constitutional questions confronting the body politic to-day, if we remain unacquainted with the antecedents and beginnings of this nation. Inducements, like these just cited, to familiarize ourselves with the great overshadowing events and purposes of the world's history and of our own short existence as a state, coupled with the charms that historical studies always possess, indicate conclusively that Princeton has not been inert in renaissance of historical learning, but has become in her restricted sphere a true maintainer of the new history with its attendant suggestiveness and culture.

GOSSIP.

“’Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good.”

—*Old Proverb.*

ALL the improvident who could borrow enough money “to see them through,” have gone to New York, and those who had enough without, or enough after having lent, went with them. Princeton is deserted, except for a well-known figure in black that shuffles across the front campus with a book held tightly under its arm. I am going myself on the next train, if I can catch it, and find the “old clothes man.” Queer how he knows the time when he can purchase with the best profit to himself; and a dress coat goes for six dollars, or an overcoat for five, and no haggling over the price. A friend of mine, who is at Cranbury for his health, asked me to execute a commission for him, and I am in duty bound to do it, but I am afraid he will miss that overcoat. I am going to go down on the train with him, if he makes connections.

How well we all know that dismal old Junction. We have arrived there sleepy, and so slept there over night in the waiting-room. Of course, we need not to have done so; we could have walked up if we wished, but if the tumble-down shed did not shelter a tumble-down trap, with a knock-kneed horse, and it was muddy, we slept there, or tried to.

We go to the Junction to meet our parents, and we wear a respectable suit of clothes and a white shirt; and we go there to meet someone else, who, perhaps, has her parents with her, or somebody else’s parents—this time we sport a brand new necktie and carry a stick. I wonder why it is that a fellow always takes a stick with him on these latter occasions. We have gone down singly, in pairs, and by the carload, and we have come back in the same manner. Now we go away in hope, but we never will come back in despair, no matter in whose favor the game may be. The indomitable spirit of Old Nassau will bring us back anxious to try it again, win or lose.

I don’t know anything that comes up to the excitement of the morning of a big game. When we first wake up we pull open the window-shade at our hotel to see what kind of a day it is, then we remember that we went to bed rather late the night before, but we don’t feel sleepy, although it may be six o’clock in the morning. We breakfast, and everything tastes the same; then we go out to the grounds on a coach, or on the train, with a lot of other fellows, and a headache, probably, from excitement. The time flies, and we eat our luncheon more for something to do than because we are hungry; then we cheer and stamp about—coherent conversation is impossible; there is a lull, a sudden roar

of applause, and eleven men come trotting on the field. Part of the spectators go crazy, and the eleven pass the ball about. How they drop on it! They can't be beaten! Then there is another burst of cheers, and the other eleven trot out. The other part of the immense assembly grow wild, and the noise of horns is deafening. It always seemed to me that the second cheer was the loudest. Everybody smokes nervously, while voices grow hoarse. "Time!" The eleven are lined up. And then—see to-morrow's papers and the *Princetonian*.

The evening after the game we all know what it is, and the recollection dwells in our minds until the base-ball season. After the game there is a reaction in favor of books, books to read and books to study, books to ponder over and books to skim through, and the library is more popular than ever. There is the shadow of the exam. upon us. At present I feel it hard to write upon any subject but that of the current interest. My thoughts run back to the time when I saw the game at Cambridge, in '87, when we played such an up-hill game, and against such odds. I remember how our left half-back made that tackle in the latter part of the second half, fierce and hard and sharp; how he tumbled the heavy runner—twice his size—head over heels out of bounds, and I feel sure that the "stick to the last" feeling animated him as it will always the sons of Princeton. "*Nil Desperandum*" will always be our motto, and loyalty to our Alma Mater in all things, great or small, our watch-word. Over "hard luck" and adversity, over chance and defeat our motto will be the same, and now I hope that, come what may, the same feeling will exist. When this is read the result of the game in Brooklyn will be known. The college, however, knows that her honor is in safe hands; that we fight against odds, but do the best, and we thank our eleven, plucky captain, plucky line, plucky backs and all.

It is time to catch the train, and I must close with the German—Glück.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"All things must change,
To something new, to something strange."

"Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times."

"To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change; how can our Works and Thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope."

SOME one has said that a nation's literature is a nation's mirror. There is a deal of truth in it, too. What certain people think, they write; what other people read, they think. When the latter class reads what the former writes, pretty nearly everybody thinks the same thoughts, and then one finds a true image in the looking-glass. But to see a nation of to-day you must look into the books of the day—the much-scorned but much-read ephemeral literature. The literature of other generations pictures dead faces. What if America should look into her mirror to-day? Would she smile happily at her beauty and purity, or would she blush at tell-tale blemishes? Let us peep over her shoulder. What do we see? Very little poetry that can be called poetry; only one great historian, and that one a venerated relic of a past generation: a few essayists, whose audiences are very meagre. What, then, is left? What do the people read? Novels. It is the Age of Novels. If one finds fault with anything in Religion, in Morals, in Politics, or in Economics, forsooth he must write a novel if he would have readers. The day of the penny-dreadful and the yellow-backed dime novel is well-nigh over. Nowadays a spicy novel costs half a dollar. "Spicy" is the word. No matter whose moral sensibilities may be shocked, no matter how much moral filth he may spread abroad, the novelist of the day carefully avoids being *tame*. Many novels are being written and read, but few of them are wholesome. Some of them, such as "Metzerott Shoemaker," and "Speaking of Ellen," deal with economic questions, and to all intents and purposes teach the Socialist Propaganda. Those that are most widely read and that do the greatest harm, have vice for their subject, and show it without a veil. Some of them do not pander to prurient readers but aim to effect a cure by heroic treatment. As a matter of fact they spread the disease. Such writers as Albert Ross, Edgar Saltus and the New York man-about-town, whose pen-name is Alan Dale, furnish the most popular novels of the day. This may be a disagreeable fact, but it is a fact beyond question. The worst of it is, that not only do these writers whet the tastes of vicious readers, but

they are also spreading abroad the belief in the existence of a mere veneer of morality in the highest society of the land. These authors probably have very little personal acquaintance with the society of which they write, but they have recently received an unintended but striking endorsement from one who knows. The writer of "A Successful Man" speaks with authority, and she pictures a society whose keynote is artificiality, whose women are not "wicked" simply because "they care too much for themselves." When France, through the writings of Voltaire and Diderot and Rousseau, came to understand the artificiality and moral decay of the aristocracy, the Revolution was at hand.

