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DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

THE

Dartmouth Literary Monthly

—EDITED BY—

Students of the Senior and Junior Classes



VOLUME IV

HANOVER, N. H.

1890

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Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. I.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE LAST OF A LEGEND.

In the days when the New Hampshire railroads extended no farther north than Concord, and the Dartmouth student made the rest of his journey by stage, there stood a small tavern about half way between the village of West Lebanon and Hanover. It was a low-roofed, dark, forbidding house, where the stage-drivers never consented to pass the night if there was the slightest possibility of their being able to push on to the next station at Orford; for, like many inns of that time, it had a story connected with it which made the superstitious prefer the familiar dangers of a drenching storm and a rain-washed road rather than the imaginary horrors of a night beneath its roof.

A former owner of the tavern was suspected of having murdered a guest under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, torturing his victim to make him sign certain drafts in his favor, taking possession of the valuables about his person, and concealing all traces of his crime in the rapids of the Connecticut, which ran almost under his windows. In those rough times such deeds were not uncommon, inquiry was but superficial, and, as no strong evidence could be produced, the inn-keeper was never brought to trial. But, as was natural, the house was rather avoided thereafter, and little by little a story gained credence that suspicious sounds and sights had been observed by night about it, gradually giving rise to hints

of ghosts, which were eagerly repeated by the credulous farmers of the neighborhood; and by the time that the railroad was extended to Wells River, and the stage route abandoned, no house on the line had a more unenviable reputation.

Left to itself, the old inn gradually fell to pieces, and soon nothing was left but the moss-grown cellar and the hardy clump of lilacs standing guard beside the obliterated path. But, whether curious legends are more apt to be treasured up by college students, or whether they were too deeply imbedded in the minds of the neighbors to be effaced by the mere lapse of time, strange phenomena in relation to the old tavern have been cropping out at intervals for the last twenty-five years.

Interested by a classmate who had stumbled across one of these stories, toward the close of our Sophomore year, three of us students agreed to collect what material we could, and to investigate the cause of the appearances which had brought the neighborhood of the inn into such ill repute. We found our task much easier and more interesting than we could have anticipated. A little skilful questioning of the stable-men who are in the habit of driving students down to White River Junction to take the morning train, supplemented by a free-handed distribution of cheap cigars, sufficed to extract from different sources several narratives which bore a close resemblance to each other. These were still further confirmed by one of our professors, whom we visited of an evening, and purposely drew into a conversation about the legends of New Hampshire staging.

Comparing the information which we received in this way with what we could learn from the farmers in the vicinity, and throwing aside what were evidently the exaggerations of the inventive narrators, we still retained a consistent story which we were greatly puzzled to explain. The facts as finally collected were these:

Previous to 1875 nothing definite could be fixed upon, but in the spring of that year a Senior of the Chandler Department was driving from West Lebanon to Hanover in company with a young lady whom he had escorted to an entertainment. It was about

half past twelve when they rounded the curve at the foot of Bald hill, which brings one in sight of the rapids at Olcott's Falls. The road in this spot is sandy; the horse was walking slowly; nothing could be heard but the roar of the little brook which crosses the road some hundred yards ahead, and which, swollen by the recent rains, was hurrying down to the river below. Suddenly, just as the carriage came abreast of the clump of lilacs which marks the position of the old tavern cellar, there was heard a noise in the woods at the right like the sharp cry of a child in distress. The horse reared all in a tremble, gave a frightened snort, and, despite the whip of the driver, refused to stir. The cry was repeated near at hand, and the short, thick-set figure of a man, wearing a dark cap and a long gray overcoat, darted from the shrubbery, and, passing under the raised hoofs of the nearly frantic horse, crossed the road and seemed to sink out of sight in the field beyond. Instantly the horse began to run, and was not gotten under control until Mink brook was passed and the long hill just outside the village half ascended.

In 1878, two members of one of the Greek-letter fraternities, returning unusually early from an initiation banquet, had an experience almost identical with this. One of them, who was considered the best pistol-shot of the college, had a revolver with him, and discharged three chambers at the shrieking figure, apparently with no result.

From this time we were able to trace the successive repetitions of this occurrence, at periods more or less varied, up to the very spring of 1888, just one month before we began our investigations. The phenomena of the different appearances were almost always the same. They took place upon a warm, moonlight night, between twelve and one o'clock: first the cries were noticed, then the extreme terror of the horse, and finally the short, thick-set figure, always dressed in the same way, and passing close at hand in front. The sudden disappearance, too, of the figure was often remarked.

To account for these appearances we framed different hypotheses, but none seemed wholly satisfactory. The common story

was, that the old inn-keeper, unable to rest in his grave on account of the crime he had committed, revisited the scene of his misdeeds at the time of every full moon, and appeared to the first person who passed after twelve o'clock on that night. This, of course, we were wholly unwilling to believe. Whatever faults the college student may have, superstition is not often one of them, and yet we could not conceive of any human being's amusing himself by preying upon the fears of his fellows, and exposing himself to the probability of being shot for his pains; besides, if the appearance was human, why should the horse have feared it?

We felt that we could not solve the riddle without some personal experience, and, as one of us was soon called to Boston, we decided to meet him at the Junction upon his return by the midnight train, hoping that, as the time of the month was most favorable, we might meet with an adventure.

Leaving Hanover early in the evening, we drove down to the brook near the scene of action, and fastened our horse while we made an examination of the land on both sides of the road. It was still light, and the most careful scrutiny revealed nothing suspicious. Just above the road was a thicket of dense shrubbery, succeeded by a grove of pines reaching half way to the top of the hill. The little brook had worn for itself a ravine, some ten feet lower than the surrounding country, and at the bottom of this it bubbled along over a ledge of dark slate, occasionally relieved by a patch of golden gravel. We examined the soft banks for footsteps, but found none. The branches of the trees seemed unbroken, and among the bushes there was no sign of any recent disturbance. Below the road, toward the Connecticut, was an open field, where was the cellar of the old tavern and a pile of brick, probably a part of the materials of the chimney. Toward the north the ground became more abrupt, and for a considerable distance a rail ran along the side of the road to guard against the possibility of an accident. Behind the field was a scant grove of pines, and beyond, the rapids of the river. Here, again, we found no marks of the presence of man. Pushing down to the shore, we watched the hurrying stream, and the great logs tossed

like straws by their waves. The inn-keeper certainly could never have found a safer place to conceal his crime.

As it began to grow dark we returned to the wagon, and drove slowly on to the Junction. Although our search thus far had been fruitless, the uncanny game we were playing could but excite our nerves, and the innumerable cigarettes we consumed during our long four-hours wait failed to produce the soothing effect commonly attributed to tobacco.

Happily the train was on time, and our courage rose again at the merry jokes of our friend, who had not been subjected to the depressing influence of that lonely hunt in the woods. For a reason which we would have found it difficult to explain if our minds had been directed to its folly, we were all armed with revolvers, and, as we left the village, we examined them carefully by the light of the moon, and assured ourselves that they were in good order.

Gradually we grew more quiet as the spell of the beautiful evening came over us, and we were riding in complete silence when we reached the woods and slowly wound up the hill through the sand. As we turned at the curve and saw the well known river bathed in moonlight, we stopped a moment and listened. Strain our ears as we might, we could detect only the roar of the rapids, the drowsy hum of the night insects, and the whispering needles of the pines. Just as we were about to start on, our horse suddenly reared and snorted. Our hearts rose in our throats, as at the same instant we heard a weird, half-human shriek, and from the bushes close beside us there bounded a short, dusky figure, and leaped across the road before our trembling horse. Instantly, forgetting all the dictates of reason, we drew our pistols and fired. The reverberating echoes seemed to mock us, the figure disappeared, and our horse started for home on the run. Unable to control him, and, in fact, hardly caring to make the attempt, we hurried on, and reached Hanover, in a strained and excited condition, about one o'clock. It was four before we calmed down enough to sleep, and then only to repeat in our dreams the experiences of the last few hours.

The daylight brought with it a renewed sense of security, and it was with more or less shame that we came together in the morning to endeavor to account for our sudden fright at the gratification of our desires. Hoping that a visit to the scene of our unreasoning terror might throw a little light upon its cause, we cut our ten o'clock recitations, and plodded wearily over the three miles of dusty road which had seemed so short in our flight of the preceding night. The indistinct outlines and dusky shapes, which had given such beauty to the landscape by night, resolved themselves into the prosaic fences and sheds of the land-poor New Hampshire farmer. Under the glare of day, no place seemed more unromantic than the hot, sandy stretch of road, bordered by disheartened-looking trees, where our hearts had beaten so fast the night before.

Disgusted with ourselves, and with the sudden feeling of superstitious terror which had made us so completely lose our wits, we were about to return after only a hasty examination of the neighborhood, when one of us chanced to espy a drop of blood on a leaf, and close beside it a broken trail through the bushes. Not daring to conjecture what this might mean, we anxiously followed the footprints. They led straight on through the bushes, down suddenly over the steep bank, and lost themselves in the hard ground beneath the pines. Following their general direction, we ran on through the woods and hastened to the bank of the river. A fluttering bit of cloth caught our eyes on the shore down-stream. With fearful hearts we hurried to it, and saw the whole result of our mad adventure.

Grasping a bit of driftwood in his clenched hand, with his face distorted as though in terrible pain, and his unclosed eyes turned full against the blazing sun, lay the body of an old man. His shirt was soaked in blood from an ugly hole in his side. A little pool had formed beneath him of the water with which he had bathed his wound before the death agony came upon him. In his broad shoulders and emaciated limbs, his light hair and grisly moustache, and the look of vacuity which his face still wore, though distorted in death, we recognized a half-witted old man

from whom we had often bought apples and cider in our walks towards Lyme; while the heavy overcoat beneath him, and the dark cap which we found after a search among the brush, left no doubt as to his identity with the figure which had so terrified us the night before.

What could have brought him all the distance from his lonely house to play the ghost for belated travellers in this quiet spot? That is a question which only his own diseased mind could answer. In silence we closed his eyes, and withdrew to the woods to discuss what was to come next. But one course seemed open to us. Raising the stiff figure, we wrapped it in the overcoat, bound it about with cords, filled the pockets with pebbles, and carried it to the water's edge where the current was running swiftest. With a great heave we threw it far out into the river. The rapids caught it, tossed it once aloft, dripping with spray, then hurried it down out of sight beneath the raging waters.

We stood on the shore watching the spot where it had disappeared. The blazing sun beat down with vertical rays upon the heated sands. A crow flew across the heavens with strident croak. The whistle of the mills above called the tired workmen to an hour's rest. The river flowed on, happy and smiling as before, calmly oblivious of the tragedy it concealed beneath its heaving breast.

C. A. P.

ASPIRATION.

While cool and fragrant woods are ringing
 With songs that bid the morn awake,
 And through the mist the sun is flinging
 His golden shafts athwart the lake,—
 First dim, then clear, I see arising
 Rude, hoary peaks, like prophets old,
 Which lead the soul, low plains despising,
 Aloft where it feels free and bold,
 Where zeal for wealth and fame grows cold.

J. H. G.

A DAY'S VICISSITUDES.

The "glories of our blood and state" never seem more shadowy and unsubstantial than when we are witnessing some vast, Titanic power at work in nature. Little wonder is it that primitive man, as yet perhaps unable to reach out into the spirit realm, should make a god of the sun,—for was not this the potentate that marked out his hours for sleeping and waking? Did he not love to bathe in its beams, and did not its light stand for everything good, noble, and beautiful which he knew? Though we, the children of a sophisticated civilization, may have outgrown any such feeling of awe and veneration in the presence of him we familiarly term "Old Sol," yet he still is king of day, and as regally as of yore climbs the heavens over drifts of snowy clouds, or floats through seas of unflecked blue toward the golden gates of the west.

What a chain of vicissitudes follows in his wake! Think of the changes made in men's affairs while his car is once crossing the heavens,—of the ebb and flow of human souls upon the strands of life, of the currents of thought, and of the storms of war and pestilence that are sweeping over the great ocean of humanity! And no less are the changes of expression that flit across the face of nature, and the haps and mishaps that befall beast, bird, and insect.

What bard has not sung the praises of the morning and portrayed the glories of evening! Yet how scant is the literature that essays to catch and hold the subtle spirit of midnight and the splendors of noontide! Lowell has, indeed, felt the charm of the former, for he has sung,—

"O wild and wondrous midnight!
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost a spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality."

Bryant, too, has left us a vivid picture of a summer noon in New England; but there is little else.

Yet how deserving of a poet's pen is the scene which greets one who walks abroad at midnight! The purple shades of evening have been dropped, the fires which burn in the human breast have been covered by sleep, and even the restless wind is quiet when the stroke of midnight falls on the still air. Mists are rising from the river, and the night-walker feels their cool damp breath upon his cheek as he descends the hill and crosses the meadow where fire-flies everywhere glint forth and disappear. A lonely horned owl in the distance protests in solemn tones against the frivolities of day, and asserts the dignity of night. A whipporwill's weird cry bursts out from a near thicket, startling the ear in its suddenness and force, and from the meadow below rises the orison of the frogs. The silence that broods over the landscape serves as a background for these infrequent sounds. The hearing is now on tip-toe with expectancy; sight is asleep. The half audible whisper of the far-off pines, the chipping sparrow's chain of notes, which, like the exclamation of a disturbed dream, it utters on its perch or nest, the chirping of crickets in the pathway, are all caught up by the ear, and blend into one fine harmony—nature's lullaby.

At length "incense-breathing morn" appears, and nature awakens. The hours fly on until a mid-day languor creeps over the earth, and nature takes her siesta of noontide. What a restful season is the summer noon! The shadows contract, and lie curled up beneath the trees; the fields shimmer in the heated atmosphere; a whiff of sultry air lifts the leaf of the maple and sways the pendent branch of the elm; a hawk, perchance, soars aloft, a mere fleck in the azure,—but the song-birds are hushed, and only the shrilling of locusts and the lispings of crickets relieve the ear in the depth of the silence. Then over the hill or down the valley comes the sound of the bell, proclaiming high noon for man and beast. How gladly each responds to the call! The patient oxen erect their ears to drink in the sweet sound, and cast a wistful glance around as if to observe the progress of the loading of the hay. The mowers in the meadow wipe their dripping brows, and hasten after the retreating grass to the end

of the swath. Then the sunburnt haymaker, with scythe slung across his shoulder, quits the steamy meadow, sweet with the fragrance that hangs over the half-cured hay, for a seat in the cool farm-house. Bobolink, lurking in the grass, eyes him suspiciously as he leaves, and seems to breathe a sigh of relief that he is gone.

Hush! Nature reposes. A swallow twitters as he sweeps in a long parabola up to his nest against the rafters of the barn; pollen-laden bees buzz dreamily as they seek the hive in lines of wonderful straightness;—but silence everywhere prevails.

Noon is the season of realism. Things of the sense become paramount then. Yonder tree, and the stream that rushes by sparkling in the sunlight, seem now real things. The imagination rests, and the idealist trusts his senses.

But at midnight the imagination, like a bird of night, is awake and open-eyed. The materialist thinks upon the invisible. The laughing stream and the swaying tree set in motion a train of fancies, and, if the moon lend her beams, earth becomes a land of fairies, and sprites dance the morris in every meadow.

How much of the world's great thought has been produced in the stillness of midnight, when there is so little to distract the attention and clog the current of the mind! A Tennyson then seeks the Muse in the woods and fields, or a Hugo in the solitude of sleeping city streets. The candle of genius burns most brightly in the vigil. Thoreau meditates by the pond of Walden, and Cuvier, buried in thought, bends over his work in his study.

"The dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts the zenith with the stars."

One requisite is necessary to make the midnight hour complete—a cloudless sky. If the heavens are veiled at night, we are, so to speak, in-doors, and shut off from the universe. The imagination seeks to fathom the clouds, but in vain; yet, if a rift appears at last, our thought prances through it like a loosened colt, rejoicing in the freedom of boundless pastures.

Like the gay comrades that they are, midnight and noon each

delights in revealing the secrets of the other. Noon parades the petty objects of our little sphere that her more sober sister would fain hide in the gloom from the sight of mortals; and sable midnight, too, when she comes, removes the azure veil that covers the mystery of noon-time, and, lo! before us is an

“Interminable wilderness of worlds,
At whose immensity even soaring fancy staggers.”

As the hours on untiring wing speed around our planet, to the thoughtful, sympathetic spirit each brings a fresh picture of the true, the beautiful, or the sublime. Nature never repeats herself. In the humblest landscape, light and shade, color and movement, are ever shifting. “All the world’s a stage,” and the checkered drama of human life goes on amid scenes continually adjusted by the facile hand of nature—a drama that has captivated the heart of the spectator since Homer and David sang, and the astrologer sought to divine the mysteries of the universe.

J. H. G.

AFTER DEATH.

When I forthfare beyond this narrow earth,
With all its metes and bounds of now and here,
And brooding clouds of ignorance and fear
That overhung me on my day of birth,
Where through the jocund sun’s perennial mirth
Has shone more inly bright each coming year,
With some new glory of that outer sphere
Where length and breadth and height are little worth,
Then shall I find that even here below
We guessed the secret of eternity,
And learned in years the yearless mystery;
For in our earliest world we came to know
The Master’s lesson and the riddle’s key:
Unending love unending growth shall be.

C. F. Richardson.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

Some forty years ago, in a Nevada mining camp situated in a deep gorge and encompassed by lofty mountains, were seated a group of rough, desperate miners, and a little apart a slender young lawyer, with a somewhat haughty air, deep, magnetic voice, and keen, searching eyes, and withal a certain steely morality which kept him above cheap cases, but left his conscience free to strive for self and position. The lawyer had gained some reputation for several hard cases successfully carried out, the last of which is of especial note, and happened somewhat in this wise :

Women, especially beautiful women, being rare treasures in California and Nevada at that date, the presence of two, lately come from his old home, New York, had brought our young friend and a companion to the camp—purely curiosity, as they said.

One morning as they entered the dining-room of the hotel their eyes fell upon a slender woman's figure standing at the further end of the room, as if waiting for some one. The restless dark eyes wandered from one door to another with eager wistfulness. Now and then a caressing movement of the small hands kept in control a wee girl, whose dancing eyes and jet black curls gave promise of future beauty as dangerous as the mother's.

The gentlemen were seated directly opposite the chairs evidently reserved for the lady's party, and as the one for whom she looked failed to make an appearance, she and the child at last sat down. Some mutual friend introduced the gentlemen, and an hour of rare pleasure for all followed. Men of intellect and women of culture learned to appreciate each other in those Western wilds, so bereft of aught congenial.

That night a horrible murder was committed. The owner of the adjacent mine was killed in cold blood, with no possible provocation, by a young friend of his with whom he was talking in the bar-room. It was a deliberate act, and was witnessed by many, the lawyer among the rest.

In the morning the small dark hands were clasped before the lawyer, and the strange, wistful eyes were pleading with him to

take up the defence of the murderer of her husband. In the midst of her grief, which seemed to hold her in a sort of stupor, a firm sense of justice sent her to plead for the life of that friend of her husband's. They had been close, true friends for years, she knew; she was confident that the deed was the result of insanity, but could bring no proof.

Other friends the young man had none. The lawyer undertook the case, talked plainly with the guilty man, telling him that the only possible help was to plead insanity, and was nearly killed himself by the wild fury of the criminal, who seemed to prefer death to such a charge. Days passed: the young lawyer still held his place as counsel for the defendant, but was despairing of his case. Confident himself that the deed was committed in some wild, ungovernable impulse, still he could find no proof.

At last the night before the trial came. It was mid-winter. Snow, snow, from lofty mountain peak to lowest reach of plain, stretched before the window from which those thoughtful eyes gazed. Moonlight—deep, luminous moonlight—filling the majestic sweep of sky, such as that wild, mysterious region only knows, lay about him, reached up and up till it seemed like some ethereal influence, something too pure and radiant and endless to be of earth. Suddenly a soft knock at the door aroused the silent figure. In answer to his call the tiny, dark-eyed child he had seen that first morning stood before him, eager and breathless. Clasping one unresisting hand in her own small fingers, she led him along the corridor to her mother's room. At the door he paused, and the child left him, and darted toward her mother, seated before the fireplace. A strange, sudden thrill tingled all over him. Cold ambition seemed to slip from him, and a new, stirring energy to usurp its place, as a low quivering voice reached his ears, and those haunting eyes searched his face, reaching down to his very soul with their deep, intense light.

“I have sent for you. Have you been able to do anything—to prove anything?”

“No, nothing. To all appearances yonder man will to-morrow plead guilty—and die.”

“Do you believe him guilty?”

“I believe him to have acted under some uncontrollable madness. I believe more and more, as I study him, that this is not the first action of a similar nature. He is insane, not guilty. But why argue—why plead? He denies it.”

The deep eyes turned upon his as the trembling question came,—
“Will you telegraph to Mr. Scott, of Boston, for a history of his family, getting all particulars? I am confident you will get an answer to-morrow in time.”

“Mr. Scott? That is his name? What is his address? What do you know of him? You told me only to-day that you knew nothing of the man or of his family.”

“Nor do I. I know nothing. I know no address, but——” and the slight figure came forward a step, “I know your answer will come.”

“Madness,” thought the lawyer; then demanded slowly, “How do you know?”

“I do not know.” Then, with hands clasped wildly over her head, “Good God! if there be one, make you believe me! Why should God make people mad with strange knowledge which they cannot explain, which no one will believe?” Then, with a sudden movement of pleading, the eyes turned upon him with irresistible power. “Promise me you will try, for my sake, even if you do not believe.”

“Mr. Scott—Boston!—utter madness! Why, woman, the telegram in this state of the weather, with the wires half down, would never reach its destination till the man was dead. Who could find a strange, nameless Scott, if it did?”

“Promise me, for my sake. I shall go wild if you do not.”

A keen, pitiful glance convinced him of the truth of that statement. A sudden rush of passionate yearning filled his soul. With a low, steady “Yes,” he turned down the corridor and sought the telegraph office.

Next morning court convened. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The statement of the terrible facts of the case was laid down, and then, almost before the lawyer had begun, in absolute dearth

of proof, to state his own opinion, the office boy rushed in with a bulky telegram. It was the Boston answer. The telegram reached that city at three in the morning. The Scotts by the score had been interviewed, among them an older brother of the prisoner at the bar, who for ten years had been watching for traces of this long-lost brother. From him came the proof of insanity, and similar crime in the family for generations.

Magnificent use was made of the new found facts, and a plea such as Carson's court had never heard before turned the fiery, indignant hearts of that mountain mob, till the crowd, which had gathered eager for blood, was filled with pity, and with a half horror lest each might himself be sometime borne on to a like deed by some wild, momentary impulse. As the low, vibrating accents ceased their rapid measure, not an eye in the room was dry. A deep silence hovered around the waiting, breathless crowd.

Then the oppressive silence, broken by the sadness of the prisoner's self-condemning avowal of his woe; of the strange power sweeping over him which he was powerless to meet; his confession that he had wished them to kill him because he could not kill himself; his impassioned plea to be taken back to the guard from which he had escaped, to the brother whom he had fled,—moved the hearts of all.

The excited enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds that night. They gathered for a tumultuous expression of their admiration. Hero indeed was the quiet lawyer, borne high upon a platform and paraded through the streets, much against his will. At last, escaping from the jubilant mob of admirers, he was walking towards his room, when, happening to pause before the half-open door of Mrs. Mason's room, his conscience smote him that to her not one word had been said; that she, the sole cause of the strange success, had been entirely forgotten. Yet what could he say, what could be done?—and a new sense of powerlessness held him motionless.

The slight figure was seated in a low rocker by the fire again, with no light but the flickering of the burning pine. He could see the swaying chair, and hear in a low contralto some sweet,

slow lullaby, and while the woman's face was turned from him, and the deep eyes were evidently gazing into the mystic glow of the fire, the rosy beauty of the baby's face was thrown into strong relief.

For a moment he stood watching,—then, as if drawn by a spell, the large eyes turned and met his. She rose quietly, laid the child upon a chair, and came forward. The lawyer noticed with pain the changes wrought since that first day he had seen the woman. She seemed so sad and worn in every movement, the close black drapery making her look like some melancholy shadow, with a world of woe lingering in the dark eyes and about the trembling, childish mouth. She stood before him for a moment, silently meeting his gaze with a steady, far-away gravity,—then said slowly, “I cannot express to you the sense of gratitude at your success, or my admiration of a power so grand, so worthy of life, as that you exercised to-day over the fiendish mob. I do not need to repeat those assurances of success, of future position and fame, which have already been crowded upon you, and which, even though your heart doubtless claims them as your due, must become wearisome by reiteration. May the power that ever worketh for good keep your voice and heart ever to the right, ever true to the deepest justice.”

She paused a moment, then losing all control, a passionate gleam blazing in her eyes, she turned from him with a quick, impatient stamp of the foot: “Oh! it is so grand to be a man, and be able to be and do! Oh! the awful powerlessness of a woman's life!”

F. H. Q.

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

II SAMUEL, 21 : 10.

The night was falling, drear and black with clouds ;
From out the Gibeon deserts sighed the wind,
While from the oaks upon the barren hill
It sobbed and wept as if it knew the woe
And anguish which they hid ; for by the rock
Where fell the blackest shade, seven ghastly oaks
Were bearing on their arms the forms of men.

The wind sobbed on, now clanking with dull sound
The deadly chains, now swaying to and fro
The fleshless limbs, the bare and grinning skulls,
And bearing ghastly odors down the glen.
Hark! from the wild the eager, yelping cry
Of jackals speeding to their prey ; and now
The demon whine of foul hyenas, and
The croak of ravens nesting in the oaks !
But ere they reached their banquet 'mid the trees,
From out the shadows came a woman's form,
With wild, dishevelled hair, and garments torn.
"Begone!" she cried—and all the night was still.

"Alone, O God ! Is there no hand but mine
To guard your precious ashes, O my sons ?
Is there no pity in the hearts of men,
That here upon the mountain brow alone,
From early harvest even unto now,
My hand must shield your cold forms, O my own ?

"Was it for this I bore ye, noble sons ?
Was it for this my mother's love was spent,
That in your blooming manhood you should die,
All innocent of crime, a death of shame,
To rot uncared for and unwept ? O God !
Why take my all to sate thine awful wrath ?
Why should they die when but their father sinned ?

"Oh ! I had dreamed, and fairest dreams were mine :
You were my all, my sons, and I had thought
That wealth and glory would be yours, and you
Would cheer my failing years. But, woe is me !
Are these still forms my sons, my noble sons ?

“ O God ! my heart is withered, and my soul
 Is like a tomb, and creeping through my brain
 Are slimy things that make my life a hell.
 Is there no end unto this ghastly watch ?
 Is there no pity in the hearts of men ? ”

She bowed her head once more upon the rock,
 And all again was still save where the wind
 Sobbed weirdly in the trees, and far away
 On Hebron's lonely height a prowling beast
 Amid the solitudes sent forth his cry,
 Or now and then there creaked the ghastly chains
 That bound her sons, and black clouds hid the moon.

F. L. Pattee.

UPON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

Pressing heedlessly through the briars and thistles of the rough mountain pasture, skipping lightly from stone to stone embedded in the tumbling crystal of the mountain brook, pushing through shrubbery and thicket, stumbling over decayed, half-hidden logs, gnarled roots, and moss-grown rocks, climbing and slipping, slipping and climbing, but always up, up,—at last, hot, breathless, and weary, but happy in our triumphant endeavor, we stand upon the summit.

It is a magical August afternoon. Far above us great massy puffs of cloud lazily drift across the glad heaven, their snowy whiteness giving a radiant purity to the azure. Three thousand feet below, almost straight down as the plummet, lie stretched, within the encircling guardianship of the everlasting hills, the soft, dimpling, sun-smitten waters of a beautiful lake, its thirty miles of length of most irregular, fantastic form. Over thrifty Canadian farms, meadows in their second bright robe of green, russet-colored corn-fields, lustreless areas of yellow stubble ; over wooded slope, and the intervening pleasant valleys where nestles as a jewel in its crown the flashing mirror of many a small lake, or interwinds the silver gleam of river and brook,—far, far away we look, till our strained vision is shut in by the pale blue of

majestic mountain peaks that lose themselves on the mystical horizon. Rapturously our arms are outstretched, as we would clutch to ourselves all this glory and wealth which lie just beyond us, the fairest of earth, but the unattainable.

Often have I stood upon the summit of nature's monument to God,—but whether upon the great Washington, or upon a companion peak scarcely less regal, or amid the historic beauty of the Catskills, or, as to-day, upon some lowlier eminence, it has ever been the mount of transfiguration of common thoughts and aims. Drink in the pure air as it comes a breath of heaven, giving a foretaste of the vigor of eternal youth; bathe the eye in the sea of harmonious tints and colors, looking down at the checkered and varied hues of the landscape, and up into the fathomless depths of the blue; feel the peace, the power, the purity, the beauty of the spirit of creation; realize that you are of it and should be like it,—and wonder not that the robe of your sordid, selfish nature has been exchanged for a white and shining garment. Get thee occasionally upon the mountain-top, thou dweller in the low-lands! Your restless strivings, doubt, despair, will seem of petty moment.

Away to the north sounds a subdued but ominous rumbling, and we note an inky thunder-cloud that rapidly grows more tumid, and blackens and ruffles the smooth surface of the water as it sweeps resistless down its path between the hills. A bald-headed eagle, the fierce precursor of the approaching storm, shoots up before us with a wild scream, pierces the sky until he seems the size of a swallow, drops a little below the level of the mountain-top, circles on even wing, and falls like a thunderbolt into the darkening waters. The storm is now furiously lashing the lake directly below, while we experience only a relatively slight wetting from the western edge of the cloud, and witness a sublime spectacle, almost from behind the scene, as it were. The seething, heaving blackness is rent in every direction by flash upon flash of jagged and forked fire. Now and then the lightning seems darting all about us, and the livid glare and terrific thundering, peal following upon peal in one prolonged cannonade, does not so much affright as awe and bewilder us. As our

sense of security deepens despite the awful majesty of the sight, a wild, exultant delight seizes us. I can compare it only to the sensation which the ice-yachtsman experiences when hurtling through space faster than the wind which carries him. It is a sort of temporary madness, when one ceases to think, and is all feeling—a recognition by the spirit of man of its elemental kinship with the forces of nature.

The storm has long since passed from view, and a holy calm broods upon land and water. The shadows are stealthily creeping from the hills and taking possession of the lake, but the bald and glistening mountain-top is still bathed in the mellow flood of light. Now a company of errant sunbeams steal through a niche of rock, trail their gold dust down the dark green of the ravine, and leave a shining pathway across the placid waters. The stillness of the air seems almost preternatural; but the dearth of sound is of short duration, and we hear the resonant whistle of the steamboat below, while the lowing of cattle driven home from pasture, and the incessant tinkling of a cow-bell, come to the ear in softest and clearest tones. Faster and faster sinks the sun. As his great red disc just dips below the horizon, the sunlight lingers lovingly, loth to relinquish its fair possessions, kissing with fading warmth hill-top and valley, gilding spire and roof with purest gold, a parting blessing to the weary and unthinking toilers of earth. A moment more, and the bridegroom has returned to his chamber. The orange deepens into a crimson flush, which climbs higher and higher till the western sky is all aflame. In such a radiancy of glory might the soul catch a glimpse of the mansions of that heavenly city, “whose builder and maker is God.”

G. S. M.

THE CHAIR.

In this pleasant greeting-time, the LITERARY MONTHLY would share the hearty welcome accorded old friends. Though little more than an infant, entering its fourth year this month, its growth has been a lusty one, and a long life of usefulness and honor seems assured. The ability, enterprise, enthusiasm, and unflagging energy of the initial editorial board of eighty-seven, laying such substantial and secure foundation, have been handed down to each succeeding class, and the legacy has not been in vain. If there is not at the present time in the college such pronounced individual talent, there exists, we believe, a more general literary interest, which in a large measure can be traced to the quickening and developing influence exerted the three past years by the LIT. The present board is fully aware of the responsibility resting upon it for the maintenance of this growth. It brings to its task an abundance of enthusiasm, and the willingness for hard, faithful work: it has confidence in the result.

On one thing are we determined,—the previous high standard of the LIT. shall be maintained. Now, it is evident that this can be most easily accomplished by hearty coöperation on the part of the college in the matter of contribution. Too often has the editor been forced to play the part of contributor as well. It is expected and right that the editor should contribute largely, but it is neither fair to him nor proper for him to do all the contributing in a single issue, or even the largest part of it. No six men in a college of the size and excellence of Dartmouth can have a monopoly of thought, or of the ability of expressing it. They may seem to have, at times, because of the indifference or indolence of others, and unaided they may acquit themselves with credit and sustain the literary reputation of the college; yet such is a radically wrong condition of affairs. With this in mind, we wish the LIT. to be considered not as the exclusive property of the half dozen

men who edit it, and for them solely that they may show their literary paces, but, rather, as it really is, the possession of the college, the medium through which can be mirrored the life and culture of its thinking men.

The past year it was a much disputed question among many of the college publications whether or not it is the suitable thing for a magazine, seeking to represent the best literary thought and power of its college, to admit to its columns other than undergraduate production. It was argued that the college magazine transgresses its sphere in publishing the work of the graduate. If it is to set forth the activity and achievement of the literary mind of the college,—and this is confessedly the aim of every reputable publication,—to permit the alumni to contribute is to put a premium upon the slothfulness of the young undergraduate writer by permitting him, when so inclined, to shove off upon older shoulders the responsibility which is his own, and, also, is to give the world a false impression of the real strength of the college in literary lines.

This position is certainly a strong one, and, when slightly qualified, we think a correct one. However, the temptation to the non-observance of a rigid rule of exclusion is very powerful. It is usually an easy matter to procure from some kindly disposed alumnus a worthy contribution, which will help wonderfully in getting out a good number—the heart's desire of the editorial board; and it is a most plausible thought that in this way pleasant relations are established between students and alumni. The nice adjustment of the matter is something of a problem, but we think an admirable solution was found in the past policy of the *LIT.*, which, in general, it is the intention of the present board to continue. Despite the best efforts of contributor and editor, the quality of any strictly undergraduate publication must fluctuate, it is so dependent upon varying circumstances. To avoid all occasional appearance of weakness, to always add interest, and especially to link mature literary culture with that which is still in the formative state, from which connection must be derived greater

incentive and inspiration to the student body for better work, has been the object of the *LIT.* in printing in most numbers of the year a leading article from the pen of a professor or other prominent alumnus. The interest which these papers have aroused is a sufficient guaranty of the complete success of the plan. In this way the alumni have representation; yet, as the productions are credited, there is no sailing under false colors, and the *LIT.* remains distinctively the organ of the undergraduates.

But what of minor productions of alumni, particularly verse? This question is raised by a letter we have received from the secretary of a class, who desires to send us for publication short poems by members of his class, with the intent that they may thus be permanently recorded among the productions of the graduates of Dartmouth. We desire to answer the question squarely. We do not solicit such contribution, yet will gladly receive it under certain limitations, and may publish from time to time that which is especially fit for our use. It is evident that anything of remarkable merit will have easily secured publication elsewhere, and what is not eminently worthy we would not consider in competition with the work of the undergraduate, which it is our especial purpose to encourage and foster.

We wish at the beginning of the year to ask for a better appreciation of the advantages and opportunities afforded by the Mail-Bag department. The past year it was filled but twice. This is not as it should be. There are college topics of vital interest under constant discussion. Why not bring them into prominence through the pages of the *LIT.*? That would ensure a more intelligent understanding of all their phases, and of the various opinions held by the students. Perhaps many fancied abuses would cease to exist, and yet much might be discovered that calls for reform. Again: In no better way can the alumni keep up a living interest in the college than by this method of direct communication. We have noticed that very often graduates, particularly those of long standing, display an ignorance or misapprehension of the work or affairs of the college that is as natural as it is

sometimes amusing, notably upon such subjects as compulsory church service and athletics. Now, if they kept more in touch with the student, there would be less likelihood of any misunderstanding or misappreciation on their part, and the undergraduate, who too often thinks he knows it all, would have more consideration for the views of those who see differently. It is even well to have an expression of erroneous views, for it will inevitably lead to a setting forth of the true condition of things. Let us then this year hear from all who have decided opinions or suggestions to offer concerning college matters of importance. Such can be voiced fairly, courteously, and respectfully in the Mail-Bag.

“I do n’t see how Dartmouth can support two such excellent publications,” remarked an alumnus to the writer. There, Brother *Dartmouth*, is a compliment we are right willing to share with you. Our relations have been so cordial in times past that a discontinuance of the reciprocal well-wishing and good feeling would be wellnigh impossible. We have no reason to quarrel, so, elder brother, if you don’t put the chip on your shoulder, we won’t knock it off. Really, our spheres are quite different, and no one is better aware of the exact distinction than we ourselves. We won’t attempt to define the difference. However, brother, we will whisper in your ear a question which has been long in our mind,—Why do n’t you put on the garb of a weekly? We think it would be immensely becoming, and the contrast between us would be still more striking and to the advantage of both. Perhaps we have been a little rash in disclosing our secret thought,—but you will forgive us, brother dear, for waxing so confidential: we mean it all in good part.

BY THE WAY.

While a dignified member of the editorial board, enthroned in the "Chair," is dispensing his opinions in regard to weightier matters, we confidentially invite the reader to a quiet nook in the open air, or, if the weather should so advise, to a seat by the glowing hearth, there to chat familiarly of whatever fancy may flit across the mind. If our reader should ever find in these pages "by the way," as they appear from month to month, anything to make him feel as if he were walking with a friend under the open sky, anything that may unlock the secret chambers of his heart or brighten the pages of his memory, we shall feel ourselves excusable if, in diving for ideas, we at times bring up something besides pearls.

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What a study awaited the lover of human nature the other day, in the caravan of bronzed, travel-stained pilgrims wending their way up through the sandy defile that led them to their college Mecca. Lusty upper-classmen, whose cheeks, like the sunward side of a pear, are the index of ripe health within, are returning to familiar scenes and tried friends. Their conversation smacks of the sea and the woods, of the mountain and the lake: a talk with them is like a whiff of salt air or a mountain breeze.

Yonder, a little apart from the rest, stands one who is making his first pilgrimage to Dartmouth. The town that wears the green after his dusty journey seems a veritable oasis to him. He is tired now, and has little thought of anything except a place to rest,—but later, how like a mirage his surroundings will loom up before him! He had a mind made up for great things, and, lo! they are just as he expected. Welcome him, upper-classmen. Show him that though you may not be an embryonic president, or other dignitary whom he takes you for, you are, nevertheless, a manly, intelligent, companionable person. If he is green, befriend and encour-

age him, for the more verdant he is now, the greater are his chances for growing more broad and robust intellectually while among us.

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What an effect the summer vacation has in clearing away the rust of the rather narrow bachelor life of the student! He has plenty of facts buried deep down in his mind, piled in helter-skelter, one over another, but he needs conversation and discussion to bring them to the surface and to keep them bright. His thoughts may be nimble enough in the class-room, but he lacks the tact and self-reliance which changing surroundings and new acquaintances will give him. The mere change of scene is a boon to the tired student, for the mind craves fresh pictures of nature and novel experiences of life, such as vacation affords. Well for him who has enjoyed these weeks of rest, who comes back with elastic muscles and alert mind! Whose prospects could be brighter?

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As we were whirling along the banks of the Merrimack, watching on its surface the reflection of the blue sky mottled with clouds, there burst upon our view, not a "host of golden daffodils," but, equally deserving of Wordsworth's praise had he been fortunate enough to live in America, an array of golden-rod, its plumes nodding a salute to every summer zephyr that passed.

We had just tossed from us in weariness a glowing newspaper discussion of the much mooted question of a national flower, but the irrepressible and almost omnipresent *Solidago* stepped forward, as it seemed, to plead its own cause. And why should it not be the flower of America? We would cast no slurs at the coy and fragrant arbutus that lurks in some of our New England woods and pastures, leading its lover on many a wild scramble up hill and down dale to reach it; we do not decry the beauty of the short-lived blossom of the mountain laurel, though it does elude the hand of the artist that would try to paint it, and though its haunts are few; nor would we slander the honest corn-plant, which, we believe, is named as a candidate for this high position,

not only by those who love a plant but hate a weed, but also by those who see in its graceful stalk, waving tassel, and verdant blade, a thing of beauty. There stands *Solidago*. Behold her!—once a simple yellow weed, banished to the river bank, the roadside, or the neglected pasture, but now the subject of dinner-party and newspaper discussion of a vast nation! Surely, I mused, we have here an instance of a wellnigh perfect social equality as the product of our democratic ideas.

The golden-rod is cosmopolitan also;—from Atlantic to Pacific, and from Hudson's bay to the Gulf of Mexico, it holds sway. One species, *Solidago Alpina*, has even clambered up the rugged slopes of Mount Washington, and there set its pure gold standard, bespeaking the wealth, vigor, aggressiveness, and beauty of our country to the lonely clouds that float by it, and to the keen winds that buffet it in vain. Long live the golden-rod! Long may its "graceful tossing plume of glowing gold" shed sunshine through our land!

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There are some ideas which have taken root in the mind of mankind which seem to have sprung from no germ of reality, but which, Topsy-like, have "just growed" there. One of these is the supposed conflict between poetry and science. Poets and lovers of the fanciful have sometimes blamed men of science for reducing their pet illusions to chemical formulas, and explaining them by natural laws. They have oftentimes shown a sort of self-satisfied pity for the sons of science. On the other hand, the latter, blinded by the torch of their own wisdom, have treated lightly the products of poets' minds, and have looked askance at the long-haired individual wandering about with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

Though these may have been true poets and real scientists, we believe that they were, in one respect at least, narrow men, for is the spirit which bids the poet build up a structure of beauty out of materials which the mind selects for use different from or hostile to the spirit that impels the naturalist to shape a structure of

truth from materials which have lain ready in the mind? The methods of both are similar. While the one deals with the beautiful, the other seeks after and propounds the truth: and has not Keats said,—

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty”?

It is the closet naturalist, whose mind is hemmed in by his narrow study walls, not the keen-eyed observer of nature at first hand and in the field, who does not grow enthusiastic with all the ardor of the poet over the beauty of the flower and the glories of the western sky. And it is the poet whose sympathies have wandered far astray from the heart of humanity, or whose mind has failed to comprehend the meaning of the external world, who lacks sympathy with the men who are striving to learn more of life and its relations.

It is the poet's mission to feel, and cause others to feel, that which is beautiful and true. Science will guide him in his search for these things, and give strength to the wings of his imagination. The scientist, in turn, needs the poet's constructive imagination to help build his theories and establish the foundation stones of his knowledge. Poetry and science are mutual help-meets, not enemies, and the man who would have breadth of culture must woo them both.

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We look out upon fields that are losing their vernal freshness, and upon leaves ripe for nature's harvesting. The landscape wears a blue, autumnal haze, that sits softly upon it and mellows its harder lines, toning down the light and blending it with the shade, till the eye loves to dwell upon the picture as upon a delicate mezzotint. Bryant's lines come home to us amid the ceaseless flow of the cricket's melody,—“The melancholy days have come.” Sad only to those who reflect upon the signs of mortality about them, these are to the poet and student days of intellectual plenty and rejoicing, when one grows pensive almost against his will. While spring gladdens and refreshes the mind with scenes of beauty, autumn deepens and enriches it.

THISTLE-DOWN.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

When fields are green, and down the street
The city's heat and dust I see,
I watch the rush of hurrying feet
With sickening heart—but dream of thee.

When fields are green and breezes strong,
And foam-topped wavelets beckon me,
My light canoe I guide along
Through quiet coves—and dream of thee.

When fields are green and woods are cool,
When soft-eyed kine graze on the lea,
Down by yon dimly shaded pool,
I sit and muse—and dream of thee.

When fields are green and life is bright,
For thy sweet words bring hope to me,
In floods of soft and mellow light
I lie i' the grass—and dream of thee.

C. F. Robinson.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Two bright rain-drops fell together
Toward the summit of a hill :
Happy passage till they sever,
Finding each a separate will.

To this river, to that river,
Each one starts his different way.
“Wait,” cried one, “I must deliver
One brief word while yet I stay.

“This dear friendship sure will brighten
All my journey to the sea ;
Speak, my friend, and will it lighten
Some small care as well for thee ?”

Then came o'er the hill-top flying
Words a few, but none more sweet :
“On your memory I'm relying ;
May we in the ocean meet.”

Henry H. Piper.

HIC JACET.

A LOVER.

Here lies a poor rollicking rover,
 Little service to man or to God;
 So carve on my stone just "A Lover,"
 And let me lie under the sod.

The rose and the sweet-scented clover
 Blossom not in the cypresses' gloom,
 But perhaps the white dust of a lover
 May quicken their buds into bloom.

Above me the butterflies hover,
 And the clouds sail like ships overhead;
 Who would think, in such peace, that a lover
 With a heart once of fire lies here dead!

She was proud, and forever she strove her
 Young heart to keep close in its nest.
 I have lived the brief life of a lover,
 Now I can sleep—it is best.

And in winter the snowdrifts will cover,
 And they all—perchance *one*—will forget
 That a wandering, way-weary lover
 Sleeps down in the earth here. But yet

If you, ah! if you should bend over,
 With that smile on your lips as of yore,
 And whisper one word—then your lover
 Would live life's sweet-bitter once more!

William Byron Forbush.

CRAYON BLEU.

Elementary Lessons in Heat, by S. E. Tillman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.80.

Designed for a course of about seventy hours in the United States Military Academy. It is a valuable treatise for the use of advanced classes, but not designed for exhaustive special work. The chapter on "Terrestrial Temperatures" is especially valuable.

Practical Physics, H. N. Chute, M. S. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A book of practical experiments, not giving the exact results to be obtained, but so suggesting to the mind of the pupil the general laws to be verified that he assumes to himself the attitude of a discoverer. The exercises are planned to be performed with inexpensive apparatus, and there are many suggestions for simple expedients to save costly appliances. The problems for quantitative determination are especially valuable.

La Belle-Nivernaise, Alphonse Daudet. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.40.

This edition of Daudet's charming idyl is by James Boiëlle, senior French master in Dulwich college. The book is well fitted for use in less advanced classes in high schools and preparatory schools. It is written in simple sentences, describing for the author's son, a boy of ten, the story of the loving sympathy of the poor for their still poorer brethren. The excellent English notes strive to give a just rendering to the more difficult idioms.

Pages Choiesies des Memoires du Duc de Saint-Simon, edited and annotated by A. N. Van Daell, Professor of Modern Languages, Mass. Inst. of Technology. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.75.

An edition of a few choice bits from the productions of one of the master minds of French history. The editor confesses that Saint-Simon used faulty grammar, and syntax defying every rule, "but no one has better shown than he how far the power of the French language can go to express contempt, hatred, indignation, and admiration." There is an introduction consisting of extracts from Rambaud and Taine, and an appendix giving interesting facts about the French court in the seventeenth century. It will prove a valuable book for advanced French classes.

Practical Latin Composition, by William C. Collar, head-master Roxbury Latin school. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.

A valuable text-book, based upon the idea of continuity in the exercises, and careful comparison with the original texts from which they are drawn. It may be called a new departure in this line, and if conscientiously followed cannot fail of being successful.

School Iliad, Books I-III, and Vocabulary, edited by Thomas D. Seymour, Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston: Ginn & Co.

An excellent edition. The articles on the style, syntax, dialect, and verse of Homer are full, well arranged, and scholarly. Those on epic poetry and the story of the Iliad will assist the student in gaining a general view of the subject. The notes are adapted for use in preparatory schools.

The Distinctive Idea in Education, by Rev. C. B. Hulbert, D. D. New York: John B. Alden. \$0.05.

This "Elzevir" is a treasure indeed, and should be read by every thinking man. "The distinctive idea of an education is not to increase what a man knows, *but to augment what a man is*," is the key-note of the pamphlet. Good, honest, hard work is what develops both mind and body. Education is a progression, a leading out (*educio*) from what one is to something a little higher. It matters not how this is accomplished, whether in Harvard University or the great University of Common-Sense: the world knows not the difference. It is a ringing appeal to true manhood, and should be in the hands of every teacher who is endeavoring to educate boys and girls into true men and women.

Science-Teaching in the Schools, by William North Rice. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.25.

This little "Monograph on Education" contains valuable suggestions and plans for the study of science in the public schools. The author takes the ground that science-teaching should begin in the grammar school, and be continued throughout the course; whether classical or English. We cannot forbear quoting from his characterization of a youth educated under the old system of "Read, and you will know." He says,— "The climax of success is reached when the little monk is snugly cloistered with his books, oblivious of the very existence of a world of light and music around him; and if he grows up to be one of the favored few who are permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the college, and there take up the long deferred study of Nature, he finds too often his powers of observation wellnigh atrophied by long disuse." This speaks too plainly to the college man to need comment. The pamphlet should be in the hands of every teacher.

Contributions to American Educational History, Nos. 3-7, edited by Herbert B. Adams. No. 3. *History of Education in North Carolina*, by Charles Lee Smith. No. 4. *History of Higher Education in South Carolina, with a Sketch of the Free School System*, by Colyer Meriwether, A. B. No. 5. *Education in Georgia*, by Charles Edgeworth Jones. No. 6. *History of Education in Florida*, by George Gary Bush, Ph. D. No. 7. *Higher Education in Wisconsin*, by William F. Allen and David E. Spencer. Washington: Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education.

These government pamphlets are valuable histories of the higher educational institutions in the several states, supplemented in the first four by short articles on the common schools. They are well illustrated with views of college buildings. An especially valuable article is that on the University of North Carolina, and the state universities generally receive due attention. No. 4 contains many interesting sketches of men prominent in South Carolina history, the anecdotes of Francis Lieber being interesting in the extreme. They are to be followed by similar monographs from other states.

Yale Lyrics. A collection of verses from the undergraduate publications of Yale University. 1885-1889. Edited by Samuel Newman Pond, '89. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Uniform in size with similar volumes issued at Williams and Dartmouth. Contains a list of "contributors," which is a very useful addition to the index matter. Compared with the volumes mentioned, *Yale Lyrics* represents a more serious style. We miss the mirth and grace of "Williams Verses." There are many poems that end in a homily. Vanity, ashes, and mourning weeds are seldom the most apt themes of the undergraduate

verse-maker. If criticism is to be made, we should strike at this point,—the book is not representative of the best and most characteristic student work, either at Yale or elsewhere. We cannot see how such perfect work as “Bessie Allair” and “Down the Road to Sally’s” can be consistently padded with pieces containing such lines as “But with unending sweet cadence the sentiment my heart had filled,” or “But mocks the dull impotence of pain.” Omit a dozen of the numbers, and a charming volume would remain. The work of Messrs. Boltwood, Marsh, and Pond sets the standard of excellence, and, barring those pieces used for filling, the volume is one for student writers to be justly proud of.

O. S. D.

Ginn & Co. announce *The Irregular Verbs of Attic Prose, their Forms, Prominent Meanings, and Important Compounds, together with Lists of Related Words and English Derivations*, by Addison Hogue; also, *Euripides, Iphigenia among the Taurians*, edited by Professor Isaac Flagg, and *History of the Roman People*, by Professor W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin,—to be published soon.

A. S. Barnes & Co. announce *Three Germanys*, by Theodore S. Fay. A new series of *Music Readers*, prepared by Prof. Benjamin Jepson. *New Word Method in Reading*, by J. Russell Webb. *Songs of Praise*, edited by Dr. Lewis W. Mudge. *Bible Studies for 1890*, by Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost. The third edition of Dr. Lyman Abbott’s *Commentary. The People’s Praise Book*, edited by Rev. Henry M. Saunders and Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D.

Scribner’s for August contains as a frontispiece a fine portrait of Lord Tennyson, taken from a recent photograph. “Tennyson’s First Flight,” by Henry Van Dyke, and “The Two Locksley Halls,” by T. R. Lounsbury, are interesting reading. Dr. Dwight contributes an article on “Form in Lawn Tennis.” Mr. Stevenson’s “Master of Ballantrae” is continued. The shorter stories are especially good in this number. They are “Memories,” by Brander Matthews, “A Pagan Incantation,” by H. H. Boyesen, and “The New Poverty,” by George Parsons Lathrop.

Lippincott’s for August contains “An Invention of the Enemy,” by William H. Babcock, Part III of George W. Childs’s “Recollections,” “Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln,” by James M. Scovel, “Floods and their Causes,” by Felix L. Oswald, and other articles of interest. The poems are “A Rhyme of Old Song,” by Daniel L. Dawson, “Tempora Mutantur,” by Walter Learned, and “Destiny,” by Dora Read Goodale. The scientist should read “Why I Deny Evolution,” by W. G. A. Bonwill.

EXCHANGES.

The quickly revolving wheel of time has brought around the beginning of another college year, and with it the attendant loss of old, familiar faces and the arrival of new ones; in fact, everything wears such an appearance of newness that it seems almost like resurrecting the mouldering remains of antiquity to go back to the publications of last year and call them up one by one for dissection. However, I must not give my contemporaneous brothers of the literary world the opportunity to make the statement made by an exchange when I was an editor of a high school paper, by name "The Enterprise," which was,—“We think the ‘Enterprise’ would be a little more ‘enterprising’ if there were not quite so much blank space in it.”

But, with my limited experience and knowledge of college publications, I find a more studied courtesy in the treatment of exchanges, and my fears are quieted; in fact, the fault lies in the opposite direction, and we often see ill-concealed attempts to gloss over the glaring faults of another that are unnecessary in this age of plain-speaking and practical common-sense. But to plough up the sod in preparation for the coming year, I will mark what I find of especial interest in the few exchanges which fell to me as a legacy.

The June number of the *Williams Lit.*, in its leader, rakes Mr. Kennan all over the coals, and leaves him buried in the hot ashes. While not quite agreeing with the author of "Mr. Kennan and Siberian Prisons" in some of his statements, yet the main attack seems justifiable. The American public, including even the readers of *The Century*, is certainly beginning to look upon the Russian Bear as not such an abnormally savage animal after all. Russia has made great strides forward during the last century, and is now but little behind the nations of western Europe. But we do not like to have *The Century* brought out as aiding and abetting Mr. Kennan to paint Russia in the worst possible colors. Most of us have learned to love *The Century*, notwithstanding our differences of opinion regarding the Siberian articles, and dislike to see it so mercilessly abused.

"Some Daily Themes," in the *Harvard Advocate* of June 7, contains one or two very beautiful little sketches, showing how much can be made out of simple, every-day occurrences when couched in the proper language. Much of the poetry of the Midnight Reveries, however, is taken away by the general "damning" of everything, which occurs on the same page. It's the old story of the jolly man writing the morbid, serious stories, and the weazened old bachelor penning the scraps of fun.

The June number of the *Phillips Exeter Lit.* comes in for a share of the criticism which the September (1887) number of this LIT. applied to several of its exchanges: "The greater number of exchanges before us are bristling with yards of Class Day poems, orations, and Commencement parts."

The Brunonian for June, diving into the unwieldy mass of Matthew Arnold's criticism of America, has fished out and suitably bewailed the fact that "We are forming for the future an uninteresting national character; a Brown professor suggests there may be something in the climate that is permeating us with genuine Indian stoicism; romance and fancy, sentiment and tradition, are undeniably yielding to the demands of an intense and present practicality." True, this is an intensely utilitarian age, but an "intense practicality" is incompatible with stoicism. Stoicism is absolutely passionless, while the feverish rush and tumult of American life almost defy portrayal.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

Again, at the beginning of another year, we ask aid from the Alumni in making this department attractive. We ask aid, not because it has been the custom, but because we feel the need of such help as the Alumni alone can give. We would carry out the idea expressed in the last number of the LIT., and, instead of being confined to the newspapers for these items, have them reported directly by the subjects themselves, or by any friend of the LIT., thus making the notes more personal and fresh. No particular interest attaches to an item in these pages which was seen one, two, or three weeks previously in the newspaper. We sincerely hope that neither lack of interest nor over-modesty will cripple this department the ensuing year.

The following is the necrology for 1888-'89: Hazen W. Adams, 1847; Nathaniel H. Arey, 1840; George H. Atkinson, 1843; Otis Ayer, 1842 Med. Coll.; Granville M. Baker, 1866 Med. Coll.; Horace C. Baldwin, 1868 C. S. S.; Elijah P. Barrows, 1858 hon.; Henry L. Bartholomew, 1864 Med. Coll.; Francis D. Bartlett, 1824 Med. Coll.; Samuel N. Bell, 1847; Enoch Blanchard, 1852, 1857 Med. Coll.; Silas M. Blanchard, 1842; Geo. A. Blodgett, 1884 Med. Coll.; John S. Brown, 1848; Joseph B. Brown, 1845; Edward C. Carrigan, 1877; George W. Chamberlin, 1880 Med. Coll.; Albert P. Charles, 1864; Stephen W. Clark, 1862; John Cochrane, Jr., 1887 Med. Coll.; John B. D. Cogswell, 1850; George Cooke, 1832; Frederick L. Coombs, 1883; Edward Danforth, 1858 hon.; Silas W. Davis, 1864, 1867 Med. Coll.; Wendell Davis, 1857; Joseph F. Dearborn, 1839; Charles Goodspeed, 1881 Med. Coll.; Thomas Goodwillie, 1863, 1866 Med. Coll.; Calvin H. Guptill, 1839 Med. Coll.; Charles G. Hale, 1868; Herbert J. Harriman, 1879, 1882 Med. Coll.; Homer O. Hitchcock, 1851; James Holmes, 1838; John W. Houghton, 1847 Med. Coll.; John P. Humphrey, 1839; Yorick G. Hurd, 1854 Med. Coll.; Gideon S. Johnson, 1835; John G. Ladd, 1860 Med. Coll.; John J. Ladd, 1852; Benjamin F. Long, 1831 Med. Coll.; Abraham T. Lowe, 1816 Med. Coll.; Benjamin Merrill, 1858 C. S. S.; Daniel Moody, 1877 Med. Coll.; George O. Moody, 1863 Med. Coll.; William D. Moore, 1839; George S. Morris, 1861; George W. Morrison, 1850 hon.; George W. Niles, 1838; William T. Norris, 1875 hon.; Bainbridge C. Noyes, 1867; Winslow S. Pierce, 1841 Med. Coll.; Caleb W. Piper, 1838; William Read, 1839; Alphonso J. Robinson, 1848; George E. Ross, 1859; Ira Russell, 1841; Charles Sabin, 1828; John A. Samborn, 1842 Med. Coll.; George Sanborn, 1850 Med. Coll.; William T. Savage, 1868 hon.; Forrest Shepherd, 1827; Alden Southworth, 1840; Samuel S. Taylor, 1859; Charles Tenney, 1835; S. Herbert Wade, 1873 Med. Coll.; Thomas L. Wakefield, 1843; Eustace V. Watkins, 1850 Med. Coll.; John T. Wedgwood, 1862 Med. Coll.; Alvin C. Welch, 1868 hon.; John Wentworth, 1836; Lyman White, 1846; Henry Winkley, 1880 hon.; Bartholomew Wood, 1841.

Of the seventy-four Alumni included in the above list, thirty-three were born in New Hampshire, fifteen in Vermont, thirteen in Massachusetts, seven in Maine, one each in

Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, South Carolina, England, and Scotland. The place of death of fifteen was in Massachusetts, thirteen in New Hampshire, seven in Illinois, six each in Maine and Vermont, five in New York, four in Pennsylvania, three in Connecticut, two each in Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, and Ohio, and one each in Colorado, the District of Columbia, Indiana, Nebraska, New Jersey, Oregon, and the Province of Ontario. The average age of the seventy-three whose ages are given is sixty-three years, four months, and five days. Seven were between thirty and forty, seven between forty and fifty, fourteen between fifty and sixty, seventeen between sixty and seventy, twenty-two between seventy and eighty, five between eighty and ninety, and one over ninety.

The two survivors of the class of 1820,—Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith, of Franklin, N. H., and Rev. David Goodwillie, of Vienna, Ohio,—are still the senior Bachelors of Arts, and are now the oldest surviving graduates of any department.

The sixty-seventh annual meeting of the New Hampshire Historical Society was held at the building of the society in Concord on June 12. The president, Hon. J. E. Sargent '40, presided. The recording secretary, Amos Hadley '44, read his report, which was accepted and placed on file. On the committees then appointed were,—Charles H. Bell '44, I. K. Gage '76 hon., I. W. Hammond '83 hon., J. E. Pecker '58 C. S. S., and Sylvester Dana '39. The report of the librarian, I. W. Hammond '83 hon., was read, and showed the receipts during the year to have been 1,754 pamphlets, 314 bound volumes, 2 town histories, 58 bound books from other societies, many manuscript sermons, broadsides, maps, and historical articles. The librarian stated that the rooms had been open to the general public on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, and on the remaining days, Sundays excepted, for members of the society. He recommended asking an appropriation from the state to aid in making the library still more useful to the public. The report was accepted. Among the officers elected for the ensuing year are,—for second vice-president, John J. Bell '64 hon.; recording secretary, Amos Hadley '44; corresponding secretary, Sylvester Dana '39; librarian, I. W. Hammond '83 hon.; on committee on publication, A. S. Batchellor '72; on library committee, J. E. Pecker '58 C. S. S. Among those elected to honorary membership was Prof. Oliver P. Hubbard '73 hon. A resolution of thanks to the retiring president, Hon. J. E. Sargent '40, for his efficient and satisfactory management during the past two years, was introduced by Amos Hadley '44, and was unanimously adopted.

The sixtieth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction was held at Bethlehem, N. H., July 7-11. At the opening session, Hon. James W. Patterson, state superintendent of public instruction, welcomed the assembled teachers to the state, and went on at length to speak of the great and increasing responsibilities of their calling. At the fourth session, held July 11, the first paper was read by Prof. A. H. Campbell '77, principal of the State Normal School at Johnson, Vt., and Senator Blair '73 hon. spoke on "National Aid to Education." E. C. Carrigan '77 was remembered tenderly by the committee on necrology.

In October five monuments will be unveiled on the Gettysburg battle-field, in commemoration of the conspicuous valor and heroism of Vermont soldiers in that decisive battle of the war for the Union. The total appropriations made by the state for monuments and grounds amount to \$17,500, and in addition to this sum contributions aggregating \$4,118.50 have been made by citizens of the state. Among the largest contributors are Senator Justin S. Morrill '57 hon., and Col. Franklin Fairbanks '77 hon. The legislature placed

the state appropriations under the control of a commission, of which ex-Gov. E. J. Ormsbee '84 hon. is chairman, and on which, also, are Secretary of War Proctor '51 and Judge Wheelock G. Veazey '59.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Sons of the Revolution was held in Concord June 17. Among the officers elected for the ensuing year was Hon. Isaac W. Hammond '83 hon. of Concord, secretary and treasurer, and on the board of management were Hon. J. G. Hall '51 of Dover, Hon. W. W. Bailey '54 of Nashua, and Hon. J. W. Patterson '48 of Hanover. A committee was appointed to report at the next annual meeting upon "New Hampshire at Bunker Hill," of which Hon. J. W. Patterson '48, Hon. George W. Nesmith '20, Hon. Isaac W. Hammond '83 hon., Rev. Samuel L. Gerould '58, and Hon. L. A. Morrison '84 hon. are members.

On the special committee, appointed by the speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives to consider the advisability of an appropriation by the state for the erection of a statue of General Stark, are Hon. Harry Bingham '43 of Littleton, Gen. Gilman Marston '37 of Exeter, and Hon. Samuel D. Lord '50 of Manchester.

'13. A portrait in oil of Rev. Joseph B. Felt, LL.D., will be presented to the college by his kinsman, Hon. Joseph B. Osgood, of Salem, Mass.

'24. Rev. Darwin Adams, who died at Groton, Mass., August 16, at the age of 87, was born in Leominster, Mass., and was the oldest son of Daniel Adams, a well known physician and author of school-books. He graduated at Andover Theological Seminary in 1827. His ministry was spent at Camden, Me., Alstead, N. H., Fayetteville, Vt., Dunstable and Auburn, Mass. Mr. Adams married Catherine H., daughter of Rev. Eli Smith, of Hollis, N. H., who survives him; they had been married sixty years. He leaves, also, two sons, the youngest being Rev. D. E. Adams, of Pilgrim Congregational church, Southboro', Mass.

'26. Prof. John Kendrick, of Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, died July 23, aged 86. He first took a professorship at Kenyon College. Stanley Matthews, ex-President Hayes, and other eminent men recited to him there. In 1839 he went to Marietta College, and held an active professorship until 1873. He was the last surviving member of his class, which numbered thirty-six at graduation.

'31. Hon. Moses H. Fitts, who died recently in Santa Rosa, Cal., aged 82, was a native of Candia, N. H. In early life he was a teacher at Elk Ranch Seminary, at Harper's Ferry, Va., and afterwards at Niagara Falls and other places in New York state. He was post-master at Lewiston, N. Y., four years, and for a long time superintendent of public schools in Niagara county, N. Y., and he also filled numerous other civil positions. He had resided in California about fifteen years, and left a family. His death is the twenty-fifth in a class of twenty-eight.

'36 and '61. Pres. S. C. Bartlett and Rev. William J. Tucker, D. D., former pastors of the Franklin-Street Congregational church in Manchester, preached there in August during the absence of the pastor, Rev. C. S. Murkland.

'38. Joseph J. Gilman, a planter of Canton, Miss., is on a visit to Gilmanton, his native place, after an absence of a half century.

'39. Rev. Allen Lincoln, a well known retired Congregational clergyman, died in Woburn, Mass., July 5. He was born in Cohasset Nov. 24, 1813. His pastorates were

at Gray, Me., and Saugus, Mass. In Woburn he was formerly trustee of Warren academy. A widow and two children survive him. Mr. Lincoln attended the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Hanover last Commencement.

'39 Med. Coll. Dr. William Arms, who died in Duquoin, Ill., June 21, was born in Wilmington, Vt., in 1802. He graduated at Amherst in 1830, and in 1833, immediately after graduating at the Andover Theological Seminary, was sent with Dr. Croan as missionary, by the American Board of Foreign Missions, to Patagonia. Later he went to Borneo and Java, where he was useful and effective in the mission field. He returned home a few years ago, broken down in health, and never fully recovered.

'43. Judge Robert I. Burbank, of Boston, and family are at their summer home in Shelburne, N. H.

'44 and '71 hon. Ex-Congressman A. A. Ranney, of Bridgeport, Mass., and Prof. Robert Fletcher, of Hanover, made addresses at the annual reunion of the Fletcher family, held in Tremont Temple, Boston, August 28. It was expected that Secretary of War Proctor '51 would attend and make an address, but he was unable to be present.

'48. Capt. William Badger, lately retired from the United States army, is on a visit to his old home in Gilmanton, N. H.

'49. The surviving members of the class observed the fortieth anniversary of their graduation at Hanover last Commencement. Of the forty-one who received the degree of A. B., seventeen have died. Among the latter were Judge Marquis de Lafayette Lane of Maine, and Judge Clinton W. Stanley of Manchester, N. H. Prominent among those living are Chief-Justice Charles Doe, LL.D., of New Hampshire, Prof. Mark Bailey of Yale college, John Bell Bouton, author, of New York city, Col. Stephen M. Crosby of Boston, Prof. Gideon Draper of Tarrytown, N. Y., Brigadier-General Joseph O. Huduet of Chicago, Prof. Spencer Marsh of Washington, Samuel W. Mason of Boston, and Hon. John P. Newell of Manchester, N. H.

'51. According to computations made from Prof. Quimby's surveys, Massachusetts is holding 760 square miles of land which are claimed rightfully to belong to New Hampshire.

'51. Secretary of War Proctor attended Vermont's annual muster, held at West Randolph, August 20-24.

'56. Judge Caleb Blodgett, of Boston, and family are spending the season at their summer home in Canaan, N. H.

'59. Judge Wheelock G. Veazey was, on September 2, appointed one of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Harrison. His appointment was urged by Secretary of War Proctor, Dartmouth '51.

'59. Col. L. B. Eaton, of Memphis, will contest the seat of the democrat who was declared elected last fall as a representative to congress from the Tenth Tennessee district.

'60. Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., chaplain of the Society of the First Artillery, Eleventh Vermont Volunteers, spoke at the third annual reunion, held in St. Johnsbury, August 8.

'61. Hon. Henry M. Putney, of Manchester, has been unanimously appointed by the governor and council for another term of three years as a member of the New Hampshire Board of Railroad Commissioners.

'63. Mr. Jesse Johnson, who was a delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated President Harrison, has been appointed by the president United States district attorney for the eastern district of New York.

'64. Prof. Isaac Walker, of Pembroke academy, will supply for six months the new Rye church at Epsom, N. H.

'65. At a meeting of the trustees of Dean academy, Rev. H. I. Cushman, D. D., of Providence, was elected secretary.

'69 C. S. S. Mr. Henry T. Rand, a merchant of Springfield, Mo., died recently at Bedford, N. H., aged 40. He was a graduate of the Manchester high school. He had been twice elected a member of the municipal government of Springfield.

'70. Mr. Lemuel S. Hastings, of Claremont, has been elected master of the Nashua high school, at a salary of \$2,000.

'72. George B. French, of Nashua, has resigned as a member of the commission to revise the laws of the state, on account of private business.

'73. Prof. J. H. Wright, of Harvard, has been elected one of the vice-presidents of the American Philological Association.

'76. Prof. Herbert I. Barton, of the Normal Illinois University, with his family, has been at his old home in Newport, N. H.

'78. N. H. Ray died of apoplexy July 30, in Hyde Park, Ill. He was prominent in educational work in the West.

'78. Isaac F. Paul, Esq., made his first appearance July 22, in court, under appointment as attorney to the board of police, in accordance with authority given by the legislature at its last session. Mr. Paul is head-master of the Boston evening high school.

'79. C. W. French is writing a "Popular Life of Lincoln" for Funk & Wagnalls. Prof. French was lately married in St. Joseph to Miss Mary C. Heartt of that city.

'79. Joseph N. Chapman, principal of the Marblehead high school, has tendered his resignation, to accept a similar position at Pueblo, Col.

'80. Prof. D. P. Dame, principal of the Littleton high school, has been pursuing a course of study in chemistry at the Harvard summer school.

'80. Hon. W. E. Barrett, of Boston, was elected one of the vice-presidents at the recent meeting of the Home Market Club.

'81. Charles H. Howe, principal of the Adams (Mass.) high school, had a camp for boys from July 10 to August 7 at Lake Dunmore, Vt.

'83. John Pickard, principal of the Portsmouth high school, was married, July 15, to Miss Jeanie A. Gerrish, daughter of the late George A. Gerrish, of Boston, at the home of the bride's grandfather in Portsmouth. The bridal couple sailed, July 17, for a two-years stay in Europe.

'83. Edward R. Gulick, sub-master of the Lawrence (Mass.) high school, has resigned to enter the ministry. He will take charge of a Congregational church in Springfield, Mass.

'83. Rev. John Barstow, of Groton, has received a call to the Congregational church in Glastonbury, Conn.

'83. E. H. McLachlin has resigned the principalship of the Westboro', Mass., high school, to become principal of the graded schools in Brattleboro', Vt.

'84. A. W. Jenks has entered the General Theological Seminary, New York, to pursue a course of study for Holy Orders.

'84. W. E. Sargent, of Newport, Vt., has been chosen principal of the high school at Franklin Falls.

'84 Med. Coll. Warren P. Blake has been appointed one of the pension examiners at Rochester, N. H., by Commissioner Tanner.

'86. Frank P. Brackett was recently married in Pomona, southern California. Mr. Brackett has been offered the Tutorship of Sciences in Dartmouth, but has declined the position, as he prefers to remain at Pomona as Professor of Mathematics and Sciences in Pomona College.

'86. Thurston will continue his work as principal of the high school at La Grange, Ill. A new building has been erected for the school, and will be occupied this fall.

'86. O. L. Manchester will be principal of the high school in Joliet, Ill.

'87. W. D. Quint, night editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, visited Hanover on his summer vacation.

'87. Henry Aiken enters Princeton Theological Seminary this fall.

'88. We have just received the first annual report of the class of '88. Of the 49 graduates, 25 have taught more or less, namely,—Avery, Blake, Blakely, Brock, Burnham, Dascob, English, Forbush, French, Gleason, Gregory, Hoyt, Keoy, Lawrence, Livermore, Morrill, Potter, Powers, Sawyer, Short, Simonds, Stevens, Whitcomb, Williams I, Williams II.

Business of various sorts has occupied 7,—Artz, Chandler, Dunlap, Fairbanks, Walker, Watkins, White.

Law studies have occupied 8,—Carpenter, Chase, Clark, Fisher, Gove, Kelley, Stokes, Short.

Three have pursued post-graduate study,—Ely, Gillette, Hall. Journalism has occupied Hall, Lougee, Shapleigh, Simonds, and Weeks; and farming has been the business of Nelson and Williams I. Harlow and Forbush have preached.

Of the 15 graduates of the Chandler School, 4 have taught,—Atwell, Berry, Bodwell, Denny; 7 have been in business,—Cobb, Cunningham, Hardy, Hovey, McCarthy, Rand, Spalding; 2 have worked at engineering,—Hazen and Richardson.

'88. G. S. Blakely will continue as Instructor in English in Worcester academy, Worcester, Mass., another year.

'88. H. S. Carpenter is studying law with Barlow & Wetmore, 206 Broadway, New York.

'88. There are in Chicago and immediate vicinity Stevens, Hoyt, Sawyer, English, Fairbanks, Spalding, and Hovey.

'88. John W. Kelley is studying law with Frink & Batchelder, Portsmouth, N. H.

- '88. William B. Forbush enters Union Theological Seminary this fall.
- '89. O. S. Davis is to be principal of the high school at White River Junction, Vt., the coming year.
- '89. Dow and Smith intend to begin the study of law this fall.
- '89. Buck will be principal of the Hanover high school.
- '89. Williamson has entered Dartmouth Medical College.
- '89. Curtis has been appointed Instructor in Mathematics at Holderness.
- '89. Baker has been elected sub-master of the high school at Woonsocket.
- '89. Warden is on the editorial staff of the *Leader*, Great Falls, Mont.
- '89. Robie will enter the medical department of the University of Michigan.
- '89. Ross is reading law with Ide & Stafford, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
- '89. Miner is principal of Coventry academy, Coventry, Vt.
- '89. Willard has entered the employ of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, at Nashua, N. H.
- '89. Bugbee is principal of Newport academy and graded school, Newport, Vt.
- '89. C. D. Hazen enters Johns Hopkins University this fall.
- '89. Flagg is principal of the Richford, Vt., high school.
- '89 C. S. S. Wellman has a position as general agent for Vermont of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, with head-quarters at Burlington.
- '89 C. S. S. Bard is engaged in railway location. Address, Bellair, Md., care A. R. T. Leckie.

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T H E

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WASHINGTON IN SEPTEMBER, 1862.

The mere fact of having served a year in the army during the late war has been a source of increasing satisfaction to me. Having for several years carefully preserved my college diploma and my discharge paper side by side in the same drawer, I find myself caring less and less for the diploma, and more and more for the discharge paper. It seems so easy to go on in the same line beyond the scholastic attainments of an A. B: but I can only call it a rare piece of good luck that at the critical moment I performed the simple act of will which allowed me to slip in as a participant in the great event of the century.

Then, too, the ranks of the Bachelors of Arts are constantly being swelled, while to the ranks of the veterans there can be no accessions. By and by the few survivors will perhaps have to give up all their time to telling "how fields were won." When I reflect that at the time of my enlistment I had not reached the military age, and now in six months more shall have passed beyond it, it seems, in spite of youthful feelings that declare that it cannot be true, as if the time for being garrulous had already come.

It was not my fortune to be in any great battle. A stay of a few days in Washington was as memorable as anything in my term of service. Our regiment came to Washington on the 12th of September, 1862, and left it the day before the battle of Antietam.

When our boat touched at Fortress Monroe on its way to Norfolk, we received the news of that battle.

The statement will hardly be challenged that those September days before Antietam were the period of deepest gloom in Washington during the war. With the army of the Potomac, to be sure, things went on from bad to worse from Antietam to Gettysburg, but the Union arms were gaining ground in the West, whereas before Antietam the horizon was dark all around. In the West, after that dreadful test of the manhood of both armies at Pittsburg Landing in the early spring, nothing had been done by the Union army worth chronicling except the hauling of Halleck's heavy siege-guns for sieges that never needed to be made. There was nothing to offset the driving back of McClellan from in front of Richmond and the annihilation of the army under Pope.

The gloom that at this time rested over the whole field of operations became in Washington "darkness which may be felt." It was felt by all, from the President down to the private soldier. Lincoln had just made his "great surrender," in putting the army of the Potomac a second time into the hands of one whom he did not trust. His only hope now was in what McClellan might accomplish. A glimpse of the sad-faced, noble man, thus depending and waiting, was something not to be forgotten.

The *élite* of the army had gone on into Maryland with McClellan; but that larger army left behind, in and around Washington—what an army it was! Perhaps the best description of it would be to say that it was *tired*. Sometimes an individual, after hard and continuous work, gets so tired as to be absolutely incapable of any more exertion. This was about the condition in which the second battle of Bull Run left the Union army. It was McClellan's greatest achievement that he took a part of this tired army, and won the battle of Antietam.

But the most tired part of the army was that part left in Washington. Of the men actually engaged in the defences of the city I will not speak, but only of those who, the *débris* of an army, swarmed in the streets and squares. The campaign just closed in front of the city had closed with a crushing defeat. Men physi-

cally and morally disabled were everywhere. They had rotted through the hot July days with McClellan at Harrison's Landing, or fought a continuous losing battle under Pope in August. They had witnessed what they supposed was the treachery of their brothers in arms, in the bitter feud that rent the army over the merits and the treatment of McClellan.

Washington had become a vast hospital with a minimum of organization. There were men separated from their commands, from every state in the Union, and perhaps from every nation in Christendom. There were seen wounds of every description, and every disease known to medical men. There was doubtless a large percentage of shirks, who were always tired when there was work to do, who regarded Washington as a harbor into which they were contented to glide while others faced the storm.

The feeling seemed to prevail, and found for the most part open expression, that the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia was invincible. It did require a sanguine vein in one's temperament at that time still to believe in the collapse of the Rebellion. The citizens of Washington had seen hundreds of thousands of fine troops pass southward to the front—men enough to conquer the world, they thought. It was difficult for them to believe that these unpromising looking, jaded veterans ever formed a part of those magnificent organizations which had marched to the front with so much alacrity.

The weather was a feature of some moment in the appearance of Washington in those September days. Washington *can* be hot in September, and it was hot then. Along with the heat was dreadful dust. All the rain of that year seemed to have fallen in the spring, when McClellan was in the swamps of the Chickahominy. Army wagons by the thousand cut up the streets, and enveloped everything in dust. There was no question that the mules and horses were tired with good reason.

At this time gold and silver had gone out of circulation. If anybody had had a gold or a silver dollar, he could have bought with it nearly three dollars of greenbacks, the legal tender paper money. The government not having yet introduced the fractional currency,

postage-stamps had to be used for small change. It would not be difficult to find a better medium of trade than postage-stamps carried close to the person in a temperature of 100 degrees with dust ankle deep. There was no accuracy attainable in estimating the value of a sticky, dirty lump of these, which the offerer might aver was worth fifteen cents or thirty cents. It took, generally, quite a thick mass to buy a pie, and in most cases the man who got possession of a pie in this way took as much stickiness and dirt as he had passed to the vender. I would not mention these postage-stamps and these pies, did they not seem to represent, in a manner, the quintessence of the state of things in Washington at the time.

In this heat and dust and weariness, a new regiment fresh from a Northern camp looked ridiculously incongruous with its surroundings. It was something of an ordeal to fresh soldiers to hear the veterans assert that the capital was in danger, and that they did not care to save it; or jocosely remark that if the "rebs" got into Washington, the weather would see to it that they were roasted out.

There can be little doubt that had Antietam been a Confederate victory, Washington would have fallen, and recognition of the Confederacy and an active support of it by England and France would have followed upon the loss of prestige suffered by the Union cause in the loss of the capital. Antietam cleared the air. If it was a dismal failure when we consider that McClellan had enough superiority in numbers to have crushed Lee and ended the contest, yet, as breaking the line of wonderful Confederate victories, where a failure to break it meant ruin, it was a victory.

A little success and a little cooler weather put new life into the worn-out soldiers, and many men who talked so despairingly in Washington at this time doubtless did good service, and fell bravely fighting at Fredericksburg or at Chancellorsville.

I can never see Washington in its present beauty and glory without remembering how it looked in the days of its distress.

Rufus B. Richardson.

ILLUSION.

Close to my ear the whispering shell
 Tells the tale of its ocean sleep,
 And the lullaby sung as the restless swell
 Sweeps bounding through the deep.

Oh no, my child! the murmur you hear
 Of rhythmic and regular motion
 Is the life-current beating on the ear
 Like the pulse of the monster ocean.

The stars in soft ethereal chime
 Speak ceaselessly to our race,
 And tell of a Time engulfing Time,
 A Space dissolving Space.

Oh no, my son! 't is the soul that sings
 As it flies through the swift circling aeon,
 That our mundane thought and mundane things
 Are but part of an infinite paeon.

W. S. Ross.

SPECIALISM.

The demand for specialists is becoming more and more imperative. Confronted by the ever accumulating stores of knowledge, the great associations in business, and the multiplication of appliances, one is compelled, whether seeking occupation in the fields of scholarship, or advancement in business, or a livelihood in the humbler mechanical pursuits, to choose some definite department and make himself proficient in it, if he would excel at all. The temptations are great, and self-mastery is necessary. The calls are almost without number, while man is but one. The only hope for those of limited abilities lies in concentration of effort.

“Let us be content in work
 To do the thing we can, and not presume
 To fret because it's little.”

But many men have overcome the most trying circumstances, and seemed to make a very boon of their limitations. Bunyan in a narrow cell accomplished his greatest work, and left a perpetual

blessing to the world in "Pilgrim's Progress." We can almost feel thankful to the injustice which thus bound him to this task. Bonnivard, pacing back and forth in Chillon's Keep in agony of mind for the welfare of his little country, wore in the rock those marks which attracted Byron, and through his beautiful poem will ever "appeal from tyranny to God." John Eliot, encouraged by no friend, taught the Indians how to pray, and alone, in declining years, translated the entire Bible for them. So example after example might be cited, each of which would tend to show that it is not so much opportunity as concentration which tells.

The ancients, it is said, had seven sciences, but the number has been greatly increased. If a man try many, he can but travel in the beaten paths which yield nothing new. If he would find fresh treasures for his fellow-men, he must, with singleness of purpose, go beyond into the unexplored. If Newton towards the close of life could say,—“I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me,” it surely will require the skill and concentrated purpose of a Columbus to discover the treasure islands below the horizon in this untraversed sea.

