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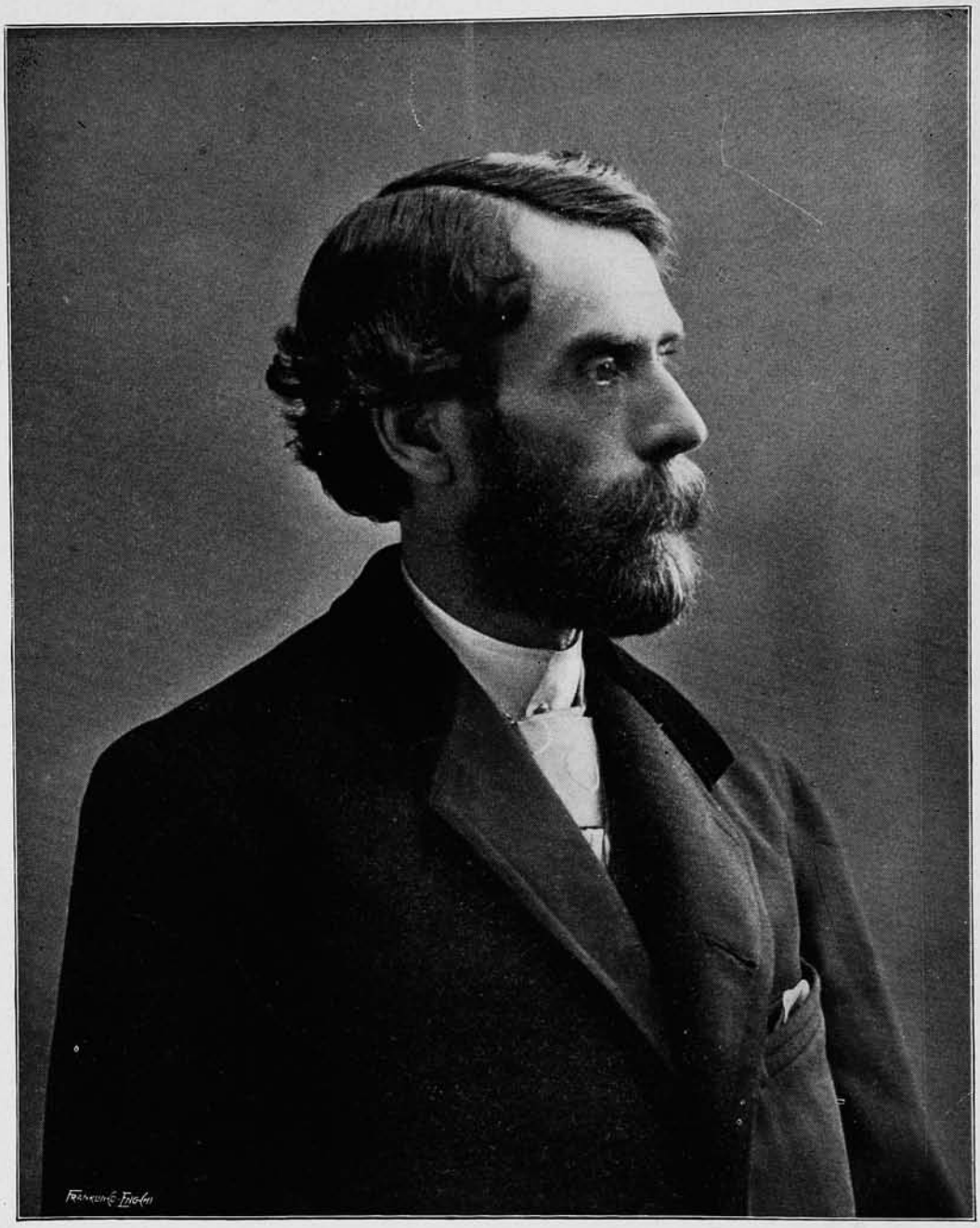
CONTENTS.

VERSE.

BOOKS REVIEWED.



Sincerely yours,
A. N. Prentiss

The Cornell Magazine

October, 1896.

The Castellane Historical Papers.

The wonderful success, a few years ago, of the *Marbot Memoirs* not only filled the following Paris Salons with Napoleonic pictures, but set scores of old families to examining the papers left them by their ancestors, with the result that the Plon press has been turning out, as never before, volume after volume of recollections of the heroic days of modern France. I would not say that this also was what prompted the late Duchess de Talleyrand and the Countess de Beaulaincourt to finally make public, after more than thirty years of safe keeping, the journal of their father, the distinguished Marshal de Castellane. But the fact remains that they grew up with a strong dislike for Marbot, who was always spoken of disparagingly in the home circle, and that several passages in this journal will not tend to add to the fame of that General.

The *Journal du Marechal de Castellane*, four volumes of which have already appeared at Plon's, will be completed by one or two more, the last of which will be published sometime next autumn. It covers the long and memorable period extending from 1804, the year the author, aged sixteen, entered the army as a private—this son of a marquis—on the very day the Emperor was crowned, to 1862, the year of his death.

The original of this journal is composed of fifty-six manuscript volumes, several of which I have run over. During

the fatal Russian campaign this young Captain on the Emperor's staff jotted down in two small note-books, with green, limp covers, his impressions and what he saw and heard. At the crossing of the Beresina and at Kovno he lost all his baggage, but preserved these note-books which were doubled up in the pocket of his overcoat and which still show the crease. They form the first two volumes of the manuscript journal, and, though the chief and most important source from which the materials for the present publication have been drawn, they are not the only source.

In 1831 General de Castellane,—he was not created marshal till the advent of Napoleon III.,—commenced to write his memoirs, utilizing for this purpose the journal which, as has just been said, began in 1812, notes made by him anterior to that date, and letters of his to his father, of which letters I will have something more to say farther on. He gave to the narrative the title "Bagatelles sur mon Temps." It is written on large foolscap sheets, the left half of the page being blank. But it is not in the chirography of the Marshal. Nor are the three copies, more or less complete, which are bound in neat volumes, and were lent now and then to high personages curious to know of past events from an eye-witness. The "Bagatelles" begin with the author's birth, but this period up to 1804 is dismissed with half a dozen manuscript pages. From 1804, the year of his entering the army, to 1812, the story is fuller. In fact, beginning with the latter year, the "Bagatelles" are little else than a reproduction of the journal. In the present publication, the text of the former manuscript has been followed for all that portion previous to 1812 and has also been used to fill up some breaks in the journal, Indeed, Mme. de Beaulaincourt, assisted by M. Paul Le Brethon, one of the archivists of the National Library, had spent many months in editing this manuscript, when the journal was discovered, whose text was, of course, preferred to that of the "Bagatelles." But both manuscripts have been carefully collated with occasional advantage to the printed work.

The third volume, which appeared last spring, covers the period from 1832 to the eve of the Revolution of 1848. The diarist predicts this explosion just as, in the first two volumes, he predicted the fall of the Bourbons in 1830. "On ne sauve pas un roi malgré lui," he says of Louis Philippe. He admires Thiers neither as politician nor historian. The following entry, under date of July 31, 1845, shows that, in some quarters, the latter's work inspired no more confidence then than it does now:

"M. Hippolyte Royer-Collard, nephew of the famous Royer-Collard, has written a series of articles against Thiers's tomes. But no journal would print them on account of Thiers's influence. His fourth volume of the *History of the Consulate and Empire* is not very successful. At first he had written in a very different way the account of the Duke d'Enghien affair. But interested parties got him to destroy this part and he rewrote the whole thing."

The "interested parties" of course refers to the Talleyrands. Napoleon, it will be remembered, always shifted off on the Prince the blame for the Vincennes tragedy. And when it is remembered that the Talleyrands and Castellanes had long been on intimate terms and were connected by marriage, it will be seen that our diarist was not writing from mere hearsay.

The fourth volume, which was issued last summer, opens with the Revolution of 1848. Castellane was then stationed at Rouen, with about twelve hundred men under him. Threatened by twenty thousand workmen, he retired to the commanding hills and pointed his cannon down on the town. Nobody dared to budge. In the meanwhile he declared to those in power that he stood ready to replace the fleeing monarch on the throne. But his proposal was not listened to, which caused him to remark that he believed the presence of Louis Philippe would have demoralised his army, so weak at this moment seemed to him the backbone of the "Citizenking."

Castellane sided with the Prince-President in his quarrel

with the Assembly and did much to prepare the way for the restoration of the Second Empire. It comes out plainly in this journal that he knew of the proposed *coup d'état* some weeks before it occurred. So when Louis Napoleon was in power, he always looked upon Castellane as one of his firmest supports, often consulted him on military matters, made him Marshal of France and placed him in command at Lyons, with twenty-two Departments under his orders and exercising the prerogatives almost of a viceroy. After Paris, Lyons was the city which filled the Emperor with the most fear because of its large working population, who had caused dreadful riots under Louis Philippe and the Second Republic. But not the slightest disturbance was signalled there during Castellane's stay. Napoleon III. was so pleased with his conduct that he said to Mme. de Beaulaincourt on one occasion: "If trouble should ever threaten at Lyons, your father need only send his hat to the Place Bellecour and that will suffice to prevent an outbreak." And so sure was the Marshal of his authority, that he said to one of his daughters, a short time before his death: "Tell them" [meaning the Emperor and Empress] "that if ever anything goes wrong in Paris, to come to Lyons, where they will be perfectly safe."

But Marshal de Castellane was famous not only for his skill in nipping in the bud and thus preventing civil disorders in great cities, he was also noted as being a grand drill-master. He may be said to have made the army of Africa that finally subdued Algeria. Many of the regiments destined for the Crimea and later for Italy were left for a few weeks with Castellane, who gave them "the finishing touches." He was severe but just. A woman of the lower classes at Perpignon, where the Marshal was stationed at one period, was once heard to call out, with that Southern accent which gave a savor to the remark that is lost in pure French, to her naughty, fleeing child: "Attends, attends, que je te donne une Castellane." Not less than sixty thousand of the troops that took part in the Italian campaign

passed through his hands, while some one hundred thousand were drilled by him for the Crimean war. But he finally grew weary of this inglorious rôle and exclaimed: "J'en ai assez d'être le cusinier de la gloire des autres."