We have taken a glance into the mirror. What have we seen? Doubts in religion, dissatisfaction with existing social conditions, laxness in morals. If these things tell us anything they tell us of change. When society seethes it forms new combinations. We feel that something is coming. When we seek it we grope in the dark.

Fortunately for the novel-reader who likes neither didactic nor tainted fiction, all the novels of the day are not like those we have been talking about. We have just read F. Marion Crawford's new story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Mr. Crawford's creations have usually been men and women of the great world in various cities of Europe. Now he shows us humbler people, he tells us the story of thirty-six hours in the life of some Russian cigarette-makers living in voluntary exile in the city of Munich. It is remarkable how sympathetically this accomplished *cosmopolite*, who is, perhaps, half cynic, treats the self-sacrificing love of the plain-faced Polish girl Vjira for her half-mad fellow-workman who claims to be a Count. When the Count comes to his own again, the story is ended. "And so love conquered," is the last sentence. Perhaps the best touch in the book is the home-turning of the thoughts of one of the workmen—a Don Cossack, who for reasons unknown has taken to himself the German name of Johann Schmidt. As he sits on a doorstep in the moonlight, he looks at the small patch of sky visible between the rows of tall, black houses, and he thinks of things he had long forgotten—the broad, free Steppes, where the moon-light found no hindrance; the sheep and the dogs; the happiness around the camp-fire; the girl whose preference of another had made him an exile. Then comes a great longing, the home-longing that at times conquers both man and beast. He will go. But no! he has a wife and children there in Munich, and he cannot take them with him. He cannot go.

If any one writer made *Lippincott's Magazine* popular in its present form that writer is Captain Charles King. The December number contains another story by this delightful novelist, who has not by any means worn out his welcome. It is called "An Army Portia," and has all of Captain King's breezy and virile style. It will be of particular interest to those who read "Two Soldiers." A number of its characters re-appear. The "Portia" is Georgia Marshall, the bright-eyed girl who

sat next to Captain Frederick Lang at a certain stupid dinner party. She saves her lover from a sentence by a court-martial, before which he had been brought by an enemy and almost ruined by manufactured evidence. Two of our old friends we find happily married—Frederick Lane and Mabel Vincent Noel. So the question suggested by the indefinite conclusion of "Two Soldiers," is answered. "I, Polycrates," is a clever bit of verse. "To the Sunset Breeze," by Walt Whitman, has some touches of true poetry. "A Glance at the Tariff," by Mr. Joel Cook, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is a readable and sufficiently just treatment of the main phases and principles of the McKinley bill. In "The Autocrat of the Drawing-Room," the unfortunate Ward McAllister catches it again.

The *Magazine of Art* for December presents, as its frontispiece, an etching of George Frederick Watts' masterpiece, "Fata Morgana." This is Mr. Watts' second version of the same subject, and when first shown at the exhibition at the New Gallery it created a furore. One of the best things of the number is P. Kahdemann's engraving, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," from Sir Edwin Landseer's famous painting. It is a picture of "Paul Pry," a noble New Foundland dog. The opening article of the number is "Warwick Castle and its Art Treasures," which is fully illustrated. "The English School of Miniature Art" is the subject of a well treated and fully illustrated paper. The most unique and interesting article is that on "A Great Painter of Cats," the celebrated Dutch artist, Mme. Henriette Ronner. Its illustrations are reproductions, in half tints, of some pretty kittens. William Black, the novelist, looks at "The Illustrating of Books" from the author's point of view, and does not find everything reflecting credit upon the illustrators.

The Christmas edition of the *Cosmopolitan* is unique and interesting. It contains 228 illustrations, an exceptional number. "Away on the Mountain, Wild and Bare," maintains the magazine's reputation for fine frontispieces. The magazine is illustrated throughout with cartoons by Dan Beard, representing "Christmas During the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era." These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page, making a highly original arrangement. Elizabeth Bisland has become a favorite with many, and she tells, in her attractive way, of "The Passion Play at Oberammergau." General James Grant Wilson sketches the life of Field Marshal Von Moltke, who has just passed his ninetieth birthday. "Literary Boston" is treated with much appreciation, and shows numerous portraits. From the pen of Dr. Marion M. Miller comes a poem with the title of "Hylas." We are glad to see that Dr. Miller does not neglect the muse whom he served so well in undergraduate days.

The *Century* for December contains three papers on pioneer days in California—"Life in California before the Gold Discovery," by Gen. John Bidwell; "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California," by Guada-

lupe Vallejo, and "Californiana." "Some Views on Acting," by Tommaso Salvini, is particularly interesting, because it follows so closely upon Joseph Jefferson's recent expression of opinion. Edgar S. Maclay writes of the "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," and calls up memories of the days when we had a navy and more than held our own upon the high seas. This is a great fiction number—four complete stories and two installments of continued stories. Richard Harding Davis, whose stories are so popular in Princeton, contributes "The Cynical Miss Catherwaight," a decidedly original conception. Two of the other three stories are written by George Parsons Lathrop and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose names are their guarantees. In the *Bric-à-Brac*, James Whitcomb Riley makes a new venture, and tries to render into verse the dialect of little boys. It is not a startling success.

In the December *Atlantic* "The House of Martha" holds its interest. The hero tries a new amanuensis, a nun, who irritates him by silence, and is only induced to speak to him by a festive wasp. In "The New Departure in Parisian Art" Mr. Birge Harrison discusses the new rival of the Salon, the National Society of Fine Arts. John Fiske contributes another historical paper, "From King's Mountain to Yorktown." Sophia Kirk's "Heimweh" is a touching sketch. "Pan the Faller," by William Wilfred Campbell, is a striking bit of verse. People who study the fashions in horses should read Mr. Merwin's "Carriage Horses and Cobs." Oliver Wendell Holmes no longer talks "over the teacups," but he gives us a didactic poem, "But One Talent," from which we quote one stanza:

"Thrice happy pauper he whose last account
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!
The more thy gifts, the more thou needs must pay
On life's dread reckoning day."