The professions, also, have been multiplied. The old ones have been divided and subdivided into branches, to work out and administer which men are devoting themselves exclusively. The world is greatly indebted to some, as Jenner and Pasteur, Morse and Whitney, for the development of one idea. Indeed, he may be accounted a benefactor, a genius, who helps his fellows by the perfecting of one discovery or invention, the chronicling of one original thought.

The departments of business, too, have been so increased in numbers and extent that they open many avenues of labor. Men in mercantile life devote their entire time to studying and supplying some particular want or whim of people. Railroad-ing, telegraphing, banking,—every form of business, in fact,—each calls for a man's whole time and most careful attention

if success is to be achieved; for there are men, and able men, who are making a specialty of each of them. Choose one, stay by it, and success is almost sure to follow. There are remarkable instances, of course, of those who have gained a large measure of success in several lines of study or of business, but they are men of far more than average abilities, and they have generally devoted themselves unremittingly to one line, and mastered it before turning to the others. So it is, also, in the mechanical pursuits. It is a good blacksmith, a good carpenter, a good mason, according as time and patience have been invested in learning the trade. A Jack-at-all-trades has come to mean a jackanape at all.

Perseverance counts for much. It is the unswerving plodder on the straight road who is most sure to reach the goal. "Success," wrote one, "in a majority of instances depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed." Another wrote,—“There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste: there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience.”

As men devote themselves to specialities, the call for specialists becomes louder. The supply but increases the demand. While a man devotes himself to one thing, he is dependent upon other men for the supplies for his body, his mind, and even his soul. He is quick to detect the best source. If a man is having trouble with his eyes, he will consult the skilful oculist rather than his general physician; if his ears are failing, he will seek advice of the aurist; if a railroad corporation wants counsel, it will go to the lawyer who has made a special study of railroad law; if parties have a case before the supreme court, they will get constitutional lawyers to plead their cause,—and so on through all the vocations of life. Men are being driven into specialities by the accumulation of materials and by the demand for proficiency.

But as we hear this call for specialism rising far and near, we must not forget that a certain liberalism is as necessary to the larger success. As President Bartlett wrote,—“One limitation is indeed imperative, that all specialism shall stand on the basis of a previous liberalism, and shall never cut the bonds of a friendly

alliance." Man does not live to toil only, but to enjoy. Appreciation is necessary to enjoyment, education to appreciation. Let the education, therefore, be broad. The preparation for life's work may be commenced too early. As many avenues of knowledge as possible should be tried for a little, that one may appreciate much, and come by and by into the greatest sympathy and closest touch with those in different walks, thus gaining the highest conception of his own and adding most to it. The specialty should not be made a Procrustean bed. Above all, a man ought to be larger than his vocation. A liberal specialism should be sought.

C. M. S.

DENNIS DUNCAN'S STORY.

I was a wild lad in those days. The good men of Holchester and their wives were wont to say that surely I must have a devil; and had I been unlucky enough to have been born a woman, I know not but they would have hanged me for a witch.

The fact was, my looks went a great way against me, for of all keen gray eyes mine were the hardest to look into without shrinking. Now I was in no wise to blame for this, as my poor father had just such eyes, and, withal, a violent temper which knew no restraint. This was the reason for the base rumor everywhere afloat in my boyhood, that I, Dennis Duncan, was the son of a murderer, my father having disappeared from our home in bonnie Scotland about the time that a fearful murder was committed in our little town—by whom, the Lord only knows.

Well can I remember how my mother wept over me when father left her, praying God to shield him and us from the false accusers; but circumstances were against us, and the taunts I got on my father's account were hard to bear. I grew up with a fearful temper, for my sensitive soul was kept continually sore by the gibes of my companions.

Our parting nearly broke my mother's heart, for, when I was just sixteen, with a tear in my eye I bade her farewell, and worked my way across to the settlement of the Massachusetts colony called

Boston. Going north with the king's officers into the king's woods,—now a part of our glorious Union, be it remembered,—to search out pine masts for the royal navy, and to blaze them with the king's mark, I was so ill treated by the insolent Britisher whom I served that I swore I would serve him no longer, and so left him to care for his own tent and to get his own water.

After following an old hunting trail of the Indians a whole night—for it was full moon, be it noted—I pushed on till the close of day, when I saw the smoke of a house in the goodly town of Holchester.

I cannot stop here to describe how weak and footsore I was, nor how kindly I was cared for by good Mother Eastman,—for such I would always call her, whether she would have me or no. It is enough to say, that though Solomon Eastman could scarcely endure me, and his children shunned me like an ogre, he at last consented to his wife's entreaty to keep me, and I was hired until I should be twenty-one, getting for my services food and clothing, with instruction in the catechism, in knowledge of which I was sadly lacking, besides a promise of four weeks of schooling each winter.

My life heretofore seems to me to-day to be like the course of a dismantled ship, such as I have heard sailors tell of, drifting loose and wild in mid-ocean. Abandoned and shunned as dangerous by all, it is turned hither and thither by every fitful blast of wind, till it goes to pieces on the shore of a desert island. But now there came a turn in the tide of my life, and a guiding-star appeared that I hoped would lead me, manned by my better feelings and piloted by a sturdy will, into a safe haven. The one thing that I thought might keep me from going to pieces on the rocks was nothing else than Deacon Blackstone's dark-haired daughter, Hannah.

The first time that my look fell upon her sweet face was at church, the very next Sabbath after I came to my master Eastman's,—for he was a pious man, and would sooner lose a dozen dinners than one meeting at the church, and this I learned to my sorrow. There she sat among the maidens in the east gallery,

which was the women's, while I was opposite in the men's, and I verily believe that the stoniest heart in the world could not have resisted her charming face as I saw her that morning.

When I climbed up the stairs under the western porch and entered the men's gallery, there was but one person in the world for whom I cared a farthing, barring mistress Eastman, and that person was my mother, whom I loved as my own life. Now this was because I had not then seen Hannah, for when I had glanced forward at the great high pulpit with winding stairs on either side, at the seat below in front where the deacons sat, at the row of pews along the walls where sat the 'squire, the captain of the minute-men, the school-master, and other great men of the village, as I learned later, and at the pews in the centre, I turned at last toward the opposite gallery where Hannah Blackstone was sitting, like a rosebud in a bunch of daisies; and she held my eye till everything else vanished out of my sight. This could not last long, however, for presently the minister arose and the services began.

I must confess that my heart, as well as my senses, was even less attentive to divine service that day than it was wont to be—which was very little, I assure you; so when the parson began, in a slow, mournful voice, to read the line of the hymn which was to be sung through by the congregation before he would read the next, as, for example, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," I wished him well through, so that I might see Hannah Blackstone open her pretty lips and sing.

A year passed by, and though I served my master Eastman faithfully, and tried for Hannah's dear sake to keep my temper while in his presence, I could never please him. The old-wives of the village, too, as they got their heads together of an evening, would invent strange tales of my mysterious appearance; and it was they who set the story afloat that I was in league with the devil, and had an evil eye. I cannot tell how anxious I was lest this story should fall upon the ear of Hannah Blackstone, as I knew it must, and how much more anxious I became lest she should credit it.

Every Sabbath morning she walked from her home, which over-

looked the lake about a mile from the village, and every week she sat opposite me at church ; yet only twice or thrice during the year did I have the blessed privilege of addressing her. The time which did my heart the most good was one Sunday when the deacon, her father, being ill, her mother stayed at home to attend him, and my Hannah,—for so I had come to call her when by myself,—rode to meeting alone. She was somewhat early, and it chanced that I also was in good season, and was standing alone by the horse-block where her father was wont to dismount and help down his wife from the pillion. I had waited there before, ready to offer a helping hand to the deacon or his wife in case of need, thus hoping to win the good-man's favor ; but now how my hopes rose and my heart beat to take by the hand the fairest of all women, to my mind—his daughter Hannah !

I shall never forget the smile that she gave me that day as I took her soft little hand in my great brawny one to help her down, and offered to tie her horse at a post hard by. If it would not seem vain, I must say here that I was as well made a young fellow as ever swung an axe, tall and strong—my mother even used to call me handsome—but somehow my stern gray eye always told against me ; and now, with my heart in my throat, I had been trembling lest my doom might be sealed by a frown.

But, no ! Hannah had not believed the silly rumors about me, and the skies never seemed brighter to me than that afternoon as I walked home to my master Eastman's, after helping Hannah mount at the horse-block, and watching her as she rode down the north trail toward her home.

It was but a few months later that the minute-men were riding through the country, and, as I was doing Solomon Eastman's milking one June morning, Dea. Blackstone, who was one of the minute-men, reined up his foam-covered horse at the door and shouted, " To arms ! The men are mustering at the village : lose no time ! " and wheeling about struck spurs to his horse and galloped down the road. My master at once took down the musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, and handed them to me, and, after Mistress Eastman had put up a loaf of bread and a few things I

would need, he bade me God-speed, saying that if I could serve the country I would be serving him.

I cannot tell here of all the things, good and ill, that befel me in my wanderings. The men used to say I fought like a lion,—and then I was pleased, not for my own sake, but because I thought of one who I hoped would like me the better should she hear of it.

It was the memory of her bonnie face that cheered me up in those long night-watches before the battle of Bennington, and the thought of her that helped me in that bloody fight. I need not tell here of our victory, nor how it was I earned a furlough by my daring—a rest I sorely needed by reason of my long service in the army; and with a glad heart I set out southward.

It was a Sunday morning when I reached the village of Holchester, and, wearied with journeying the greater part of the night, I turned my steps towards the meeting-house. How pleasant and homely it all seemed—the plain white building with its great door in front, porticos on the east and west sides, and the horse-blocks and posts beside it! Back of it lay the grave-yard, and in front a stump-covered common. Now this common was thought by the stricter folk to be neutral ground, where witches and other evil spirits could be made to take their flight to regions where they would be more welcome than in Holchester, for at the western end stood the whipping-post, and the stocks hard by warned the profane and the Sabbath-breaker lest he fall into temptation.

It so chanced when I reached the meeting-house that Parson Gray, who mustered a small army of children with his wife as aide-de-camp, was about to lead the way up the aisle and begin the service. The burden of the people had gone in already, and the parson, deigning to ask me what success Providence had granted our arms in the north, I told him briefly of our good fortune, and went to my own seat.

And now, though I blush to make it known, I must tell of a most disgraceful plight into which I fell. In the first place Hannah, for some unwonted reason, was away, else this thing would never have been; for when, with throbbing heart, I stepped into the gallery and saw she was not there, my hopes fell flat and a

drowse began to creep over me. In the midst of the sermon sleep got such control of my powers that I tried in vain to shake it off. I fell asleep in church! What happened next, or how long I was in this state, I know not, but the first thing that I felt was a tickling upon my face. It was the fox-tail brush of the tithing-man, trying to awaken me. I think I passed my hand over my face, and sank into a deeper slumber. A thud fell upon my pate; another and another. This was enough. My father's blood boiled in my veins. I sprang to my feet, looked my tormentor in the eye, and quick as a flash dealt him a fiery blow. My head swam; I reeled, and half dazed was carried out of the church. Though I would tell the whole tale, I cannot dwell on scenes like this. They locked me up in the sheriff's house till the next morning, when the town fathers resolved that I be exposed in the stocks that day, being allowed bread and water only.

More like a child than a brawny soldier, I was led to the stocks at daybreak of that Monday. But my proud heart was not wholly broken, though all strength had left my limbs, for I had not tasted a victual for hours, and could not rest for the wound in my feelings.

I will pass over the bitter scenes of the day, and the taunts that the youth of the village cast in my teeth as they stood about me as if I were their fallen foe, though the Lord knows I would never have wilfully harmed a hair of their foolish heads, and only once or twice had my temper made me do aught to frighten them, and that only after it had been aroused by gibes.

But there was one thing that befel me in the stocks that day which I must not pass over, as it not only showed me how good a heart my pretty Hannah had, for I knew that well enough already, but also that Hannah Blackstone thought more of me than even my mistress Eastman did. This was how it happened: The sun showed that it was past noon by about three hours. Those who had come to see how Dennis Duncan looked in the stocks had, I supposed, all gone home, when who should appear before me but Hannah!

"Poor Dennis," she said, "I know you were n't to blame, for father has learned all about what you did at Bennington, and how

tired you were when you reached here." I had been sitting in a half stupor, having grown sullen and numb, but when she spoke I blushed to the roots of my hair, and my heart jumped into my throat. I could scarcely control myself when she told me how she heard that Eastman wished never to see me again; and when she said that her father was coming to take me home with him, I could scarcely answer her, for my heart was so full.

At sunset the sheriff came to release me, and sure enough there in the midst of the crowd was Deacon Blackstone, with an extra horse already saddled by him. In silence he brushed the wondering crowd away, helped me to mount my horse, and, leaving the crowd to explain these strange actions as they might choose, struck into the trail that led to his home.

When we reached his door I was carried in, as I learned later, unconscious. It was many an hour later, when, waking from a deep sleep, I saw the face of the village doctor bending over me, and heard Hannah's dress rustle as she passed my bedside.

But I must draw the tale to a close. Good Deacon Blackstone obtained from Gen. Stark a lengthening of my furlough. Through those long August afternoons, when the doctor said each day that I was better than before, Hannah sat by my bedside, as she said she liked to do, and busily plied her needle as I told her strange adventures that befel me and my comrades in the war.

It was the evening before I was to start back for the army, when Hannah and I were walking along the shores of the little lake hard by her father's dwelling, that I told her how her face had come up before me while I stood on guard at night, and how the thought of her was the one thing that kept up my courage in the fight. I will tell you no more about that moonlight walk, but it was late before we said good-night, and on the morrow when I set out on my journey I was happy indeed. And later, when a packet of letters came for the soldiers, there often was one directed in neat handwriting to Capt. Dennis Duncan, closing in a few tender words which told me that, God permitting, Hannah Blackstone would some day be my wedded wife.

J. H. G.

A SONNET

TO THE SOLDIERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

O stalwart band that never knew defeat !
 You did not fight for pleasure, or for pay,
 But proudly boasted that beneath the sway
 Of pure religion's power you bore the heat
 Of battles with the strong, and scorned retreat.
 And when you saw the enemy's array,
 As if already they were in dismay,
 Triumphant you hastened forth to meet
 Their mighty columns with a joyful shout.
 A stern morality and holy fear
 Were always present in your camp throughout,
 Where each one bowed in prayer with heart sincere.
 Courageous soldiers were you, and devout,
 Who held the liberties of England dear.

W. A. Bacon.

A WORD FOR COOPER.

Anniversaries of men and events big with importance in the history of our country are thickly strewn through these latter years of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it is because of their frequency that so little attention has been paid the centenary of the birth of the first American novelist. Here and there in our newspapers and magazines has appeared a notice of the occurrence of this event on the 15th of last September, and in some instances a trite eulogy of Fenimore Cooper has been appended; but the general spirit of indifference manifested at this time towards the great American pioneer in fiction is in marked contrast to the ecstatic enthusiasm often displayed over the birthday of some noted living author. We can readily account for this. In the first place, no author, living or dead, has been so well weighed in the balances of a popular and a judicial criticism as Cooper. His excellences and defects, both as man and author, have been so carefully and persistently pointed out, and there is such unanimity of opinion regarding him after these many years, that really there is nothing more to be said. Again: In this day, when psychol-

ogy and fleshly naturalism are running a race in the field of fiction, the applause of the partisan onlookers is reserved exclusively for their favorites. Those of the realistic school of Tolstoi, Howells & Co., and the worshippers of the psycho-religious romance, turn up their aristocratic noses at the prolix, simple, homely storyteller whom our grandfathers hated and adored by turns.

If this be the legitimate result of a cultured literary appreciation, yet in the very process of the refinement of our taste we may forget the starting-point. It has been noticed and remarked that the student novel-reader will at the beginning of his college course call at the library desk for Cooper and Scott, and will work up until we find him an enthusiastic admirer and appreciative critic of George Eliot, and Hawthorne, and Balzac. True perspective throws into clear relief the beauty and richness of artistic creation. Tedious verbosity, cheap philosophizing, unevenness in drawing characters many of which are overdrawn and manufactured in the lump, personalities and inconsistencies incorporated into the story—the glaring faults of Cooper's novels—seem all the more glaring and inexcusable when contrasted with the fine work of a master of the higher fiction, the fiction which deals with the most subtle and delicate analysis of motives and actions, a profound philosophy interpreting the human soul. Yet with all our delight in thus tracing cause and effect and studying the relations of things, do we never think with longing regret of the simple story of adventure that so fascinated and absorbed us?

Well do I remember the time when I first tasted of Cooper. Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid from that moment never regained a place in my affections. I have often questioned if ever I have enjoyed reading so much as in those wonderful days. Little thought was there of the niceties and accuracies of character portrayed, and of the philosophy of life. The mind was not spurred to intellectual activity; it was intoxicated with the story. Leather Stocking as deer-slayer, pathfinder, pioneer, and trapper—true, noble, philosophical soul—was a hero, if ever there was one, to loom up majestically before the mind of a boy! I know of no character in fiction that will live longer in the memory than Natty Bumppo.

“The men who have given to one character life
 And objective existence are not very rife;
 You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
 Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
 And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar”

says Lowell in his “Fable for Critics.” It is the unique, heroic individuality of the character, completely harmonizing with its local setting, that is so enduring. But of the other figures in the “Leather Stocking Tales” one cannot forget the mighty Delaware chieftain, the brave Chingachgook, a crafty red man who possessed true nobility of soul, or the equally noble and courageous Uncas, or Hardheart, or the faithful June, or the simple-minded, devoted Hetty, or even the rough, reckless Hurry Harry, the woodsman of such gigantic stature and strength. Occasionally a wise critic tells us Cooper's Indian never lived. Ah! well, we know better, and think that perhaps the wise critic is one of that unsavory class that believes no Indian good but a dead one. We must admit that Cooper fashioned his women all of the same clay, yet they exemplify the humbler womanly virtues, and we will forgive them for not being of varying temperaments, and paragons of intellectuality. Such would hardly have been the fit companions of trappers and Indians.

For thrilling, absorbing interest, the notable scenes in the “Leather Stocking Tales” and in the “Sea Tales” are unsurpassed. For instance, who can read the account of Hurry Harry's furious rough-and-tumble fight with the fierce Hurons in the floating cabin of old Hutter, and not feel himself an eye-witness of the terrific struggle? As a boy of twelve I remember reading it and re-reading it, with bated breath, until I was an active participant in the gory fray. Not even the duel between the Saracen and the Crusader in “The Talisman,” nor the storming of the castle of Front-de-Boeuf in “Ivanhoe,” makes a stronger impression upon the youthful mind. And in “The Pilot,” where the frigate is handled safely through the shoals by the unknown Mr. Gray, one finds no racier and more stirring description in the English language.

Upon the vastness of the sea and in the trackless forest, amid

the phenomena of nature, with sailor, Indian, and frontiersman as companions, Cooper reigns supreme. Incident crowds upon incident, and we see in panoramic review vast pictures. Detail and finish are wanting, but if we look with telescopic eye we find the outline bold and strong and free. As our literary taste ripens we may prefer the microscopic search to which the great novelists of the modern day invite; yet we should not forget our indebtedness to the romanticist Cooper of the generation past.

I believe the reading of Cooper marks the budding point of many an one's literary taste, and it may prove his intellectual salvation. There is a wholesomeness and a vivifying breeziness in Cooper's work, savoring of the woods and sea he loved so well, which invigorate and make strong the maturest mind, and will, so long as man and nature feel the same life-throb.

G. S. M.

HELENE AM KLAVIER.

Her graceful form all robed in white,
 Crowned with a wealth of midnight hair—
 She deftly frees the quiv'ring might
 Yon great piano prisons there.

A touch:—the grumbling thunder rolls,
 And livid lightnings cleave the air:
 Slow, softer now—the vesper tolls,
 And tired peasants kneel in prayer.

The green boughs wave, the fountains plash,
 Arcadia's breath is in the breeze;
 With twittering flirt and noisy dash
 The song-birds mate among the trees.

Thus calm and storm obey her will,
 Her fingers hope and fear control,
 While rapturous passion, fierce or still,
 Waves its deep surges o'er my soul.

C. F. R.

TINTS OF AZURE.

Come with me to a hill that I know well. It is not hard to climb. We will leave the high-road through a rickety old set of bars, and go through this stony pasture, where a flock of nearly a hundred sheep have engineered out fine foot-paths for us, up a long ascent, surprising the white bunches of wool on every side, around a sharp curve and along a comparatively level space, till we stand where one of the early settlers of the region made his rude house. The spot is now marked only by a weedy cellar, and a magnificent old willow branching out almost from the ground, its spreading limbs affording delightful seats whereon to rest for a moment. The man who built his house in this lonely place had the soul of a poet, if not of a painter. For just cast your eye to the north. The whole horizon is a line of blue mountains. Foot-hills of various shades of green and brown are in the foreground, away down at our feet stretches a chain of lakes, and just back of them are white houses and a village spire.

Up we go again, scrambling over granite ledges and through scraggy birches, through whose interstices we see occasional glimpses of the distant mountains. I will bring you out suddenly on a bare ledge, and a sudden turn to the north places you before the eternal guardians of our Granite State. How could I stop to name them all,—Moosilauke, Lafayette, Twins, Chocorua,* Kiar-sarge, Ossipee :—who that knows them not cannot appreciate the full power of their individualities! To be sure, the invidious Whiteface obtrudes his ugly scar between us and the Presidential range. But there they are, all lesser lights, but yet lights. Old Moosilauke stands without peer among solitary peaks. He crouches like a lion on a great pedestal of foothills, whose foundations seem to sink to measureless depths, ever broadening down into the bottom lands. Lafayette is erect, manly, strengthening, like its great namesake, with finger pointing silently upward as if calling man to a higher liberty of thought. O Liberty! How fitting that our granite hills should bear the names of thy great champions! For truly they incite in every one who beholds

them a longing for freedom—a wild sense that there is something nobler and grander in man's life than the mere struggle for existence. Are not their heaven-pointing crags the type of the ideal in our landscape? Old Whiteface truly shows the marks of fierce struggles in his striving heavenward, but he has finally come off victorious in spite of a great rent extending from top to bottom, widening as it descends, and gleaming from this distance white as snow. For miles around the children babble of "The Slide," when they know no other object in the landscape. What an urbane family are those mountains of Sandwich and Campton and Waterville! They seem so polished and gracious and self-possessed, like a cultivated circle of choice friends! Yet I doubt not a closer acquaintance might show them to be the veriest old giants, rough and forbidding. Distance could make even the Brobdingnags attractive,—and these mountains have broad, generous proportions, well rounded, such as always look well a little way off, no matter what may be the polish of the surface. Chocorua!—as thy jagged rocks rise before me there comes to my mind that story which memories of childhood have fastened forever to thy name! I see the last red man fleeing with bloody hands from the fast following settler. He reaches the crest; the pale-face presses him close. He leaps from the crag, but ere he springs he throws a blighting curse on all the country around. To this day the mountain he cursed lies bare to wind and rain; and cattle, so the stage-driver told me, as I rode by his base one winter's day, can live little more than two seasons in the pastures at his feet. And here is Ossipee, one of those comfortable, well-to-do looking mountain ranges. Look through that gap between Chocorua and Ossipee, just over the eastern end of Red Hill: if the day is clear, I promise you a sight of a distant peak almost hidden by intervening haze. That is Kiarsarge, the famous mountain of North Conway. Red Hill is in the foreground, just covering the base of Chocorua. The hues of the sunset have got into that hill, as it has stood there year after year watching old Sol set on the scene he is so loth to leave! At all times of year it is clothed in a beautiful soft purple, holding up to the inhab-

itants the promise or surety of beautiful days. And the lake, O the lake—"Smile of the Great Spirit!"—dotted with its many islands, its silvery sheet gleaming in the morning sun, or growing strangely dark and thoughtful as evening comes down upon it! And here I will lead you to a little loophole in the trees where you can look from an almost perpendicular cliff upon the outflowing river, the busy manufacturing towns, and the "Bay," down, down, seven hundred feet below us and scarcely a mile distant, and beyond more mountains and hills innumerable. If you would see this scene in its highest beauty, let it be on a calm, cloudless afternoon, when mountains and lakes are tinted with deepest azure, and no sound greets our ears save an occasional distant whistle from passing train or boat, and then tell me if beauty and strength and majesty and poetry do not exist in this great globe we call our earth!

C. F. R.

THE CHAIR.

We Dartmouth men very often fail to appreciate the reputation and position of our college outside of New England. One may be a graduate of some years' standing before realizing the extent of the name and fame of his *alma mater*, and then this realization is not complete, but is ever on the increase. Additional testimony to the widely extended influence of Dartmouth has of late years come through undergraduates who have attended conventions and conferences representative of the college world of America. It has been noted and remarked by them that no college, hardly excepting the large universities, seems better known in the South and West than our own Dartmouth. A study of the college catalogue for many years back shows plainly that Dartmouth draws its supply of men mainly from New England, and that the majority of these come from New Hampshire and Vermont. As a consequence it might be expected that the interests of the college would be local; but alumni records and recent class reports tell a different story. These reveal the fact that a very large proportion of each class leave their native states, and scatter far and wide through the country. Wherever they go, winning their way and reaching places of distinction and trust, their success is in a large measure credited to the college, and rightly. These sturdy, capable New England boys, whose work again and again proves that the appellation of "Dartmouth graduate" is synonymous with the qualities of push and energy that are building up our country and making it the greatest of nations, are living advertisements of the worth of our grand old college.

Each year Dartmouth holds its own in respect to numbers, and little more. While this is certainly a condition of affairs which warrants no complaint, yet it would seem more indicative of a

future meet for the glorious past, if there were a marked increase in the size of each entering class. The supply from the Eastern states is unailing, but Dartmouth ought to receive more support beyond the confines of New England. We have mentioned the wide dispersion of graduates. Very many of them are engaged in educational work, and their influence could be exerted legitimately to great advantage for their college. The surprising multiplication of colleges, excellent in their way, in the West and South, necessarily draws from the older and better equipped Eastern institutions, and the competition for patronage is very fierce. Each college must depend for its continued welfare upon the faithfulness and loyalty of its alumni. As Dartmouth men are noted for their enthusiastic devotion to their *alma mater*, we should see abundant proof of it in accessions from those parts of the South and West where our graduates are located. Some of our young alumni are just now having great opportunities offered them. Let them give evidence of their faith and love.

Already has a little interest been shown by '92 in competition for the three places on the editorial board to be filled at the close of the year. It is our hope that this may not prove to be merely a temporary and spasmodic interest, but one which will steadily strengthen. An appreciation of the importance and honor of a position as LIT. editor, and of the personal advantage it carries with it, should be sufficient to induce every man who has talent, aspiration, and the willingness for work, to put forth an earnest effort. We have a word of practical encouragement and advice to offer.

Who can write? It is impossible at first to single out from a class those who have talent for composition. Athletic and scholarly men come here heralded, or, if not, it usually requires less than a year to find them out. Seldom is this the case with the men who become the "literary men" of the college. A genius, certainly, cannot hide his light under a bushel, but this species of the literary *homo* is rarely among us. Again and again has it seemed as if the vigorous thinkers and able writers of a class

were developed from men who gave little indication at the beginning of their course of possessing anything which others lacked. Yet had these men been thoroughly known, their almost surprising development would not have appeared unlikely. In nearly every instance they were men, if not of wide, at least of careful, reading; men of critical literary taste; but, above all, they were men who were not afraid of hard, faithful work. Without the first two characteristics it is doubtful if there would have been much growth of literary ability; but the last qualification—capacity for work—was an absolute essential, and the great factor of success. In contrast, some men seem to feel it a disgrace to spend time upon anything. They talk about dashing off a sonnet, or reeling off a story in a couple of hours, or finishing an essay in an evening. We have seen those who always worked in this way, and did good work, although their work seldom rose above par, but nine out of every ten are utterly incapable of writing decent English with such methods of composition. Nothing is more annoying and exasperating to an editor than to have thrown upon him for careful inspection work that is simply worthless because hastily prepared. Often he finds in it the germ of what might have grown into a really creditable production, and sorrow is mingled in his cup of indignation. It is not a sign of smartness to produce a mediocre article in a day; it is a sign of sense and ability to conceive and prepare a well written article in a month. It is the former class, rather than the latter,—the man who knows what good writing is, and is willing to try to write well, though it may cost him many a nervous frenzy and period of discouragement, rather than the more brilliant but erratic and less reliable individual, who thinks to make up in smartness all else he lacks,—that we seek to enlist among competing contributors to the LIT.

Let no one who has the least desire to become a writer for the college press think himself incapable. He should try his wings: perchance they may prove stronger than he thinks. Indeed, no man knows what is in him until he has tested himself. Men of '92, give yourselves a fair trial, and we shall have little difficulty in finding you out!

We commend the live interest manifest in foot-ball circles. Good management, continued and hard training on the part of the players, and the generous financial support of the college, are telling factors in success. Let there be no doubt this year as to who merits the pennant.

We would not seem to fall into a rut of self-glorification, yet we must say we have reason to be proud of that college spirit which nothing daunts, which rallies every time with as good grace and will after the disappointment of pet hopes as after unqualified success. Pluck and perseverance are as noble characteristics for a college as for an individual.

We think we have noticed a gradual improvement in the chapel speeches the last three years. Not that one class has excelled another in the number of remarkable addresses, but the average quality seems to be higher each succeeding year. The spirit of indifference often prevalent is yielding to a right appreciation of individual responsibility for a creditable appearance. It is hard to realize why it should ever be otherwise. If one but think it, he has the opportunity of his college course to raise himself in the estimation of all his fellows. Men may joke about the easy way so-and-so got through the trying ordeal, but they would respect so-and-so infinitely more if he had been equal to the occasion. Indeed, a man ought to have more self-respect than to presume to appear before the college and offer a few maudlin remarks as his part of the most important rhetorical exercise of the course. One need not be an orator or a literary man to appear well upon the old chapel stage. Surely in three years a man must have interested himself in some particular subject. Whether it be in the field of science, philosophy, or literature, or even if it be only a practical every-day topic, let him bring to bear upon it all his power of mind, and he and the college will derive the benefit.

BY THE WAY.

Come with me a moment, friend, across the broad moorlands of France, that sweep down into valleys carpeted in velvety green, dotted here and there with flocks and herds, to the village of Barbizon, where Millet—the great Millet—lived, felt, painted, and died. It is near sunset: a peasant woman and lad are busy harvesting their crop of potatoes in a tilled field. A loaded barrow is by their side. Over the russet plain in the background rises a church spire. But, hark! The evening chime rings out from the steeple, and we see the dim forms of woman and boy bowed devoutly in prayer. It is a simple scene, yet the bystander is moved to follow the example of the blue-bloused peasant lad, and reverently remove his hat. Such, in words—poor words that tell but half the tale—is what the American Academy of Arts has just paid five hundred thousand francs for upon canvas. The *Angelus*, by all critics, is considered the noblest of Millet's works. It touches the deepest chord of the human heart,—the religious sentiment. In a copy, they say, the spell of Millet's work is broken, but when I first saw in an etching those dark figures standing still in that lonely field, those plain, sober faces bent in heartfelt prayer, I, too, seemed to hear the distant carillon, and felt a thrill of sympathy for the silent worshippers.

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Millet was the Wordsworth of French painting. Breaking away from the toils of classicism, he sought, like Wordsworth, to represent the scenes about him, animating them with a vivid imagination, and breathing into them his own spirit. The peasant was his hero—his model; and the artist sought not to paint him in the colors of the realist, merely as a healthy animal or a picturesque object, but as a creature of joys and sorrows.

Dimness of outline, freedom from detail, mystery, harmony of grouping, and withal exquisite coloring, are Millet's characteris-

tics. With these methods of treatment, in addition to a masterly skill and sympathetic nature, Millet's works have, since his death fourteen years ago, raised him from comparative obscurity to the highest place among modern French artists.

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A great painting like this of Millet's is not merely a thing of beauty, a delight to the eye and mind, but it is an educator, refining, ennobling, and fitting for higher enjoyment.

Far removed from art collections and musical centres, we in our grand old "fresh-water" college have been in great measure denied such advantages for self-culture, but surely and steadily they are coming. A chapel of well-nigh perfect beauty now welcomes us every morning, and the student no longer waxes boisterous in the face of hacked and frowning benches, but, recognizing the peaceful beauty of the place, he respects it, and it helps him to be decorous and refined. Next will come the art building, and what a host of refining influences will attend it!

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Well, my good friend, I fear I have wearied you with this long homily; and why on earth should I keep you in this stuffy study while just without October is distributing, *gratis* as it were, packages of sunshine and fresh air to all who will accept. In this case, certainly, there is a prize in every package, a charm warranted to ward off every sort of physical, mental, and, I may as well add, moral disease. You probably know, or at least have heard of, people who take their respective allowance of dyspepsia as regularly as their hearty meals, and thank Providence for affording them such excellent means for disciplining their individual patience. Now you and I would take exception to this, and I think we can agree that, if we get to be sick and melancholy, either we or our parents are in large measure to blame for it. The campus, the fields, and the woods are nature's own dispensaries: fresh air and sunlight are her pills, and they are always sugar-coated.

These are the days when Dame Nature is renewing her youth. How blithe she looks, decked in scarlet and gold! Quite a contrast, is it not, to her plain, green apparel of every day. Yet so gradually do the mystic forces at work in her laboratories change the leaf-green of each fibre to crimson, that we scarcely note the increasing blush of the leaf, and we daily wonder at the mysterious flight of time.



As we stroll along these country roads we find that we are not the only travellers on the way, for in these birches with yellowing leaves are resting troops of merry voyagers from the north. It is near mid-day, and they seem to be taking their ease about their way-side inn, for many of our birds of passage spend the night upon the wing, in order to rest and to feed by day. What a multitude of new faces and outlandish garbs are to be seen! For instance, a nuthatch from the north country, wearing a red waistcoat, has just arrived, and is stopping over to visit his stay-at-home cousin with the white bosom; and there they both are, talking it all over in dry, rasping voices, as they pry into the crevices in the bark of yonder tree.

The warbler *pater familias* has put on his fall suit of subdued tints, called together kindred and friends, and is now bound for Florida and the Isthmus. What a family of these wood-warblers there is! They seem like Smiths, or Browns, for you meet them everywhere. A black-throated warbler, *virens* by name, Green in plain English, looked in through my study window this morning as he was inspecting the elm just without, and I thought of what messages he might deliver to our friends scattered along the way to Nicaragua and the south. Perhaps when the lion comes to eat straw like the ox, and at night to lie down with the lamb,—when the perfection of society so long dreamed of comes about,—we may be able to utilize the birds of passage as our messengers. How romantic it would be to send a note to that Lalage, in Florida or Texas, under the wing of a tender-voiced blue-bird, that would deliver the message promptly in the morning, and sing pensively a

strophe or two expressive of the tender passion of him who sent it ! Or, if you should wish for display, you might engage an oriole to sing a serenade by the loved one's window of a morning, and on departing to tuck under the lattice a perfumed card bearing your name ! Remember, my friend, that some of our every-day facts were once mere vagaries.

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It would certainly be pleasant to introduce to you some of our worthy bird-friends now stopping at these wayside inns ; but we would have space only for names, and a mere register is dull indeed, for who would care to read of Mr. *Zonotrichia albicollis*, wife, and five children, all of the White Mountains, etc., etc., unless he could meet the white-throated sparrow face to face, shake hands with him, so to speak, and listen to the rendering of that pleasant song of his which you had the pleasure of hearing last summer at the base of Mt. Washington.

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This reminds me of the fact that our song-birds are not all mute at this season of the year, as some of our friends who write books would have us suppose. Every morning in early October you may hear the song-sparrow or the robin singing blithely by the roadside, not an impassioned love-song, probably, but the outpouring of a heart full of domestic felicity and the pleasures of life.

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How little we know or suspect of what is going on about us ! Migratory birds, like a huge tidal wave, are sweeping down our valleys and along the hillsides toward the South, yet we are scarcely aware of it. In this stagnant pool by the roadside battles are being fought, a myriad creatures are dying and springing into life each moment ; yet the unaided eye can never look upon these scenes, and we pass by, as ignorant as before. The dictum, "Man wants but little here below," may be open to question, but one thing is certain, so far as the material universe is concerned he gets but little, either of knowledge or of power.

THISTLE-DOWN.

LINES WRITTEN IN A DIARY.

“The pages of life.”—Leaves of the rose
And soothing nepenthe in dreamland that grows,
White of the lily, the golden-rod’s gleam,
And lotus that lies on the dark moving stream
That through the fair kingdom of summer-time flows.

Free wind of the mountain, soft zephyr that blows
Sumptuous with spices, and breezes that doze
On the white breasts of maidens,—these rustle, supreme,
The pages of life.

The glimmer of smiles, the sweet laughter that goes
From light-laden hearts, the sorrows and woes
That embitter love’s wine, the passions that seem
The blossoms of souls, that blight and that beam,—
These form, dark and bright, for what purpose God knows,
The pages of life.

William Byron Forbush.

THE PROFILE.

I stood beside the Profile lake,
And watched that face by evening light,
And felt my deepest nature wake,
Responsive to the noble sight.

I watched it long; then turned away,
And walked some distance toward the Flume;
Then looked again.—The mountain lay
Deserted in the evening gloom.

No longer could I see that face,
And yet the granite all was there,
And I had merely left the place
Where rightly all its parts compare.

Nor is it of that face alone
That our own view may rob our sight:
We daily leave some joy unknown
Because we do not look aright.

W. A. Bacon.

IN THE SWAMP.

Over the waves of the deep lagoon
Steals a ray from the rising moon ;
Within the narrow band of light
Each little wavelet sparkles bright,
And dances along in careless glee
Mid the tangled roots of bush and tree,
And murmurs softly among the sedge
Springing up at the water's edge.
The air is still, and the night-winds sleep
In their ocean caves in the vasty deep.
Now and again the air is stirred
By the piercing scream of some startled bird ;
While from afar the wolf's wild howl
Answers the hoot of the midnight owl.
The copperhead, coiled in the matted fern,
Hisses and swells till his dull eyes burn
With a baleful glow, two points of light
Shedding their hatred through the night.
The waters tremble, and widening rings
Show the presence of shapeless things
That lurk by day in their watery lair,
Shunning the sunlight and scorching air :
For the fierce, hot rays and scorching breath
Nature has taught them are sure, swift death.
Over the tops of the spectral trees,
Comes the sigh of a rising breeze.
All night long the swamp is awake ;
Nature is teeming in woods and lake
With life of a thousand different kinds,
While over all the whispering winds
Discourse sweet music, that human ear,
Too gross and earthly, may not hear.
Faint in the east the first pink blush
Of approaching morn, and a deepening flush
Tinges the sky with a mellow red.
The swamp is asleep, for the night has fled.

H. S. H.

CRAYON BLEU.

Indoor Studies, by John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A charming collection of essays on scientific and literary subjects, the titles being,—“Henry D. Thoreau,” “Science and Literature,” “Science and the Poets,” “Matthew Arnold’s Criticism,” “Arnold’s View of Emerson and Carlyle,” “Gilbert White’s Book,” “A Malformed Giant,” “Brief Essays,” “An Egotistical Chapter.” Mr. Burroughs is before all things a literary man. Even his science, which his reason forces him to believe in, he accepts as faulty unless it gives scope to the imagination and the poetical powers of the mind. He is a preacher of the great gospel of truth, and finds that gospel embodied in Carlyle, Emerson, and Arnold. Emerson he praises for the originality of his genius, for the new and helpful germs of thought which lie scattered through his works, though often in too loose connection. Carlyle he characterizes as a Hebraist, a doer, yet representing to his time the German culture and a fine intellectuality. Arnold is the representative of Hellenism, a believer in institutions rather than in individuals, a lover of good proportion rather than striking individuality. Thoreau he admires as a new and interesting type of writer, and withal a great genius, but deploras his lack of human sympathy. Perhaps the thing we look for with the most interest in a scientific man of high literary tastes, like Burroughs, is his attitude towards religion. We quote: “Our hearts, our affections, all our peculiarly human attributes, draw back from many of the deductions of science. We feel the cosmic chill. We cannot warm or fill the great void. The universe seems orphaned. This is the reason why many people who accept science with their understanding still repudiate it in their hearts; the religious beliefs of their youth still meet a want of their natures” (p. 223). Again, he says,—“In the decay of the old faiths, and in the huge aggrandisement of physical science, the refuge and consolation of serious and truly religious minds is more and more in literature, and in the free escapes and outlooks which it supplies” (p. 137). Yet again: “Reason is not the basis of a national religion, and never has been. It is very doubtful if the disclosure of a scientific basis for the truths of religion would not be a positive drawback to the religious efficacy of those truths; because this view of them would come in time to supplant and to kill the personal emotion view, which worship requires.” It would seem to the thoughtful observer that perhaps science is not killing the old faiths after all, and that Mr. Burroughs does not really believe, in the depths of his heart, that it is doing so. It is hard to find fault in one of our breeziest and most charming essayists; yet we would say that a little more compactness and a little less repetition would remove all danger of the style’s becoming tiresome.

The Irregular Verbs of Attic Prose, by Addison Hogue. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.60.

In order to give a good foundation, this book first treats fully the parts of regular verbs. Then follows a list of irregular verbs, treated in a complete and scholarly manner, giving important compounds as well, with carefully selected English meanings and English derivatives, where such exist.

Cynewulf's Elene, edited by Charles W. Kent, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of English and Modern Languages, University of Tennessee. Boston: Ginn & Co.

An old English poem, written about 825, with Latin original, notes, and complete glossary. The beautiful story of the Emperor Constantine's vision of the cross, his subsequent devotion to Christianity, with just enough of the imaginary to impart a fanciful charm.

Songs of Praise, edited by Lewis W. Mudge. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. \$50 per 100.

A new prayer-meeting book containing 503 hymns and 21 doxologies, and all the best known standard tunes. It is very fully indexed, all the hymns being classified by tunes, authors, composers, Scripture texts, subjects, and first lines. It is a well printed volume, strongly bound in cloth.

Euripides; Iphigenia among the Taurians, edited by Prof. Isaac Flagg. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.60.

One of the valuable college series of Greek authors. The foot-notes certainly do not err in respect of lack of fulness, and the text is carefully edited. There is an introduction describing the plot and metre of the play. The book is in use under Professor Richardson in the Sophomore class.

Syllabus, English Literature and History, by A. J. George, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A very valuable pamphlet for use in the class-room, with blank pages for notes, and a short addition of more prominent names in American literature. It will aid in the philosophical study of history and literature.

Papers of the American Historical Association, Vol. III, No. 2, Proceedings in Washington, December 26-28, 1888, by Herbert P. Adams, Secretary of the Association. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Contains historical papers of great value, the series on "The North-west," and "American Trade Relations before 1789," being especially interesting to the student of American history. The book is published in unusually fine form, giving a sense of luxury in the simple turning of the pages. It is a pamphlet, designed to be bound with a preceding number.

The Essentials of Method, by Charles D. Garmo, Ph. D. (Halle). Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Treats of the essential form of right methods in teaching from a psychological basis. While the subject is treated in a strictly scientific way, purely technical terms are usually well explained for the benefit of teachers not versed in psychology. A few valuable applications are given as examples.

The Century for September has a fine portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall for a frontispiece. The Lincoln article describes the election of 1864. In "Italian old Masters," Masaccio is the subject, and a fine engraving of a detail from one of his frescos is given. George Kennan gives "The History of the Kara Political Prison." "Uncalendared" and "Life" strike the fancy among the poems. In fiction, George W. Cable contributes "Attalie Brouillard," and Anna Eichberg King a quaint Dutch story called "Jufrow van Steen." "The Pharaoh of the Exodus" is a valuable archaeological paper.

Scribner's for October opens with Joseph Thompson's account of his journey across Masai-land in 1883. "The Master of Ballantrae," by Stevenson, and "In the Valley," by Harold Frederic, are continued. "Electricity in War," by W. S. Hughes and John Millis, is a continuation of the valuable series on electrical subjects. "The Miniature," by W. M. Bangs, and "Jacob's Faults," by Francis Loveridge, are the short stories. The end article is Donald G. Mitchell's "A Scattering Shot at Some Ruralities"—a fine characterization of our old New England towns.

Lippincott's for October contains "Creole and Puritan," by T. C. DeLeon, "Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," by S. B. Wister, "The Trials of a Magazine Editor," by Junius Henry Browne, and minor articles and poems.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Granite Monthly*, *The Golden Rule*, *The Dial*, *The Journal of Education*, and *Our Dumb Animals*. Lack of space prevents further notice of them.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following books, which will receive further mention in our next issue: *Benjamin Franklin*, by Morse, and *A Girl Graduate*, by Celia Parker Woolley, from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; *7000 Words often Mispronounced*, by Phyfe, *Great Words from Great Americans*, *Christian Theism*, by Purington, *Monopolies and the People*, by Baker, *Hansa Towns*, by Helen Zimmern, and *Zschöкке's Tales*, from G. P. Putnam's Sons; *General History*, by Myers, from Ginn & Co.; and *Selections from Wordsworth*, from D. C. Heath & Co.

Ginn & Co. announce *The Method of Least Squares*, by G. C. Comstock, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Wisconsin, to be published this fall; D. C. Heath & Co. announce, Sept. 20, *Sept Grand Auteurs du XIXe Siècle*; *Lamertine*, *Hugo*, *de Vigny*, *de Musset*, *Théophile Gautier*, *Mérimée*, *Coppée*; also a translation of *Lindner's Empirical Psychology*, by Chas. De Garmo, Ph. D., of the Illinois State University. They also announce that on Sept. 9 they admitted to their firm Mr. Charles H. Ames, Amherst '70, who has been identified with the Prang Educational Company from its beginning.

EXCHANGES.

As I sit down preparing to write, I brush aside college publications of every size heaped up in confusion before me on my desk. *Williams Weekly* is at the top; *Harvard Lampoon* peeps out with its red face from between a *Brunonian* and a *Tech.*; while, almost concealed by a number of *Amherst Students*, I discover a few trim "*Lits.*" from sister colleges. Surely here is material enough for a long article, and with confidence I open my first number. Commencement! Editors' Adieux!! Base Ball Records!!! The papers beneath show no improvement; I have nothing but last year's publications to review, and not one of recent date! In despair, I am about to throw down my pen and leave my department vacant, when I notice a few unfamiliar faces by my side, and gladly find that they are fresh from the office.

The first that I pick up is the *Frankfort Parallax*, attired in a cover of a hideous tint of red, and with headings in poorly chosen type. Glancing further, I notice innumerable errors in printing, which would ruin any publication whatever the merit of its articles. Is the proof-reader unknown to the sanctum of the *Parallax*? And, by the way, where is Frankfort? A glance at "Parallactions," where I see such weighty observations as "Rats!" "Did you see it?" and "Billy was left!" and the geographical location is settled, as is the *Parallax* in my waste-paper basket.

Here is a better constructed fortnightly, coming from an Eastern college,—the *Coopersville Chronicler*,—a "literary" publication carried on by undergraduates. I open it, expecting a treat in the shape of crisp, breezy stories or dainty verse, but alas for my hopes! All that I find is a couple of essays—say rather school-boy compositions—on "Perseverance" and "Virgil," written in a system of paragraphing which suggests a combination of Walt Whitman and Josh Billings, with corrected spelling. Again disappointed, I send the *Chronicler* to join the *Parallax*.

The *Ilium Item*, my next choice, makes no pretension to literary merit, but is simply a newspaper. The interesting season of the college year over, the *Item* appears to have made a great effort to fill up its columns. The most trivial affairs bring forth editorials fierce enough to settle the worst international complications. Demosthenes has thirty hours instead of twenty-four, and a three-column protest is printed and signed "Ninety-one;" while among the locals I read that "Brown, '90, spent Sunday out of town;" "Price, '93, rides a bicycle;" and "Jones, '91, is thinking of buying a dog"—facts very important of course to students at *Ilium*, but of no significance whatever to me.

I reach out for another, but find only *Weekly*, *Lampoon*, *Tech.*, and their associates. I turn to my basket for a second look at *Parallax*, *Chronicler*, and *Item*, but see only the remains of my essay on the "Originality of Shakespeare's Thought." My review had been merely a dream.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The annual session of the General Association of Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of New Hampshire was held at the Second Congregational church at Exeter, on September 3, 4, and 5. Rev. S. L. Gerould '58, the statistical secretary, made his report; Rev. Moses T. Runnels '53 read a paper on the "Relation of the Sunday-school to Home Evangelization;" and Hon. John J. Bell '64 hon. discussed the "Duty of the Church with Reference to the Reforms of the Day." Rev. Charles E. Milliken '57 delivered a sermon.

Among the Dartmouth men who attended the encampment of the Grand Army at The Weirs were Gen. J. N. Patterson '60, Maj. A. B. Thompson '58, Thomas J. Whipple '67 hon., and Col. Thomas Cogswell '63. Col. Cogswell was elected president for the ensuing year. In accepting the office he addressed the association in a most happy manner, thanking his comrades for the honor they had conferred upon him, and pledging his earnest efforts toward securing the continued prosperity of the association. It is said that no veteran of the state is more popular with the old soldiers than Col. Cogswell.

At a session of the governor and council, held in Concord, September 13, the Forestry Commissioners were appointed, among whom are Joseph B. Walker '83 hon., of Concord, and George B. Chandler '82 hon., of Manchester. A board of managers of the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home was also appointed. On the board are A. B. Thompson '58, of Concord, and Daniel Hall '54, of Dover.

At a recent meeting of the Concord & Montreal Railroad directors the following permanent officers were elected: President, ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth '65 hon., of Manchester; clerk, William M. Chase '58 C. S. S., of Concord; and on the Executive Committee, Benjamin A. Kimball '54 C. S. S., of Concord.

The Third Vermont Regimental Society held its fourth annual reunion at White River Junction, Tuesday, October 1. The annual address was delivered by O. S. Davis '89. Ex-Gov. Samuel E. Pingree '57, of Hartford, is chairman of the Executive Committee of the society.

'23. The children of the late Rev. Charles Walker, D. D., keep the old Walker house in Pittsford, Vt., and all go there each summer to pass their vacations. It is a company of persons of rare intellectual attainments. There are the Rev. Geo. L. Walker, D. D., pastor of the Centre church at Hartford, Conn.; Hon. Stephen A. Walker, United States district attorney of southern New York; Dr. Henry Walker, an eminent physician of New York city; and the Rev. George N. Boardman, D. D., LL. D., president of the Chicago Theological Seminary, husband of the daughter.

'24. The death of Rev. Darwin Adams left Edwin Edgerton, of Rutland, Vt., the only survivor of his class.

'36. Gen. Daniel E. Colby, of New London, is one of the largest tax-payers in the town. His name stands third on the list.

'39. Rev. O. B. Cheney, D. D., of Lewiston, Me., was chosen moderator at the twenty-seventh triennial session of the General Conference of the Freewill Baptists of North America, lately held at Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'41—'41 Med. Col. A window in memory of Prof. Thomas R. Crosby will be placed in St. Thomas Episcopal church at Hanover.

'42. Dr. William G. Perry, of Exeter, is taking a trip abroad.

'44—'47 Med. Col. Charles Haddock, a leading physician of Beverly, Mass., was stricken by apoplexy recently while on a professional visit to Centreville. Dr. Haddock is medical examiner for that district, and was also recently appointed examiner of pensions for Essex county.

'45 Med. Coll. William Everett, of Quincy, Mass., has been nominated by the Democrats to represent the First Norfolk District.

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., of Allston, Mass., is assisting in the preparation of a history of Durham, N. H.

'49. Hon. John P. Newell, of Manchester, who has been supplying the Congregational pulpit at Litchfield, has been compelled to resign on account of impaired health.

'51. Prof. Daniel Putnam, principal of the Michigan State Normal School, and mayor of Ypsilanti, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Wm. Putnam, of Woburn, Mass.

'53. Rev. William I. Palmer, D. D., fifteen years pastor of the Second Congregational church at Norwich, Conn., has resigned his pastorate on account of ill-health.

'54. Col. Daniel Hall was orator at the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Derry, October 1.

'56. Hon. William H. Haile, of Springfield, Mass., was nominated by acclamation for lieutenant-governor by the Republicans of that state in their late convention. Mr. Haile was born in Chesterfield. He served in the New Hampshire legislature in 1865, 1866, and 1871, and in 1881 was mayor of Springfield. He sat in the Massachusetts senate in 1882 and 1883.

'60. Prof. Albert S. Bickmore, of the American Museum of Natural History, started last June on a tour through Alaska, British Columbia, and Washington Territory, to gather data for his lectures this winter to the teachers of New York. He has lately returned, well and in excellent spirits, after having made such a trip as few men may boast. He has seen some of the wildest, grandest scenery of North America, and in the three months of his absence has travelled, not including incidental excursions from points of interest, 12,438 miles. His description of his travels is most vivid and fascinating. In closing, he says,—“The most comprehensive ice view I have enjoyed in Europe was from the Gorner Grät above Zermatt. No single peak ever appears, however far one may wander, that rivals in awful severity the Matterhorn. But, excepting that mountain alone from the view at the Gorner Grät, this group of new, and as yet unnamed, Selkirks was nearly as impressive,

because these mountains were so much nearer, and therefore subtended a so much greater angle, and appeared so overhanging. The full beauties of the group were somewhat veiled by smoke, but the setting sun gave a pink tint to the white ice, and mellowed the harsh character of the jagged rocks, while white cumuli and high cirri that floated above the peaks caught more of the prismatic hues of the setting sun. Last year appears to have been the first time these attractions were ever witnessed by white men, and this year only three tourists besides our party have been over the summit and down to the cabin where we passed the night. This glimpse of the yet unknown glaciers in these mountains leads me urgently to recommend geologists and geographers to visit them whenever possible, and affords us the satisfaction of realizing that our tourists and Alpine climbers need not cross any ocean to enjoy mountain wonders like those of Switzerland, for they lie hidden by the Rocky Mountain and Cascade ranges in the midst of the snowy Selkirks of British Columbia." On the return trip, Prof. Bickmore and party stopped at Toronto, where he read a paper, describing in part his travels, before the Section of Geology and Geography of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Bickmore's first lecture to the teachers was given October 12.

'61. Hon. George A. Marden, of Lowell, Mass., was renominated unanimously by acclamation for treasurer and receiver-general by the Republicans of that state.

'63. Hon. Wilder L. Burnap, of Burlington, Vt., lately received a \$25,000 fee for winning the Noyes-Burton will case, in which \$2,000,000 was involved. Mr. Burnap had as opponents Senator Edmunds and Hon. E. J. Phelps.

'64. Rev. Charles D. Barrows, formerly pastor of the Kirk Street church, Lowell, Mass., and at present pastor of the First Congregational church, San Francisco, Cal., was the recipient a few days ago of a letter from Mrs. C. B. Alexander, expressing her interest in his work, and donating \$10,000 for a new organ for their use as a token of her regard and in memory of her father.

'64. Dr. George H. M. Rowe, superintendent of the Boston City Hospital, has just returned from a vacation in Europe, where he visited many hospitals. He says,—“Of all the hospitals that I visited, I do n't know of one that can compare with our Boston City Hospital, the Massachusetts General or the Johns Hopkins hospitals.”

'64. Hon. John P. Bartlett presided as toast-master at the banquet tendered to the Providence Light Infantry Veteran Association of Amoskeag Veterans, Oct. 2, at Manchester. Among those who made addresses were Senator Blair '73 hon., Hon. Joseph C. Moore '84 hon., and Hon. Henry E. Burnham '65.

'66. Hon. H. C. Ide, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., recently received severe injuries by being thrown from his carriage. He has been under treatment at the Burlington (Vt.) hospital.

'66 Med. Coll. Dr. O. B. Way, of Claremont, has been chosen president of the Western New Hampshire Musical Association.

'69 C. S. S. Prof. D. F. Thompson, of Lansingburg, N. Y., is at Hopkinton, Mass., collecting material for a lineal history of Edward French, who settled in Salisbury, Mass., in 1640.

'70. Dr. Charles E. Woodbury has resigned his position as superintendent of the Rhode Island hospital.

'70. Hermon Holt is president of the Tremont Club, a literary organization lately formed at Claremont.

'72. Prof. T. W. D. Worthen is preparing a new algebra for collegiate use. The Freshman class are at present using it in manuscript form.

'73. Rev. J. M. Dutton, of Great Falls, has returned from his European trip.

'73. Sebron T. Conlee, who died recently of apoplexy at Kansas City, aged 43 years, was a native of the New York state. After graduating from college, he taught elocution in Boston, and at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton for a time. He was admitted to the Suffolk bar, and for several years practised law in Boston, and later in Minneapolis. Last winter he removed to Kansas City, and was there engaged in the practice of law at the time of his death. A wife and one daughter survive him.

'74. Alfred W. Beasley has been elected principal of the Peoria (Ill.) high school.

'75. Samuel B. Wiggin, of New York, son of Mr. E. R. Wiggin '48, of Boston, died in the former city Sept. 6. He was born in Maine. After studying at the Columbia College Law School, he engaged in practice in New York, and for a time in San Francisco. His wife was Miss Kate Douglass, the authoress, of Boston.

'76. Henry H. Piper graduated last spring from the Boston Dental College with the highest honors. He received the first prize for best mechanical skill, and also a special prize for passing the best examinations during the entire college course. He has opened an office in Somerville, Mass.

'77. Charles B. Hammond has been appointed a member of the examining board of surgeons for soldiers in the matter of pensions at Nashua.

'77. Albert G. Cox is principal of the graded school at Hartford, Vt.

'78. M. L. Stimson, missionary of the American Board in China, is visiting with his wife at Dover. Mr. Stimson preached in Hanover, Oct. 6.

'79. Hon. Hiram D. Upton, of Manchester, speaker of the house of representatives, will build a summer home at Pine Cliff, Sunapee lake.

'80 Med. Coll. Dr. M. T. Stone, of Troy, has been made president of the Cheshire County Medical Society.

'81 Med. Coll. Edward H. Currier, of Manchester, was elected one of the vice-presidents of the New Hampshire Pharmacy Association at its recent annual session. He was also chosen a delegate to the American Pharmaceutical Association, and one of the Committee on Papers and Queries.

'81 Agr. Coll. Prof. G. H. Whitcher delivered addresses at the Bradford and Newbury Fair and at the annual exhibition of the Hancock Agricultural Association.

'81. Rev. M. W. Adams, recently pastor of the Congregational church, Hopkinton, Mass., and who has just closed a post-graduate course at Andover Theological Seminary, has received an appointment as instructor in Greek at the Atlanta, Ga., University.

'82. Herbert L. Smith, M. D., has left the Boston City Hospital and opened an office in Boston at 571 Tremont St., cor. Union Park.

'83. Edward H. Gulick has been supplying the Congregational pulpit at Woodstock, Vt.

'83. Rev. John Barstow has resigned his pastorate of the Union Congregational church at Groton, Mass., to accept the call lately given him by the church at Glastonbury, Conn.

- '84. Fletcher Ladd has opened a law office in Boston. His address is 34 School street.
- '85. George C. Kimball, formerly of Farmington has been appointed instructor in Greek and Latin in the Brewster academy at Wolfeborough.
- '85. W. N. Cragin, of Bethel, Vt., has been chosen superintendent of education at Laconia.
- '87. Fernald had charge of a hotel at Nahant this summer.
- '88. Gregory has been in Hanover a short time. He remains in his former position, principal of Sawin academy, Sherborn, Mass., the coming year.
- '88 T. S. C. E. Charles H. Cheney will fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Prof. Bellinger in Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
- '88. Fisher has been visiting in Danville, Vt. He returns to the study of law in Washington this fall.
- '89. Blair has visited Hanover. He has been appointed clerk of the senate Committee on Labor, and will go to Washington about November 1.
- '89. Thompson has a fine position as principal of the high school at Great Falls, Mont.
- '89. Earle has been tendered the professorship of English Literature and Rhetoric in the University of Indiana.
- '89. Blakely has received an appointment as instructor in English and financial manager of Central Turkey College, at Aintab. He expects to be absent two or three years.
- '89. Sanborn is reporter on the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*.
- '89. Barrett is instructor in English in Hopkins academy, Oakland, Cal. Salary, \$1,000.
- '89. Frost is teaching at Eastport, Me.
- '89. Wheat has been appointed a teacher in the high school in Washington, D. C.
- '89. Perkins is at home this fall, at South Berwick, Me.
- '89 non-grad. Arthur Chase, Jr., entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Mass., this fall.
- '89 C. S. S. Riley has been appointed an instructor in the New Hampshire Normal School at Plymouth.

T H E

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EARLY COLLEGE ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH.

College athletics, in an organized shape, as the term is now understood, are of comparatively recent growth at Dartmouth. For bodily exercise in the earliest years of the college, resort was had to the pursuits of agriculture and other forms of manual labor. In order (says the first code of college laws) that

“the channel of their diversions may be turned from that which is puerile, such as playing with balls, bowls and other ways of diversion, as have been necessarily gone into by students in other places, for want of an opportunity to exercise themselves in that which is more useful . . . it is earnestly recommended to the students . . . that they turn the course of their diversions, and exercises for their health, to the practice of some manual arts, or cultivation of gardens and other lands at the proper hours of leisure.”

But these “puerile” games of balls and bowls could not be wholly repressed; and there was besides, especially by the Indian scholars, canoeing and skilful skating upon the river. Of the agility and endurance of these Indian boys several anecdotes have come down to us. It is said of one, that being engaged in a game of ball near the middle of the Common, he heard cries, and observed a commotion about the college well, situated then at the side of the road close to the spot where Reed Hall now is. Divining instantly that some one had fallen in, he ran at the top of his speed, and, without slackening his pace, leaped upon the bucket that hung from the “sweep,” and, grasping the pole, plunged with it into the well (some thirty feet), where he found and rescued a little girl.

A favorite exercise in times somewhat later, of which for a long period we find constant mention—though it was pursued with a little reserve, generally at night—was the so called “cow hunting,” the protection, that is, of the unfenced Common from the invasion of the village cows. Even the Religious Society had occasion now and then to discipline its members for countenancing this “detestable practice.”

The common, or “College Green,”—its correct official name,—was, in the original plan of the village, devoted by the college to students’ diversions in connection with other public uses, and the games of ball there indulged are duly recognized by the ancient records of the town in legalized derogation of ordinary police regulations. The common was first fenced in 1836, thus discontinuing the highway that till then diagonally traversed it.

That the fashion of the games was varied at times we may well believe, but in the very early years we have no definite information about it. A print of a little before the year 1800 shows us the common as a promenade for ladies and gentlemen, with a game of wicket in progress, to which, however, the promenaders appear to be paying little attention. Not much can be told of the students’ amusements before a period by comparison modern.

The distinctive Dartmouth game was, however, till very lately, from time immemorial, the grand old game of foot-ball, not the modern exclusive and violent Rugby, but the free, joyous, and exhilarating pursuit of the ball all over the Green by every student according to the measure of his inclination and powers. The traditional division of parties, or “sides,” made every one an active member. The first, or “Old Division,” pitted the Seniors and Sophomores against the Juniors and Freshmen. The two great literary societies—“Socials” and “Fraters”—furnished another obvious division; and both of these arrangements of parties brought out often earnest and persistent, but generally good-natured, rivalry. Another favorite division of later years put New Hampshire against the world, in which the New Hampshire boys were usually quite able to hold their own.

Prior to about 1850 the ball consisted of a leathern case inflated by a bladder. The modern rubber ball came then into use, and was found at first too light for the sturdy muscles of Lord and Bell and Johnson, who were able to land it at a single kick from the warning ground, westerly of the centre of the Common, quite over the eastern fence, and into the college yard. For a short time then the game was played lengthwise of the Green, till the champions consented to restrain their powers.

The fame of the Dartmouth game was great in other colleges, and none in those days had courage to compete. The rules of the game were simple, directed to prevent violence and to restrict the propulsion of the ball wholly to the foot. Abuses which crept gradually in compelled at last the interference of the college authorities to formulate and enforce a more stringent, though slightly different, code.

Foot-ball flourished best in the autumn. Spring and summer brought other familiar games—base-ball of the old style, go-as-you-please, and wicket and cricket and quoits, and now and then oddities of play that for a time would excite great emulation. Boxing and fencing have often found admirers, and military drill has been periodically popular. About 1791 arms for this latter purpose were furnished by the state; and in 1820, and again, between 1834 and 1844, the "Dartmouth Phalanx" was one of the choice companies of the state militia, but, sad to tell, at both periods disbanded under pressure of *discipline*. Their handsome blue banner, long preserved in the college "Cabinet," has lately disappeared. The military spirit revived about 1855 in the "Dartmouth Invincibles," and displayed itself with great credit in the class of 1859.

Gymnastics were introduced in a small way by the erection, in 1852, by a few enthusiasts, in the ravine east of the observatory, of a frame popularly called a gallows, by some the "Freshman's Gallows," perhaps because a Freshman did in fact at that time ruin his health for life by too violent exercise upon it. The apparatus consisted of nothing but two suspended ropes with rings, and a horizontal bar. There is a hint of something of this

every vine. One feels as much at home here as when turning the leaves of the easy-going, wisely contemplative Sketch-Book.

How natural it seems that Otsego Hall should be built on the site of an old block-house! The remains of two deserters shot during Clinton's expedition, and a rusty old swivel, were dug up inside the limits of the grounds. We think of the active boy in the early days of the republic, when western New York meant the West, rowing on the beautiful lake, or hunting in the forests which had not yet wholly succumbed to the hand of man; and then the man, after roving for years on the high seas, establishing his literary reputation and travelling in Europe, came back to the home of his childhood to spend his later days. This great, ample house, built of bricks transported some distance especially for it, containing a hall of baronial dimensions, floors of original forest oak, has hanging around it the associations of seventeen works of fiction and several historical works. There is the charm of Leather-Stocking lingering in the noble rooms, and the spirit of Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, lurks around the shores of the beautiful lake.

In the historic town of Concord, on the banks of its placid river, stands a house that one of our greatest dreamers has made immortal. "Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees." It is a receptacle of the shadows and romances of past days. Here the famous parson looked out upon the battle at the bridge; here the parishioner called for his kindly advice; here for several years dwelt a dark-haired, melancholly-eyed man, silent as the grave, who sat inside that cozy study, or floated down the quiet waters in the still of evening. From this house appeared tales, weird and strange, with a dreamy fascination for every fancy-loving man. But it seemed to the villagers that the tales were about all that ever issued from that silent house, for day after day passed without signs of life. To be sure, the golden-haired Una did occasionally take an airing in her little wicker carriage, but the old knocker

became weary from lack of use. What need to speak longer of the "Old Manse," whose mosses are so well known to every lover of letters? Hawthorne's personality surely lingers about it.

In the same peaceful old town stands another house, a plain, square dwelling, surrounded by firs and pines, whose sighing made sweet music for the retired merchant who left Boston to gain the breezes of the country. Here lived for years one whose wisdom, philosophy, and integrity are well typified by the convenient and firmly built mansion. Here met that brilliant band of philosophers which so nobly held up the standard of literature in the days before the war. What room has not clinging to it the memory of some gem of thought wrought out within its walls? The library with its collection of books for use rather than ornament, the chamber where the night awoke calm contemplation—every room speaks to us of Emerson.

Let us turn now to a homestead alive with every human interest, the old Cragie Mansion. Washington, in the time of the siege of Boston, occupied the roomy study on the ground floor, and the chamber directly overhead. Into this chamber came, in 1837, a young professor in Harvard University, who was to make himself felt as akin to the whole world by the human sympathies of his verse. Pleasant years were those he spent in the fine old house, so full of associations of the past. Pleasant indeed must have been the glimpses he caught of the fine old lady who was the last survivor of the Cragie household. The house, after her death, passed into the hands of the poet, and has been sung by him in many of his poems. We think almost unconsciously of "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair," stealing down the stairs which had resounded to the tread of the Father of his Country, or the child throwing aside its playthings and running to the open door, from which Longfellow drew such lessons of life in the poem "To a Child." Is there a note in the great chord of human sympathy and love that has not been struck by our great poet? And so there clings about his home the earnest, sincere affection of a great people, and the admiration of peoples beyond the sea.

C. F. R.

IN UNLIKELIEST PLACES.

I looked for the fair-fringed gentian
 In the haunts where once it grew,
 But I found no trace in the likeliest place,
 Though I searched till the falling dew.

So back I turned to the city,
 And was nearing the busy throng,
 When the waning light revealed to my sight
 The flower I had sought so long.

I was weary and full of disquiet;
 I longed for the highest and best;
 And I failed to find, in the friends once kind,
 An answer which gave me rest.

But there came to me in my trouble
 A friend I had cast aside,
 And I thought of the day when the dusty way
 Could give what the fields denied.

Henry H. Piper.

AUNT DOROTHEA'S RESOLVE.

Madame Bedinger had the true Southern idea. That is to say, she was proud. And that was what made the whole trouble. She was proud of the Old Dominion, its history, its great names, past and present; of her family, its traditions, and its fair fame; and, above all, of the only living male descendant of her particular branch of grandfathers and great-grandfathers, namely, Henry Bayern. All of which was harmless enough in itself had it not been for another troublesome peculiarity of the Madame, which was that she was determined to have her own way.

If all the truth must be told, Madame Dorothea Bedinger was not at all times sweet and forgiving and lovable. Not that her old heart was n't a real, kind, loving, human heart way down in its depths, nor that it had never warmed with affection and kindly feeling towards any of God's creatures. Henry would have told you far differently. But the rest of mankind in general, and little Annie in particular, had had less opportunity to find it out. For this little waif Madame seldom found a kind word. Her treatment of her actually bordered on cruelty. But the poor child

was wont to console herself with an expression she had caught from the chastisements of her mistress, "She was only a worthless little Northerner."

The estimate of Madame's character which was held by the outside world was in confirmation of what I have said. Yet they really knew nothing about it. Her seclusion was something most had given up trying to penetrate. Her pride of itself was not conducive to her popularity. And then, as I have said, Madame *was* crabbed and disagreeable.

It was n't so much her fault, after all. She had had a hard life—a very hard life. A life in which joy had too often been turned into sorrow, anticipation into disappointment, fortune into misfortune. At least, so Madame herself thought; but perhaps she looked at the dark side.

Her girlhood was passed in the exhilarating out-door life of a Southern plantation. At eighteen it was suddenly realized that her intellectual culture had been too much neglected, and she was sent North to school. The two years passed in a beautiful New England town was a valuable experience in itself, from its very contrast to all with which her life had been previously occupied. Education and experience were by no means all, however. She was graceful and charming. Admirers from among the sterner sex were not wanting. One was handsome, gay, gallant. Love was the consequence. Papa's consent was asked and obtained; and a lapse of three years found her the wife of a successful Boston merchant.

But George Bedinger's strength was unequal to the demands of his work, and ill-health was in a few years followed by death. The war broke out, and it was considered inexpedient for the young widow to return to Virginia. Boston, however, soon proved hardly the place for so extreme and aggressive a loyalty to the Southern cause as Madame Dorothea maintained. Battle single-handed and against such overwhelming odds could hardly be satisfactory. Time proved no attenuant of Madame's intense partisanship, or of the bigotry of her adversaries. She therefore at length took the wise resolve to withdraw from the surroundings she had herself rendered so uncongenial. Her hatred towards

Boston and all that was Northern became, and always remained, bitter and intense, and a lapse of two weeks found Madame's person entrusted, where her sympathies had been so long enlisted, to the protection of the stars and bars.

War brought to her an undue portion of misery and misfortune. Father, only brother, friends, property, all were swept away in the brief three years; only the old estate remained, and herself, and—one thing more, her brother's little six-year-old boy, Henry Bayern. Her attachment for him from the first was strong. In short, Henry had ever been the "apple of her eye."

This is the history, as briefly as I can sketch it, of Madame Bedinger. I have not, however, accounted for the membership in the household of little Annie Lorrimer. It came about in this wise. A sister of Mr. Bedinger, whom Madame had never even seen, died, leaving the child an orphan. Friends willing to undertake her bringing up were not found; relatives there were none. The only thing seemed to be for Aunt Dorothea (she never consented to any one's calling her that but Henry, however) to take the helpless little thing into her own home. She did it unwillingly, as she took pains to have it known. And one might well doubt whether Annie had ever kindled a spark of affection in Aunt Dorothea's bosom.

"Annie," Henry had sometimes said to her, when he perceived that her sensitive little nature had been suffering from one of Madame's ill-judged fits of anger, "why is auntie so cruel to you? She is always kind to me. I would gladly suffer for you."

"Do not talk so," she said. "Madame has done so much for me! I do not do right, else she would not scold me. She is very much kinder to me than any one else could be, and I am only a worthless little Northerner, too." This last was said in the utmost humility and sincerity, for the poor child hardly knew what the words meant.

Perhaps the one thing which was Annie's greatest delight was to do something or say something to please Henry. He, on his part, was never anything but kind and tender and loving towards her. He was, in fact, the only real sympathizing friend she had.

ever known. Their fondness for each other, as it had been natural and affectionate from the first, grew into a stronger attachment as time went on. He inspired in her an almost reverential love; while his devotion to her was like that of brother to sister. It was, in short, the sweet, simple, innocent love of childhood.

Few, probably, of the neighbors (if such those living in proximity to the estate of Madame Bedinger may be called) but had thought, as they saw the two grow up from childhood to youth, and on to the very verge of manhood and womanhood, of the possibility of there being sometime between them a stronger tie than that of mere childish friendship. Whether it was that their intimate companionship had been an influence in forming each other's character, or that a kind Providence had so ordered, it was a common remark that they seemed made for each other. To Madame Bedinger, however, at least as far as could be judged from any outward expression, such a possibility as that just referred to had never suggested itself. The old gossips of the neighborhood had gotten nearer the truth than they generally did, when they shrewdly guessed that in the privacy of her closet Madame's teeth sometimes set together and her lips closed firmly, and a certain ungentle light shone in her eye, while she mentally resolved that so long as any temporal or moral authority remained hers such thing should never be. A careful observer, could he have had access to the family life for but a short time, would have become convinced that such thoughts were often in the mind of Madame Bedinger. Her treatment of Annie was different from what it had been in earlier years, but was almost as severe. The girl was shown no indulgence. Her position was that of a humble domestic. She was allowed to associate with Henry when he desired it, but such companionship Madame steadily discouraged or prevented by every means at her command.

The parties most interested had not the least suspicion of all the trouble. Of love in its real significance they knew nothing. Aunt Dorothea's perversity was taken as a matter of course. Neither attempted to account for it, as neither ever had, and both were ignorant of its latest and most unfortunate significance.

Hence it was that Henry was quite astounded one morning when conservative, obstinate, unprogressive Aunt Dorothea announced her intention to send him to Richmond to start in business, agreeably to a proposal that had been made to her by an old family friend. That was Madame's solution of the difficulty. Remembering her own experience, and having no apprehension as to Henry's ready position in the society of the capital city, she trusted to his own good judgment in the selection of a fair partner from some one of the first families of the Old Dominion. But let us not do the old lady an injustice. It was high time the young man was striking out in life for himself.

The idea was by no means altogether uncongenial to the boy himself. The restlessness and vague ambitions of youth had been his in all proper proportion, and he was already more than half suspecting that the little midland county in which was situated the ancestral homestead was rather a limited field for a life work. Yet the parting from scenes and surroundings familiar to him since childhood was a matter of deep regret. The thought of leaving little Annie behind caused him much pain. To be living apart from her, unable to confide in her the plans and joys and disappointments of every-day life and to get from her sympathy and comfort, would be a new experience for him. Yet this was selfish, for how much greater would be her loneliness! He was going out into a new life, to form new interests and connections, while she must go trudging on in the same old way, yet with him gone from her whose life had hitherto been inseparable from hers.

"You seem so happy and cheerful, one would suppose you were yourself setting out on a pleasant journey," he said to her one day, as she was busy making things ready for his departure.

"Your happiness is mine," she answered. "What can ever make me happier than that you should succeed in the world?"

"But won't you be lonesome, little sister?"

"Oh, I shall want to see you very much, but there will be still much to occupy me, you know. Madame, your aunt, is getting old, and I have more and more to do. And, then, I shall write you a long letter every day, and think of you so much!" It was

the simple, thoughtful expression of her love, a love strong enough to sustain her under a grief which otherwise she could not have concealed.

Despite the cares and excitement attending Henry Bayern's first week of city life, he often found his thoughts returning to the home he had just left. Thought of little Annie, and of the cheerless life she must be leading, caused him frequent pain. Yet in her letters he could never perceive the least indication of any discontent. They were as uncomplaining and cheerful as her own sweet little self always was, telling him every commonplace detail of each day's life, and breathing through every word the same simple tenderness and affection. By degrees he came to look forward to the reading of them as the pleasantest experience of the whole day. Every word was noted. Every thought was studied. He re-read them more than once, and gathered from them an inspiration for his own work. He was surprised to find the annoyance it caused him one morning when her letter failed to reach him at its regular time. All manner of conjectures and forebodings started up in his brain, and it was a great relief when he found that the cause was only a delay in the mails.

In short, Henry had, almost without knowing it, fallen in love. The old boyish fondness had been transformed, slowly but surely, into the ardent, passionate love of manhood. He wondered he had never perceived that Annie was really the prettiest girl in the world. He came to feel the true nobleness of her character as he never had before. His whole attitude towards her changed. She was no longer a mere child, to whose inmost feelings and affections he held a sort of claim; she had become a woman, whose love must be sought and won. Before her, whom he had been wont to command, love made him powerless. It was a self-imposed weakness, from which he would fain have risen, but could not. She had always been his superior in heroism and humility and patience, so now the mere conventional bonds of circumstance or accident had lost their power, and he bowed before a truer nobility.

His letters increased in length and frequency and intensity. He

poured out his love in passionate sentences which a few weeks before would have seemed to him impossible. But he met with no response. The tone of her letters was even, respectful, loving, sympathizing; but it was not satisfying to the fire that burnt within him. Could he speak plainer? No. It must be that she did not love him.

At this juncture news was received that Aunt Dorothea had met with a severe accident, and was on the point of death. At last he was to return to the old home, but on how sad an errand. Poor Aunt Dorothea! Was he to lose her who had made him all that he was in the world; had given him almost life itself; the only one, he said, who ever really loved him?

For that week and the week after the world seemed passing before him in a sort of dream. He neither felt deeply nor thought definitely. All he knew was that he performed each duty faithfully, and left the result with a higher Power. Had it not been for Annie he would have broken down completely. He resigned himself to her as to one stronger than himself. Love had given way to despair. He realized that her love was something too pure and sacred to be desired by such as he. What he had already said seemed profanation, and he was almost ashamed of it and wondered that he could ever have uttered it. Only the last words of Aunt Dorothea came to him as a sort of oasis in the desert of his despair: "I have wronged you both. Marry her. She will be a wife worthy of you." And then the old lady passed on to a happier world.

Almost a week had sped by, and they were sitting on the porch talking with each other as they had so often done in earlier days. Not quite as it once was, though, for there had some way arisen between them a sort of barrier, a feeling of reserve, which had never been there of old. He knew he was responsible for it. He upbraided himself for the selfish impetuosity that had desecrated what should have been hallowed ground. Silence had been golden. He longed for the old childhood days, days that would, alas! never be theirs again. The old bond was broken, and he knew by all her conduct to him it could never be replaced. He knew what

she would say to him: "You are good and handsome, and would make me very happy, but I cannot love you. Let us be friends, as when we were children."

Suddenly something whispered to him,—“But how win her if you do not speak to her?”

“Annie,” said he at last, choking, and his voice trembling, “I am not good and noble as you are.”

“Not so, Henry,” she answered, smiling, “you are much better and nobler than I.”

“No, I am not worthy to live under the same roof, to breathe the same air, to tread the same earth with you.” He spoke as in a dream, not hearing what he said.

“Do you say that to make me weep, Henry?” Then, after a pause, she added,—“But why do you say that? You do not love me as you used to do once, Henry.”

He was on his knees at her feet. “Oh, Annie, has this poor tongue then told you so little? Do you not know I love you? Can you not see the fire that is consuming me—to which the love I once felt is as nothing? That was but the shadow, of which this is the terrible reality. Oh, believe me, and if you can say nothing more, say you pity me.”

She turned away and hid her face in her hands. She was trembling with emotion, but he did not notice it.

“I know your thoughts,” he continued, emboldened. “You have a tender heart, but you do not love me. You say the old friendship is enough.”

All at once she turned around. She looked at him reproachfully, yet smiling through her tears, and said,—“Ah, Henry, have you never, then, suspected that I loved you?”

Let the moments that followed be sacred to themselves. Enough that in their happiness Aunt Dorothea's cruel and relentless resolution was forgiven and forgotten. And let us trust that on this happiness, which her resolution had delayed but only intensified, the good spirit of the old lady now looked down with her blessing.

Wm. P. Ladd.

A BEE HUNT.

My grandfather always kept several hives of bees, and I remember one year when a fine large swarm came out towards the last of May. I was at school at the time, and on reaching home at noon found that the rather delicate operation of hiving the bees had been already performed.

Bees are fastidious fellows. To watch them pouring forth from the parent hive at the time of swarming, to see them hurrying and scurrying this way and that, fairly clouding the air with their host, yet every individual displaying a lively example of restlessness and instability, one would suppose their movements most promiscuous and indiscriminate. But wait a little before pronouncing judgment. See! the cloud grows densest toward that apple-tree, and soon there will be attached to the high forked branch a solid pendant mass of bees.

The wise ones tell us that the swarm issues from the overcrowded hive at the command of the old queen, angry at the production of a rival from the royal cell where she has been nurtured and protected by the workers for weeks. They further tell us—for have they not seen it with their own eyes?—that the queen, after flying about a short time in the air, alights, and by the peculiar noise she makes with her wings attracts all the swarm to her. When they have settled down, clinging to the branches and to each other, the sharp, nervous war-cry which prevailed while they were swirling through the air gives place to a quiet, contented hum,—not the busy murmur of peace, but the subdued sound of a bivouac under arms. While they are gathered here, one accustomed to them can approach with safety even within a foot or two, and the old bee-keeper standing near and listening will say, “There! hear that sharp tone now and then, higher than the general hum? That’s the queen!” Now begins the delicate operation of offering them a hive so sweet and so well suited to their taste that they will adopt it for their house. It often happens that despite the most careful preparations and treatment they will none of the patent things of man’s devising, but break camp, fill

he air as at first, and make for a home of their own choice in the woods.