The preface found in the first volume of the printed journal was substituted for a more personal one, which gives an intimate portrait of the Marshal. It appears that he was very active, never losing a minute, and so accomplished a great deal in a day. When he got an idea into his head, he never gave it up easily, but carried it out. He always acted entirely regardless of his own interests. He was an early riser, ate alone, taking a cup of tea on the corner of his desk. He never swore, was very abstemious in drink, and had nothing of the fighting-man about him. He was always polite, even when dealing out censure. He had a deep respect for religious observances. He used to go to mass alone every Sunday while at Lyons, and on leaving the Church would give so freely that the police, unbeknown to him, often had to protect him from the crowd of beggars. This liberality with money was seen in all his acts, for his principle was to spend whatever he received from the public treasury. So he died leaving little or no fortune of his own. He loved his soldiers and always had a care for their health and well-being. He was ever on the look-out among the officers who served under him for those with marked ability in order to push them forward. And he never forgot them but kept his eye on them throughout their career, so that at each new promotion, they received a word of congratulation from their former commander. Neither fortune or birth weighed with him in military matters. In choosing an aide de camp or an orderly, the candidate's army-record alone counted in his eyes.

From what has just been said, the Marshal must have written many letters. So it is not surprising that there are some fifty bound manuscript volumes containing the copies of these letters, which have never yet been examined with care. In addition to them there are at least ten thousand

letters exchanged between the Marshal and the Marquis, father and son never letting a day pass without writing to each other. These letters were gone over with more or less care before the present publication was undertaken, as they were utilized in part by the Marshal, as has already been stated, in his "Bagatelles sur mon Temps." Even during the terrible Moscow campaign, where the young Castellane had his right hand frozen and was forced to use his left hand in writing, the faithful son does not forget the distant and anxious father.

Another category of letters, several hundred in number, consists of those written to the Marshal mainly from officers who served under him, many of whom afterwards rose to high rank in the French army,—such men as Bugeaud, MacMahon, Canrobert, Lamoricière, Clerc, de Wimpffen, etc. Among the more important of these letters is a series from General Changarnier, extending from 1836 to 1845, which form a sort of history of the conquest of Algeria. One of them is especially valuable, being a long account—it would make perhaps twenty printed pages—of the disastrous first attempt to take Canstantina when Changarnier covered the retreat to Bona. The letters which the Marshal received from officers during the Crimean and Italian wars throw much light on many phases of those campaigns. It is the intention of the Countess de Beaulaincourt to publish a volume selected from this correspondence as soon as the work on the journal is completed.

The mother of the Marshal kept a little domestic diary during a portion of her short life. It was written at the Chateau of Acosta, near Aubergenville, where the Marshal spent his childhood and where Mme. de Staël resided for a time when Napoleon ordered her from Paris. Mme. de Beaulaincourt has a copy of this curious journal, in which I have marked many passages. But I translate only those that follow, which offer an extraordinary instance of an infantile bent becoming completely and brilliantly realized in after-life. Thus, when the future Marshal was but eight years old, his mother wrote of him :

"The only games he likes are those which imitate military exercises. A gun, a sword, a drum, a hussar's cap, plumes like those worn in the army,—such are the things that interest him most. If he is taken into the picture gallery, he stops to look only at canvases representing some martial scene. . . . In the streets, at the theatres, it is the soldiers' uniform that catches his eye. However subordinate may be the rôle of a uniformed actor, he immediately becomes, in the boy's estimation, the principal personage on the stage. This bent crops out in every form. . . . I would never stop if I were to write down all the continual proofs which he has given us, ever since he has learned to walk, of his proneness for this art."

On July 13, 1801, the mother makes this entry concerning her son, who is now a lad of thirteen:

"At the play-hour, he always arranges to have on hand some of the little boys who compose his troop, for his taste for military things is excessive. All the money he can get is spent in equipping eight or ten urchins for drill. He trains them and finds great amusement therein. They have hussar hats with plumes, and wooden swords, imitation guns, and cartridge boxes. After Boni [shortened from Boniface, one of the Marshal's Christian names] has finished his Greek roots and mathematics, he calls these boys together every evening, after work, by the tap of the drum. I only wish this passion did not have such a hold on him. But what can be done? It is innate in him. He likes only what is martial. Even when in Paris, he cares only for parades, manœuvres, and the marching of troops."

The family lost three quarters of their fortune by the Revolution, which explains the first part of this entry:

"He has such a leaning towards the life of the camp, that when he sees me worrying over our misfortunes, more on his account than our own, he says to me: 'Oh mama, don't borrow trouble because of me; I will be a soldier'. . . . In fact, this propensity is so strong, so constant, and revealed itself so early, that I am persuaded we shall have

to yield and put him in the army. . . . In the autumn of 1800 he learned from a volunteer, returned from the wars, the manual of arms. But by spring he told me he knew as much as his teacher. . . . In the evening, while listening to his father read [the Marquis, by the way, was a good elocutionist], the boy amuses himself with lead soldiers and making fortifications of dominos."

The Marchioness's sorrow over this dominant proclivity of her son is revealed on almost every page of this sad diary, and it followed her to the grave. The Marshal says in his journal: "The night before she died, she had me leave the room and take off my military coat, so displeased was she at my being a soldier." Perhaps it was because she thus crossed him that he could write in another place: "I regretted her, but I liked her less than my father."

THEODORE STANTON, '76.

The Vision of Ishgoo.

A LEGEND OF LAKE CAYUGA.

'Mid great forests wild and somber
With their tangled brier and brake
Slept the placid Gajugouen[1]
The Cayugan's crystal lake.

Slept she on a valley's bosom
At the green hill's lowly feet,
Listened to the forest's murmur,
Murmured low her answer sweet.

All around the solemn silence
Settled like a brooding bird,
Fairy echoes from the distance
Floated there to die unheard.

[1] An Indian name for Lake Cayuga.

And the sunbeam crept in stillness
  O'er her level plain of blue,
Where she imaged morn and even
  Heaven's ever changing hue.

And throughout the sunny weather
  Hearkened to the wild bird's cry,
Watched the smoke from Indian hamlets
  Rise into the quiet sky.

'Twas October in the valley ;
  Warmly o'er the lake and hills
Crept its sunshine and its music
  Gushed forth in the running rills.

By still Gajugouen's waters
  Wissanita stood alone,
Pensive gazed toward the sunrise,
  Listened to the light wind's moan.

Wissanita, Kenwah's daughter,
  Indian maiden tall and fair,
In her eyes the twilight's shadows,
  Midnight's blackness in her hair.

Long she stood in silent gazing,
  Heeded not the vapors dim,
Creeping from the far horizon,
  Nor the forest's matin hymn.

Heeded not the measured foot-steps
  Echoing through the spreading brake,
Till old Ishgoo, Kenwah's wiseman,
  Stood beside her near the lake.

"Wissanita, long you tarry
  By our Gwangwah's [1] crystal wave,
Oft for you the squaw has questioned,
  Oft for you has asked the brave.

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[1] Indian name for Lake Cayuga.

Wah-wah-tay-see, little fire-fly,
So they called you long ago,
But the squaw should for the wigwam
Keep her flickering light aglow."

Thus spoke Ishgoo and she answered,
"Oft I seek the shore at will,
List to voice of wood and billow,
Waywassimo mourning still.

Many moons have waxed, grown pallid,
Since in battle fierce he fell,
Yet the squaw's breast still is faithful
To the brave that fighteth well."

Then spoke Ishgoo, " Maiden daughter,
Leave to Kenwah all the pain
That his son shall ne'er smoke peaceful
By the council fire again.

Thou art young and tender-hearted
Soon thy sky will be all blue,
For the squaw forgets her kindred
When the brave has come to woo."

"Wah-wah-tay-see let them call me,"
Wissanita said and sighed,
"But my spirit-light is constant,
Constant burns for him who died.

Tell me, Ishgoo, Kenwah's wiseman,
In thy visions, sights and sounds
Dost thou glimpse of those our warriors
In the Happy Hunting Grounds?

Wise thou art and years have sifted
Snows upon thy aged head;
Manitou, perchance, may give thee
Visions of the blessed dead."

Shook his head the wiseman Ishgoo,
Slowly answered, deeply sighed,
" Nay, the living fill my dreaming
With their passions and their pride."

Wissanita looked upon him,
All her young heart in her eyes,
" Show to me thy wondrous visions,
Like thee too would I be wise."

" Listen then," the old man muttered,
" Thou shalt share my deep unrest,
See the sights my brain doth harbor,
The forebodings of my breast."

Kenwah glories in his people,
Laughs at threats of coming woes,
' Ishgoo now is old and trembles
At the thought of shadow foes.

Ugh, he says, Our foes are conquered,
The Andastes 'neath the waves
Of the Susquehanna slumber,
The Todarighroones' braves

Smoke the pipe of peace with Kenwah,
And our brethren far that dwell,
The Oneidas, Onondagas
Send us wampum, greet us well.'

But the Mighty One is coming
And I see him in the vale,
All before him smiles in sunshine,
All behind him lieth pale.

And I see his great birds bearing
Wings that waft him o'er the waves,
While his people talk strange music
And white-faced are all his braves.

In the valley many wigwams
  Round our Coresgueal[1] rise,
And the hills lie bare and burnished
  Underneath the bending skies.

And last even all unresting
  As I wandered 'mid the brake,
Where a silver arm our Gwangwah
  Stretches from the wider lake,

Came a vision there upon me
  Of the vale and hills when far
We have wandered—all our people
  Toward the glittering Northern star.

Busy noise rose from the valley,
  Mellow clang and long-drawn sound
Made the bird's cry die unheeded
  In the deeper clamor round.

And I saw the west grow crimson
  With the sun's blood ere he died
O'er the bare slope of the hill-tops,
  While from yonder fair hillside

Came strange singings, sweet and tender,
  Floating, fluttering, dying slow,
Till I looked and saw stone fingers
  Pointing up to Manitou.

'Gainst the sky's far rim they towered,
  From them flew the singings sweet,
And I saw pale squaws and warriors
  On the hill-side part and meet.

And when past the dream at dawning
  Then I mourned our people's fate,
For the White One, he shall conquer
  And o'erthrow the Redman's state."

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[1] A little Indian village formerly on the inlet.

Thus spoke Ishgoo—stopped and muttered,
  But the Indian maid stood dumb,
Wide her gaze swept hill and valley,
  Half she felt the foe had come.

And she left the old man Ishgoo
  To his wanderings on the shore,
And her lips a mute prayer uttered
  As she sought her wigwam door.

OREOLA WILLIAMS, '97.

The Gossip of the Boxes.

The last crashing notes of "'Rastus" died away and the fifteenth promenade was quite over. The leader shook his head smilingly at the prolonged applause. There were to be no more encores—not even for "'Rastus"—because a Junior Ball must come to an end sometime, even "the most successful Prom. ever given," as the society column would announce next day with its list of patronesses and the boxes and the people who were in them, and the committee "to whose *united* efforts the great success of the ball is due." Evidently editors are not in the habit of attending committee meetings. All this and much more to be found between the lines the very girls who were dancing now would read as they dressed for a last drive, before Junior week should be quite over.