In the December *Forum* Andrew D. White considers the highly important question of municipal government, and contrasts that of this country with that of European cities. Jules Simon demonstrates "The Stability of the French Republic." He does not think that the Count of Paris will "come to his own again." "Does China Menace the World?" is the question answered in an interesting paper by President W. A. P. Martin, a graduate of Princeton. He shows the wonderful progress of China toward material civilization at least, and he pleads for fair treatment for the Chinese in America. Prof. Thurston, of Cornell, discusses "Speed in Railway Travel," and shows that the locomotive will be superseded on account of the demand for rapid transit.

Scribner's Magazine for December, with its special bronze cover, is a beautiful holiday number. The first article is Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica—Japan, the Country," the first of a series of papers resulting from the writer's long residence in Tokio. He contrasts the old and the new Japan, and describes the country life of the Mikado's realm. Not the least interesting thing in the number to college men is Helen Leah

Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX (successful over sixteen male competitors). Strange how these college women outstrip the men! "A Pastoral Without Words," by Howard Pyle, is a pretty conceit. Twelve drawings tell their own story without help from words. Humphrey ward gives a sparkling account of "Christie's," the great London auction-room for fine things. In "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth and Warwick," the people who like Scott's great novel will find pleasant reading. "As the Sparks Fly Upward," by George A. Hibbard, is a railroad story, ably and strongly told.

The Princeton College *Bulletin* for November opens with a reproduction and an account of the Guyot Memorial. The next paper gives a report of the "Meeting of the Oriental Society." "The Princeton Scientific Expedition of 1890," is the subject of an interesting article. Various scientific papers follow. The number concludes with announcements of new courses, instructors, prizes, etc. The *Bulletin* is no longer an experiment; it has won its place and secured what we hope is a firm foothold. The value of its service to Princeton is inestimable.

Our exchange list contains not college magazines alone, but also the college newspapers, and the latter class is sometimes more interesting than the former. We wonder just how far these hastily-written editorials upon burning questions of local and inter-collegiate interest give expression to the thoughts of the men they assume to represent. Yet it is certain that as we look over our exchanges we rarely stop to question whether the editors write with authority. To us the *Crimson* man speaks for Harvard and the *News* man for Yale, and if either says anything we dislike, our resentment is directed not so much toward the writer as the college supposed to be back of him. As a matter of fact, the editor usually expresses mere personal opinion, without investigating at all the college sentiment regarding the subject in hand, and he can be considered representative only of that large class of men in every college whose opinions are furnished ready-made by the college paper. The odd thing is, that the editor's opinion expressed in conversation on the campus, receives infinitely less consideration than when it is aided by the magic of the printer's art. We often hear, "What does the *Princetonian* say about it?" but never "What does Mr. ——— say about it?"

The Yale *Lit.* is undergoing a very welcome evolution of character. The heavy, stilted style, which marked so many of its articles in the old days is fast disappearing. In the November number "The Small-Jobber" and "Two Libraries" have a refreshing easiness, and are decidedly readable. "The Rescue of Marianne" is by far the best story we have ever found in the *Lit.* It reminds us a little of an episode in "That Frenchman," but so little as to be scarcely worth mentioning. The theme is out of the ordinary, the Parisian setting is good, and the treatment is admirable. "The American Novelist" is a thoughtful study, and the writer's conclusions are, in the main, well grounded. The verse of the number is rather mediocre.

The Harvard Monthly has a strong story in "A Struggle with Fate," the story of a love which made a woman send a man to Siberia, and then made her follow him to a death in a snow-storm in the desert. The most noticeable thing in the number is "Antinous," a poem of great beauty. In the editorials we find a somewhat *blasé* discussion of the future of Harvard as presaged by the rapid growth of the University idea. Among other things, the writer says that "college loyalty, in the old feverish sense of the word, will, within a few years, be fighting for existence," and again, "To a visitor from Heidelberg or Oxford nothing else would be so perennially strange as the cheering at a match with Yale, or as the editorials in the *Crimson* commanding men, in the name of patriotism, to stand idle on Jarvis for an hour every day, encouraging the eleven at its practice. The thing has a comic side." The writer thinks that "fifty years hence Harvard will be too big for patriotism of such a kind." We always thought that loyalty to college and to university was pretty strong in England, but as far as Heidelberg is concerned, we must say that our way of getting rid of surplus enthusiasm, however "comic," is preferable to the absurd duels which are the expressions of the rivalry of the Korps. Furthermore, if we may judge from the cheering we heard from the thousands on the Harvard stand at Springfield, Harvard loyalty is still a trifle "feverish," and good for many years of life. There is nothing like a taste of victory to arouse enthusiasm and spoil theories. The verse of the month is good, and we print some of the shorter poems:

THE SECRET'S SECRET.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

It is that I would fainer be
The little page on bended knee,
Who stoops to gather up her train
Beneath the porch-lamp's ruby rain
Than hold a realm in fee.

It is that in her scornful eye
Too hid for courtly sneer to spy,
I saw, one day, a look which said
That I, and only I, might shed
Love-light across her sky.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

SONNET.

When I consider how my days are spent
 In empty idleness or foolish cares ;
 How to mere nothings all my time is lent ;
 How youth glides by, nor aught is sown but tares ;
 How pleasures melt and vanish on the tongue,
 Nor hide grief's bitter taste that still remains ;
 How black Despair, whose bow is ever strung,
 With Hope's young blood his arrows ever stains ;
 How things deemed precious oft are worthless dross,
 And men deemed wise, of folly's maddest brood ;
 How greatest gain proves oftentimes saddest loss,
 And wolfish Evil dons the fleece of Good ;
 Distracted, then, my faith, joy, hope, do flee ;
 But, Love, I find them aye again in thee.

—*Yale Courant.*

GUIDO'S MADONNA..