At noon this particular swarm had seemed quiet; but when I was returning from afternoon school I heard the large dinner-bell ringing at a lively rate, and the sound of vigorously beaten tin pans. At once I suspected that the bees were leaving, as I had heard my grandfather tell how they used to throw sand in the air and make a furious hubbub to distract the attention of the bees from the tones of the queen who was leading them away. I believe he was inclined to consider it nonsense; but in this case he decided to leave no stone unturned, or, rather, pan unbeaten, to save this early and valuable swarm. I arrived just in time to see the low floating cloud sail over the field like a fog-drift, rise with the pasture hill, drop on the farther side away down the slope, and fly out of sight over brook and meadow, just above the tree-tops of the woods which extend without a break for a mile or two towards the east. My grandfather said it was of no use to follow them, so we made up our minds that so much was lost.

The time for hoeing came and went, the mows were filled with fragrant hay, and the early grain was threshed. As usual there were a few days when the farmer could take breath. One bright day, my grandfather, hearing that a party of us schoolboys was soon to start for the mountains, said that he had a plan for some sport nearer home. That very afternoon we would try to find the swarm of bees that flew away. I had almost forgotten about them; but he quoted the old proverb,—

“A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay,
A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon,
A swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly.”

Since proverbs are always true, our swarm by this time must have gathered a large store. A “bee line” is no myth, for they keep unswervingly in the same direction. So we kept on in the direction they had taken from the spot where we had lost sight of them, examining closely the trees—shaggy hemlocks, hollow maples, gnarled oaks, and stubs of old-growth pines. Thus we worked on in our difficult search for at least three hours. I began

to think we were beaten, and that it was of no use to go on further ; but my grandfather said it was " now or never," and we would keep on till half past five. A few minutes more, and we came out into an opening in a pasture which had once been used for a field, for heaps of stones were piled up here and there, and around them blackberries were growing. My grandfather sat down to rest, bidding me take a final look into the swampy valley which lay a little below and beyond. I was quite thoroughly discouraged, but picked my way along over the rotten trunks of trees that had fallen in the moist moss, soft and soothing to tired feet. There was really only one tree there which could afford bees an asylum, the rest being short young pines and bushes. The top of this tree, a yellow birch, stood out conspicuous from its surroundings. Its roots were buried beneath the moss-covered mud of the swamp ; its trunk was apparently compact, and rose sheer forty feet without any limbs, and was covered for the last ten feet by just the remnant of branches. I scanned it up and down, but my eyes, so often disappointed, were bound to be disappointed again in the waning light. Just as I was turning I saw a moving speck, then another and another, against the sky, almost at the branches. The bees were entering the tree twenty-five feet from the ground, where years before a branch had broken off, and perhaps " squirrels and flickers had begun excavation in the decaying wood." It took but a moment to make a distinguishing mark on the trunk with the hatchet I carried.

Not caring to follow Burroughs in taking the risk of cutting the tree down and opening the hive at once, we waited till November's first snow, and then, with our neighbor's permission, felled the tree, with a cross-cut saw cut out the portion containing the bees, and carried it home on the sled. The cavity which they had filled was over a foot in diameter and seven feet in length. One comb in particular I remember, filling up one edge, was shaped like a two-edged sword, four feet in length, the transparent comb filled and sealed over. The bees had already consumed part of their store, but we estimated the amount we secured at seventy pounds.

E. T. S. Lord.

A BANQUET SONG.

Quam bonum, quamque jucundum, fratres habitare in unum.

“How sweet when brothers dwell in harmony.”
 So sighed the weary monk, when, worn with pain,
 His frame with torture racked, he died to gain
 A martyrdom by truth and sanctity;
 O'er all his soul poured soft the melody
 Of music sweet when sang the white-cowled train,
 And nave to chancel echoed back again
 The brotherhood's low, soothing minstrelsy.
 So we, whose years are bright and few,
 Whose hearts with youth's strong pulse throb cheerily,
 Who seek the truth of being earnestly,
 Chant the old song to-night with fervor new,
 While arch and rafter sound back joyously,
 “How sweet when brothers dwell in harmony.”

C. F. R.

A DAY ON THE RHINE.

A rainy day brings discomfort to the traveller, of whatever nationality he may be; and the little knot of tourists waiting at the pier at Coblenz, one August morning, were certainly no exception to the rule. Although we spoke a variety of tongues, yet the same idea was expressed by each one of us, and made additionally emphatic by the number of languages in which it was repeated. How abominable for it to rain! This day of all days, too! Of course, as is the way with all travellers, we had dreamed for weeks of the delights of the ride up the Rhine. Legends and history crowded our thoughts, and, in a dim sort of way, chivalry, vineyards, and Cook's tickets had danced before our eyes, which now met only rain-clouds hiding everything from sight.

Then the Niederwald came slowly to her place at the pier, and we hurried aboard, not to take possession of the best positions for scenery, but to get, if possible, a place under the awning spread over the deck, where we might have an occasional view of the river banks should the clouds clear away for good, or should

there come a temporary lull in the rain. We had, to be sure, the possibility of riding in the cabin, but the very thought of that was absurd. Spartan-like, it was our duty to undergo the discomforts of the moment if only that some day we might say, "When we passed St. Goar"—or "When we first came in sight of Bingen;" and so we settled down in our spattered seats, turned up our coat collars, and shivered until time for our little boat to start off on its day's journey.

A sharp toot from the whistle, and we were started at last, which fact we fully realized, as, little by little, the unsavory atmosphere of Coblenz became diluted with the pure air of the country, and soon we had nothing to remind us of the stifling, muddy city but the grim fortress of Ehrenbreitstein as it frowned upon us from a distance. The city, with its protecting Gibraltar and its attractive environs, makes an extremely pleasant place for an extremely short visit, and the traveller is sure to hail with delight pure air when once he can.

The inevitable types of tourist life were huddled under the awning around us: here sat the exclusive Briton with a number of valises placed on stools around him, a huge pile of wraps and sticks occupying two more behind him, so thoroughly walled in by his personal belongings that he was in reality as well separated from the others as if he were comfortably leaning back upon the luxurious cushions of his first-class carriage at home. Free from all that might disturb, he leisurely opened his copy of the London Times, and, buried deep in its pages, passed the entire forenoon supremely oblivious of all else. At a little distance from him sits the lady who speaks nothing but English, whose baggage has in some way miscarried, and who tries in a most frantic manner to make a stupid-looking German deck-hand understand what she wants. After listening attentively for some five minutes to her high-pitched eloquence, he interrupts her with a torrent of guttural oratory, until he, in turn, is broken in upon by the woman. So the conversation continues, German and English alternately and simultaneously, until some neighbor intercedes to secure quiet for the others. Beside a pillar sits the American young lady, good

looking, to be sure, but dressed very showily, with a fortune in diamonds on her fingers and at her ears. As long as she is silent it is a delight to watch her, but when she opens her dainty mouth, and all over the steamer, rising superior to the noise of the rain, can be heard every word she speaks with that peculiar intonation so common to many Americans, one turns to the bank to see if a nasal echo does not come shouting back from the forests. At one side is a German, happy, good-natured fellow, who does not care the least for castle or mountain, whose only anxiety is that the waiter, running about attired in an ill-fitting dress suit, may keep his mug well filled with beer.

An exclamation of delight rises from every one as the magnificent castle of Stozenfels comes into view, with its turrets and well tended grounds; but neither the Englishman could be persuaded to glance up from his *Times*, nor the German from his mug of beer. The rest of us, however, rush to the rail, but only to be driven back by a fresh gust of rain.

As we sail along, the castles increase in size; the cliffs upon which they rest rise more and more abruptly from the water's edge, and the background of crag and forest seems grander than any that have preceded. Wherever there could be found a few acres of level space at the foot of the banks on either side of the river there would be a little village often nestling cosily under the shadow of some castle above it, and as we passed many of these little hamlets a boat would put out from the shore, our steamer would stop its wheels for a few minutes, and then the number of shivering pleasure-seekers on the *Niederwald* had received an addition of one or more.

There were portions of the way that were improved by the clouds and the rain;—the castles, backed up by solid forest and perched upon a cliff high in air, frowning down upon the passengers sailing up the river, were made more gloomy and majestic by the sombre character of the day; but on the other side of the river the miles of fruit-laden vineyards covering the eastern bank needed the smile of bright sunshine to set them off to the best advantage. So it was that we lost and gained at the same time.

The place most to be remembered of the day, is the spot where, on opposite banks of the river, are two villages, the trimmest and neatest of any that we passed—St. Goar and St. Goarshausen. Overlooking the one is the now ruined castle of Rheinfels, the most imposing remnant of mediæval Germany; while over the other is the “Cat,” very little behind its neighbor in romantic interest.

Soon we reach a turn in the river, and our well thumbed Baedekers and charts tell us that we are about to come in sight of the Loreley rocks; so we turn towards the eastern bank, where we see crags rising perpendicularly in the air some five hundred feet, while the muddy river runs in circling eddies at their base. Now our Germanic neighbor, for the first time, looks down from his beer mug, glances at his chart of the river, and then bellows out in tones loud enough to overturn the very rocks, “Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so——” The exertion is too much for his parched throat, and he beckons to the waiter to bring him at once a new supply of beer, and with refilled mug in hand he proceeds with his song, stopping for punctuation every now and then with a few gulps of his well loved drink, until all the verses are delivered. Shades of Heine! I stopped my ears as best I could, and tried to imagine a dainty, bewitching nymph sitting on the rock just above that dirty, muddy water, and singing so sweetly as to entice the fisherman to row into the dangerous eddies. Would she have a mug of beer to refresh her voice with? Just as I had driven away this irreverent thought, suggested by the thirst of my Teutonic neighbor, and was actually picturing the scene as it was before steamboats and personally conducteds flocked up the river, I heard a shrill toot from the depths of the rock, and out from a tunnel, unnoticed up to this time, rumbled a clumsy nineteenth century freight train. I would try no more, for, with a railroad track on either side of the river and a rain-storm pelting down from above, it was hard indeed to paint the Rhine of chivalry and legend.

Just then the waiters passed around, announcing that the *table d'hôte* was about to be served in the cabin, and, as we had all

become thoroughly tired of having little to see but the storm without, the tables were quickly filled, leaving the deck comparatively deserted. The first course was barely over before the rain stopped, and when we had half finished the meal the clouds had nearly vanished from the sky. We ate in true American railway restaurant style, twisting and turning at every bite to see if we were passing anything worthy of notice; and it was not long before we hurried on deck, but only to find that almost the last bits of the romantic Rhine had been left behind while we were at dinner. It hardly seemed ten minutes before we were passing the Mouse Tower in the middle of the river, and approaching the peaceful little village of Bingen; while across the river one could see the colossal statue of Germania drawing her sword over the vineyards of Rüdeshimer Berg, which, terraced and graded with the utmost care, was made to utilize every portion of the mountain-side for the production of that wine for which it has become so celebrated.

With this point grandeur leaves the river. The basin expands, and we seem almost as if sailing through a chain of little lakes; the banks become mere hills, if they rise at all from the water's edge,—and having seen it for five minutes, we have seen as much as is possible in riding the eighteen miles from Bingen to Mayence.

J. B. B.

THE CHAIR.

Again has Mr. Howells given forth his *dictum* upon true art in fiction! We have learned to be expectant of these periodical outbursts, and it is interesting to note them. This time, as the reader of the Editor's Study in the November *Harper's* will observe, it is the consideration of Jane Austen and her work that enables Editor Howells to shoot his arrows of criticism at Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and all that mighty train. That "Miss Austen was great, and her novels beautiful," one would not dispute, but the statement that the art of fiction has declined from her through all the English novelists that have succeeded her,—is it not most amazing? It seems, however, that Miss Austen, nearly a hundred years ago, dealt with human nature just as our own Howells deals with it in this latter part of the nineteenth century. A wonderful anticipation, a wonderful vindication of the Howells idea! Miss Austen was a realist, then, and in this connection we are given a new definition of realism, which is "nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material." If only Scott, Dickens, and all the rest had known how to be realistic, if they had only dealt with their material truthfully, if they had only lived after Mr. Howells and not Mr. Howells after them, no matter if they had been a bit stupid, their realism would have saved, glorified, immortalized them. Mr. Howells is nothing if not entertaining and original. Still again we are told that "the gradual advancement of civilization" among the "poor islanders"—the commiserating term designating our British cousins who read and admire these erring novelists mentioned above—will some day come to appreciate the truth, that is when they get it into their stubborn English heads that sense and good taste demand that they should sink their "personal preferences," and read novels upon "principle." Superb conceit! Or shall we give the genial editor of *Harper's* the credit of being much like the man who talks simply because entranced with the music of his own voice?

But a word for Jane Austen. We would not sully her fair fame by leaving her impliedly stigmatized with an epithet which is often used now as a term of opprobrium. Realist she was, but a model in genius Mr. Howells can follow only in the single way of dealing truthfully with material. At this time, when the modern novel so palls upon the taste, one can do no better than to read Miss Austen's novels of English society, that deal with commonplace things and commonplace characters, yet in such an exquisite way as to charm rather than weary the reader. "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Emma," constitute a trio of remarkable novels. Indeed, the first we have seen again and again honored as one of the world's best hundred books in lists compiled by eminent critics.

Last month we offered a few general suggestions concerning contributors and contributions to the LIT. A more specific statement as to the kind of contributions desired, and a little further advice, may be helpful to those who have the literary instinct and the disposition to work, but are somewhat at a loss with regard to just what to write. Essays, sketches, stories, poems, cover the whole field of college literature. Naturally not a few will attempt the essay, for it is the particular form of writing in which they have had the most training in the preparatory school. Very good; nothing is more acceptable than a proper essay, one that is well conceived and carefully written. The chances of its acceptance will depend upon the choice of a subject, originality of treatment, and literary execution. A suitable subject is very essential. The tendency of the ambitious young essayist is to attempt too much, to go beyond his depth, and yet there should be an avoidance of the commonplace. In general a literary subject should be chosen, or else one that bears directly upon the broader college interests. The sketch is shorter, admits of lighter treatment, and may well be attempted before the essay, as the latter presupposes extensive reading and more or less critical ability, which usually come later in one's college course. The best story possesses an ingenious plot, set forth in graphic description. But ability in word-painting and in imaginative construction are very often not conjoined,

and then the story-teller must make up in one what he lacks in the other. To tell a good story is no easy thing, and one had better content himself with the less ambitious form of the sketch until he feels sure of his power to entertain in spinning a story. As to the verse, that which is graceful, dainty, and artistic is especially sought. Whatever kind of composition is chosen, it should be remembered that naturalness, simplicity, and sincerity are the fundamental qualities in good writing, and without these the other graces of composition cannot exist.

The wave of popular protest against compulsory church service which has swept over so many colleges the last few years has not yet reached Dartmouth, and it certainly ought not, now that we have such a beautiful college church. The old church, with its white, staring walls and generally dingy interior, was little calculated to inspire with feelings of reverence and worship each Sabbath morning; but if the artistic beauty of the renovated church does not help enkindle in one the spirit of "sweetness and light," he must be sadly out of joint. It is hard to conceive of more tasteful improvements than those which the college church has undergone. The old colonial structure is unaltered, and thus historic associations are not destroyed, yet the work of architect and artist has produced a building which is a true temple, in its harmony and simplicity of design and delicate richness of furnishings. The contrast between its beauty and that of the chapel but adds to the charm of both. Surely, we have much to show the visitor beside the natural beauty of our college town. It has often been the complaint here that desired changes come most slowly, but it must be admitted that, when they do come, they are eminently satisfactory.

We announce the resignation from the editorial board of Mr. Quint of the Junior class, who has left college. This vacant editorship is thrown open to competition extending through the year, the place to be filled at the time of the election of the editors from the present Sophomore class next May, or possibly before, should one early show himself to be properly qualified for a position on the board.

BY THE WAY.

Now come the days when we look out from our study windows upon leafless elms and maples, weaving strange fabrics against the sky, and see the campus, deserted more and more as the weeks go by, losing loyalty in that it neglects now to wear the college color, and dons a humble brown.

As we stand watching one of the last foot-ball games of the year, how the cold breath of Boreas makes one shiver! The fallen leaves feel it too, and go scurrying along the side-walk, now stopping to make a "touch-down", and then on again like so many "half-backs," dodging exultantly by some sedate professor, who is passing, as if, forsooth, he were in the wild game himself: on they sweep toward some invisible goal, while I turn to watch the Rugby on the campus.

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Once more we would fain renew our acquaintance with books, not from a sense of duty, nor from a fear of "flunks," but because they win us. When a bright, living novel and an easy-chair league together of a November evening, who can resist them? Books in summer were always a sort of side show. The real entertainment was in the great tent which we call out-doors: the tennis court, the river, woods, lake, and mountain, were the star attractions,—and how we grumbled when it was all closed on account of rain, and books, behind closed doors, were the best amusement offered! But now the scales are turned, and the intellectual palate craves something more substantial than the novels of Ouida and Haggard.

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There are said to be some fellows in college so unsociable as to pass four years within five minutes' walk of hundreds, yes, even thousands, of the most sociable spirits the world has ever seen, and

yet these same persons, either from ignorance that such pleasant company is so near at hand, or from the strictures placed upon their time by a few aristocratic and formal text-books, never get even a bowing acquaintance with the would-be friends that smile down from the shelves of the college library.

Fortunately, these men are few; and there is another class who cultivate a wide circle of acquaintances among the books. Fiction finds the most suitors; History has a large share of attention; Essays, Biography, Science, Travel, and Philosophy each have a few admirers,—but alas for Poetry! The queen of the arts seems to have lost her charms, and her star shines dimly just now at Dartmouth.

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Having a geological turn of mind the other day, I stopped in my walk to examine the strata of an out-cropping ledge; and as I was noting the huge layers of rock, here plunging down vertically into the soil, leaving one to wonder how deep they might extend, and there twisted as if squirming under the pressure of a giant hand, I fell to musing. How like these layers, which crust over our planet, are the incrustations upon the great world of truth, which we know as thoughts!

Philosophers have sunk their wells, lowered their spiritual thermometers and hygrometers, and drawn their subtle conclusions as to what was below the crust, but, poor men, their readings have failed to agree, and their theories widely differ. Yet we have the thought crust, much the same as it was in Plato's and Aristotle's time, thickened a little since then in places, but the same old soils, grubbed over year after year by new thinkers. One unearths a crystal here, or chips off there a fossil, long embedded in the old rocks, and these are forthwith brushed up and exhibited to the public as original thoughts. Now and then a Goethe or a Bacon appears, having such an aptitude for this kind of gem hunting that his less favored brethren exclaim, A man of originality!—but carefully examine his glittering treasures, and you see they have been only repolished and reset by their finder.

What a place for character-study is the students' boarding-club ! The recitation-room affords, at best, an artificial state of existence, in which one's knowledge is at dress parade ; but at the club-table the student is at home and himself, free to differ with his text-books, professors, or even his landlady's methods of cooking, if he be so minded.

What a diversity of characters appear in this boarding-house comedy ! Take, for instance, that taciturn youth, a fellow whose recognition of the need of bodily sustenance is wonderful to behold, whose thoughts are so bent on the priceless value of time as not to allow the discussion of less important matters, and should an utterance struggle out, perchance, a blush of surprise follows it upon the face of its unwilling liberator. Our friend is afflicted with a disease which is likely to attack any one earlier or later, usually earlier, and may even be epidemic in a whole club, with what detriment to digestion, and with what a sepulchral effect to a dining-hall, the most of us know from experience.

There is another individual whom we have met, whose ideas are like the sands of the sea for number, and I might add, much like them for weight and size also. His jokes must be good if we consider how they have stood the test of time,—in fact, he is indispensable to every well regulated boarding-club. Between these individuals at the two extremes, we have those in whom the elements of silence and talkativeness are mixed up in any number of proportions,—but how could we do without any of them ? They are just as nature, with a little help from culture, has made them, and what more could we ask of them than that they cultivate such a free and easy manner as invites companionship and conversation !

THISTLE-DOWN.

DIE LACHE UND DAS SCHLUCHZEN.

Roaring and fighting,
The round turrets smiting,
Eric the Red loves the sound of the gale;
O'er his battles he's laughing,
As he sits slowly quaffing,
Blowing the foam from his flagon of ale.

Soughing and sighing,
Like breath of one dying,
Frega, his wife, hates the sound of the blast;
O'er her boys she is crying,
For their bodies are lying
Slain in the battles of days that are past.

Marshall P. Thompson.

A QUERY.

Deep is the sea; yet its secrets
Doth man from its bosom wrest.
Tell me—can one ever fathom
The depths of the human breast?

Far are the stars; yet their distance
Can man in his wisdom teach.
Tell me—can mortal e'er measure
How far his thought doth reach?

W. A. Bacon.

CRAYON BLEU.

Benjamin Franklin, by John T. Morse, Jr. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of the most excellent books of this excellent series. Mr. Morse laments that such a busy life must be narrated in the narrow space of four hundred pages. Yet he has accomplished perfectly the purpose of writing a biography of Franklin in his connection with measures of statesmanship. To carry out this purpose, it was necessary to pass over lightly many parts of his life which are of interest to the general reader. The author confesses that he does not wish his book to take the place of Parton's biography. He does intend it to fill a place in the American Statesmen series, which would seem inexcusably empty without a life of one who did more, perhaps, than any other besides Washington, in achieving our national independence. The book is especially rich in facts concerning Franklin's residence abroad, as agent of Pennsylvania in England and as minister to France. We have learned to look with expectancy on any book bearing the blue and gold uniform of this series; and in this work we are not disappointed.

Zschöкке's Tales. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

Comprises "Adventures of a New Year's Eve," "The Broken Pitcher," "Jonathan Frock," and "Walpurgis Night." This "Knickerbocker Nugget" is composed of translations from an author who won a place among the German classics by his bright stories. They are truly charming, the narration being swift and easy, the incidents interesting, the tone pure. A more puzzling scene of confusion than is caused by the watchman and prince changing characters on New Year's Eve would be hard to imagine. "The Broken Pitcher" is a charming idyl. "Jonathan Frock" turns upon the common hatred of the Jews, and how love conquered it in a particular case. "Walpurgis Night" is as horrid a dream as could be well pictured. The volume is a worthy successor to the literary nuggets that have preceded in this series.

Selections from Wordsworth, with notes, by A. J. George, M. A. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

The selections are so made, that the growth of Wordsworth's power as a poet is well shown, the poems being arranged chronologically. The sonnets are collected apart from other poems. The notes are suggestive rather than complete, and aim to supplement rather than introduce. This edition will be found an excellent one for use in the classroom. It is not necessary to speak here of the ennobling influence which the simple, unaffected words of the master poet of the common-place may be made to exert on the young mind. In our humble opinion, more attention to plain, homely virtue, and less to metaphysical inquiry on the part of the authors of to-day, would prove an efficient antidote to the common taste for the sensational trash which floods the market.

General History, by Myers. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.62.

This volume is based upon the author's *Ancient History*, and *Mediaeval and Modern History*, and is issued in uniform style. The narrative is often changed, and fine illus-

trations set off the text, yet one who has read or studied Myers will find here the same terseness of style, the same condensation and forward movement of the narrative. The book is furnished with topical headings and numerous maps, well fitting it for use in schools and colleges.

A Girl Graduate, by Celia Parker Woolley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

One thing can be said in favor of this new novel: the tone throughout is helpful and uplifting. The gradual development of the impetuous school girl into the kind and thoughtful woman is well delineated, while many forms of social folly are shown in their true light. Of course, as the title would indicate, the book has a heroine, and the movement of the plot is well hinged upon her growth. It is a realistic study of village life, where the sturdy and honest influences predominate. There is not a character in the book who has not many good points. The failures of the work are in the method of treatment, in the fulness of details, often wearisome and seldom essential. Yet, on the whole, this work deserves the success of the author's preceding work, "Rachel Armstrong."

Teacher's Manual of Geography, by Jacques W. Redway. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.50.

In two parts. I, Hints to Teachers; II, Modern Facts and Ancient Fancies. This book will help the teacher explain many points difficult for the scholar to understand. The second part is a mine of general information on geographical subjects.

Topics in Geography, by W. F. Nichols. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.50.

Shows what is best omitted and what best taught in geography. Statistics are avoided, relative dimensions rather being taught. It is the work actually done in the author's school, and so carries with it the weight of actual trial. The binding is uniform with *Redway's Manual*.

Great Words from Great Americans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

Contains in a neat and handy form,—The Declaration of Independence, The Constitution of the United States, Washington's circular letter of congratulation and advice to the governors of the thirteen states, Washington's inaugural and farewell addresses, Lincoln's inaugural and Gettysburg addresses, and fine portraits of Washington and Lincoln. It puts in convenient form documents to which every American should have ready access.

7,000 Words often Mispronounced, by W. H. P. Phyfe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

"A complete hand-book of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names, and words and phrases from foreign languages." Each word is spelled phonetically in giving the pronunciation, and helpful remarks are made with many. The list is preceded by a short treatise on English and foreign sounds.

The Atlantic for November contains valuable political articles on "Character of Democracy in the United States," by Woodrow Wilson, and the "French in Canada," by Eben Greenough Scott. Historical articles are, "Allston and His Unfinished Picture," extracts from the journals of R. H. Dana, and "The Nieces of Mazarn," by Hope Notnor. "Some Romances of the Revolution" is an interesting literary sketch. "The Begum's Daughter" and "The Tragic Muse" are continued. The verse is good, and the book articles unusually interesting, containing notices of some of the best books of the year.

The Century for October contains "In East Siberian Silver Mines," by George Kennan, "Molière and Shakespeare," by C. Coquelin, a valuable dramatic article with frontispiece portrait of Molière, "Base-ball for the Spectator," by Walter Camp, accompanied by instantaneous photographs. Maria Mitchell gives interesting "Reminiscences of the Herschels." Three articles on phases of industrial education answer the demand of the times. The fiction is good, and the verse excellent, "Songs of Ireland" being novel and pleasing.

Scribner's for November contains "Where Emin Is," by Col. H. S. Prout (Baroud Bey), "The Effect on American Commerce of an Anglo-Continental War," by J. Russell Soley, "Electricity in Relation to the Human Body," by M. Allen Starr, M. D., "A New Field of Honor," a description of modern sanitary corps in battle, by James E. Pilcher, "Goethe's House at Weimar," by Oscar Browning. The review of Marie Bashkirtseff's strange diary is interesting. The fiction and verse are below the usual standard.

Lippincott's for November has for its complete novel "A Belated Revenge," by Robert Montgomery Bird. Other notable articles are "William Cullen Bryant," by R. H. Stoddard, "Handwriting and Writers," by William S. Walsh, and a decidedly one-sided discussion of "Does College Training Pay?" which question is answered in the negative by D. R. McAnally.

The *National Magazine* for November will contain, among other articles, "Comparative Philology," by Prof. Schele de Vere of the University of Virginia, "Political Science," by Prof. R. M. Smith of Columbia, and "Shakespeare," by F. W. Haskins, Ph. D., Chancellor of the new national University of Chicago. The magazine promises valuable scientific and political articles for future issues.

Ginn & Co. announce the publication of "Elementary Mathematical Tables," by A. Macfarlane, D. Sc., D. D., Professor of Physics in the University of Texas. These tables, logarithmic, circular, exponential, etc., are mostly four places.

Christian Theism, Monopolies and the People, Hansa Towns, Translations at Sight, The Eastern Nations and Greece, The Story of Boston, Corson's Introduction to Shakespeare, and The State will receive mention in our next issue.

The Granite Monthly for September and October contain sketches of Hon. Hiram D. Upton, Dart. '79, and Granville P. Conn, A. M., M. D., Dart. Med. Coll. '56. *The Journal of Education* continues "The Essentials of Psychology," by A. E. Winship. "Our Book Table" is a valuable department of this excellent periodical. We are glad to see the straightforward Americanism displayed in regard to the teaching of patriotism in our public schools. *Education* maintains its high standard. *The Dial* is a valuable critical monthly. We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of *The Golden Rule, Sunday School Times, and Our Dumb Animals*.

EXCHANGES.

It seems a pleasure to tear from their wrappers old, familiar friends, who, from a year or so of acquaintance, have come to be welcome guests at our table. A glance at the title-page discloses names which are, almost without exception, new to us; but upon reading the work of the new editors, we find that they are to go on upon the lines laid down by their predecessors in their respective sanctums; and so we realize, with pleasure, that our friends are back again once more, and practically unchanged.

The *Williams Lit.* for October opens with an interesting series of "Legendary and Historical Sketches of Williams," followed by a palinode, which, through its weakness in design and crudity of execution, seems entirely out of place in the magazine. The remainder of the verse is excellent, the translator of Uhland's Spring Songs reproducing perfectly in his lines the meaning and rhythm of the German, while "Before My Fire" is clear and graceful in style, and its thought, diction, and movement are blended in remarkable harmony.

The articles contributed to the October number of the *Vassar Miscellany* show a great similarity in style, but one in particular, "The Mountain Lake," makes us ask if it is possible that here is reflected the anxious and expectant attitude of the Vassar maiden. That is our conclusion upon reading such interrogations as "What is man like, O breezes? Is he like us, and shall we love him?" No, girls, we are not exactly like you, but we trust that the time will come when you will love us, or, at least, be sisters to us. "An Even-song" presents an everyday scene, with finely drawn word pictures, but the description of the ascent of Mount Pilatus is decidedly unsatisfactory in design, faulty in construction, and brings out but a small part of what is possible from such a subject.

The *Yale Lit.* begins its new volume with a collection of articles of a more practical stamp than is usually to be found in college publications. The leading feature in the number is the DeForest Prize Oration, "The Quakers of the Seventeenth Century," an extremely well written article, with possibly a touch of the Emersonian in its construction, which is, however, excusable when one considers the amount of material to be compacted into the small space of such a paper: the clean, finished style of the piece is truly delightful. The critique of Austin Dobson is evidently written by one who has caught the inspiration of the poet, and in his prose we perceive that same delicacy of touch which is to be found in the work of the foremost master of *vers de société*. The poems in the number seem of uneven merit, the excellent and the commonplace meeting too frequently to please, but in "Optimism" we have a thought intelligible to the ordinary reader, and expressed in finished verse.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

It is doubtful if any other state in the Union can show a better array of eminent native-born citizens, or of sons who have attained eminence in other states, than Vermont. She can justly feel proud of the list. Dartmouth has helped her fit many of her sons for these high positions, and honored many more. Among these Vermont Dartmouth men are two vice-presidents, William A. Wheeler '65 hon., and Levi P. Morton '84 hon.; a president of the Senate, Stephen R. Beadley, 1786; two cabinet officers, Jacob Collamer '55 hon., and Redfield Proctor '51; one member of the inter-state commission, W. G. Veazey '59; one minister abroad, Geo. P. Marsh '20; one Register of the Treasury, S. B. Colby '36; and a chief clerk of the Pension office, A. W. Fisher '58. Among Vermonters who have represented other states in the House of Representatives are A. H. Cragin '61 hon., E. A. Hibbard '63 hon., and Ossian Ray '69 hon., New Hampshire; W. A. Field '55, and A. F. Ranney '44, Massachusetts; James Wilson '05, and Levi P. Morton '84 hon., New York; Thaddeus Stevens '14, Pennsylvania; Geo. W. Cate '61, Wisconsin.

The Tilton & Belmont Railroad was lately opened with appropriate ceremonies at Belmont. The arrival of the first train was greeted by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. A lunch was served at the station, after which the citizens and visitors gathered around the piazza of Brown's hotel, from which addresses were made. Among the speakers were ex-Gov. Smyth '65 hon., of Manchester, S. B. Page '68 hon., of Haverhill, Col. Thomas Cogswell '63, of Gilmanton, Col. Whipple '64 hon., of Laconia, and Capt. William Badger '48.

The commissioners appointed by Gov. Goodell to revise the laws of New Hampshire are successful lawyers, and all graduates of Dartmouth. They are W. M. Chase '58, W. H. Cotton '72, and G. B. French '72. Mr. French has resigned, giving as a reason the pressure of private business. The *Independent Statesman* has this concerning the commission: "The governor and council have acted promptly in appointing this important commission, and the gentlemen selected are recommended as well qualified for the arduous duties devolving upon them. W. M. Chase is a well known attorney and counsellor. He is of a diligent, painstaking turn of mind, has had a large experience, and, if he is willing to forego the profits of a lucrative practice to hold the position, he will discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the public. William H. Cotton, of Lebanon, is a man who fulfils the expectations of his friends. He is also one of the younger members of the bar, who has gained for himself honorable standing in his profession. He will bring to his work good legal training, and will be found to be an efficient member of the commission. George B. French, of Nashua, is one of the bright young men of the state. As a lawyer he easily took front rank at the bar, and he has an acknowledged reputation as a discreet counsellor. He has a good legal mind, and his work will be a credit to himself and the bar." The revision of the statutes now in use went into effect Jan. 1, 1879, and is known as the General Laws.

In the commission was Hon. Levi W. Barton '48, of Newport. The compilation in use previous to the General Laws, and the commissioners, were as follows: 1790, Laws of New Hampshire, Jeremiah Smith '04 hon., Nathaniel Peabody 1791 hon., and John S. Sherburne 1776, whose revision, which was enacted in February, 1791, continued in great measure to be the basis of our statute laws until the enactment of the Revised Statutes in 1842, when the work was done by Hon. Samuel D. Bell '54 hon., and Hon. Chas. J. Fox '31, with whom was associated Hon. Joel Parker '11, who was unable to take any active part in the revision. The General Statutes of 1867 were compiled by Hon. Samuel D. Bell '54 hon., of Manchester, and Hon. Asa Fowler '33 of Concord. The work of the present commission will be to compare and collate the General Laws of 1878 with the laws passed at the sessions since that time.

At the annual meeting of the Profile & Franconia Notch Railroad, held at Concord lately, these Dartmouth men were elected directors: B. A. Kimball '54 C. S. S., and J. P. George '78, of Concord, and W. M. Parker '71, of Manchester. At a subsequent meeting the directors organized, with Mr. Kimball as president, and Mr. George as clerk.

'35 Med. Coll. Dr. David A. Grosvenor, who has practised his profession at Danvers, Mass., since 1839, died on Friday, Sept. 27, from the effects of a shock received three days before. He was born in Manchester 77 years ago.

'39. Dr. Ralph Butterfield, secretary of the class, has sent the following: "This class numbered sixty-one. Seventeen of the twenty-two survivors were present in Hanover at the last Commencement, and celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Those present were,—Rev. Ephraim Adams, Iowa, Joseph Badger, Gilmanton, Prof. Cyrus Baldwin, Hill, N. C. Berry, Boston, Dr. Ralph Butterfield, Kansas City, Mo., Prof. C. C. Chase, Lowell, Mass., Rev. J. Bowen Clarke, Boston, Judge Sylvester Dana, Concord, George N. Eastman, Farmington, Allen Lincoln, Woburn, Mass., Dr. William Govan, Stony Point, N. Y., Lyman Mason, Boston, Dr. F. E. Oliver, Boston, Rev. Charles Peabody, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Dr. Alfred Stevens, Westminster, Vt., Rev. M. H. Wells, Northfield, Mass., and Dr. David Youngman, Boston."

'39. Geo. N. Eastman has been elected president of the Strafford county bar.

'41-'45 Med. Coll. Dr. Jesse P. Bancroft, of Concord, who was recently seized with illness while conducting a meeting of the New England Psychological Society, of which he is president, has been removed to his home, and is steadily improving.

'42. Rev. Allen Hazen, formerly of Deerfield, Mass., has accepted a call to Hartland, Vt., and moved thither.

'44-'47 Med. Coll. Dr. Charles Haddock, a well known physician of Beverly, Mass., has died. His death was not unexpected after the recent severe shock of apoplexy. Dr. Haddock was born at Hanover sixty-seven years ago. His father was a clergyman, and a professor in Dartmouth. Dr. Haddock entered first upon his practice in a small New Hampshire town. In 1847 he went to Beverly and settled in practice, residing there ever since, winning a high reputation for his medical skill and his knowledge of surgery. He was a member of the Massachusetts and Essex South Medical Societies. He was surgeon of the Eighth Regiment during its nine months campaign in the Carolinas, and was surgeon of the Second Corps of Cadets for several years. He has been medical examiner for Beverly District since the office was created, and was chairman of the Board of United States Pension Examiners, having been recently appointed. Dr. Haddock was a genial man, social in his tastes, a keen sportsman, and a lover of the woods. As a surgeon

he stood among the most skilful, and his opinion was often sought. He leaves a widow and one son, Dr. Charles W. Haddock.

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., preached the sermon at the dedication of the handsome new church which succeeds the old meeting-house at the corner of Main and Wellington streets, Worcester, Mass.

'47. Dr. S. T. Brooks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., read a paper at the annual meeting of the State Medical Association, held at Burlington, Oct. 10.

'51. Secretary of War Proctor has leased for a term of years the residence of Mrs. B. F. Grafton, Seventeenth street and Massachusetts avenue, Washington. This house is said to be one of the finest in the city, and is surrounded with spacious grounds. The interior is superbly finished, and the residence has recently been refurnished throughout. Secretary Proctor and his family have taken possession, and it is expected that their home will be the scene of many brilliant social gatherings this winter.

'51. The examining surgeons for pensions in Grafton county have organized, with Major H. B. Fowler, M. D., of Bristol, president.

'53. The resignation of Rev. M. T. Runnels, at East Jaffrey, was accepted, with resolutions of great regret, by the people whom he has served faithfully for somewhat over three years.

'54. Rev. S. L. B. Speare read a paper on "The Advantages of Long Pastorates" at the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the General Congregational Association of Minnesota, lately held in St. Paul. Mr. Speare finds a warm welcome in his new pastorate with the Pilgrim church, Minneapolis.

'57 C. S. S. Prof. C. C. Rounds, Ph. D., principal of the Normal School at Plymouth, has returned from Europe, where he has been as state commissioner from New Hampshire to attend the Paris Exposition.

'58. A handsomely prepared and appropriate memorial pamphlet of the late Rev. Benjamin Merrill, of the Congregational church at Swanzev, has been published. It contains the resolutions of respect passed by the Monadnock Association and the Cheshire County Conference of Congregational Ministers, the resolutions adopted by the Chautauqua Circle of Swanzev, extracts from letters of sympathy, and published tributes.

'59. The surviving veterans of the Sixteenth Vermont Volunteers have decided to erect a regimental monument on the Gettysburg battlefield. This memorial will mark the spot where the Sixteenth, under the command of Col. Wheelock G. Veazey, made the brilliant and successful charge on the flank of Wilcox's Brigade immediately following the movement on Pickett's Division made by Stannard's Brigade, of which the Sixteenth formed a part. The charge by Col. Veazey's regiment was one of the most effective and decisive movements made by any organization in the battle.

'59. Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., preached the sermon at the installation of the new pastor at Westmoreland. Rev. E. H. Greeley, D. D., '45, also had a part in the service.

'59. Dr. Edward Cowles, of Somerville, Mass., is one of the trustees of Clark University.

'60. Judge Chase read a very interesting historical sketch of the college church at its reopening, October 26. Prof. Ruggles '59 also made a short address.

'61. George A. Marden delivered an address at the annual reunion of the Thirty-third Massachusetts Regiment Association.

'61. H. J. Crippen has been elected treasurer of the Republican Club of Concord.

'63. Hon. Frank P. Goulding, of Worcester, Mass., has been appointed a trustee of Clark University.

'65. Rev. H. I. Cushman was appointed on the Board of Visitors for Tufts college at the recent meeting of the trustees.

'67. Elisha B. Maynard, of Springfield, Mass., was nominated by the Democrats for attorney-general. Mr. Maynard was born at Wilbraham, Mass., Nov. 21, 1842. His father was a farmer, and the boy worked on the farm until 1856, when his parents moved to Springfield. After graduation he studied law with Stearns and Knowlton, of Springfield, and was admitted to the Hampden county bar. He then spent one year in going through the West and South, joining a surveying expedition of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad in the spring of 1869. In the fall he returned to Springfield, and has practised law since then, being at present in partnership with Hon. C. C. Spellman. Mr. Maynard has served in the Springfield common council, and has been city attorney. In 1878 he was elected to the legislature, and was elected mayor in 1887, and reelected the following year, serving with honor to the city and to the Democratic party, of which he has ever been a staunch member.

'71. Prof. M. D. Bisbee read an able paper on "The Pulpit and Pew" at the recent annual convention of Congregational and Presbyterian churches held in Exeter. Rev. J. M. Dutton '73, of Great Falls, made an address, and the secretary, Rev. E. H. Greeley '45, read the annual report.

'71. Hon. Albert R. Savage has lately been elected supreme dictator of the Knights of Honor. Mr. Savage was born at Ryegate, Vt., December 8, 1847. He was principal of the Northfield, Vt., high school from 1872 to 1875, when he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law at Lewiston, Me. He was county attorney from 1881 to 1885, judge of probate from 1885 to 1889, and is now mayor of Auburn, Me. He is connected with several important business enterprises in Maine, has always enjoyed a large and lucrative practice, and is considered one of the leading lawyers of the Pine Tree state.

'72. Charles A. Jewell was elected to membership at the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Hon. Franklin Fairbanks '77 hon. was also elected a member.

'72. Bishop Talbot, of Wyoming, was one of the principal speakers at the Protestant Episcopal Convention.

'72. Alfred R. Evans, of Gorham, has been elected secretary of the newly organized Phillip Brook Improvement Company.

'73. George H. Adams has been elected president of the Pemigewasset National Bank, at Plymouth. Mr. Adams has been a director of the bank since its organization, and a member of the Finance Committee for several years.

'73. Rev. Joseph B. Clarke is teaching at Hanford, Cal., and also supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church there.

'74. Hon. Samuel L. Powers of Newton, Mass., handsomely entertained at his home the members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon National Convention while in session in Boston.

'74. Frank S. Streeter has been elected clerk by the directors of the Lake Shore Railroad.

'75. William S. Forrest, of Chicago, is the leading counsel for the defendants in the Cronin case.

'76. E. C. Stone is editor and proprietor of the *Brownsville Clipper*, a weekly Republican paper at Brownsville, Pa.

'76. Arthur Hay is employed in the inspector's room of the Western Electric Company in Chicago. His home address is 227 South Clinton street, Chicago.

'76. B. J. Wertheimer is a very successful attorney and counsellor-at-law. His address is 349 La Salle street, Chicago.

'76. Rev. F. W. Ernst is principal of Dow academy at Franconia.

'76. F. G. Gale is located at Waterville, P. Q. He is a member of the firm of Gale & Sons, manufacturers of Dominion wire mattresses.

'76. Rev. W. S. Sayres is located at Montevideo, Minn., where he is a missionary.

'76. P. T. Marshall is principal of the high school at Hudson, N. Y. He is also president of the Columbia County Teachers' Association.

'76. Rev. C. S. Sargent is pastor of the Congregational church at Adams, Mass.

'77. A. H. Campbell is principal of the State Normal School at Johnson, Vt. He recently received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Vermont.

'77 T. S. C. E. Edward K. Blanchard is at Rich Hills, Mo. He is chief engineer on the Kansas City & El Dorado Railroad.

'78. Rev. H. W. Stebbins, of Athol, has received calls from the Congregational church of Hinsdale and the Harvard Avenue Congregational church of Medford, Mass.

'78. N. W. Norton, of Buffalo, has been appointed assistant district attorney for northern New York.

'78. Prof. William Henry Ray, whose death was noticed in the September number of the LIT., was born at Barnet, Vt., and was the son of Rev. Benjamin F. Ray '51, who died when William was 14 years of age. After graduating from college, Prof. Ray taught high schools three years in the East, and was principal of the Waukegan, Ill., high school two years. He was elected principal of the high school at Hyde Park, Ill., six years ago, and has been the means of bringing it to rank first in the state. During the summers he took active part in institute work, and lectured much on educational matters. When he first went to Hyde Park he founded the Park Side Presbyterian Mission, which has proved very successful. He was a great worker in church matters, and taught a large class in the Sunday-school. The editor of *The Academy* writes thus of Prof. Ray: "Versatile, energetic, outspoken, and aggressive, he had a boyish frankness and *bonhomie* that made him very lovable. One felt at once that he was a man to trust in every relation of life. Intimacy served only to deepen this feeling. To his work and success as a teacher there are abundant witnesses, not only in his own town, but throughout Illinois, where he had come to be known as a leader, both in thought and action. There was about him little of the conventional school-master. In his own school personality counted for more than formal method, and his personality was of the ideal type. He was so sure of himself and of his pupils that he had no need of the time-honored barriers which teachers of weaker power are forced to raise between themselves and their scholars. There was with him no parade

of discipline, but there was every sign of perfect control. Outside of the school, he was the genial companion, the ready helper, the competent man of affairs. Without pretence or pedantry, he was satisfied to pass simply for what he was. In him every honest man had a friend, every good cause a helper."

'81. W. B. Greeley, first assistant examiner in the Patent Office, has tendered his resignation to take effect immediately.

'81. Rev. G. W. Patterson, of the Congregational church at Bristol, lately baptized fifteen persons, and received nineteen into membership.

'82. William P. Quimby was recently married to Miss Wills, of Gettysburg, Pa.

'83. O. H. Gates took a fellowship at Union Theological Seminary this year, and is now in Berlin, where he expects to study for two years as fellow.

'84. H. B. Hulbert is still employed as a teacher in the Royal Korean College at Seoul, Korea.

'85. Frank O. Chellis, of Newport, is principal of the high school in that place.

'85. Rev. A. Herbert Armes, assistant pastor of the Franklin street Congregational church in Manchester, will have charge of the new Bethany chapel at Goff's Falls, and also the mission at Londonderry, both of which have recently been established by the above named church.

'86. F. O. Wood has left the *Boston Advertiser* and gone to Montpelier, to take full charge of the *Vermont Watchman*.

'86. Hans P. Andersen has returned from his European trip greatly improved in health. He has gone to his new field of labor, Asheville, North Carolina.

'87. D. S. Ruevsky is in the Junior class of Hartford Theological Seminary.

'87. M. W. Morse is in the Senior class of Hartford Theological Seminary.

'87. G. W. Shaw has been appointed Professor of Science and Elocution in Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.

'88. Simonds is sub-master of the Pottsville, Pa., high school. Salary \$1,000.

'88. S. B. Nelson has gone into business at Minneapolis, Minn.

'88. Sawyer is superintendent of schools at Waukegan, Ill.

'88 C. S. S. Hazen has established himself as hydraulic engineer at Uva, Wyoming.

'88. Gove is a member of the Junior class in Columbia Law School. He has been offered a membership in the Columbia Athletic Club.

'88. White is with the Union Investment Company, 8 Congress St., Boston.

'89. Bartlett has entered Boston University Law School.

'89. Morrill is assistant superintendent of the Kiesel Fire Brick Company at Rochester.

'89. Ellis is teaching in the Peoria, Ill., high school. Salary \$850.

'89. Allen is principal of the Limerick, Me., high school.

'89. Ross is filling a vacancy caused by the resignation of one of the teachers in St. Johnsbury academy.

'89. Kendall is in the employ of the Pa. Insurance Company at Cleveland, Ohio.

'89. E. B. Davis is instructor in the high school, New Brunswick, N. J.

'89. Reynolds is with the Thomson-Houston Electric Company. Address, 13 Rollins St., Boston, Mass.

T H E

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BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE UTILITY OR FUTILITY OF EXAMINATIONS.

I.

Examinations, like the marking system and many other educational methods, are, of course, to be considered simply as means toward an end. That end is the development of the student's powers, or the proof, by adequate tests, of the satisfactory nature of his acquirements.

The number and the character of such tests must depend upon the age of the student, the grade of his studies, and the aim of the institution with which he is connected. In a university, proffering essentially graduate courses, or in a professional school, the marking system is practically unknown; attendance on the daily lecture or recitation is chiefly voluntary; and the fitness of the individual to receive a degree, or to be passed forward in his work, can be ascertained only by periodic examinations, perhaps accompanied by occasional oral questionings, which themselves are virtually examinations. The object of such examinations is not to impart knowledge, not to elicit opinion, but to ascertain the quantity or quality of acquirement. Such examinations must necessarily be severe and protracted; nor can they be repeated, save, of course, when the student abandons all idea of getting his degree at the hoped-for time, or when he returns to courses of study already attempted.

In a collegiate institution, however, more reliance may be placed upon daily attendance, recitations from a text-book, questions and answers aiming to give instruction as well as to test the student's powers, formal and informal lectures, personal suggestions and appeals, or any system of required attendance and marks for proficiency. Under such methods examinations may be less frequent, or, at least, less severe, for there are other means of discovering what a man knows, and of ascertaining his fitness to continue his course of study.

Which general method is better for a man or an institution cannot here be discussed; but the student should clearly remember that he cannot have the advantages of both at the same time. In the university the examinations must be rigid and final; in the college, or, more properly, in the institution that believes that the best results are attainable by constant guidance and watchfulness, the rules for attendance and the standards of daily accomplishment cannot be materially mitigated without a great increase in the rigor of the ultimate tests. The question for the Dartmouth student is, whether, on the whole, he prefers the present system, or whether he would like greater freedom during the term, followed by a severe examination, failing to pass which he would receive an immitigable order of entrance into a lower class, or of departure from Hanover, when, perhaps, he had deemed his progress entirely satisfactory. Under the university or strict examination system, no man can be warned of deficiencies prior to examination, for no instructor knows what those deficiencies are. Those who, consciously or unconsciously, would like to see the marking system abolished, compulsory attendance done away, and themes substituted for examinations, fall into the well known desire to eat cake daily, and yet to have it remaining minus not a plum, at the end of the term.

As for themes as a substitute for examinations, circumstances alter cases. Formerly, I think, we had too few; now, we are in danger of having too many. Were a theme to be asked on the utility of the study, say of Latin, or of history, or of mathematics, it would hardly be an adequate substitute for a quiz on Quintilian,

or any given period of history, or book of mathematical science. Yet, in other cases, the end sought might better be attained by a theme than by any number of questions.

Let each instructor at any time decide what is best to do, and seek by all available means to develop the intelligent and purposeful individuality of every student.

Charles F. Richardson.

II.

The limited space at my command forbids any extended argument, and such I have no desire to make. What I have to say, therefore, takes the simple form of statement—statement, however, based upon personal experience under definite conditions. With theoretical considerations, or with the results of experience under other conditions, I have no present concern.

The object of an examination is two-fold :

FIRST. It is designed to inform the teacher of the proficiency of the student. Such information is indispensable ; and, if the instruction be given by lectures, examination (of some kind) can alone afford it. Under the recitation system, however (and to this system only I refer), I have never felt the need of this source of information. In other departments experience may lead to other conclusions ; in shorter courses, or with larger divisions, contact with the individual may extend over so brief a period, or may be so rare an occurrence, that the instructor is practically in the position of the lecturer. In short, the generalization of results reached under specific conditions is unwarranted. But I have no hesitation in saying that under the conditions of my practice, examinations have in no instance proved necessary to the formation of a judgment upon individual proficiency, and have in no case essentially modified judgments previously formed. It would be strange were it otherwise. All that constitutes individuality of work must necessarily be brought more prominently and more persistently to view in this daily examination (recitation) than in any single final one. As a test, the former is more searching, more prolonged, than the latter, and better eliminates the errors to

which single impressions are liable. I would go further. As a source of information, an examination is not only superfluous, but, also, at times, embarrassing, introducing elements which disturb judgments deliberately matured under more favorable circumstances. For examinations are usually accompanied by rules which tend to convert the intelligent teacher into the formal administrator of by-laws. The mechanical necessities of a system which obliges the instructor to pass an examination paper whose writer he knows to have been studiously neglectful of duty and opportunity, to pronounce deficient one who throughout the course has given evidence of conscientious endeavor, but who fails to meet the examination requirements because of a slow rate of working power, constitutional nervousness when faced by a time limit, or the like, are exasperating to a sense of justice, and fatal to its administration. This is especially true of written examinations. The written form of examination is, I take it, a necessary evil; necessary, because the time required for an adequate oral test is lacking, and because, therefore, a written exercise is better than a short and inadequate oral one in which luck may play a prominent part. That, as a means of finding out exactly what a student knows of any given subject, an examiner should prefer a written statement to an hour or even half hour, face to face with the candidate, is inconceivable. For such written statements frequently raise more questions than they answer—questions, moreover, which cannot be settled. Is this error clerical, or not—accident, or ignorance? Is this misconception of a question adroit evasion, or honest blunder?—and so on through a host of uncertainties with which every examiner is familiar, but which are impossible in direct oral examination. That papers of this character are competent to overrule verdicts based on daily personal contact with the pupil is certainly doubtful.

In this connection, let me add, the most competent examiner of a written paper is the instructor. There is an implication of greater impartiality, of a loftier standard, in the theory of a special examiner, which is extremely seductive, but, I believe, phantasmal. In the lecture system, it may make little difference who the

examiner is, provided only he be a competent one. In the recitation system, the most competent examiner is the instructor, provided only he be a competent instructor. He expects to find in the papers presented to him the characteristics with which the class-room has made him familiar,—careless statement, dependence on form, lack of originality, and the rest; and as the daily witness of the student's effort to correct these faults, he is of all men best able to evaluate the personal equation of each paper and pass judgment on the ground gained. It has probably been the lot of every instructor who has had experience with visiting examiners, to see shallowness undetected and real merit underrated.

SECOND. Examinations act as a spur upon the student. True; but is there no better spur? By spur is meant incentive to *every-day* effort; and a final examination, like death, always seems a long way off. It is natural to defer preparation for it. The evils of cramming are its notorious outcome. That it favorably affects the recitation work is undeniable; that it does so imperfectly, and at the expense of some of the best elements of manhood, training, and culture, is currently admitted on all sides. Human nature being what it is, a spur we must have. The interior forces which prompt to high ambition, conscientious discharge of duty, and recognition of opportunity, cannot alone be relied upon in the formative period. We must resort to external aids, but such as do not substitute small ends for great ends, false ideals for right ideals, and which do not sacrifice the spirit to the letter of education. Exemption from examination of all whose daily attendance and achievement are satisfactory to the instructor seems to me an adequate substitute for a final examination. It lays the emphasis on the right things. It is a condition which faithfulness and steady endeavor can meet, but which trickery and fitful effort cannot. It offers no temptation to dishonesty, suggests no false ideals or standards. It promotes uniformity, not irregularity, of work; tends to form right, not wrong, habits. My experience leads me to value it as a spur far more highly than an examination. Why not, since it acts every day? As compared to the old road, with its five-bar gate at the end, the new road has been on a higher

level throughout, and progress thereon more rapid and satisfactory.

The examination of a student who fails by reason of absence, or by neglect to meet the requirements of the instructor, is clearly, so far as the term's work is concerned, neither a spur to the former nor a source of information to the latter. It is of the nature of a second opportunity. Ample time to prepare for it should therefore be given, and it should be oral and thorough.

A single word more in closing this too brief statement. In spite of the fact mentioned by President Adams, that the lawyer who crams for his plea, the clergyman for his sermon, the statesman for his speech, the professor for his lecture, do so for ends exterior to the actor, and not for their own improvement, as the student should, and that, therefore, the analogy between these cases and that of the student who crams for examination fails at the vital point, I am still inclined to believe that the power to momentarily grasp and retain a mass of detail, undoubtedly fostered by cramming, is a valuable one, and that it would be fair to include among the advantages if not the objects of examinations this preparation for a test, this systematic arrangement of knowledge in a form to meet a sudden emergency. This advantage is far from offsetting the disadvantages of examinations, and, moreover, can be otherwise secured. A quiz once a month or once in three weeks, an exercise that is of the nature of an examination but of more frequent occurrence, is far better adapted to secure this end. Such exercises also strengthen the grasp of fundamental facts and principles, favor their retention by the memory and render the memory itself more alert, and would presumably be of greater service in other departments, whose subject-matter passes out of sight day by day, and is not, as in mathematics, more or less constantly in use.

A. S. Hardy.

III.

The subject of examinations may be discussed theoretically with reference to their place in a system of education, or practically with reference to their employment in any given institution. I

shall confine myself to the latter side of the subject, basing my remarks upon my experience. With the propositions of Professor Hardy I am in substantial accord. Yet so broad a subject treated so summarily must, as he points out, offer many points for suggestion, and taking those propositions as a starting-ground, I would offer the following considerations :

FIRST. While it is true that daily recitations in general give an instructor a better idea of a student's work and progress than a brief examination, it is also true that for a certain class of minds an examination is the best test. Every teacher knows by experience that certain students always do better in examination than in recitation, and that a slight confusion of statement and apparently of thinking, when in the presence of an instructor and a class, give way, when a student is thrown upon himself, to a clearness of thought and an accuracy of statement that are superior to his ordinary work. That mind has a power of rallying its energies, of using its various stores, and of making a sustained effort, that does not appear in the lesser calls of the class-room, and yet it forms an essential element of its strength. In connection with a marking system, examinations are very desirable for that class of minds, since it gives them an opportunity of showing in competition an element of strength that would not elsewhere appear. The brilliant recitationist, who makes ready use of information quickly obtained and insecurely held, is often surpassed by the quiet scholar of a more painstaking but stronger mind.

SECOND. The element of chance, which in any given examination may work to a student's disadvantage, will, in the long run, equalize itself, and, in fact, is the very basis of examinations such as ours. Examinations for which sufficient time can be given, and which combine both written and oral tests, eliminate, so far as the matter is concerned, the element of chance; but examinations which consist of one or two selected passages of an author read, or of a few representative questions, depend entirely for their value upon the fact that on the average they will touch alike the student's knowledge and ignorance. If he have but a half mastery of a subject, his chances of success and failure are

equal, but his chances of success improve in proportion to his better acquaintance with the subject, till familiarity with the whole insures success. This consideration is irrespective of the way in which the knowledge is obtained, whether by honest work, by cramming, or by dishonesty, since the examination indicates the fact of knowledge, and only by inference the way in which it was obtained.

THIRD. Examinations are of different values in different subjects. I am of the opinion that they are most effective in certain elementary courses and in those of a more advanced nature. For instance, in the rudiments of a language an examination may best show, as it were by a bird's-eye view, whether a scholar has in hand the forms of conjugation and declension. In the more advanced subjects, his ability to generalize and to exhibit in summary form the results of processes is brought out, while in the intermediate stages of proficiency and mental advancement his work can best be judged by his instructor in the daily meeting of the class-room. Examinations are certainly helpful to the instructor and stimulating to the student, which do not try the memory so much as the reasoning powers. I once knew of an examination paper in geology something as follows: "In a certain place is a certain kind of stone in which is embedded a peculiar fossil: state the geological history of the stone and the circumstances under which it reached that place." Such a paper was worth a hundred questions following the line of text-book instruction. So in history, a comparison of facts is often far more valuable than the statement of the facts themselves. In such subjects a thesis is often of great value as a substitute for an examination, since it indicates the student's ability not only in generalization and statement, but in the gathering and arrangement of materials, and since it not only stimulates work for the class-room, but encourages the taste for independent study.

FOURTH. The value of an examination, restricted by the general character of the subject, is largely determined by the character of the instructor. He may make it almost worthless by giving it a purely formal and perfunctory character, and invite the

attempt to pass by cramming, or he may make it effective by giving it such a form that cramming will not help in passing, or by restricting its range and increasing its use he may make it more of a quiz or a topical review.

From these considerations, and the principles underlying examinations suggested by Professor Hardy, I believe it would be unwise to abolish examinations entirely, but that their use should be left very largely to the individual instructor. They may be profitably employed by some, and omitted by others. A conscientious instructor will know by what means he can best stimulate his students, and, also, form his own estimate of them. That examinations, however, are a stimulus is undoubted; and in withdrawing them there is double need that the work of the class-room be made thorough and exacting. If it is clearly understood that there is no release from the daily discharge of faithful and honest work, and that a spurt will not make up for persistent inattention, the stimulus of examination will be well supplied.

John K. Lord.

IV.

In the limited space allotted to my views on the subject of examinations, I can only state very briefly conclusions arrived at in an experience mainly mathematical, and hence not necessarily of general application.

In order to secure the best results in any course of instruction, the instructor must keep perfectly informed of the progress of the student. The greatest success cannot be reached in the study of any subject when it is not possible to examine every student at every exercise. When the number in the recitation division, the recitation-room, and the time available for the recitation, are so adjusted to each other as to ensure this daily understanding of the progress of the student, nothing further is necessary to enable the instructor to form a fair estimate and record of the work done. When such a record is satisfactory, there is no risk involved in accepting it as sufficient proof that the student has acquired the requisite amount of knowledge of the subject.

As a rule, the large number in our recitation divisions, the lim-

ited resources of our recitation-rooms, and consecutive recitations, which necessitate the leaving of much work unfinished, render occasional examinations on portions of subjects, or final examinations on whole subjects, necessary to secure a uniformly thorough knowledge.

Examinations on portions of all the elementary branches of mathematics have a decided advantage in fixing the attention upon facts, principles, and methods, which are important in the further study of the subject. Even in final examinations, special attention may be called to principles to be applied in scientific studies later in the course.

The best method of examination is a combination of the oral and written, which is only practicable for small divisions under the conditions existing with us.

The oral examination, limited to a few minutes and a few questions on a single topic, simple or difficult, is of small value as a test of knowledge, and is only fair to those possessing the same degree of knowledge of every part of the subject, usually true only of the two extremes.

The written examination with a liberal allowance of time, with the same list of questions for all, limited, when necessary, to a portion of the subject so as to include all or nearly all of the leading topics, is the fairest and best test available for us at present whenever the daily recitation does not for any reason show conclusively a satisfactory knowledge of the subject.

T. W. D. Worthen.

A NOTABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

In the year of our Lord 1874, there was introduced to the Parisian public a modest little book of letters which met at once with a flattering reception. It created a flutter not only in the *salons*, where each new literary production was as a matter of course discussed and weighed in the literary scales, but also in the busy streets, causing the politician to forget his candidate and party, and impelling him to stop for a chat with his friend, or even with a political enemy, about the brilliant letters of Mérimée to his unknown correspondent.

The reason for all this interest is plain. Prosper Mérimée, author, statesman, and artist, who had been dead for four years, had lived and died an enigma to the Parisians. Displaying an uncommon talent for public affairs—for he had been superintendent of public monuments, and even senator—he had seemed to hold both office and honor in light disdain. Born with an aptitude for painting, he had died only a dabbler in the art; possessed of an uncommon literary genius, he chose to be only an amateur in letters, and, believed by his friends to have a warm heart, his feelings were securely hidden beneath a mask of cynicism. No wonder that all Paris was wide awake with interest in these letters, for through them it thought to peer into his secret heart.

We read the letters of Mérimée not alone for the vivid sketches of men and women of the times which adorn them, nor for the wit and brilliant epigrams with which the pages sparkle; not alone for the inkling of their author's life and character that they afford, but especially for the romance which they contain, and the mystery which hovers about the beautiful *Incognita*.

Taine, in his study of this author, said,—“Two distinct personages exist in Mérimée, the one fulfilling with easy propriety the duties and acquitting himself with grace in the splendors of society, the other holding himself apart and above his second half, whose performances he regarded with a bantering or resigned air.”

How clearly can we mark his dual nature in the opening letters to the *Incognita*! At first there appears the cultivated gentleman,

distrustful of mankind and skeptical even of man's deepest feelings; one can almost read a cynical smile between the lines as he reproaches her for delaying to answer him, or chides her for some little foibles like her love of dress and her coquetry. We read a little further, and the cynic shows himself to be in love, yet how he struggles to conceal it! A little quibble shows that he is jealous, and consequently furious; his mind wanders off his books to occupy itself with such weighty matters as Incognita's gloves and *bot-tines*;—these certainly are symptoms of the *Liebes-schmerz*, but how frankly he disavows it, or maintains that he, poor man, is the inoffending target she has chosen for her shafts of coquetry!

Together they take long walks in the forest, or visit the Louvre and the opera. One seems indispensable to the other, and yet they are perpetually on the point of severing the bond of friendship. It is like the union of wind and wave: each is restless and intractable. Mérimée makes a caustic criticism, not aimed to wound her, but springing from him, as it were, spontaneously: she returns the fire, and for a time a cloud seems to overhang the friendship, but with a tender word from her it fades away, and they are friends once more.

The love of an earlier day blossoms at length into a lasting friendship. The failing health of Mérimée compels him each year to remain longer in the mild climate of Cannes, but there his Incognita is not forgotten. He writes her at Paris of the honors he is receiving, and describes famous people whom he meets; from Spain and Switzerland he sends pen-pictures of the scenery and the natives; his letters from England are full of quaint comment on what he sees. For example, he writes from London,—“The most decided impression received from this journey is, that the English people are individually stupid, but an admirable people *en masse*. Everything that can be done by the aid of money, good sense, and patience, they do, but of the arts they have no more notion than my cat.” Of the English premier he writes,—“In some respects Mr. Gladstone appears to me to be a man of genius, in others a child. There is in him something of the child, the statesman, and the *fou*.”

No celebrity whom he meets escapes his scathing satire, though some, as, for example, Bismarck, seem to have struck him more favorably than others. After describing his presentation to the king and queen of Portugal, Mérimée adds,—“Another personage, M. de Bismarck, pleased me much more. He is a tall German, very polite, and far from *naïf*. He is apparently utterly destitute of soul, but all mind. He made a conquest of me. He brought with him a wife with the largest feet beyond the Rhine, and a daughter who walks in her mother’s footsteps.” We can do no more than introduce the reader in this brief manner to these letters of Mérimée, while we turn again to the lively, piquant letters of the mysterious Incognita.

In them we have the reflection of the life of this brilliant woman for thirty years, yet we know neither her name nor family connections. From her letters we gather these few facts,—that she was English by birth though thoroughly French by education, and, at first the companion to an English lady, she inherited a fortune and married. Her marriage was evidently a *mésalliance*, and why contracted we cannot even guess. She scarcely seemed to know herself, for she says,—“Worst of all, I pity the unfortunate man who is to marry me! Dieu! His lot will, I much fear, not be an enviable one. Women of my nature ought not to marry: it is a mistake. I wonder why I do it?”

However strange this marriage, we cannot doubt that the relations between the Incognita and Mérimée were founded on true love, and cemented by tried friendship. When at the first, on his request, she promises to be his friend, she continues,—“Any woman can be a wife or *une maitresse*, according to her views upon such subjects, but so few can be a true friend! Will you think me boastful if I say that I believe I possess many of the qualities which go to make a real friend?—not the weak, pulseless thing that so often usurps the name, but an honest, loyal, helpful soul, that lives, and feels, and suffers, and dares, yet does not change.”

We might turn to passages which show that this mystery in woman’s form, who married she knew not why, this “lioness though tame,” as Mérimée describes her, was capable of the

deepest love, which she expressed in all the ardor of a southern nature; but we pass on. The black-eyed, graceful coquette, whose beauty and *esprit* had captivated the heart of more than Mérimée, began to feel the weight of years, and there is something pathetic in the letter which tells of it: "Methinks, *mon cher*, that we are growing old; going gently down the hill together, you and I. That one word 'together' takes whatever sting there may be from out the patent fact, for fact I fear it is. How little we quarrel now; how placid and tranquil we have grown! You say far less about the splendor of my eyes, but write instead about your doctor's diagnosis and the remedies he hopes to cure you with."

The suffering which constantly racked Mérimée when near his end drew out from the deepest nature of his lover beautiful and touching expressions of her heartfelt love, from which, if it be not profanation, we will quote: "Do you know what the world would be for me with you not here? A leaden sky, with stars and moon and sun gone out; flowers without scent or color, trees bare of foliage, birds with no note of song, all glad things turned to mocking memories. Dear God, was it good to decree this awful final trial of tearing asunder lives grown to one, of wrenching nerves and fibres joined and twined together with years of daily loving sympathy, only that one may go forth bruised and bleeding to a new, uncomprehended life, all solitary, while the other is left to live on the old existence with all its charm crushed out and ended?"

The life of her lover and teacher was fast ebbing away. It was during the Franco-Prussian war of '70, on the eve of a second reign of terror in Paris, which was so soon to be bathed in blood, that Prosper Mérimée, with failing strength, wrote a last letter to his tried friend, the Incognita. Two hours afterward death laid its icy hand on one whose fine intellect, bright wit, and warm heart are all stamped in loving characters upon the pages of his correspondence, and with whose memory will ever be linked that of a beautiful, mysterious, lovable person, whom we know only as L'Inconnue.

J. H. G.

HANOVER'S BOW IN LITERATURE.

The "Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs" was undoubtedly the first bound book published in this town. It was "Printed at Hanover, New Hampshire, by Benjamin True," in 1798. There is probably but one copy of this first edition here, and it is an admirable and highly interesting specimen of old-time typography. A second edition was published in New York in 1811, and a third in Philadelphia in 1848. Burroughs was his own biographer, and wrote this sketch of his life to a friend in twenty-eight separate letters, which form the chapters of the book. He began writing them in 1794, when twenty-nine years of age.

One cannot help feeling that the author exaggerated his woes and adventures to make a sizable volume and an interesting story, although in his first sentence he wrote,—“In relating the facts of my life to you I shall endeavor to give as simple an account of them as I am able without coloring or darkening any circumstance.” Here and there he wandered off into a long ethical discussion. Some of these discussions are bearable, while others are exceedingly ridiculous, especially when you consider the character of the writer. Some of his views must have been quite anarchical for those times. His style was very flowery and often pedantic. Many poetical quotations head the chapters, and are scattered along through to show the author's learning and fill up the space. There are also a large number of letters, some of which are interesting.

Stephen was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Eden Burroughs, who lived in Hanover, and was for forty years—from 1773 to 1813—a trustee of Dartmouth college. He was a man of great integrity and much learning, and Burroughs wrote,—“Were any to expect merit from their parentage, I might justly look for that merit.” Stephen's thirst for amusement at anybody's expense was insatiable, and, though reared under strictest discipline, he very early developed traits which made him by unanimous declaration the worst boy in town. He relates one incident to show what kind of fun he liked. A neighbor of his father had a fine yard of water-

melons which had been disturbed for three or four successive nights. The old man being of a hasty, petulant disposition, determined to watch his melons with a club and beat the thief. One night he took his stand in a convenient place for watching, unknown to anybody. Burroughs becoming by accident acquainted with the old man's situation, and suspecting his intentions, went to one of his sons, a young man of about twenty, and told him that he had seen a man in the melon-patch whom he suspected to be the thief, and advised him to go cautiously to the yard, and perhaps he might catch him. So the young man went, but no sooner was he in the yard than his father, supposing him to be the thief, rushed from his hiding-place and severely handled the poor fellow before he found out his mistake. "This scene of merriment," said Stephen, "I enjoyed to the full."

Such scenes he continued to bring about, enjoy, and be punished for, until his fourteenth year, when he determined to seek pleasure and fame in the army. At the time a regiment of continental forces was passing through the country; so he enlisted in an artillery company, attending the regiment, as a private soldier. His father, however, frustrated his plans by obtaining his discharge and taking him home. He ran away from home again: his father took him back. A third time he joined the regiment, and enlisted under an officer who, when his father came to demand him, left Stephen to choose between going and staying, and he, of course, choose to stay with the regiment. But he was soon tired of military life, so he decamped for Hanover, and his father wrote to General Washington to obtain his discharge.

Soon after this he was placed under the care of Rev. Joseph Huntington, a noted instructor of those times, who was also a trustee of Dartmouth. With him he stayed a year, until he was fitted for college, and it was a year much fuller of mischief than of classical study. He was admitted to Dartmouth in 1781. Here he had a wider field for action. Reports of his eccentricities had preceded him, and all the boys awaited an outbreak; but he disappointed them for some time, as he had determined to do. One story of his college life is especially good. The Indians were

at this time making inroads upon the frontier settlements, and it was feared that they would make a descent upon Hanover and burn the college and adjacent buildings, so that the minds of people were full of fear and aroused by the slightest alarm. One evening Burroughs and several companions determined to visit a melon-patch in the vicinity. When they had helped themselves, they separated to more easily get back to their rooms without being detected, as it was against the rules to leave one's room at night. When Burroughs came upon the campus he saw a man waiting in front of his door, evidently suspecting his absence; so he turned to take a less direct route around the buildings and avoid him, but the man had seen him and started in pursuit. Burroughs and one who was with him rolled up their gowns and tucked them upon their backs, that they might run easily. Their pursuer began hallooing, and, sensible that they would be caught unless they were soon out of the way, they turned a short corner and got back to their rooms undiscovered. The man kept hallooing until the boys, Burroughs among them, went out to see what was the matter. He told them that he had found two men carrying packs on their backs lurking about the town, and that they were probably spies from the Indians, for they had fled on seeing him. The town was alarmed, the militia turned out, the woods were scoured, but nothing could be found. The next morning there began to be a suspicion that some of the boys had been playing a trick, and the suspicion fastened upon Burroughs, who saw how things were going, and hastened to the man whose melons had been taken, and told him that since he knew that he sold melons, he had taken some late the night before without disturbing him, and had now come to pay him for them. The man was satisfied with pay, and gave him a receipted bill. Burroughs was straightway summoned before college authority, tried, and was about to be disciplined, when he arose and in a short speech justified his being out of his room, produced the receipted bill for the melons, and was therefore acquitted.

He left college in the middle of sophomore year, and determined to go to sea. He went to Newburyport, Mass., and engaged

to go as doctor on a packet bound for France. The voyage was an exciting one. Among other adventures was a hard fight with a privateer. He soon decided that a little of that kind of life was enough for him, and returned to Hanover. After a short stay he started out to visit relatives in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and, if possible, find employment. On the way his slender resources became exhausted, and at Pelham, Mass., where he heard that a minister was wanted, he made application, under a false name, for a place to preach. He was hired for four Sundays at five dollars a Sunday. At the end of that time he was liked, and hired for eleven Sundays more. He drew his pay in advance, as he was greatly in need of the money. Near the close of his contract the real name and character of the minister became known in Pelham, and there was great indignation. Burroughs fled out of the town, but the inhabitants pursued. At last he sought refuge in a barn, and mounted the hay-mow to have an advantageous position for meeting their assault. The crowd filled the barn, and demanded that he go back and vindicate his conduct, but especially preach the other sermon for which they had paid him, for there was one more due them. He obtained silence, and, without stopping for any vindication of conduct, proceeded to get even with the Pelhamites by delivering from the mow his farewell sermon. It was also told of Burroughs, though he denied the story, that he once engaged to preach for a minister, put up at the minister's house, borrowed his clothes and his watch that he might not sit up too late Saturday night preparing his sermon, and that Sunday morning no clothes, watch, or Burroughs were to be found, but at the head of a sheet of paper, as though the text on which he was about to write, was,—“Ye shall seek me early and shall not find me.”

He next entered a counterfeiting scheme, which ended in three years' imprisonment at Northampton and Castle Island. He made several desperate and almost successful attempts to escape, but had to endure the full measure of his sentence. After his release he secured a position as teacher at Charlton, Mass., and married. Here he conducted himself with honor for some time, and

enjoyed friends and a competence ; but misfortune again overtook him, and he was thrown into jail. He escaped, however, to Long Island, where he engaged in teaching for several years.

Here the narrative of this curious old book ends. From a note by the publisher of the second edition, and other sources, it is found that Burroughs afterwards returned to Hanover, where he lived with his father until a disagreement arose between them, when he went to Canada and revived his old trade of counterfeiting. Later in life, having reformed, he joined the Roman Catholic Church and supported himself by teaching the sons of wealthy Canadians, at his home in Three Rivers, until his death in 1840.

C. M. S.

A STORY OF WILLOW BROOK.

In the southern part of the state of New Hampshire, just at the foot of the long hill on whose broad summit the old town of Norway used to stand, and about a mile south of the present busy manufacturing village of that name, there is a thoroughly romantic spot, beautiful in itself, and, in this neighborhood of old associations, seeming especially suggestive of ancient tradition. Next to the road is a small patch of green field, across the further end of which flows a little brook, its banks lined with willows, while numerous thickets lend a charming air of mystery to the scene. Altogether it affords a most enchanting resting-place to the passer-by. And many queer visitors has Willow brook received here in times past, although now it is largely given up to bands of roving gypsies who make it their home for a longer or shorter period in the summer. Numerous stories naturally connect themselves with such a spot, but that which stirred me most is the one I am about to relate.

In those earlier days of the town's existence there were not a few queer and interesting personages among its inhabitants, but by far the most remarkable of them all in appearance and character was John Morley. Tall and finely formed, of commanding aspect and keen intelligence, he was from the first one of the leading

men in the settlement. His sagacious counsels and personal bravery had more than once been of the greatest service to his fellow-citizens in their struggles for existence against a rigorous climate and a savage enemy. But in spite of all this, John Morley was far from being a popular man in the community. In some way there seemed to be a hidden but most unfortunate element in his constitution, which repelled those with whom he came in contact as if he were ever surrounded with a cloud of some invisible substance that was felt to be unwholesome to the human race. Perhaps, after all, it was but the appearance of the man. A peculiar, deep furrow in his forehead gave to his countenance an expression of severity, and the long, over-hanging brows, the firmly-set lines of the mouth, the prominent, strongly marked chin, so added to this look of sternness as to make the man's face almost harsh: he thus seemed to the simple villagers so much like the rugged form of Mount Washington, which from the centre of the town could be seen far away through a gap between the nearer hills, its summit, clad in gleaming white, rising strong and majestic, yet so distant and so cold. One feature of the man, however, has not as yet been noticed. When one looked carefully into the clear, deep blue eyes of John Morley, distrustful and piercing though they had become, he instinctively began to doubt the correctness of his previous impressions, and to feel that after all it was here that the true secret of the man's nature lay. But whatsoever the reasons were, the fact remained, that in all that community, whose rights he had so often courageously and successfully defended, there were but two persons whom he could truthfully call his friends;—and thus had it ever been with him, as he more than once remarked to himself.

Born in a small village in the north of England, the son of a poor mechanic who had already more mouths to feed than he could well provide for, even before this last addition to his family, he was, in his very entrance into the world, unwelcome and seemingly out of place. Nor did this unnatural condition of things change as he grew older. On the contrary, each day seemingly developed new points of difference between himself and

the world around him, and the absolute lack of congeniality in his surroundings was more and more demonstrated. The result was that he soon began to shun the society of others; and the rest of the family, jealous of the natural superiority which they instinctively felt him to possess, attributed this to the fact that he considered himself above them, and called him proud and cold. They little knew how much in reality he craved friendship and sympathy, how necessary, in fact, they were to him by nature. And so the mutual dislike increased until it almost became a fixed hatred.

As soon as he became old enough to work he was set to learn a trade; and the old violin, which he had found in the house one day while he was yet very young, and had learned to play by means of the occasional help of a violinist in the village, was taken away. Thoroughly musical by nature, he had found in the possession and use of this instrument the one bright spot in his existence, and had come to love it as he had never loved a human being, so that the loss of it was to him almost like the death of some dear friend. He soon found, moreover, that the change in his life in other respects was by no means so great as he had hoped. His new associates kept aloof from him; the scar, which nature had placed upon his forehead, gave his countenance an aspect that made men in some way distrust him and keep at a distance. And so it was not long before this life became even more unbearable than his former one, and there was now nothing to relieve it.

At length he came of age, and was master of himself. He straightway determined to throw off forever the previous hated existence, with all its associations; and before a year had passed he had begun life anew in another world, where, he said to himself, he would meet with a different class of people, and at last find his proper place. But he soon discovered that it was, after all, the same old story. The old scar on the forehead, the severe expression of countenance, had the same effect here as elsewhere, and though by reason of his abilities so prominent a man in the town, John Morley was still utterly alone in the world. As a realizing sense of all this was gradually

brought home to him, a cold, sullen despair took complete possession of the man, although outwardly he remained the same except that the expression grew a little sterner, and the blue eyes somewhat more keen and distrustful.

Such was the condition of affairs at the time when this man first became acquainted with George Barker and his wife—a young couple who had lately settled in Norway. When first he saw them he had the opportunity of doing them a trifling favor, but one which they never forgot. Frank, generous, kind-hearted people as they were, they at once perceived the noble, lovable qualities in the man's nature, and became from the first his sincere friends. He was naturally, from his previous experience of the world, rather slow to believe in the reality of any friendship towards himself, but when he finally came to appreciate it thoroughly, he poured forth the whole strength of his long pent up affections in his devotion to the only two beings in the world who had ever really understood him. All his leisure hours now were spent in the company of his new found companions. They, too, were musical, and the old violin, which he had brought from England, but which for a long time he had not had the heart to look upon, was made to give forth its sublimest tones; and it seemed, indeed, to comprehend and give expression to the wonderful change in its master's being. As time went on, he almost forgot the wretchedness of his former life, and began to look back upon it as to an unpleasant dream, now indistinct and unreal. Yet at times he could not help remembering that it is the brightest summer's day that calls forth the blackest clouds and heaviest showers, and his mind was sometimes filled with a certain vague foreboding that his present existence was altogether too full of happiness to endure. But surely this feeling must have been due to a morbid condition of the mind; for had he not already had, in the comparatively few years he had lived, much more than his full share of bitterness and pain?

It was late in the afternoon of a bright, clear day in November, some two years after the advent of George Barker and his wife into the community, that news was suddenly brought of an ex-

pected Indian attack upon the village that very night. As usual John Morley was relied upon to organize the defence, and it was decided that a strong party under his lead should conceal themselves in the thickets at Willow brook, and that at the right moment they should surprise and conquer the advancing foe. In accordance with this plan the chosen party descended the hill in the early evening, and established themselves in ambush silently to await the approach of the enemy. Clouds had arisen in the latter part of the day, and the night was intensely dark and cold. The little band, as it lay concealed within the thickets of willows, could scarce discern each others' forms, and as the night wore on the sense of discomfort and loneliness became almost overpowering. Hour after hour passed, and still no sign of the approach of Indians had anywhere appeared. The weaker ones began to grow faint-hearted, and to think that perhaps the intended attack had been given up; but still the little company stubbornly maintained their silent watch. At length, however, a slight noise was heard, as of some one stealthily approaching. Instantly everybody was on the alert, every eye was strained toward the point from which the sound came, every hand grasped tightly its musket; at last, it seemed, their patience was rewarded. Suddenly a clump of bushes in front was seen to move, and the next instant the dark outline of a man's head and shoulders appeared in full view.

At that moment John Morley, either surprised by the long period of suspense and fatigue out of the natural coolness of judgment which he usually exhibited in so remarkable a degree, or impelled by that unseen evil genius which formerly exercised such a powerful influence over almost his whole life, raised his musket to his shoulder and fired. The mysterious stranger seemed to stand transfixed for an instant, and then fell forward dead, after uttering only one low cry. In that cry, however, they recognized a voice that all knew well, and that many had learned peculiarly to love. But by the time the men had fully realized that George Barker was forever gone from among them, John Morley had disappeared.