"Fritz, Fritz," with an impatient little shake of his arm, following the eyes of her cousin as they lingered on a group of girls and men. "I do believe that's Mrs. Beverly over in the third box."

"My dearly beloved Dorothy—be calm," he began with a deliberation half maddening in her present eager mood. "If you allow yourself to be agitated over such trifles you'll get wrinkles and then you'll not be the most beautiful girl at the Junior—"

"Fritz, don't you know that I can't endure you when you talk that way!"

"As I was saying or going to say," he continued imperturbably, "that is Mrs. Beverly. She watched you all through the last dance. But not even for Mrs. Beverly would I cut off a note of that last two-step with you. I would with any other girl in the room, though—the whole of the dance with most of them," he added irreverently, "and now for the simple reason that Mrs. Beverly approves of dignity, particularly in the young and frivolous"—with a long side glance at the impatient girl at his side—"are we approaching her at this eminently dignified pace."

"Fritz Jarvis, if you don't hurry, I'll slip my arm out of yours and proceed across the floor alone and then how you'll feel!"

"Dorothy Standish—you are indulging in fantasies! Don't you see little Phillips waiting there by the box just cudgelling his brain to think of something to do for you? How he would spring to the aid of affronted beauty, for you are beautiful to-night, Dorothy, despite the fact that you are a little rumpled as to your hair, and your roses are fading, and well—pray, why shouldn't I tell you that you're lovely—that is, of course, according to my poor judgment?"

"Fritz, *please* stop! You haven't been as bad as this since you used to poke Ethelinda's eyes in and scrub me with snow. But I'll forgive you everything if you'll only pacify my next two partners, for I want to talk to Mrs. Beverly."

"But Dorothy," he begged with a quick change of attitude," they're human and they'll think I had something to do with it and I have to see them every day after you've gone—"

"Please!"

And Frederic Jarvis in a rather bewildered frame of mind departed to experience one of the lesser joys of such an occasion.

"My dear," said the older woman, making room on the low divan, "what have you been doing with yourself, you are so changed?"

Miss Standish gave a merry laugh. "That is a charitable way of saying that I have grown old."

"No, that can not be truthfully said when you have on that frock," came the quick response and an approving look at the shimmering green with its broad sash and soft straight folds.

"Then I've grown up. Fritz acknowledges I have, although he treats me in a manner that belies his words. Do you know that I'm thinking of running away for a year and sunning myself in Italy or Egypt or Japan, maybe? Can you imagine the me of a year ago delighting in anything except balls and receptions and weddings with eight bridesmaids?"

And Mrs. Beverly, arranging the cushions for her with gentle insistence, was thinking busily.

"Oh dear, is that the second dance beginning? I told Fritz to save me from only these two and there are a dozen things I want to tell you. One's a regular 'Lady or the Tiger' sort of a story, only it's worse because you just feel it's true. I'll tell it to you and then you can be thinking about it and I'll try to come back in a little while and you can tell me your ending for it. It keeps running in my head all the time. It's about two men and a girl—first one man and the girl—she's a nice enough girl—with a conscience not so much at first as afterward—conscience, I mean. If she'd only used it thoroughly at first there'd have been a lot of trouble saved in the end. Well the first man falls in love with her and at first she doesn't care. But he keeps right on and then because she likes him some she thinks maybe she is being silly and is making herself believe that she doesn't care, and besides he's such a man and gentleman. And then she begins to think that may be she does not love him. She prays that she may anyway—you see, she isn't such a bad sort of girl orally. Then the other man cares. He's different, you know, and clever and—well, she writes to them both and sends them away. That's where the conscience crops out. The second man never knew that she cared

for a moment and she did so much, but someway he felt that the other man loved her. But you see she hadn't any confidence in herself any more and it just ended that way. There must be something more. It couldn't end so."

Her voice was pleading. She stopped for a moment and smoothed the curling petals of the roses in her lap—then went on hurriedly.

"And the first man never suspected that there was anyone else and it would have made no difference if he had—he loved her differently from most men you know and—

"Oh Mrs. Beverly, smile quick, please! You haven't an idea of how solemn you're looking," she cried with a distressed little laugh. "I ought not to have told you, but it's so real."

"Yes," said the older woman absently, looking out over the gay changing throng. "It is very real—very real," and her voice was grave.

Miss Standish bent down to gather up her roses which had slipped from her lap.

"Pardon me, Miss Standish, may I have this next dance?"

Mrs. Beverly, watching the eager face, fancied that the girl hesitated and that when at last she spoke her voice was not quite steady as she answered.

"Thank you, Mr. Carter, it is taken, it's Mr. Fair's."

"And yet," came very steadily, "may I have the dance?"

She rose and placed her flowers in Mrs. Beverly's hands. "Will you keep them, please, for a little while?" and they were lost among the dancers.

Neither spoke until they had gone the length of the room and back again.

"Will you rest for a moment?" he asked, pausing before an empty box.

"There! Is that more comfortable?" placing a cushion back of her. She nodded and once more there was silence between them.

"Dorothy!" he said abruptly, "Dorothy, tell me! What did you mean by the story?" His voice was pleading.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carter!"

"Ah, you don't know. I was in the box next and I heard it all."

"All?" she cried.

"Of course," he continued, doggedly, "I ought to have gone away and if I had been a gentleman I wouldn't have listened, but I didn't realize that I was overhearing until you had quite finished and then it all came over me—and—oh, Dorothy, don't you see this is no time for little things—don't you see it's your life and mine and—and the other one's. Tell me—just the truth. That is all!"

But she did not look at him. The orchestra she recalled afterward was playing "Ange d' Amour" and little Phillips nodded to her as he danced past. The music rang on and on, but she could not speak.

"Perhaps," he said coldly, "I had best take you back to Mrs. Beverly." She looked up at him. He was leaning heavily against the great pillar. On his face was a look of utter weariness.

"O, Roger, Roger, don't you understand yet?"

Two dances later, as they sauntered slowly back to the box, she recognized Fair in the shadow of the palm talking with Mrs. Beverly. Any other man would have gone off in a sulk, she thought gratefully. He made a half step toward them as they came up. For the moment she was surpassingly beautiful.

"I must have made a mistake," he began.

"No," she interrupted quickly, turning from Carter, "I was at fault and I—I beg your pardon!" He looked at her for a moment in a puzzled way, then at Carter, fanning Mrs. Beverly. Then his glance rested again on her flushed, changing face. She looked at him bravely, longing to speak, but there was nothing to say. It had all been said months ago. The light faded from her eyes.

"Good night," he said gently, putting out his hand and with a world of tenderness and pain and longing in his voice. "Good bye—Dorothy."

Two boxes away a little fair-haired girl with a tip-tilted

nose was pouting because the dance was quite begun and her partner had not yet appeared. A tall young fellow was bending over her.

"Who has it," he asked hopefully, opening her programme as it dangled from her fan.

"Oh, Fair! I say, Cameron, where's Fair?"

The man addressed turned quickly.

"I most humbly ask pardon, Miss Potter. Fair went home after the last dance, ill, and he asked me to make apologies to you."

"But we needn't miss any more of this," said the tall young man, struggling between an exultant sense of his own happiness and a fleeting sympathy for Fair. In a moment her pout and all the rest were forgotten as she danced and chattered with her cavalier of the week.

The number was over. For a moment there was a murmur of voices and a laugh here and there mingling with the clinking of glasses as the crowd centered about the dusky attendants under the wide archway. Then over it all rose the strains of the violins from the second orchestra as they began "Love's Dream After the Ball." Out across the long line of quiet horses and drowsy cabmen, over the wide white stretch of lawn where the bare trees cast scraggy shadows in the clear light, down the long slope to the windows, where a man stood trying, before day should break, to adjust the dream of his life to the reality into which the dream must never enter again.

LILLIAN CONSTANCE SWIFT, '97.

Albert Nelson Prentiss.

The readers of THE CORNELL MAGAZINE who have not learned through other sources of the death of Professor Albert Nelson Prentiss, will be grieved now to know that the illness from which he has suffered for several years has finally removed him from the scene of his labor here. He died at his home on the University Campus, Friday, August 14, 1896, and the body was placed in a vault in the city cemetery.

The following account of his life is based largely on a biography prepared by the writer and published in the May number of the *Botanical Gazette*, Vol. XXI, 1896:

Professor Prentiss was born May 22, 1836, at Cazenovia, Madison County, N. Y. His father was a farmer, and his grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812, dying in the service.

His early education was gained in the public schools, and in the Oneida Conference Seminary of his native village. In 1858 he entered the Michigan State Agricultural College and was graduated in 1861 with the degree of B.S. His class, numbering seven members, was the first to graduate from that institution, and the entire class, responding to their country's call at the outbreak of the Civil War, immediately enlisted in the service of the army. Albert N. Prentiss was enlisted in the engineering corps at Battle Creek, Mich., and assigned to special signal service duty in the army of the west. After four months' service, principally in field, in the interior of Missouri, his corps was disbanded in consequence of changes in the organization of the army which followed the removal of the commanding general.

In 1862 he was elected associate principal of the Kalamazoo, Mich., high school, which position he resigned during the following year to accept the instructorship of botany and horticulture in his alma mater, the Michigan Agricul-

tural College at Lansing. He received the degree of M.S. from the same institution in 1864, and in 1865 he was promoted to the full professorship of botany and horticulture.

Aside from the duties appertaining to the educational features of the department, he had charge of the grounds of the campus, and under his direction the face of the campus soon changed from the formal association of straight lines and angles to the place of beauty which it now is.

Among his pupils in botany at the Michigan Agricultural College are the following men whose lives have been devoted to the science and who have attained positions of eminence in their chosen fields: C. E. Bessey, professor of botany in the University of Nebraska; W. P. Wilson, professor of botany in the University of Pennsylvania; B. D. Halsted, professor of botany in Rutgers College, and botanist of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station; S. M. Tracy of the Mississippi Agricultural College, director and botanist of the Mississippi Agricultural Experiment Station.

Prior to the opening of Cornell University, President Andrew D. White visited Lansing, Mich., for the purpose of seeing Professor Prentiss and consulting him in regard to the chair of botany at Cornell. The result was the election of Professor Prentiss, who entered upon his duties here in the autumn of 1868 at the opening of the University. He showed great enthusiasm in organizing the work under the very adverse conditions which prevailed for the time and for several years.