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ”
 Shut in
 By midnight darkness, lo ! a maiden kneels ;
 From out far heaven, a white light softly steals
 To touch her face, that face unmarred by sin.

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ” Within
 Her eyes are deeps of holy calm.
 No warning din
 Of coming troubles breaks the hush of night.
 She only knows the Lord of Hosts hath said
 The Lord hath bowed Him to her low estate.
 Though darkness dim her eye, in him is light.
 Upon her head His blessing hand is laid ;
 Enough for her to trust in Him and wait.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

SEASONABLE.

What matters it though clouds are drear
 And summer flees away,
 When one sweet smile of yours, my dear,
 Makes bright the live-long day—
 Though all the birds have southward flown,
 And sombre are the skies,
 Yet I can hear your voice, my own,
 And see your bonny eyes !

So what care I for season's change
 When I care but for you !
 I'll let some Providence arrange
 What I could never do !
 And be content day after day
 With what the fates may bring,
 For with you hardships would be gay
 And dreary autumn, spring !

—*Trinity Tablet.*

SOUL BLIND.

Dead to all the airy blue above,
 Dead to all the ways of hallowed love,
 Dead to higher art and higher thought,
 Dead to all that is not sold and bought,
 Dead to all the onward impulse of mankind,
 Soul-blind! Soul-blind!

—*Harvard Monthly.*

QUESTIONING.

What is the meaning of life, I pray,
 Ye who stand 'neath the twilight gray.
 Ye who have quaffed the wine of gold,
 Speak! doth the emptied goblet hold
 Dregs of bitterness, or a gem
 Meet for some kingly diadem?

What is the meaning of pain, I pray,
 Ye who have known its ruthless sway?
 A priceless gift from the Hand of One
 Who walked with pain till the work was done,
 And God in His love revealed, or e'en
 The child of our sin and all unclean?

What is the meaning of love, I pray,
 Ye who kiss in the warm, sweet May?
 A flower that shall grow a shining star,
 And lead your souls to its light afar,
 Or a blossom born 'neath Spring's glad light
 To droop and die in the Autumn night?

What is the meaning of death, I pray,
 Ye who have passed the veil of gray!
 A shadowy sleep that shall still the heart,
 When the crimson and gold of dreams depart,
 Or the glad revealing and wondrous grace
 Of the truth that lies in the Saviour's face?

—*Wellesley Prelude.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

LYRICS FOR A LUTE. BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A volume of verse from Frank Dempster Sherman scarcely needs a review. His charming lyrics have become so familiar through the pages of our leading literary periodicals, that all lovers of books know just what to expect in such a volume as "Lyrics for a Lute." Frank Dempster Sherman is a philosopher. He enjoys life and his pen teaches others the art. That is why everybody reads the verses that have his name below them. One is sure to find some charming bit of fancy, a delicate touch of sentiment, an appreciative glimpse of nature—something that comes from a gentle and kindly soul, permeated with a true love of books and what they teach. Every man who has been initiated into the Noble Order of Library-Hunters, feels the pleasure of seeing his own thought expressed when he reads:

"Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book."

Do we not all pity the man who cannot sit down before his fire of an evening and muse in careless mood,

"A girl to love, a pipe to smoke,
Enough to eat and drink;
A friend with whom to crack a joke,
And one to make me think;
A book or two of simple prose,
A thousand more of rhyme;
No matter then how fast Time goes,
I take no heed of time!"

But one does not understand Sherman who thinks this is his last word. His brightness is the sparkle on the surface; one knows the still deep water is beneath, and does not feel uneasy. We can follow his flights of fancy without reserve, because we know he will always bring us back to the plane of true living. His publishers have given us a neat and tasteful volume worthy of the poems it contains.

STRANGERS AND WAYFARERS. BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. \$1.25.)

There come moments in the life of every faithful worker when it seems no less a delight than a duty to forget the past, to unshoulder the burdens of the present, and, in the temporary lull, to gather strength

for the future. And yet no one, though he fold his arms and rest his slippered feet against the fender, can chase the thoughts entirely out of his mind, careworn and weary as he may be. It is change that brings rest, not cessation. The tired mind craves the expulsive power of a new affection rather than a recess of complete indifference. And doubtless it was with this thought in her heart that Sarah Orne Jewett has sent us this band of entertaining "Strangers and Wayfarers." We greet them with delight. Their faces are all smiling or aglow with emotions that we know are true and human. The first who greet us are Widow Tobin and "Jeff'son Briley," two homely, honest characters, who unfold to us the secrets of their "Winter Courtship." "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" is another of those touching characters which we have so often met before—a remnant of one of the grand old families of *antebellum* days. Then come before us some of "The Town Poor," and the sight of them is a heart-lesson indeed. But we cannot mention all the humorous, dolorous and pathetic faces that greet us in this delightful little book. They are all true, every one of them, and their voices re-echo in our truest hearts. One touching story, "At the Morning Boat," we think sounds the deepest and truest note of all. If one wishes to enjoy these stories to the utmost he should not take them in rapid succession, but one at a time, as his mood calls for the sympathetic voices of the "Strangers and Wayfarers."

WALFORD. BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

The story of "Walford" is a delightful series of scenes and incidents in the history of two prominent families of an old Connecticut town. The thrilling, fascinating power of the tale lies in the disappearance and apparent recovery of the little three-year old girl. All the descriptions in the story are well wrought out. We can almost see the joyful mother as she watches the recovered child playing by the water's edge. The overpowering reaction when she finds that this child is not her own, and, following this, the returning and increased love for the yearning stranger. We feel, however, throughout the book that the author is attempting to be too realistic, in the derogatory meaning which the word has acquired. In places the phrasing becomes stilted and unattractive. The conversations, so often natural, descend occasionally to a stereotyped sentimentalism. Another feature that mars the effect is the overdrawn characterization. There is a continual struggle to depict a strong character. It is visible in the portrayal of Spencer and Roger Rexford. The attempt is unsuccessful, as the writer herself admits. We are best impressed with the character of Rexford Long. He is by no means the hero of the tale, but he gains and holds our admiration by his stability of purpose and unselfishness in preferment of others. The author has given us in Amy Standish another illustration of ardent