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One bright moonlight night in the late fall, soon after the village of Norway had been removed to its present location, certain persons who were passing Willow brook were greatly terrified at hearing mysterious groans and cries which seemed to issue from the bushes near by, and several declared that they had seen an apparition from the dead wandering about the place. And these stories were certainly not without some foundation; for the next morning, on examining the spot, they discovered, almost hidden within a clump of bushes, the form of a gray-haired old man lying face downwards on the earth, with no marks of violence upon him nor anything to indicate the cause of his death. But as they raised him up they noticed on his forehead a peculiar scar, which might have given a somewhat unpleasant cast to his countenance, they thought, had it not been for the expression of gentle benevolence which strangely altered the former strong, sharply-defined features. A queer procession it was that followed the body to the old church-yard on the hill next day. For the night previous a party of Indians visited the officers of the town, and related how, years before, this person had wandered in his insanity into their camp; how they had received him as a messenger from the Great Spirit above to them, had cared for him, and had been rewarded by unusual prosperity and the especial protection of the Great Spirit, until finally they had come to love the man in his old age for his gentle humility and for the favor which his presence brought them. This simple story deeply interested all who heard it, and permission was finally given for the leading men of the tribe to attend the burial services of their protector sent from heaven. A strange spectacle they formed as they stood in silence around the grave, and their devoted reverence was most touching to witness. Slowly and sadly at last they withdrew; but it was not until the final extermination of the Indians of all that region that the traditions concerning the blessed messenger of the Great Spirit, who once came and dwelt among them, finally ceased to be remembered.

Willis McDuffee.

THE CHAIR.

The oft-repeated declaration, that Dartmouth is one of the very strongest athletic colleges of New England, has been verified again and again since the entering of the present Senior class. A baseball and a foot-ball championship, two general athletic championships, and in the other four cases, once tied for first, and twice a close second—all within three years—is a most remarkable showing. And we have had no mean opponents—Williams, Amherst, Tech., and the others. What does it all mean? Now that the heat of our enthusiasm is somewhat spent, and the exultant Wah-hoo-wah is but a pleasant echo “ringing down the halls of time,” and we are calmly reflective, we ask the question, What does it signify? Does it mean simply that Dartmouth brawn is of a superior quality? Vastly more. No one questions the existence here of superb material for athletic sports. “The Dartmouth Giants,” “The Heavy Weights from Dartmouth,” etc., etc., is what they call us in the foot-ball league; and in the other sports at the proper season equally apt terms designate our prowess. But the secret of success does not lie wholly in the brawn and specific brain back of it. All credit and honor to our hard-working, faithful athletes! But let us not forget to pay some tribute to ourselves, to the college—all who compose it—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, as the preacher would say. It is the whole-souled, enthusiastic support of every man in college that puts life into athletics at Dartmouth, that gives our teams the impetus which sweeps them onward to victory. Note the crowd that gathers waiting for news of the game! None is more eager, anxiously expectant, than the man who carefully counted the cost before he subscribed, perhaps only a dollar (the mite which means so much to him), to help on the cause; but he had his share in the glorious victory, and he cheers as loudly as his richer neighbor, and believes as firmly that there is no college like Dartmouth. As long

as this remains the college spirit, as long as we feel, think, and act as one man in relation to the various athletic interests of the college, not allowing invidious criticism or favoritism, the outgrowth of petty spites and jealousies, to creep in, as it often has elsewhere, to warp and destroy this unity of college sentiment, so long ought we to retain our leading position among the colleges of New England in athletic sports.

It has been rather amusing to the outsider, this flinging of taunts, these accusations, protests, denials, this display of testimonials, certificates, and affidavits, which have been indulged in by jealous rival universities of late, furnishing variety to the annual football squabble. It recalls memories of childhood, when "You do n't play fair, and I won't play any more with you, so now!" was an expression that conveyed a profound meaning to little minds, and was fraught with the most tremendous consequences. But really, while the truth of the old adage, that "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones," seems likely to be vindicated by a smashing and crashing all around, it is high time that thoughtful attention were directed to the evil of professionalism in inter-collegiate athletics, and therefore praise be to Harvard for taking the initiative. This evil has been growing apace the last few years, and, more than anything else, it has tended to bring inter-collegiate contests into disrepute among those who had at least a suspicion of the truth. Now is the time to root it out. If the college conscience cannot be touched,—and to touch it seems sometimes difficult, for the reason that the control of the various forms of athletics is practically in the hands of an autocratic few, whose leadership is followed blindly by the great body of under-graduates,—it then rests with the faculties or graduate committees to see that there is honesty and fair play. But why should not the good sense and fair-mindedness of the Young American collegian assert themselves? We believe they will, and that the issue of the whole matter will be the reëlevation of all inter-collegiate contests to their former dignity as trials of skill, strength, and endurance between athletes who contend, not for the mere sake of

winning, or as a matter of dollars and cents, but for real love of manly sport. Thus far our own skirts have not been stained, and the victories, therefore, of the past few years are doubly sweet.

THE CHAIR is very well aware that the average college student is not particularly interested in purely literary subjects. He may read this or that article that appears in the pages of the LIT.; but the strongest incentive for so doing is furnished by the name appended: he reads because of his personal interest in the author. With a view to making the LIT. valuable and in fact indispensable to every man in college, we have planned to print in most, if not all, the remaining issues of the year articles upon prominent college topics. It was with this thought that we published last month the paper upon "Early College Athletics at Dartmouth." The symposium in the present number speaks for itself. We hope to publish similar symposia from time to time. In February will appear an article on "Modern College Athletics at Dartmouth," by Prof. C. F. Emerson. These papers, in addition to their present interest, will be found very valuable as historical records for future reference.

"*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" Trite as it is, and true as most people think, it is working the very mischief with us. Away with belief in the old saw! We must make some poets, and that right speedily, would we maintain the excellent reputation won by Dartmouth versifiers, whose best work is embodied in that creditable little volume, "Dartmouth Lyrics." Indeed, the lack of good verse from the college at the present time is simply appalling. Gentle reader, buy, borrow, or steal "Tom Hood's Rhymester," read carefully the introduction, turn to the dictionary of rhymes, and pour yourself out in verse. Send the product to the LIT., and what we don't publish we will burn.

The longest term of the year has passed into history. How short at first thought it seems; yet when one stops to think of all that has occurred in the life of the college, of all that he person-

ally has experienced and accomplished, he really wonders how fifteen weeks could contain it. But now the last bit of book knowledge has been snugly stored away, or forgotten. The last examination has been passed, trunks are packed, and with clear consciences and light hearts, provided bills are paid and slim purses still show ticket-purchasing power, we are up and away,—some to plunge into a whirl of winter gaiety, others to experience more quiet pleasures, but all to feel and enjoy freedom from restraint, and to drink deep of holiday happiness. As the editor throws aside his weary pen, he is tempted to give a little, perhaps unnecessary, advice. Do n't, student friend, do any mental work in the four weeks coming. Do n't *plan* to do any work. There has been a deal of nonsense written about improving the flying minutes. If you have been the right kind of man, you have improved a sufficient number to last one while. Relax; let the cobwebs gather in the nooks and crannies of your brain. You will be able to brush them away easily enough, and feel all the better for it the middle of January next. To one and all, the LIT. wishes a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years.

BY THE WAY.

I am convinced that one of the greatest obstacles to the rise of a literary spirit in Dartmouth is to be found in what may be styled literary bashfulness. Go and ask the man who had that interesting and well written theme in the English course why he does n't write for the LITERARY MONTHLY or the *Dartmouth*, and you will find his reason not in lack of time or material for writing, but in a certain distrust of his own abilities. He would, certainly, like to write, and thinks he needs the practice, but as for his writing anything fit to appear before the public, what a ridiculous notion!

That students are critical, even if not cynical, no one doubts in the least, but what boots it if one of these exacting personages, who is unable to write a single sentence in good English himself, does think this story or that essay a bit dull because it does not precisely suit his fastidious fancy? And what matters it, either, if somebody rails at that bit of verse crouching tremblingly in an obscure corner of the LIT., or makes supercilious remarks concerning the one from whose brain it fluttered out into the cold, critical world of college journalism!

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What a collection of burdens the modern novel has to bear! In olden times, when a man had lofty thoughts to express, a dream to record, a foreign travel or a philosophical subject to write up, he was accustomed to court the Muse, and with her friendly assistance there would be spun out long, tedious pages of stately pentameter, which swung itself along with that old, eighteenth-century gait which Pope and Dryden affected in their intellectual perambulations. But how the times have changed! These old poetical disquisitions, in which our grandfathers took such delight when the long, cold winter evenings came, and which they settled down to read by the blaze of the fire-place or the tallow dip, are now as

much out of fashion as our grandfather's periwig and knee-buckles, and are banished to the dusty shelf, safe from all but the nosings of the book-worm, be he biped or hexapod.

But this is the age of the novel, and how onerous are its duties! The novel seems to have ceased to be a mere work of art, with beauty as its one excuse for being. Such a butterfly existence, they say, is hardly meet for it in such a work-a-day world as this! It is found to be a convenient vehicle for religious ideas, for philosophical speculations, and for moral precepts, and forthwith it becomes the go-cart of the propagandist, laden with the delectable wares of the high-minded novelist.

Whether or not we would condole with Agnes Repplier, in deploring this lapse from true art, as she has done in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, we cannot but be struck with the inevitable fact that the novel is seeking to become our photographer, our school-master, our preacher, and our prophet; and that the people want the novel to preach, to teach, and prophesy is well shown by the popularity of such works as the religious novels of to-day, and that rather unique book, "Looking Backward."

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As I laid down Bellamy's dream of the twentieth-century Boston the other evening, I bethought me to take down from the shelf a similar work, which for nearly three and a half centuries has been more or less read and admired, but which to-day is known little more than in name. A queer old tome is Raphe Robinson's English translation of Utopia, that bears the ancient date of 1551! As we read the quaint language, we wish that Sir Thomas had had a little more faith in his mother tongue, for, though the original Latin may be stately and flowing, I cannot help thinking that More himself would have handled the vernacular to somewhat better advantage.

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It is a certain Raphael Hythloday who is supposed to describe the Utopians and their favored island, and, though some things which the worthy man tells may somewhat tax our credulity or

not correspond exactly to our ideas of what a well ordered state should be, we may find in these ancient pages much that will instruct as well as amuse.

For the benefit of those who have not happened to read Utopia, for in these days so much must remain unread, I would chat for a moment of this creation of More's fancy. The island of Utopia was shaped like a half moon, between the horns of which a snug harbor was enclosed, inaccessible to all but the natives. Upon it were fifty-four cities, in which the houses "be curiously builded after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with three stories, one over another," and garden plots in front. These houses are exchanged occasionally, and one may either dine at home or at a public hall, *à la* Bellamy. Here, for two years at a time, they live at ease, working but nine hours a day, and each morning at an early hour attending lectures, though it was the good fortune of the Utopian youth that attendance at them was not compulsory.

At the end of a two years sojourn in the city, one must remove to the country to engage in agriculture, the methods of which, I have no doubt, have somewhat improved since then, for oxen were their only beasts of burden, serving also as coach horses when one saw fit to go abroad. They seem to have already invented the machine now called an incubator, which, as Mr. Hythloday naïvely remarks, was considered a "marvellous policy" for egg hatching, and, moreover, the brood was trained to follow men and women instead of a hen.

Though I can recount but few of the quaint ideas to be found in this curiosity of literature, its solution of the money question, which certainly is ingenious, deserves a word in addition. The precious metals are put to the most degrading uses, fetters for criminals and rings to mark slaves being made from them; pearls and diamonds, if any chance to be found, are made the playthings of children,—and thus young Utopia is brought up to despise the almighty dollar.

Viewed merely as a literary curiosity, this "Looking Backward" of the sixteenth century is full of interest, though its ideas are generally crude, if not ridiculous.

THISTLE-DOWN.

A PARTING SHOT.

Cupid played one summer's day
Down by the wind-tossed sea :
His rosy arms flung wide the spray,
And wavelets kissed his knee.

So busy he, he did not see
A surf-topped water wall
Which pounced on him in savage glee,
And drenched him, wings and all.

The little god in sorry plight
Now fluttered on the sand,
Too wet to run, too wet for flight,—
I caught him in my hand.

I warmed him by my cottage fire,
I toasted him with wine,
While, playfully, with gay desire,
He pressed his cheek on mine.

An open window caught his eye—
He 'scaped me like a flash ;
His bow and arrows, lying nigh,
He seized with noisy dash.

But ere he went he aimed at me
A burning, love-tipped dart :
So now I sit, all cheerlessly,
And nurse my bleeding heart.

R.

FLÈCHES D'AMOUR.

Fair Phyllis's book lay in her lap,
Her thoughts were far away ;
So Cupid, passing, thought mayhap
He 'd for one moment stay
To try the roses on her cheeks,
If they be true or no.
She blushed anon ; he 'gan to seek
What made the ruddy glow.

He flings her silken hair awry ;
 Sips nectar from her lips ;
 At length he spies her limpid eye,
 And toward its brink he trips.
 While, by a slender lash he clings
 With both his hands, a look
 Far down within her soul he flings.

Soon Phyllis winked, which shook
 Rash Cupid off;—alas ! he sank
 In those unfathomed deeps
 Where he was drowned ; and for this prank
 Sweet Phyllis ever keeps
 Hid in her eye his every dart.
 Now, when she smiles or sighs,
 At me, poor victim of her art,
 A flashing arrow flies.

G.

THE SKATERS.

First a few black specks we see ;
 Then a gleam
 Plainer seen ;
 Now we hear their shouts of glee :—
 Thus the skaters, in their flight,
 Come in sight.

On they come with laugh and shout ;
 Now rush past,
 First and last,
 Till the long line stretches out
 Up the river's shining waste,
 In its haste.

Faintly now the sounds come back
 On the air.
 Only where
 Gleam the skates we mark their track ;
 Now they urge their headlong flight
 Out of sight.

D.

CRAYON BLEU.

Monopolies and the People, by Charles Whiting Baker, C. E. New York: Putnam's. \$1.25.

This book discusses in a frank and thoughtful way the burning question of the day. It concludes that the tendency of modern civilization is towards monopoly; excessive competition in fields of natural monopoly is wasteful; the only remedy is in the legalizing of monopolies, and government control of the same to a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the monopoly. It concludes with the following suggestive sentence: "Though the robust spirit of partisanship may seem for a time to have crowded out from men's hearts the love of their country, surely that love still remains; and in the days of new import which dawn upon us, in the virtue of PATRIOTISM will be found a sufficient antidote for the vice of *monopoly*."

The Hansa Towns, by Helen Zimmern. New York: Putnam's. Story of the Nation's Series. \$1.50.

The name of the series and of the author are sufficient to guarantee a faithful and interesting history of the Hanseatic League—that first dawning upon modern times of the great federal principle. It is the first history of the league to be written in English; and the United States, receiving so great an impetus in its foundation from the principles of the Hanseatic League, should be proud of the honor of having it published within her borders. The work is illustrated, with maps, and is well bound.

Story of the City of Boston, by Arthur Gilman, M. A. New York: Putnam's. \$1.75.

The third of the new series entitled "Great Cities of the Republic," the two preceding volumes being the stories of New York and Washington. The work takes up in a graphic and interesting way the internal history of the growth of the great city, from its humble beginning in Governor Winthrop's time to the present. It is handsomely illustrated, and furnished with maps. Especially valuable is the history of the development of the ideas of religious and political liberty. The lead taken by Boston in the Revolutionary War makes it necessary that the history of this period should be full and exact, and the author has well met the demand. In external appearance the book is attractive, and merits a place in the library of every son or admirer of New England, with whose history that of Boston is so closely wrapped up.

Christian Theism, by D. B. Purington, LL. D. New York: Putnam's. 1.75.

A valuable and exhaustive discussion of the arguments for Christianity, arranged by the analytic method. A finely bound book, printed in large, clear type. The author's method is especially clear and convincing.

Jacques Bonhomme, by Max O'Rell. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. \$0.50.

The witty, observant Frenchman, after holding the mirror up to the face of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, turns to his own country, and, with the advantage of long residence abroad, discusses the salient points of the life of his average countryman. The French he

describes as cheerful, industrious, contented, bound by family ties, and voluntarily giving themselves up to a large degree of government control. From his picture the Anglo-Saxon would deprecate the lack of thoughtfulness and boldness as national traits. He would commend the universal industry and content, so much different from his own restless, headlong dash for wealth. Mr. O'Rell has given an authoritative picture of typical French life. To this he has added sketches on "John Bull on the Continent" and "From My Letter-Box." His style is charming, and his books are valuable for their acuteness of observation and for their correctness of judgment.

Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, by Hiram Corson, LL. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

"The study of his works, in its highest form, could be made, if properly pursued, to contribute to the stimulating, strengthening, and, what is most important of all, marshalling into more or less *coöperative* action, the moral, intellectual, emotional, analytic, and synthetic powers." In this sentence we find the key-note to Corson's study of Shakespeare. He wishes to train the spiritual powers to perceive the truths given by the great master of intuitive truth; the artistic, to understand the means by which Shakespeare's drama was made the most perfect work of art in literature. His means are various; matter of introductory nature is followed by special analyses and studies of some of the principal plays. The chapters on Shakespeare's Verse, Distinctive Use of Verse and Prose, and The Latin and Anglo-Saxon Elements of Shakespeare's English, give a good insight into the artistic methods of the style. A more valuable book for the Shakespearian scholar has not appeared for many a day.

The State, by Woodrow Wilson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$2.00.

Discusses, first, the probable rise and development of government, then gives histories of the governments of all important states of ancient and modern times, and finally ends with several chapters on the nature and scope of government. The work is comprehensive in nature, and is well elaborated. It will doubtless become a standard work on the subject. Selections might be advantageously used in classes of civil government.

Passages for Practice in Translation at Sight, by John Williams White. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.60.

Short selections from Attic Prose, with a condensed summary of the meaning of each selection, preceded by valuable hints for reading at sight. It will be found a good text for college sophomores.

The Eastern Nations and Greece, by P. V. N. Myers. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.

To be followed by *Rome*, by William F. Allen, the two designed as parts of an ancient history for schools and colleges. It is well supplied with illustrations and maps. Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, The Hebrew Nation, Phoenicia, Lydia, Persia, and Greece form the subjects, and their history is written in Mr. Myers's inimitable way.

The Atlantic for December contains "The old Bunch of Grapes Tavern," by E. L. Bynner, "December out of Doors," by Bradford Torrey, "Architecture in the West," by Henry Van Brunt, "Delphi, the Locality and Legends," by William Cranston Lawton, "Border Warfare of the Revolution," by John Fiske, "School Vacations," by N. S. Shaler, books reviews, continued stories, and poems. It is a notable number for the strength of its articles. The first chapters of "Sidney," a serial story by Mrs. Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," are announced for the January number.

Scribner's for December opens with a valuable article on tenement-house life, entitled "How the Other Half Lives," by Jacob A. Riis. The two short stories, "Mrs. Tom's Spree," by H. C. Bunner, and "A Midwinter Night's Dream," by Henry A. Beers, certainly have the charm of novelty, the latter especially leaving on one a most eerie sensation. The poem entitled "Happiness," by Edith Wharton, is a clever bit of verse, and "Contemporary American Caricature" gives reproductions of some of the best cartoons of the day. "The Age of Words," by E. J. Phelps, is a discussion of the times as shown by current literature.

During 1890 *The Century Magazine* (whose recent successes have included the famous "War Papers," the Lincoln History, and George Kennan's series on "Siberia and the Exile System") will publish the long looked for Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, whose "Rip van Winkle" has made his name a household word. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the public. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth generation of actors, and, with his children and grandchildren, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. His story of the early days of the American stage, when, as a boy, travelling in his father's company, they would settle down for a season in a Western town, playing in their own extemporized theatre,—the particulars of the creation of his famous "Rip van Winkle," how he acted "Ticket-of-Leave Man" before an audience of that class in Australia, etc.,—all this, enriched with illustrations and portraits of contemporary actors and actresses, and with anecdotes, will form one of the most delightful serials *The Century* has ever printed. Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen, and many other well known writers will furnish the fiction for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including several novels, illustrated novelettes, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick telescope at San Francisco (the largest telescope in the world) and the latest explorations relating to pre-historic America (including the famous Serpent Mound of Ohio) are to be chronicled in *The Century*. Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale University, is to write a series on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which will attract every Bible student. Bishop Potter, of New York, will be one of several prominent writers who are to contribute a series of "Present-day Papers" on living topics, and there will be art papers, timely articles, etc., and the choicest pictures that the greatest artists and engravers can produce.

Lippincott's for December contains the complete novel "All He Knew," by John Habberton. We notice economic articles on "Building Associations," by Thomas Gaffney, and "The Power of the Future," by Charles Morris. "Fiddler Rake's Fiddle" is a Virginia sketch.

We acknowledge the receipt of *Journal of Education, The Dial, Education, The Granite Monthly, The Sanitary Volunteer, The Golden Rule*. Lack of space forbids further notice.

We have received *Elementary Mathematical Tables*, by Macfarlane, from Ginn & Co.; *Natural History Object Lessons*, by Ricks, Niels Klin's *Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt*, Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal*, and *Lindner's Empirical Psychology*, from D. C. Heath & Co.; *Liberty and a Living*, by Hubert, and *Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography*, from G. P. Putnam's Sons; *Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal*, from Cassell and Co.

EXCHANGES.

A card received from one of our advertisers last week, bearing the succinct request, "Please see that your mailing-clerk adds our name to his list," reminded us that even the tightest wrapper may sometimes slip off, or the plainest directions fail to carry our publication to its destination; so we will not complain that several of our most interesting exchanges are long overdue, and that consequently we must this month shorten the space usually devoted to the papers of other colleges.

The *Amherst Lit.* is always sure to be interesting, and that of November is no exception to the rule. "A Mysterious Character" is a clever, well written story of a man in the advanced stages of kleptomania. "A Summer Studio," a sketch of an artist's holiday work-shop, seems well up to the standard of the paper; while "Snyder's Story," with its fair but deceitful heroine who wears two engagement rings at the same time, suggests that its author must have been suffering from indigestion, or from that disease which is popularly supposed to make an attack upon every typical Junior. Is it a mere coincidence that the summer vacation is followed throughout the college press by tales of disappointed love? and that when the Christmas holidays are over we have the annual outburst of sentimental effusions which wind up amid the peals of marriage bells? Cannot some one write us a story of a treacherous woman who did not rival Venus in beauty, or of a disappointed lover who did not waste his life in retailing his sufferings to any chance acquaintance met in his daily occupation?

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* for October contains, in "The History and Romance of the Nile," the successful prize essay, a production of more than usual merit. It is followed by a long poem by an alumnus, and articles on college education for business men, and the two Fredericks, II and III. The "Editors' Table" contains, among other matter, three pages of locals which seem a little out of place in a literary magazine.

We were glad to learn, by the receipt of the *Philips Exeter Literary Monthly* for October, that the reports circulated, to the effect that this periodical would be obliged to suspend publication, were without foundation. "Marguerite," the first article, illustrates well the tendency, above alluded to, of writing stories of disappointed affection when the chill days of autumn are upon us. We trust that with the springtime the author's fancy may turn more lightly to its thoughts of love, and, while waiting for the change, a few chapters from the life of Arthur Pendennis might prove instructive reading.

The *Harvard Monthly* has an attractiveness peculiarly its own. Departments which in other monthlies give a decided relish to the contributed matter are wanting, but one is never disappointed in the contents of the *Monthly*, which are always weighty and instructive, the articles seeming usually the product of mature minds. "Harvard and the Continental Universities," in the November number, makes clear the distinction between what may be called the continental and Anglo-American university systems. "On the continent the universities exist for the advancement of learning, and they secure that end by teaching those who wish to be taught. In England and in America the universities exist for the advancement of learning and sound morals alike." A most excellent translation of Henrik Ibsen's "The Lady of the Sea" has been running in the November and December numbers."

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Bar Association was lately held at Montpelier. The literary exercises took place at the Washington county court-house. Some seventy-five members of the association were present, including the judges of the supreme court. A paper on "The Life and Services of the late Charles H. Heath, of Montpelier," written by Ashton R. Williard '79, was read by Secretary George W. Wing '66. Among those admitted to membership in the association was D. J. Foster '80, of Burlington. Among the prominent members of the Vermont bar in attendance were ex-Gov. S. E. Pingree '57, ex-Gov. E. J. Ormsbee '84 hon., C. A. Prouty '75, and Hon. Jonathan Ross '51.

Among the new members elected to the Massachusetts legislature are Hon. N. W. Ladd '73, of Boston, and Hon. George Fred Williams '72, of Dedham. Among the members re-elected are Hon. Henry T. Dewey '78, and Hon. C. F. Kittredge '63, of Boston.

The Windsor County Teachers' Institute held a three days session recently at White River Junction, under the direction of State Superintendent E. F. Palmer '62. Nearly one hundred teachers were present. Among other parts on the programme were "Methods in Arithmetic," Supt. J. H. Dunbar '79; "Methods in Algebra," Prin. O. S. Davis; "General Exercises in Ungraded Schools," Supt. W. H. Taylor '87; and a discussion of "The School Law," by Supt. Palmer '62. O. S. Davis '89 argued the affirmative of the question, "Shall the English or the Roman Pronunciation of Latin be taught in our High Schools?" Principal A. G. Cox '77, and Principal F. N. Newell '84, discussed the question, "Shall the Elements of Latin and Greek be taught from an Introductory Book?" A. H. Campbell '77 also delivered an address. Principal E. A. Burnett '87 and Principal G. E. Johnson '87 had parts in the Ludlow Institute, held just previous by Supt. Palmer.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association was lately held at the state-house. Prof. Isaac Walker '63, of Pembroke academy, acted as secretary. Hon. J. W. Patterson '48, state superintendent, welcomed the teachers to Representatives hall, and spoke on "What has the Public a Right to Expect from Its Schools?" Among the other exercises was an illustrated address on "Geography," by Chas. F. King '67, of Boston, master of the Dearborn school. Prof. J. F. Colby '72 spoke on "The Study of the History of New Hampshire." W. S. Parker '68 C. S. S., master of the Everett school in Boston, treated the question, "How Shall we Manage the Troublesome Boy?," and E. H. Davis, superintendent of schools in Chelsea, Mass., talked on "Reading and Language."

'33. Hon. Edward Spalding, M. D., has been chosen president of the Pennichuck Water Company, of Nashua.

'34. Ex-Gov. Currier has been elected president of the Manchester Art Association.

'34. Hon. Daniel Clark, of Manchester, judge of the United States district court, has celebrated his 80th birthday.

'36. Judge Alpheus R. Brown, a well known citizen of Somerville, Mass., died recently of apoplexy. He was born in Hopkinton, November 3, 1814. After graduating from college, he was appointed principal of Hopkinton academy, where he had fitted. Later, Mr. Brown gave up this position to enter at Lowell, as student at law, the office of Hon. W. Smith and William F. Smith. In the year 1839 Mr. Brown was admitted to the bar of Middlesex county. In 1862 he removed his office to Boston, being then a partner of Edward A. Alger. In 1852 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature from Lowell, and in 1853 he was chosen from Dracut as member of the Massachusetts convention charged with the task of revising the constitution of the commonwealth. Later he was nominated by the Democrats for congress, but was defeated. He was also one of the delegates to the presidential convention of 1864. In Lowell he held the office of city solicitor; in Somerville he was associate justice of the district court. His industry, integrity, and ability were noted. Two children survive him.

'36 Med. Coll. M. C. Greene, formerly of Boston, died in West Somerville, Mass., November 20, aged 79 years.

'40. George P. Hadley will write a history of Goffstown.

'41-'45 Med. Coll. J. P. Bancroft, ex-superintendent of the State Asylum for the Insane, at Concord, has published the address which he delivered on "Separate Provision for the Recent, the Curable, and the Appreciative Insane," at the last annual meeting of the association of medical superintendents at Newport, R. I.

'43. Daniel C. Pinkham, who recently died at Lancaster, was born in Jackson, March 29, 1820. He fitted for college at Lancaster academy. He read law, and was admitted to the bar in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, where he was clerk of the circuit court. Removing to California, he was surveyor and civil engineer of El Dorado county. Returning to Lancaster, he was clerk of the courts in Coös county from 1856 to 1868. Later he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He leaves a family. His death is the thirty-ninth in a class of seventy-six.

'44. Volume nine of the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society has just been issued, and is a handsomely printed book of 440 pages. Among its features most interesting to Dartmouth men is the correspondence from 1765 to 1787 between President Eleazar Wheelock and others connected with the college, and John Phillips, LL. D. The Publication Committee consisted of ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell '44, Isaac W. Hammond '83 hon., and A. S. Batchellor '72.

'45. Arthur F. L. Norris, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire bar, died November 1, aged 68 years. He was a native of Pittsfield, and, after graduation, read law with his uncle, the late Senator Moses Norris '28, and began practice with him in 1846. Mr. Norris practised his profession from 1854 to 1875 in Lowell, Boston, and Lynn, and for several years tried as many jury cases as any lawyer at the Massachusetts bar, being eminently successful as an advocate. He removed to Concord in 1876, and continued active practice until a year ago, when failing health compelled him to relinquish it. He left a widow, four daughters, and five sons.

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint and Judge Isaac W. Smith, of the board of trustees, will compile the second general decennial catalogue of the college, to be issued next year.

'50. Judge Alfred Russell, of Detroit, Mich., is mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the United States supreme court.

'51. Secretary-of-War Proctor has resigned the presidency of the Vermont Marble Company.

'54. Hon. W. W. Bailey has been chosen president of the Fortnightly Club of Nashua.

'54. Gen. John Eaton, late commissioner of education, was one of the speakers at the recent Lake Mohonk conference.

'56. Rev. Dr. J. L. Merrill, of St. Louis, has received a call to the Second Parish at Portland, Me.

'56. The name of Hon. W. H. Haile, of Springfield, on the Republican ticket in this canvass, has been a distinct element of strength. Mr. Haile is an unusually capable business man, of experience in public affairs, sterling integrity, and ripe judgment. He is a good type of the citizen the old Bay State delights to honor, and he is certain to discharge, to the entire acceptance of the people, the duties of the second executive office of the commonwealth.—*Boston Journal*.

'56. Col. Edward Woods, of Bath, has resigned the office of solicitor of Grafton county. He has been elected president of the newly organized Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company.

'56. Hon. Henry L. Parker was reelected president of the Worcester (Mass.) County Horticultural Society at its recent meeting.

'56 C. S. S. Henry S. Marcy has been appointed general manager of the Fitchburg Railroad. Mr. Marcy has been in railroad business for many years. He was once master of transportation of the Sullivan road. Later he was superintendent of the Rutland & Burlington road. In 1865 he was appointed general freight agent of the Renisselaer & Saratoga, which position he held for that corporation and its lessor, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, up to 1886, when he was made traffic manager. Mr. Marcy is a director in several branch railroads operated by the Delaware & Hudson, and is a director or trustee in several corporations in which he is interested.

'59. Rev. F. S. Fisher, who has served for several years as chairman of the committee of the Vermont church choir guild, at his own request was excused from further service at the recent meeting at St. Albans, after a unanimous vote of thanks had been given him.

'59. Rev. J. A. Sanderson died recently at Plymouth, aged 55 years. His death resulted from a paralytic stroke. He was born in Lowell. After graduating at the Berkeley Divinity School, he had charge of parishes in Eastport, Me., Wickford, R. I., and Pierrepont Manor, N. Y.; and he served as assistant in the Church of the Messiah in Boston. He became rector of Christ church, Plymouth, in 1878, and retired from active service several years ago.

'61. Rev. W. J. Tucker preached the sermon at the ordination of George F. Kenncott, in the Congregational church at Newport. Rev. E. H. Greeley '45 and Rev. F. D. Ayer '56 took part in the service.

'62. Rev. Henry P. Lamprey, lately of Waterford, Vt., has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Ossipee.

'62. Horace S. Cummings is vice-president of the Republican State Association of New Hampshire Republican residents in Washington. Ex-Senator Cragin '61 hon. is president.

'63. Hon. Charles A. Pillsbury, the extensive flour manufacturer of Minneapolis, and family have been visiting at Goffstown.

'64. Edward F. Johnson was unanimously renominated for mayor by the Republicans of Woburn, Mass.

'65. Hon. Henry F. Burnham was lately chosen president of the Lincoln club of Manchester; Edwin F. Jones '80, secretary; and Hon. Nathan P. Hunt '66, treasurer.

'66. Rev. Levi Rodgers, of the Memorial Congregational church in Georgetown, has tendered his resignation.

'67. Rev. C. H. Merrill, of St. Johnsbury, secretary of the Vermont Missionary Society, has issued the first number of a new monthly, called the "Vermont Missionary." It is the purpose of this paper to direct attention specifically to the history, work, condition, importance, and needs of Vermont churches.

'67. Rev. Howard F. Hill, Ph. D., has closed his labors as rector of Christ church, Montpelier, Vt., after ten years of faithful, earnest, conscientious, and effective work. During his residence in Montpelier he has been superintendent of schools, chaplain of the house of representatives, chaplain of the First regiment of National Guard, and a trustee of the University of Vermont. He was one of the clerical deputies from Vermont to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, held in New York, and went from there to Amesbury, Mass., to become rector of St. James's church.

'72 Med. Coll. Hon. Charles A. Tufts, of Dover, has been elected president of the state board of pharmacy.

'73. Rev. John M. Dutton, of Great Falls, delegate to the World's Sunday-school Convention in London, was one of the principal speakers at the New Hampshire Sunday-school Convention, lately held at Newport.

'73. Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., founder of the Christian Endeavor organization, addressed the fourth annual convention of Christian Endeavor societies of Vermont, recently held in Rutland. Rev. J. L. Sewell, '77, also delivered an address.

'75. Charles W. Emery has been chosen president of the Canterbury Educational Association.

'75. Rev. Joseph R. Flint, of West Tisbury, Mass., has accepted a call to Killingly, Conn.

'76. William H. Gardiner, of Chicago, has taken a trip through Indian Territory.

'77. Dr. C. B. Hammond has been chosen secretary of the newly organized board of pension examiners in Nashua district.

'78. Rev. Herbert W. Stebbins was lately installed pastor over the Howard Avenue Congregational church, in West Medford, Mass. Rev. A. H. Quint '46 delivered the address to the people.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton, acting pastor of the Congregational church in Hopkinton, has been dismissed from the pastorate of the church in Dunbarton.

'80. Hon. W. E. Barrett has been elected representative from Melrose in the Massachusetts house. Mr. Barrett is a candidate for the speakership, the duties of which office he discharged so efficiently and intelligently at the last session.

'81. W. B. Greeley, who lately resigned his position in the patent office, will practise law in New York.

'83. Leon D. Bliss was lately ordained and installed as assistant pastor of the Cent Congregational church in Worcester, Mass.

'84. Arthur W. Jenks, of Concord, who has recently entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York, has been appointed organist and choir-master in Christ Church Tarrytown.

'85. We have received the following pleasant letter from Foster :

The undergraduate finds many ways of letting the alumnus know what the college is doing. He may send him a dun for the *Dartmouth*, which he has already paid without receiving any papers. He may tell him the college wants to put the nine in a cage so that they won't get broken up for the second game in the vicinity of Boston. He may write asking for a story "such as you used to write in college;" or just as he hurries off for a pleasure trip he may send a note to a busy, hard-worked man in his profession, for copy the next LIT.

Still it is pleasant to chat about old and new Dartmouth, even if you have to steal a little time. Last night I wrote to my old college chum, who is to be married next week and then settle over a church in New Hampshire. We graduated as many years ago as he takes the "average man" to go through college, in the class of '85, well remembered in the faculty. One of the best things Prof. Hitchcock ever said was when we presented him with an elegant ice pitcher after a hilarious course in zoölogy,—“I have always noticed that the class of '85 is apt to do unexpected things.”

As I wrote to my chum, I took down my old college scrap-book, with its collection of programmes, invitations, etc., and went through my Commencement programme, checking the names of the married men of my class, and found my reverend friend to be the twelfth, so far as I know. How that compares with other classes I do n't know. We started in well, however, for one man was married before we graduated, and another two days after Commencement. As I looked over the memorabilia of four years ago it gave me once more the old homesick love for the days in college. You college men grumble, doubtless, as we did, though you have n't such excellent rendezvous for grumbling as we had when we slapped ourselves to keep warm in the old chapel, and were informed that it was entirely comfortable, and that “if we could n't go to chapel there we could go to some other *college*,”—I think was n't the *place* that was warmer,—but you will wish, even the grumblers, in after years that you could have a little bit of the old college life back, no matter how pleasantly you may be situated in life. It seemed as if we ought to have done more, as if it were a long time and none of us had become of world-wide celebrity, as I thought of the married men and their families and homes. I looked over the Commencement programme, and I could recall very little of the matter which had seemed so good to us as we took it from the useful books in the library, or as we stole away behind Reed or the new library building after we had done our last escort duty on Wednesday night and had nobody but stars in our audience.

Of course I remember that Lyford quoted some poetry in the valedictory that we thought so unusually good, and that Dick Hovey was very dramatic in his Victor Hugo oration. That reminds me that Dick Hovey is writing a novel,—woke John Tucker up in the night to read it to him, much to John's disgust, last winter. Dick's lectures a year ago on the Philosophy of Dante, at the School of Philosophy, in Connecticut, were considered remarkably fine. Lyford none of us had heard from for twelve months, and none of us could get news of him till this fall. I had a letter from him written at Salida, Colorado, Sept. 10. So many Dartmouth men have been anxious to hear about him that I believe a bit of you

columns will be well used with some news of him. For the first six months after he was obliged to leave his school at Cheshire, Conn., and go to Colorado on account of his lungs, it was a life-and-death struggle. Finally the climate prevailed, and he got better rapidly, and is now himself again. It has been so long since we have heard from him that I think he will pardon me for quoting some things eminently Lyfordian. He writes,—“My physician ordered me into the mountains at the beginning of the hot weather, and the months I have spent there have done me untold good. To breathe this air is like imbibing ‘Sabean odours from the spicy shore of Arabia the blest,’ or like drinking nectar from ‘Hebe’s golden cup.’ The last two months of my stay in Denver I was able to do some private tutoring, and I was very successful in obtaining pupils. I think I shall return to Denver the last of next month and resume my pupils. Whom do you suppose I met one day in Denver? None other than David Annan! Wasn’t I surprised? We spent three days together, and then he went to his work, a surveyor on the Union Pacific Railroad somewhere in Colorado. I must remain in Colorado for the present. It is exile in one sense, yet no exile could ask for a more delightful place of banishment. Sunshine all day, and at night the grand gloom of these majestic mountains wrapped in eternal silence! My physician wishes me to be a little careful for one year more, and then I will have my health fully established.”

Such news will rejoice every man from ’82 to ’88 who knew Lyford, and most of them did know him. His address is Salida, Colorado. Lyford, of course, reminds one of “Gilsey,” alias “Billie” Bates ’85. As I looked out of a car window in Switzerland this summer, whom should I see but Bates with a friend—it did n’t mean a young lady in this case—and a pupil from the school in Brooklyn where Bates is teaching. As we crossed Lake Brienz that night we sang a great many of the old Dartmouth songs we had sung together four and eight years ago. Bates’s voice is as sweet and as pleasant to sing with as it ever was. He was looking first-rate. This is his second trip across, and, as he lives with a German family in Brooklyn, and speaks German fluently, he is quite cosmopolitan. He evidently has done some fine work in his teaching.

I am impressed with the fact that Dartmouth men make good teachers. It seems inbred in the Dartmouth atmosphere. I have felt very strongly from my own experience that a course in pedagogy is a great necessity at Dartmouth. By the way, if any one wants to see history taught in a rational and suggestive way, let him visit the Everett school in Boston, and if possible have a talk with Head Master Walter S. Parker, a Dartmouth man.

Stanley Edwards Johnson ’87 was another Dartmouth man I met going over on the Etruria this summer. He is on the *Springfield Republican*, and speaks of Howard ’84 as doing remarkably fine work, and writing most of the editorials on economic questions. Wallie Mooers, who made me a call last spring, and who is now teaching in Ashland, Mass., says he thinks Merrill Goddard is probably earning the best income of any man in the class. Perhaps Bayley, from whom I had a visit about an hour after Mooers had gone, may be making more out of his Dakota investments. I think he must have done very well. He is looking as if Western life had agreed with him. I suppose most ’85 men have heard of the sad and sudden death of his father. Bayley was in Lexington, Mass., in the spring.

How you must rejoice in the new hotel, along with the sidewalks, library, and chapel. I met yesterday a landscape gardener and contractor who lived in Hanover thirty years ago, and remembers the days when cows and horses peered out from the top floors of Dartmouth hall, and when the faculty had to go down after breakfast and select their gates from the pile in the middle of the campus. And yet our fathers maintain that there was never

much cutting up when *they* were in college in the good old days! Apparently all the mischief was done when nobody went to college. Like all Hanoverians, my contractor proclaimed himself a good Dartmouth man. His stories reminded me of those told by Bill Avery, who used to move me with his big wagon and his "team of cattle," as he called his two small horses. I wonder if he still "moves." He used to tell me that when Long John Wentworth was in college he was like a king, and the whole college did as he said, and mischief was done, or stopped, at his word. From the days of '85 back to Long John's days is a long stretch,—so, with the best wishes for the excellent LIT., I send this gossip from '85.

'87. Walter S. Scruton has resigned the principalship of the Hillsborough Bridge high school.

'88. Married, November 21st, at Linden, Mass., Charles R. Spaulding and Harriet Hall. Address, 355 Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'89. A. C. Boyd is studying law in the office of Downes & Curran, Calais, Me.

T H E

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

The subject of this article was born of noble Russian parentage November 11, 1860. Her parents separated when she was a child, and she remained under the care of her mother. At the age of ten the family commenced to travel, and from that time on their life was one of change from place to place—Vienna, Baden Baden, Nice, Rome, Paris. In the latter place, at the age of seventeen, Marie began to study art, and continued in that study until she was carried away by consumption, in October, 1884, after having won decided success at the Paris Salon.

Her diary, which is at present attracting such attention in the world of letters, begins when the writer was twelve years of age. It was her purpose to write everything, frankly and without concealment. Such an open avowal of a woman's every thought, such merciless self-analysis, is not found elsewhere in the literature of the world. There is, perhaps, a certain egotism, which makes her misfortunes seem terrible calamities, her successes wonderful triumphs. But who does not exaggerate for the time the affairs which affect himself most closely? And she was a creature of extremes. What might seem to more phlegmatic natures slight jars to the nervous system, made her burst into tears. Poetry, music, art, dress, and the enjoyments of social life, carried her into a transport of ecstasy. We can do no better than

to follow this remarkable life more carefully, with quotations selected almost at random.

At the age of twelve, at Nice, she writes,—“O, my God! grant me happiness in this life and I will be grateful! But what am I saying? It appears to me that I have been placed in this world in order to be happy;—make me happy, O, my God!” She has seen on the street a certain nobleman, the Duke of H——, and has conceived a strong love for him, and constantly prays,—“God grant that the Duc de H—— may be mine!” She has great hopes of being a singer. She says,—“I was made for triumphs and emotions: the best thing I can do, therefore, is to become a singer. If the good God would only *preserve, strengthen, and develop* my voice, then I should enjoy the triumph for which I long. I then should enjoy the happiness of being celebrated and admired; and in that way the one I love might be mine. If I remain as I am, I have but little hope of his loving me; he is ignorant even of my existence. But when he sees me surrounded by glory, in the midst of triumphs! Men are so ambitious! To see thousands of persons, when you appear upon the stage, await with beating hearts the moment when you shall begin to sing; to know as you look at them that a single note of your voice will bring them all to your feet; to look at them with a haughty glance (for I can do anything)—that is my desire. And then, in the midst of all this, Monsignor le Duc de H—— will come, with the others, to throw himself at my feet, but he shall not meet with the same reception as the others. Dear, you will be dazzled by my splendor, and you will love me!” Alas! for her girlish dreams, her voice is ruined by an incurable disease. The Duke of H—— marries, in sublime ignorance of his little admirer. Her grief at this is as great as her anticipated triumph. When her governess informed her that the Duke was to marry, she says,—“I put the book closer to my face, for I was as red as fire; I felt as if a sharp knife had pierced my heart. I began to tremble so violently that I could scarcely hold the volume. I was afraid I was going to faint, but the book saved me. My God, save me from despair! My God, pardon me my sins; do not punish me for them! All is

ended! ended!" This at the age of twelve! In 1880 she inserted in her pages,—“*All this re-read in 1880 produces no effect on me whatever.*”

For a few years life goes tranquilly, with music, dress, and travel. In Paris, August 27, 1874, she writes,—“I love Paris, and it makes my heart beat with emotion to be here. I want to live faster, faster, faster! (‘I never saw such a fever of life,’ D. says, looking at me.) It is true: I fear that this desire to live always at high pressure is the presage of a short existence. Who knows? Come, I am growing melancholy. No, I will have nothing to do with melancholy.”

In 1876, at Rome, she has an affair with Pietro A——, which afterwards causes her much disgust. This young count, the nephew of a cardinal, falls madly in love with her. She is inspired by his devotion with a certain responsive feeling, which she afterwards declares is not love—only the reflection of his love to her. The whole story of her affair with him is written out, and she says,—“I told my mother everything.” The culmination is a secret meeting in the passage-way leading from their apartments, where she talks over with him the subject of marriage, and finally allows him to kiss her. Ever after she repents this action, declaring that she did not love him, nor did she tell him so, except impliedly. Later she says,—“*The love one inspires and the love one feels* are two distinct sentiments which I confounded together before. Good Heavens! and I once thought I was in love with A —— with his long nose. How frightful!” But what vexes her all the more is that Pietro, won over by the opposition of his relatives, gives up the suit. She is chagrined and enraged with herself, and never after visits Rome.

The autumn of 1876 she spent with her father in Russia, in an attempt, afterwards successful, to reconcile her parents. There she was loved by her cousin Pacha, a blunt, open-hearted Russian, and eagerly questioned him, for the purpose of finding out the nature of love. She pities and respects him, and admires his humble, respectful affection, and, withal, treats him kindly.

In September, 1877, she makes the resolution to remain in

Paris and devote her life to the study of art. Then follow years of hard work and rapid advancement. In art she progresses rapidly. One constant note of jealousy appears—jealousy of Breslau a young woman who, by longer study, was able in many instances to outstrip her younger competitor. She complains that Breslau's surroundings are more conducive to art than hers. The demands of society take her time. She is much troubled by an approaching deafness, pronounced by the doctors incurable. And all the time can be seen on the pages the signs of advancing consumption. Imprudently, she refuses to go to the south, and works away at her art. She wins triumphs.

In 1883 she receives a mention from the Paris Salon. Her picture is reproduced by the illustrated papers. It is a striking street scene—two gamins walking along with clasped hands, one looking straight ahead, the other regarding the passers by with dark eyes full of youthful gravity.

In 1884 she wins the success of her life with "The Meeting"—a picture of half a dozen street urchins discussing some important question in a deserted lot. It receives the honor of being hung on the line. Awarded a medal by the popular voice, it fails to receive that honor from the committee, presumably from personal reasons. But the success is brilliant, and the young artist finds herself on the road to fame. Her course is, however, cut short by disease and death. A sad picture is that of the last days of herself and of Bastien LePage, the gifted artist whose kindred soul, together with hers, leaves a world full of bright promise of a most brilliant future. Here, for the first time, Marie finds the meaning of true friendship. Hitherto she had been cold, reserved, self-centred. Bastien LePage, calling out at first a sort of distant hero worship, at last calls out her deepest personal affection. A few extracts show the course of their friendship.

"Sept. 13. We are friends;—he likes me; he esteems me; he finds me interesting." "Sept. 18. That tyrant of a Bastien Le Page will insist upon my taking care of myself; he wants me to be rid of my cold in a month; he buttons my jacket for me, and is always careful to see that I am warmly clad." "Oct. 1. Bastien

LePage goes from bad to worse. I am unable to work. He is dying, and he suffers intensely. When I am with him I feel as if he were no longer of this earth; he already soars above me; there are days when I feel as if I too soared above this earth." "Oct. 16. I cannot leave the house at all, but poor Bastien LePage is still able to go out, so he had himself brought here and installed in an easy chair, his feet supported by cushions. I was by his side in another easy chair, and so we remained until six o'clock. I was dressed in a white plush morning gown, trimmed with white lace, but of a different shade. Bastien LePage's eyes dilated with pleasure as they rested on me. 'Ah, if I could only paint,' he said, and I ——" "Oct. 20. Although the weather is magnificent, Bastien LePage comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can scarcely walk at all now: by the time he is seated in the easy chair the poor fellow is exhausted. Woe is me! And how many porters there are who do not know what it is to be ill! For the last two days my bed has been in the drawing-room, but as this is very large, and divided by screens, *poufs*, and the piano, it is not noticed. I find it too difficult to go up-stairs." The translator adds,—“The journal stops here. Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days afterward, on the 31st of October, 1884.”

The journal is not merely the record of a life, in all its details—sometimes tiresome; it is filled with intelligent and shrewd criticisms upon subjects, literary, artistic, and philosophical. The author shows throughout the very fire of inborn genius. The high artistic nature displays itself on every page. There is always a petty egotism and an unbridled ambition, which becomes at times disgusting, yet the entire novelty of the plan, and the success in carrying it out, make the volume, as Gladstone has called it, “A book without a parallel.”

C. F. Robinson.

DOWN IN THE GARDEN CLOSE.

As I passed through my pleasant garden,
 All in the glad spring-time,—
 'T is a cloistered spot where my soul is warden,
 And its walls no thief can climb,—
 My heart, that lay like a peaceful dove
 In a nested, slumbering doze,
 Found it had wings, and the wings were love,
 Down in the garden close.

Down in the garden close,
 (Do the walls not interpose?)
 With dainty feet,
 Comes a lady sweet,
 Down in the garden close.

My garden walks are bright in the sun;
 'T is summer, the birds sing gay;
 The delicate vines o'er the warm earth run,
 And the leaves look up to the day.
 But of all the blossoms on the earth's broad breast,
 The fairest flower that grows
 Is the one that stands, the queen of the rest,
 Down in my garden close.

Down in the garden close
 You'll find a pure white rose.
 Its incense rare
 Fills the dreamy air,
 Down in the garden close.

Across the path drift the dry leaves sere,
 The birds and the Summer are fled,
 My plants are dead with the dying year,
 The flowers their bloom have shed,
 And the queen lies low in a soft, still sleep,
 Safe from the wintry snows,
 But never again will the sunshine creep
 Down in my garden close.

Down in the garden close
 The wind with a wild wail goes.
 Its chilly gust
 Stirs the soft grave dust,
 Down in the garden close.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S TRAGEDY.

It was not a very large sum, only \$150, but the firm had waited long and patiently, and when the old codger sent word that he would pay up on New Year's Day if some one came for the money, we were glad enough, and accordingly I was deputed collector. There is no railway or stage connection with the little village of M——, at the northern or Canadian end of the lake, thirty miles distant, so I thought myself fortunate in securing a chance to ride to my destination, planning a homeward skate up the lake by moonlight, thus combining pleasure with business. I found my man in the village saloon, and, after my interview with him, sat down amid the hangers-on of the place, made some inquiries with regard to the condition of the ice, and, with more ostentation than wisdom, as I afterwards thought, announced my intention of skating the length of the lake that night, and naturally boasted a little of making rapid time. Having displayed to the curious loungers who gathered about me the mechanism and beauty of my club skates, and chatting a little more as best I could in a mongrel language of Canadian French and English, I left the room for my midnight trip.

It was an attractive sight at the foot of the long hill that led down to the lake basin. A skating carnival was in progress. The little village had poured forth young and old on this New Year's eve, and the bay was thronged with struggling, tumbling, gliding humanity. Great fires were built here and there on the ice, which were constantly fed with brush and odds and ends of wood by the shouting youngsters, who seemed so many imps tending infernal fires, as the flames, flaring more fiercely, lit up their grotesque, grimacing features. Warmth, not light, was the object sought by this illumination, for the moon was at its full, and its cold flood of light was sufficient to suggest the picturesqueness of the gay-colored garments of the maidens, and the red, blue, white, and yellow tasselled toques of the men and youths, as all, laughing and jabbering gleefully and incessantly, sported hither and thither. I could not forbear attempting to astonish the natives

a bit, for, to tell the truth, I feel a little secret pride in the ease and grace with which I execute a few pet twirlings and flourishes. An hour was thus spent to my great satisfaction, when, discovering it was nearly eleven o'clock, I struck out boldly up the lake, thinking, with the little wind at my back blowing from the north, to make easily ten miles an hour, and reach home about two o'clock in the morning.

A moonlight midwinter night! The witching spell cast over the earth by the moon is potent at all seasons of the year, but the solitary stillness, the intense loneliness, of a midwinter night are peculiarly affecting to some natures. In June, as you gaze moonward and starward till your eyes swim and your thought is abashed, humbled, confounded, it is life that encompasses you; the great heart of nature throbs at your feet, and the thousand and one sounds of animate and inanimate creation, merged into one grand soothing lullaby of song, compel you to forget your identity and become merely an insignificant part of what you see and feel and hear. But at midnight in January you are the one living soul in the universe; the moon is a burned-out cinder; the stars have no warmth; they offer no companionship; their twinkling is a brilliant but lifeless glitter; the earth, too, is lifeless and shrouded; everything but yourself is dead, and stark, and cold.

"Alone! alone!—all, all alone!" I muttered to myself as I sped along, the clear metallic ring of the steel on the ice the only sound to break upon the frosty night. To the left the low rolling hills, snow-clad, gleamed and sparkled in answer to the moon-flashes from the long expanse of glass stretching irregularly ahead, while on the right rose rough, and mottled black and white, a pine-covered rocky ridge which ascended into a long, smooth-topped mountain, the outline curiously suggesting an elephant's back, then sloped low again, finally to break abruptly into a high, white-capped peak, standing calm and cold, the grim guardian of the solitude. The beauty of the landscape was the lonely, unearthly beauty of death, and the cold brightness of the moonlight, flooding the lake and penetrating everywhere save close to the right shore, which was shadowed by the overhanging trees, only made

more weird the sense of utter loneliness. This feeling might have become really oppressive but for the peculiar exhilaration of the gliding motion which skating affords.

I had settled into a slow, steady stroke, and was listening indifferently to the monotonous music of the steel, when suddenly from some distance back came a sharp, strange sound, insignificant, yet startling as the report of a pistol. There was nothing in sight, and after a moment of queer suspense I laughed aloud at the betrayal of such an unreasoning inclination to nervousness, but nevertheless quickened my pace. Was I the only thing capable of marring the stillness of this winter night? Indeed, I must be in a strangely strained and excited condition. It might have been the snapping of a tree on the mountain-side, or very likely it was the cracking of the ice along—but there it was again! Surely there could be no mistake—it was the ring of a skate, and it was not my own! Again I could see no one. Far back in the distance the little settlement was discernible as a dark huddled mass of buildings, but between us lay only moonlight and ice, not the smallest object that could be taken for a living creature. Perplexity and astonishment left no room for fear. Pursued by a phantom on skates! Ah! there *was* something diagonally across to the right shore just behind a fallen pine, and in the shadow of a projecting cliff, but it was motionless. “Hallo, there!” I shouted. “Lo, there!” came back quick and startling the warning echo, but there was no other answer. I wheeled around and fled panic-stricken. Glancing over my shoulder I saw the object was following rapidly, and that it was a man.

With a flash it all came to me, and instinctively I clutched my breast pocket. The public money transaction, the loud and foolish talk in the saloon, the dallying among the skaters—folly and carelessness were to reap the penalty. But what meant this skulking on the part of the pursuer? Why did he not attack at once and boldly? Here and there on the farther shore glared a dull red eye, the lamp in the farm-house window. The eye conveyed a message, and this was the answer. Human habitation, help, rescue were being left behind. Home and safety were

ahead, but between was wilderness, and I was plunging on into the night. It was too late to draw back, nor would I have gone ashore if it had been feasible. My heart beat fiercely; but muscles were tense, and nerves were strung, and mind was resolute. A stern chase and a long chase it might be, but if the devil must catch the hindmost, this time the devil would catch himself. Weaponless, I could run away; and the flashing blades cast up the white powder-puffs with a vehement vindictiveness. The last red eye had gone out, and on either side was unbroken forest. A glance, as I had expected, revealed my fellow-traveller out from under the hiding of the shore, and coming down the middle of the lake literally on the wings of the wind.

There is something about being tracked and followed that will chill the stoutest heart. Every hunted thing, from the innocent animal to the desperate criminal, feels it and quails. Perhaps it is the consciousness of relentless fate, or inexorable vengeance pressing on, against which all resistance must in the end prove futile. But nature, through the instinctive working of the law of self-preservation, will never voluntarily give up, and even when escape is absolutely hopeless the vain struggle is continued. At first, under the thrill of excitement at the prospective adventure, and having a sense of a power hardly natural, as the slightest additional muscular effort seemed attended by remarkably increased rapidity of movement, my hope had been buoyant enough, but now the feeling mentioned above was creeping over me with a benumbing effect. It had seemed an easy matter to throw off with a burst of speed this steadily dogging pursuer, but it was now too evident that I was no longer gaining, if, indeed, I had gained at any time.

I thought of many things. The novelty of the situation was uppermost. Scene—a desolate lake surrounded by more desolate mountains and woods. Time—midnight. Spectators—moon and stars. *Dramatis personae*, pursuer and pursued—two dark forms flying through the moonlight, the one two hundred yards in advance of the other. Then came the thought of possible danger ahead. Already I had crossed several narrow “reefs,” and it was known to me that occasionally a “reef” was found, even in cold-

est weather, stretching entirely across the lake, wide enough to engulf a team. If I should be brought to bay,—well, that was the only alternative to a suicidal plunge into icy water. I thought of all the cases of highway robbery of which I had ever heard or read, but could not recall one like this. All had taken place in vulgar, prosaic surroundings—in dark streets, narrow alleys, or upon some lonely country road. And then I thought of the notorious ruffian, “Black Jack,” a gigantic Canadian, a terror and nuisance to the farmers living near “the line,” of whom many desperate deeds were told, but who had been convicted only once, and that for a minor offence on the American side. But why should I think of him? Perhaps because he was the embodiment of all the lawlessness in the region. Nevertheless I shuddered.

On, on we flew. I was losing, but dared not look back, for every misstroke meant a loss of yards. Nearer and nearer sounded the pursuit. The inevitable was at hand, but I struggled on. Muscles that had seemed like springs, tireless, had become inelastic, unresponsive; each push forward was rather a drag backward; my feet were weighted with lead; breathless, there was a choking sensation at the throat; the rushing ice made me dizzy; the stars were in a wild dance. Was I falling? It was purely mechanical motion;—lifeless, effortless, exhausted, I was borne on by mere momentum. A “reef”! The water flew up in a shower of spray, but ice was beneath, and I floundered on and on.

How long this was kept up I do not know, possibly for several miles. The quick, vicious click, betokening short and powerful strokes, sounded close behind. His hoarse, labored breathing was audible, and was it fancy that I felt his hot breath? In despair, venturing for the first time to look back, whether because of an inequality or seam in the ice, or merely on account of an unfortunate twisting out of balance, at that instant I stumbled, half recovered, and fell upon my knees, dimly conscious of having recognized in my pursuer a burly, athletic figure, black-bearded, and carrying a short, heavy club.

“Black Jack!” The ejaculation was hardly out of my mouth, when, unable in his fierce rush to stop or avoid me, his skate

clashed upon mine, and his heavy weight was hurled headlong and sprawling. A groan and a smothered curse came from the sliding, prostrate mass, but not caring to make an investigation, with a frantic scramble I was up and away.

The fall and shock, together with the positive identification of the border ruffian, imparted new strength and energy, the desperation of realized fear, but all speedily disappeared in one grand collapse a moment later, when the familiar, ringing click was renewed in terrifying nearness. He was not injured then, but determined to hunt me down! The next mile was a repetition of the others, and then a sudden and awful catastrophe!

Again had he closed upon me,—again had I experienced the same terrible sensations of failing breath and strength,—when right ahead, within five feet, was the ripple of open water. Not an instant for thought. A desperate, plunging leap, and I left the ice, fully expecting to drop to the bottom of the lake, but helpless to prevent it. One gasping breath, and I had landed on the further side of the “reef,” unnerved, bewildered, trembling, but saved, almost miraculously as it has since seemed. There was a loud cry behind, a great splash, and then silence.

He was clinging apparently by the tips of his fingers to the ice, with head and shoulders only out of water. His cap had fallen off, and the moonlight, streaming full upon his ghastly face, revealed such a sight as I trust never to see again. The wild, bulging eyes, the fierce, scared, appealing look, the wide open mouth, the thick, repulsive lips, moving impotently, for no sound escaped them, can never be blotted from remembrance. O God! I see that awful face as I sit here writing. I see it whenever I gaze from my window upon the lake. I see it many a night upon a sleepless pillow. It haunts my dreams. But God knows I was not to blame. True, there was a moment of inaction, but I could not help it; I must have been in a stupor. I know that I cast myself down and crawled towards him, reached out to grasp his hand—*and it was n't there!*

The stars glittered pitiless. The cold, dead moon sailed on and on. The wind ruffled the black water. A tree crashed at

the base of the rugged mountain. The ice cracked,—cracked again. Then all was silence, and death.

* * * * *

The Boston and Montreal evening papers the following day contained this simple telegraphic despatch, which some of you may have seen, as you have seen many another without even a passing thought: "Jean Lassarde, a French Canadian lumberman, was drowned while crossing Lake M——." That was all, and it was better so. Nothing good could have been said of "Black Jack," and it was charitable thus simply to record his death. It were needless to say my story was believed, and no blame has ever been attached to me. But it will be a life-long regret—the thought that possibly I *might* have saved him.

G. S. M.

THE "WEAL THROUGH WOE."

I am weary and sad,
 Said good-wife Mag; its just a year ago
 Since my boy's white ship, on her maiden trip,
 Was christened the "Weal Through Woe."

But never a word
 Has come to me, let the spray drive fast or slow
 From over the sea, as it rolls so free,
 Of the fair ship "Weal Through Woe."

Then she turns and weeps,
 As, with saddened hearts, the neighbors whisper low
 Of the news, come down from the fishing town,
 That wrecked is the "Weal Through Woe."

But when they go in
 To bear the news, they see, by the sunset glow,
 Poor Mag is asleep, and her slumber deep
 Has brought to her "Weal Through Woe."

— Marshall P. Thompson.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

It is perhaps asserting a good deal to say that the Scottish peasantry is probably the finest and noblest in the world. The grandeur and sublimity, and, I might say, the sternness of the scenery, more than anything else, creates in them that solemn reverence for which they are noted. Mountains and torrents, precipitous crags, and the dash of the ocean beating on the hard rocks, all become the occasions of intellectual and moral power. Probably no country in the world, in proportion to its size, has produced so many eminent men from the humbler ranks of life—men who, from the most adverse circumstances, have forced their way to fame; the sons of shepherds and of weavers, lowly born and sternly reared, becoming great lawyers and great linguists, great poets, great soldiers, and great orators.

The Scottish character, although not very easily sounded, in connection with the dialect, is an interesting study. The first thing that will usually impress one is, that the Scotchman is a man who is always "keeping up a terrible thinking"—a kind of man engaged in a perpetual soliloquy with himself. "Why do you talk to yourself so much?" was asked an old Scotchman. "For two reasons," he replied. "One is, that I like to talk to a sensible man; and the other is, that I like to hear a sensible man talk." It is undoubted that to most English readers the Scottish dialect is more or less of a mystery: it very frequently draws an impenetrable veil over the richest humor of Burns and Scott, and prevents the reader from entering into and following the course of a dialogue. To be sure, a dialect is not pure English, and should not be used for itself alone, but any one who has listened to the Scotch dialect, and understood it, will agree with the writer that it is very rich and expressive. No doubt the power of the Scottish dialect is due very largely to its strong and earnest accent, and in the great use of vowel sounds. A customer inquires if a certain piece of cloth is wool. "Ay oo," replies the merchant (meaning Yes, wool). "A oo" (all wool). "Ay a oo" (yes, all wool).

A recent poet, Robert Leighton, has put the difficulties of the Scottish dialect into very pleasant verse, of which I will give a short extract :

“ They speak in riddles north, beyond the Tweed,
 The plain pure English they can deftly read ;
 Yet when without the book they come to speak,
 Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.
 Their jaws are *chafts* ; their hands when closed are *neives* ;
 Their bread’s not cut in slices, but in *sheives* ;
 Their armpits are their *oxters* ; palms their *luifs* ;
 Their men are *chields* ; their timid fools are *cuiifs* ;
 Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers* ;
 Good lasses *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers* ;
 They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they *scratch* ;
 And when they give a sample its a *swatch* ;
 Scolding is *flytin*, and a long palaver
 Is nothing but a *blither* or a *haver* ;
 This room they call the *but* and that the *ben*,
 And what they do not know they *dinna ken* ;
 In keen, cold days they say the wind *blaws snell*,
 And they have words that Johnson could not spell.
 To *crack* is to converse, the *lifts* the sky,
 And *bairns* are said to *greel* when children cry ;
 When lost folk ever ask the way they want
 They *speir the gate* ; and when they yawn they *gaunt* ;
Beetle with them is clock ; a flame’s a *lowe* ;
 Then straw is *strae*, chaff *cauf*, and hollow *howe* ;
 A *mickle* means a few ; *muckle* is big ;
 A piece of crockery ware is called a *pig*.”

During one of the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and, among other things, the cooking. Approaching the galley, where a brawny Highlander was attending to some culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odor of the pot of hodge-podge which the Highlander was preparing.

“ What is that ? ” asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

“ Hodge-podge, sir,” was the reply.

“ How is it made ? ” was the next question.

“Why, there’s mutton *intill’t*, and turnips *intill’t*, and carrots *intill’t*, and——”

“Yes, yes,” said the prince, “but what is *intill’t*?”

“Why, there’s mutton *intill’t*, and turnips *intill’t*, and carrots *intill’t*, and——”

“Yes, I see, but what is *intill’t*?”

The man looked at him, and seeing that the prince was serious, he replied, “There’s mutton *intill’t*, and turnips *intill’t*, and——”

“Yes, certainly—I know”—urged the inquirer; “but what is *intill’t*——*intill’t*?”

“Mon,” yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, “am I no’ tellin’ ye what’s *intill’t*? There’s mutton *intill’t*, and——”

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince’s suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to his royal highness that “*intill’t*” simply meant “into it,” and nothing more.

This anecdote well illustrates some of the difficulties which one who is not familiar with the dialect will get into in understanding it.

That the difficulties are not all in the meaning of words, but in construction and idiom as well, a few examples will show. If a Scotch person says, “Will you speak a word to me?” he means, “Will you listen?” But if he says to a servant, “I am about to give you a good hearing,” that means a severe scolding. A legacy to any charitable fund or institution is called a *mortification*. It is singular to hear one say “Take”—that is, shut—“the door after you,” or, “She looks very silly,” that is, weakly in body. To hear it said of a thing that it is “out of sight the best,” means that it is “out and out.” To “change your feet,” your shoes and stockings. “He has fallen through his clothes,” is a way of saying that he has grown thin and his clothes do not fit him.

A Scotchman and his son, a lad of ten or twelve, put up at a hotel for dinner. When ready to start, the gentleman told the boy to go and have the horse put into the buggy. Giving the order literally, the stableman smilingly looked at him a moment, and then asked him if he would help. Oh, certainly, he would be glad to help. “Well, where do you want him—under the seat?”

You may be sure the boy always had the horse hitched to the buggy after that.

The Scottish character has certainly shown that Sidney Smith was very far wrong when he said that "a surgical operation was needed in order to put a joke into a Scotchman's head." The humors of the Scottish character abound in thousands of illustrations. "Jeanie," said a staunch old Cameronian to his daughter, "Jeanie, my lass, it's a very solemn thing to be married." "I ken that weel," said the sensible lassie, "but it is a great deal solemnner not to be." The best humor is of a sly and subtle kind. Even the humor of Burns and Scott is often of this order. A speaker once, addressing an audience, used the word "phenomenon." This was a word which some of them did not understand. Some one interrupted the speaker with, "Hed on a wee bit; I dinna ken what that means." "Weel," said the speaker, "did ye ever see a coo?" Oh, yes, he had seen a coo. "Weel, that's no a phenomenon. Did ye ever see an äpple-tree?" Yes, he had seen an apple-tree. "Weel, that's no a phenomenon; but if you ever see a coo hīnd feet foremost up an äpple-tree, that's a phenomenon."

A droll kind of slow movement of character gives a hint of a good deal of humor. Indeed, this cautious and canny slowness of character is enjoined in the well known Scottish proverb, "Naething should be done in haste but gripping fleas." It is no doubt owing to this queer slowness in the character that we have among Scottish stories so many of the ludicrous which are not humorous. The humor of some stories needs a bit of knowledge to apprehend the altogether unconscious humor which comes out from the narrator. It has been said, that of all the sciences, it is a difficult task to make a Highlander comprehend the value of mineralogy. There is some sense in astronomy: it means the guidance of the stars in aid of navigation;—there is sense in chemistry: it is connected with dyeing and other arts;—but "chopping off bits of rocks," that is a mystery. A shepherd was sitting in a Highland inn, and he communicated to another his experiences with "one of they mad Englishmen." "There was one," said he, "who

gave me his bag to carry, by a short cut, across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh! it was dreadfully heavy, and when I got out of his sight I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco' weight of the thing; and, man, it's no use for you to guess what was in the bag, for ye'd ne'er find out! It was stanes."

"Stanes!" said his companion, opening his eyes, "Stanes!"

"Ay! just stanes."

"Well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them. And did you carry it?"

"Carry it! Mon, do you think I was as mad as himself? Nae, nae, I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money!"

I think the following will need no explanation: There was an odd old character in Glasgow, by name John Marshall, who was very fond of his glass, but was equally desirous of preventing the sweet aroma being discovered in his breath. Meeting a physician one day, with whom he was intimate, he asked him if he knew of a specific certain to overwhelm the smell of whiskey. The doctor readily answered, "Oh, yes, I can tell you," and, tapping Mr. Marshall gently on the shoulder,—“Johnny, my man, if you take a glass of whiskey, and dinna want ony one to ken it, just take two glasses of rum after it, and the deil ane will ever suspect ye of having tasted a drap o' whiskey.”

It is true, the Scotchman is pugnacious, very pugnacious. He has been nursed in storms, both physically and morally; his life has been usually, for many ages, a life of hard discipline. Hence feats of daring became the end of existence. The history of the country is a story of stirring events which have tended to foster this characteristic. It is also true that the Scot is a man of terrible prejudices: he is made of stern stuff. It must be frankly admitted that there is no man more easily offended, more thin-skinned, one who cherishes longer the memory of an insult, or keeps up with more freshness a personal, family, or party feud, than the genuine Highlander; yet where can we find a more congenial companion or a more faithful friend?

A. A. McKenzie.

LONGING.

When thy fair face is far, so far away,
 When all alone I struggle through life's throng,
 And all around me rises cheering song
 From gentle, happy souls, content and gay,
 Who, toiling in the sunlight of the day,
 Find other souls whose faithful love and strong
 Sustains and helps them all the way along—
 When marriage bells sound near me on the way—
 My heart, too, e'er is light, for well I know
 Thy love eternal is for me, for me;
 Yet, like the undertone of unseen woe,
 Which ever threads the brighter melody,
 Like echo of a sob, distraught and low,
 My soul calls out, "O Love, I long for thee."

C. F. R.

MARIE THÉRÈSE.

"Oh!" cried Marie Thérèse. Sister Felicia frowned, the others giggled. They are very much like children—these sisters—and Marie Thérèse had been startled by a mouse that had run across the floor.

"Ah, little one, this will never do, never do!" said Sister Felicia. "You are very much of a coward, I fear."

Marie Thérèse said nothing: she knew she was a coward. She trembled and grew sick at the sight of a wounded soldier,—and there were very many of them in Metz that summer,—and every time the great cannons of Prince Karl made the doors and windows rattle she would hide her face in her hands, and wait anxiously for the answering boom from Forts Quelan and Quentin. They always seemed to her like great hounds, baying and growling, eager to spring at the throats of the Germans,—did these forts. And very often she wondered at the use of it all: she felt sure that it had been better for every one before all this fighting and bloodshed. And she wished they could have good white bread to eat in place of the horrid stuff that was doled out to

them now. There was no doubt about it, Sister Thérèse was a sad coward.

Slowly the long, hot summer days wore away. On the east old Steinmetz's veterans, though sulky from the withdrawal of their general, grimly waited for their prey. The greensward all along the Moselle grew ridged and furrowed by the intrenchments of the Prussians. Closer and closer drew the net, louder and louder sounded the buzzing of bullets—the new, terrible insects that flew back and forth over the hedges; while everywhere lay the unburied corpses of men and horses.

One morning toward the end of August, a party of French, under the charge of a sergeant, marched out from one of the city gates—wild-eyed, bronzed fellows they were—and softly as cats they hurried away toward a German outpost, where they suspected, from the sounds of revelry the night before, that a store of good things had arrived from home. In a word, they were hungry, and bent on “spoiling the Egyptians.” Warily as Indians they crept along; already they were within a few rods of the earth-works, and, with a rush, were upon them, bayoneting and shooting the poor Saxon boy-soldiers who had fallen asleep over the goodies from mothers and sweethearts, little dreaming that their awaking would be far away from the battle-swept fields of Lorraine!

The triumph of the French was but brief, for, roused by the noise, a squadron of Uhlans came riding fast and hard to the relief of their companions. The red-trousered soldiers fired one volley at the advancing horsemen, and hurried away toward the shelter of the city. The French cannoners on the advanced positions opened fire to cover their retreat, and the Prussians answered in kind, rapidly shelling the retreating detachment—very few in numbers now, and straining every nerve to reach the first angle of the French outworks. Nearer and nearer they came; they were almost in safety; they could hear their friends cheering them on, and were about to give an answering yell, when, hissing and smoking like a very demon, a great iron shell fell not ten feet from them. Without a word they dropped on their faces, and waited for what seemed certain destruction.

II.

Marie Thérèse had concluded to venture on a walk that morning. Everything was so still and quiet as she passed along, the sunshine so bright, and the sky so blue, that she almost forgot where she was, and strayed farther and farther. At length she found herself among the forts; she even patted the great, black siege-guns, and chatted pleasantly with some of the *officiers*.

Suddenly she saw a puff of smoke way, way off in front, and then that dull boom that had always frightened her so. In a moment there was an answering shot from the French, and then a perfect pandemonium began. She sank to the ground in terror, while the soldiers were soon kept too busy by the Prussian artillery to notice the little Sister of Charity, as she cowered down, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as she could.

Just then that great shell, with its smoking and hissing fuse landed in front of the French detachment. A cheer rose from the Germans; the French hid their faces, and waited.

Suddenly a little gray figure was seen to dart over the parapet, and run swiftly down the slope toward the sputtering shell. Even the Prussians stopped firing, and stood watching. Swiftly the little gray figure sped on, and, in a moment, bending over the terrible thing, before any one could see it, had broken the fuse, and the French were saved.

And then—Frenchman and Saxon and Prussian altogether gave such a cheer as, I warrant, had never before rung down the valley of the Moselle; and, regardless of discipline, the soldiers of Metz came swarming over the ramparts to bear, with sobbing and cheering and laughing, poor little Marie Thérèse into the city.

The war passed away after awhile, and the soft wind, as it blew, bore no sounds of tumult to the citizens of the famous old town. Far away from its streets and houses, in a quaint, ivy-grown convent in the south of France, a timid little woman in gray sometimes screams as a mouse runs across the stone floor, but no one calls her a little coward now, for on her breast gleams the cross of the Legion of Honor!

It is Marie Thérèse.

Marshall P. Thompson.

A DAY IN MARSHFIELD.

During a short stay in Marshfield not long since, I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the "Webster Place." Having read but very little of Mr. Webster's life at Marshfield, I was struck with the vivid remembrance which every one of that vicinity has of the old man's declining years. "I saw him here, or there," says one. "I heard him say this, or that," says another. "I was a boy then, but I remember very well that magnificent speech he made us farmers from the hill in front of his house. How those deep black eyes got aflame; how his voice echoed in the hills, clear as a trumpet." "A great and good man," is the verdict of all.

From a very brief acquaintance, one almost believes that the people thereabouts think themselves favored of fortune that they have lived in the same town as the great expounder of the constitution. They seem to look with Pharisaical contempt upon the folk of Duxbury, Hanover, and the outlying towns; and it is with an effort that they refrain from expressing pity for the visitor ignorant of their stock of lore. "And who can tell me the most concerning Mr. Webster's life here?" I inquired, while in conversation with one of the *summa gens*, whose acres actually border on the Webster estate. "Old Porter Wright probably knows more about that than any other man living. But," he added, with conscious pride, "any of us can tell you more than you will find in all the books." "Porter Wright?" "Yes, sir, he was for years Mr. Webster's foreman." "Lives in this town?" "Oh, yes, only half a mile round the bend yonder."

So I went in quest of Porter Wright, whom I found living in a small, old-fashioned house something like a mile from the coast, yet commanding a splendid view of the ocean. Mr. Wright has a vast store of Webster reminiscences, and is withal a very companionable man. Under his guidance I visited the "Webster Place."

How every point of historic interest reiterates that trite observation, that "the man hallows the place, and not the place the man." Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church to the American

ear still echo the eloquent words of Otis and the Adamses ; Gettysburg is ever repeating those few but earnest sentences of a martyred president ; and Marshfield does and will continue to eulogize America's greatest orator. In the home of a great man, gone to his rest, one feels a reverence as for a holy place ; and, as the home is of no interest except in its associations with the dead, the visitor can scarcely rid himself of the thought that by right the spirit of the dead inhabits there.

Since Mr. Webster's decease, in 1852, there have been many important changes in the old homestead. The original house, built in the year 1765, first seen by Mr. and Mrs. Webster in 1824, and purchased in 1832, was burned in the winter of 1878. This was a severe loss, not alone to the curious visitor, but to history itself, for a part of Mr. Webster's library, the effects of Major Webster—religiously preserved as he himself had last arranged them before leaving for the Mexican war from which he never returned—and, in short, nearly every heirloom of the family, perished in the flames. The new house, built on the site of the old one, is some rods to the north of the highway, which runs nearly east and west. One can sit on a porch, facing the east, and, over a cranberry bog and its bordering alders, see the ocean “ a mile off, reposing in calm or terrific in storm, as the case may be.” It was of this east porch and its comforts that Mr. Webster often thought in the weariness of public life, and often let escape the sigh, “ Oh, Marshfield and the sea, the sea !”

Near the inner terminus of the winding carriage-way, leading from the road, stands the “ noble, spreading elm,” under which Mr. Webster passed so many peaceful hours. Although some of its branches were blackened in the fire of 1878, it still enjoys a thrifty old age. Not far from this denizen primeval, stand two weeping elms which were planted by Mr. Webster “ as a kind of memorial to the memory of a lost son and daughter—Edward and Julia.” They stand so near together that the branches intertwine, and, with very little imagination, one hears whispered words of affection ; for the wind is always sighing in accents almost human.

“ Do you see that ? ” said Mr. Wright, pointing to rising ground

to the north of the highway. "Every citizen of Marshfield has cause to remember that hill." "Indeed, and why so?" "From that very hill, sir, Mr. Webster made us farmers a great speech. It was in '52, sir, soon after his defeat for the presidential nomination, when he was being escorted home from Kingston by his neighbors and fellow-farmers. Oh, that was a great day! One hundred and fifty teams, a hundred on horseback, and every one else afoot—a procession two miles long, sir. A great day! And then that speech he made! Why, he talked to us as though we were senators instead of farmers. 'My prayers are, that the Almighty Power will preserve you and shower down upon you and yours the blessings of happy affection and peace and prosperity.' Every man who was there remembers those words as though they were spoken but yesterday. They were the last he ever uttered in public." As the old man talked, he seemed to live again in the scenes of old; his gray eyes kindled anew, and, as the woods and the hills returned his words, old echoes, lying dormant these many years, seemed awakened.

The Webster estate, barely comprising one hundred and sixty acres when first it came into Mr. Webster's possession, numbered eighteen hundred before his death. Mr. Webster had a predilection for proportions; everything must be on a large scale. In this respect he has been rightly called the Walter Scott of America: however, he never had that gentleman's mania for building, for he lived twenty years in the same old colonial house.

At my request, Mr. Wright pointed out a field in which the famous Daniel Webster plow was used. This plow was made at the direction of Mr. Webster by Seth Weston, a jack-at-all-trades, and Jabez Hatch, the village blacksmith. It was an unwieldy affair, requiring two or three men to hold it and four yoke of oxen to draw it. The curious Dartmouth reader may, by braving a few cobwebs, see this plow very choicely preserved in the basement of Culver Hall.

The visitor of a day, intuitively, as it were, visits the favorite resort and shaded walk haunts wanted to the living, and, last of all, repairs to the tomb of the dead.

Somewhat to the north and west of the house lies the burying-yard of the Websters. This we reached after a half mile's travel over a farm road by no means the smoothest, and were obliged after arriving to scale an iron fence before coming near enough to read the inscriptions. A very modest block of granite distinguishes the tomb wherein lie Mr. Webster, his two wives, his sons, and daughter. In the same yard is a block of slate-stone bearing the name of Gov. Winslow of colonial fame. This yard, destined more and more to be a Mecca to the admirers of greatness, at present presents hardly a creditable appearance. The grass is clipped but once a year—at the annual haying; there are no walks; and that universal attendant of the grave—the flower—which speaks of love to every passer-by, is wanting in all its species. One feels that genius is remembered of her adorers but for a short time.

As, after a few brief hours, I turned from the "Webster Place" for good, I thought how one must needs go again and again before learning every lesson that historic associations teach. Mr. Webster himself once said,—“Superficial observers see nothing in Marshfield but rocks and sands and desolation; as one uninitiated runs his eye over the picture of an old master, and wonders what folks can see that is pleasing in such a grim and melancholy looking thing. Marshfield must be studied.”

W. C. Belknap.

THE CHAIR.

“The Moral Aspect of College Life,” in the February *Forum*, by President Adams, is very timely, following so recently after the much noted discussion engendered by the editorial comment in *The Nation* upon a letter from “a mother,” pleading earnestly for a *moral*, meaning a comparatively temptationless, college. President Adams adds simply the weight of his authority in being in line with other experienced educators, as regards expressed belief and opinion in the matter. Now, why shall we not hear from the student? In one respect he is a more competent authority: his point of view is from within, his knowledge is complete, and if he be unprejudiced, discriminating, and, in a measure, philosophic, his testimony should be reckoned at least eminently valuable, if not conclusive. But, obviously, the great disadvantage is that such testimony is merely local: no accurate and fair generalization can be made unless it is assumed, as often it is, and perhaps in the main not improperly, that the college youth is much the same everywhere; that colleges differ vastly more in their curricula than in the character of their students. A symposium upon the subject, comprising expression of opinion from representatives of the foremost colleges and universities of the country, would be very interesting reading, however delicate and impracticable the scheme, though we suspect there would be a tendency to rivalry—perhaps carried to an amusing extent—in making out as good a case as possible for one’s “dear old college.” Yet a little transparent whitewashing would really be better than a slanderous attack, such as might befall at the hand of a disreputable “Alec Quest.”