The botanical department for several years did not have rooms devoted entirely to the work in botany, but made use of rooms at intervals when they were not occupied by other classes, and there was, therefore, a lack of room for carrying on desired laboratory work, as there was also at that time lack of suitable apparatus or illustrative material. The first course offered was in systematic botany during the autumn of the opening of the University in 1868. This was attended by four students who came from other institutions

and who had had some previous training in botany, the lectures being given in what is known as room 11, Morrill Hall. In the spring term the department was assigned two small rooms in a wooden building which had just been completed, more especially for the chemical and physical departments, neither of which rooms was large enough for the class of 144 students who attended the elementary course in the spring term. The lectures to this class were given in the chemical lecture room, where they were held for three years. For a number of years the members of the large spring classes, through his influence, became interested in the local flora, and this led ultimately through the enthusiasm of such men as Dr. D. S. Jordan, now president of Leland Stanford Jr. University, Dr. J. C. Branner, and Professor W. R. Dudley, of the same institution, to a careful and systematic study of the interesting flora of this region, and the publication later by Professor Dudley of the *Cayuga Flora*. In 1875 the department was moved to more commodious and permanent quarters in the south wing of the Sage College. The equipment in the way of models and other illustrative material had by this time considerably increased, and some other courses were offered. In 1873 an instructor, David S. Jordan, was for the first time appointed, and in the following year W. R. Dudley was appointed instructor, and continued to occupy this position until promoted to the assistant professorship in 1876–77.

In 1871 rooms were assigned the botanical department in the newly erected Sibley College, which was dedicated June 21, 1871.

In the course of five years the department had outgrown its quarters, and the Hon. Henry W. Sage, who is so well known as Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and by his numerous princely gifts to the University, came forward with $15,000 to be used for building a laboratory extension and the erection of the present plant conservatory which has proved such an important agency in botanical illustration and instruction. These improvements were completed in the

spring of 1882, and the rooms were formally opened by appropriate exercises on the evening of June 15, 1882, and brief addresses were made by President Andrew D. White, Hon. Erastus Brooks, and others.

For more than a decade in the early history of the University the entire oversight ot the large grounds of Cornell University fell to the lot of the professor of botany, and to those who know anything of the wild condition of the grounds at that time the duties of this position will not seem small. In fact a large part of the time of Professor Prentiss during the early years was given to personal supervision of the improvement of the grounds and the planting of trees, many of the summer vacations as well as the spare time obtained from the instruction being devoted entirely to this work. One of the first plans projected by him for the improvement of the grounds was the starting of a small nursery of native plants, the seeds of which were planted at the opening of the University. Owing to lack of funds for the care of this nursery most of the young plants were lost, but a few were planted on the campus, and would thus, if protected, be of the same age as the University. Most of these trees in one way and another have disappeared, chiefly through the rapid expansion of the University beyond what was anticipated at the outset, so that they have largely been removed to give place to new buildings, to subsequent gradings of the grounds, etc. Of the number of these trees planted at that time, it may be interesting to the friends of the University to know, that, so far as can be determined, only three pine trees remain, one situated on the Sage College grounds about 100 feet south of the botanical laboratory, while the other two are in the grounds of the residence of Professor J. H. Comstock, at the north end on East Avenue.

In the summer and autumn of 1870 Professor Prentiss was absent in Brazil with what is usually spoken of as the "Cornell Exploring Expedition." In university history this expedition is usually known as the "Morgan Expedition" in honor of the Hon. Edwin Barber Morgan, of Aurora, N. Y.,

who contributed a considerable sum toward the cost. The expedition was organized by Professor C. F. Hartt, at that time professor of geology, for the purpose of making collections in natural history and studying the natural resources of the country. A number of students accompanied Professors Hartt and Prentiss. The party sailed from New York the latter part of June, returning early in January, 1871. They explored the valley of the Amazon for a distance of about 400 miles above Pará, as well as the rivers Chingu and Tapajos, two of the principal tributaries to the Amazon. This gave Professor Prentiss an excellent opportunity to study the tropical flora and also to make some collections of material for the department. He also spent some time in Rio Janeiro and in other parts of Brazil.

In 1872 he spent six months in Europe, devoting the largest share of his time to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, London, and the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Subsequent visits were made to Europe and a large number of the more important botanic gardens were visited and studied. In 1878 he was married to Miss Adaline Eldred, and having no children his wife has been able to accompany him in many of his travels.

During his connection with the department at Cornell many students have come under his direct influence, and doubtless a large number have received from his instruction an inspiration to become botanists or teachers of botany. Among the more prominent botanists who have at one time or another been students of his at Cornell, may be mentioned the following: J. C. Arthur, professor of vegetable physiology at Purdue University; F. V. Coville, chief of the Division of Botany of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; W. R. Dudley, professor of botany in the Leland Stanford Jr. University; R. B. Hough, author of *American Woods*; J. A. Holmes, formerly professor of botany and geology in the University of North Carolina, now state geologist; W. A. Kellerman, professor of botany in the Ohio State University; W. R. Lazenby, formerly professor of botany, now

professor of horticulture in the Ohio State University; C. W. Mathews, professor of horticulture and botany in the State College of Kentucky; V. A. Moore, formerly bacteriologist of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, now professor of bacteriology at Cornell; C. F. Millspaugh, botanist to the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago; W. W. Rowlee, assistant professor of botany in Cornell University; W. Trelease, professor of botany in Washington University and director of the Missouri Botanical Garden; M. B. Thomas, professor of botany in Wabash College; R. Yatabe, professor of botany and curator of the botanic garden, University of Tokio.

Professor Prentiss's writings upon botanical subjects have been few. In 1871 he wrote an essay on the "Mode of the natural distribution of plants over the surface of the earth," which received the first Walker prize by the Boston Society of Natural History, and was published in pamphlet form (University Press, Ithaca, N. Y., 1872). Minor contributions have been made to some of the American botanical journals.

The most extended piece of botanical writing which Professor Prentiss accomplished has unfortunately not yet been published. This was a monograph of the hemlock, *Tsuga Canadensis*, for the Division of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The monograph was one of a series upon certain of our coniferous trees, prepared at the request of the chief of the Division of Forestry,[1] Mr. B. E. Fernow, by different authors. Professor V. M. Spalding made the monograph on the white pine, Dr. Chas. Mohr on the southern pines, Mr. Flint on *Pinus resinosa*, *rigida*, etc., and Professor Prentiss on the hemlock. According to certain financial requirements of the department at Washington, the time for the delivery of the monographs was extremely limited, so that when they were presented at the expiration of this limit, they were all necessarily short in

[1] I am greatly indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fernow for these facts concerning the conifer monographs. G. F. A.

observations of a kind which are needed to formulate rules for forestry practice, especially measurements at various stages of development not only of single trees but of groups in the forest. For this reason none of these monographs were printed at that time, and only now is the department in a position to publish Dr. Mohr's monograph, to be followed by the others in turn. These monographs included statistics of area and consumption, with a history of the economic development of timber supplies; brief botanical descriptions, including studies on wood structure, biology, the requirements of the species for its development, the progress through various stages of growth, etc., etc. Professor Prentiss's monograph was among the best, and very well put together, but was, like the rest, deficient in the respects mentioned.

The fact that his productiveness has not manifested itself in more frequent and pretentious contributions upon botanical topics may have seemed surprising to those who have not understood the conditions under which Professor Prentiss has labored. During the early history of the University the organization of a department when funds were not sufficient to at once build and equip suitable rooms for the large number of students, the exacting duties as superintendent of the grounds for the larger part of his connection with the University, where constant personal supervision was necessary in connection with the improvement and care of 50 to 100 acres, was sufficient, with the duties as teacher, for a number of years without any assistance, to prevent the planning and carrying out of any extended investigations. During the later years, failing health, while it did not prevent him from attendance upon the duties of instruction and administration of his office, did not leave him sufficient reserve strength for the close and continued application necessary in conducting extended experiments or prolonged research. Punctilious to a fault in meeting his appointments, he rarely missed any of his classes, even when suffering from an indisposition which would have warranted an occasional

respite. But during the last two years illness has at several times compelled him to give up all work for short periods, though he would return to work again when convalescent, and in such a state of health as would have constrained others to absent themselves longer from duty. But in the winter of 1896 he found it necessary, in order that his health might be cared for, to ask to be relieved from further active participation in the administration of the department.

At the winter meeting of the Board of Trustees he was elected professor emeritus in recognition of his long and faithful services to the University, and the faculty attested by appropriate resolutions the esteem in which he has always been held by his colleagues, and the value of his services and influence in the early history of the University, when it required men of strong faith and firm principles to stand up for the new and advanced ideals upon which Cornell University was founded.

Professor Prentiss was dignified and gentle. In his lectures he was a clear, precise, easy, and fluent speaker, and in conversation a most delightful companion. To those who were not intimately acquainted with him he often seemed cold and unsympathetic; but those who knew him well felt the charm of his manner and encouragement of his keen interest in the individual work of the student. Those who have been closely associated with him, either as his students or colleagues, have always been encouraged by his deep interest in their work. A former pupil of his, now a prominent botanist, said this summer, shortly after his death, "While Professor Prentiss never manifested any great enthusiasm himself, he could arouse more enthusiasm in a student, and get more work out of him, than any man I ever knew." This influence which he had over his pupils came from well chosen words of approval and encouragement, and from his quick grasp of the problems which the student was investigating

As a pupil of Professor Prentiss, the writer felt no restraint upon the most cordial relationship, and always experienced

an exquisite delight in the personal discussions upon various topics connected with the lectures or investigations, and came to regard him more in the light of a dear friend than as a teacher. Later when he was associated with him as a colleague, the same deep interest in success and approval of research work characterized his relation to his former pupil. The same gentle and elevating influence, with his cultivated and refined taste, exerted upon his pupils, also was felt in his home and in his social life, and it is to be regretted that the lack of a strong constitution and reserve power, coupled with failing health for a number of years, prevented the production of work and publications which otherwise might have been expected of a man who possessed such culture and natural gifts.

Those who have had occasion to receive recognition for some small favors done during periods of his illness, know how handsome are the tokens which a generous nature prompted. This generosity of his nature is well illustrated by an incident of his life while connected with the Michigan State Agricultural College. This incident was related to me during the past summer by one of his pupils at that time, who played an important rôle in it. The foreman on the college farm, who was very popular with the boys, fell into disfavor with his superior officer and was removed from his position. The young men wished to give him some small token of their regard at the time of his departure, and this pupil, who now is a prominent botanist and whose name is mentioned in this article, solicited funds from the student body for this purpose. He called also on Professor Prentiss, who handed him ten dollars, saying, "Whatever you can do for him, do something handsome. Here are ten dollars, and be sure never to say a word about it." This sum more than equalled that received from the students. By some means the superior officer came to know of this honor paid by the students to one who had met his displeasure. When he discovered that this young man, who was also an assistant in his department, was the moving spirit in the matter, he informed him that

his services were no longer wanted. Professor Prentiss on learning of this sent for the young man and installed him as student assistant in the botanical department.