advocacy of humanitarian schemes for society's purification. It is an indication, we hear it said, of realism. If every outcome of personal ambition, looking to the elevation of mankind, were as satisfactory as the one which "Walford" describes, philanthropy might become a popular profession. "Walford" will be read with unwavering interest, because it deals with people and types of character which meet us at every turn.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE STRUGGLE OF PROTESTANTISM FOR EXISTENCE. BY C. R. L. FLETCHER, M.A. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is the second of the Heroes of the Nations Series. In the great conflicts of the Reformation there is no character more prominent nor fuller of dramatic interest than Gustavus Adolphus. When the seemingly interminable struggle of the Thirty Years' War had prostrated Germany, and the Protestant cause seemed lost, his sudden advent changed the whole complexion of affairs. He defeated the savage troops of Tilly, and, pushing into the south of Germany, made the Catholic League powerless. For a year he was the leading figure in Germany, and then at Lutzen he struck a final blow in his brilliant defeat of Wallenstein, and fell. There is the fascination of uncertainty about his character. With some he is the ambitious aspirant to the rank of King of Rome; with others he is the noble-hearted hero who said to his Queen before Lutzen, "Think not of me, think of the cause." Mr. Fletcher has given us a charming sketch of his life, and his connection with the struggle of Protestantism for existence. The style is clear, finished and delightfully unassuming. The balance between the biographical element and the historical relations of Adolphus is admirably maintained. Mr. Fletcher does not profess to have done much original investigation, but from a mass of rather indigestible material he has gathered the facts concerning this hero of the Reformation and presented them in a most interesting and attractive form.

SWITZERLAND. BY LINA HUG AND RICHARD STEAD. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The history of the little Republic of Switzerland should be peculiarly interesting to the citizens of her great sister State on this side the water. We have been so absorbed in our own struggle for liberty, and in tracing its origins in English history, that the tendency has been to lose sight of the achievements of freemen in other parts of the world. Holland is nearer, and the heroic struggles of the Dutchmen have already been recognized, but the gallant little Republic in the Alps has not received due attention. The fact remains that she is the pioneer of liberty in Europe, and in her long contests with despotism has shown a tenacity of purpose, a love of liberty and a valor in war that rivals the proudest

annals of the Low Countries and the Thirteen Colonies. The authors of this volume have written in the spirit of its predecessors in the Story of the Nations Series. They have endeavored to make their work interesting to the general reader, and have given us in a clear and attractive form the outline of Swiss history. The special feature of the book is in the introductory chapters. Instead of beginning, as has been rather the precedent in Swiss histories, with the League formed upon the death of Rudolf, in 1291, between Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, the first chapter is devoted to the Lake Dwellers. The Helvetians are then taken up and the history of the country followed under Roman rule, through the Empire of Charlemagne, until finally Switzerland emerges as a nation. The illustrations are more numerous in this volume than in the preceding ones of the series and add much to its attractiveness.

TABULAR VIEWS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. COMPILED BY G. P. PUTNAM, A. M., AND CONTINUED TO DATE BY LYNDS E. JONES. \$1.75. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This series of chronological records was first compiled by the late George P. Putnam, and was part of his cyclopedia on "The World's Progress." Mr. Jones has revised it with much care, carried it on to the end of the year 1889, and it is now published in a separate form. Its arrangement of parallel columns is such as to assist the memory by association of ideas, and thus to make the book invaluable to the student and teacher of history. A middle course has been adopted regarding the much-disputed Egyptian and Hebraic chronologies. Some occurrences in the beginnings of history which have commonly-accepted, but evidently erroneous, dates have been omitted. Excellent discrimination has been exercised in the selection of the facts and events of modern times which find place in these tables. It is with utmost confidence that we recommend this hand-book to our readers.

CIVILIZATION. AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF ITS ELEMENTS.
TWO VOLS. BY CHARLES MORRIS. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

In the preface, the author states his purpose to set forth not a history of civilization, but rather "an outline view of its elements, with some attempt to set forth the philosophy of human progress, and indicate the evolutionary steps by which the world of man has passed upward from primitive savagery to modern enlightenment." Very well has he succeeded in his purpose. He seems to have made a careful study of the many authorities cited, and has written a book that is quite up to date, as far as most theories of history and society are concerned. Yet one must not fancy that the book is lacking in original touches. Although the book is intended to be of service to those who do not have the time or opportunity to specialize in the topics treated and is therefore largely

a compilation, the author draws his own conclusions, and, particularly in the second volume, expresses decidedly original opinions. Mr. Morris traces the differentiation of the parts of civilization, which was so simply organized in its beginnings, and shows us those parts both in their singleness and in their mutual relations. In discussing the "Development of the Modern State," the author finds the germ in the Aryan Village Community, and traces its growth through the City-State of Greece and Rome, through Feudalism and absolute monarchies to the constitutional governments of to-day. One of the best chapters in the first volume is that upon "Religion as a Political Agency," which shows plainly the part played by the Sacerdotal powers in every age. In the second volume, the chapter on "The Wealth of Nations" is a running treatise on Political Economy, non-technical and easily understood. Perhaps the best chapter in this volume is entitled "Modern Literary Development." The key-note of modern literature, the author says, is "Aspiration," and it is that which distinguishes it from the literatures of Greece and Rome. In the concluding chapter Mr. Morris looks to the future and fears the influence upon civilization of the love of gold dominant in this age. But he has hope, and he finds it in the development of intellectual influence and the sentiment of human sympathy, which will counterbalance the money-lust. Mr. Morris has a style of his own with some peculiarities, one of which is his fondness for certain odd words, such as "unfoldment." A reading of this work will convince anyone of its value.