But this is drifting away from our intent at the start. Hiding behind that impregnable bulwark, the editorial “we,” though simply for custom’s sake, it is permissible for us to give expression

to some plain and honest words. We are in perfect accord with President Adams in thinking that the moral aspect of college life is far from being so gloomy as it is often thought by those standing without college walls. It is candidly admitted that excesses of one sort and another occur in college life, yet they are made worse than reality by unwarranted publicity, and are neither so numerous nor so bad as would be found to exist with any equally large body of young men not under the wholesome and corrective influence imposed by intellectual discipline, to say nothing of that coming from more or less special athletic training, or even such as comes simply from an intellectual atmosphere. But granted all this, which is the conclusion reached by merely a broad and general survey of college morality, not enough stress is laid upon *the peculiarity of college ethics* in relation to the moral aspect of college life. This feature of the question President Adams touches upon and dismisses in a short paragraph, exhibiting but one phase of it, which is not all inclusive of the subject. And this peculiarity of college ethics is what the outsider knows very little about. Perhaps he has a vague idea that the college student has his own peculiar notions of right and wrong in respect to certain things; but his knowledge is not definite, and he is led to judge of college morality solely by what is reported in the newspapers, or what he chances to hear of the gross excesses of this or that "fast set." Now, we think it would be well to centre more light upon some false ideas of right and wrong, too often held by not always a small proportion of the student body in our colleges, for to our mind just here is the real weakness of college morality, the real undermining of character, the real danger to be dreaded by anxious parents. A very small number, comparatively, are subjected to temptations to dissipation, but hardly a man remains in college a year without being, unconsciously if you will, but none the less really, influenced in his ethics, the change always being a relaxation of high ideas of honor and duty.

It were needless to specify what is meant. Every college man knows what things many are apt to view for four years in an entirely different light from what they did before entering college, or,

if home training was defective, from what they recognized to be the ethical standards of a moral community—a community believing in and practising law and order; a community, we mean, that would have a man brought before the police court whether he stole \$1,000, or a \$1 sign or a 50-cent thermometer; a community that thinks a man not smart, but an unsafe rascal, if he betrays confidence reposed in him, “cribbing” his way to rank and position; a community that stamps a man who violates deliberately his pledged word worthy only of contempt and ostracism.

This color-blindness, or distortion of vision, is infectious. It spreads rapidly. What was condemned *a priori* comes to be regarded with mild disapproval, then by some as a necessary thing, and by others still as the cute and proper thing. We are tempted to quote Pope’s familiar lines, so applicable to this process of degeneration, but will spare the reader. But it may be deprecatingly replied, these rigid, Puritanical ideas are all very well in their way, but “a college boy will be a college boy, you know.” We agree, if you mean that the college boy must have his good time, his fun, his larks; but if you mean it is pardonable for him to be mean and dishonest, if you mean he can offend against universally accepted standards of honor and truth, if you mean he can infringe with impunity the civil law of the land, simply because he is a college boy,—and this is exactly what you do mean when you condone such offences as we have impliedly but plainly enough characterized,—it is unnecessary to make answer. The point is right here: Despite the fact that from time immemorial a certain divinity has hedged in the college student, despite the fact that to him are accorded certain special prerogatives, it yet remains incontestable that he is not so privileged as to be exempt from obedience both to the higher ethical law and also the civil law, which are accepted by ordinary mortals, which, indeed, are accepted by college men themselves the minute they step outside the sacred precincts, and find that they are not so much graduates of this or that college as citizens of the republic, men of the world, having at one bound, as it were, outgrown their four years’ delusion.

A study of the subjects for the Grimes and Lockwood Prize essays, just announced, discloses their variety. A man cannot well excuse himself with the plea that no one of these subjects is adapted to his line of thinking and style of composition. It is a free-for-all race, the honor of success is great, the money recompense is ample, the personal benefit to be derived from a special course of reading and thinking is of almost inestimable value; therefore let every man who can think a thought of his own and pen it grammatically compete. A word of advice will be pat. May 10th, like Commencement, heaven, a fortune, and other good things, is yet a long way off. Delay is fatal. At least, choose your subject, meditate upon it, dream about it, and when the proper time comes, you can write readily, will not be forced to think yourself a fool, and eventually give up in despair and disgust. Men very often have good intentions in these matters, but, like New Year's resolutions, their intentions do not last, and the competition in consequence suffers. At various times, the last few years, there have been complaints of the lack of abundant and spirited competition. This year do not take it for granted that this or that man is sure of the prize. Give the judges a chance!

We regret the unavoidable postponement of the promised article on "Modern College Athletics at Dartmouth." It will appear, however, in our next issue.

We have earlier in the year solicited support from the college in the way of contribution, but have spared any reference to that indispensable support specified on the inside page of the cover of the LIT. Still we have not forgotten that the college editor, with all other honest mortals, must pay as he goes, and in view of this fact would now, once for all, remind our readers that our Business Manager dearly "loveth a cheerful giver."

BY THE WAY.

It occurs to me this evening, as I turn on the steam, draw the window-shades, and sit down in my easy-chair, hoping that you, my reader, will in imagination find a comfortable seat near by,—it occurs to me, I was saying, that too little recognition is given to that principle of education called absorption. Some friend of culture has said that the opportunity merely to lean against college walls in four years could scarcely help brushing into a man's head a sort of refinement that is bound to distinguish him from the common run of humanity.

The very contact with scholarly and well informed professors, which fortunately is, nowadays, becoming more and more personal, and still more intimate relations with fellows of marked abilities, who are beginning to love knowledge for its own sake, must in some degree open the eyes of the youth who goes to college simply because he is sent, and give him a glimpse of the world of ideas. In short, there are few men who can resist the epidemic, knowledge, when it gets into the air. It is a disease which, if there is anything in heredity, I trust flesh is heir to. Indolence and whiskey, separate or mixed, are sometimes, as you suggest, tried as prophylactics; but I have never heard them recommended.

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As I drew forth from my post-office box to-day sample copies of the *Anarchist's Friend*, the *Socialist*, *Free Love Champion*, and *Truth Rampant*, or publications of similar names, which I am fortunate enough to forget at this moment, kindly sent by their respective publishers for the edification of the members of the Senior class, as I looked in vain for a letter—it was the 14th, by the by—I resolved to take my first opportunity and say a good

word for old St. Valentine, whose name and day seem to be falling sadly out of our sight. Doubtless the old gentleman has in times past carried things a little too far, and we are now, as it were, in the trough behind the wave; but when you remember those first valentines of your school-days, all done in paper of the pinkest of hues, and inscribed with the most touching of rhymes which you conned over and over again in school-time when you should have been learning the products and exports of New Zealand, I think you will echo with me the sentiments of Charles Lamb, who says in his hearty way,—“Hail to thy returning festival, Old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name on the rubric!”

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Among the points in regard to Brother Jonathan, brought out before American audiences in the past few weeks by that witty Frenchman, Paul Blouet, better known to us as Max O'Rell, is one which, in substance, is this: Poor, busy Jonathan considers it a waste of time to sit down for the sole purpose of exchanging ideas and banter with his friend. Suppose he has now bolted his breakfast, and is bound for town. A neighbor sits by his side, brim full of fellow-feeling for Jonathan, interested in him and his family, with a half-dozen fresh jokes on tap, informed in regard to the latest news, domestic and foreign. Suppose, my friend, that we sit opposite. Now what will these cultivated friends do? Simply this: Jonathan makes the original and edifying remark that this is unusually cold weather; David assents,—and thereupon they coolly unfold their respective morning papers. The current of sociability is frozen over, and, I might add, covered with a newspaper.

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As I was ruminating over this and other interesting facts and fancies arising therefrom, it struck me that our friend O'Rell had perhaps never made the acquaintance of the American college student on the latter's native heath. Doubtless the gentleman has some idea of Jonathan, Jr., undergraduate, gained from the press

and generally accepted by the public, picturing to himself a brawny, over-athletic youth, much given to controversies with the college faculty, courting suspensions and shunning recitations, and, withal, a personage who is far from sociable. But what distorted images of the truth these preconceived ideas of ours sometimes are! The college student, as you and I know him, has truly found the lost art of chatting for its own sake. He may be ever so unsociable at times, but when a Saturday night comes, there is a knock on your door, Jonathan, Jr., steps in, with a "How are you, old man?" and that very moment the Saxon reserve which the professors talk about steps out. Books are laid aside, and an intellectual *menu* is before you, beginning, perchance, with the prospects of the ball team, continuing with reminiscences of the past summer, garnished with allusions to those girls of his (always excepting his "best" one), and closing with your discussing together the immortality of the soul. It is on such occasions as this that Jonathan, Jr.,—a truly interesting person, if you know him well,—turns himself, figuratively speaking, inside out.

Here you have a *causerie* such, I imagine, as would delight the heart of a Frenchman, in which literature, science, politics, and nonsense are discussed with equal gusto,—a bar of justice acknowledging no human superior, where any individual, from the college carpenter to the president of these United States, is likely to be weighed and found more or less wanting.

THISTLE-DOWN.

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.

DAS HERZ.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Within the heart are set apart
Two rooms, where Joy and gloomy Sorrow dwell.

Joy wakes in hers : ne'er Sorrow stirs,
But slumbers softly in her quiet cell.

Speak low, O Joy, lest we destroy
The sleep that over Sorrow holds its spell !

J. H. G.

THE OLD CHURCH.

Behind our new church, on the hill,
The old church used to stand,
As grim and rough as an old-time saint,
Stained by age, but never by paint,
With a willow on either hand.

A traveller, passing by that way,
As he looked the edifice o'er,
With a sense not quite so devout as keen,
Is said to have murmured, " God's house I've seen,
But never His barn before ! "

William Byron Forbush.

CRAYON BLEU.

American War Ballads and Lyrics, edited by George Cary Eggleston. New York: Putnam's. 2 vols. \$2.50.

The Putnams have given us in this "Knickerbocker Nugget" a rare treat. It is the ideal collection of American war songs, bound in the well known uniform of blue and gold, and showing in its typographical and illustrative work the highest perfection of the printer's art. The selections are typical of the American war poetry, from the days when Captain Lovewell laid down his life in battle with the Indians in 1725, to the last sad, tender words over the graves of "The Blue and The Gray." All the old battle songs are there, from "John Brown's Body" to "Marching Through Georgia," as well as the inspired words of patriotism which aroused the North after Sumter was fired on, words which came from the lips of such men as Stedman, Stoddard, Holmes, Bryant, and others. Nor is "Dixie" forgotten, and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" is given its proper place. Indeed, some of the poems, which are followed by the designation Southern, are among the tenderest and most poetical in the book. The sufferings of the South command our pity, as their fierce determination at the outset calls for our admiration. Of course it would be useless to assert that all the selections have poetic merit. The compiler frankly admits that many were chosen for the place they occupied in the hearts of Americans, rather than for any great merit of their own, and the selection aims to represent, so far as possible, all phases of our martial poetic energy. One is pleased to find that our songs always reflect the patriotic, courageous spirit of our country. There is scarcely a mean or ungenerous line in the whole book. No better book can be placed in the hands of the American youth to make the spirit of patriotism burn within him.

Marie Bashkirtseff: the Journal of a Young Artist. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. \$2.00.

A fine edition (with good type and imitation vellum binding) of this book, which is creating such a sensation in the world of letters. It contains a portrait of the author, and reproductions of some of her paintings. A further notice will be found in the body of this magazine.

Natural History Object-Lessons, A Manual for Teachers, by George Ricks, B. Sc. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Recognizing the universally poor equipment of teachers for science-teaching from lack of special training, this manual in its 350 pages aims to provide material for object-lessons and to illustrate methods. In a clear, concise manner it discusses plants and animals, treating of the economic bearings of the subject in a thorough and perhaps too extended a manner. It adopts Rev. J. G. Wood's system of classification, which is somewhat antiquated in its arrangement and particulars. The discussion of anatomy and physiology is excellent, as are the specimen object-lessons to which the latter part is devoted. The defects are minor, and it is well calculated to aid teachers who lack scientific training.

Elementary Mathematical Tables, by Alexander McFarlane, D. Sc., LL. D., Professor of Physics in the University of Texas. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.85.

A set of thirty-one tables, mostly to four places, carried out farther for more exact functions. Besides the ordinary tables, there are addition and subtraction logarithms, radians, reciprocals, powers and roots, multiples, circumference and area of circle, content of sphere, hyperbolic logarithms, interest and annuity tables, least divisors, exponentials, &c. It will be found an invaluable assistant in practical work where great accuracy is not required.

Liberty and a Living, by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. New York; Putnam's.

"The record of an attempt to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing, and hunting." The details of Mr. Hubert's book are mainly uninteresting, and his pessimistic views of city people in general seem to indicate a mind that sees the mere exterior of those whose culture is less than its own, without entering with sympathy into their inmost feelings. Yet the book, doubtless, reflects truthfully the opinion of the author, and comes to us like a fresh breeze from garden and seashore. The chapter on "The Life Worth Living," with its characterization of Thoreau, is delightful reading. Here the author is in full sympathy with his subject, and gives us a keen, faithful critique of the unique opinions of our great American hermit.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. New York: Putnam's Knickerbocker Nugget Series.

A careful edition, with notes by John Bigelow. The painstaking study of the annotator gives us valuable hints to enable us to understand all the circumstances under which the great statesman wrote. An edition which should combine the qualities of beauty and convenience has long been needed. This the publishers have furnished in the most attractive guise of a "Knickerbocker Nugget," a name that is fast becoming synonymous with a rare treat to the book lover.

Lindner's Empirical Psychology, translated by Chas. DeGarmo, Ph. D. (Halle). Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.10.

This is, we believe, the first translation into English of a work which has been going the rounds of the schools of Germany for a quarter of a century. The study of Psychology in America has followed the abstract method perhaps too closely. The study of the Herbartian method—the inductive method of the natural sciences applied to psychology, as found in this book—will prove a help to the pupil in understanding the great phenomena of the human mind, to the teacher in deriving better systems of pedagogy. The author never transcends the region of experience in the facts on which his system is based.

The Elements of Astronomy, by Charles A. Young, Ph. D., LL. D. (Dart. '53). Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.55.

The great success of Prof. Young's *General Astronomy*, which has been used in over one hundred colleges within a year of its publication, has induced him to issue a new work, designed for use in high schools and academies. Much of the material is the same as in the *General Astronomy*, but it is entirely rewritten for the benefit of less advanced students. The style is clear, the information accurate, the illustrations well chosen. We notice, as additions which are especially valuable, maps of the moon and of Mars, a photograph of the great nebula of Andromeda, and a complete uranography, with maps of the constellations to 50° south latitude. The description of the constellations is complete enough to

enable the learner to trace them in the heavens. We predict for this an even greater success than that which the *General Astronomy* enjoyed. It is used here in the Junior class.

Early Britain, by Alfred J. Church, M. A. Story of the Nation's Series. New York Putnam's. \$1.50.

A story of the history of Britain from the earliest time to the Norman conquest. It is a good condensation of abundant material, written in a very interesting manner, giving a fairly complete story of the early years of English History. It is especially interesting in displaying to us Anglo Saxons the character of the people who were our ancestors, and in tracing the gradual development to some degree of civilization. It is well illustrated and printed, and furnished with maps.

Aeschines Against Ctesiphon, edited on the basis of Weidner's edition, by Rufus B. Richardson, Professor of Greek in Dartmouth College. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.50. Paper \$1.20.

This book has received thorough trial here by use in the Junior class, and has been found especially valuable for purity of text, and for comparative and critical annotation. The introduction and appendix are full of valuable information, systematically arranged. The college takes pride in the work of Prof. Richardson in the College Series of Greek Authors.

Niels Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt, by Holberg; *Bug Fargal*, by Hugo; *La Métromanie*, by Alexis Piron; *Jeanne d' Arc*, by Lamartine. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper.

This series of French and German authors, at prices ranging from 15 to 40 cents, is edited by prominent educators of the country, and may be relied upon as faithful texts for use in colleges and schools. The notes are enough to be helpful and not burdensome. The print is large and clear, and the whole appearance of the volumes neat and attractive.

Money, by James Platt, F. S. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$0.75.

This is the authorized American edition of a book which has passed through nineteen English editions. It may be characterized as a thoroughly sound and careful study of the interesting subject of money in all its phases. The ethical bearings are especially well discussed incidentally throughout the work.

The Atlantic for January opens with Margaret Deland's new serial, "Sidney." Sidney proves to be a charming young lady, evidently in need of being "waked up," and the first instalment furnishes abundant material for bringing about this desired end. "The Tragic Muse" and "The Begum's Daughter" still continue. The feature of the month, however, is Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Over the Teacups," a chat with the readers about the declining years of life, in the best style of our loved Autocrat. "English Love Songs," by Agnes Repplier, is an interesting study. "A Precursor of Milton" brings to light a writer little known, Avitus of Vienne. Mr. Cook has given us a valuable biographical study of John Dickinson. Mr. Aldrich's "Echo Song" and Mr. Burn's Sonnet are especially poetical in different lines. The Contributors' Club continues, as ever, the cream of the magazine.

The Century for February continues the highly interesting "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," and concludes the "Abraham Lincoln" papers, the publication of which marks an epoch in magazine publication. Frank R. Stockton's laughable "The Merry Chanter" continues in his happiest vein. "A Side Light on Greek Art" gives engravings of

recently discovered terra cotta. Among the poems, especially good in this number, "To Youth," by Orelia Key Bell, "Old Age's Ship and Crafty Death's," by Walt Whitman, and "Abraham Lincoln," two sonnets by Stuart Sterne and James T. McKay, respectively, are especially meritorious. "The Pursuit and Capture of Jefferson Davis" and "A Corner of Old Paris" deserve mention.

Scribner's for January opens with a valuable paper on "Water Storage in the West," discussing an important engineering question. H. C. Bunner gives, in "An Old-Fashioned Love Song," a most charming piece of verse. W. C. Brownell's "Notes and Impressions of the Paris Exposition" are very apt. A. F. Jacassy commences a series of African studies with "Tripoli of Barbary." "The Beauty of Spanish Women," by Henry T. Finck, the author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," shows the results of careful observation. The electricity article is "Electricity in the Household." A new department opens with the year, "The Point of View," intended to give discussions of questions of the day and matters of general interest.

In *The Journal of Education* we notice a series of articles by F. L. Pattee, '88, on "Methods in Teaching Astronomy." This paper continues to publish many articles of intense educational interest. Recently we notice particularly short abstracts of Larkin Dunton's Boston lectures on the Science of Education. The book news and educational notes are very full and valuable.

Education is, as ever, the valuable magazine for teachers. It contains in a recent number a short article on Clark University.

Lippincott's for February opens with "The Sign of the Four." The January number contains "Milicent and Rosalind," with a portrait of the author, by Julian Hawthorne.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Second and Third Reading Books*, from J. B. Lippincott Co.; *Harvard Studies, Vol. 1, The Method of Last Squares*, and *Goodwin's Greek Moods and Tenses*, from Ginn & Co.; *The State and Federal Governments, The New Arithmetic, Sept Grand Auteurs*, and *French Literature*, from D. C. Heath & Co.; *The Garden*, from Putnam's.

EXCHANGES.

Surrounded as the editor of a college literary monthly is with so much to divert his attention from pure literature, on one hand encouraged and stimulated to quench his thirst for knowledge by plunging into the depths of metaphysics, on the other invited by the fair prospect that lies before him in the fields of history and science, he feels at times that it were better to lay aside the pen, and bend his energies toward acquiring general culture.

Truly the editorial machinery is not without its waste. More or less hack-work is necessary, which is of small service to the editor. He must of necessity read some rubbish, and whether his words drop thickly and fast from his brain upon the page, or only float through his mind like clouds, he yet must write.

However, besides the chastening which his style gets by constant use, besides the critical insight which practice gives him, and the honor which attaches to his position, the literary editor confers upon the college a feature which is invaluable, and, we think, indispensable. It is during these college days, if ever, that college-bred men begin their real literary work; it is then that their taste is formed for better or for worse, and their style begins to shape itself. It lies within the scope of the literary monthly to bring literary work within the reach of these men, to encourage them and perfect their style.

A college monthly should be the mirror wherein the very best talent and taste of the college are reflected. If it does that, it is successful; if it does not, it is a well-nigh total failure.

Princeton has such a mirror as this in the *Nassau Lit.*, the December and January numbers of which now lie before us. The poetry of the January number is good, the Baird Prize poem, "Don Roderick, or The Entrance of the Moors into Spain," deserving especial mention. Our modern college poets are so given to short unambitious pieces, "soft nothings," exemplifying pure form devoid of substance, that it is a pleasure to read a poem that essays a loftier flight, and deals with narrative and description. It is well handled and shows a promising writer. The two poems of the November number are not especially meritorious.

The stories in this number, however, are excellent. The prize story, "After the Storm Haven," is quite above the ordinary run of college stories. The plot is within the compass of the author's powers; his style is well adapted to the piece, and the subject is given a sympathetic treatment. "Fate, or Coincidence?" is of quite a different cast, but good in its way. The essay on "Literary Criticism" is especially commendable, and the departments are well supported.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The seventh annual meeting and banquet of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association was held at Lancaster, January 31. A large number of lawyers were in attendance. The meeting was called to order at the court-room in the county building at 2 o'clock. Prof. J. F. Colby '72, who was to have read a paper on "Ballot Reform," was absent on account of sickness. Judge W. S. Ladd '55 and others discussed the question, and the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That reform in the method of voting at our public elections, similar to what is commonly known as the Australian system, ought to be adopted.

A biographical and memorial address on Col. Thomas J. Whipple '67 hon. was then delivered, and Hon. Chester B. Jordan '82 hon. gave a memorial sketch of Daniel C. Pinkham '43. Papers on various legal topics were also read. Hon. Harry Bingham '43 and Jason H. Dudley '62 were elected vice-presidents for the ensuing year. At 8 o'clock the annual dinner was served. Among those present were Attorney-General Daniel Barnard '65 hon. of Franklin, Hon. E. A. Hibbard '63 hon. of Laconia, Hon. W. S. Ladd '55 of Lancaster, Hon. Alvin Burleigh '71 of Plymouth, Frank S. Streeter '74 of Concord, Hon. Ossian Ray '69 hon., Jason H. Dudley '62, Hon. A. S. Batchellor '72, Ira A. Chase '77 of Bristol, and Hon. B. F. Whidden '40.

The annual meeting of the Manufacturers and Merchants' Mutual Insurance Company of New Hampshire was held at Concord January 28. Among the officers elected were the following: E. G. Leach '71, president; I. W. Hammond '83 hon., vice-president; A. B. Thompson '58, I. W. Hammond '83 hon., E. G. Leach '71, G. H. Adams '73, C. M. Stevens '78, C. E. Carr '75 C. S. S., F. N. Parsons '74, J. H. Dudley '62, and S. W. Rollins '46, directors.

The annual reunion and dinner of the Chicago Alumni Association, one of the oldest and most loyal bodies of college graduates in the West, was held in the Union League Club, Thursday evening, January 16. Despite the ravages of le grippe, then holding high carnival in Chicago, and the unfortunate coincidence whereby the Sons of New Hampshire assembled on the same evening, some thirty-five alumni were present, and the meeting resulted in a distinct gain in their already high enthusiasm and affection for their college. Hon. E. D. Redington '61 presided; Charles R. Webster, Esq., '82, was toast-master, and Dr. W. H. Marble '83, secretary. Prof. Charles F. Richardson '71 represented the college, and described its present equipment, teachers, students, good work, and needs. The trustees' circular letter was read, and elicited favorable comment. Other addresses or speeches were made by President George A. Gates '73, of Iowa college (in eloquent eulogy of the late F. A. Bradley '73, of Chicago); Col. F. W. Parker, principal of Cook County Normal

School; Prof. E. C. Dudley '73, of Chicago Medical College; Louis Bell, Ph. D. '84, lately professor of physics in Purdue University; W. W. Patterson, C. S. S. '68; Prof. C. F. Bradley '73, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern University, and others. Among those present were Dr. Addison H. Foster '63, and Rev. Henry Willard '51, son of the founder of the Willard professorship of rhetoric and oratory, to be filled next Commencement. Of the younger classes, '82, '83, '84, '85, and '88 were represented. Several members of the association are prominent in the affairs of the University Club, soon to move into attractive quarters.

The Alumni Association of Boston met at the Vendome on the evening of January 15, and enjoyed one of the best dinners in its history. Col. M. O. Adams '71 acted as toastmaster, and speeches were made by President Bartlett '36, Lieutenant-Governor Haile '56, J. B. Richardson '57, C. H. Tucker '73 Agr. Coll., Rev. Arthur Little '60, Hon. G. A. Marden '61, Hon. W. E. Barrett '80, and G. F. Williams '72. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, J. B. Richardson '57; vice-presidents, A. A. Ranney '44, W. J. Forsaith '57, M. O. Adams '71, and W. E. Barrett '80; secretary, T. W. Proctor '81; treasurer, C. Q. Tirrell '66; committee for three years, J. F. Paul '78, S. P. Smith '82; chorister, B. Tenney '83.

The Alumni Association of Washington held its 15th annual dinner and reunion Feb. 6. Over fifty enthusiastic Dartmouth men were present, and had an unusually good time. The officers elected were Philip Walker '80 C. S. S., president; F. R. Lane '81, A. P. Greeley '83, vice-presidents; W. Quimby '83 secretary; E. G. Kimball '81 historian; C. S. Clark '82 chorister. At the banquet letters were read from President Bartlett '36, Vice-President Morton '81 hon., and Judge Miller '48. There was general regret at the president's absence, and his letter was received with great applause. The toasts responded to were "Dartmouth as an Educator," Hon. W. G. Veazey '59; "Dartmouth Men in Executive Branches of National Government," Secretary Proctor '51; "Dartmouth Men as Legislators," Hon. Nelson Dingley '55; "Dartmouth Men in Science," Dr. W. W. Godding '54; "Dartmouth Men in Legal Profession," Gen. R. D. Mussey '54; "Honorary Degrees," Hon. O. C. Moore hon.; "Army and Navy," Dr. H. M. Wells '57; "Journalism," Hon. A. W. Campbell non-grad. The guests were W. B. Greeley '81, J. C. Dore '47, J. P. Fulsome '54, and Hon. J. W. Mason, Hon. A. W. Campbell, Dr. G. A. French, V. E. Hodges, Charles R. Dodge, non-graduates.

The annual meeting and dinner of the New York Alumni Association took place at Delmonico's on the evening of January 24. Resolutions of regret were adopted on the death of Frederick Chase, the late treasurer of the college. These officers were chosen for the coming year: President, Gilman H. Tucker '61; secretary, Harold G. Bullard '84; corresponding secretary, Herbert S. Carpenter '88; treasurer, Ernest H. Lines '82; musical director, Addison F. Andrews '78. At the dinner toasts were responded to by George A. Marden '61 of Massachusetts, Charles L. Dana '72, Charles R. Miller '72, Francis Brown '70, and H. L. Smith '69.

At the recent annual meeting of the Phoenix Mutual Fire Insurance Company, the following were elected officers: L. S. Morrill '65, A. B. Thompson '58, A. R. Evans '72, directors; L. S. Morrill president, and A. B. Thompson vice-president.

The alumni of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in Boston and vicinity, recently had their eleventh annual dinner at Young's hotel. Mr. Harvey L. Boutwell '82 presided, and there were twenty-five members present. Prof. C. W. Scott '74

was among the guests. At the business meeting E. M. Willard '75 was elected president; A. H. Woods '85, W. W. Kimball '76, R. F. Burleigh '82, and W. F. Flint '77, vice-presidents; E. H. Wason, secretary and treasurer; H. L. Bullard, corresponding secretary; George H. Whitcher '81, E. P. Dewey '82, and Homer Brooks '77, executive committee.

The Fire Underwriters' Association at its recent annual meeting elected the following to office: A. B. Thompson '58, B. A. Kimball '54 C. S. S., L. S. Morrill '65, E. G. Leach '71, I. A. Chase '77, and A. R. Evans '72, directors; A. B. Thompson vice-president.

A portrait in oil of Hon. Mills Olcott 1790 has just been presented to the college by the widow of the late president, Samuel G. Brown '31. Mr. Olcott was the son of Lieutenant-Governor Peter Olcott 1790 hon., of Vermont. He was treasurer of the college from 1816 to 1821, and a trustee from 1821 to 1845. One of his daughters was the wife of Rufus Choate '19, another of Hon. Joseph Bell '07, and another of Hon. William H. Duncan '30.

'20. Hon. George W. Nesmith has been chosen president of the Congregational society in Franklin.

'24 Med. Coll. Thomas Bassett, for sixty years a prominent physician of Rockingham county, died recently at Kingston. He was born Aug. 12, 1797. For fifty years he was in litigation with the Salisbury Manufacturing Company, of Salisbury, Mass., over the rights of the company to flow his land bordering on the Powow river. The case went several times to the supreme court on questions of law, and is the most prolonged suit ever known in New Hampshire, if not in New England. The suit began with Daniel Webster '01 as counsel for the plaintiff, who was succeeded by John Sullivan '49 hon., John S. Wells '57 hon., Amos Tuck '35, and Gilman Marston '37.

'33. Dr. Edward Spalding has been elected one of the directors by the Jackson Company of Nashua.

'33. Dr. Daniel Bateman Cutter, of Peterborough, died recently at nearly eighty-two years of age. He was born in Jaffrey, May 10, 1808, and was the oldest of nine children, being a brother of Hon. E. S. Cutter 44, of Nashua, and Isaac J. Cutter, Esq., '52, of Boston. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, studied medicine at Harvard and Yale, and began practice in Ashby, Mass., in 1835. After a couple of years' practice he was induced to settle in Peterborough, where he ever afterwards lived. He was always prominent in town affairs. He was for many years superintendent of schools, and a member of the legislature and constitutional convention in 1852. He was active in the organization and management of the Peterborough Savings Bank. He also published a history of Jaffrey.

'36. President Bartlett delivered an address at the quarterly session of the Merrimack Valley Congregational Club, held at Haverhill, Mass.

'40. Rev. E. F. Slafter lately read a paper before the Bostonian Society on "The Discovery of America by the Norsemen."

'40. George P. Hadley read an interesting paper on "Former Town Houses" at the dedication of the new town hall at Goffstown.

'43. Lorenzo Clay, of Gardiner, Me., died January 30 of paralysis of the throat, aged 72 years. Mr. Clay was born at Candia. After graduating he taught school in Vermont, and went to Gardiner in 1845, forming a partnership with Hon. George Evans in the practice of law. He was a very successful lawyer, especially before a jury, his preparation

being always careful and accurate. He had been county attorney of Kennebec county, and also representative in the legislature, besides holding many places of trust in municipal matters. He leaves a widow and three children.

'44. Amos Hadley, Ph. D., of Concord, delivered the annual address before the Unitarian Female Benevolent Association of that city.

'45. William Henry Leland Smith died recently at his home in Dorchester, Mass., after an illness of three months. Mr. Smith was well known in the Masonic and yachting circles of Boston, as well as in the business world. Born at Ludlow, Vt., Nov. 16, 1824, he was taken at an early age to Lowell, Mass., where he received his preliminary education. After graduating from college he attended the Harvard Law School, and received his degree of LL. B. in 1848. He at once began the practice of law in Dorchester, and there remained except for a short interval. During that interval, in 1866 or '67, he became the first mayor of the city of Corry, Penn. In Boston Mr. Smith has been trustee of the Dorchester Yacht Club, and at the time of his death was Commodore of the Boston Yacht Club. He was Past Master of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, Past H. P. of St. Paul's R. A. Chapter, a member of Boston Council R. and S. Masters, a member of Boston Commandery K. T., of which body he was recorder. He was one of the California pilgrims of the latter body. He was Grand King of the Grand R. A. Chapter of Massachusetts in 1858, of Knights Templars in 1858-'60.

'46. Isaac W. Smith, LL. D., of the board of trustees, has been appointed by the board to superintend the publication of the second decennial catalogue. He has selected Prof. C. F. Richardson '71 to aid him in the work, and has appointed John M. Comstock '77, of Chelsea, Vt., editor.

'47. A portrait of the late ex-Congressman Samuel N. Bell, of Manchester, is to be presented to the trustees of the public library in Manchester, of which the deceased was treasurer from its organization to his death.

'47. Hon. Charles C. Colby, of Stanstead, P. Q., who has been appointed a member of the Dominion cabinet, is said to be the first American who ever entered the Canadian parliament. He has been in parliament for the past twenty-five years. He was elected deputy speaker two years ago, and was instrumental in getting the Canadian Pacific Railroad through, going to England and France to secure subscriptions for that purpose. He is one of the directors of the new South American companies, and is one of the principal movers in the new chemical phosphate company, which proposes to utilize the waste copper in the mines along the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

'49. A portrait of the late Judge Clinton W. Stanley, of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, will be presented by Mrs. Stanley to the state, to be hung in the capitol at Concord.

'51. Judge Jonathan Ross has been elected vice-president of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Col. Franklin Fairbanks '77' hon. was reelected president.

'53. At the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Boston, Rev. Henry Fairbanks presented the needs of the rural districts, telling of a careful canvass of forty typical towns in Vermont, in all of which there were no church services. The facts were classified and exhibited on large colored charts.

'55. Hon. Walbridge A. Field is vice-president of the Vermont Association of Boston.

'56. Lieutenant-Governor Haile of Massachusetts says he shall not be a candidate for governor to succeed Gov. Brackett. He is quite content with his present position, and if allowed to remain there during Gov. Brackett's term of service he will then gladly retire.

'56. Ex-Gov. B. F. Prescott has been elected president of the Bennington Battle Monument Association.

'57 C. S. S. Prof. Charles C. Rounds, principal of the Normal School at Plymouth, has accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the graduating class of Robinson Academy at Exeter, and is to present the diplomas.

'57. Ex-Gov. Samuel E. Pingree was chosen one of the delegates from the Department of Vermont G. A. R. to the National Encampment, to be held in Boston next August. Dr. Gates B. Bullard '55 Med. Coll. was also elected a delegate.

'58. Joseph W. Fellows has been elected chairman of the corporation of the Masonic Orphans' Home in Manchester.

'60. At the annual meeting of the Second church, Dorchester, Mass., the reports presented showed a year of unusual interest and success. The present membership of the church is 461, of whom 75 have joined since the coming of the present pastor, Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., who left the New England church, Chicago, to accept the pastorate of the Second church one year ago. The church has enjoyed great prosperity since the coming of Dr. Little, whose faithful work and genial presence have endeared him to his people.

'60. Frederick Chase, treasurer of the college, died after a brief illness at his home, in this place, January 19. His strength had been so taxed by work during the last few weeks, that when attacked by disease he was unable to rally from it. The news of his death was a shock to all, and the wide circle of those who knew him mourn a great loss. He was one who confined his labors neither to the town nor to the college, but included both, as well as the county and the state. His pleasant, genial bearing toward the students, his manifested interest in their undertakings, and his kindly advice and help to many personally, endeared him to all. Mr. Chase was born at Hanover, September 2, 1840, and was the son of Prof. Stephen Chase '32. He was fitted for college partly here and partly at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. After graduating from college he studied law in the office of Hon. Daniel Blaisdell '27 of Hanover, for several months, and then was appointed as clerk in the office of the second auditor in Washington. This position he held three years, when he was transferred to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, where he soon became chief clerk. While thus engaged he still pursued his legal studies, and graduated from Columbia College Law School in 1867. Soon after, he resigned his position in the treasury department and became head of the legal firm of Chase, Hartley & Coleman, of Washington and New York. The firm was very successful, but Mr. Chase was compelled by ill-health to sever his connection with it in 1874. In 1875 he was elected treasurer of the college, and the year following was appointed judge of probate for Grafton county, both of which positions he held at the time of his death. He has also been president of the Hanover Aqueduct Association for fourteen years. Judge Chase had a great taste for historical research, and had for the past seven or eight years been collecting valuable material for a history of the college and the town, the first volume of which is wholly written, and a part of it in the hands of the printer. The second volume is mainly prepared, needing only correction and revision. An aged mother, a widow, and five children survive him.

'61. Hon. George A. Marden received the honor of an invitation to attend, as a guest and speaker, the dinner of the New England Society of New York, on Forefathers' Day.

He has also accepted an invitation to make an address at the annual banquet of the New Hampshire Lincoln Club, to be held in Concord on February 14.

'63. Col. Thomas Cogswell was elected department commander at the recent state encampment at Manchester. George E. Hodgdon '61 was elected senior vice-commander.

'63. The senate has confirmed the nomination of Jesse Johnson as United States attorney for the Eastern District of New York.

'63. The Hon. W. L. Burnap has been elected one of the delegates of the Vermont Republican League to the National League meeting, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., March 4.

'63 Med. Coll. George E. Pinkham has been appointed pension examining surgeon at Lowell, Mass.

'64. John Luther Foster, a prominent citizen of Lisbon, died at his home January 17. He was born September 15, 1837. After graduation he went to Charleston, S. C., during the latter part of the war, with Major I. O. Dewey, as pay-master's clerk. He afterwards read law with Morrison & Stanley in Manchester, and practised his profession for a time in Boston and at Littleton,—being judge of the police court at the latter place for some time. He removed to Lisbon about ten years ago, where, in addition to the discharge of the duties of his profession, he has held various positions of honor and responsibility. He was a member of the last constitutional convention, was for years chairman of the board of education, and, at the time of his death, chairman of the board of selectmen. He leaves a widow and three children.

'65 Med. Coll. J. R. Cogswell, of Warner, has been chosen president of the Kearsarge Agricultural and Mechanical Association, representing about fourteen towns.

'66. Henry C. Ide, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is spending the winter in the South. Although improved in health, he has never fully recovered from his carriage accident of last spring, and complete rest from all business cares is deemed necessary.

'70. Principal C. E. Putney was one of the speakers at the Teachers' Institute, held under the direction of State Superintendent Palmer '62, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., January 16. A. H. Campbell '77, of the Johnson Normal School, also delivered an address.

'71 C. S. S. Dr. Charles A. Fairbanks has been elected city physician of Dover. Dr. Fairbanks has also been chosen president of the Strafford District Medical Society.

'71. Judge Charles W. Hoitt, of the Nashua municipal court, has resumed his duties after a long sickness.

'73. George H. Adams, of Plymouth, has been appointed deputy by Collector French.

'74 Med. Coll. Charles Warren Hackett, a well known physician of Malden, Mass., died recently at his home there. He had only lately recovered from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Hackett was born at Falmouth, and had resided in Malden twelve years. A widow survives him.

'74. Prof. C. H. Pettee was elected a member of the Executive Committee, for a two-years term, at the recent meeting of the State Grange, held in Manchester. Hon. John D. Lyman '69 hon., of Exeter, was elected to his fifteenth year as lecturer.

'76 Med. Coll. Solomon Walker Young, of Pittsfield, formerly a well known resident of Lynn, Mass., has died at his home after a very brief illness from bronchitis. Dr. Young

came of a sterling old Portsmouth ancestry, both of his parents coming from there. He was born at Alexandria. His early school life was very limited, but he was an indefatigable student. At fifteen he was nearly ready to enter college. He attended one term at Gilmanton Academy and one at the academy at Pittsfield, of which he was principal for one year. Thence he went to Exeter, but failing health prevented him from completing the course. There he evinced a marked taste for poetry, and he began to write in *versé*, composing several short poems of merit. This taste, first manifested at the age of sixteen, developed rapidly. From eighteen to twenty-two he wrote much, and cultivated his acquaintance with the standard poets with great assiduity. He abandoned teaching, but went to work at the shoemaker's bench, and learned the trade thoroughly. He was married at nineteen, and, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, enlisted in the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, in Capt. Barker's company, from Barnstead and Gilmanton, and took part in the operations in the Shenandoah valley and in the Battle of Fredericksburg. Returning from the war in 1864, after his wife's death, he again resumed his old occupation as teacher, and in 1866 entered upon the study of medicine. He went to Lynn, Mass., in 1869, and continued his studies with Dr. David Drew '42, and attended lectures at the Harvard Medical School in 1871 and 1872. He did not engage in general practice for several years after graduating, but continued to receive young students. His first practice was in Lynn, where he drew around him a large circle of friends, attracted by his geniality and peculiar magnetism. Failing health led him to return to his old home in this state at the end of a year, and he settled in practice at Barnstead, from which he removed to Pittsfield subsequently. While in Lynn he warmly espoused the cause of the workingmen, and was ever a loyal champion of the rights of labor. In this state Dr. Young became a very successful practitioner. He again exercised his poetical gifts, and "Legends and Lyrics," a volume of poems from his pen, is in press, and was about to be issued. He wrote but little in prose, and his writings were confined to practical essays on the labor question and contributions for the newspapers. He leaves two children.

'76. The Fourteenth Annual Report of the class, recently published by the secretary, Mr. William H. Gardiner, contains thirty-four pages of very interesting matter. We give the addresses of the graduates represented: J. E. Abbott, Byculla, Bombay, India; H. M. Andrews, New York; W. A. Barr, Bergen Point, N. J.; R. P. Barrett, Hot Springs, N. C.; H. J. Barton, Normal, Ill.; G. H. Bridgman, Elizabeth, N. J.; W. H. Brooks, Holyoke, Mass.; E. D. Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. E. Cate, Haverhill, Mass.; L. C. Clark, San Francisco; A. B. Crawford, Oldtown, Me.; F. W. Ernst, Franconia; S. M. Fairfield, New York; T. Flint, Brooklyn; John Foster, Manchester; H. M. French, Concord; W. C. Frost, Colorado Springs, Col.; F. G. Gale, Waterville, P. Q.; S. C. Gamble, Circleville, O.; W. H. Gardiner, Chicago; G. Goodhue, Dayton, O.; E. A. Greeley, New York; R. F. Hall, New York; F. H. Hardison, Somerville, Mass.; L. V. Haskell, Stromsburg, Neb.; A. Hay, Chicago; C. B. Hibbard, Laconia; E. T. Hodsdon, Schuyler, Neb.; J. M. Holt, Marshalltown, Ia.; T. C. Hunt, Riverside, Cal.; E. A. Jones, Stoughton, Mass.; F. L. Justice, Logansport, Ind.; A. H. Kenerson, Boston; J. Kivel, Dover; M. E. McClary, Malone, N. Y.; F. M. McCutchins, Boston; J. F. McElroy, Albany, N. Y.; P. T. Marshall, Manistee, Mich.; S. Merrill, North Cambridge, Mass.; L. W. Morey, Lowell, Mass.; W. R. Patterson, Chicago; H. G. Peabody, Boston; H. H. Piper, Somerville, Mass.; B. H. Roberts, North Chili, N. Y.; H. D. Ryder, Bellows Falls, Vt.; E. P. Sanborn, St. Paul, Minn.; C. S. Sargent, Adams, Mass.; W. S. Sayres, Montevideo, Minn.; F. B. Sherburne, Lowell, Mass.; J. W. Staples, Franklin Falls; L. L. Stimpson, Boston; E. C.

Stimpson, Aspen, Col.; E. C. Stone, Waynesburgh, Pa.; F. P. Thayer, Boston; H. F. Towle, Brooklyn; G. H. Tripp, Fairhaven, Mass.; William Twombly, Washington, D. C.; W. B. Vanderpoel, New York; B. J. Wertheimer, Chicago; C. W. Whitcomb, Boston; R. P. Williams, Boston; C. H. Woods, Daggett, Cal.

'79. Ashton R. Willard, of Boston, has an able and scholarly article in the New England Magazine for January, entitled "The New England Meeting-house, and the Wren Church." The article is highly praised by literary critics, and abounds in interesting reminiscences of Boston.

'79. Hiram D. Upton, of Manchester, has been elected treasurer of the Lake Sunapee Hotel Company, and Charles H. Bartlett '81 hon. a director. The company is to purchase the Runals House and enlarge it.

'81 Med. Coll. G. H. Powers, of Acworth, has been chosen president of the Union of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in Sullivan county.

'83. Rev. John H. Sellers, recently of Goffstown, has accepted a call to Grace Episcopal church at Brookfield, Mo.

'83. Rev. Edward L. Gulick was recently ordained pastor of the Union Congregational church at Groton, Mass.

'83. Rev. W. H. Marble, late pastor of the Congregational church in Enfield, has located at Wallace, Kansas.

'84. Rev. James C. Flanders, of Claremont, has accepted the rectorship of Christ's church at Montpelier, Vt.

'85. Rev. A. H. Armes has been ordained as an evangelist, and licensed to preach at Goff's Falls and Londonderry.

'87. M. W. Morse has received the first award of the John S. Wells fellowship in the Hartford Theological Seminary.

'88. R. N. Fairbanks was married, January 1, to Camilla Van Kleeck in the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, New York city.

'89. J. I. Buck was married, January 18, to Ellen K. Jerauld at East Harwick, Mass.

'89. John C. Ross is reading law with Ossian Ray '69 hon., of Lancaster.

'89. E. I. Ross has accepted a unanimous call to supply the pulpit of the Congregational church at Wentworth for a year.

'89. J. R. Perkins is principal of the Mechanic Falls high school, Androscoggin county, Maine.

'89 C. S. S. Andersen is in the publishing business in New York city.

'89. Barrett has resigned his position in Hopkins academy, Oakland, Cal. He has been offered the managing editorship of a paper in Oregon.

T H E

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BOARD OF EDITORS:

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MODERN COLLEGE ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH.

I.

The article in the November number of this magazine, on "Early College Athletics at Dartmouth," by the late lamented Judge Chase, class of '60, has rightly drawn the line between the *early* and the *modern*. The erection of the Gymnasium in 1866-'7, through the generosity and thoughtful kindness of the Hon. George H. Bissell, class of '45, marks the transition from the irregular, spasmodic, and unscientific athletic training, to the systematic, methodical, and symmetrical training which is becoming more and more woven into the very fabric of college education.

It is impossible for one not conversant with the condition of things at that time fully to appreciate the enthusiasm manifested by the students at the opening of Bissell hall. Rules and regulations, controlling and limiting the exercises, were issued, and were found necessary to prevent excessive use. Regular exercises in the "light gymnastics" were required of all the students for a half hour on four days in the week throughout the year, under the guidance and direction of an expert in physical training, Mr. F. G. Welch, who had been called from Yale college to open the Gymnasium, and to give an impetus in the right direction. Under Mr. Welch's leadership the regular exercises flourished, and were popular with the students. Considerable attention was

also given to the so called "heavy gymnastics" and to boxing: the writer well remembers putting on the gloves, and going within the ropes, to meet another member of Dartmouth's present faculty at a tournament given in the Gymnasium. Exhibitions were frequently given during the spring term in Bissell hall, which attracted large and enthusiastic gatherings; and the gymnastic exhibition given on the Campus on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week called together the largest assembly of the week. This exercise was considered so important and attractive that it was deemed worthy of a place on the regular schedule of the exercises of the great Centennial Celebration of the college in 1869.

The salutary influence of the Gymnasium and of the regular instruction given in it was clearly recognized by the resident physicians, as well as by the non-resident lecturers at their annual visits, as manifested by the improved physiques, and the generally healthy and vigorous condition, of the students. From an editorial in a periodical issued by the students in the spring of 1867, I quote the following:

"Dartmouth has now a Gymnasium which, taken as a whole, has no equal in New England. We believe that the advantage of physical training will be perceived, not only in our base-ball and other muscular contests, but even in the literary ability and general character of the students."

With such an impetus given to physical training, occasioned by the facilities afforded by the then well equipped Gymnasium, no one was surprised at the interest naturally taken in general athletic sports. The students were eager for opportunities to try their strength and skill with other collegians in contests of various kinds.

Judge Chase spoke highly of foot-ball, when played as the distinctive "Dartmouth game," and it had many good features, but its limitations occasioned its discontinuance. When played as the "Social and Frater" game, or as "Old division," it was exhilarating and healthful in all respects; but in other forms there were many unfortunate results attending it, which at various times compelled its prohibition by the faculty. The game, especially when

between members of the two lower classes, almost inevitably resulted in rough and protracted "rushes" which were injurious to person and destructive to property. Without the attendant excitement of the rush, the game soon found few enthusiastic admirers, and was abandoned. It should be said that the game, though "under the ban" for a series of years, was revived in the autumn of 1871 by the adoption of a series of new rules, prepared by a committee and accepted by the college, which changed the style of playing very much. Under these rules the game was played for several years with varying success, until the advent of Rugby a few years since, which has entirely supplanted it, except as a means of calling out the new men at the opening of the college year. Graduates of ten or more years' standing, on their return to Dartmouth, express regrets at the disappearance of this old game; but they must remember that the conditions and requirements in athletics have so changed that it does not meet the wants of the modern athlete, and hence has given way to other forms of sport.

Class feeling ran high twenty years ago, and foot-ball often fostered and increased this spirit. At the same time there was springing up in the colleges of the land a desire for intercollegiate contests. As the Dartmouth game was played in no other college or town, there was no opportunity for the students to test their skill, except among their own numbers. They naturally turned their attention to such sports as would bring them in touch with other collegians. Boating and base-ball offered these attractions to a greater degree than the old game of foot-ball, and hence were destined soon to supplant it in popular favor.

The proximity and attractions of the graceful Connecticut had for a long time been recognized by a few among the students, and several private canoes, with a few class boats, were to be seen gliding smoothly on its surface between 1865 and 1872; but it was not till September of the latter year that a college boat-club was duly organized. Enthusiasm ran high, and contributions to the amount of \$2,000 were secured with no great difficulty from the undergraduates, alumni, and friends of the students. A boat-

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house was built just north of the east end of the river bridge, known as the "Ledyard Free Bridge," two practice boats were purchased, and the services of the noted John Biglin secured for training a crew. After about three weeks' practice, two crews were selected to enter upon active and systematic training, from which the contesting crew at the next summer regatta was to be chosen. These crews practised on the river till driven off by the severity of the weather, when they repaired to the Gymnasium to pull 600 strokes twice a day through the winter upon sixty pound weights. With such faithful work in training during the winter, it was not surprising that the interest in boating continued to increase, till, by the last of June, fully \$3,000 was raised for boating purposes, and a strong crew selected for the Intercollegiate Regatta at Springfield, Mass., to be held July 17, 1873, the first in which Dartmouth was represented by a crew. Though eleven colleges competed, only three—Yale, Wesleyan, and Harvard—came in ahead of Dartmouth, giving a position quite gratifying for the first attempt. A glance at the men, strong, robust, and vigorous, would show any boating critic that only skill and experience were needed to pull Dartmouth to the front. The crew was referred to by the *New York Tribune* as "a crew of giants," in a letter minutely and glowingly descriptive of the Dartmouth men, which appears in full in *The Anvil* of July 10, 1873.

The fourth position in the first regatta was quite encouraging to the students, and, soon after the opening of the autumn term, crews were selected in the different classes, and put in practice for class contests to be held later in the term. These class races were very popular, and attracted many visitors to the river banks, arousing renewed interest in this manly sport. From among these men was selected, in the summer of 1874, a "Varsity" crew, which, at Saratoga, in July, took the fourth position again among nine boats. In the autumn of the same year the class races were continued with more enthusiasm than ever, and during the last week in October was rowed the most interesting and exciting race ever witnessed in this region. It was between the classes of '75 and '77; and though the Sophomores took the lead at the start, the

Seniors pulled their boat clearly to the front by the end of the first mile. From this point the race was very close and exciting, but finally the Seniors were unable to hold their position, for the Sophomores passed them, and reached the finish line first, thus winning the college pennant for 1874. (This pennant, now among the relics in Culver hall, is highly prized by the '77 men when they return to Dartmouth.) Excitement ran high, and the victorious crew were drawn through the streets of the village in triumph by their rejoicing classmates.

To show the position taken by the college authorities in regard to the subject of boating, let me quote from a newspaper report of the "Convention of the New England College Association," consisting of ten colleges, and represented by their president and a delegate from the Faculty, held in Hanover the last of October, 1874: "We are informed that the convention agreed that 'although boating lowered the standard of the men engaged in it, yet the college, as a whole, is greatly benefited by it, and that the faculties would not interfere in the matter.'"

The following summer found another strong and vigorous crew at Saratoga to contend for the college honor, and it made the best showing that Dartmouth was privileged to make in the Intercollegiate Regattas, for, as it proved, it was the last. Though at the close of the race the Dartmouth boat was in the inevitable *fourth* place, it stood second at the first half-mile stake (Cornell first), second at the mile stake (Harvard first), at the next half mile, third, and at the two and a half mile stake Dartmouth held the second place again, with Cornell first. For the last half mile the roughness of the water and the low position of the outriggers of the Dartmouth boat prevented spurting and compelled the crew to pull at the ordinary stroke, which allowed the Harvard and Columbia crews to pass them; and yet they were only seventeen seconds behind the winning Cornell men. Such good work by the Dartmouth crew was surprising to the outside world, but somewhat disappointing to many of us who stood on the shore of the lake, knowing well the strength and power of endurance of the Dartmouth men.

Owing to unfortunate dissensions among the different class crews in reference to the "Varsity" men taking part in these contests, and to indifference on the part of men best fitted by natural ability to participate in the contest, no crew was sent to Saratoga in 1876, and thus a death-blow was inadvertently struck at the life of boating at Dartmouth. The class races in the autumn continued, however, for this year, and to these were added single scull races, which attracted considerable attention; but with the threatened breaking up of the Intercollegiate Boating Association by the withdrawal of Yale and Harvard, the interest waned, and boating was destined soon to become a thing of the past. The advent of "general athletics" at this time, of which we shall speak in detail later, was also potent in detracting from boating interests.

It should be borne in mind that Dartmouth labored under many difficulties from her situation, so remote from other colleges and from opportunities to witness and participate in such contests. The late opening of the river in the spring, the three weeks which must be allowed for the annual "running of logs," and the transfer of Commencement from July to June, all conspired to limit the time of practice of the crews to a very short period, and rendered successful competition for aquatic honors in the summer quite improbable; and so, when the heavy gale of wind in January, 1877, together with the great weight of snow on the roof, demolished the boat-house, carrying destruction to all the property of the Dartmouth navy, boating was doomed. Not even the well known energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Carrigan, '77, could bridge over such a disastrous chasm.

In closing this very inadequate account of the interest in boating at Dartmouth during the "Seventies," permit me to speak briefly of the present outlook. The building of the new dam at Olcott Falls in 1882-'3, which causes the water to set back for ten miles or more, has greatly improved the river for all boating purposes, and already many, especially among the faculty and citizens of the place, are beginning to appreciate the beauties and attractions of our noble river, as evidenced by the appearance of twenty or more pleasure boats on its waters, and also of a small

steam yacht. May we not expect, at no distant day, to find the students organizing a Boating Association simply for class contests, to be restricted to the autumn term and limited to Dartmouth? This would not necessitate a great annual expense, and would certainly give healthful and invigorating exercise to a goodly number for the autumn months.

No Dartmouth man must be allowed to forget that it was here, from these classic halls and from the banks of our on-rushing river, that one of America's most famous explorers set out on a voyage fraught with promises of great good to the world, and which, though of comparatively short duration, resulted in wonderful discoveries. The name of John Ledyard will ever be associated with this college and the river on whose waters he launched forth in a canoe, cut out by his own hands from a tree which he felled just north of the bridge. Let no oarsman at Dartmouth fail to acquaint himself with the exploits of his great and famous predecessor.

Charles F. Emerson.

I KNEW NOT WHAT LACKED MY SONG.

I knew not what lacked my song,—
 I had polished my metres with care,
 I had planned that strength should be there,
 And sweetness come forth from the strong.
 I knew not what lacked my life,—
 I had dreamed it unruffled should flow,
 I would scorn restless passion to know,
 And rise above discord and strife.

But my life only turbulence knew,
 And my song was both soulless and vain,
 Till o'er me chanced steal such a strain
 As I deemed mortal hands never drew.
 The spirit I caught from the melody sweet,
 And it gave to my song what I sought;
 Of my life, too, a poem is wrought,
 By love—the fair minstrel hath made it complete.

Warren F. Gregory.

SOME RUSSIAN POETS.

Three great modern literatures—the English, French, and German—are universally recognized. The existence of a fourth is not so readily conceded, but the giant of eastern Europe has produced a literature which is, at last, extorting recognition. The galaxy of typical, poetical stars in this firmament consists of Lomonosoff, Derzhavin, Poushkin, and Nekrasoff. Previous to any of these there was poetry in Russia, of course, but it was usually written in Latin, and always in the pseudo-classicist style which has sat so heavily on other literatures.

The first to interfere with this system was the son of a poor White Sea fisherman, born in 1711. After long struggles, Lomonosoff, by his own efforts, obtained an education in Germany, where he became imbued with Voltairean tenets, and aimed at universality. Lomonosoff's greatest service to Russia was not in his literary works in themselves, albeit often worthy of praise, but in writing Russian, breaking the way for others, introducing the sciences, and refining the language. His style is usually stilted, pompous, obscure; yet Belinsky, Russia's foremost critic, says, "His thoughts are for all mankind; the *magic of his language* for us alone." He rises to poetry in "The Lord and the Judge," whose opening stanza, Bowring, "the polyglot translator," renders thus:

"Gods of the earth! ye kings who answer not
To men for your misdeeds and vainly think
There's none to judge you: know like ours your lot
Is pain, death:—ye stand on judgment's brink."

One may easily imagine that these verses and others in the same vein were not agreeable to the Autocrat of All the Russias; and the poet suffered for them. He died in penury, pursued to the last by envy, malice, and superstition—merely another case of "He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone," for to-day he is revered as the founder of Russian literature.

At fifty years' distance came Derzhavin, the panegyrist of the great, whose Ode to God has been more widely translated than

any other lyric. Lomonosoff's departure from strict pseudo-classicism consisted chiefly in his adoption of the vernacular for expression: in form and spirit it was the same. Derzhavin ventured to differ, very little at first, but more and more as he grew bolder, with Boileau's canons.

The famous Ode begins (Bowring's translation),—

“O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.”

Derzhavin too often sullied his genius by fulsome flattery of “the powers that be,” unlike his great predecessor. Derzhavin's style was remarkable for its clear and lively pictures, and in the odes, in which he especially delighted, did much to relieve the “Hark! from the tombs” tone so prevalent in Russian literature, from which even he is not wholly free. The Russian Pindar deals often with homely subjects; indeed, he says, “My muse cares not to deck herself in gorgeous robes, and I sing no pompous song.”

“Watches us one and all,—the mighty Tsar,
Within whose hands are lodged the destinies of a world;
Watches the sumptuous Dives,
Who makes of gold and silver his idol gods;
Watches the beauty rejoicing in her charms;
Watches the sage, proud of his intellect;
Watches the strong man, confident in his strength;
And even as he watches, sharpens his scythe.”

[From “Monody on Prince Mestchasky.”]

Lomonosoff and Derzhavin together paved the way for Poushkin. There are a few poets—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and a few others—who are identified with their national literature, national life—are of it. Among these stands Poushkin.

Russia's master poet was of noble lineage, and enjoyed every facility of education and culture that the country afforded. His earliest work, “Rouslan and Ludmiela,” caused a revolution—was one. It dealt a death-blow to the worn out classicism of the seventeenth century. The author said, “It breathes Russia.” The prelude runs,—

shine the more from the contrast, and Poushkin's genius was but ripening when he fell in a duel, thirty-eight years of age. From the marvellous work of the young man, we can imagine what the world lost by his death—"what might have been."

The last of the galaxy of stars, the poet of the people, the darling of young Russia—Nekrasoff. He had neither the art of Poushkin, nor the fire and passion of Sermontoff, nor the tawdry tinsel of many writers, but he appealed to the people. He touched on a chord of every Russian breast—a grim, sad chord—when he sang,—

"I am on the Volga: what groan echoes
O'er the deep waters of the great Russian river?
That groan with us is called a song."

Nekrasoff, and Nekrasoff alone, sings of the moujiks. Only he among Russia's greater poets knew their virtues and their failings, their pleasures and their sorrows. He was of them. Stern necessity kept him among the lower classes after early youth, and he learned their misery and degradation—the misery and degradation of Russian peasants.

Writing poetry filled with passionate devotion to his country and large-hearted sympathy for the poor, the moujiks, most blindly patriotic and long-suffering of men, loved him as their friend, their only one in literature. Wrapped in that intense gloom which overhangs the Russian mind, his poems were national to the core. His "To whom is life worth living in Russia," is the classic of Ivan and his fellows. Not blinded as many were by the emancipation of the serfs, he yet says, hopefully,—

"If thou wilt—remain a moujik all thy life,
If thou canst—soar to heaven with an eagle's flight,
Many of our fondest hopes will be deceived:
The mind of man is cunning and inventive
I know: and in place of slavery's chains
Men will easily forge a hundred others:
So be it; but the people shall have strength to break them,
And my muse, with joy, salutes the dawn of liberty."

Barron Shirley.

THE WRECK OF THE C. G. MATTHEWS.

I.

It was Paul Owen's wedding night. The bride had praised him for his long constancy. For he had been very faithful. For years he had worked hard to enable himself to support a wife, and all the time it had been one woman he had in mind. And she had been faithful, too. When Paul's schooner was on the Banks, or in the Bay of Chaleur, she had waited patiently for his return, or shuddered with uncontrollable anxiety as the great waves came rolling in even to the farthest end of the sheltered harbor of Wiscotta, and the dark storm-clouds scurried before the north-east gale. Paul had worked himself up to the position of skipper, while he and his brother Silas realized a respectable profit from a small grocery store which furnished the spicy products of the tropics to the comfortable homes of fishermen and farmers. So, when he had returned from the Banks early in the fall of '42 with his schooner well loaded down with fish, he had found Caroline Lawson ready to reward his years of faithfulness by setting the twenty-first of September as the wedding-day. Happy indeed was Paul that day, as he came by the frames where his crew were making fish—spreading the great cod out to dry in the warm autumn sun; happy was he in the knowledge of the possession of good things gained by his own efforts; and happier still was he, when he and his wife sat by the hearth of his newly furnished dwelling on that night, and with thankful hearts talked over the long years of waiting, and the future which looked so bright.

II.

Paul dreamed a dream. The bridal chamber seemed filled with light. His heart throbbed with the thrill of some bright heavenly presence. Brighter grew the radiance, until in the midst of it stood a being most divinely fair. Tall and majestic it seemed, and from its face shone love and mercy, mingled with justice. Before it stood, in meek submission, two men, strong and self-poised in the consciousness of good deeds. Paul looked a little more closely,

and, with the impersonality of a dreamer, recognized in the two forms his brother Silas and himself. He now saw that the angel, for such he judged the radiant being, held in his hand a little cake, most pleasant to look upon, and emitting a delicious fragrance. The angel advanced to the older man, and said, in a voice that rang like the tones of a distant bell, "Silas, thy master hath seen thy faithfulness: receive thy reward. Take, eat!" Paul could imagine what strange doubt his brother entertained. He stood mute, motionless, and seemingly withdrawn within himself. He did not stretch forth his hand. Was it from humility? The bright presence turned to the younger form. "Paul, thou too hast been faithful in many things. Take, eat! Thy master would reward thee!" Then in his vision he saw the young man advance, his face glowing with the reflection of the divine, and accept the cake. By one of those strange transitions of dreams, he found himself eating it. It was bitter in the mouth, but it filled him with a feeling of infinite rest and strength. "It shall be well with thee," said the vision as it vanished. "In just ten years thou shalt be in heaven."

III.

Of course Paul told his dream. It became a matter of tradition all through the quiet little town as the years went by. He, in the meanwhile, was living a gentle, unostentatious life. Many a poor fisherman's widow, eeking out a scanty living until the son should begin to follow the sea, received the bounties of his store without being pressed by fear of immediate and enforced payment. His schooner took her choice of the able men of the town, so high was his reputation for open and generous dealing. He seemed to prosper notwithstanding his generosity;—his boats came in heavily laden with the spoils of the deep; the ventures which he sent to the West Indies, that great mart of New England, were uniformly successful. The years went by. Paul had been married eight years, when the firm of Owen Brothers launched a fine new schooner, the C. G. Matthews. Proud in her coat of white paint and her new canvas, she rode the water like a swan. In the season of '51 she showed herself the finest boat that had ever gone

out of Wiscotta harbor. She stood her course firmly right into the eye of the wind, or dashed away freehauled, leaving her older competitors far behind. In the Bay of Chaleur she had an unusual run of luck, and returned in the early part of September, heavily loaded, and with her crew in fine health and spirits. What wonder that the summer of '52 saw her start out with the flower of the village aboard her! There were sun-bronzed men, with wives and children to wait for their return. There were young men, with the promises of the brightest and prettiest girls of the town to share the competence they hoped to wrest from the winds and the waves. In short, this shipload of young men was noted far and wide for being the cream of Wiscotta.

The hour of departure was always a sad one in that little fishing town. Wives clung to departing husbands, sweethearts looked up with pride and mingled anguish into the fond eyes that might tarry so long—mayhap forever—away from the ones they loved to look upon. More sad than usual was the crew of the "C. G." They could not explain it. It was like those wonderful panics that seize upon a troop of horse, or upon an army of their more rational brothers. In spite of all the light of New England culture, pervading the mass of the people to the very lowliest, every man of the crew had a touch of superstition about him, and, strange to say, as they stood there on the deck of the fine new schooner, and watched the shores which held all they loved fade from sight, every man had in his heart the consciousness that Skipper Owen's time was up on the twenty-first of September. But then, they could easily get a full haul of fish and return before that time!

IV.

The summer days wore on. September came with all its uncertainty. The "C. G." was not in luck. The same was true of the John Campbell, a lumbering old hulk which made about as much leeway as headway, and whose captain, Silas McKown, was noted for wanting "plenty of sea room." For several days in September the two Wiscotta schooners lay side by side in the Bay of Chaleur. The fishing went on in a listless sort of way, for

the season was nearly over, and the daily haul was becoming insignificant. It was in these days that the crew of the "Campbell" learned that there was great dread of the "line storm" on board the "C. G." The crew all knew that "skip's time was up on the twenty-first," and urged him to set sail for home. But several empty barrels argued the other way to Paul Owen, and he laughed in a gentle way at the fishermen, and said they would go when the barrels were full. And so they stayed on until a sort of indifference came over the bright young fellows, as they laughed and sang their sailing songs. The evening of the twentieth was calm and pleasant, and the air had a peculiarly resonant quality. The older and graver men on the "Campbell" heard the singing on the "C. G." in the cool of the evening. The fresh young voices rang out, until the gray-bearded Skipper McKown took his pipe from his mouth to listen. A single voice, clear and full, sang the first line, and was answered by the chorus in a strain weird and sweet, rising and falling like the placid waves.

"Were ever you in Mobile Bay?"

"O yes, oh! O I have been in Mobile Bay,
A hundred years ago!"

"Were ever you in Baltimore?"

"O yes, oh! O I have been in Baltimore
A hundred years ago!"

"Pretty gay crew on the C. G. this year!" said John Newbegin to Skipper McKown, as he leaned over the gunwale and gazed into the rosy west, whence the singing came. "Ya-a-s," was the nonchalant response, "but they'll want plenty of sea-room afore mornin', or I miss my guess. There's a storm a-brewin'!"

The morning came, and with it a gale from the north-east. Skipper McKown headed for the open sea, and as the "Campbell" went out around the rocky point, in flew the "C. G." under close reefed mainsail, foresail, and jib, headed for the shore! She was showing her townsmen her sea-going qualities! Had Paul Owen lost his head? As they went by, derisive shouts of laughter were heard, and some one said he distinguished the words "Old Sea-Room" as a sort of chorus from the staunch ship that dared

the very winds and waves. The gale blew and increased. Great waves came rolling into the bay. The beautiful C. G. Matthews was never again seen by any one who survived that terrible day. Old Silas McKown stood lashed to the tiller for hours, with his own hand directing the course of the ship which held his all. Nobly she battled for "sea-room," and she got it. But on that night the promise of the angel was fulfilled, and Paul Owen was in heaven. Alas for wives and sweethearts, mothers and sisters, he went not alone! For on the record pages of more than one family Bible can be found the simple words, following a name full of the touch of strength and youth,—

*Lost at Sea,
On board the C. G. Matthews,
In the great gale of Sept. 21, 1852.*

C. F. R.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

It was a hot summer's day, and the dull and dusty town of Old-tavern, distinguished because two great railroad lines cross each other there, and notorious only because of its cramped and dirty hotel, and its still more cramped, and, if possible, dirtier, railroad station, grew beneath the sweltering August sun more dull and infinitely dustier. At the station the shining network of rails seemed to writhe and twist beneath the intense heat, until, to the fevered imagination of the spectator, they seemed a horrid brood of serpents.

There was no discernible sign of life. The warped plank of the platform becoming intolerable to the baggage-master's dog, he had betaken himself to the woods, where he would at least be cool even if the mosquitoes forbade him rest. The employés of the road had disappeared, but the hum of voices behind the ground-glass window of the ticket-office told that they were not far off.

As the distant scream of a whistle indicated the approach of the 1 o'clock train, the window of the ticket-office was thrust upward with a crash, and the flushed, perspiring countenance of the station-agent appeared behind the grating as he peeped out into the empty waiting-room. Almost simultaneously the door of the office was opened, and the baggage-master, a typical Yankee, clad in faded blue drilling overalls and jacket, his head surmounted by an official cap bearing the title of his office, appeared. After stretching himself to make sure that he was wholly awakened, and giving vent to a prodigious yawn, he lumbered (no other word will express it) to the platform, and, with an unnecessary amount of noise, rolled a baggage-truck up to meet the coming train.

As the train slowed up beside the platform, the telegraph operator, who was none other than our red-faced acquaintance, the ticket-agent, came out with the usual batch of instructions for the engineer and the conductor. This last named personage, as he took the yellow envelope from the operator's hand, said,—“ Last car, special, got to be side-tracked here to wait for the 3:47 express on the Eastern & Western.”

“ All right,” responded the operator, as he returned to the comparative cool of his office. While the train-men were placing the car in the required position, the baggage-master rolled his truck back to its original place, and, after shouldering rather apathetically the lank mail-bag which had been contemptuously flung upon the platform by the mail-agent, disappeared.

From within the car thus left alone might be heard the murmur of voices, mingled with bursts of laughter, and occasionally punctuated by emphatic profanity. A look within would have revealed about twenty gentlemen, some resplendent with blue broad-cloth, brass buttons, and gold lace, the rest attired in conventional citizen's clothes. They were the governor of a New England state, his military staff and immediate official family, who had been doing duty as personal escort to the nation's chief magistrate as he crossed the territory of the commonwealth on his way to an Eastern watering-place.

More than half of them were smoking, nearly all were talking,

and all were mopping their faces with feverish zeal. The question under discussion was how to procure lunch, and many plans were suggested. After the proposition to send the commissary-general, who owed his preferment to a well managed primary rather than to military skill, on a foraging expedition, had been vetoed by his excellency, a fat and jolly man in the uniform of a colonel exclaimed, "Let's send P. S. out to reconnoitre!"

This suggestion was hailed with applause, and all joined in crying, "P. S., P. S., the commander-in-chief wants you."

At the call, a youth who had been quietly sitting in a corner of the car, endeavoring, with horribly grotesque facial contortions to induce a villanous cheroot, presented to him by the secretary of state and warranted genuine Havana, to draw, threw the weed out of the car window, and lounged lazily down the aisle till he stood before the governor, whose private secretary he was.

Receiving orders from his chief to "Find something to eat," supplemented by the fat colonel by a "and — quick, too," the youth stepped from the car-platform, leaped lightly across the network of rails, sprang upon the platform, and darted into the waiting-room, where, in his haste, he tripped over a box filled with sawdust, and which served as a cuspidor for those who needed to use it. The noise made by the youth in falling brought the puffing ticket-agent upon the scene, and, in response to an inquiry as to where lunch could be obtained, he vouchsafed only an enigmatic jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, and disappeared into his sanctum once more.

Glancing through the window in the direction indicated by the ticket-seller, the youth saw a dreary looking building whose piazza-roof sustained this legend: "Elm Hotel, by Isaac Skillings."

Hastening to the house, the young man entered what seemed to be office, wash-room, bar-room, and parlor at once, where he found a rudely dressed old man asleep upon a settee. After shaking the old fellow until he opened his eyes, P. S. said, "Can you get up a lunch for twenty people?" "Huh?" said the old man, as he roused to a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes.

The young man repeated his question.

"I guess so," replied the old man, who was none other than the landlord himself, as he shuffled across the floor, opened a door, and called, "Emmerline!"

"W-h-a-t's wanted?" replied a shrill voice from within.

"Kin you git up lunch for twenty pussons?"

Such a demand upon the larder was evidently surprising to its custodian, for in a few seconds a black-eyed, sharp-featured, frowzy-headed woman made her appearance, and demanded sharply, "Pa Skillins, be you crazy?"

The old man nodded to the boy, who stepped forward and explained the situation. When he had concluded, the woman stared at him in amazement, and finally said,—“Well, if it's the Guv'ner, I s'pose he'll hev ter hev it; but you tell him notter 'spect nothin' great.” Having thus delivered herself, she retreated through the still open door, slammed it in the youth's face, and began vigorously to rattle the crockery in the inner room, while P. S. returned to the car.

Five minutes later the entire party were seated upon the piazza of the hotel anxiously awaiting the result of Emeline's clatter, when Col. Wadleigh, who had suggested the successful plan, broke the silence with,—“I just happened to remember that it was here that I had a thrilling adventure years ago.”

“Tell us about it,” exclaimed all, as they drew nearer.

“Well,” said the colonel, as he threw away the stub of his cigar, “it was fifteen years ago last March, when I found myself upon the station platform down there, about 9 o'clock in the morning. I was then a county commissioner, and had taken a person to the insane asylum. I stood upon the platform for a few minutes talking about the case with the station agent, an acquaintance of mine. I noticed a man whose appearance I did not like, listening to our conversation, but I thought nothing of it. Finally my friend departed for the village to attend to some business, and I entered the waiting-room to wait for the next train for home. I found no one in the room, but immediately the door opened, and the suspicious stranger entered.

“I observed at once that he eyed me suspiciously, and the

presentiment came over me that he meant mischief. He began edging about as if wishing to get behind me, but I moved about the room trying to keep him in front. His wicked, ugly look convinced me that I was in the presence of a man who meant me no good.

“ Suddenly he stopped, and in a second whisked a revolver from his pocket. I was unarmed, and nothing lay within reach. The thought flashed through my mind that I must grapple with him. Before he could fire, I seized the arm having the weapon, and held it with both hands. He was a much larger man than I, and possessed great strength. Fortunately for me I was endowed with a good deal of strength myself. Five times we crossed and recrossed the room in the struggle. His left hand was free, and he pounded the side of my head at every step, but I kept my grip realizing that my life was at stake. I put into that grip all the pressure I could summon, and it was not a little. His arm began to relax, and then the revolver fell to the floor. In a second I had possession of it, and the madman, for such he was, was covered. In an instant he turned, sprang through the door, and was gone.

“ I roused the neighborhood, and telegraphed the officers up and down the line to apprehend him. After a while he was taken, but it required four men and a desperate struggle to secure him. His name was Brown, from East Kingston. On his person were found two large knives, which he had not thought to use in his encounter. He was committed to the insane asylum at Harmony, where he proved to be one of the worst men ever sent there. I still have that revolver: it is a six-shooter, and every chamber was loaded.”

“ Ahem,” said the secretary of state, giving that deprecatory little cough that always prefaced his driest efforts in the story-telling line, “ that reminds me of a——”

“ Dinner, gents!” announced mine host Skillings, as he shuffled through the open door.

And the secretary's tale was left untold.

G. H. Moses.

THE COW-BELLS.

Old Winter's joys are many; keen and bracing is his air,
 Tracing forms of grace and beauty on the window-pane;
 Yet, when days begin to lengthen, and the twilight's shining fair,
 I long to hear the tinkle of the cow-bells once again.

Jingle, jangle, through the tangle
 Of the bramble down the lane,
 Shady trees and gentle breeze,
 Falling waters, breaking seas,—

How I long to hear the cow-bells once again!

Right merrily the sleigh-bells sound upon my ear to-night;
 Up the river whirl the skaters, each bound first the goal to gain,
 Each nerve with rapture tingles;—yet, for all the gay delight,
 I long to hear the bell-cow browsing down the brook again.

Tinkle, tankle, round her ankle
 Swirls the brooklet down the lane.
 In the bush the hermit thrush
 Sings his plaint so quaintly lush—

How I long to hear the cow-bells once again!

When low the storm-cloud hovers, and the wind goes roaring past,
 When patter on the window dashing, splashing drops of rain,
 Then hearth and light are cozy, but my heart cries out at last,
 I long to wander where the cow-bells jangle once again!

Jangle, jingle, through the dingle
 Sound the cow-bells up the lane.
 Zephyrs blow and sweet springs flow,
 O'er the sky the swallows go—

How I long to hear the cow-bells once again!

C. F. R.

THE CHAIR.

The introduction of extemporaneous speeches into the English course of last term suggested the relative importance with us at the present time of the art of composition and the art of speaking. It is a matter of common felicitation that the college, owing largely to the instruction and the inspiring influence of our professor of English, has made much rapid advancement the last few years in literary ways; that there is a steady growth among the students in literary taste, capacity, and work. This we rejoice in as an augury of the future, and would not have changed. But has there not been a corresponding loss of speaking talent? By speaking talent we mean the ability, not to make a set speech, to deliver an oration or address *memoriter*, but, rather, to speak without regular and minute preparation, comprehensively, logically, forcibly, in well chosen English, upon any subject reasonably familiar. It is, of course, difficult to compare this specific ability of the average Dartmouth student of to-day, and of ten, twenty, or more years ago, yet careful observation and thought would convince most minds that the proportion of ready and eloquent speakers among recent graduates is markedly less than of old. This must be true if tradition is correct, and if the many orators in the pulpit, at the bar, and in legislative bodies and congressional halls, of whom Dartmouth is justly proud, possessed and displayed their talent as undergraduates.

It would not be correct to say that the greater attention to literary composition has been the cause of this degeneracy of speaking ability; yet the two are very intimately related, and that there has been a positive influence of the one upon the other must be admitted. Long ago it was the ambition of every student, well read and an able thinker, to excel upon the platform in oratory or debate;—now the larger proportion prefer to be known as “literary

men:" they seek distinction in print. Consequently undergraduate literature flourishes, but the tendency of undergraduate oratory is to languish: the two conflict, and the new fashion drives out the old. The Greek letter fraternities have had not a little to do with this change. Their literary basis is more than that of a simple debating club, and debates and oratorical contests form the smaller part of the work of the fraternity men. It is hard to say whether the increased number of college publications has been a cause, or a result, of this change; probably both, for, while their thriving existence is indicative of the amount and quality of voluntary undergraduate literary work done, their constantly enlarging scope encourages, and in fact necessitates, an increase of this kind of work.

Now, we are not for a return to the old relative balancing of literature and oratory. Literature is receiving its due at last, and oratory of the fulminating, bombastic, spread-eagle style has been relegated to the high school colleges of the far South and West, from which in turn it will disappear; but, nevertheless, we believe the present trend is carrying us too far in the other direction. Not one whit less of literature, but more of oratory, is our plea. Men in a college such as ours are taken as they are, educated, developed, and polished on their natural lines;—their individuality is preserved; their special aptitudes are noticed and encouraged; each man has an equal chance with his fellow. That is the theory, but its practical working is defective. Scholars, and, latterly, would-be journalists, find the best of training here; but the men who are to be preachers, lawyers, and statesmen, whose success depends so largely upon their effectiveness as public speakers, manifestly have not like advantages. We would give much credit to the work of the Greek letter fraternities, but we do not think them adequate, unaided, to furnish sufficient training for public speaking. They are too small for such a purpose. There are six in the college proper, and their average membership is between thirty and forty. The best speakers are apportioned among them, and these men never have the chance to meet each other in forensic combat. A debating union inclusive of the whole college,

meeting but several times a term or even less, that the gatherings might be notable and enthusiastic, would serve the purpose we have in mind. The larger audience, the greater number of disputants, the weightier responsibility resting upon the individual speaker, the greater rivalry, and greater triumph to be achieved, would bring out much latent talent, nerving every man to do his best, and the discipline afforded would be of the most thorough character. We do not think such an institution at all practicable, for the present, at least. The revival of interest in extemporaneous speaking must first come from an incentive furnished in the college course, such an incentive as is given excellence in declamation by the oratorical contest of Commencement week. The truth is, Dartmouth is behind the times. In the other leading colleges of the country there has been a reawakening to the vital importance of extemporaneous speaking, and in some of them, notably at Amherst and at Princeton, prizes are offered to stimulate interest and competition. We hope it will not be long before some wise alumnus will supply a permanent fund to be used similarly here. But, meantime, drill in extemporaneous speaking might be a part of the regular curriculum. When the new chair of Rhetoric and Oratory is filled, we shall look for earnest effort in this direction.

It is a very interesting account we have recently received of certain customs in our Western colleges. The collegian of the wild, wild West, which is not so far west after all, is so imbued with the true frontier spirit, that of a holiday he turns for recreation and amusement to gentle sport in which he figures as the cowboy or Comanche Indian. In Indiana the braves are on horseback, and are armed with revolvers, loaded clubs, wagon spokes, and sand-bags—a queer admixture of weapons, perhaps, but indeed they prove very serviceable. In Illinois they have their little powwow on the roof of a building or some equally aerial place, and toss each other off in their delightful playfulness. To be sure there is some shedding of blood, and broken heads, backs, arms, and legs, are rather numerous, but it is all

such a glorious exhibition of "sand" and "class spirit"! The freshmen said they *would*, the sophomores said they (the freshmen) *would n't*. This was very proper, of course: there was nothing else to be done: it must be fought out on that line, for class honor must be vindicated, whatever mayhap. And then too, the day hallowed it all! How eminently fitting to commemorate the birthday of the revered George Washington, the ideal democrat and patriot, by such an energetic display of patriotism and democracy! Surely, we unenthusiastic, slow-going Easterners, who know nothing better than a poor little, humble horn, or hat, or cane rush now and then, must award the palm to our Western cousins.