During the early summer months there was a slight improvement in Professor Prentiss's condition, so that he was enabled to enjoy nature again, in close touch with which his life work had brought him, and he began with great satisfaction to read some historical works which for years he had longed to do, but was unable on account of professional duties. But a divine Providence had other plans, and he was called elsewhere, giving up his last planned occupation, and life, with that sweet resignation which was characteristic of his nature.

GEO. F. ATKINSON, '85.

Spirit of Dawn.

And the swallows deep in the blue-grey air,
  With mocking dips, outdid the choir
  Of chattering sparrows; from the spire
A glint of rose dawn; in the square,
  A green gloom over all—
While laden on the dewy breeze
  Swung low the chiming five.

* * * * * *

A spirit whispered thro' the trees
  And quick I sought it—all alive
  To hidden import in its spell—
I felt the whisper in me quell
  A long desiring—years to strive
  For such a moment!
Why it sought me? ought to tell?
  Leaned far out, I breathed it mine—
  Then in one unknowing, caught me—
I was naught;—my spirit, thine!

F. B. C.

The Other Chair.

IT was near the end of March and the St. Augustine season was drawing to a close. Comparatively few people were to be seen in the lounging rooms or on the piazzas of the Alcazar. Here and there on the piazzas a curious or a cynical spectator could have noticed chairs, placed in couples occupied by young men and women taking their first glimpse of Florida—and other states. Over near the entrance to the Casino a few young negroes were lounging, discussing the latest "show" at the Opera House and smoking the cigarette stubs left on a convenient window sill by a trio of young New Yorkers who had strolled over from the Ponce. A few idlers haunted the shops around the courtyard and at the door of his studio the Cuban tonsorial artist was animatedly descanting on his country's wrongs to a plethoric but weak tourist to whom he had just succeeded in selling a bottle of hair tonic. In the center of the court the fountains were playing, distributing their twilight colored drops over the palmettos surrounding the water's edge; and over all the modern Moorish picture hung that atmosphere of laziness and peace peculiar to a Florida evening.

On the piazza in one of two chairs, very close together, sat an athletic-looking young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts. There were no intruders within an inconvenient range of vision, and doubly secure in the half light his hand was resting on the arm of the other chair. In his eyes, which were idly wandering in their glances over the piazzas and court, was an odd look of tenderness and peaceful curiosity. He watched the eager gesticulations of the Cuban talking to the tourist and lazily wondered whether the barber was inveigling his customer into joining forces with the glorious cause of Liberty or whether he was merely trying to sell more hair tonic. At the rate his mental functions

were operating the problem proved too severe, and giving it up he glanced down at his hand, on the arm of the other chair. Then he yawned prodigiously, sighed slightly, and, without moving his hand turned to face the chair. He sat silently in this position for a few minutes while a half smile stole over his lips, and then he said : "Grace, you dear, do you know you get more and more perplexing every day I know you?"

As his companion could hardly be supposed to know that fact, he went on composedly : "Of course I know you care a lot about me or you would never have married me in this way ; but I'm free to admit that if I didn't know it, there would have been lots of times during the last two weeks when, if I had not loved you as much as I did, I would have been thoroughly disgusted at your lack of good taste."

"What?—Yes, I know ; but do let me keep my good opinion of myself. It's about the only thing I know of that is absolutely my own and that costs nothing to maintain. Anyway you must love me, else why did you marry me? You knew very well I hadn't a red in the world, and you know now that after we spend our respective and respected parents' wedding present you'll have to go home and live practically without anything except clothes and me. Why was it? Was it all because you loved me?"

There was no immediate answer and his hand dropped from the arm of the chair. He went on : "Oh, well—'Never mind the why and wherefore,' and so forth. You did it, and I know that ought to be enough, but somehow or other it isn't." He stopped and looked at the tourist. The tourist was looking bored, and was gazing around with so evident a wish to see a man to whom he had to speak, that he decided it was hair tonic. Then he continued rather abstractedly : "You see the hair tonic—er—that is, the circumstances under which our acquaintance and—and marriage occurred have been so odd. I don't believe anyone else's love affairs were ever quite so odd. Let's look back and trace the course from the beginning. In the first place,

I met you. That seems strange, I know, but it is nevertheless true. Then I did not care a straw about you, in fact, I —well, I didn't care anyway. By the perversity of your nature, when you saw you were nothing to me, you fell violently in love with me—Yes? But wait, please, until I have finished. Now no man is so utterly insensible as not to have a rather warm feeling around his heart when a charming and beautiful girl shows, however hard she may try to conceal it, that she is glad when he comes and sorry when he leaves. Pardon? Oh! don't mention it. Well, I saw you cared for me, and I—I haven't had so very many people really care whether I lived or died, in my life, and my whole soul was, when I met you, crying out for some one to love me and to trust and believe in me. It seemed then as if Providence had heard my cries and had sent you. From caring about you because you cared for me, I soon came to loving you blindly, wholly, and almost slavishly for yourself. God knows that I now wish I never had, for as soon as I ceased to rule you, the love that you thought you bore me died, and you grew tired. I was no longer a novelty, I suppose.

"Then young Britton came along and through some caprice you became wildly infatuated with him. Yes, dear, I know you fought against it and tried to be loyal to me in your heart, but it wasn't any use. He made you care for him just as I did in the beginning—simply by not caring for you—but he had more sense than I in that he refused to let love beget love. Well, he went away. Your heart followed for a while, but tired out with its fruitless endeavors, it came back to me to rest. All this time—you remember this went on while we were engaged—I felt as if my whole happiness were suspended between heaven and hell, on a very fine thread, and nearer hell than heaven. I did not dare to tell you to give either one, all or nothing, for I knew how probable it was that I should get the latter. I simply accepted silently what you chose to give, and tried to believe that it was all you had. I suppose it was, in a certain sense.

"Finally I went away. The first time, I mean. You remember, don't you? You were unhappy and wrote me to come back. I told you when I left, you know, that if you ever wanted me you'd have to say so yourself. Well, I came back, and for a while you were happy. So was I."

It was growing darker, and as he paused, seemingly waiting for an answer, he noticed that the tourist and the barber were gone, and that the bazars were all closed. He thought vaguely that it must be getting rather late, and smiling as if in contemptuous pity for himself he turned back to the other chair.

"Aren't you getting cold or sleepy? Do you want to go in? No? Well, I'll go on, then.

"It was only for a while, as you know. The next disturbing element was Jack Houghton. You cared for him (or rather thought you did, for you know my theory, that you loved me all the time), because he loved some one else."

He smiled again, this time differently. "Poor little girl, I'm not giving you much of a character, am I?

"Then I went away again, saying to myself that I would never come back. I think we were apart almost three weeks that time, weren't we? Then you wrote again. You said you were sorry; that my theory was right; that you loved me with all your heart; that you wanted no one else, and that you should go into a convent if I did not come. And, oh, yes! you said you knew you had no right to claim me. I think I have the letter here." He searched inside his coat and drew out a crumpled envelope from which he extracted an equally crumpled letter, which he read by the light of a match. After he had finished it he threw the envelope away and tore the letter in halves. Then he rose and went down on his hands and knees in the dewy grass just off the piazza until he found the envelope, after which he placed the mutilated letter in it and confided them once more to his pocket. He sat down again and went on: "Well, I went back, chiefly, of course, to prevent your taking the veil. Behold the result! Florida and pure happiness."

He repeated the words slowly, "Pure happiness. Humph! I don't believe there is such a thing—at least I don't believe it comes from loving and trusting a woman. Well—at any rate—" his voice grew tense and hard, "I don't believe it could come from loving and trusting *you*. Do you blame me for feeling that way? And yet—Oh, Grace! if you only had really cared for me, as a woman should care for the man she expects to marry, I wouldn't say that. It would have all been so different then. At least you might have told me you did not really care before I cared quite so much." His voice broke. "Even now you know I love you with all my heart and soul. Even now when you've played with me as a child plays with a ball tied to a rubber cord. You threw me from you just to see me spring back again, and when you found I would spring back with much more force if you threw me harder, you put more force into your throw. But," and his voice sank to a confidential whisper, tinged with triumph, "do you know, Grace, I once knew a child that had a ball like that, and one day, while she was playing with it, she threw it so hard that the rubber broke, and the ball went flying out of the window. It rolled away and was lost. It never came back. The little girl hunted and hunted for it, and cried her eyes almost out over her plaything's loss, but she never found it again. Now, Grace, dear, you see, don't you? The elastic is broken. You threw the ball too far, and I'm really very much afraid the ball is lost. Too bad. Does the little girl want 'ums?" He laughed to himself in the dark. There was no sound from the other chair, and he leaned down and lit a cigarette. Everything was quiet around the court, and even the noise of the fountain seemed to have grown slighter. The rest of the chairs had long ago become unoccupied, and the night porter was placing them one by one face inward against the wall. He looked rather curiously at the young fellow who was sitting so quietly gazing at nothing, and placing his hand on the chair next him said: "Beg pardon, sir, but is this chair occupied?"

Jack looked up at him and smiled: "Oh, no. It hasn't been, all the evening."

"Thank you, sir," and the man took it away to the wall. Then he went in.

Jack rose, stretched his arms, shivered slightly, and walked over to the other chair. He looked down at it for a moment or two and then touched its arm gently with his hand.

"Suppose you had been there, dear?" he said.

The porter came out again and approached him.

"Mr. Waring?" said he.

"Yes," said Jack.

"A telegram," said the man.

He opened it and held it up to the window of the ladies' waiting room to read it. Then he went into the office.

"I am going to leave to-morrow for Jacksonville. On the nine-fifteen," said he.

As he left the hotel the next morning he said to the darky who carried his satchel:

"Sam, did you ever stop and think how far a rubber cord would stretch without breaking?"

"Yas, sah," said the negro doubtfully, as he took the dollar.

J. G. SANDERSON, '97.

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A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth and his desire to communicate it without loss.—EMERSON.

IN presenting the first number of a new volume of THE CORNELL MAGAZINE, published by a new board of editors, it seems desirable to say something about the province of such a publication in Cornell University. The MAGAZINE stands first of all as the exponent of the literary spirit in the University. It has been sometimes remarked that there is no such thing here: it is hoped that the record of the year upon which we have entered may do something to refute this somewhat grave charge. Certainly Cornell students are an especially busy lot of men and women; and to

write, that is, to write well, takes time. But is it not worth while? A great sage has told us that the moment a man begins to do what he knows, that moment he begins to form character. The great value of a college course lies not so much in the amount one takes in as in the amount one assimilates. The artist does not only stand in admiration before the works of the masters; he goes home and learns to use pencil and brush.