THE TWO LOST CENTURIES OF BRITAIN. BY WM. H. BABCOCK.
(PHILADELPHIA: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

There is a time in the life of every nation when its history is clouded in a fog of uncertainty, when tradition and fact are closely allied and almost indistinguishable. It is usually that period which precedes the transitional time when the records are written in sand and punctuated in stone, and names and deeds must form the nucleus of historical sequence. In "The Two Lost Centuries of Britain," Mr. Babcock has invaded the realm of just such a period, a realm filled with all the glamour and attraction of poetical tradition. As he says, "This proved an arduous undertaking, but not without a charm." Mr. Babcock has given this charm to his work, and, although on its face research and care in sifting the materials at his command are evident, yet the effect of a well-directed imagination is everywhere shown. It is more of a literary picture than a chronological investigation. He begs not to be regarded as being contradictory from "incurable perversity," and says, "One would wish to stand well with the most reliable audience." He confesses that he owes much to "fancy and real tradition." The book is written in such a charming and literary style that the pleasure one derives from reading something unique is much enhanced.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE. BY T. BUCHANAN READ. ILLUSTRATED. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Nothing is more dear to the lover of stirring poetry than a book whose fine illustrations make more vivid the martial lines of "Sheridan's Ride." The J. B. Lippincott Company has issued no more pleasing book this season. The one before us contains eight full-page illustrations, in the best style of the art. Especially fine in conception is the one—

"And then, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the wings of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight."

The book makes a very attractive holiday gift, and one that can hardly help carrying with it pleasant thoughts of the donor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: THE AGITATOR. BY CARLOS MARTYN, D.D.
\$1.50. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

This is the first volume of "American Reformers," a series of twelve biographies, edited by Dr. Martyn. If this volume is a measure of those that are to follow, the series will surely be a marked success and will be of great value. Biographies are not always interesting, but the writer of this one seems indeed to have "dipped his pen in his heart for ink," and has drawn a picture so instinct with sympathy that our attention never flags. "Wendell Phillips was a citizen of the Twentieth century, sent as a sample to us of the Nineteenth." "He was the first and greatest American agitator." He was a hero, ever sounding a call to action against some mighty wrong. There was no suspicion of selfishness in his great work; gold had no glitter for him and political preferment was ever firmly declined. Dr. Martyn traces Phillips' career from his boyhood. He came of proud Puritan stock, to which belonged the Phillipses who founded the great academies at Andover and Exeter. His parents were wealthy, and at Harvard Phillips was a leader in the aristocratic set, with thoughts far from the self-sacrificing future before him. At last came the awakening, and the great leader took his place on the side of freedom in the "irrepressible conflict." One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which sets forth the system and theories of his rôle as agitator. Another is that which tells of his "Egeria"—his wife. Then after the victory was won we read of his further work—for negro suffrage, for the cause of temperance and the rights of labor. So to the very end, when just before he crossed the line he made a plea for the Alaskan Indians. The book gives three of his speeches in full: "The Lost Arts," "Daniel O'Connell," and "The Scholar in a Republic." These have never before been published in book form. America has long mourned for Wendell Phillips and has waited in vain for another son like him.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE. BY REV. A. M. COLTON. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON COMPANY.)

A compilation has been made by the brother of the author of a few addresses, reminiscences and humorous incidents, published or recited at various times. They are bright, witty, suggestive. At one time he lets his memory play around old half-hidden acts and scenes of boyhood—the village green, the meeting-house, the village celebration, when “training-day” arrived. A bit of genealogical history is enlivened by humorous touches here and there. And then he falls to moralizing. Eighty years have gone, “the sweep of the century, and *such* a century!” But he passes on to eulogize, it may be immortalize, Massachusetts divines of fifty years ago. Terse and striking are his comments—to commend or condemn. His “few touches” are perhaps the most marked in genuine humor, sometimes stinging, but always with a purpose. He characterizes men and customs in ringing sentences. Very often his ideas do not take the form of sentences—they are only statements bold, unadorned, but pregnant with meaning.

The last article in the collection is an address on the “Power of Habit.” He has left the breezy, gliding style of former essays and comes to solid reasoning. Yet the same striking individuality—the charm of his writings—holds our attention, and as he argues and admonishes, we know that a master is handling the subject.

IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD? A NOVEL. BY HELEN H. GARDNER. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This is a terribly realistic novel. The very first chapter gives us a shock. It is the story of three graduates of Harvard—a study of the effect of college temptations upon their lives. It does not lay stress upon the fact of their college experiences, except in so far as they are a type of the things which young men meet and are influenced by. The one young man, Fred. Harmon, is Boston bred, one “of the fastidious, rapid world, which keeps its church pew, its English cob and its opera box quite as a matter of course.” “Good form” is his only standard of morality, and to him vice is all right if kept quiet. He was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but her father thoroughly understood Harmon, and treated him to some vigorous Western talk, which was not all in “good form,” perhaps. Finally Harmon marries an artificial girl of his own set, and enters the Episcopal ministry. Preston Mansfield was a Western boy, whose father led a double life, and almost forced his son into sin. But in all his wild life he ever hates a lie, and the day comes when he heaps terrible curses upon the unnatural father who had wrecked his life. The third fellow, Harvey Ball, comes from college clean hearted, and is a ray of light in this story. There is nothing sanctimonious about him. He is possessed of the wholesome morality of common sense. This is not a book for children. It states plain truths, and teaches a

plain lesson: It comes very close to any college man who has kept his eyes open. When we finish we may say, not "Is this your son, my Lord," but "Is it I? Is it I?" The story has its defects. At times it is decidedly unnatural, and the wickedness of men is magnified as one would expect to find it in a novel of this sort written by a woman.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS. I-VI. EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND INDEXES. BY PROF. WILLIAM FRANCIS ALLEN. (BOSTON: GINN & COMPANY.)

Professor Allen had almost completed this work when Death called him. All but the indexes are substantially as he left them, and they make a valuable work, which lives after him. "The Annals of Tacitus" deal with an interesting period of Roman history. The Golden Age of Augustus was past, but the power of the Empire was at its highest, and history was making fast. In his introduction Prof. Allen outlines the life and writings of Tacitus, gives a just estimate of the character of the stern and unhappy but thoroughly imperial Tiberius, and explains very ably the administration-system of the Empire. It concludes with a thoughtful criticism of the language and style of Tacitus, whose Latinity is very different from that of Cicero, who wrote 150 years before him. The text of this volume is based upon that of Halm's fourth edition of Tacitus (Leipzig, 1882). The notes are placed at the bottom of the page and are quite full, paying little attention to grammatical questions belonging to a more elementary work. The Index of Proper Names is helpful.