Soberly speaking, such an exhibition, in these Western college outbreaks, of bloodthirstiness, rioting, fighting, slaughter, protracted, bitter, and terrible, is almost beyond credence. It simply emphasizes the innate savageness of human nature, which despite external trappings will reveal its ugliness occasionally, and, in application to the particular case at hand, it testifies that the "college man" is sometimes more of a boy who needs a sound spanking on the parental knee, than a man, well balanced, judicious, and dignified. But we must conclude there is more than a slight difference between the make-up of the Western collegian, and the undergraduate of a sober, classic New England college. Rough, albeit harmless, fun thrives at times with us, but such desperate rowdyism and vulgar brawling are happily unknown. Let us trust that as the path of civilization and culture westward takes its way, the time will come when that heavenly state "where law, life, joy, and impulse are one thing," may be more nearly approached by all our colleges, young and old, small and great.

The relation of what we commonly term "class spirit" to the welfare of the college is naturally suggested by the foregoing, and perhaps a little home application of the idea may be in point. The common argument used to advocate a continuance of "rushing"

is, that a loyal, intense "class spirit" is fostered thereby, accruing in the end to the general good of the college. The weight of the argument is not to be denied, and the present senior class, from the vantage-point reached after four years, think they can detect a tendency of the class tie to weaken since the gradual disappearance of the "rush." This was aptly illustrated a few weeks ago in the mass meeting of the students, where the old-time enthusiastic rivalry between the two lower classes was entirely absent. Now, the Chair is not in favor of reviving the "rush:" in truth, we are glad to see it go. While we are not exactly willing to call it "a relic of barbarism," yet we are persuaded it has no place in this era of college reform and progress: at any rate, whether we will or no, the "rush" is doomed at Dartmouth, and no spasmodic effort to keep it on its feet for a while longer will save it. But we do sincerely regret the weakening of "class spirit" which apparently follows as a consequence, and we dread the possibility of the condition coming about that has elsewhere, which makes class distinction one in name only. The problem, then, is, how to retain a healthy "class spirit" without these traditional class conflicts. We think the answer will be found, as it has been already in a measure, in legitimate class contentions in the various forms of athletics. Not only in base-ball as heretofore, but also in football, general athletics, and, possibly, as Prof. Emerson suggests, in boating. We are optimistic enough to think that the new order of things will be much better than the old; that the "class spirit" we seek to preserve will be purified of the evils which have vitiated it greatly, becoming none the less genuine, but less narrow, unreasonable, having less of the "class-right-or-wrong" element, and more of loyalty to the college—that hearty loyalty which puts the name and interest of dear old Dartmouth before all else.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. H. S. Holton, '91, as assistant business manager for the remainder of this year, and business manager of next year's LIT.

THE MAIL-BAG.

Students and Alumni are earnestly requested to contribute to this department letters bearing upon the interests and welfare of the college. The usual restriction holds good, however, that the editors do not necessarily endorse all views herein expressed.

CHICAGO, Feb. 3, 1890.

Dear Lit.: In a recent issue you appeal to alumni to make a more frequent use of the "Mail-Bag" as a medium of communication; and a month later, in discussing the reasons for the slow increase of numbers at Dartmouth, you use the following language: "Very many of them [Alumni] are engaged in educational work, and their influence could be exerted legitimately to great advantage to the college."

Since you thus offer an invitation to discussion in your pages, and almost at the same time suggest a fit subject, I am led to attempt the ungrateful task of giving one reason why, in my opinion, the legitimate influence you mention is not in some cases exerted to the advantage of our *Alma Mater*.

That much may be done by teachers in guiding students to a desired choice of a college is undoubted, and that Dartmouth men have not been idle in this respect any one must admit who will read discriminatingly the catalogues of past years. Alumni have given such advice to those who looked to them for guidance, not only because of a natural partiality for the college of their own preference, but chiefly because they could honestly say, that, all things being considered, Dartmouth offered advantages equal if not superior to those of her rivals, and at a less cost. They could point to the courses of instruction in the various departments, and claim for each a preëminence in its field. Where could better training be obtained in the classics, philosophy, political science, mathematics, and modern languages? No recent graduate, I feel sure, would fail to use similar arguments now, but if there was a

time when one's choice of a college was made without inquiring further than in regard to the above branches, that day has passed.

Suppose the question is asked, What of the advantages offered in the sciences, both theoretical and natural? It is in reply to such inquiries as this that I think many have been forced to admit, though unwillingly, that unqualified praise cannot be bestowed on the departments having charge of the important subjects mentioned. Certainly, no graduate who has labored under positive disadvantages in his subsequent work on account of inefficient scientific instruction could give a downright approval of the equipment in this line furnished by his college. That this lack of confidence in one great department is beginning to have its effect on the supply of Dartmouth freshmen the writer has no doubt. The wonderfully increased regard in which the sciences are held, and the awakening in their study have affected the whole country, and perhaps no section more than the West. Thorough, practical, scientific investigation is given an equal importance with classical and mathematical discipline. The question for us is, Is Dartmouth able to meet the demand? '88.

To the Editors of Dartmouth Literary Monthly:

It is with regret that I notice the decline of an organization most intimately connected with the daily life of the college, and one which in the past has played a very important part in one of the principal college exercises, by means of the enjoyment as well as profit which it has lent to that exercise. I refer to the chapel choir. Since the entrance of the present senior class, that choir has manifestly been growing weaker each year, until at present the morning chapel service is frequently conducted without any choir whatever, or with such a small one as practically to amount to the same thing; while the opening piece in the Sunday evening service, which formerly contributed so largely to make that the most profitable and enjoyable of all the religious exercises that we had, is too commonly omitted altogether, or its place supplied with some simple, worn-out hymn. When on some rare

occasion a good selection is attempted, the faulty and even discordant rendering of it, owing to lack of material or of practice, often causes us to doubt whether the omission of that part of the service is not, after all, preferable.

All this is the more deplorable when we consider that during this very period of deterioration the general musical culture represented in the college has been constantly on the increase. Within the last three years a Glee Club has been formed here which has proved thoroughly successful, and has reflected credit on the college, having been materially strengthened and improved each year of its existence. For the past two years a regular musical instructor has been provided for the whole body of the students, and one whose reputation and abilities are of the highest class. How, then, can we account for the fact that all these influences have not made themselves felt more on the music given us in the chapel? Surely there is something wrong. Certainly some effort should be made at once to interest in this subject the abundant musical talents which the college possesses, so that we shall not, as at present, be largely deprived of the abilities of so many of our best musicians. Let us hope that steps will be taken in this direction as soon as possible by those having the matter in charge, and that the worship in our beautiful chapel will long continue to exert the elevating and refining influence upon the students of Dartmouth which it has done in the past.

M. L.

Hanover, N. H., March 4, 1890.

To the Editors of the Lit.: At the risk of broaching a subject which may appear hackneyed, I wish to appeal to the good sense of the college on a topic which should never need to be even hinted at among those who wish to be thought gentlemen. We notice every year, for about six weeks, the freshmen are not accustomed to our habits, and use the reading-rooms for a general place of rendezvous. This might be excused: but some of the students, we are sorry to say, forget that they are not freshmen, and

disturb those who visit the rooms, with a sincere desire to read, by constant talk and noise. Perhaps we should attempt to blunt our nerves for the sake of those who wish a warm room to talk in! But the writer, with many others, thinks that a reading-room should be a reading-room, and not a general social gathering-place. Is the spirit of literary culture declining at Dartmouth, or why are the distinctively literary rooms of our finest building so abused?

A READER.

BY THE WAY.

The individual whose function in these pages is to button-hole passers-by, after they have received their regular dose of wisdom and counsel from the Chair, and to invite them into his own corner for a chat, was lounging the other evening in the room of a good friend, the lights and shadows of whose college life for four years have been cast on the self-same walls, which in the course of time have become so dear to him, that, as he assures me with heartfelt sincerity, each spot on the ceiling, each abrasion of the wall-paper, is to him a souvenir, recalling to mind pleasant pictures of the past,—so closely has the warp of his life interwoven itself with the woof of his apartments.

Here, as freshman, he had dreamed dreams of future greatness, built air-castles with a foundation of cobwebs; here he had oftentimes sat down with pulses beating a little more quickly than usual because of some brilliant recitation just made, chuckling softly to himself because he had not been called on some hard, half-learned paragraph, or perhaps, with a scowl and a heavy heart, to think that he had not looked at that ill-starred place which had fallen to him. Truly, this den is the dearest place in college to him! Here are his books, the companions of his winter evenings: yonder are his tennis-racket, his gun, his boxing gloves; and what tales they tell him, as, with feet carefully resting on the table, he listens to the March winds howling without, and dreams of fresh green fields and of a campus dried and warmed by the sweet breath of May!

Then, to add a finishing touch to the picture, there is his good chum, who has studied, walked, talked, and sympathized with him. They have read the same books, discussed the same topics, felt the same joys and sorrows, and, as I seem to see them now, sitting there together, the laurels that maybe they aspire to win amid the dust and perspiration of the Commencement arena fade into mere shadows.

Yet more of us are nomads, who each year pitch our tents anew with a chance to look at the college from a slightly different angle or to see through our new surroundings the reverse side of the coin. It takes no long time for one to adjust himself to a new environment, to learn where he may borrow hatchets and screw drivers, and how he may otherwise make himself at home.

The college man comes into focus easily. In fact, it is a question whether or not it is best for him to stay out his course within the walls of a single college. If one's love of his Alma Mater blinds him to her faults, and glosses over the fact that elsewhere there are better professors and means of instruction, narrowness is bred. If colleges were thrown into more active competition by the passing of students from one site to another, as is done in German universities, the stagnation in some "fresh water" colleges of which we have heard would be broken up, and, either incapable instructors would have to pack their valises, since to succeed in the struggle for existence the college could not keep "cheap help," or else the classic *manes* of a defunct "university" would stare out of bleared window-panes, crouch at night on mossy roofs, and sigh to the tune of creaking sashes.

While Dartmouth has been able successfully to receive the blood of other colleges by this method of transfusion, I would, as a friend who has dropped in, suggest with all humility that she occasionally have her own pulse counted to see if it be full and regular. If any tonic at present is needed, and I were writing after the style of the advertising fiend instead of trying to entertain you, I would in that case refer you to our Mail-Bag columns in this number where Dr. '88 prescribes, but I would have no one think for a moment that such is my ungrateful purpose.

Yet there is less danger of stagnation on the part of a college than of its students.

I believe it is usually assumed that the college man goes out into the fields of literature and science to reap a harvest of knowledge, or at any rate to learn the use of his sickle. Perhaps it would be safe to say that nine tenths of those who climb the walls supposed to surround the above mentioned fields, have one or

both of these ends in view, while the remaining tenth have brought their brown jug along, proposing, the boss out of sight, merely to have a high time under the trees in playing poker with the brown jug's assistance. Leaving the latter worthies to their own ruin for the present, suppose we examine the sickles of the other nine tenths. You will be struck with the carelessness with which these precious instruments are used. Many a man seems to think it a waste of time to keep his sickle sharp, and so he hacks away to the end of the field. He of whom I speak is the proverbial "plugger;" he gets his grain all down at last, but what hackly work he makes of it! His neighbor, who takes pains to keep his mental apparatus bright and keen by proper regimen and recreation, finishes his swath long before our friend of the rusty blade, and does it handsomely.

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Yet there is an element in the character of the typical "plugger," or "dig" as he is known in some circles outside of Dartmouth, which is a *sine qua non* to success, and one day, when this quality has pushed him up one rung after another to the top of the ladder, you will be apt to forget his faults and follies, and to praise his perseverance and grit. Then, too, he has learned the value of time; and the fact is very likely to slip our minds that the passes we hold over the road, the rails of which are hours, are good for one trip only, and that this division of the road is limited.

DeQuincey, in his charming essay on Conversation, in which the claims of this art as a means of intellectual culture are gracefully set forth, computes the time available, to one of our species blessed with long life, for the cultivation of that which is most august in him, as a solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years. You recall, also, how pleasantly he illustrates the loss of time by the pearl necklace, whose fair owner, floating quietly in her boat, awakens suddenly, and looks down into the still depths to see pearl after pearl slipping off into the abyss below, each as it goes carrying a separate remorse to the heart of its possessor;—but pardon this homily: I wanted merely to point to the fact that the studious individual known in college parlance as the plugger, has the market value of this pearl by heart.

THISTLE-DOWN.

AFTER GOETHE.

Iphigenie auf Tauris, ll. 300-305.

IPH. "I dread to loose the tongue from 'customed bonds,
To free the soul from secret long time kept,
For, once entrusted, it can ne'er return
To dwell within the deepest heart of hearts,
But spreads in widening rings, to harm or bless
Its former owner, as the gods direct."

A SUGGESTION.

It was sad to hear him mumbling
Down the street to-day,
For they say his brain is crumbling,—
Reason's fled away.

In his mind bright thoughts once nested;
From his eyes they peeped,
And upon his brow they rested,
From his lips they leaped.

But, although the nest is shattered
That the birds despise,
Are their notes of song not scattered
Down soft summer skies?

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Down the street rude March winds blustered;
Through bare boughs blew clouds of snow;
Dainty Mag, whose ringlets clustered
O'er bright eyes that flashed below,
Sped along, all unattended,
While my lonely way I wended
Where the pavements icier grow.

Quick my heart beat, as I spied her
Rest her tiny hand for aid
On the ancient elm beside her.

Swift I stepped to her, and said,
 "Lean on me, sweet maid, forever,
 And 't will be my fond endeavor
 Firm to stand through storm and shade."

In a trice she looked up, smiling :
 "Prove thyself, dear sir," she cried ;
 "Prove that thou art not beguiling ;
 Walk just this once by my side.
 Should it seem that thou art able
 Now to walk with footsteps stable,
 I will to thee my heart confide."

Well, we both went down together,
 Pretty Margaret and I :—
 Now, through fair and stormy weather,
 When we go down town to buy
 Frills and feathers, furs and laces,
 I let Mag select the places
 Where she walks, and you know why!

Archibald Blakeson.

MEIN HERTZ, ICH WILL DICH FRAGEN.

From Heine.

O Heart! I have a question :
 What 's love? Come, now, speak on :
 "Two souls with one thought only,
 Two hearts that beat as one."

And tell me whence love cometh :
 "It comes, and that is all."
 Tell, too, how love departeth :
 "Nobody can recall."

But when is love the purest ?
 "For self to have no care."
 And when is love the deepest ?
 "In stillest course, 't is there."

And when is love the richest ?
 "In giving, this it proves."
 Please tell, too, how love talketh :
 "It does not talk, it loves."

C. H. Willey.

CRAYON BLEU.

Wyndham Towers, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Anything from the pen of one of our sweetest lyrical writers is sure to be appreciated; but aside from the name of the author, we think Mr. Aldrich's last poem the best narrative poem that has appeared for many a month. The conception is simple,—Cain and Abel over again. But here the direct cause is a woman, and the murderer is shut into the secret closet while trying to hide his dead, and perishes in that ghastly presence. The plot calls for the treatment of a master, and it receives it. With all the quaintness of the Elizabethan authors, whom he professes to follow, and all the delightful imagery which the author has shown in previous works, he gives us a feast of poetry. We would like to quote at length, but we forbear. Mr. Aldrich is a poet who charms by the simplicity of his style. We do not need to stop to inquire about the meaning, but receive the delight of pure beauty and poetry, without the intellectual application required by more philosophical writers. Yet in this work we see his power as a psychological student, and the character sketch of Darrell Wyndham,—

“Suspicious, morbid, passionate, self involved,
The soul half eaten out with solitude,”—

although short, is masterly. Bound in parchment and cloth, the book is most attractive to the eye.

A Yankee in King Arthur's Court, by Mark Twain. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

The conception of Mark Twain's new book, doubtless already familiar to most of our readers, is the transposition of a Connecticut Yankee into the court of King Arthur. Once there, his scientific knowledge enables him to pose as a magician, and by his powers to gain control of the executive power of the kingdom. He gradually works in all the modern improvements,—electric lights, telephone, Gatling guns, &c. But he finds the power of popular opinion too strong, and when the interdict of the church comes, he is obliged to use his last resources in defending Merlin's cave against the chivalry of England. He is wounded, and Merlin comes as an old woman to dress his wounds, casts an enchantment about him that makes him sleep thirteen hundred years, to awake in the nineteenth century. The work does not strike one as primarily a humorous production. It is a satire upon the English reverence for aristocracy. So true is it that the best humorist knows the nearest way to the hearts of men, that the passages which touch upon the condition of the laborer and slave often rise to the sublimest heights of pathos. There seems to be a tendency to give us all the horrible details of gilded corruption, that is, to say the least, distasteful to the American mind. Aside from this, the book is masterly in its conception and execution. Even if we shudder to think of the rough hand of desecration being laid upon the beautiful legends of Camelot and the Table Round, we must rejoice to acknowledge the great advance in the recognition of universal brotherhood since the sixth century.

The Garden, as Considered in Literature by Certain Polite Writers, with a critical essay by Walter Howe. New York: Putnam's. \$1.00.

This Knickerbocker nugget contains selections from the two Plinys, Lord Bacon, Sir William Temple, Addison, Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Thomas Whately, Gold-

smith, Horace Walpole, and John Evelyn. Each selection is a masterpiece of literature, and the whole is a thing of artistic beauty. It is a book to be enjoyed by the lover of good literature, as well as by the lover of gardening. The critical essay in introduction is a scholarly and pleasing piece of work.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, edited by a committee of the classical instructors of Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.00.

This is the first volume of a series which bids fair to be exponential of the highest American scholarship. Among the eleven valuable monographs on philological subjects, we mention as especially readable to the ordinary scholar, "The Fauces of the Roman House," by Prof. Greenough, "*De Ignis Eliciendi Modis Apud Antiquos*," *Scriptis Morris H. Morgan*, and "The Social and Domestic Position of Women in Aristophanes," by Herman W. Haley. Prof. Goodwin also contributes some valuable studies in Greek syntax.

Greek Moods and Tenses, Rewritten and Enlarged, by Prof. W. W. Goodwin. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$2.15.

The reputation of the former editions of this book is so great that all we need say of the new edition is, that it is much improved in every way, and is much enlarged. It has become one of the indispensables to the Greek scholar.

The Method of Least Squares, by George C. Comstock. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.05.

Gives in a book of sixty-eight pages a treatment of this subject so essential to the practical observer in all lines of physical science. The analytic proof of the fundamental formula is omitted, its correctness being assumed from experimental data. The practical methods derived therefrom are well elaborated, however, and all the subordinate properties are demonstrated.

The Second and Third Reading Books, by Eben H. Davis. Phil.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A finely graded series. The Second Book opens with conversational stories, is followed by tales from the classics told in a way to attract children. The Third Book is made up of selections of prose and poetry from the better class of juvenile writers, well adapted to follow the Second Book, and to lead the pupil to a love for the best literature. Each book has several full-page illustrations designed to aid in language teaching.

The New Arithmetic, by 300 authors. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.85.

Essentially a modern arithmetic. It aims to give the student a good knowledge of the theory, at the same time teaching correctness of mechanical work and mental accuracy. Careful training with the aid of some such book would be highly appreciated by many who were educated by those old methods which prescribed mechanical processes to the weakening of mental accuracy in the student.

State and Federal Governments of the United States, by Prof. Woodrow Wilson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A chapter from Prof. Wilson's larger work on "The State," published separately with a view for use as a text-book. It may profitably be used as a guide to the practical workings of our government, both state and federal.

Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen, von Gustav Freytag. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.30.

An edition, annotated by Prof. Herman Hager, of this valuable work on Frederick's life and times.

German Reader, by Edward S. Joynes. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A reader for beginners. The selections are well graded, the first being interlinear, and the last more difficult. The prevailing tone is that of the best German literature, the names of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine appearing very often. It has full notes and vocabulary. The book will be used here in the Sophomore class.

Primer of French Literature, by F. M. Warren. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Valuable as a catalogue of French works, and a guide to the most obvious qualities to be found in each writer, without any pretence to full critical study of particular authors.

Sept Grand Auteurs du Dix-Neuvième Siècle, by Alcée Fortier. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, François Coppée. A series of lectures in French, originally delivered at the Tulane University of Louisiana. The French is sufficiently easy to be read at sight by less advanced scholars, and the historic work is excellent.

The Public School Music Course, by Charles E. Whitney. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A well graded series of six Music Readers, for use in Public Schools, from the lowest primary to the highest grammar grades. The first five are twenty-five cents each, the sixth, fifty-four cents. The selections and solfeggios are well chosen. In the sixth, the degree of difficulty becomes sufficient for any class of a grammar school. Some very beautiful songs are found between its covers.

Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1887-'88. Washington: Department of the Interior.

It would be hard to find a topic in the educational field which this report does not cover, and cover well. The most interesting innovation in the work of the Bureau of Education for this year was the beginning of the publication of a series of works upon higher education in the various states. The monographs, written with this idea in view, bid fair to be valuable additions to American history.

The Atlantic opens with articles on "The Trials, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno," by William R. Thayer, and "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con," by Charles Worcester Clark. "The Value of the Corner," by George Parsons Lathrop, tells in a pleasing way of the value of solitude. "Loitering Through the Paris Exposition" is one of the best of the articles on this topic which have been appearing in American magazines. We are ever more pleased with Dr. Holmes's "Over the Teacups." This month he decries the great craze of verse-making in his own inimitable manner. The poem on Tennyson is particularly good.

The three most noticeable articles in *The Century* for March, after the regular serials, are "Gloucester Cathedral," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "A Municipal Study of Glasgow," by Albert Shaw; and "Some Wayside Places in Palestine," by Edward L. Wilson. The fiction and poetry are good. The parable entitled "Posthumous Fame; or, A Legend of the Beautiful," by James Lane Allen, is a powerful piece; the Sonnet on Robert Browning, by Agnes Maule Machar, is a good piece of elegiac work. "The Merry Chanter" and "The Nature and Method of Revelation" close in this number.

Scribner's for March contains the first number of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," by Benjamin Ellis Martin, to be concluded in the April number. It is a valuable study, and is finely illustrated. "A Forgotten Remnant" of the Seminole Indians receives attention from Kirk Munroe. "John Ericsson, the Engineer," becomes even more interesting. "A Deedless Drama," by George A. Hibbard, is one of the most powerful magazine stories of the year. The "Point of View" is showing itself the peer of similar departments in other magazines.

Lippincott's contains the complete novel, "Two Soldiers," by the well known author Charles King, of the U. S. army. Julian Hawthorne's article on "Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life" continues, showing very clearly the way in which the great author wrote. Edgar Fawcett contributes a long poem on "The Tears of Tullia," succeeding very finely with his classic theme.

Ginn & Co. announce *Elements of Structural and Systematic Botany*, by Prof. Douglas Houghton Campbell of Indiana University, to be published in April; *The Best Elizabethan Plays*, with introduction by William R. Thayer, to be published in April; and *Directional Calculus*, by Prof. E. W. Hyde of the University of Cincinnati, to be published in April or May.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce *De Musset's Pierre et Camille*, edited by Prof. O. B. Super, Carlisle, Pa., and *A First Reader*, by Anna B. Badlam.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that they have acquired from Mr. Henry M. Stanley all the American rights for his personal narrative of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. An article by Mr. Stanley on this subject will appear in *Scribner's Magazine*.

We have received, and reserve for further notice, *Dr. Muhlenberg* and *The North Shore Watch*, from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and *Health Notes* from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EXCHANGES.

What is the ultimate object of the Exchange Department in college papers? the editor muses to himself, as he looks in despair upon a table littered with various effusions in covers grave and gay, from the sober brown of the *Yale Lit.* to the bright crimson of the fool's cap and bells on *The Lampton's* knight of vanity. We doubt not some editors regard it a good way of filling space, if we are to judge by the contents of their magazines. Some take the common idea that it is a sort of "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" affair, and seek to gain praise for themselves by bestowing it *judiciously* upon their contemporaries. But we doubt not every editor would say, if asked what is the ideal, that it is the correction of our faults by the criticisms offered by others, and the gaining of a cosmopolitan spirit for the substance of our publications, so apt to reflect the purely local and narrow. Not infrequently, we say with modesty, the editor learns to pity himself as he sees other editors evidently laboring under well known difficulties, and failing in points where he himself has so often tried in vain to succeed. We wish to propound one question before passing to particulars. Why is it that the average publication represents not the college, but the editors? Why do not the students outside the sanctum lend a helping hand more often?

College and School seems destined to succeed where *The Collegian* failed, perhaps because the former takes up a much broader field, and one not distinctively literary. In the March number of the first named periodical, we notice an article on the "Tendency of the New England College," by Prof. Ruggles of the Chandler school. It is an able article, showing the drift of the colleges of the East towards universities. This same March number has a very interesting article on the "Home Journal and its Editor," in which are interesting reminiscences of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, in their long partnership. "The Editor's Note Book," conducted by Clinton Scollard, is always fresh and interesting, and "Among the Colleges" is a valuable summary of news. We hope this bright face has come to stay.

We always enjoy the *Yale Lit.*, with its look of comfortable antiquity and its strong articles. The February number is, however, slightly disappointing. Commencing with two or three excellent articles, the last part, especially "New England Life in Poetry and Fiction," gives only poor suggestions of what articles on the rich topics treated might afford. We wish, however, to commend the excellent verse. "Phyllis and Corydon" is taking, and the "Song" is full of poetic beauty.

It is a general impression of ours that the *Hamilton Lit.* and *Bates Student* exist mainly for the purpose of printing prize essays and similar productions. The latter journal is tired of love poetry for the nonce, and says,— "It would be certain to be as good mental exercise for the writer to try his hand at something new, as to continue forever in the same ruts." Beauty for the sake of beauty is evidently unknown in that land of co-eds. Mental exercise! Much better write a debate on "Will Bismarck be a Greater Historical Character than Gladstone?" for that purpose, our dear friend!

We are glad to see by the *Brunonian* that Brown is to have a *Literary Monthly*. We wish to compliment the *Brunonian* on its verse in the last issue.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The Sons of New Hampshire in Chicago held their first annual banquet recently. A good many Dartmouth men were present. B. F. Ayer '46, the president, acted as toastmaster. Letters were read from Senators Blair '73 hon. and Chandler '66 hon., and Gov. Goodell '89 hon. Col. F. W. Parker, principal of the Cook County Normal School, responded to the toast, "On the Merrimack Fifty Years Ago;" Rev. W. A. Bartlett '82, who was unable to be present, sent a paper on "Dartmouth College;" and "The New Hampshire Press—Like her Territory, Small but 'Rocky,'" was responded to by Charles H. Ham '71.

At the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Trust Company, held in Manchester, the following were elected directors: James A. Weston '71 hon., James F. Briggs '83 hon., Charles H. Bartlett '81 hon., Benj. A. Kimball '54 C. S. S., William M. Chase '58 C. S. S., and Hiram D. Upton '79. James A. Weston was elected president, Charles H. Bartlett vice-president, and Hiram D. Upton treasurer. On the executive committee are James A. Weston, Charles H. Bartlett, James F. Briggs, and Hiram D. Upton.

Among the Dartmouth men who attended the recent reunion of the former students and teachers of New Ipswich Appleton Academy, were Rev. John Herbert '71, Rev. Perley B. Davis '74 hon., Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft '60, Prof. C. F. Emerson '68, Hon. Charles H. Burns '74 hon., F. H. Hardison '76, M. O. Adams '71, Henry H. Piper '76, and Rev. A. F. Newton '74. Rev. John Herbert, chairman of the executive committee which had arranged for the reunion, presided. Rev. P. B. Davis, Dr. Bancroft, Prof. Emerson, and Hon. Charles H. Burns made short speeches. On motion of Mr. Davis, the following resolution was adopted by rising vote, first of the former pupils of Prof. Quimby '51, and then of all: "We, the former pupils of Prof. E. T. Quimby, assembled in reunion with other alumni of New Ipswich Appleton Academy, in Boston, February 25, 1890, recalling with thankfulness the valuable service he rendered us in the institution over which he so long and so efficiently presided, desire hereby to profess our profound sorrow at the sad tidings just borne to us of the sudden increase of his prolonged illness, and to testify that our grateful memories and our deepest sympathies shall attend him until the weakness and weariness of earth shall be exchanged for the rest of heaven." More than one of the speakers deplored the fact that a gathering such as the present was so rare, and Messrs. Herbert, Burns, Davis, Emerson, and Adams were appointed a committee to consider the advisability of forming a permanent organization for the purpose of having more frequent meetings in the future. By unanimous vote Mr. Herbert was designated by the meeting for the first president of the association, should one be formed. The singing of a reunion ode, written by F. H. Hardison, ended the exercises. After the reception, the committee

reported, advising the formation of "The Appleton Academy Association." Executive and reception committees were elected. To the former, H. H. Piper, and to the latter, Rev. P. B. Davis and Rev. A. F. Newton, were chosen.

At the 70th annual meeting of the White Mountain Medical Society, held recently at Woodsville, the president, Dr. G. W. McGregor '78 Med. Coll., of Littleton, delivered an address upon "Timely Topics." Papers were read by Dr. G. S. Gove '59 Med. Coll., of Whitefield, and Dr. E. Mitchell '67 Med. Coll., of Lancaster.

A Dartmouth College Lunch Club has been formed in Boston, with some seventy members. The object of the club is to hold meetings every Saturday afternoon for a social time. The first meeting was held at the Boston Tavern. George Fred Williams '72 presided, and Isaac F. Paul '78 was secretary.

Hon. James F. Joy '33, of Michigan, has secured ex-Congressman Hall '51, of Dover as counsel in the legal contest over the will of the late Benjamin Thompson, of Durham. The contesting heirs have retained Hon. John Kivel '76, of Dover.

'33. Dr. Edward Spalding, of Nashua, was elected treasurer *pro tem.* of the college at the recent meeting of the trustees.

'38. Hon. James Barrett has been elected president of the Rutland (Vt.) County College Graduates' Association. He has also been elected one of the vice-presidents of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, as has Hon. Joseph B. Walker '83 hon., of Concord.

'39 Med. Coll. Asahel Kendrick, who died at West Randolph, Vt., February 21, was born at Hanover, December 25, 1806. After studying medicine here and in Troy, N. Y., he began practising at Warren, Vt. Forty-two years ago he went to West Randolph. He was a successful and highly respected physician. He left a widow and one daughter, the wife of Rev. E. E. Herrick '79 hon., of Milton, Vt.

'40. Jonathan Everett Sargent, who lately died at his home in Concord, has been a prominent man in the state for many years. His biographer in the History of Merrimack and Belknap counties has said of him,—“Judge Sargent, now of Concord, has been well known throughout the state for more than a quarter of a century. Besides an extensive legislative acquaintance, he has, as judge of the different courts and as chief-justice of the state, held terms of court in every shire town and half-shire town in the state. He has been emphatically the architect of his own fortune, and by his energy and perseverance has reached the highest post of honor in his profession in his native state. He is genial and social with his friends; he loves a joke, and belongs to that small class of men ‘who never grow old.’ He loves his home, his family, and his books. No man enjoys the study of history and of poetry, of philosophy and of fiction, better than he, while law and theology come in for a share of attention. He is a kind neighbor, a respected citizen, a ripe scholar, a wise legislator, an upright judge, and an honest man.” Judge Sargent was born at New London, October 23, 1816. He fitted for college at Hopkinton and Kimball Union academies. Immediately after graduation he began the study of law with Hon. William P. Weeks '26, of Canaan. In the spring of 1841 he went South, and taught in the Alexandria (Va.) high school and in a family school in Maryland, in the meantime pursuing his legal studies with Hon. David A. Hall, of Washington. He was admitted to the bar in the courts of the District of Columbia in April, 1842, and returned to New Hampshire the following September. He continued his studies with Mr. Weeks until July, 1843, when

he was admitted to the bar in the superior courts of judicature in this state. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Sargent formed a partnership with Mr. Weeks at Canaan, which continued until 1847, when he removed to Wentworth and entered upon what proved to be a very lucrative practice. For ten years he held the office of solicitor of Grafton county. In April, 1855, Mr. Sargent was appointed a circuit judge of the court of common pleas, and when the old courts were abolished and new ones established the following June he was made an associate justice of the new court by Gov. Metcalf '23, and acted as such until the court was abolished in 1859. He was then appointed to a place on the bench of the supreme court, where he remained fifteen years. In March, 1873, upon the death of Chief-Justice Bellows '59 hon., he was appointed to the vacancy, and held the place until August, 1874. Judge Sargent's written opinions are contained in sixteen volumes of the New Hampshire reports, from the 39th to the 54th inclusive. In 1874 he resumed the practice of law in Concord in company with William M. Chase '58 C. S. S., and the partnership continued for five years. Mr. Sargent had a long and honorable legislative experience. He was elected a member of the house from Wentworth for three consecutive terms; in 1853 he was speaker. He was president of the senate in 1854. In 1876 he was elected to the constitutional convention from ward 5, Concord, and served as chairman of the judiciary committee. He represented the same ward in the house in 1877 and 1878. He was chairman of the committee to revise the General Statutes in 1877, one of his associates being Hon. Levi W. Barton '48, of Newport. Judge Sargent took a deep interest in historical matters. He delivered the address on the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of his native town, New London, June 25, 1879, and also a memorial address at the college Commencement in 1880, on the late Hon. Joel Parker '11. He was grand master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in 1864 and 1865. He has been president of the N. H. Centennial Home for the Aged for ten years. He has been one of the directors of the National State Capital Bank for several years, and president and a member of the investment committee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank since its commencement in 1872. The college gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1869. Judge Sargent was twice married, and a wife and son and daughter survive him.

'43. Hon. Harry Bingham, of Littleton, is away on his annual trip to Florida, where he will spend several months.

'44. Hon. A. A. Ranney discussed "The National Guard" at a recent dinner of the New England Club.

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., acted as moderator, and gave the charge to the people, at the settlement of the pastor over the North Congregational church in New Bedford lately. Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., '60, delivered the sermon.

'48. Hon. J. W. Patterson read a paper on "State School Systems; What is the best Plan of Organization?" at the first session of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association in New York. He also delivered an address at the dedication of the Memorial hall and public library at Wolfeborough.

'49. Hon. Stephen M. Crosby has been elected treasurer of the newly chartered Back Bay Incandescent Light Company of Boston.

'50. Samuel Dearborn Lord, a prominent lawyer of Manchester, died recently. He was a native of Epsom. Mr. Lord was for two terms clerk of the city council, for two years city solicitor, and for eight years in the legislature, where he was clerk. He was

also for eight years on the Board of Education. He was a member of the New England Meteorological Society, and delivered and published numerous addresses on meteorology.

'51. Elihu Thayer Quimby died February 26, at the home of his son, Dr. Charles E. Quimby, '74, in New York. Prof. Quimby was born at Danville, July 17, 1826. After graduating from college he was principal of the Appleton Academy for three years, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth, which position he held until 1878. During this time he published an algebra for collegiate use. For many years he had charge of the United States coast and geodetic survey in New Hampshire. He also directed the survey recently made for the establishment of the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He left a widow and two sons, Dr. Charles and William P. '82, a lawyer, of Gettysburg, Pa.

'55. Judge William H. H. Allen, of Claremont, has returned from his Southern trip, which he took for the benefit of his health.

'57 Med. Coll. J. H. Sanborn, of Franklin Falls, has been elected president of the Centre District Medical Society. Dr. L. W. Peabody '67 hon., of Henniker, is vice-president.

'58. Rev. L. H. Adams, accompanied by his wife and daughter, sailed for his mission field in Turkey, February 22.

'58. Hon. A. B. Thompson has been reëlected president of the Capital Fire Insurance Company.

'59. I. N. Carleton, Ph. D., has been elected president of the Merrimack Valley Congregational Club.

'59. Prof. Luther T. Townsend, D. D., of Boston University, recently delivered a very earnest and scholarly address before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston on "The Necessity of Christian Young Men in Politics and Business."

'61. Rev. W. W. Dow, of Portsmouth, has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Winchendon, Mass., where he was formerly located.

'62 C. S. S. Prof. John R. Eastman was elected "Alumni delegate" to visit the college next June, at the recent meeting of the Washington Association. This action was taken in accordance with the circular letter issued by the trustees. Judge Bond '55 was also mentioned for the position, but declined in favor of Prof. Eastman.

'63. Col. Thomas Cogswell, of Gilmanton, will be orator on Memorial Day at Pittsfield.

'64. Dr. J. L. Hildreth has resigned his position on the Cambridge, Mass., School Committee.

'66. Rev. William B. T. Smith, of St. Luke's church, Charlestown, has recently visited Fort Payne, Ala., where he organized an Episcopal society.

'70. Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, took a principal part in the meeting of the New York Presbytery, defending the report of the committee containing the suggested changes.

'71. Alvin Burleigh, of Plymouth, has been appointed judge-advocate on the staff of Department Commander Cogswell '63.

'71. Hon. A. R. Savage has been reëlected mayor of Auburn, Me.

'72. Hon. G. F. Williams made a speech at a dinner of the Orpheus Musical Society lately.

'73. Rev. J. M. Dutton, of Great Falls, preached the sermon at the installation of the pastor of the Congregational church at Craftsbury, Vt. Rev. C. B. Hulbert, '53, of East Hardwick, Vt., gave the charge to the pastor.

'77 C. S. S.—'79 T. S. C. E. At the end of the introduction to the Zone Catalogue of the Argentine National Observatory, Cordova, is the following concerning the late Chalmers Williams Stevens: "In this work, for the successful completion of which he had earnestly and laboriously toiled, it is fitting that a word be said to commemorate his useful life. Born in New Hampshire April 4, 1852, and graduated from Dartmouth college, he was engaged for a time upon the triangulation of his native state. He came to Cordova at the beginning of the year 1879, since which time his assistance in the Observatory has been constant and invaluable. He was endowed with unusual physical and mental vigor, and a peculiarly cheerful temperament, and his life was an example of blameless integrity."

'79. Hon. Hiram D. Upton is one of the directors of the newly formed board of trade of Manchester. Hon. G. Byron Chandler '82 hon. is president, and Ex-Gov. Cheney '75 hon., vice-president.

'79. Ashton R. Willard has written another article for the *New England Magazine* upon "Recent Church Architecture in Boston," a richly illustrated article, which well supplements the one on old New England meeting-houses in the January number.

'80 Med. Coll. M. T. Stone has been appointed on the board of pension examining surgeons at Keene for Cheshire Co. A. B. Thurston '81 Med. Coll., and W. H. Aldrich '5 Agr. Coll., are also on the board.

'80. On learning of the death of Speaker Barrett's little son, the Massachusetts House adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, This House learns with sorrow of the death of the only child of the Speaker, his infant son, William E. Barrett, Jr.,—

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathies of the members of this House are hereby extended to the Speaker and to Mrs. Barrett.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the clerk to Hon. W. E. Barrett and Mrs. Barrett, and that these resolutions be extended upon the journal of the House.

'81. Rev. G. W. Patterson, pastor of the Congregational church, Bristol, has resigned. During his pastorate of two years twenty-two have united with the church by confession and six by letter.

'81 Agr. Coll. Prof. G. H. Whitcher, Director of the Experiment Station, read a paper upon "The Growth and Nutrition of Plants" at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

'83 Med. Coll. George Bowen Emerson, of Dover, died lately at the age of thirty-six. He was born at Barnstead, Mass. He practised in Bath, Me., until last March. A widow and one child survive him.

'84. Rev. George M. Woodwell, pastor of the First Congregational church of Wenham, Mass., has tendered his resignation, to take effect April 1.

'86. Arthur Fairbanks has been appointed an instructor in the college.

'87. Charles W. Bickford, who has been the past year at the head of the Meredith Village high school, has accepted a position in the Manchester schools at a salary of \$1,000.

'88. Forbush is acting as instructor in Latin and Greek in the University grammar school, 473 Broadway, New York.

'88. Gregory lately delivered a lecture at Sherborn, Mass., on "The Philosophy of Wit and Humor."

'89. Newton is sub-master in the evening school in Malden, Mass.

'89 C. S. S. Doane is teaching at Green's Landing, Me.

'89. A. E. and G. B. Kingsbury are teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'89. Boyd is teaching at Red Beach, near Calais, Me.

'89. Bradish has taken a position with the Citizens' Savings-Bank of Cleveland, Ohio.

'89. Dartt is day clerk at Hotel Victoria, Boston.

'89. Kennard is studying law with the city solicitor in Manchester.

'89. Willard has been at home settling the estate of his father, who died very suddenly.

T H E

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BOARD OF EDITORS:

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MODERN COLLEGE ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH.

II.

Whatever may have been the true origin of our "National Game," base-ball, whether it grew out of "round" ball, with a trace of the "English" in it, or was developed from so called "cat-ball," which is more probable, it gained recognition at Dartmouth in the autumn of 1865 by the organization of a college base-ball club, composed of thirty members. In order rightly to understand the spirit and purpose of the students in this organization, allow me to quote from carefully penned words of some of its original members, as expressed in the Dartmouth *Ægis*, of October, 1865:

To supply the deficiency occasioned by the lack of interest displayed in the foot-ball game, the college organized a base-ball club, which promises fair for the future. Its members were selected from all the classes, and every inducement taken to make it a permanent organization and one eminently adapted to take the place of foot-ball. It is our belief that foot-ball must cease to exist as a college game. The time and the advancing interests of old Dartmouth demand it. . . . Dartmouth has ever watched over the intellectual interests of her sons with a zealous care, but the physical culture—equally as important—has been neglected altogether. . . . It is with a full appreciation of the requirements of the college, in this respect, that the base-ball club was organized; and while we cannot disguise the unfeigned reluctance with which we part from the old foot-ball game, yet, let us enter into this new organization with a spirit that will insure success.

From this humble, yet spirited and almost prophetic, beginning has arisen the deeply interesting game which so absorbs the atten-

tion of most collegians during the summer months. For the first few years after the organization, attention was given principally to class nines and contests, though a College Nine was early selected, and games played with outside clubs,—for, in the autumn of 1866, victories are chronicled for Dartmouth over the Concord and Portsmouth clubs.

As early as the summer of 1866 arrangements were made with Amherst college for a match game, which was played on Dartmouths' grounds, and in which Amherst won, with a score of 40 to 10. The following summer the Dartmouths visited Amherst, and returned the compliment, winning by a score of 30 to 24. The third and concluding game of the series was played in June, 1868, on neutral ground, at Brattleboro', Vt., and won by Dartmouth. The writer has a vivid recollection of the look of surprise and despair depicted on the faces of the opposing nine when the first ball struck by the Dartmouths went flying so far over the centre-fielder's head that the striker made the circuit of the bases and was resting complacently with the remaining eight before the ball could be returned to the in-field. This hit doubtless struck the key-note for that game, as 10 runs were accredited to Dartmouth before the Amhersts took the bat. The final score stood 47 to 20 in Dartmouths' favor, after 3 hours and 40 minutes' playing.

In a game with the Kearsarge club, at Concord, N. H., in June, 1868, which lasted four hours and a half for a game of eight innings, the score stood 58 to 13 in Dartmouth's favor, netting 13 runs in the first inning, and 22 in the last. Such large scores seem quite amusing, and cause surprise to modern players, but it must be remembered that this was before the era of "curve" pitching. The record kept of the playing was equally amusing, as the number of "fly-catches," made and missed by each player, was put down.

From the many runs made and length of time required for a game, one can form a good idea of the style of playing, and of the interest to those witnessing the game. The hard work was not then limited mainly to the pitcher and catcher, as now, but all had a share in it; and this explains why the call for better batting

is often heard in modern times by the older class of attendants at ball games.

By the autumn of 1867 the game had won such a place in the esteem of the students, that the editors of the *Ægis* are led to say,—

Our national game, base-ball, is a manifold blessing to our college. It has performed an important mission in bringing about the change of sentiment which has brought the classes to a better feeling toward each other. It is an absorbing amusement and exciting exercise. . . . The assiduous practice of our various clubs cannot fail to raise the standard of our playing very high.

The uninterrupted success of the first three and a half years with clubs in northern New England rendered the Dartmouths somewhat venturesome, and a few signal defeats were necessary to hold the men down to careful and scientific practice. Accordingly the Dartmouths arranged a game with the Harvard nine, at Lowell, Mass., early in June, 1869. Stopping at Concord on their way down, they received additional courage from a decisive victory over the local club there, and entered the field in Lowell with high hopes; but they little understood the kind of material they were facing. Such pitching, batting, base-running, and general scientific playing completely nonplussed most of the men, who had never seen anything of the kind, and they could do nothing; many did not reach the first base during the game, and no one the home plate, except as he stood upon it to attempt to hit the ball.

This defeat, 38 to 0—the worst Dartmouth ever suffered—was doubtless a blessing, though in disguise, at the time. Followed, as it was, by one on the home grounds, in the same month, at the hands of the Bowdoins, it led to a fuller understanding of the game and to the necessity of better and more systematic training. The impression made upon the college at the time is well shown by an advertisement in the *Ægis* of that summer:

For sale—at the office of the *Ægis*, nine gray uniforms, with green trimmings, one dozen base-balls, twenty hard-wood bats, one set of bases, nearly new, two or three canvas shoes. The owners of the above are already sold.

The temporary depression caused by these signal defeats of the college nine soon wore away. Their effect on the members of the

nine participating was to call forth renewed effort and an earnest determination to retrieve the past. Whether or not the nine, as a body, believed in *all* the motto on the college ball—" *Ora et labora* "—I would not venture to declare, but I am quite positive that they subscribed to the sentiment,—"*Omnia vincit labor.*"

After weeks of close and business-like practice, the college nine met the Bowdoins on their own grounds, in October, of the same year, and won with the decisive score of 40 to 19, which called forth from the editors of the *Ægis* the following comment :

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we chronicle the recent victory of our college nine in their contest with the Bowdoins. There is nothing like well earned laurels to improve the *morale* of a club, and we are confident that our boys will make this success the stepping-stone to a more spirited, and consequently a more successful, style of playing. Base-ball is decidedly the most prominent department of our athletics, and the men that represent us must be alive to every requirement of their position, and never hope to bolster up a precarious reputation with the prestige of past success.

The above enumeration of match games, won and lost, gives a very inadequate idea of the bearing of base-ball upon the general athletic training of the college. These are only incidents by the way, though important ones, for they serve as goals, or shining marks, which invite young men to press on with renewed energy in the hope of successful attainment. Back of these contests, one should observe the amount of healthful, out-door, vigorous exercise which is secured by the great body of students in the various class and practice games. In these early years, *four* and even *five* games of base-ball might be observed at the same time, progressing with more or less, generally more, mixing up of the out-fielders.

By the summer of 1870 base-ball had established a claim to a permanent place among the athletic contests of the college, at the hands of such skilful players as Messrs. Morse of '68, Thompson of '69, Edgell and Wilson of '70. But for eight years it progressed very slowly, and experienced several ups and downs, especially when boating was at its height, and also when the "general athletics" began to absorb attention. During these years, series of games were arranged and played with neighboring clubs, and also with Bowdoin, Amherst, and Tufts college nines, with only a

moderate degree of success. Just in proportion as interest in boating decreased, a renewed interest in base-ball was observed to increase, and by the autumn of 1878, with strong players in the classes of '80, '81, and '82, much enthusiasm was aroused and a decisive stand taken in the sport, which has not been seriously departed from since.

The numerous games played during the autumn of 1878 and the spring and autumn of 1879, notably those with the Brattleboro's, from whom were won two balls on one day, and with Harvard, Brown, and Amherst, prepared the college for entering with much zest into the formation of an Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball Association. Accordingly, in December, 1879, Dartmouth sent delegates to Springfield, who, in connection with delegates from Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, organized the American College Base-ball Association. Two games were played with each college, and many were close and exciting. Dartmouth won both games from Harvard by decisive scores, but could not overpower Princeton and Brown, and was forced to be content with third place. Yale had withdrawn on account of a question concerning professionals on her nine, but was readmitted the next year. Dartmouth continued in this league, with the exception of 1883, till 1886, when she resigned. Considering the great difficulty experienced in securing practice with strong teams, on account of distance from professional clubs, Dartmouth has no occasion to be ashamed of the showing she was able to make in this league of skilful players. During the summer of 1886 Dartmouth played fourteen match games with college and professional teams, and won ten in the series.

In the spring of 1887 Dartmouth took her old place in the American College Association, and the league consisted of Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, and Williams,—Harvard, Princeton, and Yale having withdrawn to form a triangular league by themselves. By dint of hard work, after very faithful practice and careful management, Dartmouth won ten of the twelve games played, which secured the pennant, to the great satisfaction of all Dartmouth's friends. No one present at the games with the

Williams nine in Hanover will ever forget those close and exciting contests. Excitement ran so high that several observers of the games were obliged to leave the grounds, fearing the nervous strain. As it required eleven innings to decide the last game, which practically settled the championship for 1887, great praise is due the players for their brave and cool work to the end.

In 1888 Brown withdrew from the league, and Trinity came in to fill the place, remaining two years, but has now withdrawn, leaving the league triangular. For the past two years Dartmouth has played strong ball, but Williams proved even stronger, and secured the pennants. The prospects for the present year are quite favorable. Systematic training and faithful work ought to secure the pennant for 1890.

Though base-ball has undoubtedly been the most attractive branch of athletics for the past twenty years, and has been the direct cause of a greater amount of out-door exercise, for the general body of students, than all other forms of athletics, yet other kinds of sport have asserted their claims at times, and temporarily overshadowed the national game. Boating, which for a few years only eclipsed base-ball, has already been spoken of.

In 1875 there arose here quite suddenly a lively interest in "general athletics," so called, occasioned in part, at least, by the good work done in this line by a few Dartmouth students at "Glen Mitchell," on the day following the boat-race at Saratoga, where such sports had been introduced, as a sort of supplement to the regatta, by the various colleges participating. When it was decided to institute such a contest here, and a day had been set apart for the purpose, enthusiasm was not lacking, and training became quite general. Strangers visiting the town could not understand the curious things they saw. Students, in all manner of dress or undress, walking, running, jumping, vaulting, were to be seen at all hours and in unaccustomed places. When the day arrived for the sports, Hanover assumed a gala-day appearance, and the gathered throngs about the campus almost rivalled the assemblage at Commencement. More than 150 entries were registered for the contest, so general was the interest. With such an

introduction of the sports on October 13 and 14, 1875, it is no wonder that they have been continued to the present. Every year since has witnessed at least *one*, and most have *two*, such field-days or "meets." Many good records have been made and held over other colleges of the size of Dartmouth. In a few instances men have been sent to Mott Haven, where they acquitted themselves well and to the credit of the college.

The argument that is often raised against base-ball, and especially boating, namely, that only few participate, and hence they alone derive any benefit, cannot be advanced against this form of athletics. Though in later years the number of participants has somewhat diminished, the number securing benefit from such exercise is still very large, and, with the additional inducement of the Inter-Collegiate Contests, inaugurated in 1887, there is no good reason why the majority of the students will not be attracted by this branch of athletics.

The record made by Dartmouth in the three annual gatherings of the New England Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association is one to reflect great credit upon her athletes. At the first "meet," in May, 1887, with seven colleges competing, she won six of the seventeen first prizes, to four by Amherst and three by Williams, and thus secured the pennant for 1887.

In 1888 Dartmouth would have won the pennant but for an unfortunate accident in one of the last contests. The knocking down of a hurdle by another contestant caused Dartmouth's man to fall, and thus lose the first place. Amherst won, with seven first prizes, Dartmouth having six.

In 1889 Dartmouth outdid herself, and even surpassed the expectations of the most confident, taking eight first prizes and three seconds; while five firsts were accredited to Amherst, and three to Williams. This praiseworthy result can be ascribed only to the thorough training and faithful work of the participants, and from it should be learned a great lesson in college life, that "what is worth doing is worth doing well."

No careful observer of these sports can question seriously their value to the great majority of the participants. Ignorance of the

first principles of physiology and hygiene may lead some to excessive exertion, but proper care and training will soon reduce such cases to a minimum, if not entirely remove this objection. A marked improvement in this line has been noticed here in the past few years, and the outlook for the future in the line of "general athletics" is quite favorable.

The last branch of athletics, which has asserted its claim to recognition by becoming of sufficient importance and interest to the students to be deemed worthy of a place among the inter-collegiate contests, is the Rugby game of foot-ball. As early as 1875, when "general athletics" and boating were the prominent features in athletics, Rugby was discussed, and some attempt was made to organize a team. When, in October, 1875, an invitation was received from the Tufts college eleven to play them a friendly game, by the rules adopted by Harvard and Yale, the Dartmouths were obliged to decline, as not sufficiently versed in the rules to warrant their playing. For the next five years more attention was given to this sport, and many interesting games were played between the college classes; but in November, 1880, the Dartmouth Rugby Foot-Ball Association was duly organized, and a university eleven selected, under the captaincy of Mr. Howland '84. Soon after this organization, members of the Senior class, managing the *Dartmouth*, said,—

No year has passed since we have been in college in which more or less effort has not been made to introduce here the Rugby game of foot-ball. The interest has, however, always proved to be spasmodic, and the game has never found many admirers. This is the record of the past; but this fall has, if we can judge by appearances, witnessed the awakening of an interest in this sport which will be more than temporary.

In spite of this hopeful view of the game and of its future prospects, Rugby was destined to have bitter experience in establishing itself in the affections of the general body of students, and in securing that moral and financial support which is essential to success. It required six or seven years of strenuous effort on the part of its devoted friends to remove prejudice against it, on account of the almost inevitable roughness of the game.

During these years several interesting games were played with

college teams, in and out of town, but Dartmouth was not connected with any league till the autumn of 1887, when she was admitted to the Eastern College League, consisting of Amherst, Trinity, Institute of Technology, and Stevens Institute. At the close of the first season Dartmouth stood second, Technology being first. Dartmouth lost one game, tied one, and won two.

In 1888 the league remained the same, excepting that Williams took the place of Trinity. Dartmouth, continuing to improve its playing, was able to tie with Technology for first place, each of these teams losing one game; and the lateness of the season prevented the playing off the tie.

In the autumn of 1889 training was begun at an early date, and with an evident determination to win if faithful and constant work would accomplish the desired object. As a result the team won every league game played, though it played three of the four games away from home, and thus secured the pennant against evident disadvantage.

To show the present position of Dartmouth in inter-collegiate athletic contests, let us sum up her standing in the three leagues to which she now belongs, and in which she has taken active part for the past three years:

In 1887 Dartmouth won the pennant in "general athletics" and in base-ball, and stood second in Rugby.

In 1888 she tied for leadership in Rugby, and stood second in "general athletics" and in base-ball, with good records in each.

In 1889 she won the pennant in "general athletics" and in Rugby, and stood third in base-ball.

Such a showing cannot fail to be gratifying to all lovers of athletic exercise and to all who appreciate the value of physical culture, for back of these contests are the strong physiques and the powers of endurance, not only of the contestants, but of a much larger number who have been induced thereby to take additional out-door exercise.

There is still another branch of athletics which gives healthful and invigorating exercise, and in a very short time, and which is available to nearly every student. Lawn-tennis was commenced

here early in the "Eighties," but no college association was formed till the summer of 1884. Nearly twenty courts have been marked out on the campus some years, and the lively movements over the entire field present an interesting spectacle.

Tournaments between the classes have been held in the autumn and sometimes in the summer, and much interest has been manifested in the game, and considerable skill shown. The interest in this sport and the skill in playing are constantly increasing, and, though no serious attempt has been made to join any inter-collegiate league, it is probable that the near future will witness to the accomplishment of such a result. The small number required for a game and the slight expense necessary are two strong arguments in favor of tennis, and these will no doubt insure its continuance for a series of years.

The two standard arguments against devoting so much attention to athletics, namely, the consumption of much time and the expenditure of large sums of money, cannot be absolutely denied nor refuted. But these things can be regulated and controlled; and, moreover, they must be compared with the advantages arising therefrom. The strong physique and the vigorous health which properly conducted athletic sports produce, will certainly have a potent influence on succeeding generations. No one who has carefully watched the growth of athletics in colleges for the past twenty years, as the writer has, and at the same time the steady decrease in the spirit of hazing and other class molestations, can fail to ascribe to these sports and contests an important factor in producing these desired results.

The selection of the best athletes indiscriminately from all the classes, to make up the college teams, removes an unfavorable factor in class feeling, and at the same time encourages a favorable element in class loyalty; and this has exerted a most desirable influence. The enforced temperance and the freedom from indulgence in all objectionable things, which are requisite for the proper training of a team, have a strong influence on the morale of the college. The very constitution of our active American youth demands that a "safety-valve" be provided, and athletics

furnish this in the least objectionable form that has yet been presented.

For the proper control and regulation of these sports there has been suggested the formation of an "advisory board," to consist of undergraduates, graduates, and members of the faculty, and there is considerable force in the suggestion. Such a board, composed of seven members—three undergraduates from the upper classes, two recent graduates, and two members of the faculty—ought to be able to look at the question from all sides, and to exert a salutary influence in eliminating objectionable features.

But the greatest need in the line of athletics and physical culture which Dartmouth has is the gift of \$50,000. Ten thousand dollars is needed to put the gymnasium in the best of order for training purposes, equipping it with all necessary modern apparatus, and providing much needed bath-rooms with other accessories. The remaining \$40,000 would establish a chair of physical culture. The occupant of this chair would be the college physician, lecturing on physiology and hygiene, and having control of the physical welfare of the students. Who can estimate the value of such an equipment and its influence on the future prosperity of Dartmouth graduates?

Charles F. Emerson.

KEHAMA'S AXE.

In the centre of New Hampshire rises lone Kearsarge. Its bald peak is the daily weather-gauge of the country about. In hay and harvest time every farmer of the region, on rising, looks out to see if the storm signal, the "cap," rests on old Kearsarge. On the north-eastern side it slopes rapidly down to the little valley of the Blackwater.

In the northern part of what is now New Hampshire there once lived the powerful nation of the Pigwackets. They were a proud, fierce race, who are supposed to have been the remnant of the vanguard of the wild race that swept the mound-builders into oblivion. Their traditions were preserved with jealous fidelity. The chief of these related to a war-axe, obtained heaven knows

how, or where, or when. This axe bore on its face a rude picture, symbolic of a race, which they declared was their own, subduing the world. While this axe, the tradition said, remained with the tribe, prosperity would attend them; but, on the other hand, its loss would occasion dire disaster. It was guarded with the exactest care. Only *juvenes* were permitted to hold the position of keeper, and they were required to pass through various ordeals and tests of strength and courage. The penalty for its loss was death. Shortly before this story opens, the chief's son, Kehama, had obtained the position. His chief rival was his intimate companion, Ojibwa, who, with outward show of resignation, vowed vengeance for his defeat.

A hundred and fifty miles to the south, on the intervalles of the Merrimack, where the river makes the great "horse-shoe bend," was the seat of the Penacooks. The village was protected by a stockade across the neck of the horse-shoe. It was a fine situation for an Indian tribe, giving abundant opportunities for the women to hoe corn, for the men to hunt and fish. Mikanowa, the Penacook chief, had one child, a daughter, Cowissee, "the light of the tepee," whom all the young chiefs of the tribe desired, in their cold-blooded way, to obtain for a spouse, thinking to possess the prettiest squaw in the tribe and a sure road to the old chief's heart.

Each tribe was accustomed in the spring to repair to the source of the Merrimack to catch and dry fish: the men cast the nets or plied the spear, while the women cleared the nets and cleansed the fish. One morning, on a jaunt to search out new pools full of the salmon and shad, prey for his spear, Kehama spied Cowissee as she stood a little apart from her clans-women gracefully tossing the catch back to the rude drying-boards. Cowissee's supple movements and airy ways charmed him, as maidens of other colors have charmed men before and since. In an apparently absent-minded way he strolled on, and, coming close to the silvery heaps on the river sand, looked up. Of course he was surprised, but lovers—and he was already one—are at such times. Regaining his composure, he looked at Cowissee in the stolid Indian way

till he caught her eye. For the first time these two goodly specimens of a splendid race beheld each other, the one tall, dark, lithe, with long black locks, with an unquailing eye, the haughty, imperious gaze, now softened as it fell on the maiden before him; the other, a queenly savage, with prominent cheek-bones and coal black eyes, wearing the rough, but, withal, gracefully draped, garments of her race. Her eyes drooped, her head bent forward. Kehama——well, soon there were two tossing fish.

From that time on it was noticed that Kehama was invariably of the opinion that the best fishing pools were where the Penacooks were. The rest is easy to guess. The tribal laws of each nation forbade the union of a member of the tribe with one of foreign stock, but, as axe-bearer, Kehama had won the right to have any one wish he might make that year gratified, if its accomplishment lay in the power of the tribe. He chose the possession of Cowissee, and, the Pigwacket warriors supporting their future chief loyally, Cowissee was stolen, much to her delight, and the whole tribe decamped for the mountains.

Then there was war, Indian war, war in which every leafy covert may contain a foe that knows no pity. For a twelve-month forays were directed from the intervals of the Merrimack against those of the Saco, and *vice versa*. Both parties wearied of the struggle; and in early fall, when the mountain-sides were becoming resplendent with the gaudy tints that flame in the forests of the cooler zones, when the cool breezes sweeping through the Gateway of the Mountains refreshed spirits jaded by the burning heats of a New England summer, the Pigwacket sachems sent out a war party to finish the contest. Laden only with a store of parched corn and their weapons, the braves began their march. They proceeded across to the Connecticut, down to the Mascomy, sending runners ahead that no wily band of Penacooks might ambush them. While the boughs overhead waved in the balmy air, and underfoot the golden-rod and daisy made the meadows gay, they marched on. A runner from down the Connecticut announcing that he had seen a large war-party of their foes go against the Mohawks, then on one of their eastern raids,

they pressed on with redoubled energy across the foothills of Cardigan to the north-eastern side of Kearsarge. Meeting the Blackwater, they followed it and the Contoocook down to the plain, where were the palisades of their enemies.

In the early dawn of the next morning they tried to storm the fort. It was one of those mornings that are the glory of the New England year, moderately chilly, when the air sends the blood, vitiated by summer heats, tingling through the veins. Under foot the dry grass crackled and snapped, as if it, too, were expressing joy at release from dog-day thralldom. The birds, soon to take wing for the South, carolled gaily in the treetops. The rays of the sun, rising over the eastern hill in a blaze of golden glory, glinted the tips of the *chevaux-de-frise*, which was the garrison's main reliance, and turned the rippling surface of the stream to a shimmering sheen of silver. As though this were the signal, the warriors, bursting forth from the long, dry meadow-grass in which they had been hiding, rushed for the wall. As they entered the cleared space in front of the palisade, the tall, lithe Kehama in the lead, swinging his axe, a shower of arrows came hurtling from the sentinels, that disconcerted the assailants. Repeatedly did Kehama lead his forces on, but it was useless. A blockade was the result. To the besiegers this meant little, for fish and game were plenty in river and woods, and they were camping in the midst of the Penacook corn-fields. Their only fear was of the war-party gone west.

With the besieged it was different, for in their lines were the women and children of the nation. A storming of the palisade meant the death or absorption of these by the Pigwackets, and the blotting out of the Penacook tribe. Impatiently they awaited the return of the war-party, anxiously eyeing the while their fast diminishing store of food. When it was nearly gone, there being no sign of a return of the western expedition, the chief of the company determined to sally forth while the warriors were still strong and spirited, to endeavor to so weaken the enemy that they would be unable to continue the blockade. After a fierce harangue, he led his warriors into the open.

The surprised Pigwackets eagerly accepted the challenge. Inferior in numbers, if not in valor, the Penacooks are being borne back. They are at the stockade, and soon there will be an awful slaughter or a great enslavement. But, hark! The Penacook war-whoop down there in the forest! The Mohawk expedition has returned victorious. A few minutes will bring their friends within sight; the battle will have to be fought anew. Kehama and his warriors recognize this. Mutually actuated by the event, both parties fight more desperately than ever, but Kehama's efforts are of no avail: the war-party comes up, and sullenly the Pigwackets draw off.

The second battle began next morning, and lasted the day. Towards twilight the Pigwackets, intent on chastising the marauders, resumed the battle, but it was a running fight this time. Judging that the war-party was so large that its return defeated would spread panic in the northern village, the Penacooks determined to follow it up and destroy the tribe. Back over the old course went pursuers and pursued to a little meadow under the shadow of the old Kearsarge, where the Pigwackets determined to halt. Though hard pressed, such was their courage that they forced back their pursuers. By his great exertions Kehama had proved himself the hero of the band, but, fatigued by his unrelaxing efforts, toward the close of day he fell in a swoon. When he revived, the contest was still raging, but, too weak to bear any part, he was bewailing the inactivity to which he and his cherished axe were doomed, when Ojibwa came up and offered to take the axe into the forefront and gladden the warriors by the sight of its gleaming blade.

Kehama hesitates. If Ojibwa should lose the axe! if he should prove traitor!—but they had been tepee companions, and, thinking that their late rivalry could not have embittered his opponent, he entrusts to him the precious weapon. On receiving it Ojibwa goes off as though for the front, but, once out of Kehama's sight, steals to the rear and drops it near a rivulet crossing the meadow.

Repulsing their foes, the Pigwackets camped on the field. Kehama was missing. Braves were sent out in all directions to find the axe-bearer. He was found, and carried to camp. Next

morning the warriors, thronging to greet him, found that the axe was missing. Wonderment and distrust came upon them as they listened to his story of the loan to Ojibwa—and the latter's denial. The two were bound and carried along to the Saco village in the quiet return. Kehama was brought before the assembled sachems to account for the loss of the axe. Passionately he recounted the story of the expedition, the part he had taken, and the loan to Ojibwa, who stoutly denied the fact. Kehama was adjudged guilty. Stripped of the ensigns of his position as axe-bearer, he was led to the stake, where he suffered, with the wonted stoicism of his race, all the torments that wrath and fiendish malignity could invent, maintaining to the last that Ojibwa had betrayed him. In his dying moments, endowed with sudden strength, Kehama prophesied that the woman and place Ojibwa had plotted for should be his for a short time only; that "a people whose faces are like the crest of yonder peak shall come across the moving water, and ye who kill me shall be as naught."

"T was the sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Ojibwa having succeeded to Kehama's rank, which was but the casket whence the jewel was gone, and shortly after to the possession of Cowissee, the desire for whom had prompted the treachery, eventually perished in a battle with the Abenakis on the headwaters of the Kennebec.

The great battles at the Penacook fort, and the havoc along the retreat, so weakened both parties that the white settlers, a hundred years later, found them easy victims.

Thus was the tradition fulfilled.

* * * * *

In 18—, under the shadow of the old Kearsarge, in the pleasant Mitchell meadow, near the edge of the brook that joins the Blackwater, a few rods away, a ploughman, one bright May day, when all the world was redolent of spring, and the birds trilled as gaily as on that autumn day so many years before, found in the new-made furrow an Indian axe-head. On its face it bore a rude picture, symbolic of a race subduing the world.

Barron Shirley.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

Two busy men one day did chance to meet,—
 Their mission aye to bless the human race.
 "What doest thou?" said one, "for from thy face
 I see shine forth high motive, strong and sweet."

"I build a road among the mountain peaks,
 Where all is power and beauty, and the air
 Is pure and clear. A great bridge rises there—
 And here a trestle;—all of grandeur speaks.

"Here men shall come, forget the dreary plod
 Of sordid toil, shall wonder at the plan
 So masterfully wrought, and say 'Can man
 Than in these heights e'er rise more near to God?'

"And thou?" "I, too, dear friend, do build a road
 Through valleys deep, where winding rivers flow,
 Through woodlands where the bright wild flowers blow,
 Through meadows near the peasant's rude abode.

"Both high and lowly people travel here,
 Breathe the faint perfumes, feel the cooling shade:
 Deep in each heart, half song, half prayer is said,
 'How sweet is daily toil when God is near!'"

C. F. R.

 CHINESE LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A short time since the telegraphic columns of the Eastern papers contained the information that the San Francisco supervisors had passed a law making it illegal for Chinamen to live in the portion of the city which they have for years considered their especial possession. What that means to that Western city no one can begin to realize who has not had the opportunity of investigating his home of the Chinaman. Bitter has been the discussion between the two portions of the country on this subject, and San Francisco has had to endure a great deal of harsh criticism from those whose knowledge of the matter emanated principally from their own imaginations.

The Chinaman is so essentially a part of the foreign population that the appearance of one on the street fails to excite any such

commotion as is often noticed in other cities. This in itself argues no harm to the city, as every cosmopolitan city has a majority of foreigners. But the Chinaman, unlike the other nationalities never assimilates anything of American ideas or customs. He is always a Chinaman, with the same customs and principles that governed him in Asia acting as his ruling guide. And this characteristic is what has made him of such interest to all Americans.

The Chinamen whom one meets in the daytime on the streets of San Francisco are, as a rule, either vegetable venders or laundrymen. The former carry two enormous baskets, one suspended from each end of a bamboo rod from four to six feet in length. These two baskets contain quantities of vegetables and fruits sufficient to make a very heavy load, which is balanced by the centre of the rod on one shoulder, and John goes shuffling along the street at an awkward gait, between a walk and a run, for hours. The laundryman is too common a sight, even in the East, to require a description.

But to meet the Chinaman where he can be most appreciated it is necessary to visit him in his own domain, which he is so soon to lose. There one sees the true character of the man, and obtains a good insight into his mode of living. Within a section of the city not a quarter of a mile square, it is estimated that thirty thousand of this strange race exist. In this portion, which twenty years ago was the most fashionable quarter of the city, John Chinaman reigns supreme. Here everything is Chinese;—the narrow streets, the stores, the joss houses, and the odors especially, are Chinese. It is a somewhat trite remark, but still very true, that one walking in a street in Chinatown can easily imagine himself in an Asiatic city, for everything is indicative of a different race from our own. American meats and articles of all kinds are scorned, and Chinese dried meats are brought to this country and offered for sale in the stores which we pass as we walk along the street. In these stores the merchants, some of them very well to do, are counting up their profits on wooden frames, similar to the frames with colored beads which every boy can remember as an aid to him in learning to count. We meet only Chinamen as we walk along, excepting perhaps a few sight-seers like ourselves; and we notice

this peculiarity, that, when two or more are walking in company, they walk in single file. No language greets the ear but the guttural intonations of unintelligible Chinese. Here and there we meet with vendors of fruits and candies, with their stands on the sidewalk, then a cobbler also at work on the sidewalk. From a window overhead issue most discordant sounds of tin pans and squeaking fiddles, which furnish intense enjoyment to our friend the Chinaman, but which grate on our sensitive American ears.

This we may consider the interesting side of Chinese life. The disgusting side can be met with by entering any house. There, crowded together in the smallest of rooms, they live in the midst of filth and poverty. The rooms are arranged with tiers of bunks placed far enough apart for a man to lie down, and in this manner fifty men can be crowded into a room which three Americans would consider cramped quarters. And so they lie down and smoke until the fumes of the opium drown their senses and they fall asleep. Disagreeable as this seems even above ground, it is not restricted thus. Underground dens abound where it seems impossible for a breath of fresh air ever to penetrate, and where hundreds are living who seldom see the light of day. These features of Chinatown are disagreeable to dwell upon; but the visitor who would really see the life there must make a thorough trip, and he must go with an officer as a guide, for little value is placed upon life in these dark corners and narrow lanes. The trip usually ends with the theatre, which is the amusing feature. The stage has no curtain, and the orchestra is the same that we heard rehearsing at an open window, and gives forth the same heartrending shrieks and wailings. The play is, of course, "Greek" to the American part of the audience, but it has its amusing features. When an actor dies, he remains prostrate upon the stage long enough to show that fact, and then the absence of a curtain obliges him to rise and walk away in a most life-like manner. The audience never smiles through the whole performance, but sits stolidly gazing at the stage.

The Chinaman's great festival is his New Year. This great celebration occurs in February, and lasts for a week. During

this time Ah Sin is in his glory. All his town is decorated with lanterns and flags. Twice a day, at a time granted by the city authorities, a general rejoicing takes place, when the feeling is demonstrated by an explosion of fire-crackers that would make the New England small boy look upon his Fourth of July as a failure. From the tops of the houses ropes or wires are stretched across the streets, and from these are suspended strings of crackers nearly touching the ground. These are all exploded at the given time, and the result must be left to the imagination. Suffice it to say, that the noise can be heard in every part of the city. At this time, too, Ah Sin is holding his reception. Many Chinamen are employed as domestics, and they invite their employers to visit Chinatown; and with all his faults, John is very generous. He makes presents to all his friends, and offers them the best of wines and Chinese nuts and candies; and as his visitor takes his departure Ah Sin stands at the door, bowing in the humblest fashion, with a smile on his face which shows how thoroughly he enjoys the honor of being host.

As no modern novel seems complete without the death of one or more of the characters, so let us follow Ah Sin to his last resting-place. He is accompanied to his grave by a procession of carriages like any American. The first vehicle is a wagon containing a roast pig and fruits to be placed in the grave with the deceased for his nourishment when he awakes. The driver strews along the route of the procession strips of tissue paper with Chinese characters, which are to act as a charm to keep His Satanic Majesty from their dead friend. Next comes the hearse, or, more often, a wagon, with a plain box. Then follow the carriages, from one of which the ever-present orchestra discourses sweet strains, which would almost have the effect of awakening the deceased if he had an ear at all musical. Having interred their friend and left him his repast, the procession returns, the drivers racing all the way home.

With this solemn rite let us take leave of John Chinaman, who is least appreciated where he is best known.

M. D. Barrows.

THE ROSEBUSH.

Adapted from the German of Ferrand.

'Neath a rosebush, sleeping, a young child lies.
 The buds are swelling with breath of May,
 As far away, in her dream-thought play,
 She sports with angels in paradise.
 The years pass on.—

By the rosebush stands, in the gladsome morn,
 A maiden now, perfume-caressed,
 Her fair hand pressed on her heaving breast,
 By her wondrous new love-bliss o'erborne.
 The years pass on.—

By the rosebush now a mother kneels :
 The rose leaves soften in evening's rays,
 While by-gone days, in memory's maze,
 Brim the eyes with the grief a bereaved one feels.
 The years pass on.—

Despoiled and lonely, the rosebush moans,
 As the autumn wind waves the rose leaves all,
 Till withered they fall, in a rustling pall,
 On a peaceful grave that a secret owns.
 The years pass on !

Warren F. Gregory.

PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

The newspapers of the United States are more personal to-day than ever before, and they will be more personal to-morrow than they are to-day. Not only are the departments of gossip, such as that over which "Taverner" of the *Boston Post* presides, more common than ever, and are regarded as so important features of first-grade papers that it has been found profitable to call to them the best talent, but in the body of the news, local and general, the personal idea stands out in every heading and in almost every line. Reporters come to know the value of peculiarities in public men and women, and incidents of their private lives, and with a scent that is unerring they find them out. The Washington cor-

respondent who can serve up the greatest number of dishes of this kind, with the concomitants that make them palatable, is on the wave of success, and is quoted by the country press. Managing editors are constantly racking their brains for assignments that shall keep their papers to the fore in gossip.

It is hardly necessary to give facts in this line. These statements will not be denied by intelligent readers of newspapers. But a couple of illustrations will not be amiss in making the point clear. I took up the New York *Herald* of a recent date, and glanced at one of its six-column pages. There were three "display-headed" articles on it. One called attention to "Mrs. Parnell in Destitution;" another was a sketch of the life and work of John Rogers, whose name as the maker of statuettes is familiar to every one, but about whom little was generally known; and the third told in racy language of the evolution of Geronimo from a wild Indian to a Sunday-school teacher. Each story had an interesting personage as the peg on which it hung. Again: When the new magazine, the *Arena*, made its appearance, with the name of B. O. Flower on the cover as its editor, an opportunity was given the Boston *Record* to send one of its young men to the *Arena* sanctum to look over the new literary light, and tell its readers something of his ways and looks and life. Mr. Flower is a young man who had done nothing of note before, and lives in seclusion among his books. Had he brought out his *Arena* in London, the English public would have had to read a London letter in an American paper to have known anything about him.

Why the journalism of the United States is so thoroughly personal is a question that strikes back so far into race peculiarities that the best minds of the day can find in it plenty of substantial food. A female writer in the *Forum*, speaking as an English woman, attempted to throw some light on the subject a few months ago. She concluded that there is a broad line of demarcation between American and English taste, and that the English take such a deep interest in social and political problems for their own sake that a man or a woman in that country is interesting personally only as he or she is identified with some movement, while to

the American public persons are interesting in themselves. Possibly there is something in this. At least it would seem that there is decidedly less interest in movements in this country than in England, if we may believe the affirmation of Leonard Bacon, that, although the intelligence and morality of the Northern states are in the Republican party, the leaders of the Democratic party appear to be the only men who are really in earnest in advocating reforms which are generally admitted to be desirable. But, whatever may be the fact in reference to movements, the interest here in persons is genuine. With much that is vulgar curiosity, and of the nature of the sewing-circle spirit,—the normal condition in a comparatively new country,—the people of the United States find a wholesome pleasure and a decided profit in learning something about their neighbors, especially their more fortunate and distinguished neighbors. An Englishman would call it all American impudence; but there is certainly a well marked distinction between the impertinent and the proper in personal information. The newspapers understand it perfectly, and the public claims its own by every right of nature. To be distinguished in any way above his fellows makes a man in a sense public property. The public cannot but feel that the elements of character that have lifted one above the many are its for analysis and use. Is not the interest of the American people in persons due to a recognition of the fact that “the proper study of mankind is man”? and when Hon. E. J. Phelps said that “men, not principles,” should be the shibboleth, did he not voice the uncrystallized judgment of an intelligent and self-respecting people? Emerson is authority for the remark that “every man, in the degree in which he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men.” Judged by this standard, the people of the United States are generously endowed with both wit and culture.

Personal journalism has been an American growth until recently. But a few shoots have been transplanted, and, much to the horror of our conservative friends across the water, they are growing very rapidly on the soil of Old England. Mr. Stead, formerly of

the *Pall Mall Gazette*, conducted his paper somewhat after the American idea, and T. P. O'Connor's *Star* has the real Yankee dash. The London edition of the New York *Herald*, too, has opened wide the eyes of its staid contemporaries. These papers are extensively read, we are told, and in that fact our countrymen will perhaps find consolation. A proper interest in the affairs of other people is not only natural, but is an evidence of well balanced, unselfish character. It has taken the English people a long time to learn this.

There are many qualities that contribute to the making of a finished newspaper man; but the one that is preëminent and essential is a knowledge of men. The successful editor must know what people want, and he must know how to get it. To strike the right proportion in length and prominence of position of news that will commend his paper to the average reader, and to know what editorial discussion will come closest to that average reader; require insight into the sympathies and interests of all classes. Unless a managing editor instinctively sees tendencies in the different social divisions, his judgment will be sadly lacking in particular cases, and the readers of his paper will not get what they want. But it is one thing to know what is wanted, and another to be an adept at getting it. In other words, a first-class managing editor is not necessarily a marked success as a reporter, and the converse is true of course. As a rule, it can be said that the managing editor must be comprehensive and far-sighted—must know men in masses and classes. A good reporter need not possess these attributes so essential to the managing editor, but his ability to “size-up” and “pump” the particular men who have locked up in their minds the information or fragments of information that he is after—this faculty is of prime importance. He may not be able to write forcibly, or even grammatically, but he can learn in time to do that, or, if he cannot, some one else can do it for him; but the man who recognizes a piece of news at first sight, and is so much a master of men that he can draw from unwilling lips what he knows the public will read, has the chief requisite of a newspaper man, and, with industry and proper train-

ing, his success is assured. Delano Goddard, once editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, by a few questions to which the briefest answers were given, could learn the facts of an intricate and important piece of news, and would write it out so accurately and fully that his informant would never dream that the paper had found its news in that short conversation. In Mr. Goddard the managerial and reportorial functions were combined, as indeed they usually are in the best newspaper men.

President Eliot hits the nail on the head when he says that an academic education, leading to the degree of bachelor of arts, with history, political economy, and modern languages as specialties, is the best theoretical training that an aspirant for newspaper honors can have. A college course has a value in forming the style of a man, but this is not of the first importance. Style is a garment that readily fits itself to the thought of a man who has something to say. The academic training has its chief value, I take it, in giving the student a clearer idea of life, and the men and women who make it. The graduate who finds himself in touch with humanity, and who has a tolerably clear idea of what the purpose and destiny of the race are, is constantly finding on his right hand and on his left something that excites his liveliest interest, and, putting it in attractive shape, he finds that the earnest men and women with whom he is in thorough sympathy are interested too. He knows men, knows what they want, knows how to get it, and by these signs he conquers. If I am incorrect, will some Dartmouth newspaper man, whose experience has led him to a different conclusion, tell me wherein I err?

F. A. Wood, '86.

THE CHAIR.

By the recent appropriation of the trustees of the college, the Y. M. C. A. building, long wished for and long expected, is assured. At writing, but \$1,900 is lacking to the necessary amount, \$15,000, and the earnest and vigorous efforts put forth to secure this balance must result in immediate success. President Bartlett should have the thanks of the college for his enthusiastic work in behalf of the project; nor should he be forgotten any among the faculty, students, and friends of the college who have given to or worked for the building. Indeed, the near realization of common hopes and plans should be made a matter of rejoicing and congratulation all around. The great advantages of a Y. M. C. A. building are almost too apparent to need mention. Ever since 1882, when the Christian Fraternity became the Young Men's Christian Association, which was a transformation from a simply local religious society to an organization with definite plans and methods of aggressive Christian work, the insufficiency of the present quarters of the Y. M. C. A. has been painfully apparent. The change from the stuffy little room in Thornton to a commodious and beautiful building, thoroughly fitted and arranged, ministering to physical and intellectual comforts and to social intercourse, as well as providing for the needs of the spiritual man, will mark the beginning of a new era in the life of the college. The Y. M. C. A., despite many inconveniences and positive drawbacks, has, for the last eight years, steadily grown, and to-day it possesses a most sturdy vitality. In view of this fact, we can with unbounded confidence predict the result: we shall have a *building* to bear witness to the importance of Christian work, give it greater prominence and greater dignity in the eyes of all, promote Christian fellowship, unify the Christian elements of all departments, broaden the scope of the Association in countless ways, and

furnish a head-quarters and *home*, irrespective of other ties, for the entire student body. Cornell, Yale, Princeton, Hamilton, Johns Hopkins, Toronto, already have buildings, and the testimony to the great benefits accruing to the college therefrom is enthusiastic and unanimous. Dartmouth, in this respect, is bound to keep up with the times.