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THE MAGAZINE, then, offers its columns to the students for the publication of the best they have to bring. A legend on the cover informs the public that the MAGAZINE is "published by the students of the University." It is, therefore, pre-eminently a student publication, and should be maintained by the students. Members of the Faculty and alumni will be cordially welcomed as contributors, as in the past; but the contributions of the student body are, after all, what determine the opinion of the public. It is hoped that the standard can be kept high.

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ANOTHER thing the MAGAZINE stands for—though in this respect it does not profess to be unique—is the promotion of college spirit, meaning by that, the spirit of pride in and loyalty to Alma Mater. It is true that a city set on a hill cannot be hid; but whether the city on the hill above Cayuga should shine with a feeble candle gleam, or with a broad and ever steadier and brighter light, was for some years a question which none could answer. The growth of Cornell is a source of pride to every member and friend of the University. But not everyone knows what were the small beginnings of our institution; and the MAGAZINE takes pleasure in announcing a series of articles on the early history of the University, much of which is still unwritten. Articles have been promised by Professors Caldwell, Wilder, Morris, and Crane; others are expected,

and it is hoped that something will be furnished by Professor Goldwin Smith and by our honored first president. The series should prove invaluable for preservation to all interested in Cornell history.

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OF the resident full professors who were members of the original University Faculty, but four are still here and in active service. One has entered into rest since the last number of the MAGAZINE appeared. We are fortunate in being able to secure an account of his life from one who was an intimate friend and favorite pupil of Professor Prentiss, and who has since succeeded him in the chair of botany. To Professor Atkinson we are also indebted for the loan of the cut from which our engraving of Professor Prentiss was made.

Athletic Comment.

Cornell's double victory on the water in June sets a high standard of excellence to be strenuously adhered to in all branches of her athletics this season. Such success after the close of the college year augurs favorably for coming events on the gridiron, on the diamond, on track, field, and water.

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Football is naturally pre-eminent. Its spirit is in the sere October air and gilds or glooms the "halls of learning," according to the vacillating prospects of the team.

To an observer on the side lines, the growth of a football team is an interesting study. September seems to be a season of "sprouting and careful nursing." This month we are witnessing the "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest." In November it will be a knitting together of individuals into an "organism" of the greatest possible harmony, strength, and efficiency.

It would seem to be rather too early in the present month to tax our players with so sturdy a foe as Harvard, but it is just this test which is needed to develop the team work and strengthen the players for the games against Princeton and Pennsylvania. And right here we should like to commend the football management on the excellent arrangement of the season's schedule. Harvard at Ithaca, Princeton on the 31st of this month, a week after Princeton's 150th anniversary celebration, and Pennsylvania in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day, are a trio of games, dates, and favorable circumstances hard to equal in the college football world.

The "sprouting period" showed nearly a hundred candidates on the field and a football spirit on the part of candi-

dates, of the captain and management, alumni and undergraduates, which can honestly be said to be unparalleled. "Natural selection" has reduced the possibilities to about thirty, and those who are the "survivals of the fittest" can best be judged after the Harvard game.

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The individual work of our players is all that could be asked for in most cases, but—"the *team*'s the thing"—and it's *team* work that will tell the history of our football season. At the present writing, our line is showing up prominently in offensive play and the formation of our interference with Captain Beacham and McKeever for ground gainers, leads us to believe that no team in the country can prevent Cornell from scoring. The Harvard game will undoubtedly show the strength of this interference, as none of our earlier games have. Another strong point of our game, well shown in the Western Reserve and Tufts games, is the quarter-back kick of Young and the half-back punt of Beacham. Owing to the weakness of the team in the full-back position, most of our kicking has been done by the halves and quarter.

Our weakness lies in the defensive play, with the possible exception of our kicking qualities. The ends are most erratic in their work so far, although Lee, a new man, is putting up a strong aggressive game.

The following is a list of the team as it now stands, together with the strongest "subs":

Left end—Lee, Wilson; left tackle—Lueder, Fitch; left guard—Reed, Caldwell; center—Norton, Taylor, Hill; right guard—Fennell, Lueder; right tackle—Sweetland, Hill; right end—Taussig, Short; quarter—Young, Miller, McDougall; left half—Beacham (captain), Whiting; right half—McKeever, Ripley; full back—Ritchie, Tracy, Will, Dempsey.

***

The officials for the Harvard-Cornell game are: umpire, Dr. Schoff of Pennsylvania; referee, Paul Dashiel of Lehigh; linesman, H. L. Pratt of Amherst.

The interest which has been taken by the "old grads" in the team is most gratifying. A large number of old Cornell players have been out assisting Coach Sanford and Captain Beacham in their daily work. In Tuesday's game with the "grads," it was a pleasure to many an old student to see Wyckoff and Dyer behind the line again with Mason and Kelly in their old places. And "the grads" showed that the old time players had not forgotten how to play the game.

***

Fencing is decidedly on the increase here. The Fencers' Club has about thirty members, and has secured the services of M. Brigandi, recently master of fencing for the New York Athletic Club. Local contests with teams from Buffalo and Syracuse are expected during the year, and it is probable that Cornell will have an entry in the spring contests of of the Amateur Fencers' League of America, at New York, at which are many strong college teams.

***

It is too early yet to conjecture on the prospects of the field and track athletics here. The first meet is held on the 31st, and the underclass contest on field and track takes place the following Tuesday, Election Day, with possible meets with Syracuse and Rochester Universities. A cross-country run with the big college teams at Philadelphia is a scheme of the future, lately broached by the University of Pennsylvania.

Derr of Princeton, who has run the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat, Davison of Syracuse, a speedy half-mile runner, and Rosencrantz of Rochester, a pole-vaulter, are the only new men whose athletic abilities are known.

***

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, held at New Haven, the 8th–10th of October, was of unusual interest this year, from both an intercollegiate and a local standpoint.

Harvard won both singles and doubles, and by so doing

captured the Grand Trophy Cup which has been up for ten years and held by Yale and Harvard each five times previous to this year's tournament. It went to the winner on the seventh victory, according to the terms of the contest.

For Cornell, Neely and Heitkamp did excellent work, defeating the Yale team in the doubles, and the former winning second place in the play-off in singles. Our showing at New Haven should certainly act as a stimulus to the tennis players of Cornell. There is no reason why interest in this branch of college sport should not be revived again. University courts are sadly needed. If there were some suitable place in which to hold a local tournament, where both spectators and players would not be inconvenienced, it would bring back into popular favor one of the most fascinating games; one which can be enjoyed from early spring until late autumn, and by the spectator as well as the player. Indoor courts are a matter of future speculation.

The Month.

Dr. Wilhelm Doerpfeld, first secretary of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, delivered three lectures before the University on September 28–30, on the subjects, "Troy, and the Results of the Most Recent Excavations on that Site"; "The Greek Theatre, and Recent Discoveries concerning its Construction and Use"; "The Doric Style, and the History of its Development."

—

The Co-operative Society has attained a high standing, and is doing a much larger business than last year. The manager for the year is Harry L. Powers, '96.

—

The degrees of master of science, master of philosophy, master of letters, and doctor of science are to be no longer conferred by the University. The only master's degree which will be conferred is that of master of arts; the only doctor's degree, that of doctor of philosophy.

—

The requirement of a thesis for the degree of LL.B. has been abolished by the Faculty of the College of Law. The writing of a law thesis will be optional, and the thesis prizes will continue to be awarded.

—

The University recently received from the Committee of Award of the Columbian Exposition, of which Mr. John Boyd Thatcher was chairman, a diploma and bronze medal for the excellence of equipment, work, and results in the training of men and women.

The following appointments to undergraduate scholarships have been made: A. R. Ayres, H. L. Cowing, J. C. Davis, J. T. Fitzpatrick, A. M. Garretson, Florence B. Grey, G. A. Larkin, R. A. Millar, J. H. Miner, L. S. Palen, J. H. Pettit, Eva R. Root, Mabel E. Rose, J. Z. Smith, Vera M. Thompson, E. A. Wilson.

—

The *Journal of Physical Chemistry* is a new Cornell publication which will be under the editorship of Assistant Professors Wilder D. Bancroft and Joseph Trevor, of the Department of Chemistry. Mr. E. G. Wyckoff has generously endowed the new magazine with $1,000 a year for five years.

—

During the summer a new chair of Semitic Languages and Literatures was created by an endowment from the Hon. Henry W. Sage. The first incumbent of the position is the Rev. Nathaniel Schmidt, late professor in Hamilton Theological Seminary. Professor Schmidt, though a young man, is an accomplished scholar, and belongs to the liberal school of biblical critics.

—

The weekly musicals given by Dr. L. L. Forman and Mrs. Charles M. Tyler in Sage Chapel, have been largely attended and are fully appreciated.

—

The first meeting of the Graduate Students' Club, on October 9th, was addressed by President Schurman and Professor Andrew Seth, who at present holds Sir William Hamilton's chair in the University of Edinburgh.

—

The Cornell University Club of New York City held a dinner at the Hotel St. Denis on Friday evening, October 16th, and presented a silver loving-cup to Mr. Charles E. Courtney as a token of admiration for his splendid work in developing the Cornell crews.

Lieutenant Bell has completed his term of service as commandant, having performed his difficult duties in a most admirable manner. He has been succeeded by Captain Walter Schuyler, a graduate of West Point, of the class of 1870, who served as commandant at Cornell from 1883 to 1886.

—

Professor Friedrich Karl Brugmann, the distinguished comparative philologist of the University of Leipsic, has been visiting at the University as the guest of Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

—

The Senior elections on October 21 resulted as follows: president, C. F. Hamilton; first vice-president, E. O. Spillman; second vice-president, Mabel A. Clark; recording secretary, C. H. Smith; corresponding secretary, Julia L. Pearson; treasurer, I. W. McConnell; class orator, I. Esmond; ivy orator, Maurice Connolly; memorial orator, H. R. Tobey; prize orator, L. A. Fuertes; poet, Oreola Williams; prophet, C. D. Clinton; historian, C. W. D. Parsons; essayist, Lillian C. Swift; toastmaster, F. C. Slade; athletic director, B. H. Stebbins; navy director, F. D. Colson; baseball director, W. W. Kuntz; football director, D. R. Richie; lacrosse director, M. J. Milmoe; marshals, H. H. Hill, L. C. Fuller; pipe custodian, J. M. Evans.

—

The University is larger than last year by something over a hundred students. Some departments are seriously hampered in their work by lack of funds.

—

Professor Burr has been engaged since June in the libraries and archives of England and Holland, conducting his investigations for the Venezuelan Commission. He expects to resume his work in the University next term.