CICERO'S LETTERS. EDITED BY PROF. A. P. MONTAGUE. \$1.00. (PHILADELPHIA: ELDREDGE AND BROTHER.)

The place that has been given to Cicero's Letters in the college curriculum warrants the publication now before us. A commentary on the varied expressions and references of Cicero in his familiar and formal letters has been a long-felt need. Mr. Montague prefaces the text with an introductory, explanatory section, in which he mentions the discovery of the letters by Petrarch, comments on their historical value as affording us an insight into the inner life of the Republic, and discusses Cicero's style as it finds exhibition therein. An estimate of the great Roman's character is drawn from these epistles. The discriminating judgment shown in the collation and presentation of these facts is excellent. We like the brief synopses that precede the separate chapters. They give the student his text in a nutshell. The explanations and grammatical interpretations in the notes are excellent and very acceptable. Chase and Stuart's classical editions are always attractive. Neatness and clearness are the marked features of the text itself; conciseness and brevity, of the exposition and treatment.

**SECOND ANNUAL REPORT ON THE STATISTICS OF RAILWAYS
IN THE UNITED STATES TO THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE
COMMISSION. (WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.)**

Mr. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, kindly sent us this volume of statistics. It needs no description. It gives us a complete view of the wonderful railway system of the United States, and will be valuable to any economist who undertakes the subject of transportation. We do not hear so much of the Inter-State Commerce Commission as we did a while ago. The commission seems to be working faithfully within the scope of its much-limited powers, but is able to accomplish so little that its work attracts little attention. Now that we have established the principle of State interference with railroads why not go a step farther, and put the government in absolute control of the railway system? Economic changes seem to be looking in that direction, and we believe that such control is practicable and desirable.

**A SISTER'S LOVE. BY W. HEIMBURG. TRANSLATED BY MARGARET P.
WATERMAN. 75c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)**

This is a most exquisite love story. It is marked by the absence of that irrelevancy of details which characterizes the majority of German novels. A brother and a sister early orphaned have lived only for each other. Love for another comes into the life of each; the sister, for her brother's sake, rejects her lover, while the brother, when his turn comes, puts his love for his sister second to his love for his wife. There are two excellent studies of character in Anna Maria von Hegewitz, the sister, and Susanna, the wife. The proud, active, "duty-bound" Anna Maria is just the opposite of the graceful, delicate, irresponsible Susanna, who, in all her fickleness and childishness, exerts an irresistible fascination over those about her. Anna Maria, after being long misunderstood, and accused of heartlessness, is revealed in all her real loving nature, and finds happiness at last.

**A RUSSIAN COUNTRY HOUSE. BY CARL DETTEF. TRANSLATED
FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS. 50c. (NEW YORK:
WORTHINGTON Co.)**

Novels by Russians and about Russians are very popular just now. We have before us a novel which attracted considerable attention in Germany where it first appeared. It is the story of a Russian family, upon all of whose marriages a curse had been pronounced, and seemed to have fatal power. From the very wedding-day trouble and unhappiness followed the scions of this house. The story is based upon certain diaries and other papers collected by one of the last of the house, an old maid, who avoided the curse by avoiding marriage. The story has

many passages of tragic interest, and gives a good view of Russian society in the time of the Empress Catherine. The story is not marred by the diary-form in which much of it is cast.

WORTHINGTON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. EDITED BY ANNIE COLE CADY. ILLUSTRATED. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This is the second volume in the Worthington Co.'s "Our Boy's Library," and should be a welcome gift to any American boy. Although there is nothing original in the matter or treatment, the story of our country is told in such a simple, straightforward way that it cannot fail to be intelligible and interesting to the boys for whose reading it was written. The interest is heightened by clear print and good illustrations. The publishers deserve credit for giving the boys something so substantial and elevating in these days of juvenile trash.

THE SHADOW OF ROGER LAROQUE. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES MARY. 50c. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This novel having as its foundation-stone the most ideally fervent love of a daughter for her father and a wife for her husband of which it is possible to conceive, is undoubtedly a powerfully story, full of dramatic interest, but also so terribly ghastly in its details that the mind of the ordinary reader shrinks from a realization of its conceptions. The lower morality of the French system must be the excuse for the compromising situations which seem to our sense so abnormally far from the reality. It was in a dramatization of this novel, under the the name of "Roger Le Honte," that Mr. William Terriss made such a hit last year.

NOTES.

The steadily growing demand for the "Appeal to Pharaoh," has determined the publishers (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York), to issue an edition in paper covers, and to announce the name of the author, who is Mr. Carlyle McKinley, an editorial writer on the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*. The main features of this remarkable little book are: its clearness and simple strength of style, its able grouping of historical elements, and its exceeding suggestiveness and power to stimulate thought on the subject of which it treats—the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

Scribner's Magazine for the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edwin Arnold contributes to the December number the first of a series of four "Articles upon Japan," its people, its ways and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for *Scribner's Magazine*, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent "Japanese Festival" will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M. Stanley has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent "African Exhibition" held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

"The Wrecker," a serial novel by Robert Lewis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story, by Frank R. Stockton, will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M.P., author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of "Four Articles upon India," embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

"Ocean Steamships" will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful railroad articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

"Great Streets of the World" is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on "Broadway," will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on "Piccadilly," London; "Boulevard," Paris; "The Corso," Rome.

The price of *Scribner's Magazine* admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once. \$3.00 a year. 25 cents a number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 743-745 Broadway, New York.

The Century magazine is now so well known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The *New York Tribune* has said that it and its companion, *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population," and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that seven thousand copies of *The Century* went to Scotland,—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not see the American magazines?"

A few years ago *The Century* about doubled its circulation with the famous War Papers, by General Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln History and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 is to be "The

Gold Hunters of California," describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committees (by the chairman of the committees), etc., etc. General Fremont's last writing was done for this series. In November appears the opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California," crossing the Rockies in 1841, by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

Many other good things are coming. The narrative of an American's travels through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping war prisoners; American newspapers described by well-known journalists; accounts of the great Indian fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel, by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that *The Century* has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomata.