Hardly an exchange of late but has had an article upon that common vice of college life, "cribbing," while an item to the effect that an "anti-cribbing society" has been formed in a prominent New England college has been given widest possible circulation through the college press. We are at a loss to understand the reason for this sudden and wide-spread agitation of a commonly supposed "delicate" subject; but without useless questioning in this regard we hail the discussion gladly, and would have our part in it. It is high time there were a reformation among college men in respect to the minor moralities: it is here, as we pointed out in the February Chair, lurks the real danger to character, exists the real weakness of college ethics. This particular matter of "cribbing," if any, demands honest and careful attention, and the college paper, whether it seeks to mirror or mould college thought—and the ideal college paper does both—is within its legitimate sphere in uttering no uncertain sound. We doubt if a single man in college can be found who questions that "cribbing" is wrong in principle; but not a few, from association and circumstances, fail to see it as a serious evil, a blot upon college morality that should have radical erasement. This view is a result of the *laissez faire* attitude of college men in general. "It is none of my business," is a common saying; but it *is* one's business to frown down deceit, to condemn trickery, to call dishonesty by its right name. It is a mistaken idea of good fellowship to think it insists that one pardon in another a fault he would not commit himself; not only that, but wink at it, treat it as a good joke, admire the cleverness of the wrong-doer, take delight in his success. We do not mean that men should break friendship for a pernicious habit; but if friendship is so slight a thing as to snap because of outspoken feeling,

it is better broken than kept: honor and true friendship never conflict. This is a radical position. We believe in radical positions in such matters. We are convinced that anything savoring of espionage on the part of the professor is wrong in principle and unsuccessful in operation. We are also convinced that putting a man upon his honor is right in principle, but largely unsuccessful in operation, for there are some men who seem to have no honor. With the *Nassau Lit.*, we believe the only effective remedy for the habit of "cribbing" is a strong college sentiment against it. Honor is not always wholly lost when it seems so: a spark of honor may be fanned into a blaze. We advocate no "anti-cribbing society." Such an organization is a confession of the weakness of individual moral power. We simply insist that men of high honor live up to their noble ideals; that they demand in their friends what they require of themselves. It is as easy to set a right fashion as a wrong one, if there is equal determination. When "cribbers" come to see that they are losing not only the respect of their fellows, but also their social position, when they feel they are gradually being ostracized, frozen out of the companionship of honorable men, "cribbing" will be a thing of the past.

In this connection we would mention that other evil, local in its nature, and, we are glad to say, much less general in the college, but yet at times gross in its manifestation, that of breaking the scholarship pledge. For rank dishonesty and meanness, the man that violates thus deliberately his pledged word has not a peer. It is gratifying that there is a pronounced college sentiment against such action, that the offence is reckoned despicable by the college at large; and yet it is surprising that it should exist at all. That this abuse is not entirely done away with we think due largely to the same inherited sentiment among some, which, while of course not justifying, tends to excuse and make light of what is, in plain words, flagrant violation of honor and of truth.

And does it not all grow out of a false conception of the relation

of the college and the student? *Alma Mater* and *in loco parentis* are pleasant phrases; but, if understood, to some college men the idea conveyed means practically nothing. From the time of entering to the time of graduation, it seems a constant endeavor with these to "get the better of" the college, to "outwit" the faculty. They seem possessed of a mediaeval notion that they are for four years in *durance vile*; that their instructors are tyrannical inquisitors; that if they can manage to hoodwink the authorities, glory and praise will fall to their lot. It is a healthful sign of the times that the spirit of true democracy is becoming prevalent in all our colleges; that the ideal relation of student and professor, and of both to the college, is appreciated and practised; but that there is still a lingering trace of the old superstition is made evident by such disobedience as we have instanced to college and ethical law.

It is a common cry of the student that oldtime restrictions upon his actions be removed; that he be treated, not as a boy, but as a man among men. The demand is just: it has been granted. What restrictions are still imposed are reasonable, necessary to any government, and consistent with individual rights and perfect individual freedom. Instead of incoherently and hysterically clamoring against fancied abuses and deprivations on the part of those in authority, let the college man devote his energies to reforming himself. All is not as it will be, it is true; but the main progress has not been on the part of the student. When he takes a good stride in advance, it will then be time for him to demand still further progress all along the line.

We congratulate Brother *Dartmouth* on attaining such a hale and dignified age. Fifty years in college journalism is a mighty span, and the half century of existence of the *Dartmouth* has been a most honorable one. We heartily commend the enterprise of the management in getting out a special commemorative number, but we regret very much the lack of careful editing. Typographical errors in such profusion, inaccuracies in punctuation,

and ungrammatical English are very annoying, and mar the general excellence. During the entire year the *Dartmouth* has suffered more or less from carelessness in these respects. Clearness of thought, accuracy of expression, and general reliability are the prime requisites of the college paper. We trust that these faults may not be allowed to continue: their avoidance ought to be a very easy matter.

We wish to emphasize the closing suggestion in Prof. Emerson's very interesting article. The college cannot do in these matters as it would for lack of funds: it has ever been thus. It is a great pity, with such a record in athletics and with such superb athletic material as we have and shall have, that we are in the particulars pointed out so handicapped. The need is imperative that Dartmouth be not left out of the movement among the best colleges increasing the facilities for general athletic culture, and placing its control in specially competent hands. Where is the generous-minded alumnus to make the endowment, or even a part of it? Dartmouth appeals to her devoted foster sons.

The competition for the three Junior editorships of the *LIT.* will close the 20th of May. We are not satisfied with the quantity of competition. There should be more competing. No one is yet sure of a place, and there is abundant opportunity for any Sophomore, of literary instinct, by careful and diligent work to win the honor.

BY THE WAY.

The April winds are magical,
And thrill our tuneful frames;
The garden walks are passionall
To bachelors and dames.

* * * * *

Good fellow, Puck and goblins
Know more than any book;
Down with your doleful problems,
And court the sunny brook.
The south-winds are quick-witted,
The schools are sad and slow,
The masters quite omitted
The lore we care to know.

What an epitome of the Easter holidays are these lines from Emerson! The Concord philosopher was preëminently the student's poet, and knew well how to express the student's changing moods. No wonder is it, then, that, scattered among his subtle thought and sober philosophy, we find such interludes as this, the genuine outburst of a pent-up spirit at the touch of April sunbeams, mirthful in its expression, and laden with sights and sounds of spring.

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The college has so often been described as a microcosm that to speak thus of our little world, with its round of duties and studies, its cares and its pleasures, each year bringing new faces in place of old and familiar ones, with recurring cycles of good ball-playing, good scholarship, and a strong literary spirit, followed perchance with a backward stroke of the pendulum and a period of depression, would perhaps be a trite statement of the case. From the self-sufficiency of this little cosmos of ours, from absorption in its duties and from the isolation of our position, there springs a

tendency to forget the greater world without, and to lose interest in its present history. I have been struck by the lack of information in regard to recent happenings at home and abroad shown by the average student. This lack is perhaps excusable, considering how little time he has for general reading, but the indifference shown to such matters is hard to overlook.

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In these days, when the world moves so rapidly, we can scarcely keep pace with the times except through the newspapers. I know it is the fashion for people of culture to decry the daily press, and to remark, as well they may, about the unreliability of the newspaper; but the fact remains, that to it we must go for data for our thinking, which no man who would keep abreast of the times can do without.

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Among the evils, however, which newspapers bring in their train, is a habit into which news-readers and devourers of novels are quite apt to fall,—I mean that mechanical method of perusal in which the mind plunges along the page bound for the foot of the column, shying at thoughts which rise up by the wayside, and heedless of everything in the rear. The habit so grows on one that the mind loses power to come into focus anywhere, and it is needless to state that the impression on the sensitive plate of the memory is a mere blur.

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Of course such a manner of reading excludes what is called meditation, if you please so to call solid thought on what has been heard or read; and on this point I think we must hold a different view from that entertained by Prof. Shaler, who, in discussing in the *Atlantic* not long since the demands upon the modern youth's time made by his studies and athletics, calmly rules out meditation as scarcely befitting a healthy lad of the present.

Truly, the day of sentimental reverie and Spanish castle-building

has passed away, yet although the world is running at high pressure just now, especially on this side the Atlantic, ideas are still its motive force, and one who leaves his college with crude and carelessly shaped thoughts will find himself able to raise but very little breeze. There is a tribe of Indians in the West, unlettered, untaught, and almost unvisited by whites, yet travellers remark upon the shrewdness and correctness of their opinions. They are people who think for themselves, not by proxy. Their logic is not second-hand, adopted from the last newspaper article written on the subject under discussion, but it is their own, and, consequently, telling. You need not be told that they are a meditative people.

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I am convinced that the reason why talking is nowadays classed among the lost arts, and why speaking and debating in college seem to have declined, is, that with our trying to read much we think little. We lack the ability to turn the eye of the mind inward, to form for ourselves, as Isaac Disraeli so aptly puts it, an artificial solitude. The memory is like a picture gallery, the walls of which are covered with beautiful scenes which the mind, our inner artist, has gathered together and hung there. In nooks and corners are stored treasures of fact and gems of wisdom. How necessary are these moments of meditation, in which we may clear away the dust from our memory-pictures and brighten the medallions and jewels of the mind!

THISTLE-DOWN.

AD CLERUM.

The minister stood in the minister's place,
And the little boy sat in the pew ;
The minister dealt with a doctrinal case,
And the little boy wished he was through.

The minister showed from his learning and lore
The point he was proving, and then
Triumphantly asked, "What shall I say more?"
Said the little boy, "Say *Amen*."

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I led my herd upon the hill for grass,
And there one day I found a dainty maid.
My heart was wild with love: "My pretty lass,
Give me a kiss," I said.

"Lad, give me money." "Ah, but that I lack,
It's in my purse, that in my wallet. See?
In sooth my wallet's on my camel's back,
And my camel's at Sari."

Said she, "A kiss of mine? My kisses lie
Behind my lips, and they're locked with a key;
The key is with my mother, who's hard by
Thy *camel* at Sari."

William Byron Forbush.

CRAYON BLEU.

The North Shore Watch and Other Poems, by George Edward Woodberry. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The advent of a new poet is too rare an event in the literary world to be passed by hastily, yet we do not feel able to give to Mr. Woodberry's work the space it demands. The first thing we notice is a slight obscurity of expression and references. Then we are enchanted with a richness and beauty of diction, and at times a strength rising almost to grandeur. The *North Shore Watch* is an elegiac poem in Alexandrine metre on a dead classmate. It wearies a little, yet the imagery is fine in places. In *Agathon*, modelled after the Greek, we see the workings of the highest spiritual love in a poet's breast. In it Mr. Woodberry is at his best. In *My Country* he shows a patriotism and hope for his country's future which is seen later in the sonnets. The latter are by far the most quotable verses of the book :

"I know a nation's gold is not man's bread."

"Who founded us and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And built for man this refuge from his past
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered."

"And o'er the broad sea dost think to tame
God's young plantation in the virgin West?"

In the lyrical poems which follow the sonnets the general level is lower, but "Be God's the hope," is a strong piece.

The Aegis, published by the class of '91, Dartmouth college. Hanover, N. H. : The Lakeside Press, Portland, Me.

On the whole, the new *Aegis* is a very creditable production. As a reference book, it is nearly perfect. The sketches of the college, of Prof. Ruggles, and of Mr. Hitchcock, are interesting and valuable. The "grinds" must be taken all together, the stale with the bright, and are perhaps as good as the average of those in college annuals. Some are extremely bright, and others extremely flat. We are inclined to think that some of the "grinds" on members of the faculty, however applicable, are beneath the dignity of a college class. We should remember that the *Aegis* usually goes outside of Hanover. But be that as the editors say. Externally the book is attractive. Typographically it lacks the clearness of a first-class press. The paper is poor. The quality of the artistic work is uneven, but mostly commonplace. The *Hand of Justice* seems to us by far the brightest illustration. The title-page and the *Commencement Ball* are graceful sketches. Representing the other extreme is *Noah's Ark*, which lacks both originality and artistic finish.

Dr. Muhlenberg, by William Wilberforce Newton, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The new "American Religious Leader" series promises to be a fit successor to "American Men of Letters" and "American Statesmen," from the same firm. The life of Dr. Muhlenberg, the great Episcopal leader of the century in America, is well written and deeply interesting. Muhlenberg was the founder of institutionalism, and the constant worker towards evangelical Episcopalianism, who advanced so far the present standard of his church. This book will be especially valuable to all members of that church, and, indeed, to all churches, embodying as it does its most progressive ideas.

A Short History of the Roman People, by William F. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.10.

This is part second of *Ancient History for College and High Schools*, part first being *The Eastern Nation and Greece*, by Myers. It is a condensed and practical history, designed for class-room work, illustrated with the well known fulness of this historical series, and furnished with good maps.

Historische Erzählungen, by Dr. Friedrich Hoffman. Notes by H. S. Beresford-Webb. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.25.

These tales treat of Conradin of Swabia, the end of Charles the Bold, the execution of Louis XVI and his Queen, and the Franco-German War (1870-'71). The style is clear, and presents no difficulties to the average German scholar. The notes are full.

Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting in Washington, March 6-8, 1889. A valuable educational pamphlet, giving the addresses of the most noted educators in the country on such subjects as *Manual Training, Training of Teachers, Examinations, &c.* Also, *The History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States*, by Frank W. Blackmar, Ph. D., being one of the *contributions to American Educational History*, which are being edited by Herbert W. Adams. Washington: Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education.

The *Atlantic* for April opens with "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform," by Oliver T. Morton. It will be concluded in the next number. Mr. Morton takes up the objections, many of them in the language of senators and representatives, and shows their fallacies. He demonstrates that the reform is towards democracy, not towards aristocracy, in the civil service. "Trial by Jury of Things Supernatural," by James B. Thayer, is a history of several interesting witchcraft trials in England and Scotland. H. C. Merwin contributes a piece on "Road Horses." The four serials continue, "Over the Teacups" leading in merit. In the literary department "New York in Recent Fiction" is noticed. "Some Old Saws Reëdged" in the Contributor's Club is most amusing. Mr. T. B. Aldrich is at his best in the short poem entitled "In Westminster Abbey," and the pessimistic tinge in poetry is well represented by "At Sea," by James Jaffrey Roche. Albert Shaw writes of "Belgium and the Belgians."

The *Century* for April continues "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" and "Friend Olivia." In the former, Mr. Jefferson tells how he came to play Rip Van Winkle, and there are several portraits of him in that role. "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin" opens fearful revelations of barbarity in that region. Georges Berger, Director-General of the Paris Exhibition, gives some "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair." John La Farge writes from Japan of the "Shrines of Iyéyasū and Iyémitsū," with illustra-

tions of Japanese decorative art. F. W. Putnam contributes a valuable archeological article, "The Serpent Mound in Ohio," and Charles de Kay gives a historical sketch on the Old Poetic Guild in Ireland." "A Programme for Labor Reform," by Richard T. Ely deals well with this difficult subject. "The Ideal," by Katharine Lee Bates, is an unusually strong poem, and James Whitcomb Riley is at his best in "The Little Man in the Tin-shop." A valuable short essay is "A World-Literature," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Scribner's for April opens with Archdeacon Wrangham's translation of Horace's Ode to Sestius, illustrated with a very graceful frontispiece by J. R. Weguelin. It is to be followed by similar selections and illustrations from Horace's Odes. The Oriental article is "Tadmor in the Wilderness." Frederick W. Whitridge contributes the first of "The Rights of the Citizen" series, treating of him as a householder. Joseph Wetzler writes of "The Electric Railway of To-Day." "Wagnerianism and the Italian Opera," by William F. Apthorp, is a thoughtful article. The fiction and poetry are passably good. The Point of View treats philosophically of "The Paradox of Humor" in a way that is at least worthy of study.

Lippincott's for April opens with "A Cast for Fortune," by Christian Reid. It is a most charming Mexican story. The plot is interesting, the imagery rich, and the tone elevating. "Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Elixir of Life,'" by his son, Julian Hawthorne, is completed. It has been a valuable contribution to biographical literature. Wilson Barrett contributes an article on Hamlet, and Henry Blackburn writes on Recent Art Progress.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce the publication in "Old South Leaflets" of the *Constitution of Switzerland* and the *Constitution of Ohio*, which will be followed by similar editions of the constitutions of European Countries and representative states of the Union. Ginn & Co. announce the publication of *Sidney's Defence of Poetry*, edited by Albert S. Cook, of Yale University, Prof. A. S. Hardy's *Elements of the Calculus, Method of Rates*, to be ready in May or June, and *Harvard Historical Monographs. No. 2, An Introduction to the Study of Federal Governments*, by Albert Bushnell Hunt, PH. D., Assistant Professor of History. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in twelve handsome volumes the *Story of the Nation Series*. They will be sold by subscription.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Report of the N. H. State Board of Health*, from the secretary of the board; also, Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, edited by Primer, and Goethe's *Sesenheim*, edited by Huss, from D. C. Heath & Co.

EXCHANGES.

College and School for April is devoted almost entirely to recollections of Gen. Spinner. It opens with a very interesting letter on "Old School Days in the Mohawk Valley," by Gen. Spinner, followed by many entertaining anecdotes and reminiscences of the "Watch Dog of the Treasury."

The *Williams Lit.* for March contains several good things in prose. "Gabriel" is the best of the stories. It is decidedly fantastic, and the dénouement is dramatic and startling enough to please the lover of the sensational in fiction. "Sidder," too, is worthy of commendation. The verse is rather weak, but that has been a universal failing this year.

The March number of the *Nassau Lit.* is fairly good, containing nothing of remarkable strength and nothing really poor. The *Nassau* is distinguished for its general evenness. The humorous story, "Idealism versus Realism," is rather strained. "Eventide" is a pretty sonnet. The editorials are comprehensive and thoughtful. "Literary Gossip" seldom fails to interest. The description of English university life gives an amusing and instructive insight into student life at Oxford.

The *Southern Collegian* for March appears in a new dress. The design on the cover is most appropriate and tasty. The number, on the whole, is rather ordinary. "Causa Mortis" is not bad.

The *Harvard Monthly* is grappling with the athletic question in a frank and manly way, as the leader and two communications in the April issue show. The poetry is unusually good, "A Chorus of Wagner" being a finely polished and powerfully conceived sonnet, and "Somewhere," a more ambitious attempt, carrying well throughout the maddening thought of a wasted opportunity for a life happiness. We judge from the editorials that Harvard is getting enough of the thesis method of study.

We have heretofore always spoken in commendation of the *Phillips Exeter Lit.*, for literary enterprise in a fitting school seems in itself commendable, and to need special encouragement. Yet it is not an easy matter for school-boys to sustain successfully a purely literary paper, and we have sometimes doubted whether it is wise for them to attempt it. We are somewhat surprised that, after having for a year or two past done so fairly well, Phillips Exeter Academy should send out such a weak production as the March number of the *Literary Monthly*. "The Race Problem" is treated in a most ignorant and cold-blooded way. A flippant style generally prevails throughout the number. More care should be taken in the editing and proof-reading. Some strange and amusing mistakes appear in the exchange department. Perhaps "The Influence of Secret Societies" accounts for the poor state of literary affairs just now at Exeter. You can and should do better next time, would be our word of advice to the *Exeter Lit.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

Judge Robert R. Bishop '79 hon. presided at the third biennial dinner of the Phillips Academy Alumni Association of Andover, which was served April 10, in Boston. Among those seated at the head table were Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft '60, the principal; Judge David Cross '41, of Manchester; and ex-Gov. Frederick Smythe '65 hon., of Manchester. Judge Bishop made a short speech in opening the after-dinner proceedings, and ended by presenting, in a very eulogistic manner, Dr. Bancroft, who discussed the prosperity and needs of the academy. Judge Cross followed with a complimentary speech.

Maj. Charles H. Bartlett '81 hon., the new commander of the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, has appointed as surgeon Dr. George D. Towne '75 C. S. S., and as commissary sergeant R. W. Welch '72.

'33. Samuel Locke Sawyer died at his home at Independence, Mo., March 29, after a short illness. Mr. Sawyer was a native of Mount Vernon, where he was born November 27, 1813. He was a son of Aaron F. Sawyer '04, who was an eminent lawyer, and a man of large influence. Judge Sawyer fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy. He studied law at Amherst, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where he taught school for one year, and then went to Lexington, Mo. Here for eighteen months he acted as clerk in the land office, after which he began the practice of his profession, forming a partnership with Hon. Charles French. This was the beginning of his prosperity, and his progress henceforth was steadily upward. In 1848 he was elected to the office of circuit court attorney of the Sixth Judicial District, which included Lafayette, Jackson, Cass, Pettis, Bates, Johnson, and Saline counties, of Missouri. Mr. Sawyer was a Whig, and, although the district was strongly Democratic, his personal popularity was so great that his election was insured. He was reëlected in 1852 without opposition. In 1861 he was chosen as a delegate to the Missouri Constitutional Convention. In 1863 he became associated with William Chisman in the practice of law, and in 1866 the firm removed to Independence. Three years later both members retired from practice; and a short time afterwards Mr. Sawyer took active control of the banking-house of Chisman, Sawyer & Co. When Jackson county was made the Twenty-Fourth Judicial District in 1871, Mr. Sawyer was appointed judge. His services were so highly appreciated on the bench, that in 1874 he was renominated by both political parties, and was reëlected without opposition. His duties were so exacting that his health failed, and he was compelled to resign. His resignation was received with regret by the members of the bar, and they adopted resolutions of a highly complimentary character, which were spread upon the rolls of the circuit court. In 1878 he was elected to congress on the independent Democratic ticket, defeating the regular nominee. He served but one term, and since his retirement has lived a quiet life at Independence. He was vice-president of the Missouri Alumni Association. Judge

Sawyer was highly respected by all members of the legal profession, and while on the bench was noted for kindness and consideration. In politics, in his later life he was a Democrat, but he was not a politician. He married, in 1841, Miss Mary Callaway, and two sons and two daughters survive him.

'33. Joseph Dow, the well known historian of Hampton, died recently. He was born at Hampton April 12, 1807, being the younger of two sons of Josiah Dow, and a lineal descendant of Capt. Henry Dow, prominent in the provincial history of New Hampshire. Immediately on leaving college, Mr. Dow became principal of Pembroke academy, where he remained four years, when he was invited to take charge of Gardiner (Me.) Lyceum. Subsequently, Mr. Dow taught the academies at East Machias, Me., Pompey, N. Y., and elsewhere, but retired from teaching in 1862, and settled permanently in his native town. He received a major's commission from Gov. Isaac Hill in 1837. During his professional life he fitted for college many young men who became eminent. Mr. Dow's tastes were always literary, and more especially historical. While a young man, his attention was turned to the history of his state and town. On the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the latter he delivered the historical address, which was published. He has since written a history of Hampton, which now lies in manuscript, awaiting a favorable opportunity for publication. Genealogy has been a favorite branch of his studies, and he has long been cited as authority in the tracing of ancestries. He was elected a corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society in 1845, the year of its incorporation; was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society many years, and its president in 1860. In early life it was Mr. Dow's intention to study law, until circumstances led to teaching as his profession, yet during his life he has done a large amount of probate and other legal business. He was in commission as a justice of the peace from 1840 to 1887, more than half that time being of the peace and quorum of the state. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1876. In local public affairs he always bore an active part until prevented by age. He has been a deacon of the Congregational church since 1857, and was clerk of the church twenty-one years. In 1835 he married Miss Abby French, who died in 1870. Three children survive them.

'35. Rev. Jacob Chapman, of Exeter, is assisting in the preparation of a genealogy of the Lane family. Mr. Chapman recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and was the recipient of many valuable gifts.

'43. Joseph Emerson Swallow died very suddenly at his home at Windsor, Mass., recently. He was born April 21, 1817, at Nashua. His theological education was begun at Andover, and completed at Union Theological Seminary. He was settled in various places in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, including Wilmington, Stoneham, Nantucket, and Edgartown. In his early ministry his health was not good, but in the latter part of his life he was strong and vigorous. His erect body and hoary head made him an unusually fine looking man at seventy-two. In the pulpit he was a man of excellent powers, faithful and earnest. He was first married, in 1848, to Miss Maria E. Gibson, of Townsend, Mass. They had three children, the youngest of whom is living. In 1882 he married Miss Carrie B. Marchant, of Edgartown, who survives him.

'44. Ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, has nearly completed an exhaustive history of the New Hampshire Bar.

'45. Rev. Judah Dana is supplying the pulpit of the Episcopal church at his home at West Rutland, Vt.

51. Luther Eastman Shepard, a well known lawyer and real estate dealer of Lowell, Mass., has died. He was born at Raymond, December 28, 1820. In early life he taught Grafton and Westford academies. He was also head-master at Franklin academy. He leaves a widow and two children.
52. Rev. M. T. Runnells, of Jaffrey, has accepted a call to the Congregational church Charlestown.
53. Rev. Dr. C. B. Hulbert has closed his labors with the church at East Hardwick. He has been troubled with a bronchial difficulty, and contemplates a trial of the climate of southern Ohio. He expects to locate in Zanesville, where he will be engaged in literary and religious work.
- 54 C. S. S. Hon. B. A. Kimball, of the Concord & Montreal road, has been appointed the committee to superintend the building of the Tilton & Franklin line.
55. Lieut. Gov. Haile was one of the speakers at the first annual dinner of the Boston Municipal Club. Speaker Barrett '80 was one of the invited guests.
56. The class, through the efforts of ex-Gov. Prescott, will present to the college a portrait in oil of Oliver Payson Hubbard '73 hon., of New York, professor emeritus of chemistry and pharmacy in the medical college. Prof. Hubbard, who is now chairman of the board of overseers of the Thayer school, is on his fifty-fifth consecutive year as a member of the college's list of instructors.
- 57 C. S. S. Hon. William M. Chase is president of the new board of education in Concord.
58. Rev. Arthur Little addressed the New Hampshire Club in Boston at the regular meeting in March. Hon. George B. Chandler '82 hon., father of the club, made a brief address.
59. George J. Cummings is principal of the preparatory department of Howard University.
60. Charles P. Chase was unanimously elected treasurer of the college by the trustees at their last meeting.
61. Dr. F. W. Jones is a member of the school board of New Ipswich.
62. Ballard Smith, who has won a high place in New York journalism, having been managing editor of the *World*, and its London correspondent, was married some time since in England to Miss Butterfield, of New York, a millionairess. The wedding tour was to go around the world, with Brindisi for a starting-point.
63. Rev. A. W. Ward closed his labors with the Congregational church at Pembroke on April 1.
64. Dr. C. F. Ober has been chosen president of the Milford Improvement Society.
65. Rev. J. M. Dutton, of Great Falls, will be orator on Memorial Day at Rochester.
66. A. H. Campbell, Ph. D., principal of the State Normal School, Johnson, Vt., was married, March 27, to Miss Carrie L. Kingsley, of Rutland, Vt.
- 67 C. S. S. George I. McAllister, of Manchester, will be orator on Memorial Day at Londonderry.

'77. Died in Minneapolis, Minn., March 16, Helen, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Moore.

'78. Rev. Edmund M. Vittum has been installed as pastor of the Congregational church at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

'79. Hon. Hiram D. Upton addressed the New Hampshire Club in Boston at the recent meeting, as did W. W. Bailey '54, of Nashua. Fletcher Ladd '84 was elected to membership.

'79. Hon. Hiram D. Upton will be orator on Memorial Day at Jaffrey.

'81. Edward N. Pearson was promoted to the position of managing editor of the Concord *Evening Monitor* and the *Independent Statesman*, April 1.

'82. Dr. H. L. Smith has been appointed lecturer on surgery at the Boston Dental College.

'84. Rev. George M. Woodwell, recently pastor of the Wenham Congregational church, has accepted a call from the First Congregational church at York, Me.

'86. J. G. Thompson has resigned as principal of the Winchester high school to accept a similar position at Southboro', Mass.

'86. A. H. Chase has been appointed principal of the Concord evening school.

'86. Born, in Berlin, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fairbanks.

'87. Dr. Charles L. Eastman made an eloquent plea for justice to his race at the recent public meeting in the interest of the Indians, held in the Old South meeting-house under the auspices of the Boston Indian Citizenship Committee and the Massachusetts Indian Association. Dr. Eastman completes his three-years course at Boston University this year, and then he will go back to his people as a missionary.

T H E

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BOARD OF EDITORS:

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PATHOS IN FICTION.

“What is the greatest novel?” is one of a class of very common and very foolish questions we see asked and answered often in the columns of even reputable literary journals. However absurd such an attempt to select, by concurring opinion, the preëminently great work of fiction, yet the result is most suggestive, as one will admit who has studied the lists of the best ten, or fifty, or one hundred books, so frequently compiled. It is evident that no uniform standard of criticism and selection is adopted, or can be. The basis of preferment is one in which the critical spirit has little or no part, being rather the impression made upon mind and heart at the time of reading. Perhaps to others, as to the writer, the single element of pathos appeals very strongly. It is this pathetic element in its relation to a truly great novel that we wish to illustrate and emphasize.

It would be hard to define just what is meant by pathos in literature. It simply defies analysis; in fact, there is no such thing as searching for it: like humor, it is self-revealed, if present. Sometimes a subtle, fine-drawn distinction is attempted, and the so called properly “pathetic” is discriminated from what commonly goes under the name; but this is part of a trial at definition, is unnecessary, and must be unsatisfactory, unsuccessful. The truest, most

real things of life are often poorly defined ; but they are known, felt,—and *felt* is just the word to apply to this revelation of the pathetic. When the simple humanity of the reader is responsive, when the springs of the emotions are disturbed, and the tears are about to start,—whatever causes this is pathos.

We can best study it concretely. There come to mind two novels, strangely similar in their essential idea,—the one English, the other French,—the work of contemporaneous novelists, each of equal fame in his own land, both writing of the people, and for them,—alike in this alone. The novelists are Dickens and Hugo ; the novels, the “*Tale of Two Cities*” and “*Les Miserables*,”—the most powerfully pathetic, we believe, in all literature. It is the very sublimity of pathos that they give us. Elsewhere we find touches of the sorrowful and the heart-stirring ; but most often it is a rapid play, an alternation, of emotions and passions, a kaleidoscopic mingling of all the elements—at last, a perfect, pleasing picture, and the impression fleeting. But here all ends in the gloom foreshadowed from the beginning ; then straightway a great light shines through the darkness, and the glory of the revelation is unspeakable. Sidney Carton and Jean Valjean are alike in their divine self-sacrifice. Recall the picture of the wasted life : the man, talented, sinning, weak, but yet a noble nature not embruted, deliberately planning the sacrifice, turned by no obstacle, and finally dying heroically, contentedly, silently, for one that he loved. “*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.*” The surpassingly wonderful words of the God man, coming back from innocent memories and thrilling the soul of Carton interpret the pathetic dignity and grandeur of his deed, and shed a hallowed light about the character. The simple, beautiful incident of the poor little seamstress, who alone knew the position of her new-found friend, and the touching portrayal of their mutual sympathy and pity and help, as, with clasped hands, they are jolted on through the jeering crowd to the bloody guillotine, is but a single touch upon the sublime canvas, breathing of human love and devo-

tion,—a single strain of a sublimely sorrowful psalm of life. The pathos of it all moves to tears.

Or, look upon the other picture: a miserable, desperate convict has all the world against him but one, whose kindly, sympathetic words and forgiving treatment transform the brute into a man; the man becomes a saint; under the relentless curse of society, hunted, punished, still the divine law controls his life; despised, maltreated, he bears all in silence, magnanimous, charitable, self-sacrificing; dying at last, grief-stricken, broken-hearted, even misunderstood by the one he had lived and suffered for, whom he had loved better than his own life. There is no lovelier, grander figure in the literature of fiction than this same deified convict, Jean Valjean. The reader need not be ashamed if he find himself weeping with the sorrowing Marius and Cosette, as the life of the good man passes away.

It is significant that these characters are not reckoned great characters, that is, they are not what are commonly called immortal creations. Such are most often clever portraitures so true to life in the minutiae of their make-up that the names and natures are inseparable,—called great because of their self-evident realness. There may have been a Sidney Carton; but was there ever a Jean Valjean, a convict, and such a convict, metamorphosed into a saint, and such a saint? Both are rather ideal. Indeed, in respect to “life-likeness” they fall below other characters in the same stories, as witness Madame Defarge and Monsieur De Gile-normand; but the latter, in comparison, contribute little to the real-power and greatness of the “Tale of Two Cities” and “Les Mis-erables.” We say they are not great characters in the common acceptance of the term, because we forget them *as characters*, and see only an ideal which is heroic, Titanic. This ideal is inevitably pathetic. It is the action and the life which are human, yet more than human, that cause us to worship in tears; it is the sacrifice and the suffering which God in the flesh himself endured and made holy that stir the depths of the soul.

Not all tragedy, as this, involves the pathetic; but we think it an axiom that there is no pathos apart from the tragic. All life is

tragic, if we view the soul-drama, and pathos is inseparably bound up with life in its fulness; there is a profound pathos in all life exemplifying the infinite truth. "Robert Falconer," the strongest of all George MacDonald's works, well illustrates what we mean by this blending of the tragic and the pathetic. We watch the growth of the soul-life of the boy Robert; we fear for him; we realize the stern tragedy of the crises of that life, so much depending for weal or woe on the slightest turn of the balance; we are deeply moved at his struggles, longings, gropings,—it is all so tragic and all so pathetic—tragic, because of the interests at stake, life and eternity—pathetic, for the very helplessness of the life, it is bound by necessity, it must suffer, and endure, and struggle.

We have not been leading up to an argument for a particular school of fiction as against another. We do not say there has been or can be no great work of fiction devoid of the pathetic, though we think there are very few. We simply wish to insist that, pathos being inseparable from soul-life in its struggles, defeats, and victories, the novel that mirrors the deep things of life, that sets forth most clearly the relation of man to God, and man to man, which relations are so often pathetic, is truly great. The literary critics, from a strictly literary point of view, might declare the greatness of "Les Misérables" and the "Tale of Two Cities" due to other reasons. But we will ever think them wonderful and immortal beyond many because of their appeal to our deepest sympathy. Wrong and suffering are the common lot, and love triumphant is that which saves. "Robert Falconer" is a type of a different kind; but such spiritual novels, though they lack the highest artistic quality, yet are great to each one who sees as in a glass the mingled tragedy and pathos of his inner life.

The fiction of the present day is largely deficient in the pathetic, and we have in mind, not the ephemeral productions, worse than worthless, glutting the book market, but the works accepted as the best products of the greatest novelists on both sides of the water. At first thought, it might seem strange that this should be the case, for never, as now, has the scope of the novel been so wide. The original type, the novel of mediæval France and Spain, that sim-

ply fed and exalted the imagination, is still seen in many a fantastic and improbable tale; but its modern successors are numerous and varied. Theology and sociology are dressed up in the garb of fiction; every scale and condition of life is represented and investigated; the range is from speculation about the plans and acts of the Almighty to unadorned portrayal of human devilry and human devils. Nothing escapes the pen of the novelist. Why, then, do we not find in modern fiction the pathos of human life? If fiction scales the heights of religion, if it plummets the depths of philosophy, if it sets forth sin in all its blackness, injustice in all its grossness, suffering in all its intensity,—why, as we read and think, does not sympathy glow within us? why are we not moved to pity, perhaps to tears? Now and then there is a heart's response to some touching incident, swiftly passing, and soon forgotten; occasionally the application of a spiritual truth or moral law reveals the tragic-pathetic side of human life; but we are never stirred as when reading the master-piece of a Hugo or a Dickens. The answer is simple: The novelist of to-day, if he be not one of those worthy and select few, dreamers of fairy tales, is either a critical man of affairs who puts society into a note-book, or a physician coldly and hideously dissecting the world's body and the world's soul. We see life through a mirror; but it is a spectral life—a life with little form or color, that is hardly flesh and blood. We understand this life in all its parts, and in their relation to the whole; but we understand it simply as a mechanism. The knowledge is not such as to cause us to *feel* those things which make the whole world kin.

It is not for any student of literature to think every one's preference should conform to his own. Were this truth realized, there would be less wrangling between advocates of different schools of fiction, and less conceit and haughtiness on the part of individual critics. To each reader, then, that kind of fiction which is to him most pleasing and helpful! But we think there are but a few, who, in the little time spared from more weighty reading, love to seek stimulus and inspiration in pages pulsating with the warm heart blood of a sympathetic, intensely human novelist, one, who,

grasping the true meaning of life, sees the inevitable pathos underlying it all, and mirrors this to us. In such contemplation we forget the shows and the trappings of character, the semblances of things, the incidents of truth whether correct, or no: we see only the truth, the divine truth itself, in its relation to humanity.

G. S. Mills.

THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

A SKETCH.

The sky is cloudless to-night, and the moon and the little twinkling stars shine with unusual brightness. The mellow moon bathes the earth with her soft beams that peep into every nook and cranny. How happy nature seems upon this night!

The moon shines on a city,—a city so still that one can imagine he hears the very stillness; or, perhaps it is the music of the spheres as they revolve, making sweet harmony. Now and then a dog, off in the distance, startles the night, or footsteps,—nearer, nearer, until they seem the tread of a giant Skrymir. But hark!—

DING—*ong*—u—um.

Poor, wakeful wretches start as if some avenger had surprised them; here and there the lightly slumbering turn uneasily in their beds; mayhap that bell brings a message of joy, of sorrow, of death;—and the rest of the world sleeps peacefully on, not knowing, not caring, what joys and sorrows are born and die with that stroke.

Awake, ye sleepers! *ye* who have lived on in peaceful thoughtlessness; *ye*, ignorant and careless of your fellow-beings; *ye*, who dwell alone in that narrow world; self,—and, with the smiling moon, look down upon earth, the city, while the clock strikes—

DING—*ong*—u—um.

Here we listen to firm steps—honest steps. We see a well dressed gentleman, a business man perhaps; he walks on unhesi-

tatingly, honestly. What cares he for the bell? the night? Or does he note its beauty? He looks up to the moon and smiles; perhaps the moon smiles back. The striking bell he hardly hears.

There, in poverty, in crime, poor creatures, lost souls sneak and dodge along, stealing with cat-like movements from one patch of darkness to another, glancing apprehensively hither and thither, as if they feared judgment, or, it may be, death, were lurking everywhere, ready to devour them. Poor souls! the darkness hides peril; the light brings it. The night is dark, the body dark, the soul is dark. No escape! When the danger from earthly avengers is passed, Death comes, and hurries them—where, and to what judgment, we know not.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

Let us glance in at this window. It is a very pleasant room. An open grate, with a cheerful fire, is snugly set into one corner. Before this fire sits a young man. Ah! some terrible thing must have befallen him. No one in such a pleasant room could be as miserable as he, unless misfortune, in some form, had visited him. It may be crime—perhaps murder—which has placed that hard look of despair upon his brow. Poor, unhappy, young man! surely we pity you. If you had but thought a moment, you would never have committed this foul crime. But as it is, reputation and success are lost forever,—everlasting punishment for a moment's passion! He lifts his gaze to the fire, and looks moodily, yes, despairingly, at the little tongues of flame, those powerful conjurers of fancy. The sight seems to overmaster him, and he leaps up, throwing both arms wildly into the surrounding air, and,—Ah, now we shall know his crime!—and mutters, “Oh! fool! fool! Why did I not think? A moment of thought, and all would be well. As it is; I am ruined; my happiness is gone until death. All my fault! Mine! Oh! had I but thought! Then we should not have quarrelled; but now I have lost *her*.”

DING—*ong*—u—um.

“Horrible! But true, too true!”

We are looking into the slums of a great city. Lights flare from

cloudy windows; from dirty cellars fumes of liquors, tobacco, filth arise. Down there we dimly see forms crowded about. Men in rags, with hard, crime-marked faces, with eyes which glare like those of wild beasts—eyes bleary and glazed—blood-shot eyes, with a frame of purple and green. Amid cursings, long, bony claws eagerly snatch the glasses filled for them. Over there—why! they have thrown a man out! He has no more money. Just glance in at that window. Yes, fifty or sixty human beings, all sleeping in the same room! Their lodging costs twelve cents *per noctem*. In that cellar bar-room, women——no, do not call them that. Here and there in the gutter is seen a form. See! It rolls over, showing a face, bloated, grey,—but human. There, through a curtainless window, is a man,—a brute, beating a woman.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

O welcome sound!

A crowd is issuing from a brilliantly lighted doorway. There has just been a ball, and the wealth and beauty of the city have attended.

Here comes a tall, young man, with a slender, little woman, laughing gaily at some bright *repartie* of his. “What’s the joke?” cries a little fellow behind, who is escorting a very tall young lady to her carriage; but the forward couple do not answer, and *he* loses the whole enjoyment of the evening for fear they have been making fun of him.

Now comes forth a lady—you have often seen her—who fusses about, wondering how the young ladies of to-day *can* be so giddy, and the young men so rude and ungentlemanly; and the cross, old papa now comes out, leading his pretty daughter; while one or two young men seem to be in pain, from the expressions upon their countenances. Now we see an old gentleman, with beaming face, and his dear little wife, come forth, a number of young men carrying her wraps, his cane; and we conclude this must be one of those good, social, ever-pleasant old couples, who make, sometimes, the very enjoyment of an evening, who must be had if you will be merry and happy. And here come——but there goes that bell!

DING—*ong*—u—um.

Here is a fine looking gentleman. By his easy, self-assured step we at once perceive him to be a rich man, a merchant retired. Now he turns a corner; a woman touches his arm; he stops. She is shabbily dressed, and looks careworn and desperate.

“Oh, sir! but I must live; I must have money.”

“Here! And, for your own sake, woman, to-morrow find something to do. Do n't live as you have; for, remember, death and an account to God must come sooner or later.” And now he moves on. I wonder why he smiles so happily? and why does he hum softly to himself as he continues his journey? He has done an act of charity, given advice; and the latter always makes man happy.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

Through two windows.

A sweet picture it is—a fair face, oval in shape, creamy in color, with a little dash of crimson on each cheek, and a smiling pair of ruby lips. Two dainty little doors, fringed with black, shut from our view eyes which must be beautiful, you think. I do not know how one may find out, for she will not wake. Above this head, with its playfully wandering locks of jet, rests an arm encased in a snowy sleeve, from the lace end of which peeps a slender hand—such an one as you could hold in yours forever. And for the background of this picture there is pure white in every direction. This is Innocence.

* * * * *

He is counting, counting. Now, bathing his hand in the gold and jewels, he chuckles and grins; now he glares at the hoard; now he smiles at it, murmuring all the while,—“My dear little darlings!” A miser!

DING—*ong*—u—um.

A man's form. Why are those two men hurrying up to him? Ah! he is ill; he is staggering a little, and they will help him. One draws something from his pocket. Thud! A sickening sound! Merely a little robbery, my friends. He may be all right

in a few moments; or, perhaps, to-morrow they will find a man dead, *robbed*.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

And now a door opens, and a man comes out. His frame is bent, his chin almost rests upon his chest; but he is not an old man. He is well dressed. He has a fine face; but there are lines, careworn marks, that tell that hope has just been superseded by despair, that a blow has fallen which he has been struggling to ward off.

“Oh, ruined! ruined!” he mutters as he staggers down the stone steps. There is desperation here.

“My God! I can’t stand it!” He moves on as though dazed; he seems dulled to all the beauty of the night about him.

“But I know a way.” And to-morrow you will read—

SHOT HIMSELF!

A Man Gambles His Life Away.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

O night, we thank thee that thou canst show pictures other than that which has just passed!

Kneeling before his humble couch an old man offers praise to God. When a child, his mother taught him thus to pray; upon her knee his head in reverence lay; and ever since he has continued so to offer thanks to Him, or ask for strength to bear up under trial and sorrow. His silvered head, upon the pillow bent, is hallowed by the moon-beams from without. Poverty and affliction have often visited him; but still he trusts and venerates his God.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

How peaceful that little tyrant sleeps in his soft, downy cradle! Near by, nurse lies dreaming, ready at the slightest call to wake and run to him. His bed-chamber is luxurious; all his surroundings are rich; everything smiles upon him, for he is the rich man’s son. Ah! the bell forbids us linger here. It has still another picture.

DING—*ong*—u—um.

A little street Arab, a gamin, startled up from some dark, noisome corner of the slums, is wandering with feeble steps along the streets. Now he stops, and sits down upon the cold stone steps of a neighboring building. His head droops, and his poor, thin little body sways. See! he lays his weary form down to rest upon those steps, for his strength is going, going. Poor little man! To-day he was selling papers, or blacking boots, shouting with voice as vigorous as the others; but as night approached, there came—a something, and it was creeping slowly into his body. Oh, how cold he was at first! but now he is all aflame. His head seems about to burst asunder. Oh, how he aches!

“Here, youngster! what are you doing here?”

He looks up. Those eyes, so wild, so frightened—will they not always haunt you? His head drops. Now he shivers; yet he is burning up.

“Oh, Cop! do n’t club me. I’m goin’ to get out. *Do n’t yer see I’m goin’?*”

He lifts himself, but falls back, crying huskily,—

“Cop! Cop! I can’t go.”

“Why, poor little kid!”

Gently the policeman bends down, and takes the child within his arms.

“*Oh!* Do n’t jug me, Cop! *Do n’t!*”

“No, no, my poor little fellow.”

The policeman sits down and rests the lad’s head upon his knee. He knows. That great, brawny man is weeping, and the child upon his knee is slowly going.

“O God, take this poor little fellow to thyself, and”—and the child, raising himself upright, cries, in a shrill and unearthly voice, which grows fainter, sinking almost immediately into a whisper,—

“Oh! I’m goin’—”

DING—*ong*—u—um,

and the twelfth stroke, my friends.

George O. B. Hawley.

RICHARD JEFFRIES.

"How can they manage without me?"—Field and Hedgerow.

The birds have missed him, and the winds that blow
 The meadow grass—the winds he loved so well.
 Again the spring will weave its wondrous spell;
 The golden summer days will come and go.

Above his grave the English flowers will grow,
 But wind-swept downs, the bees, the cowslip bell,
 The flying cloud, the firs—their solemn swell
 His fittest dirge,—they all will miss him so.

Perchance the hand of God for him unbars
 The mysteries divine of Life and Death;
 Perchance he walks through fairest fields of light.
 And yet he, too, must miss, beyond the stars,
 The April rain, the spring-time's perfumed breath,
 The dreamy stillness of the summer night.

Newton M. Hall.

FRANK CHARDON'S EXPERIENCE.

My old friend Dr. Braddon and myself form a club, with our two selves as members, that has lasted—ah! let me see; well, for about forty years. We were boys of sixteen then, poor farmers' sons, attending school winters and tilling the paternal acres summers, till by perseverance we acquired a fit for college. We went to H—to learn the fine arts. What a revelation it was to get out of the narrow encompassings of the hills to the quiet college town, which yet was an echo of the busy world without. But old graybeard that I am, I am getting garrulous. One bright summer day, we two, just past sixteen, in the midst of fragrant heaps of new-mown clover, while the noontime rest was relaxing busy limbs, vowed to meet and chat once every year. We have kept that pledge. After our college years were over, Dick—excuse me—Dr. Braddon entered a medical school, and went into practice in New York, while I have made a living in

the intricacies of the law, with between whiles saved out for literature.

A year ago it was the doctor's turn to provide the banquet. After dinner, while we were enjoying our Havanas, the doctor began telling tales of his life in the medical school. One was so remarkable that I venture to repeat it.

"When I was in the medical school," said the doctor, "it was an era of what we call 'fads' now. Every one was absorbed in some mystical scheme, and recitations and lectures often suffered in consequence. More than any other in the school was my roommate taken up by these theories. I wish you might have known him, old comrade; he was engaged in some queer operations all the time. Not that he ever gained much," said the doctor reflectively, as he tipped his chair back as far as possible and thoughtfully stroked his iron-gray beard, meanwhile gazing at the ceiling as though he thought that would relieve some perplexity; "in fact, he was always mistaken, but ever ready for something new. The fellow was an exceedingly poor scholar in college,—it was a mystery how he went through,—but he was an enthusiast in medicine, and in that school led his class. His name was Frank Chardon. As I was saying, it was a period of what they call 'fads' now, and the chief one was the investigation of this problem: 'Does the soul after what is called death linger in any portion of the body? If so, where? and how may its presence be ascertained?' Frank believed such a notion could not be a fallacy, and was determined to prove it. He was experimenting all the time with chemicals and cadavers.—What,—laughing?" said my friend, who had stopped to take a fresh light and a few puffs before resuming, as he saw me apparently shaking. "I won't tell you the rest, then."

I hastened to reassure him, and he went on.

"To resume, Frank was deep in researches. After months of persistent, eager plodding, resulting only in wasted time and the littering up of the room with numerous bottles of chemicals, he became discouraged, and I was wondering what he would be up to next, when one day he went out of the room wearing his great coat with its capacious pockets filled with 'foresaid bottles, saying

he had some arm and thigh bones, and was going to boil them and throw in the whole lot of chemicals, and see what would happen. The hours flew by; no Chardon. He was absent from supper, and, continuing so long, his absence caused wonder. Finally, recollecting that, when he left the room, he said he was going to the laboratory, and ascertaining that no one had seen him since, in company with three other fellows I went down.

“In the centre of the room, near a cold heater, on which was a boiling pot containing some small pieces of bone, lay Frank Chardon, with such an expression on his features as I devoutly hope I may never see again. We all quailed on seeing it. How eerie it was in that lonesome building, at that late hour! How creepy we felt not knowing what vision had prostrated the man before us! At length we took courage and bore him from the building. After bringing Frank to his room, we began working to restore him to consciousness. In time we succeeded; but he was too weak to admit of questioning, and was put to bed, leaving our curiosity raised to the highest pitch. When, in a few days, he was again about, many were the questions asked, which brought non-committal answers; but it was noticed as the days went by that he could not be persuaded to enter the lone room whence we took him.

“A month later, perhaps, when the curiosity and wonder regarding the event had died away, as we sat one evening before the fire talking over men and things, he suddenly said,—‘Dick, I suppose you are just about wild with curiosity as to what happened in the laboratory that day.’ I looked up eagerly, and my impatience must have blazed out pretty clearly, for even in the firelight he noticed, and, laughing, commended my patience and my kindness in not worrying him with queries.

“‘Well,’ resumed he, ‘I got down to the laboratory, and setting my numerous bottles on a convenient shelf, went up stairs to get the bones I told you of. I brought them down stairs, threw them into the boiling pot, kindled a fire, and began pouring in my chemicals. Listlessly, at first, I dropped them in, but, as I noticed some action, grew interested, and all my dreams of the solution

of that problem came back upon my mind. Hastily I poured in the contents of the remaining phials, and a sudden change came about. There was a mighty gurgling and seething, and the foaming mass rose even to the rim. After a space of fascinated watching, the seething and foaming ceased, and the water settled down to a dead calm, with that tremendous fire roaring underneath. Evidently something was to happen. My nerves began to quiver and thrill; a nameless, indefinable dread stole through my veins. Presently a weird form began to emerge from the mass, and rise, and rise, and rise, till I thought 't would never stop. I could see the light which the flickering flames threw on the opposing wall through the form; and as that strange thing drew up and out, a fascination, a mighty terror came upon me: my knees shook, my hands trembled, a universal shudder ran over my body as I gazed on the thing which gradually assumed the shape of a gigantic man. It was a wild night outside, you may remember, and a cold, howling New England winter wind hurled the snow furiously against the panes. It was a moonless, starless night, and overhead swift, driving, black storm-clouds passed across the heavens. Might n't I have been frightened? I was. The spirit filled out into a human shape, and there was a grewsome silence. Then, through chattering teeth and faltering lips I ejaculated, "What are you?" Silence, silence, silence! Again, "What are you?" Silence, silence, silence! Once more, half frozen with terror, in frenzied accents, "What are you?" Silence, silence—and, clear as the crack of doom, came the words, "The soul thou hast sought." I sank helpless to the floor. My dream had come true. "One of Frank Chardon's hobbies" was grim reality. It went on,—"And now who art thou, that hast dared unloose from its bonds a human soul that has passed its primal period? What right didst thou have to penetrate into the mysteries that nature intended should ever be mysteries? Wouldst thou force me to tell that which I have—that small portion of the Great Beyond mine eyes have seen? Never will I reveal it. And now, thou unholy profaner, have I to speak for myself. What penalty shall I exact for the torture I suffered while the acids worked on my fetters? Ay! cower before me!

What visions of the future, what dreams of unknown powers have I conjured up in thy soul that shall be even as I am? Superstitious fears shall seize thee with clammy fingers, and thou shalt shake and tremble at the fancied step of ghostly feet, and brood hour after hour, till thou shalt feel thyself drawing nigh to madness. The great secret hast thou penetrated, but the way thou dost not ken; no, nor shall. Let no more trials be made, or an end shall come upon thee such as thou canst not dream in thy wildest flight." Thus the spirit went on in ravings and threats and prophecies, till my very heart seemed about to freeze. I knew no more. Such, Dick, is my story of that day in the laboratory. We will never refer to it again, if you please.'

"That was his story."

The doctor ceased. The thrill that his words caused made my whole body quiver, and thought reacted on thought till it seemed I could almost see that apparition against the wall. The cigars were out, while below in the crowded way the street lamps twinkled, and we sat and sat, alone in the silence. While the firelight formed fantastic figures on the wall, we pondered in the stillness on the great secret Frank Chardon had discovered, and on the spirit that had whelmed him that night the wind seemed to rock the world's foundations. Long the silence continued, but finally, when the spell was growing stronger, and methought we, too, would see that form, with an effort I broke it by asking what became of Frank Chardon.

He replied,—“For a long time he would not go near the laboratory: finally he did; but he was cured of hobbies, and went along in the ordinary way; and now, as I told you, he is a physician, with a large income, in New York city. But he has never saved a cent; has never married; has never had a home; has never sought preferment in any way,—he never will. His money and time alike go for others' benefit, for he believes there is waiting for him some terrible retribution for his search into the secrets of nature. He goes about in a subdued, sad way, awaiting his fate, and doing good to men, whomsoever he may.”

Barron Shirley.

THE WHITE HILLS.

When Horace sang, Soracte stood
 Clothed white with snow,
 While lofty spires of dark fir wood
 Waved far below.
 The poet saw, and struck the lyre
 To praise the bowl,
 The maiden's charms, a blazing fire,
 And ancient scroll.

O could he see you, granite hills,
 Sublimely grand,—
 Where every height with wonder thrills
 Aloft ye stand,—
 He'd spurn the yielding velvet couch,
 And bound away
 Where ye, great lions, proudly crouch,
 At dawn of day ;

And, gazing from your loftiest peak,
 Would drink the wine
 Of bracing air and sights that speak
 Of hand divine.
 Ye bring the message full and clear
 From God to man ;
 Ye feed the soul with wine more dear
 Than Caecuban.

C. F. R.

WHAT OF THE OUTLOOK?

Says the author of "Democracy in America,"—"The civilization of New England has been like a beacon lit upon a hill, which, after it has diffused its warmth around, tinges the distant horizon with its glow." It is this wonderful formative power exerted by New England over the entire country to which every impartial historian must pay tribute. New England has been proud of her influence in high places, and her sons are wont to boast that the nation exists through her fidelity. Can this be the haughtiness that goes before a fall?

It is not our purpose to discuss what, and how potent, this influence has been, but to raise the query, How long can New England hold her position as queen of the states? Much ink might be wasted in showing that New England, because of her situation and lack of resources, is predestined to be supplanted by better favored localities in the Middle and Western states; but oil wells and coal mines never made a people free and powerful. It is the mind more than the matter. Disregarding, therefore, minor considerations, it must be patent to every discriminating observer that New England is suffering a decline in at least three important respects,—vital prosperity, true education, and morality. The first is perhaps alone peculiar to New England, yet the others are the more to be wondered at, in that Puritanism was dominant so short a time ago.

The term "vital prosperity" may be explained by considering the questions, What do manufactories and commerce signify? What do smoke-stacks and canvas tell us of the ebb of culture? For all these, may not Babylon fall? When the meaning of real prosperity is understood, New England's decline is hardly disputed save by political stumbers. With all the outpourings of Canada, no other six states of the Union had so small a percentage of increase in population in the last decade, and in the previous one there was an actual decrease in Maine and New Hampshire. That this slight increase is among the manufacturing classes, while the rural districts are fast being depleted, is also ominous. Deserted farms, decaying homesteads, the importation of Swedes, argue a lamentable falling off in the ranks of the farmers. If history is our school-master, the rural population is the *spina* of every community and people. It is to this class, with its orthodoxy, wary of innovation, that government looks for perpetuity in peace, and support in war. Whatever weakens or demoralizes, undermines ascendancy. To the casual observer New England may appear robust and fair; nevertheless she has a disease of the vitals.

When we affirm that true education in New England is in the wane, we do not arraign the public school, but emphasize the "true;" yet it is a fact that the tone of the public school has

greatly changed even in this generation. Formerly, the church and the school were correlative; now the gulf between them is daily widening. Our fathers contended that all education ought to be subservient to religion. Says the prelude to an old colonial law,—“It is the chief project of Satan to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures by persuading from the use of tongues.” How different is this from the spirit of so called “Liberalism,” voiced in a recent decision of the supreme court of Wisconsin, that the Bible has no place in the public school. In trying to eliminate religion, our school boards are fast eradicating every vestige of moral instruction.

The school, however, has but a minor influence in forming the character of the child. It is the home and its associations whose lessons are never forgottèn. Margaret Fuller says,—“A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.” How do the old and the new New England home compare, especially in the quality of the food? In the one, the family altar was an essential feature: its small library comprised works of an historical or religious nature. Who can measure the influence for good which such a book as Baxter’s “Saints’ Rest” has had on New England civilization? In the other, family worship is more a matter of circumstance than of principle. A taste for unhealthy literature has been created, or, at least, stimulated by an avaricious press. Of the newspapers published in New England, the census classes six hundred and sixty-nine as devoted to “news and family reading,” and forty-eight, including Catholic and spiritualistic publications, to “religion.” Forty-eight have a sprinkling of religious reading, and many of these are but slimly supported. Not so the other class. The deleterious “family story-paper,” with its continued stories broken off in the midst of an exciting plot, are freely scattered about our streets, and eagerly read by both sexes of the young of our laboring classes. What imbibing of poison could be more fatal to moral and intellectual growth?

“Give me an hour in a home, and I will tell you what paper the family reads,” says an eminent divine. But this craze for sensation does not stop with the newspaper and the low novel, else

how shall we explain the remarkable sale of "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward," the works of Tolstoi, or "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," with its revelations which the most audacious American girl would blush to discover. To be sure, these works are not under the ban; yet every straw tells us of the current. It cannot be denied that influences in and about the home militating against virtue are at present largely educating New England youth; an education which the school and the church cannot counteract, because the one is irreligious, and the other reaches but a small percentage of the people.

The moral status of the community is generally judged by the prevalence or restriction of immorality. Granting this, and that New England, "the hot-bed of Puritanism," is not behind the rest of the country in the alarming increase in the percentage of crime, what lesson is taught? It is that the supposition, entertained by so many of our educators, that crime and ignorance go hand in hand, is prolific of much evil. That it is a supposition our prison records show. A typical case: Sing Sing records of 1886 show only nine per cent. of its inmates illiterate, while a very large percentage was academic, or college, educated. "It is a fearful fact," says the "Proceedings of the Prison Association," convened in Boston in 1888, "that a large proportion of our prison population is of the educated class." Honesty and virtue are by no means strangers to the poor and ignorant; yet our school management generally ignores this fact, and, in the heroic struggle with illiteracy, forgets that the child has a spiritual and moral nature, the training of which is no less essential to good citizenship than the training of the mind and of the hand.

We also claim that non-attendance at church argues moral deterioration. Church attendance may not be indicative of real piety, yet the mere effort manifests a desire for nobler things. It cannot be disputed that in proportion to population the attendance at every church, except the Catholic, is yearly growing less. Statistics put the church going population of Vermont between thirty-five and forty-five per cent. This is presumably a fair estimate for New England as well,—a poor showing compared with

the time when every family thought attendance on divine worship obligatory. And is there hope from the fact that Catholic attendance is on the increase? What shall we say for a moral code which, for a paltry sum, pardons the blackest sin and absolves the most hardened sinner? Catholicism, with its parochial schools and its recognizance of a supreme foreign potentate, is inimical to the liberty to which we are heirs. Yet this is preëminently the working man's church, and the working man is a mighty factor in the state.

Is the question asked, What is the cause, and where is the remedy? History tells us that in the latter part of the eighteenth century a part of the church rebelled against the leadership of the staid Puritan, Jonathan Edwards. Never since, has Puritanism been the controlling influence, and New England has been changing, wonderfully changing. The old New England is fast passing away. Degenerate Puritanism cannot cope with the two agencies, emigration and immigration, which alike sap New England civilization. The hordes of Ireland and Canada are upon us. Already the Catholic vote controls municipal elections in Boston, Lawrence, Fall River, and many minor places. Can New England, while supplying the West with her best blood, assimilate these incongruous elements without a higher standard of ethics, a purer political and religious organization? If the treatment of Hester Prynne, Roger Williams, and Massasoit is typical, Puitanism was in practice synonymous with, do you say, bigotry? Judge not too hastily; for, in spite of prejudice and the reproaches of a world, it must be conceded that Puritanism stood for purity of domestic life, purity of faith, and square dealing, which, as Talmage would say, are the embodiment of "old-fashioned religion." Certainly, this generation would not welcome the adoption of the Mosaic or the Blue laws as a civil code, or a return to the age of stocks, ducking-stools, and inquisitions when a private misdemeanor was a public offense, and none but subscribers to a dogmatic creed were allowed the sacred rights of citizenship. At the mere thought we cry, in the words of the ritual, "Good Lord, deliver us."

But back of the fanaticism and bigotry of that epoch were

motives and principles which humanity is everywhere contending for. Society, in its fierce winnowings, has scattered much of the wheat, together with the chaff. To the Catholicism, infidelity, and mammonism of the new New England, these words are a rebuke and warning: "The safeguard of morality is religion, and morality is the best security of law, as well as the surest pledge of freedom."

W. C. Belknap.

THE CHAIR.

We regret very much the positive misstatements which have been made about the "Commencement question," and the general reckless and superficial way—very annoying to every lover of candor and fairness—in which the whole affair has been treated in certain quarters. It had been the intention of The Chair to pass the matter over entirely, thinking it hardly within the province of the LIT. to discuss it; but as the case now stands, for the sake of the college, and in behalf of a large portion of the Senior class, we must state things plainly. We trust the Alumni who read this editorial will give us credit for honesty and truthfulness. We are writing calmly and after mature deliberation, with the single intent to give exact facts.

From the strange comments in circulation, it is plain that the relation of the church building to the college is not understood at all, or but partly. A very brief summary of their historical relationship is as follows: The church was built near the close of the last century by private subscription; after thirty years the college obtained part ownership, acquiring the right to the use of the galleries and a few seats in the body of the house for seating the students; when the church was repaired in 1877, many pews were purchased by the college and a re-arrangement of the seating of the students was made; in 1881 the control of the church building formally passed from its proprietors, the pew-owners, into the hands of the Dartmouth Religious Society, with the understanding that this arrangement would not prejudice the right of the college to use the building for *college exercises*.

• Recently, as all know, the church building was remodelled and handsomely renovated at a cost not far from \$10,000. A part of this money was raised by private subscription, but the larger share of the expense was met by Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, to whose wise

planning, as well as munificence, we are really indebted for the beautiful church that we now have. Naturally, when the new church, with its rich and delicate furnishings, was ready for occupancy, the ever recurring question respecting its indiscriminate use arose. For many years it had been felt that the church was no place for entertainments and exercises of all characters—a sentiment by no means local, but in accord with widely prevalent opinion and steadily growing usage—and now seemed the time of all times, the very opportunity needed, to act upon conviction, and prevent, so far as possible, any further secularization of the church. The preliminary step was the refusal of the church for the students' lecture course. This met with no criticism, and was quietly acquiesced in. When, however, it was learned that the use of the church would be refused the Senior class for most of the exercises of Commencement week, a petition was prepared by the class and presented to the trustees of the college, which was referred to the committee of the Dartmouth Religious Society, with whom, as is seen by the arrangement in 1881, the decision really rested. This committee, in conference with the trustees, after thoughtful weighing of the whole matter, unanimously decided that the church could not be used for the prize speaking contest, the Commencement concert, and the exercises of Class Day. Thereupon the Senior class voted to take no part in any but the required college exercises of Commencement week. So much for the essential history of the affair, mostly familiar to the undergraduate, but not understood by many of the Alumni.

Whatever may be thought of this judgment of the trustees and the committee of the Religious Society, their motives cannot be questioned. It was sincerely regretted by them that they felt obliged to refuse the petition; but their action appeared the wise thing. The Chair thinks their judgment was correct, and in this opinion we believe a great many of the Senior class coincide. The last statement is not so paradoxical as it seems, when the real reasons for the decision of the Senior class to have no Commencement are understood. The denial of the petition was only the apparent reason: it simply furnished a most convenient pretext.

Going beneath the surface, we find the controlling motive with many was the desire to be rid of a burdensome class tax; the motive animating others was simply the desire to abolish an obnoxious Class Day. The management of the movement, resulting in the action of the class, was in the hands of the few who had reasoned themselves into thinking an injustice had been done; but they were simply unwitting instruments in the execution of the controlling purposes.

Careful consideration will show that the use of the church building was not indispensable to the successful carrying out of the entire Commencement programme. The indoor exercises of Class Day could have taken place most appropriately in Bissell hall; indeed, that was the very place for them. Manifestly, the Commencement concert would be at some disadvantage in the same building, but we think this disadvantage very little. Bissell hall is large enough to contain any audience that has of late years attended a Commencement concert; and in respect to any extra expense which might be incurred in fitting it up, or any pecuniary loss resulting from holding the concert there, Mr. Hitchcock most generously offered to meet all these, besides promising to provide the best organist in New York city, who would furnish music on the new organ (also Mr. Hitchcock's gift) for all exercises in the church. The prize speaking, as a college exercise, will be held in Bissell hall at real disadvantage, we think; but that this is best, under the circumstances, every one will admit who knows anything of the defacement and injury certain parts of the church have suffered in years past from the "mixed crowd" that always attends a "free" entertainment.

It is greatly to be regretted that the college or the town has no hall adequate for all entertainments and secular exercises; but we believe it is now bound to come speedily. If the use of the church had been granted for expediency's sake until the erection of a hall, the hall would never have come: such is ever the way. The firm stand made preserves a church in which every lover of the artistic and the beautiful has delight and pride, takes a long step towards its absolute unsecularization, and makes the erection of a much

needed public hall a certainty of the immediate future. The measure adopted was an heroic one, but the case called for it. We believe the wisdom of this radical action is becoming more and more apparent as the days go by, and when the results are all seen, none will question it. It is for the fair minded to be slow to criticise, and to weigh all things before reaching an opinion.

We are persuaded that "no Commencement" this year is a blessing, perhaps in disguise. The breaking of these old customs in college life destroys certain pleasant associations, and violates much sentiment which has gathered, particularly, about Class Day. This is to be regretted; but the sacrifice of this year's Senior class will work for the good of the classes to follow, and will directly benefit the college. Year after year the expenses incident to Commencement have been growing heavier; each class has seemed bound to outdo the preceding,—to have finer music, more costly programmes and invitations, more elaborate decorations; the object has been, apparently, to spend much money, to make a great show,—as if, indeed, the success of a Commencement were in direct ratio to prodigality and display;—the idea of artistic simplicity, as ever most appropriate and desirable, has been lost. Now, it would be well enough for a graduating class to be as extravagant as it pleased, if it were largely composed of rich men. But such has never been, and is not, the character of classes in Dartmouth. It is no disgrace to the college, and it is simply a statement of the truth, when we say that the present customary tax imposed to meet Commencement expenses is a severe burden upon more than half the members of the average Senior class. Ninety has broken a precedent, and consequently no succeeding class will feel obliged to respect inviolate custom. A retrenchment in Commencement expenses, then, we believe, is a good result to come eventually from what may seem to some a present misfortune.

The giving up of Class Day, also, may lead to a much needed change. Exercises that inherently should be very attractive

and meritorious, have come to be so often mediocre, even farcical, in character, that their entire abandonment is more to be desired than their continuance unaltered. Originally the offices were few, and men were elected to them whose marked fitness for the places and ability honored both class and college. Now the parts are many; and while some are always well filled, the accompanying dismal failures spoil the effect of the whole. Partly responsible for this is the method of selecting the participants, barring out, by a custom having almost the force of law, all who have obtained Commencement rank: qualification for an office seems of minor importance, is frequently never considered. "Class politics," however, is chiefly responsible for the perversion of the original idea of Class Day, in fact, for the almost complete ruin of all the value and interest which it once had. Time and again has the spectacle been presented of an election controlled by a few scheming wire-pullers who have contrived to thrust themselves and a talentless train of followers before the eyes of the public. We think it time to cry halt to such procedure. The methods of "ward politics" are intolerable in college life. If intriguing, trading, and trickery are to fill offices which should be awarded on merit solely, the sooner and more completely the occasion of such a wretched condition of things is removed the better. Better have no Class Day, than, for the sake of a little sentiment, bring discredit upon both class and college. We believe most thoroughly in the idea of Class Day; but it is a Class Day of comparatively few parts, and those of notable character, taken by men chosen outside of the Commencement list preferably, but not necessarily, who are of universally acknowledged ability in specific lines,—a Class Day, in short, not designed to distribute crumbs of honor to ambitious mediocrity, but representative of the genuine literary and oratorical ability of which every class has more or less.

BY THE WAY.

It is with some trepidation that By-the-Way proposes to introduce its readers to the works of one whose posthumous praise is now being rung in magazine and review, whose name shines the brightest on the scroll of nineteenth-century poets, and whose works are esteemed not only for their dramatic power, which none other writer since Shakespeare has equalled, but also for the helpful, hopeful, inspiring teaching which they contain. The trepidation of By-the-Way is due in no respect to any lack of interest in Robert Browning's works themselves, but rather to the fact that many of By-the-Way's listeners need no introduction, and that the uninitiated are ready to cry out "A fad!" at anything recalling to mind the mushroom Browning Clubs that are now springing up in every would-be hot-bed of literary culture. But since admirers of Browning are always glad to have his claims faithfully represented, and strangers to him need to be told that beneath the "Browning craze" there is a strong and enduring undercurrent of sincere regard for the poet's writings, I make bold to offer a few considerations as to why this current exists.

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In the first place, I wish to comment upon the phenomenon itself. Disregarding the froth and spume which the soulless fad-followers represent, drop the plummet deep down into the current, and you will discover that it is not only strong, but remarkably uniform. In other words, Browning's readers are either his thorough-going disciples, or else whole-hearted disbelievers in him. I would as soon expect one standing on Goat island at Niagara, and looking down upon the roaring, foaming floods below, to remark apathetically that he was quite favorably impressed, as to

hear one who had read thoroughly, or tried to read, Robert Browning saying that he liked the poet "pretty well."

He who undertakes to read these works for the first time is naturally repelled by the involved, sometimes rough and labored, and often very artificial, style, as well as by the allusions which demand of the reader an extraordinary fund of general information; but, notwithstanding this, there is little, excepting perhaps *Sordello*, which the student of the average mental calibre might not understand with a little study, and I know of no author of modern times that will so well repay careful perusal as will Browning.

Here, beneath a rough shell, are wrapped thoughts about men and life that leave a wholesome taste upon the literary palate, not cloying, but exhilarating and stimulating. There is not a weak note among all the poems; hopefulness and aspiration breathe through them.

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Yet let us not be carried away with enthusiasm over that in them which we cannot understand, for, I warn you, there is apt to be cant afloat in regard to an author when he happens to be in the fashion; but a thoughtful reader, commencing with well chosen works, can hardly help being interested. Some of the longer dramatic works which are of the most interest, as, for example, *Colombe's Birthday*, *Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *In a Balcony*, are perfectly lucid, while some of the shorter poems which one would naturally take up at first might puzzle a philosopher.

So, beginning with such works as the three mentioned, then reading *Pippa Passes*, and *Paracelsus*, which, although it is a trifle tedious in spots, is interesting in the main, and continuing with a well made selection from the shorter poems, one will soon come to admire that hopeful spirit, who is well described in the words of one of his last poems, the *Epilogue in Asolando*, as

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

Following hard after that trio of American "Lyrics," the success of which has done so much to dignify college writing in general, and to reflect credit upon Williams, Dartmouth, and Yale in particular, comes a trim competitor, hailing from across the sea.

It was a very pleasant evening that I lately passed in getting acquainted with the newcomer from Oxford, and thinking that some of the readers of *By-the-Way* might be curious to hear a word in regard to the paces and points of the English University Pegasus, I have promised him a few words in this month's chat.

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The neatly made book to which I refer is entitled "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine." In turning over the leaves one is at first struck with the fact that parody is the prevailing style of the British college magazine, and that, in the second place, when the "well of English undefiled" runs dry in the college town of Oxford, it is customary to resort for language to the ancestral fountains of Greece and Rome. Imagine original Greek and Latin odes appearing regularly in the columns of the *Dartmouth* or *LIT.*, and you have the condition of affairs in conservative Oxford, where the literary oyster, to be made palatable, needs only to be served on a half shell of ancient language.

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In a word, the "Echoes" remind one of a masquerade. Slender Oxford thoughts, tricked out in the garbs of Chaucer, Cowper, Wordsworth, Whitman, and Andrew Lang, brush against those of Homer and Horace. Some of the verses are bright and pleasing, some wear their borrowed costumes gracefully, and far be it from me to hunt in their sleeves for forced rhymes, or to make disparaging remarks about their burden of English humor, that fearful and wonderful production, which we Americans are so incapable of appreciating.

Yet here and there are traces of what seems very like genuine Yankee humor, as, for example, an Irish song, of which I quote a few stanzas, whence the reader may gather the thread of a tragic tale.

'T is pretty to be in Ballinderry,
 'T is pretty to be in Ballindoon,
 But 't is prettier far in County Kerry
 Courtin' under the bran new moon.
 Aroon, Aroon!

* * * * *

But niver a stip in the lot was lighter,
 An' divvle a boulder among the bhoys,
 Than Phelim O'Shea, me dynamither,
 Me illegant arthist in clock-work toys.

* * * * *

An' there by the banks of the Kenmare river,
 He tuk in his hands me white, white face,
 An' we kissed our first and last foriver—
 For Phelim O'Shea is dispersd in space.

* * * * *

'T was pretty to be by blue Killarney,
 'T was pretty to hear the linnets call;
 But whist! for I cannot attend their blarney,
 Nor whistle in answer at all.

For the voice that he swore 'ud out-call the linnets
 Is cracked intoirely, and out of chune,
 Since the clock work missed by thirteen minutes,
 An' scathered me Phelim around the moon.
 Aroon, Aroon!

Space forbids more extracts, but I cannot forbear mentioning a clever parody, Chaucer at Oxenford, done in the venerable poet's own style, and hitting off admirably two extremes of college men in England, the aesthete and the athlete.

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Comparing the poems in this volume with the Lyrics, one cannot fail to notice the diversity of both subjects and methods. The American college poem usually treats of some theme of love, more or less profound; of nature, and the thoughts which it inspires; of fancies set free by some trifling circumstance, face, or other object,—seldom airing classical knowledge, and only occasionally written as parody. The Oxford poem, to judge by the present volume, is rather of local interest, and ultra-classical in its setting.

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE RETURN.

Ye dun-gray clouds of twilight,
That veil the sinking sun,
Lead on the shades of midnight
When filmy dreams are spun.
Come, veil my lady's terrace,
That 'neath her chamber lies,
While I, o'er roads and ferries,
Will speed me till mine eyes
Behold her signal gleaming
Out through the midnight mist,
Where she, my sweet, is dreaming
Of waves that writhe and twist
About the "Wrathful Rover,"
That's due to bring to-night
A long expected lover
Back to her beckoning light.

* * * * *

What! is my love false-hearted,
That no light yonder gleams?
She promised when we parted
That I should see its beams.

* * * * *

My fears are fast retreating,
For Julian prinks his ears,—
There at the stile is greeting,
A kiss, and smiles, and tears!

Archibald Blakeson.

CRAYON BLEU.

Heroic Ballads, with Poems of War and Patriotism. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$0.50.

We meet them all here,—the old battle cries that used to stir our boyish blood until we longed to emulate the brave men whose deeds they celebrate. Horatius at the Bridge, Virginia, Execution of Montrose, The Heart of the Bruce, Charge of the Light Brigade, Relief of Lucknow, Chevy Chase, Burial of Sir John Moore, and many others, sixty-eight in all, bound in an attractive form, with notes, make a most desirable book to place in the hands of an impressible boy.

German Conversation, by Prof. A. L. Meissner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$0.85.

A most fit companion for the Joynes Meissner Series of German text-books. The English and German are arranged on opposite pages, making it possible for the student to compare idioms accurately and rapidly.

Goethe's Sesenheim, edited by Huss. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This is a selection from Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and describes his acquaintance with the family of the pastor Brion of Sesenheim, and his love for the pastor's daughter Frederika. The family itself deserves from Goethe the comparison to the famous Primrose family, and the daughter has been rendered immortal by frequent reference in the works of the great poet.

Minna von Barnhelm, von G. E. Lessing, 1763, edited by Sylvester Primer, Ph. D., 1890.
Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This is one of the finest editions of German texts we remember to have seen. Not only is the introduction full and the notes careful, but the text is printed in a type large and clear, such as is not too often seen in German texts. We congratulate the publishers on the fine book they have made.

Report of State Board of Health, New Hampshire: published by the state.

The excellent work which Dr. Irving A. Watson is doing as secretary of the N. H. State Board of Health shows that his office proves no sinecure. Aside from a thorough report of the sanitary condition of the state, there are articles on Chest Development in Young Persons, Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking, and Pulmonary Tuberculosis. The second of these is an especially good treatise, being the essay which took the Lomb Prize, offered by the American Public Health Association. Besides practical rules for all kinds of cooking, the essay gives a bill of fare for a family of six at different times of year, and designed for three classes of families. The food analysis and cost are carefully given. We commend the table to boarding-house keepers as a good model. The treatise on Tuberculosis is technical, and gives the latest views of the disease.

An unusually interesting number of *The Century* is the May issue. It opens with three articles on Washington portraits and relics, with the portrait of Washington painted by

James Wright as a frontispiece. "Two Views of Marie Bashkirtseff" show opposite phases of criticism of this wonderful book. George Kennan speaks of the Russian censorship of the press in "Blacked Out," showing by an illustration how *The Century* articles were mutilated in the mail. Amelia Gere Mason has a finely illustrated article on "The Women of the French Salons." "Valor and Skill in the Civil War" discusses "Which was the Better Army?" and "Was either the Better Soldier?" Walt Whitman contributes a Decoration Day song, and T. B. Aldrich sings "I Vex me not with Brooding on the Years."

Scribner's for May has the first of two articles on "Barbizon and Jean François Millet," with illustrations, and a fine portrait of the artist as a frontispiece. A recent phase of American associative enterprise is illustrated by the essay on "Coöperative Home-Winning," by W. A. Linn. T. J. Nakagawa contributes a highly interesting piece on "The Theatres of Japan." John Hay's "Distichs" are almost proverbial in their method of statement. Karl Erickson's story, "Pernilla," opens up the possibilities of the Swede settlements of the West as a field for the omnivorous man of letters. Eugene Schuyler has a literary sketch on "Corinne," giving many interesting incidents in Madame de Staël's life.

The Atlantic for May opens with a biographical and literary article on "Henrik Ibsen; His Early Career as Poet and Playwright," by E. P. Evans. Historical and biographical articles are "Sir Peter Osborne," by Edward Abbott Perry, and "The Funeral of Mary Queen of Scots," by Malcolm Bell. "Rudolph," by Viola Roseboro, is a graceful sketch, but, to our mind, of rather light merit for *The Atlantic*. Agnes Repplier, in "Literary Shibboleths," decries the tendency to attempt the reduction of humanity to one dead level in literary taste. Anne Eliot begins "Rod's Salvation," the story of a boy's experience under the influence of a fast young man. Mr. S. Weir Mitchell's poem, "A Psalm of the Waters," is full of beauty and thought.

Lippincott's for May contains the novelette, "A Sappho of Green Springs," by Bret Harte. There are several good articles in the magazine proper,—"Karma," by Lafcadio Hearn, being a particularly good example of the new "poetry-in-prose" style of writing. "The Icicle," by Edgar Fawcett, is an amusing little comedy. We are glad to see Mr. W. H. Johnson answer the article of last November on "Does College Training Pay?"

Ginn & Co. announce a new book in the *Wentworth Series*, entitled *Wentworth's School Algebra*, to be ready in May. Also, *Reference Handbook of English History*, for Readers, Students, and Teachers. By W. H. Gurney. To be published in May. *Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law*. By J. W. Burgess, Professor of Constitutional and International Law and History in Columbia College. Two volumes. In press. And *The Nine Worlds*. Stories from Norse Mythology. By Mary E. Litchfield. To be published in May.

EXCHANGES.

We hail with pleasure the advent of the *Brown Magazine*. For some time the literary spirit at Brown has been showing a marked increase, and one result is the trim publication which comes to us appropriately clothed in college colors. Our sole unfavorable criticism of the first number is one of arrangement, not of matter. Men who can give us such charming essays on current matters of college and world as we find in "The Outlook" and "The Brown Study," should devote more space to "department" or editorial work. It is the experience of all editors of college papers that such matter receives more attention from the average college man and alumnus than the work of a purely literary nature, however meritorious. We would suggest in a spirit of kindness that our new sister in college journalism would find it to her advantage to enlarge the two departments above named. The literary work shows evidence of careful study and enthusiasm. A fine critique of Mr. Woodbury's new book of poems opens the magazine. The poem "The Lute of Alfarahd" reflects the excellent poetic spirit we have recently noticed in the *Brunonian*. "Pythagoras versus Rousseau" is a political article of merit, contrasting two experiments in opposite directions. "The Enchanted Man" is a good example of the insanity story; and the article on "Old and New in Southern Literature" shows familiarity with the subject, and a pure critical style. We congratulate the editors upon the first fruits of their efforts.

The value of the editorial department is well illustrated by the *Amherst Lit.* In "The Sketch Book" one always finds something novel and interesting, and the "Window Seat" is full of the dreams and fancies of one who breathes the soul of poetry, if not its outward form. We cannot always speak as well for the literary work of the magazine. We think, however, the April number a decided improvement in this matter over recent issues. "Shelley's Relation to Humanity" is a careful study. In behalf of Dartmouth we thank the author of the charming sketch "To the Back Stretch and Beyond" for the implied compliment to our *industry* in base-ball.

Another illustration of our idea is the *Vassar Miscellany*, which devotes only a short space to purely literary matter, and gains much charm thereby. "Home Matters," "College Notes," and "Personals" are fully compiled, and will one day form valuable materials for the Vassar graduate who wishes to discover the spirit which existed in her Alma Mater "back in the 90's." That the Vassar student can write literary matter equal to any that her brothers turn out is shown by "The Story of a Little Princess" in the April number, a beautiful allegory telling of a pure girl's search for the Beautiful, and how she discovered it in the love of her true knight. "A Forest Saga" shows familiarity with Scandinavian literature, and is well conceived.