Publications Received.

TUTTLE, HERBERT. History of Prussia under Frederic the Great, 1756–1757. With a biographical sketch of the author, by Herbert B. Adams. Boston, 1896. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HARDWICKE, HENRY. History of Oratory and Orators. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $3.00.

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS. No. 67, The Bostonian Ebenezer, by Cotton Mather. No. 69, Description of the New Netherlands, by Adrian Van der Donck. No. 71, Columbus's Memorial to Ferdinand and Isabella. No. 73, The Battle of Quebec, from Capt. John Knox's Journal. No. 74, Hamilton's Report on the Coinage, 1791. Boston. The Directors of the Old South Work.

TOURGÉE, ALBION W. The War of the Standards. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In "Questions of the Day" Series. Paper.

ADAMS, GEORGE BURTON. Why Americans Dislike England. Philadelphia, 1896. H. Altemus.

JUDSON, HARRY PRATT. The Higher Education as a training for Business. Philadelphia, 1896. H. Altemus.

MCMASTER, JOHN BACH. The Origin, Meaning, and Application of the Monroe Doctrine. Philadelphia, 1896. H. Altemus.

ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY. Abraham Lincoln, A Poem. New York. 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $1.00.

CHESIRE, HORACE F., editor. The Hastings Chess Tournament, 1895. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. Cloth $1.35.

The History of Prussia under Frederic the Great.

A melancholy interest attaches to this volume, as representing the last work of the late Professor Tuttle, whom Cornellians remember always with respect, and whose intimate associates were his most devoted friends. The work of Professor Tuttle as a scholarly investigator and as a university teacher cannot be too highly praised. The special field to which he devoted himself was Prussian history, and in this domain he was probably the only original American scholar, and was recognized as one of the highest authorities on either side of the water.

The project of writing the history of Prussia began to take shape in Mr. Tuttle's mind during his career as Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily News*, probably as early as 1875. He prepared himself thoroughly for the task. As correspondent his opportunities for observing political and social affairs in the German capital were of the best. He knew Count Herbert Bismarck, and came into social relations with many of the leading men of the time. His labors upon the first volume of his great work, covering the history of Prussia from 1134 to 1740, extended from November, 1879 to October, 1883. Five years after the publication of this volume, appeared the first volume of his "History of Prussia under Frederic the Great." The present volume, which was left by the author in manuscript ready for the printer, is the third volume of the "Frederic" and the fourth of the "History of Prussia." Professor Tuttle once said that the wars of Frederic would kill him. He labored hard upon his task until 1892, when he was compelled by failing health to suspend his labors.

After the verdict of Professor Rudolph Gneist of the University of Berlin, that Tuttle's "History of Frederic the Great" was the best written, little need now be said of the present volume, further than that it exhibits the same brilliant scholarship, the same painstaking accuracy, and the same easy and graceful expression which characterize the preceding volumes, and which make the work "a sound and solid piece of learning." There have been included in the volume a biographical sketch of Professor Tuttle by Professor Herbert B. Adams, a bibliography of Professor Tuttle's writings, and a full index.

Exchanges.

The magazines for September and October abound in verse whose delicate coloring and half pensive, half melancholy sentiment seem appropriate to the fall of the year. From the *University of California* comes the following which has faint suggestions of past bloom and present blight:

FROM YESTER DAYS.

From purple haze of yester days
  Gray ghosts, and grim, come stalking,
When shadows fall on tinted wall,
  And days gone by are talking.

The lily's bloom, that seemed at noon
  Of life to be the fairest,
Mocks now the heart that ere the dark
  Had praised the rose as rarest.

The rose has learned, since fancy turned
  To yet another flower,
That fickle man plucks where he can
  Fair buds from Cupid's bower.

—*H. C. Newman.*

In similar vein from the *University of Tennesssee* is

DISILLUSIONMENT.

The line that marks the seeming from the true
  Is like that low-laid thread—that shadow dim
  Which forms the sky and sea-lines' welded rim.
Sometimes we look and then it seems the blue
Is wedded to the ocean's misty hue,
  But sterner glance our judgment craves
  Revealing but a shadow on the waves,
While, far away, the sky line 'scapes our view.

Thus, in the tumult of this life of ours,
  Anon we seem to know the truth as truth,
Then comes that moment—saddest of all hours—
  Which reads the final lesson to our youth:
We learn that truth, aye beauty, ever flies
And leaves a nameless wraith with hollow eyes.

—*Elbert Hutson.*

"The nameless wraith" turns to a lovelier spectre in the *Sequoia*'s

FANTASY.

Dim are her sea-grey eyes, and amber-tressed
Her brows are fair;
As white as ivory newly sawn her breast
Is gleaming bare;
And softly stepping down the garden-way
I see her pass.
The moon is wan, and soft the low winds sway
The creeping grass.

So sad and strange there comes a serenade,
A lingering sigh,
A plaintive tinkling that her fingers played
In years gone by.
So sad upon the air that sweet old tune
It floats along,
And fills the garden, lit by the pale moon,
With lonely song.

And ever in the dusk, when days grow old,
I wait for her;
When soft and slow night cometh fold on fold,
And all is fair.
How sweet in this blue-glimmering night in May
The vanished rain
Hath left the roses where she held her way,
But all in vain!

However fair, no earthly odors blown,
However sweet,
Or ruby glow of any love-lamp shown,
May stay her feet.
What joys foregone, what earthly fate foresworn,
Arise in her,
That 'mid the asphodels beyond the bourn
She may not fare?

—*Edward Maslin Hulme.*

"The plaintive tinkling" of music swells into a burst of melody in these lines from the *University of California*:

THE ORGANIST.

The dreamy light of afternoon
  Slants through the stained windows high;
Before the organ-keys I sit,
  Silent, no other mortal nigh;
        And in my breast
There lies a dull unwonted pain:
  Some sprite of causeless, vague unrest
Allures me with desires vain.

Unsatisfied, with heart that craves
  For utterance, yet none may find,
I strive to strike some happy chord
  May wake sweet melodies confined.
        But ah, no tone
Of tenderness or sterner strain
  Comes to me, silent and alone:
My yearning is but vain!

Yet hark! I hear a murmur grow:
  My fingers gently press the keys,
And now there comes a music low
  And sweet as breath of summer breeze.
        It grows, it swells,
The voices of the organ rise;
  I seem to hear the toll of bells
Sounded afar when daylight dies.
  Still grander, still more deep and glorious
  It rolls into a chant victorious:
        At last 'tis found!
My soul is filled with quiet blest
  As with one slowly-dying burst of sound
The wondrous music fades to rest.

—*Roger S. Phelps.*

Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant poetess, is represented in the *University of California* by the following translation of one of her lyrics:

PASSED BY.

"I've borne much already,"
    Sighed softly a little flower;
"Rude hands have thrown sharp sand
    And stones, and made me cower.

And heavy footprints crushing
  Me down with torturing heel,
Have ope'd the ebbing tides of life
  Which only many seasons seal.

You only went by silently
  On your way, along the lane,
And yet of all, have left
  Behind the deepest pain."

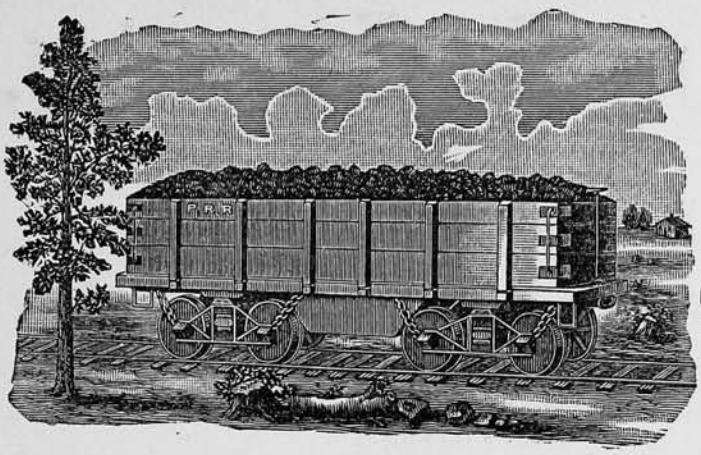
Red and Blue has a tribute to an author who, although sometimes dubbed a literary caricaturist, has appealed to many hearts.

CHARLES DICKENS.

He wrote of those who laugh and those who moan,
  He touched the light chords and the mirth came clear—
  He touched the deeper and the notes of fear
Rang out and Sorrow's graver undertone
Hid in its depths the hunger-tortured groan
  Of those whose only portion is a tear;
  And whether joy or sorrow did appear
He clad them in a beauty all his own.

He wrote for all who read and not the few
  Who view life's struggle from an easy-chair;
The stones of London nursed him and he grew
  To love her and when Fortune's smile was fair
He looked into the human hearts he knew
  And told the stories that were written there.

—*Arthur Hobson Quinn.*



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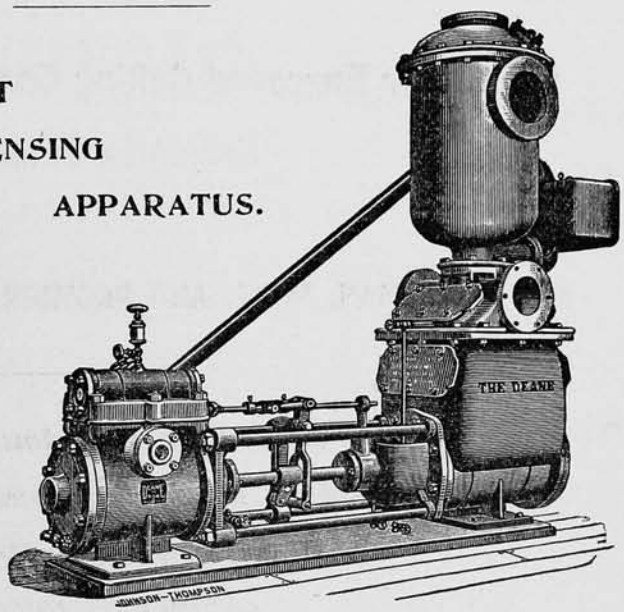

The Cornell Magazine

November, 1896.

Some Recollections.

A CONVERSATION WITH PROFESSOR JOHN L. MORRIS.

As students here at Cornell in this year 1896, surrounded by all that goes to make up a complete university, it is unnatural and impossible for us to imagine the sights and sounds of this hilltop in the first days of the college, barely a quarter of a century ago. We feel a sense of pride, and knowingly nod our heads when an old alumnus remarks on Cornell's wonderful growth, and tells us that no such exceptional development in twenty-five years has taken place before nor is likely to again, even here; but we must needs sit down for an hour and listen to someone well acquainted and greatly interested in this early history, someone who has been, year after year, an eye witness to this remarkable growth, in order to get a true picture of the life and spirit, the success and trials of the new University.