The November *Century* begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with that issue. The subscription price (\$4.00) may be remitted directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

CALENDAR.

Oct. 31st.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Columbia Athletic Club, at Washington. Score, 60 to 0.

Nov. 1st.—Princeton vs. University of Virginia, at Baltimore. Score, 115 to 0.....Princeton '94 vs. Hill School, at Pottstown. Score 44 to 0.

Nov. 4th.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Berkeley Oval. Score, 85 to 0.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates,

The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

MARRONS GLACÉS, CREAM BRANDY CHERRIES,

SUITABLE FOR SELECT PRESENTS.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
1316 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Nov. 5TH.—Stinnecke Scholarship awarded to Jesse B. Carter, of New York.....B. V. D. Post was given honorable mention.

Nov. 8TH.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Score, 6 to 0.....Princeton, '94 vs. Pennington, at Penning-

—◀PARIS OFFICE, 4 RUE D'UZES▶—

—ESTABLISHED 1861—

SAMUEL BUDD,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

—OF—

Shirts and Outfittings

FOR GENTLEMEN,

MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.

8 KING EDWARD STREET LONDON.

DR. CHARLES DIPPOLT,

Dentist,

Gas and Ether Administered.

141 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.
FIRST FLOOR.

ton. Score, 10 to 6.....Phillips-Andover vs. Exeter. Score, 16 to 0.....
 Shoot of University Gun Club, on home grounds. Gladwin, 91, best
 shot; Spruance, second.

Nov. 11TH.—Freshman Class meeting; officers elected: President, T.
 F. Bailey; Vice-President, Ralph Ramsdel; Secretary and Treasurer, H.

DEOKER BROS. PIANOS,

HAINES BROS. PIANOS'

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN,

CROWN ORGAN,

BRIDGEPORT ORGAN.

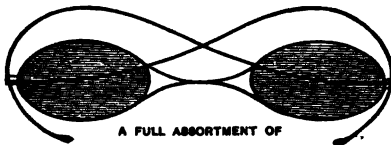
WM. G. FISCHER,

1221 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

SEND FOR CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, &c.

HUBER & WEBER,
 MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

GOLD
 EYE-GLASSES



GOLD
 SPECTACLES

Eye-Glasses, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

LENSES OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

26 NORTH 13TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Careful Attention Paid to Oculists' Prescriptions. Repairing Promptly Done.

D. McMillan; Historian, D. P. B. Conkling; Athletic Committee, G. L. Farnum, E. Ramsdell, W. F. Meredith.

NOVEMBER 15TH.—Foot-ball. Princeton vs. Wesleyan, at Eastern Park; score, 46 to 4.

NOVEMBER 19TH.—Whig Hall Oratorical Contest. H. McNinch, first; C. E. Rhodes, second.

HOTTEL, Agt.,
THE HATTER
33 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
AGENT FOR DUNLAPS' CELEBRATED HATS.
LAWN TENNIS AND BASE BALL CAPS.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.

CHAS. E. SEGER,

—DEALER IN—

Music & Musical Merchandise,

SPORTING GOODS, &c.,

Opposite Nassau Hall,

PRINCETON, N. J.

BASE BALLS.

TENNIS GOODS.

NOVEMBER 20TH.—Glee Club Concert at Queenston.

NOVEMBER 21ST.—Clio Hall Senior Essay Contest. First prize, A. P. Dennis, Md.; second, J. H. Dunham, N. J.

NOVEMBER 22D.—Foot-ball. Harvard vs. Yale, at Springfield; score, 12 to 6.

THOS. C. HILL & SON,

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

Lunches and Course Dinners

← WRITE FOR PRICES. →

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

◆ THE ◆



GALES SAFETIES.

—AND—

NEW MAIL

Bicycle Sundries of Every Description. Wright & Ditson's Tennis, Reach's Base Ball Goods.
Flannel Suitings, Shoes and Caps.

SEND FOR SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—Meeting of Lawrenceville Club. H. McNinch, President; W. R. Deemer, Vice-President; L. R. Gresham, Treasurer.

NOVEMBER 26TH.—Foot-ball. University of Pennsylvania vs. Wesleyan; score, 16 to 10.

NOVEMBER 27TH.—Foot-ball. Final Championship game. Yale vs. Princeton, at Brooklyn; score, 32 to 0.

J. F. HANCOCK,

PRACTICAL BAKER AND ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER

FANCY AND WEDDING CAKES. FINEST CONFECTIONS.

HANCOCK'S CELEBRATED ICE CREAM.

CORNER NORTH BROAD AND HANOVER STREETS,

TRENTON, N. J.

RUHLMAN'S
MUSIC ❁ HOUSE

105 EAST STATE ST., OPP. CITY HALL,

TRENTON, N. J.

EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE
AT LOWEST PRICES.

STEWART'S CELEBRATED BANJOS

A SPECIALTY.

Also, Finest Quality of Banjo, Guitar and Violin Strings.

NOVEMBER 23TH-29TH.—Second Annual Convention of the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland was held in Murray Hall, Princeton.

NOVEMBER 29TH.—Foot-ball. Harvard '94 vs. Yale '94; score, 14 to 4.

YOUMANS DERBY,
FINE CANES, UMBRELLAS
AND COLLEGE CAPS,
DOBBINS, The Hatter
15 EAST STATE STREET.

—THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

Fine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

CLOCKS, FINE SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

—IS AT—

JOHN C. DEMMERT'S,

Successor to Chas. Stakeman,

23 EAST STATE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

Prices always 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

I make Classical Books and Photographs, together with the *Artistic Framing* of Class and Club Photos, a Specialty. Masters as well as Students should not fail to *take time* to inspect my large and elegant Stock of Engravings, Etchings, Photogravures and Water Colors. I carry the largest line of Pictures and Picture Frames in the State; and offer in addition Rogers' and other Statuary Groups, and many small decorative goods suitable for room ornamentation.

WM. H. BREARLEY,

26 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

Acme

**Bookbinding Co., Inc.
300 Summer Street
Boston, Mass. 02210**