We commend the *Bowdoin Orient* as a paper which represents well all the elements of college life. It is full of life and interest to the student, breathing, it seems to us, the very essence of college spirit. To our mind, however, there is something incongruous in the juxtaposition of the pleasing fancy called "Luminous," and the too evident attempt to be "funny," "More Luminous."

The Tufstonian seems to us rather juvenile for a college paper. A little more time and care would improve it very much.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

An enthusiastic business meeting followed the last monthly dinner of the Alumni of the Bay State at the Tremont House, Boston. The key-note of the meeting was struck by Rev. Jonas B. Clarke '39, who, in a vigorous speech, complained of the inaction of the present board of trustees, and urged the Alumni to some steps toward claiming their rights in the appointing of trustees. He was especially earnest in his appeal for memorial tablets to be placed in the library in honor of the sons of Dartmouth who served in the Rebellion. After long and earnest discussion, action in regard to the attitude to be taken by the Alumni of Massachusetts in the matter of appointing a successor to Judge Nesmith on the board of trustees was deferred until the next meeting, on the first Saturday in June, when a large attendance and a plain statement of opinions will be the order of the day.

Messrs. Hudson '59, Farnham '37, and Quint '87 were appointed by President Paul '78 a committee to communicate to the president of the Senior class the following:

That it is the sentiment of this meeting that the action of the Senior class in doing away with the graduating exercises is unwise.

On motion of Rev. Howard F. Hill '67, of Amesbury, the following telegram was sent to the daughter of Judge Nesmith:

The Dartmouth Lunch Club affectionately remember the genial presence, the kindly memory, and loyal service of your late father, to the college.

'20. George Washington Nesmith, who died at his home at Franklin, May 2, was in his eighty-ninth year, having been born at Antrim, October 23, 1800. He was of pure Scotch-Irish descent, while his grandfather was one of the New Hampshire soldiers at Bunker Hill, and his father was a leading citizen of Antrim. One of his earliest teachers was Miss Anstress Woodbury, a sister of Hon. Levi Woodbury '09. Two years after graduating from college he began the study of law with Parker Noyes 1796, at Franklin (as it was afterwards called), and in August, 1825, was admitted to the bar, and at the same time to equal partnership with Mr. Noyes. His practice soon brought him a good income. He drew the charter of Franklin, and gave the town its name in 1828, when it was formed from the towns of Northfield, Sanbornton, Andover, and Salisbury. He was elected to the legislature in 1830, at the time this question of the union of the towns was in hot debate, and was reelected from there until 1847, with the exception of a few years, and again reelected in 1854, 1871, and 1872. In 1850 and 1851 he was a member of the constitutional convention. From the first he took advanced grounds on the subject of extending the system of railroads through the state and in granting to them the right of way, which was for a long time bitterly contested. He was one of the projectors of the

Northern Railroad, and has been actively interested in its management since its organization in 1845, having been a director on every board, and for eight years president of the corporation. It was due to his influence that the road was built through Franklin instead of up the Blackwater river through Salisbury. In 1852 and 1853 he became interested in manufacturing in Franklin, and was an owner and director in the woollen factory destroyed by fire in 1858. December 31, 1859, he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme judicial court, which place he occupied until October, 1870, when, having reached the age of seventy, he was retired. He was one of the founders of the Orphans' Home at the old Webster place in 1871, and ever since has been president of the organization, and its most interested and influential supporter. Judge Nesmith's political career was devoted to the Whig and Republican parties. He was one of the controlling spirits of the old Whig party, which he represented upon the electoral ticket in the Harrison campaign of 1840. He was also among the fathers of the Republican party, and was chosen one of the electors to cast the vote of the state for Harrison in 1888. He was elected a trustee of the State Agricultural college in 1871, and has been president of the board since 1877. He has been a trustee of Dartmouth since 1858. The college has never had a more loyal and devoted son, or one who has given more time to her advancement, or exerted greater influence in shaping her policy. Judge Nesmith was married in 1826 to Miss Mary M. Brooks, and several children were born to them. It was said of Judge Nesmith's legal career, that he closed more lawsuits and settled more litigation than any other lawyer in the state. His intimacy with Webster was one of his most pleasant recollections, and he has long been quoted in matters relating to the history of the great expounder. His death will be deeply deplored, for his honorable life, his high principles, his kindly friendship, his ripe scholarship, and his courteous disposition had won for him both respect and esteem throughout the state.

'20. Rev. David Goodwillie, D. D., of Vienna, O., is the only survivor of the class. Mr. Goodwillie was born at Barnet, Vt., August 28, 1802.

'30 Med. Coll. Benjamin Woodman died recently at his home at Hampstead. He was eighty-eight years of age. He was an ex-representative in the legislature from Strafford.

'40. Rev. Harry Brickett resigned his pastorate at Thetford, Vt., April 1, the end of his eighth year there.

'41. Hon. G. G. Hubbard recently made a vigorous argument before the Judiciary Committee of the house against the International Copyright Bill.

'42. Dr. J. Baxter Upham, of New York, has assigned.

'43. Hon. L. D. Stevens has been chosen by the Commercial Club of Concord to look into the advisability of publishing a new history of that city.

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint was re-elected moderator for the next three months at the last meeting of the Ministers' Club in Pilgrim Hall, Boston.

'48. Col. William Badger, of Belmont, will soon sail for a year's pleasure tour in Europe.

'49. Hon. Stephen M. Crosby attended the reunion of the Massachusetts senate of 1870.

'50 Med. Coll. Albert Alonzo Moulton, of Tilton, died recently. He was formerly a very prominent physician. He was a surgeon in the Fourth N. H. Volunteers during the war. He leaves no family.

'53. Prof. C. A. Young will come to Hanover, June 1, with his family to spend the summer.

'56. Hon. B. F. Prescott is president of the Provident Mutual Relief Association.

'56 Med. Coll. Hon. G. P. Conn, of Concord, president of the New Hampshire Board of Health, read a paper at the annual session of the Association of Railway Surgeons in the United States, held in St. Louis.

'57. Hon. S. E. Pingree, of Hartford, Vt., is a director of the Cardiff Coal and Iron Co., of Cardiff, Tenn.

'58. Rev. S. C. Beane, of Newburyport, Mass., will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at Proctor academy, Andover.

'58. W. L. Thompson, of Lawrence, Mass., will be Memorial Day orator at Whitefield.

'59. Benjamin Lovering Pease died recently at his home in Chicago. He was a native of Meredith, and was fifty-five years of age. He read law in Manchester.

'59. Rev. Frederick S. Fisher, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has accepted a call to the Episcopal church at Deposit, N. Y.

'59. Hon. John F. Colby, of Boston, will preside at the triennial reunion of the Alumni of McCullom Institute at Mount Vernon. Hon. G. A. Marden '61 will be orator.

'60. Rev. Arthur Little will deliver an address Commencement week at the University of Vermont.

'60. Ira G. Hoitt, of San Francisco, is Superintendent of Public Instruction in California.

'61. Rev. H. P. Page, of Centre Harbor, who has been supplying the Congregational church at Canterbury the past winter, has been engaged for a year.

'63. Hon. Wilder L. Burnap is prominently mentioned as candidate for state auditor of Vermont.

'63. Hon. Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, will spend the summer in Europe.

'64. Hon. Eugene Lewis, of Moline, Ill., has a letter on the "Pardoning Power" in the *March Century*.

'64. John H. Albin is mentioned as one of the largest tax-payers of Henniker.

'65. Algernon Benton Baldwin died recently at his home in Chicago. He was a native of Hancock, and was fifty years of age. He graduated at the Albany Law School in 1868.

'66 Med. Coll. O. B. Way is a delegate-elect from the Claremont district to the Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist church.

'67. A recent number of the *Twentieth Century Review* contains a portrait and sketch of the life of F. G. Mather, who is so well known as a newspaper editor and a contributor to magazine literature.

'67 Med. Coll. H. P. Watson recently delivered a lecture in the Lyceum course at Haverhill academy, on Patrick Henry in the American Revolution.

'71. E. G. Leach has been elected a director of the New Hampshire Cattle Company.

'71 C. S. S. Charles G. Johnson is president of the Northwestern Loan and Trust Co., of St. Paul.

'71 Agr. Coll. William P. Ballard, of Concord, has been appointed to the Board of Examiners for the State Agricultural college.

'72. Hon. George Fred Williams, of Boston, has gone to Old Point Comfort on account of a throat trouble.

'72. C. H. Sawyer is editor and proprietor of the *Tri-County News*, published at Peattsville, Kan. Mr. Sawyer also carries on an extensive real estate and loan business.

'72. Henry D. Pierce has moved from Toledo to Oak Park, Ill. He has charge of the Chicago Marble Company.

'72 Med. Coll. W. D. Aldrich has been elected supervisor of the town of Warrensburgh, N. Y.

'73. William Guthrie, a well known lawyer of Albany, N. Y., died April 16. He was born in Iowa thirty-nine years ago. He graduated at the Albany Law School in 1880, and practised his profession in San Francisco until he moved to Albany.

'73. Rev. F. E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, is attending a series of conventions in the Western states. Large and enthusiastic meetings have been held in Omaha, Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Los Angeles.

'74. Rev. N. T. Dyer, of Dighton, has received a call from the Second Congregational church of Medfield, Mass.

'74. Rev. A. F. Newton, of Marlboro, Mass., will be orator at Harvard Memorial Day.

'74. Prof. Scott has bought a house on College street, which he will move into soon.

'74. W. E. Petrie is in Union Theological Seminary.

'76. Herbert J. Barton is principal of the high school at Normal, Ill.

'77. John W. Willis is a member of the firm of Willis & Nelson, attorneys and counsellors at law, St. Paul. Address: N. Y. Life Insurance Building, Room 509.

'78. Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, editor of *Zion's Herald*,—a paper which, by the way under its present management, has leaped into the front ranks of scholarly, progressive, and spiritually stimulating religious journalism,—made a tour of the South not long ago, and on his return complied with an invitation to deliver an address on the race problem before the Congregational ministers at their Monday morning assemblage in Pilgrim Hall. His attitude was both stern in rebuke of outrages committed by white upon black men, and broad, sympathetic, and charitable in appreciation of the circumstances which explain, while they do not excuse, these outrages. Dr. Parkhurst's picture of negro ignorance and immorality was frightful; but his account of what mission schools are accomplishing was hopeful.—*Christian Union*.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton, of Hopkinton, has presented an organ to the Congregational society of that place.

'78 C. S. S. J. C. Kingman is secretary of the Cedar Falls Paper Co., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

'78. Amos H. Carpenter has been admitted to the bar in New York city.

'78 C. S. S. C. E. Cloud is engaged in the real estate and insurance business at 160 Rockaway Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

'80. Dr. F. F. Smith is practising in St. Augustine, Fla., and is a member of the Florida State Board of Medical Examiners.

'80. Hon. W. E. Barrett addressed a recent meeting of the New England Paper Trade Association on the Southern problem.

'80. E. G. Moore is teaching German in a Catholic school at Garden City, Long Island.

'80. C. H. Stout is principal of St. Luke's school, Bustleton, Penn.

'81. Rev. G. W. Patterson, who has moved to Hanover, preached in the college church April 27.

'81. Rev. James E. Odlin, pastor of the Congregational church at Goffstown, has tendered his resignation to take effect July 1. He was installed as pastor of the church July 1, 1886.

'82. M. L. Sanborn is attorney and counsellor at law, 27 Tremont Row, Boston.

'82. Hon. Seth P. Smith was elected president of the New England Association of Theta Delta Chi at the recent annual meeting in Boston.

'82 C. S. S. J. N. Drew is manager of the Carson French Machine Co., 21 Hamilton St., Boston, Mass.

'83. H. A. Drew, of Lincoln, Neb., is visiting at his old home, Colebrook.

'83. Burt Chellis is engaged in extensive building operations at Claremont.

'84. C. O. Thurston was married recently to Miss Bertha A. Brown, of Newport. Address: Kingston, Penn.

'84. Rev. Thomas Bakes has resigned from St. Andrew's church in Lowell, Mass., on account of his health, and will go to a different climate. He has been called to Omaha, Neb., to be assistant to the bishop.

'85. Richard Hovey is in New York, fitting for the stage.

'86. J. G. Thompson, principal of the Southboro (Mass.) high school, has been elected superintendent for one year of a new school-district, comprising the towns of Shrewsbury, Northboro, Southboro, and Berlin.

'86. William L. Quimby, recently of Chattanooga, Tenn., has entered into partnership with Hon. H. C. Ide '66, in law business at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'86. K. H. Goodwin has entered the employ of a publishing house in Chicago.

'86. J. W. Knapp is travelling for a New York business firm.

'86. F. T. Vaughan is studying law with Hon. Ira Colby '57, at Claremont.

'87. F. P. Cleaver is professor of elocution at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

'87. W. P. Buckley, of Littleton, will complete his law studies in the office of Bingham, Mitchell & Fletcher.

'88. Hall has recently had three articles in the *Christian Union* on "New England Factory Life."

'88. Watkins and Walker have gone into the real estate business at Cardiff, Tenn.

'88. Pattee has been appointed Census Enumerator.

'88. Stokes is studying law in Denver, Col. Address: Essex Building, Lawrence St.

'89. Blair has been in Hanover for a few days.

'89. Philbrick is in the Boston & Maine railroad offices in Boston. Residence, Summer St., Malden.

T H E

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 9.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE MAN FROM HANOVER.

Nearly coincident with the publication of this magazine the Man from Hanover will make his appearance at the gates of the city. His Seniority has given him wisdom, and he knows something of the battle he is to wage. He knows of that outer wall of prejudice against youth in the serious matters of life that surrounds the town; that this rampart must be passed first of all. Here he will find two methods open to him. He may either stand boldly forth and ply his battering-ram against the hard barrier, or he may steal over the wall at some unprotected spot and gain the inside by reason of his acuteness. The first method creates an uproar, and makes the world look at him; the second is less glorious, but is also at less cost of muscle and nerve force. And then, once inside, the Man from Hanover knows of the wanderings he must make through the streets by day and by night; the Juggernaut car of the law, whose wheels he must stay while he clammers on rather than falls before; the printing-presses he must make silent, that the editor may listen to his demand for opportunity to illumine the world; the stock-tickers he must still, long enough for him to get the rudiments of Napoleonic financiering; the theological debates he must quench, while the church listens to his plea;—in a word, he has heard before now of the difficulties

that are to be overcome before he can gain a foothold in the professions that abound in the city he has come from the green valley of the Connecticut to conquer. His roll of Latin-inscribed sheepskin is not a magic wand, he himself is not a Prince Charming, and the way to fame is over stony roads, and through jostling crowds every man of which is filled with the rough instinct of self-preservation. All these things the Senior knows by heart; he would intuitively feel them even though they were not dinned into his ears at every Commencement time. But the question that is instantly suggested by this train of thought is not quite so self-evident. It is this: What are the qualifications of the Man from Hanover to begin the battle and win what he desires?

In the first place, it may be said, in a general way, that he will come down from his *Alma Mater* with a sound body. The west wind that blows from over the Norwich hills has been always laden with health and vigor; the uncompromising cold of winter has been an annual tonic to every fibre of the system; the inconveniences that are often the cause of small social rebellions have themselves been masked benefits. The sun, the sky, the out-of-door rusticity of the place, have been all along building up an energetic physique. Dissipation has not sapped the body; the thing in its true form is not known up there on the Connecticut. Our Senior may fondly believe that at times he has been a very wild fellow indeed; he will live to smile at himself, perhaps to wish himself as clean as in those days when he seemed to be so "rough, and dev'lish sly." Nor has his mind—thank Heaven—become *blasé*, and filled with a dreary pity for the nobler and higher efforts of life. Prof. Wentworth, of Exeter, that splendid mathematician and brusque man of affairs, once said to me,—“What I have especially noticed and admired in Dartmouth men is, the total absence of the feeling that life is not worth living, and that a college Senior has passed through about everything worthy of experience and only blankness is ahead.” This description holds as good for the class of 1890, I am sure, as for any class and all classes. The latest alumnus, then, will begin his work with a healthy body, and a healthy mind as its tenant. The good

old stock from which Dartmouth draws the majority of her sons will prove itself over and over again. As to his moral nature, not much need be said just at this time. I am speaking of bread-winning now; and if a man has a conscience, and uses it with a tolerable perspective of what is due to his environs, he need not fear as to what effect his views on the hereafter will have upon his rise in the world. I would hesitate to recommend for almost any position a man whose morality was so intense as to monopolize all his mental activities. We have all seen him. But the Dartmouth man, I sincerely believe, will bear an average comparison with any for honesty and a good healthy perception of what is demanded from him, and what he ought to get in return. There are no valid reasons, so far as his college is concerned, why he should be a knave; there are a great many why he should not.

But what of the intellect of the Man from Hanover, and his power to use it? What has his college done for him in getting him ready to grapple with the problems of the world in which he finds himself, to have a clear perception of cause and effect, and to become master of events to a limited human extent? This question and its answer are all in all. A man may be a physical splendor and a mental apology, a moral saint and a grievous intellectual sinner. I remember well my first feeling of exultation, on leaving college and getting into my work, on finding that there were no more measuring machines to go under in order to determine how near the rear of a procession I was to be placed; I was glad to find that the only measurement at all in use was to ascertain the size of that small, though somewhat important, region along the top of the skull; that if Six Feet was found deficient, Five and a Half Feet marched ahead of him with the full consent of everybody.

The mind of the Man from Hanover may be primarily described as having "momentum." It will go out against the surrounding facts of life with a good degree of energy and intensity of purpose. Just why this is so has not always logically appeared; but the fact has been accepted in the past, and holds true to-day.

“Dartmouth spirit” is not a meaningless coinage; it has always stood for a directness and a sincerity of purpose that have made themselves felt everywhere. Perhaps it is breathed in with the New Hampshire air; perhaps it steals out from those grim old class-room walls; or perhaps it is due to the quality of mental training that comes from over those unsightly desks, before which we have all stood as before a bar of justice. In addition, the average Man from Hanover will come to his task with the knowledge that he must do his own rough-hewing without the golden smile of Dame Fortune at such an early stage of the game,—an impetus of necessity, but a very good one for all that, in starting a young fellow in his career; and in the case of our Senior, it will fill him with the desire to deal some sledge-hammer blows at the destiny he has set about carving. This feature of his make-up he should try to repress somewhat. The Dartmouth man lacks *savoir faire*, to use a much maltreated, but exactly appropriate, phrase. Whatever virtues that “loveliest village of the plain” possesses, she does not teach her temporary children the finer and subtler touches that would do so much at the outset, and which must be learned eventually for complete success. There are various little social amenities which the student has not dreamed of in his Hanoverian philosophy. He will need them as truly as he will need that restless energy and vigorous mentality of his. He cannot always forge thunderbolts.

But with all its energetic moving force and ability to overcome obstacles, the mind of the Man from Hanover is certainly lacking in one respect: it has not the power of making new roads: on the old lines it is wholly capable, but it does not explore. The average Dartmouth man is not original. He makes a thoroughly good teacher; he is a competent lawyer; he solidly adorns the pulpit; he is beginning to appear as a newspaper man; but all these things he does mainly as they have been done. So we find no Dartmouth poets, no novelists, no free-thinkers (in the best sense, of course), no great inventors or scientific discoverers. Dartmouth has founded no cults, no theologies, and her younger men seem no more likely to help do so than the older ones. This

lack, it seems to me,—and the discovery is not mine,—is partly traceable to the methods of instruction in the college. Spite of faculty disclaimers, which we have all heard from time to time, freedom of thought—or better, perhaps, freedom of its expression—is not very warmly received at Hanover. Of course in mathematics and the other exact sciences this is neither expected nor desired; a sublime faith in Euclid and Hardy is just as conducive to correct thinking, as any attempts to prove that what they say is untrue. But in other branches, like political economy, history, psychology, and that minute, but pungent, smattering of theology which the senior class enjoys each year, it is not possible to go alone. The marking system steps up and tells you that although you may advance protection ideas while studying a free-trade book, your rank will suffer in the ratio of your ability to present your views; that you may look askance at certain psychological assertions if you choose, but must prepare for the reflex action on your marks; that you may even dare to doubt some of the learned Dr. Hopkins's opinions, but beware the Ides of Commencement! In one or two class-rooms there are shining exceptions to this condition of things, and I recall them with positive gratitude. That the general tendency, however, is as I have said, few Dartmouth men will deny. This can by no means prevent the success of the Man from Hanover; but the perfect college method should allow freedom without license, and should weave its bonds quietly of silk, not forge them noisily of steel. The world will be quick to feel the difference.

W. D. Quint.

NICOLAI GOGOL.

The literary world has been rocked with praises or criticisms of Tourguénief and Tolstoï. These masters have assumed the leadership of modern fiction. During the last five years they have been all the rage, while Gogol and Dostoyevsky have lingered in comparative obscurity. *Anna Karèнина*, *Virgin Soil*, *War and Peace*, *Fathers and Sons*, have been translated and translated, commented on, criticized, lauded, while *Crime and Punishment*, with its dense background of horror no novel has ever surpassed, and *Tarass Bulba*, which Guizot calls the only modern epic worthy the name, have lain almost forgotten on the shelves of the bookseller.

To those who have only contempt for Gautier's maxim, "*L'art pour l'art*," the first of Russia's great writers was Nicolai Gogol. He was a Ukraine Cossack, but two removes from the last of the Polish wars: to a Russian this accounts for his peculiarities. His is a melancholy story, one of the saddest in literature. A thoughtful, religiously inclined man, his early hardships and association with a fanatic artist in Rome caused him to go to wild extremes of self-mortification. But he fulfilled his mission. He had satirized the bureaucracy that sits like a nightmare on Russia's breast. He had exposed one of the many dark sides of Russia's "peculiar institutions." He had disclosed to public gaze much folk-lore of Little Russia. Some say his powers, weakened by ascetic severity, were waning, and mayhap it is well he died, while, to the public, his abilities were at their zenith. He is the acknowledged leader, in point of date at least, in the Russian branch of the path of realism. The humorous portions of Gogol's works were written, as a relief, while the morbid gloom of the Russians mind was settling in ever deepening intensity on the author's soul. Story-telling was Gogol's forte. In *Old-Fashioned Farmers* he reached the height of the art. None but a master could make interesting the barrenness of the narrative, painful in its minuteness of detail.

Nicholas reigned absolute; the Decembrists were crushed.

Years of mental torpor settled on Russia. The times demanded a protester. He came. Nicolai Gogol was the unflinching protester, the stern denouncer of the Russian aristocracy, with its brutishness thinly veneered with Western culture. Down came a whirlwind of wrath. The ridiculed feared their merciless critic, and swooped down upon him; but in spite of its satire Nicholas was pleased with *The Revisor*, and, it is said, laughed till the tears ran. For once the bureaucrats were thwarted. Gogol's experience of one year in a government office soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg furnished him with material for his tales of *tchinovnik* life, including this comedy and a tale, *Le Manteau*. Akakia Akakievitch was a *tchinovnik* perennially occupied in copying documents in a neat hand, who, like the rest of his class, vegetated through existence. His scanty wage was not enough to enable him to provide himself with a sufficiency of fuel, and he wore day and night a cloak that in the course of time boasted more patches and colors than Joseph's. Akakia's sole ambition was to purchase another cloak. For this he scrimped, scraped, and starved. At last he is enabled to obtain the coveted mantle. He lays it at the foot of his bed when he retires, still wearing the old one, and awakes to find it gone. After this there is no joy in life for the old man, and he fades away. The theme gives Gogol chance to represent the utter barrenness of *tchinovnik* life.

Of all Gogol's works, Poushkin most admired *On the Nevsky Prospect*. Pieskareff, walking on the Nevsky Prospect, meets a beautiful woman whose acquaintance he makes. Learning the shameful story of her life, he is filled with a desire to reclaim her, and to this end marries her only to find out too late that his idol is viler than the commonest clay. He commits suicide. The powerful portrayal of Pieskareff's mental agonies, and the magical descriptions of winter in St. Petersburg, are what charmed Poushkin.

The height of his attainments in the line of beauty Gogol reached in *Tarass Bulba*, one of the series of tales descriptive of Little-Russian life, entitled *Evenings in a Farm-house near Dikanka*. The two sons of Tarass, Ostap and André, come home from the Kiev seminary, and instead of welcoming them, rough

old Tarass ridicules their academic garb till he makes Ostap furiously angry, and the latter threatens to thrash him though he be his father. Tarass accepts the challenge, and father and son begin to pummel each other. Tarass is so pleased with his sons that he determines to take them next morning to the *syetch* for enlistment. The mother, who is heart-hungry for her children, protests, and is rudely told to let men's affairs alone. Arrived at the camp, they find an expedition against Dubno on the tapis. In this town dwells the girl with whom the collegian André fell in love at Kiev. For her he deserts everything, and goes over to the Poles. In the thick of battle he meets his father.

“And he saw before him nothing, nothing but the terrific figure of his father. ‘Well, what are we to do now?’ said Tarass, looking him full in the face. ‘To betray thy faith! to betray thy brother! Dismount from thy horse, traitor! Stand! do not move!’ cried Tarass. ‘I gave thee life; I slay thee!’ André’s face was deadly pale. His lips moved slowly as he uttered some name, but it was not the name of his mother, country, or kin; it was the name of the beautiful Polish girl. Tarass fired. His manly face, but now full of power and a fascination which no woman could resist, still retained its marvellous beauty, and his black eyebrows seemed to heighten the pallor of his features. ‘What a Cossack he might have been,’ murmured Tarass; ‘so tall his stature, so black his eyebrows, with the countenance of a noble, and an arm strong in battle!’”

Soon afterwards Bulba and Ostap are surprised by a party of Poles. Bulba escapes, but Ostap is made prisoner, carried off to Warsaw, and condemned to die.

“‘O my son Ostap! O Ostap, my son!’ Bright and wide rolled the Black sea at his feet. The gulls shrieked around him while he sat motionless, his white hairs glistening like silver, and the great tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks.”

Tarass cannot endure it, and in company with a Jew, Yankel, disguised, makes his way to Warsaw, where he finds Ostap on the scaffold, and the latter, dismayed at the sea of hostile faces, cries out,—

“‘O my father! where art thou? Dost thou see?’ ‘I see, my son!’ resounded through the dead silence, and all the thousands trembled at that voice.”

In the story of André’s love for the fair Polish girl are many dainty touches that leave a sweet memory in the reader’s mind. The vivid pictures of the struggle of *Audié* between love and duty are marvellous.

In the days of serfdom proprietors paid a head-tax on their serfs, the number being that returned by the preceding census. On this fact hinges the plot of *Dead Souls*. One Tchitchikoff, hitting on the idea that proprietors would gladly sell the names of their dead *souls* (*souls* is Russian for serfs), thus avoiding paying the tax, goes about the country buying these names with intent to borrow money on them, and with it buy real lands and serfs. This gives Gogol opportunity to depict the social condition of various portions of the empire. Said Poushkin, after perusal, “Great God! I did not dream Russia was such a dark country.” Gogol’s works are by no means entirely objective, and this one, written in Italy, is especially marked with the author’s personality. Gogol’s love for Russia never waned. Every chapter speaks of it.

“Russia! Russia! My thoughts turn to thee from my wondrous, beautiful, foreign home. Nature has been unlavish in her gifts to thee. No grand views to cheer the eye or inspire the soul with awe! no many-windowed cities, with their lofty palaces planted on precipices, embowered in groves and ivy that cling to the walls amidst the eternal roar of waterfalls! No traveller turns back to gaze on huge masses of mountain granite that tower in endless succession above and around him. All with thee is open, level, and monotonous. And yet, what is this force which attracts me to thee? Why are mine ears filled with the sounds of thy sad songs as they are wafted along thy valleys and huge plains? What are those melancholy notes that lull, but pierce the heart and enslave the soul? Russia, what is it thou wouldst with me? I feel my thoughts benumbed and mute in presence of thy vast expanse. What does that indefinable, unbounded expanse fore-

tell? And threateningly the mighty expanse surrounds me, reflecting its terrible strength within my soul of souls, and illumining my sight with unearthly power. What a bright, marvellous, weird expanse !”

In *Dead Souls* and *The Revisor* Gogol dealt sturdy blows against two great Russian evils,—serfdom and the official corruption with which the country is honeycombed. In the second part of *Dead Souls* he intended to depict an ideal Russia ; but the hand directed by a mind enfeebled by fasting and mortifications burned the manuscript, and there was left to the world merely an incomplete copy, from which it is impossible to judge what would have been the completed work.

It were well for the reader whose mind revels in the majestic beauty, the wondrous pathos, of *Tarass Bulba*, to think of the tortured spirit that opened the gates of realism in Russia, that prepared the nations for a hearing of the mouthpiece of the religion of submission.

It were well for the reader who rejoices that there was one man in *Dead Souls* and *The Revisor* to prick the festering sores of the Russian body politic, to pause and meditate on the sad career of Nicolai Gogol ; to drop a tear to the memory of the saintly man and patriot who in his last hours prayed that his works might perish from the earth as “the products of a pitiable vanity before I had learned the true mission of man ;” whose last lines were, “I have studied life as it really is, not in dreams of the imagination : and thus I have come to a conception of Him who is the source of all life.”

Barron Shirley.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY ORATORY.

To make high claims for early New England oratory may seem ludicrous, yet the impartial student of our pre-revolutionary history will, unless a dullard, discover flashings of genius worthy of extended notice and praise.

Not to advance premises to be bolstered up by hook or by crook, but briefly to review the oratorical pretensions and accomplishments of our fathers of three and four generations ago, is the object of this paper. At the outset we are confronted by the query, What of the men, what of their environments, to what extent are we their debtors? No loyal New Englander has read, or will ever read, the story of the *Mayflower* and its sequel without his heart's firing anew, and himself being made a truer patriot and better citizen.

The people of the West and South, fearful for the realization of their own ambitious dreams, find a selfish pleasure in calling their cousins of New England "proud and jealous." Be it so! We are the descendants of no mean ancestry. If we are proud of our history and of our influence, it is a pardonable pride. If we are jealous of our reputation and power, we have reasons for being so. Who shall estimate what percentage of Western thrift and enterprise is due to New England influence? To her the Western states are largely indebted for their best blood, their institutions, their ideals of liberty.

What moulding influence environment had with the American colonists is an open question; but, undoubtedly, the old saw, that "They who change their skies do not change their dispositions," is as true now as in Horace's day. Yet the landing on an inhospitable shore of those one hundred and one pilgrims, exiles for conscience's sake, the consciousness of being surrounded by savages whose dark hearts were lighted by no ray of human sympathy, that terrible first winter, and the subsequent oppression of the mother country, made impressions not to be forgotten in one gen-

eration. If the occasion discovers the orator, and his ability is judged by the effect his words produced, we can little doubt that many eloquent discourses, scorning the narrow limits of a log auditorium, echoed in the surrounding forest.

However, our knowledge in this direction is largely traditional. Not considering crises, which afterwards pass into history as epochs, it must be conceded that principle and convictions play an important part in the oratorical productions of any people. Speaking of the Puritans, Professor Richardson says,—“They gave up lesser pleasures for the great inward joy of self-surrender to the right, as they understood it.” Principle, if by principle we mean the standing by one’s convictions, was well-nigh inherent with this pious people. “We are the chosen; to us alone are the oracles of the Almighty delivered” was the boast of early New Englanders,—a narrow conception of the Creator’s magnanimity, yet one which developed no mean type of manhood.

Outside the ministry, education, as that term is generally used, was very limited; but no family was without a Bible or a wonderful knowledge of its contents. Doubts of its canonicity, or the proportion of inspired or uninspired passages, troubled them not in the least. All was inspired, the veritable “Thus saith the Lord.” Not only was the Bible read and studied, but much of its contents was committed, and its phraseology was continually in the mouths of priest and parishioner. The spirit of its teachings permeated every sphere, private and public. When we remember that in all literature critics find nothing equalling the Scriptures in pathos and eloquence, we can in a measure imagine what an influence they must have had on this isolated, deeply religious people. Every sermon, every prayer-meeting harangue, was, to a degree, imaginative, eloquent, persuasive, and, in the same degree, oratorical. Even now, among our more fanatical religious denominations, there are the same manifestations. Who has attended a camp-meeting and not had his soul stirred by the impromptu efforts of an ungainly farmer or of an unlettered woman! Many unsung benefactors, for the most part illiterate save in a knowledge of Holy Writ, yet competent to instruct nobles in the finer

qualities of civilization, have given a moulding touch to New England history.

Because of the tendencies of the times, the young men of education and promise chose the church: as a result many of the first ministers were but a short time since academicians in Oxford or Cambridge. Although they were men of wide learning and superior mental calibre, their attainments did not affect their faith or their creed. Then there were no Andover controversies, and few are the instances where clergymen were arraigned for heresy. To the great majority, hell and heaven were literal truths. Now would the preacher describe, in tone and gesture most rapturous, that heaven in the skies, and again, perhaps in the same discourse, harrow the soul with a picturing of the unspeakable horrors of a hell in the nether somewhere. The problems of life and death had for him an awful import.

This much may be considered characteristic of all early New England preaching. But if we wish to go into details and trace individual lives, we learn comparatively little for a certainty. There are, however, a few marked exceptions. The work and influence of the Mathers, Edwardses, Dwights are treated of at length in the meagre literature of the times. Who can read one of the preserved discourses of Jonathan Edwards, the pages disfigured by theological nomenclature as they are, without feeling that he stands in the presence of a master mind! Through these few scholarly addresses the author seemed to say,—I come with a message and in a strength not my own. The Almighty hath given me knowledge of mysteries, and I cannot hold my peace.

Were these men not orators in the truest sense, who were so intensely earnest, and who for two centuries exerted a wonderful influence, largely through the medium of the pulpit? Did they not have a handicap over modern preachers, not one in ten of whom can give an intelligent statement of his own belief, and much less vouch for that of his congregation? The Puritan preacher discoursed of spirit and of matter, of the now and 'of the "to be," and had enthusiastic auditors. To meet the degenerate standard of to-day, the preacher must carry about him an encyclo-

pædia of current knowledge from which to make weekly deals, casting in withal a few proverbs on morality for tradition's sake. There is a tacit understanding between him and his congregation, and each party knows when the bounds are transgressed. From the very circumstances, other things being equal, the old time divine must have been the less trammelled, the more effective speaker, and so the greater orator.

But public men were not limited in their choice of a profession to the ministry alone. The religious element in Puritanism dominated during the first century and a quarter, but when the breach between the colonies and the mother country had sufficiently widened, the sterner political element manifested itself. To what extent the religious element has made America what she is, we cannot say: the political is more tangible. England might scorn a few long-winded, bigoted fanatics, organized into an ecclesiastical body, but when these same fanatics spoke of inalienable rights and civil polity, she could but hear. The observation, that the occasion which brought to the front New England's galaxy of brilliant orators is unparalleled in history, is almost a commonplace, but none the less true. What praise is there when an Athens or a Rome, itself the highest type of contemporary civilization, repels barbarian hordes? Nor can the pre-revolutionary epochs be compared with that pending the abolition of slavery, for it is human to fight harder for one's own liberties and to wax more eloquent over them than over those of another. It was New England that made the initiatory move for a colonial congress. It was in New England that the tyrannical measures of George III were most fearlessly denounced, and the first blood of that fearful struggle was spilled. What nerved a mere handful of settlers to stand against the most powerful and civilized nation of the world,—what brought about results so glorious? The exigencies of the times! But what are times and exigencies without the masterly interpreters which they invariably produce? The exigencies of 1775 gave us Adams, Otis, Quincy, and Warren, than whom the world has not produced greater patriots.

Without the earnest, godly preachers of 1620 we could not have

had the political pilots of 1775 ; and these, in turn, were exemplars for Webster and Sumner. Without that organization, Puritanism, of which they were the product and champions, which unloosed the tongue and steeled the arm, it is highly probable that we, as an independent nation, would not exist. A time may come when, with greater emergencies, greater and more eloquent men will mount the bema, but certain it is that for results destined to be felt for ages to come, early New England public speakers have few peers in history.

W. C. Belknap.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FATHER JEROME.

Long ago, in one of those years whose date is so difficult to remember that no one ever attempts it, there stood in southern Italy the rich and famous monastery of the Four Evangelists. For many years had the country rung with the piety of its monks ; far and near had gone the news of the miraculous cures wrought by its holy relics, and throngs of pilgrims had come from distant lands to worship at its shrine.

As the years rolled on the monastery prospered in material things as well. Grateful persons, who had been cured at its altar, gave it bountiful alms ; the nobles and princes of the district, proud of its reputation, and wishing to make their future welfare secure, showered upon it lands and gold in profusion ; and one day the monastery awoke to find itself the richest land-owner in all Italy. From its great gates stretched away acre after acre, groaning with the abundance of their harvests. Broad pasture lands supported flocks and herds that rivalled those of Abraham in number and condition, while the hillsides beyond the intervalles were fairly purple from the great bunches of grapes whose rich juice would soon be stored away in the deep-groined wine cellars of the fathers, the contents of which alone were worth an earl's ransom.

Laid away in the treasury of the monastery were cups and chalices of purest gold; on its altar gleamed jewels, ravished from the crowns of Eastern kings; and garments of the finest silk clothed the holy images of its four patrons.

“When riches come in at the door, holiness flies out at the window.” With their increased wealth the brethren had grown sadly deficient in those acts of piety which in its earlier days had rendered the monastery famous in the land. No more was the sharp whistle of the lash heard at midnight, as some penitent scourged himself in travail of spirit: instead, the popping of corks sounded through the long corridors as the monks grew merry in the evening; and the rich harmonies, that came floating out on the night air to be borne to the ears of the country-people resting from their labor, were more often the strains of some wild drinking-song than the notes of praise and thanksgiving that of old had swelled in beauty along the stately nave of the chapel. Surely the monastery of the Four Evangelists was in a bad way.

One morning, or, speaking more correctly, noon, when the brother appointed for the task went to waken the abbot, he found him stiff and cold in his bed. On the carved stand by the bedside was a half-emptied bottle of wine that the poor old abbot would never finish, and on the foot of the bed a new gown, woven of the finest stuff from the looms of Flanders, that the abbot would never don. He was dead, and the monks mourned him sincerely. The splashing of the great fountain in the courtyard seemed to be but the repetition of their sobs as they laid him away, with a suitable inscription, among his predecessors.

But “speed the parting, welcome the coming guest:” on the next day a knock resounded on the monastery gate, and it was whispered from lip to lip that the new abbot, sent by his holiness the pope, had arrived, and was craving admission. When the gates swung back, they revealed a thin, spare figure, clad in a gown of coarse stuff, and seated on a mule whose thinness rivalled that of its master. “Peace be with you,” said the new arrival. “And with you be peace,” responded the eldest and most rubicund of the monks. “And now to prayer,” said the new abbot.

The brethren shuddered. Such a thing had been unheard of in the monastery of the Four Evangelists for years. There was a look, however, in the eyes of the new master that brooked not contradiction. So off they shuffled, with many a grumble, to the chapel.

That evening, after making sure that Father Jerome, the new abbot, was safely employed at the other end of the building, the monks came together to have a final jollification, and to bid farewell to the old *régime*. Pyramids of bottles, filled with fiery liquors from many lands, covered the table, while great flagons of ale and beer, brought over the seas from England, foamed and frothed as they were handed about from monk to monk. How they drank! How they shouted! How their mellow old voices sang ribald songs, while the sculptured arches rang and echoed in unison!

“Be still!” The new abbot stood in the doorway. In one hand he held a scourge, and in the other a flickering taper, whose light seemed all the dimmer in the glare of the monk’s eyes. At last he spoke; like a lash the stinging words fell among them. He used his voice as if it were a scimeter of polished steel; he made them cringe and double and writhe and plead for his mercy, and, finally, he forbade them, as a penance, the use of wine, in any form whatsoever, for a full year, “not even,” he said, carried away by his fury, “at holy communion.” Then he left them.

That night Father Jerome could not sleep. His conscience troubled him sore: had he committed a sacrilege in forbidding the use of wine at communion? He felt that he had, and he sighed and sobbed as he turned on his narrow bed.

Thud! A knock shook the oaken door from top to bottom: it slowly yielded, and four majestic figures stood in the room. “Rise, follow us, blasphemer!” said a sepulchral voice. Father Jerome rose; the figures advanced and seized him; quickly they bore him from the room; swiftly they carried him down the stairs and across the silent courtyard to where the splashing fountain showered its drops of silver in the moonlight. Then one of them spoke: “We, the Four Evangelists, are about to punish thy presumption against the table of the Lord.”

There was a scream,—a splash.

When the abbot emerged, dripping, from the water, the courtyard was free from any being whatsoever except the abbot's mule, that stood by the fountain, with a placard hanging from his neck on which was written in large letters *Depart!*

The abbot mounted, and slowly rode away from the monastery gate into the beautiful country beyond just as the bell in the great square tower rang out the twelve strokes of midnight.

All but four of the monks gathered at an early hour next day to greet the new master. Great was their surprise when it was told what a miracle had occurred the night before. Orders were given not to disturb four of the monks whose devotions, said the verger, had kept them up late the previous evening.

The next abbot that came, warned by the experience of his predecessor, let things go on in the good old way. But even today, when the beautiful moonlight rests on the old towers and walls, long since fallen to ruin, the peasants will relate, with hushed voices, how the Four Evangelists punished Father Jerome.

Marshall P. Thompson.

THE LEGEND OF BLOOD BROOK.

Blood brook is but one of the many streams having their rise in the Green Mountains, and tributary to the Connecticut. As with the others of its kind, at one time it reflects in its clear waters the beauties of a cloudless sky, and at another, the blackness of the storm. It did glide over the declivity with ecstatic rhythm; but now it shrieks and moans as though it were the medium of restless spirits.

The fertile acres on either side this stream, christened Blood, have yielded their harvests for nearly two centuries, and the stream itself has for as long a time turned the mill-stone; yet, presumably, never has a human eye traced all its winding course or beheld its sparkling source in the far solitude of the mountains. The mapping of the Nile or the Congo is hardly less a conjecture. And whence the origin of this strange nomenclature? Of what

fortune or misfortune is the name of this meandering rivulet or yonder foaming torrent a memorial? A legend, like all legends, the product of aoristic repeatings of a real incident, in its own mythic way, accounts for the christening.

It was in the early days, when Vermont had but the beginnings of a history, that a settlement was made in the vicinity of this brook. Isolated and forgotten by many, these pioneers, drawn thither by conscientious scruples and an illusory El Dorado, have become the revered progenitors of a numerous posterity.

Among the less than twoscore souls of this embryo township there were two between whom came to exist a close and tender intimacy. James Dana and Alice Lamb had met almost daily during the two years of their wild life in the forest.

James, a warm-hearted, patriotic back-woodsman, one of that famous fraternity to which Green Mountain boys point with pride, was a gallant to win the heart of a maiden far less susceptible than Alice. His was the strong arm that felled the forest about the paternal cabin; his the unerring eye that brought down the fleet deer. Did a marauding band of Iroquois become too bold, he was the one chosen to humble their arrogance; and the sublimest instinct of humanity, sympathy for the failings and misfortunes of others, was with him inherent.

Alice, artless and pure, her features like the early dawning, made most winning by a maidenly modesty, was truly a flower of the wilderness, the joy of noble womanhood.

James Dana, impulsive, and quick to appreciate the admirable in even a rough character, was by no means insensible to these graces in a woman. From the day when first they met at the church service he had entertained for her a love real and engrossing. Diffidence, so frequently indicative of true affection, made their first meetings mutually embarrassing; but furtive glances and coy demeanor presently discovered to at least two souls this secret of the heart.

It is the old, old story, a drama in which ever and anon the scene is shifting, yet always the same. Many were the evenings of the long, cold winter passed pleasantly by the blazing log of

the fire-place. After they had played their simple games for the hundredth time, and the evening caller, having told his marvellous tale of the wild-wood, had gone his way into the cold without, they might still have been seen sitting by the smouldering embers.

It was one of those evenings, cold and bleak. The wind, having wrestled in vain with the oak and the pine of the mountain, swept through the valley, dashing the snow against the pane, and causing those within to shudder and thank God for a home. As the fitful gusts came down the spacious flue, provoking the charred log on the andiron to evince a mutual joy by shooting out little tongues of flame whose mellow light made most entrancing the fair face beside him, James Dana vowed fidelity to her whose woman's heart, with a woman's tenderness and fervor, responded to the passionate yearnings of his own.

Soon came pacific spring, when the fleecy guardian of the wild flower is transformed into nurture for its fragrance. Then were these two lovers often seen strolling by that nameless stream, where it glided along its pebbly bed, meandering with gentle ripple through the alluvial fields of the farmers. Often they wondered that not ten poles away its tameness was suddenly transformed to all the foam and fury of a miniature Niagara, truly pantomimic of a lover's vicissitudes.

Thus passed trippingly by those days of the spring. It might seem "that the angels not half so happy in heaven" were envious of their almost more than human affection, for, one day in the early seed-time, a report that Alice Lamb had been captured by a squad of Indians passing from one to another of the farmers with regular accretions caused the wildest confusion. The fact, too, that half the males of the settlement, including Dana, were twenty miles away, enhanced their dismay. However, the available force, both men and boys, armed with guns, axes, clubs, or whatever weapon came first to hand, was quickly mustered; but the pursuit was not long, for by the brook's brink they found, not a captive, but a corpse. Whether she had fallen a victim to the caprice of her captors, or had been maliciously murdered, has never been known. Be that as it may, by a hazel bush, whose roots

were laved in the stream at its side, where she expected the return of the foragers, the fair lover was keeping her last watch. The virgin blood, pure as the heart whence it came, oozing from a deadly wound in the breast, had slowly found its way down the bank to the water, and been hurried on to mingle with the ever-changing sea. The pale form, most lovely in life, yet beautiful in death, in due time was buried in the rude church-yard with simple but touching obsequies.

Time passed apace, and the small Vermont settlement became a respectable village. Each new-comer, before he had been in the place twenty-four hours, was sure to hear the story of "Crazy Jim." This curiosity lived in a small log hut some ways from the village, and was known far and near as a harmless monomaniac. He preferred the society of the dead to that of the living, for he was often seen at a certain unmarked grave in the cemetery, sometimes kneeling as in deep devotion, and, again, mumbling inaudibly as though holding communion with the winds. Who will say what visions of angels soothed his grief! This strange man, the creature of affliction, more and more became an aversion to the good folk of the neighborhood. The youngsters of the street had as lief meet the real Black Man of the Woods as by night to see that bushy hair, those glassy eyes and skinny hands.

But the last scene in this tragic career was soon to be enacted. One raw, cold morning the stiffened body of "Crazy Jim" was found at the much frequented grave. The hands were clasped as in prayer, and the serene expression of the face was at once remarked by the few who remembered the happy years of long ago. With the mere semblance of ceremony, and with never a tear, he was buried by the side of his betrothed; but where that grave is, only the stars above and the wind that bore away the dying whisper know.

This is the legend, the only memorial of a remarkably passionate lover. But to those who understand its language, in mournful accents the little brook is forever telling the pathetic origin of its name.

W. C. Belknap.

THE CHAIR.

We are occupying the Chair for the last time. Soon it will be in readiness for the new occupant, and our possession will be but a memory—a pleasant memory, which will linger long. Many are the associations, many the experiences, of our halcyon college days to be fondly recalled and cherished in the uncertain years to come. Not the least of these—we had almost said the greatest, and perhaps it would not have been so terrible a slip—have been those growing out of our two years' connection with the *LIT.* The friendships of the sanctum have been congenial and helpful; its duties, by no means light, have provided a drill properly estimable only by the initiate himself; the whole editorial man has been developed, he has grown. We think ourselves fortunate above many. Have we at times felt the burden of responsibility a trifle irksome? The task completed has but given the greater satisfaction, and the very revelation of our own limitations has added priceless knowledge to our store.

In presenting to our readers with this number the completed fourth volume of *THE LITERARY MONTHLY* we have neither boast nor apology to offer. Yet it is natural to look backward. We may not have attained the ideal of which we thought and dreamed in our early editorial days, but we seldom attain our ideals: faithful struggle towards the impossible marks the perfection of duty; we are content simply to render an account of a faithful stewardship. Whatever our minor policies and purposes, we have had these two great aims: the one, to represent the literary thought and work of the college, and thereby foster the animating literary spirit; the other, to exalt the worth and fame of dear old Dartmouth. If you, kind reader, judge us successful in this, we are more than satisfied, and are ready to depart and be personally forgotten, remembered only in our slight contribution to the unceasing growth of our beloved Alma Mater.

For some time the Chair has been minded to protest against certain harm done the college by those who should be its best friends. It is almost beyond credence, the number of strange stories respecting the government and affairs of the college that obtain circulation among the alumni and friends of Dartmouth. Some of this misinformation is doubtless due to the unmeaning carelessness of the under-graduate in sending home and elsewhere idle and foolish gossip which has no excuse for being; but the chief source of these circulating false statements is well known. We have endured in silence long enough; there is a limit to our forbearance. In simple justice to the parties offended against, for the sake of a long-suffering college, and in the name of all who have at heart the best interests of Dartmouth, we emphatically condemn the splenetic attacks made by a particular Boston paper upon the management of the college. We voice the sentiment of the under-graduate body when we repudiate the author of these utterances, and all like him, as real friends of the college. It requires no keen judgment to detect the difference between the expression of a petty spite, a despicable personal animosity, and rational criticism; but there are always a few who have not even this discernment. It all affords a marked illustration of the abuse of the power of the press, "a degenerate press," about which we have been hearing so much of late, and which, let us trust, the Dartmouth journalist of the future will do much to reform.

May we have the ear of the wise alumnus for a moment? Loyalty to Dartmouth is his watchword. The enthusiasm which bubbles over in the after-dinner speaking and after-dinner cheering of many a gathering of alumni is equally a manifestation of heartiest loyalty to the college with the still more demonstrative proceedings of the student when celebrating, in the inspiring "Wah-hoo-wah," bell-ringing, or bonfire, the honor and prowess of Dartmouth. For this we are glad. Then let us all join hands in our endeavor to keep Dartmouth in the fore. The under-graduate usually considers pennant-winning as his way of glorifying the college in the eyes of the world; failure, which must come

occasionally, but leads to more determined effort next time ; it is the Dartmouth spirit to keep at it—never to say die. By work the under-graduates prove their loyalty to the college. Now, may we gently remind the alumnus that *work* is what is required of him? Enthusiastic talking and cheering on stated occasions is a splendid thing, but it is not enough : it alone has never won any pennant, and it alone will never materially help the college. Our fellow-alumnus,—for we may anticipate a few flying days and consider ourself one of that innumerable and glorious company that has journeyed forth from these “Groves of the Academy,”—shall we not work unitedly in all ways, and with all our might, for Dartmouth? We need not specify some of the ways of common work ; they will be apparent to every thoughtful alumnus. But we will just hint how not to work indirectly against the interests of the college, when we may think we are working for them. We have a tendency at times, even after our most enthusiastic public demonstrations, to fall into a rut of grumbling and growling. We are not suited, and we complain, find fault. Is not this all wrong? In the first place, as so often happens, our point of view may be a poor one ; we may have been misinformed, our judgment may be hasty, our conclusions erroneous. In the second place, if our knowledge be complete and accurate, and we find that which we must disapprove, it is to be remembered there is a proper method of criticism, a legitimate way of seeking a remedy. “Vain babblings” and “doubtful disputations” are to be shunned. Especially should we guard against the spirit of small criticism. This never constructs ; it is death to any attempt at whole-souled, united effort.

The unusual number of Commencement men this year has led to much discussion of the present system of Commencement'appointments. It is unquestionably a great betterment of the old-time rule, which provided that a third of the class should speak. The principal criticism in recent years has been upon the undesirability of retaining the debate as a feature of the exercises. The Chair does not intend to rehearse the threadbare arguments upon this point ;

but we would suggest what seems to us a decided improvement over the present order, viz., a further reduction of the number of parts, and a longer time limit. Eight speakers, with ten- or twelve-minute speeches, we think would give a much more satisfactory Commencement than twelve speakers with seven-minute speeches. It is the orator himself that chiefly appreciates the value of a little more time, but in this case the audience would unconsciously share in the appreciation. We well understand the desirability of brevity and compactness in all literary effort (editorial experience, at least, has taught us this lesson), and especially in public speaking, but ten minutes is the shortest possible time in which to treat adequately and impressively such subjects as are usually given the Commencement orator. Nowhere outside of college is a discourse less than double this length thought suitable upon formal occasions. If the graduation exercises were simply for the sake of perpetuating an old-time custom, if they were thought a mere matter of form, a necessary evil, it would seem best to abolish them entirely, as has been done in several prominent institutions,— give the Senior his diploma, and let him go. But they are, we believe, still designed to reward marked merit and ability, and to show to all of what the Dartmouth Senior is capable in writing and speaking. Then, why not give him the best possible opportunity for the display of his power? As it is, it has come within our observation that many Commencement men have little enthusiasm over their parts, look upon the work as a grind, and lack in ambition to put forth their best efforts. Giving due recognition to personal peculiarities, yet we can safely say that this state of mind is often due to the feeling of being handicapped at the start. Now and then a man is found, who, scorning all limitations, is bound to make the most of his opportunity; but such action is hardly fair to the rest, who abide by the strict conditions.

We announce with pleasure the election of Messrs. W. C. Belknap, B. Shirley, and M. P. Thompson to the Junior editorships of next year's *LIT.* The election of the third man from '91 to fill

the vacancy made early in the year we hope to announce in the daily *Dartmouth* of Commencement week.

We are glad to leave the LIT. in such excellent hands, and feel it needless to bespeak for next year's board of editors the encouragement and support it will richly deserve. We are authorized by its management to make this announcement: A new department, of the nature of a monthly chronicle of events, will be added. It is believed such a department will prove especially serviceable to the alumnus, as it will inform him accurately of the principal happenings at his Alma Mater throughout the year.

We have received a letter from a LIT. reader, in which exceptions are taken to certain statements made in the article entitled "What of the Outlook," printed in our May issue. Had the communication not been anonymous, we would have been pleased to print it. Our Mail-Bag department is open to such letters, but we must insist, in every case, upon knowing their authorship, retaining it, however, if so desired, from publication. If the writer of the letter will communicate with the author of the article, it will be for the advantage of both.

BY THE WAY.

If the reader to whose taste for literary morsels *By the Way* has, during the past year, striven to cater, finds that, as the skies are growing brighter, the fields greener, and all out-doors more inviting, his literary appetite fails, and the campus and the woods tempt him more than he can resist, let him, if he has reached this point in his journey through these pages, carefully lay the LIT. upon the centre-table, there to remain until a rainy day, and go out at once, where his thoughts have gone before him, into the open air; for to read with flagging interest is a waste of precious time, and these days of June are truly golden days.

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This is a time sacred to *dolce far niente*, and how unwittingly we pay homage to the god of idleness. It is now as natural to sink into a siesta under the college elms, to watch through half-closed eyes the oriole as he plays about his nest, pendent in the lithe branches that every wind stirs, and to follow the cloud as it floats lazily across the blue depths beyond, as it was a few months since, when frost crystals were sparkling in the morning sun, to move briskly along over the creaking snow.

Hanover is an ideal place for a lazy man in summer, when, as has been implied, laziness is man's normal and legitimate state. Whether by having provided a friend to pull one way he lays aside his boat's oars and drifts down-river with the current, busy-ing his indolent soul with watching the play of light and shade in the trees that crowd the steep banks; whether he dreams away an afternoon at the top of some long slope, whence he can see away down the valley the farmers' wagons creeping along behind a cloud of dust, and blue Ascutney in the background, or contents himself with a doze on the college lawn,—he can find nowhere

else more congenial spirits, more frank, unpretending, and interesting companions, than these other lazy fellows that “love to lie i’ the sun” under the clear blue skies of Hanover.

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I have been setting forth the philosophy of a new *régime* in the book-realm, that is soon to be ushered in by the last guns of Commencement. A revolution is even now under way. Whole detachments of heavy artillery, as it were, of literature,—books of philosophy, mathematics, and the like,—are marching off to imprisonment in the dark recesses of the book-case, and up comes, in light array, the usurper, the summer novel! Bookseller, magazine-maker, news-editor are alive to the situation, and have put sober fact under a ban, while fancy and fiction have become universal favorites. Indeed, if we stop to think of it, the novel holds a powerful sway in these latter days. It is no longer the feeble pretender of the time of Sir Charles Grandison and Pamela, that gathered about itself a scanty following: in a world-wide insurrection it has taken us by storm. Japan, Australia, South America at last have a part in the movement, and who knows how soon we shall see among the faces of the fair authoresses that adorn the covers of the modern railroad novel of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox stamp the smiling physiognomy of the Greenland damsel, or the ebon countenance of a modern Cleopatra!

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And now once more our tents are struck and folded! Caravans, one facing northward and another looking toward the south, are forming. Refreshed with drinking at the wells of learning here, we are prepared to set out over the desert. The mountains beyond, that seem to loom up in the distance, may be realities; they may be mirages.

Well for those who are to halt once, twice, or thrice again on this pleasant spot; and to those whose camels are headed toward the mountains, *Bon voyage!*

THISTLE-DOWN.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

"A woman's tact"—the graceful, spotless sail
That shifts all ways to catch the veering gale,
And yet, unswerving, constant, through the foam
Drives the firm keel o'er rough seas to its home.

C. F. R.

A SONG OF DAISIES.

My lover came to me one day,—
My strong, my true, my handsome lover ;
He plucked some daisies by the way,—
My kind, my true, my tender lover ;
I placed the flowers upon my breast,
But granted not his earnest quest ;
My hand unto his lips he pressed,—
My good, my true, my noble lover.

My lover went o'er land, o'er sea,—
My bold, my true, my daring lover ;
I thought he 'd ne'er come back to me,—
My firm, my true, my manly lover.
The daisies died, and, laid away,
All tied up with a ribbon gay,
They waited him, tho' far away,—
My dear, my true, my absent lover.

He came again when skies were blue,—
My brave, my true, my earnest lover ;
He told me that his heart was true,—
My staunch, my true, my faithful lover.
I showed the daisies, dried and dead.
He clasped me to his breast, and said,
"When daisies come again we 'll wed,"—
My own, my true, my smiling lover.

M. A.

TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE.

Among the wooded Vermont hills,
 Where springs send forth their sparkling rills,
 Within a mossy little cot
 That graced a lone, secluded spot,
 Lived three old maids of slender frame;
 And one was blind, and one was lame,
 And one was hard of hearing.

The place was known for miles about,
 And travellers often would dismount,
 For food or lodging over night.
 And thus one day, with axes bright,
 It happened that three choppers came;
 And one was blind, and one was lame,
 And one was hard of hearing.

They stayed a day; they stayed a week.
 New color graced each maiden cheek.
 The deaf loved deaf, the blind loved blind,
 The lame took what was left behind;
 And all were happy just the same,
 Though two were blind, and two were lame,
 And two were hard of hearing.

They married, and within a year
 Three infants came their life to cheer;
 Nor did those happy children share
 The lot their parents had to bear:—
 The rule of negatives o'ercame—
 And none was blind, and none was lame,
 And none was hard of hearing.

CRAYON BLEU.

William Cullen Bryant, by John Bigelow. American Men of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is fortunate that we have for Mr. Bryant's biographer one who was for years associated with him in the office of *The Evening Post*. Looking at the many aspects in which the versatile poet presents himself to us, we cannot expect to see his poetry, and still less his prose, exhaustively criticised. But in giving a thoroughly exact and graphic account of Mr. Bryant's life, Mr. Bigelow has succeeded admirably, and has added another to the long list of successes already made by books of this famous series.

A Waif of the Plains, by Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

This little book gives the history of a manly little boy almost deserted on the prairies in the old gold-seeking days. The pictures are painted in the well known vivid style of our favorite Western author. Throughout all, the picture of Clarence stands out most prominently. Constantly smarting under a sense of injustice, sprung from refined parentage, the little boy ever shows himself worthy of admiration. We are uncertain as to the other prominent character, Susy. It seems to be the author's purpose either to exhibit a weak character to contrast with the strong one, or to satirize mildly woman's acceptance of homage as her due. Certain enough it is that little Susy receives all the favors, while Clarence takes all the neglect, yet thrives thereon until he grows strong in manliness. It is a charming piece of work, scarcely long enough to be called anything but a story.

The Master of the Magicians, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Who would have thought of making the prophet Daniel the hero of a novel! Yet the old Bible narrative, with sundry additions and changes, in the hands of these masters makes a fascinating story, full of movement and passion. The depiction of the elevating influence of the Jewish purity in the midst of Babylonish corruption gives the book a *raison d'être* outside of the mere function of furnishing amusement for a few idle hours. Daniel's character is of course the masterpiece of the work. Closely approaching it is that of Lalitha, the Jewess; and Arioch, captain of the king's guards, is great in a Babylonish way.

The Mistress of Beech Knoll, by Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A thoroughly American novel. The heroine, one of the dashing, captivating Western women whom our European neighbors admire while they criticize; the hero, one of our strong characters, a veritable chestnut burr until opened by the magic of love. Phyllis Flower, the pretty country maiden, and Tony Bellows, the spoiled young man of society, make some lively scenes with their fresh young life. The tragedy is added by the terrible

suffering of Philip Terris and Rebecca Raymond, parted in youth by Philip's sense of duty to his *fiancée*, to whom, weak and a hypochondriac, he became all the more devoted as a husband from the very fact of his love for Rebecca. One cannot help being affected by the terrible suffering of the brain fever, in whose wanderings he disclosed to his wife the facts of the case, and is inclined to feel that she is not treated fairly in being taken away by death to leave her husband and Rebecca together. It is a strong book.

Horatio Nelson, by W. Clark Russell. New York: Putnam's. \$1.50.

A well compiled work, showing especially the connection of the great admiral with the naval supremacy of Great Britain. It is the first of a new series designed to follow the popular "Stories of the Nations," which will be called "Heroes of the Nations." In the way of binding and illustration, it is sufficient to say that it is superior to the former series. Mr. Russell has gathered much material in a systematic manner, including many *fac-similes* of letters, and reproduction of portraits and paintings.

Edward Burton, by Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.

A book written to show the wholesomeness of idealism and of optimism. Judged merely as a novel, it is not equal in style or plot, and perhaps not in character sketching, to many that the present produces. But the light of idealism which pervades the whole, leaves upon the mind a helping glow. The religion of the book is of a very pure and spiritual nature; various theories are discussed by the characters in the light of advanced thought. The author is known to the literary and scientific world by his book, "Natural Law in the Business World." His last attempt deserves the greatest success in the line he has chosen. His aim is to help mankind. His work will attain that end.

Best Elizabethan Plays, edited by W. R. Thayer. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.40.

Contains, with preface and bibliography, the following English Classics: *The Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe; *The Alchemist*, by Jonson; *Philaster*, by Beaumont and Fletcher; *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakespeare; and *The Duchess of Malfi*, by Webster. It is well bound, the type is large and clear, and short foot-notes explain antiquated and obsolete expressions.

Exercises in French Syntax, by F. Storr. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

A careful and complete course in French syntax, with illustrative sentences.

The feature of the June *Scribner's* is Mr. Stanley's article on the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Although but a few brief pictures of the dark places, it reads like a romance, and a terribly tragic one at that. Russell Sturgis contributes an architectural piece in "The City House." The long promised serial "Jerry" opens well, albeit one of the prevalent dialect stories that threatens to stretch out "through the year." Charles P. Sawyer writes on "Amateur Track and Field Athletics," and Barrett Wendell has a powerful dramatic poem, "Rosamond."

A literary article on "The Novel and the Common School," by Charles Dudley Warner, a historical study of the time of Ambrose, entitled "The Turn of the Tide," a political article, by Hannis Taylor, on "The House of Representatives: its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body," a sociological one on the "Eight Hour Law Agitation," by Gen. Francis A. Walker, a bright sketch by Agnes Repplier, "A Short Defence of Villains," Mrs. Deland's "Sidney," and Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Over the Teacups," form variety

enough for one month. Yet these and still more are found in the June *Atlantic*. The review of "God in His World" is well worth reading, if one has not read the wonderful book criticized.

"*The Anglomaniacs*," an unsigned serial, begins in the June *Century*. It gives good promise. "The Women of the French Salons" is continued, with a fine ornamental border around each page, besides several full-page portraits. The frontispiece for the month is an engraving of Walter Besant. Beside the serials, notable pieces are "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces," by Albert Shaw, "Track Athletics in America," by Walter Camp, and "Comparative Taxation," by Edward Atkinson. "Mere Marchette" is a most pathetic little story, and "Homer and the Bible" is a powerful piece of verse.

The usual complete novel of *Lippincott's* is "Circumstantial Evidence," by Mary E. Stickney. "The Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization," by Robert Kennaway Douglas, "George Henry Boker," by R. H. Stoddard, and "Round Robin Talks," by J. M. Stoddart, are worthy of more than a passing glance.

D. C. Heath & Co. will soon publish an edition of three of Molière's comedies: *Le Tartuffe*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*. Also a Compendious French Grammar, by Prof. A. H. Edgren, of the University of Nebraska.

EXCHANGES.

These are the days of laziness. The cool breezes blow in through the closed blind, which shuts out the heated, dusty world, and refreshed we gladly turn to our pleasant task. Looking into the familiar faces of our exchanges, it would seem as if the brightness of youth and the cheerfulness which they show forth were more in keeping with June than with any other month of the year. Why is it we must leave our native tongue to find the proper mode of salute as we part for the summer? Shall it be *au revoir* or *aufwiedersehen*?

The University of the South Magazine comes first to hand. This new publication opens the second number with an article on Walt Whitman. With the opinions expressed we agree, and the quotations are well chosen to illustrate the purpose of the writer. But the style! There has never come to our notice in a college publication such a Saltus-like use of the adjective. How the agony is piled on! There is also a tendency to magniloquent indefiniteness. What does this mean? "Inconceivable pilings of detached words, formless pyramids without apex or foundation." "Formless pyramids!" Some writer on style says in effect, "If you can't get emphasis with the words, stop writing;" but the author of this article has adorned his effusion with a superabundance of italics, also pronouns of the first person. The succeeding article is seriously afflicted with inability to stick to the subject. And now, dear *Magazine*, do print some verse, and, to carry out the statement of your editorial columns, which, by the way, are very well written, cut your articles short. The departments and typography are good.

The Nassau Lit. maintains the quality of its pen unimpaired, albeit the writers seem addicted to sorrow in this number. The verse is rather common-place, while the departments are good. The historical sketch of satire is very readable; but why did the writer mix in so much flimsy foolishness? *The Nassau's* "A Word to Contributors" is an article in this number, which can be found in the magazine room, and is something we would like every man in '93 to read.

The last number of the *Brown Lit.* is a superior one. The verse vies with the prose in excellence. We have previously commended the improvement in Brown's literature, and are glad there is no falling back. The magazine is a worthy representative of Brown, and deserves a hearty support from the university. Most of the verse, and the article on Daniel Manin, are above the college average, while the typography does not form an opposite to the contents.

The conservative *Yale Lit.* has a good average number, in which the graceful poem "A-Maying" stands out prominently. The Portfolio contains some very delicate sketches. All we would ask for is more life in the paper.

The Williams Lit. for May has been long delayed, but it is a superior number. The leading article, entitled the "Rise and Decline of the New England Devil," is preëminently entertaining. All the stories are commendable, but we especially like "Miss Mehitable's Romance" for its easy and graceful style and blending of humor and pathos.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

Work on the General Alumni Catalogue is being pushed rapidly forward, and it is expected that it will be completed by Commencement time. In appearance the catalogue will be similar to the last one. The summary is as follows: Bachelors of Arts and Bachelors of Letters 4,872, living 2,292; Bachelors of Science (Chandler school) 397, living 345; Bachelors of Science (Agricultural college) 136, living 130; Civil Engineers (Thayer school) 46, living 43; Doctors of Medicine (Medical college) 1,672, living 844; Recipients of Honorary Degrees 783, living 250,—total, 7,729.

The college has lately received portraits in oil of Gen. Samuel Fessenden '06, Hon. Ichabod Bartlett '08, Prof. O. P. Hubbard '73 hon., who has been connected with the college over fifty years, and Rev. Z. S. Barstow '49 hon., who was a trustee from 1834 to 1871.

G. P. Conn '56 Med. Coll. is secretary of the State Medical Society, which holds its annual meeting in Concord, June 16 and 17. Col. George Cook '69 Med. Coll., of Concord, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Dr. Conn is a member of the committee chosen by Hon. G. A. Pillsbury to have charge of the fund given by him for the erection of a hospital in Concord. M. W. Russell '64 Med. Coll. is also on this committee.

At the meetings of the 53d annual conference of Congregational churches of Grafton county Rev. Dr. Leeds '70 hon. presided. Among those who made addresses were Rev. George W. Patterson '81, of Hanover, who discussed "The Lord's Day as a Day for Bible Study," and Rev. W. A. C. Converse '57, of Piermont, who considered it as "A Day of Spiritual Impulse."

Hon. Mellen Chamberlain '44, of the Boston public library, Rev. H. A. Hazen '54, of Auburndale, Mass., and Rev. A. H. Quint '46, of Allston, Mass., attended the hundredth anniversary of the death of Gen. Israel Putnam, observed at Danvers May 19.

The fifty-third annual meeting of the Caledonia County Conference was held at the South church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 27 and 28. The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. H. N. Burton '53. Rev. C. H. Merrill '67, secretary of the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society, read an essay on "Problems of the Country Church," and Rev. J. C. Bodwell read a paper on "Family Religion." Among the officers elected were Rev. C. H. Merrill, moderator, and Rev. J. C. Bodwell, assistant register.

'20. The late Hon. George W. Nesmith bequeathed twenty shares of stock in the Northern Railroad to the Congregational Society of Franklin.

'25. The recent death of Prof. John F. Emerson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., leaves but one surviving member of the class of 1825,—Mark W. Fletcher, a farmer of Wayne, Ill.

'27. The late death of Rev. Sewall Tenney, D. D., of Ellsworth, Me., was the thirty-seventh in a class of forty-one in 1827 at Dartmouth. Those remaining are Levi Bartlett, M. D., of Skaneateles, N. Y.; Rev. Thomas Bellows, now a farmer in Walpole; Jos. A. Eastman, a lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., and Lyman L. Rix, a farmer of Tunbridge, Vt.

'27. Sewall Tenney, one of the oldest clergymen in Maine, died Friday at Ellsworth. He was born in this state in August, 1801. He studied medicine when a young man, but later applied himself to the work of the ministry. Mr. Tenney received his special education for the ministry at the Andover Theological seminary, where he graduated in 1831, and was pastor of the Ellsworth Congregational church for forty years, resigning fifteen years ago. He was for many years a trustee of Bowdoin college, and of the Bangor Theological seminary.

'40. Rev. Harry Brickett, who resigned his pastorate at Thetford, Vt., will move to Hooksett.

'46 and '60. Rev. A. H. Quint and Rev. Arthur Little are members of the committee of the American Board which met recently in Boston to investigate the methods of the Prudential Committee. In an article on this committee the Boston *Journal* refers to Dr. Quint as "well known in this vicinity, and, in fact, everywhere where Congregationalism is known. He is undoubtedly the best authority on Congregationalism and Congregational polity in this country, if not in the world. Dr. Quint drafted the constitution for the National Council of Congregational churches in the United States, and presided over that body. He was also chairman of the committee that called its first meeting." Dr. Quint is also on the committee which has charge of matters relating to the method of electing corporate members.

'46. Dr. Quint will resign the pastorate of the Allston Congregational church about October 1.

'49 Med. Coll. Nathaniel Shannon, of Charlestown, Mass., died recently, aged sixty-eight years. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Shannon, of Moultonborough. After practising at Loudon, Cape Elizabeth, and Portland, Me., he removed to Boston. A widow and four sons survive him.

'51. Hon. Joshua G. Hall has been chosen president of the Somersworth Machine Company of Dover.

'51. Secretary of War Proctor has presented a complete set of maps of the battles of the Civil War, about fifty in all, to Chamberlin Post of St. Johnsbury, Vt. About thirty members of this post were in Secretary Proctor's old regiment, the 15th Vermont.

'51. Judge Jonathan Ross delivered an address at the graduating exercises of Crafts-bury academy, Crafts-bury, Vt.

'51. Rev. R. B. Foster, lately of Cheney, Kan., has taken charge of a new Congrega-tional church at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

'51 and '55. Secretary Proctor and Hon. Nelson Dingley were speakers at the banquet of the Home Market Club, in Boston, May 31.

'52. Rev. Dr. G. W. Gardner, of the Beth Eden Baptist church, of Waltham, Mass., is spending a two months vacation at New London.

'54 C. S. S. B. A. Kimball was elected a director at the recent meeting of the old Concord Railroad Corporation. Hon. Frederick Smyth '65 hon. is also a director.

'56 Med. Coll. G. P. Conn, of Concord, has been elected a vice-president of the National Association of Railway Surgeons.

'56. Charles H. Hersey, of Keene, has been elected chairman of the Board of Education for the Union District.

'57. Henry Ames Blood has an illustrated poem, "The Fighting Parson," in the *May Century*.

'58 C. S. S. William M. Chase, of Concord, was elected trustee to fill the place of Judge Nesmith at the recent meeting of the trustees.

'59. Prof. Luther T. Townsend, of Boston University, will be one of the speakers at the Summer School for College Students at Northfield, Mass.

'59. A movement has been started in Washington to make Col. Wheelock G. Veazey, of Vermont, the next national commander of the Grand Army.

'59. John Freeman Colby, of Boston, died at Hillsborough, on Saturday, the 7th. Mr. Colby was born in Bennington, March 3, 1834, and at the time of his death was fifty-six years of age. Thrown early in life upon his own resources, he determined to secure an education,—supporting himself by teaching and filling the office of librarian. For some years he was principal of the Stetson high school, Randolph, Mass., and in 1865 was admitted to the bar. He rose steadily in his chosen profession. In 1878-'79 he occupied a seat in the common council of the city of Boston, and in 1886-'87 he was a member of the legislature. Mr. Colby was an influential member of the Union Congregational church, and was prominent in the religious circles of the city. As a man he was noble and strong, as a citizen faithful and respected, as a lawyer judicial and persevering, and as a Christian consistent and devoted. He leaves a widow and one son.

'60. Rev. S. F. French has received a call from the First Congregational church at Derry.

'60. Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft addressed the Merrimack Valley Congregational Club at Lowell, Mass., May 26, on "What are the Colleges and Schools Doing?" Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., delivered an address at the same meeting on "What is the Church Doing?"

'60. S. C. Cotton is engaged in fruit growing at Orlando, Orange county, Fla.

'61. Hon. George E. Hodgdon, a veteran soldier and an ex-mayor of Portsmouth, will be a candidate, it is said, for the Democratic congressional nomination in the first New Hampshire district.

'61. Major E. D. Redington is a special agent for the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, with an office at 196 La Salle street, Chicago.

'62. Henry Marden, who died recently in Turkey, was born at New Boston, December 9, 1837. He was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and had been a missionary at Marash for many years.

'64 Med. Coll. Arthur Hervey Wilson died suddenly of heart disease at his home in South Boston, Mass., May 11. He was born, August 18, 1839, at Paxton, Mass., and was educated in the Worcester public schools and Wilbraham academy. During the latter part of the war he was assistant surgeon of the Seventh United States Veteran Volunteers, entering the service in May, 1865, and remaining until April, 1866. Since 1881 he has been a member of the Loyal Legion, and he has also been prominent in Grand Army circles. Dr. Wilson was examining-surgeon under the state aid law, and was examining-surgeon on account of United States pensioners from 1867 to 1871. From 1869 to 1875 he was a member of the Boston School Committee; and from 1867 to 1877 he held the office of coroner. In the Massachusetts legislatures of 1881 and 1882, Dr. Wilson represented the South Boston district, and served as house chairman of the Committee on Public Health. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the American Medical Association, the South Boston Medical Club, and the Royal College of Surgeons, England. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge of Free Masons, South Boston; Bethesda Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Mount Washington Encampment, I. O. O. F.; Standish Council, Order of Tonti; Dahlgren Post 2, G. A. R. He left a widow and two sons.

'64. Rev. Bartlett H. Weston has been called to the pastorate of the newly organized Third Congregational church of Concord, Mass.

'56. Hon. H. C. Ide, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is a prominent candidate for lieutenant-governor of that state.

'70. Prof. C. E. Putney, of St. Johnsbury academy, has been reëlected president of the board of education of Caledonia county.

'72 C. S. S. Leslie C. Wead is a member of the firm of Whitcomb, Wead & Co., real estate and investment brokers. Office, 35 Equitable Building, Boston.

'73. A. H. Beede is a teacher of languages and music at Winston, N. C.

'74. Dr. Edward J. Brown, of Minneapolis, Minn., was married recently to Miss M. P. Fullerton, of that place.

'74. Charles O. Gates is treasurer of the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton street, New York.

'75. W. J. Noyes has charge of a department in the boy's high school, Atlanta, Ga.

'75. George I. Aldrich, superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass., has been appointed a member of the state board of education.

'76. Rev. H. M. Andrews, formerly Congregational pastor at Peacham, Vt., has been appointed, by the Presbyterian Board, a missionary to India, and leaves for his new field early in September. He will probably be located at Suharunpore, in northern India.

'77 C. S. S. C. M. Goddard has left Plainfield, N. J., for Boston. He has been appointed electrical inspector for the New England Insurance Exchange, with New England for his special field.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton, of Hopkinton, will preach the sermon at the Merrimack County Conference of Congregational Churches, which is held at Penacook, June 10 and 11.

- '79 C. S. S. Prof. H. A. Hitchcock, of the Thayer School, has purchased a residence on Faculty avenue, which he will soon occupy.
- '79 C. S. S. C. C. Hutchinson is mining at Congress, Yavapai county, Arizona.
- '79 C. S. S. F. L. Biddlecom is engineering at Ouray, Colorado.
- '80. Hon. Thomas Flint, a member of the California senate, is on a visit to Concord, where he formerly resided.
- '80. D. P. Dame has been chosen corresponding secretary of the lately organized Lecture Association of Littleton. Hon. G. A. Bingham '69 hon. is president.
- '81 C. S. S. Charles W. Healey is a civil engineer on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and can be addressed at Big Stone Gap, Wise county, Va.
- '82. Hon. Seth P. Smith has been elected treasurer of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship.
- '83 C. S. S. William C. Hall is civil engineer for the Boston Water Works. Address: South Framingham, Mass.
- '85. E. T. Critchett has been reelected principal of the Duluth high school, at a salary of \$1,600. Address: 326 Third avenue west, Duluth, Minn.
- '85. Twenty members of the '85 club of Boston held a social reunion recently to entertain Richard Webb, of Portland. Prof. A. E. Briggs presided, and John H. Colby acted as secretary. The speakers were Judge N. Washburne, Rev. A. H. Armes, Dr. E. H. Allen, and others.
- '85. Thomas Leigh is a member of the firm of Jones & Leigh, attorneys at law, 161 Water street, Augusta, Me.
- '85. Nathan Washburne is practising law at Middleboro, Mass.
- '85. H. L. Parker is clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, and also attends lectures at the Columbia Law School. Address: 204 Indiana avenue.
- '85 C. S. S. G. E. Melendy is an architect, with office at 204 Centre street, Orange, New Jersey.
- '85. Charles W. Floyd is practising law at East Bridgewater, Mass.
- '86. Arthur H. Chase, who was recently admitted to the bar, has become a member of the firm of Chase & Streeter, of Concord.
- '87. W. S. Ross is taking a post-graduate course at Harvard.
- '87. Morris W. Morse is among those graduating from Hartford Theological Seminary this year.
- '87. Eastman, having completed his course at the medical department of Boston University, will soon go to work among his people, the Sioux Indians.
- '88 C. S. S. F. S. Berry is teaching in the high school at Farmington.
- '88. W. Williams is teaching at Mendon, Mass.
- '88. J. A. Cunningham has signed as pitcher for the Utica (N. Y.) base ball club.
- '88. Chauncey Gleason is teaching in the Merrimackport, Mass., grammar school.

DARTMOUTH LITERARY

MONTHLY.

BY THE
STUDENTS

L.B.L.



The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

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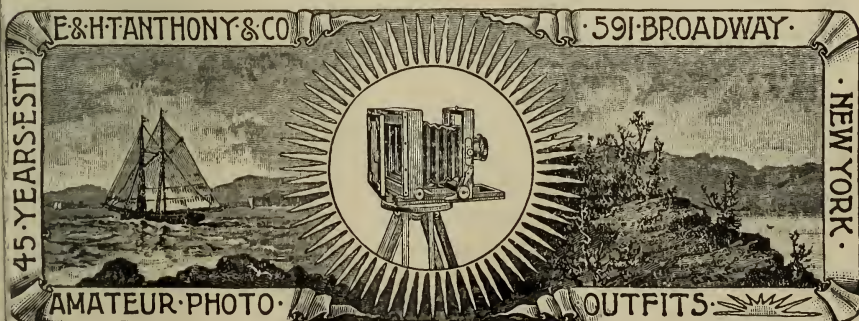
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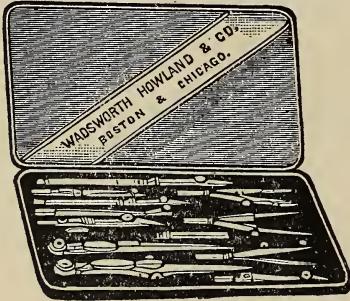
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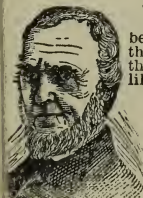
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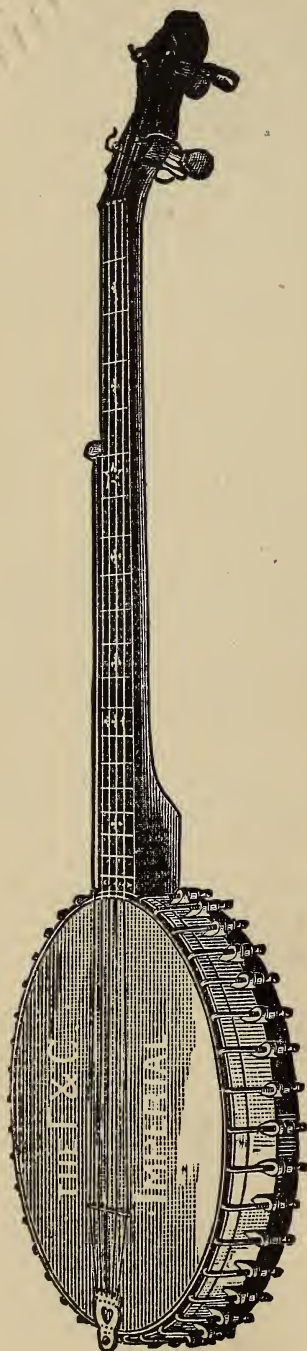


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