There are several offices on the Campus where the most valuable kind of primary authority can be obtained verbally from men who called the rolls on October 12, 1868, the first day of recitations, and who are still watching over the changing classes with the same interest and effort, are still working with the same zeal that Cornell men may obtain the most that it is possible to obtain from a college in four years.

It is fortunate for the University that there are some of these men of the first Faculty here at present; Cornell gains

from the fact a certain dignity, and an alumnus sends his son on with confidence, knowing that what was to be obtained when these professors were governing an infant college, will surely only be improved and multiplied with the same teachers at the head of a great and fully equipped university. To these men, a caller, who wishes simply to sit down and hear a little about Cornell in the sixties and seventies, is a restful guest, and it is recreation and pleasure to them to exchange for such a visit the usual business of deciding how A can best make up his back work, or whether B really deserves to have his petition signed.

"What would you think to-day," remarked Professor John L. Morris, in the course of a recent talk on our early history, "if in order to enter Sibley, you should have to report for examinations in arithmetic, grammar, and geography at the cellar door of the Cornell Library building down town opposite the fire engine house? Well, that is where the students went, and those are the subjects in which they were examined for the technical course. Those who wanted to enter the classical course had to pass examinations in Latin and Greek as well. We had a hard struggle, some of us, to get the state authorities to let us demand algebra as an extra requirement the following year, the reason being that there were many districts in the state, the northern counties in particular, where algebra was not taught.

"After the day of examinations, at an appointed hour, all the candidates gathered in the form of a great semicircle in front of the steps of the same building down town, and the names of the successful ones read forth. These were told to report immediately at Cascadilla, and the crowd of about four hundred scrambled up the hill. Major Whittlesey, who was our West Point officer then, met the students at Cascadilla. He lined them up two abreast down the entire length of the long south corridor, and then went down the line, counted off a certain number of men, and said, 'You are Company A;' next he picked out an intelligent-looking boy from among their number and

said, 'you are captain,' and to a second, 'you are lieutenant.' In all he formed thus six companies. Companies A, B, and C were sent off to their new quarters in Morrill Hall, which was our one building on the hill except Cascadilla. The officers were given the best quarters downstairs, and the privates were in dormitories above. Most of the Faculty were in Cascadilla with the balance of the students, and that is the way in which we began life at Cornell. You can imagine how we were cramped for room. We were huddled in together, and the recitation rooms were common property, and, as such, used in turn.

"One day, shortly after the opening, a notice was read to the students when they were assembled for drill, and were lined up in front of Morrill, announcing that any who wished to earn some money were to report the next Saturday morning at Cascadilla. It seems to me that about fifty or sixty responded to the call. I had provided wheelbarrows and shovels, and we all set to work to do the grading for a new wooden bridge across the gorge to replace the rough planks which before were our only means of getting over the place on our way up to Morrill. This wooden bridge, when finished, was ten feet lower down than the iron one which followed it, and which in turn has been supplanted by the stone arch this summer. There were no sidewalks leading to the Campus; we had to make our way up through the mud and snow in winter, across the stubble fields, and the woods were thicker along the gorges.

"Speaking of the woods reminds me of how the students used to settle their quarrels. There was a place in the woods, near where the entrance is now, whither the boys would go to fight, and the disputes were settled in that way. Surrounded by their supporters the parties concerned would fight the duel out. Once after such a settlement of accounts had taken place, and when the crowd was on its way home, one of the participants struck the other an unexpected blow from behind. This was quite sufficient cause for the renewal of hostilities, and a return was made to the battlefield, where the matter was once more decided.

"After a time we put up another building on the hill. It was a long, wooden structure shaped like the letter E, and was intended for only a few years' service, but it lasted us twenty years. It stood where the dairy department is now, and was called the Chemical Building, but various other departments were located there as well as Professor Caldwell's.

"We had a morning service which Sophomores and Freshmen were expected though not compelled to attend. These students were the ones who had eight o'clocks, and the service, which was read by Dr. Wilson, the registrar, who was an Episcopal rector, was at a quarter to eight the first year. The University hours were then as now, from eight to one, but there was in the beginning little if any afternoon work.

"The social life of the Faculty and students was very remarkable, and has never been equaled since. We were all invited out repeatedly, and we responded by giving numerous and frequent receptions at Cascadilla. I remember one amusing thing that happened. We were going to give a reception at Cascadilla, and the invitations were sent out stating that the hours would be from seven until eleven. During the evening the young people conspired with some of the professors' wives to let them have a dance after the older ones had gone at eleven, and this they did, enjoying themselves thus until—I don't know—half past twelve or one perhaps. A few of the townspeople had remained, and some among them were ministers, who either witnessed the dancing or heard that it had followed the reception; they were immediately very wroth. So angry was one of these ministers that he drew up a complaint, which was signed by the others, and sent to the Faculty. The signers affirmed that they had been insulted, that they did not believe in dancing, and that altogether the Cornell Faculty should take some action. I remember the communication's being read before the Faculty. I moved that it be laid on the table, and it is there still. Later I was rebuked by a minister acquaintance of mine for not having interfered and prevented

the insult. 'My friend,' I said, 'if you had left at eleven o'clock when your invitation asked you to, you would not have been thus shocked.'

"The University was practically a military school then. All of the students wore their uniforms at all times; the color was gray, and they didn't have those helmets. I have here my old volume of the first of the University Registers, and there's a description here somewhere of the uniform. Here it is: 'The coat to be a military frock of cadet gray, single-breasted, standing collar of dark blue cloth, nine large university buttons in front, and four on each skirt behind, . . . the skirt to fall half way between the hip joint and the knee. The pantaloons to be of the same cloth as the coat. . . . The cap to be of dark blue cloth, of the army pattern, with a wreath in front embroidered in gold encircling the letters "C. U. C." in monogram.' The officers, I remember, used to wear a cloak with red lining. Their habit was to throw the end up over their shoulder, and thus they succeeded in making quite a show of themselves.

"The rules governing the boys were strict. No one could go down town to get his hair cut or do any such errand without a written permission from the quarter-master. There was a gong at Cascadilla, and the University bells were hung in sets one above the other in a roofed structure near where now the main entrance to the Library is. This gong and the bells summoned the students in the morning, and after a certain elapse of time, a round of the rooms was made by the officer in charge, who carefully inspected everything, while the two inmates stood by, the one with the broom, the other with the duster, at 'shoulder arms.' At meal time the students would march over to Cascadilla, those who lived in Morrill, in companies. The officers were held responsible for the men, the idea being that the perpetrators of mischief and damage could be discovered in this way. But the system did not long work well. The men were not willing to tattle.

"I spoke of the bells: they are of course the same ones

we have to-day, and were given by Miss Jennie McGraw, being presented to the University by Mr. Finch in the speech which he made at the inauguration exercises. I think his speech is here in the second Register, yes.—It is very good, I'll just read a little of it.

"'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—I am commissioned by Miss McGraw to present to you this chime of bells for the use of the University; and to ask your acceptance of the gift as a token of her interest in the enterprise which, to-day, so hopefully and bravely begins its work.'

"Then he goes on to describe the bells and to tell in turn what they say to the young gentlemen of the University, to the gentlemen of the Faculty, to the Board of Trustees and the citizens of Ithaca. At the close of the address Mr. Finch repeated the lines from Tennyson which are engraved on the bells; this is the place:—

"'It is fitting perhaps that no longer standing between them and you, no more seeking feebly to interpret their voices, I should bid them ring their own lesson, chime their own welcome; and this I can do, perhaps in no worthier phrase than in the words inscribed upon them; words of the great English poet, destined to live forever; words of the older education carved among the melodies of the new; words that with wide command tell us what the bells shall say forever:—

FIRST BELL.

Ring out the old—ring in the new,
Ring out the false—ring in the true.

SECOND BELL.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

THIRD BELL.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife.

FOURTH BELL.

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

FIFTH BELL.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
Ring in the common love of good.

SIXTH BELL.

Ring out the slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right.

SEVENTH BELL.

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old.

EIGHTH BELL.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

NINTH BELL.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
  Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

. . . . . .

Just at this point I was called away by these same bells, which, like the University, have been lifted upwards step by step until, from their height, they to-day sound forth far over the land. I had to leave these charming pictures for some less interesting facts. But the pictures had played their part, and made it easy to understand how to the soundness of her youth Cornell owes the achievement of the present.

L.

A Song.

A little maiden with a dimpled chin, see!
How easily this little maid could win me;
  But no lovelight in her eyes
  Answers to my hopeful sighs,
And my heart is full of woe, though free,
  Doth this little maiden know
  That the breezes when they blow,
Bring a patient, faithful calling
From the heart that she is thralling;
  That in all the flowers, beat
  A Cupid's pulses sweet;
That in every dancing leaf
There's a merry little thief,
  Who will steal thee if he can
  For a pompous gentleman?
Yet with winds and flowers and leaves,
And the aid of Cupid's thieves,
    The conquest of this lover seems in doubt;
  But he'll wait a thousand years,
  And he'll shed a million tears,
    If but this little maid will find him out. N. H.

Madame Bèta.

Madame Bèta was singing and New York's élite sat spellbound under the radiance of the theatre lights to listen. Outside, the poorer classes who could never hope to view her even from the topmost gallery of the immense theatre crowded about the open door and thrilled to the melody of her divine voice. They did not know what she sang, but the rich contralto vibrating with tenderness and power stirred in their uncouth breasts vague emotions that kept them silent and troubled. It was her last selection and her best,

so the cultured listeners within felt. It made them forget the brightness and perfume of the crowded house, and many a worldling heart felt to-night some of the almost forgotten thrills of youth, some of the nobler impulses struggling through settled hypocrisy and hardness.

Madame Bèta, the central figure in the great house, stood a superb figure in heavy draperies near the foot-lights. She was handsome with the fire that flashes from Southern eyes, with the passion that speaks in the ready come and go of crimson in the cheek, and the big diamond star on her forehead seemed to flash sympathetically with her every thought and emotion. She sang her best, sure of pleasing, sure of the storm of applause that was still music to her ears.

"She is an actress, too," thought many as they watched the abandon of her whole figure to the song she sang, a difficult composition into whose technicalities she threw feeling and fire. By the command of Madame Bèta's manager, there had been no encores throughout the programme, but when the last note died away and the audience realized that the seductive voice was stilled for the evening, their furor knew no bounds. Round after round of applause shook the house, drowning the orchestra and making the lights pale and quiver, while the murmurs of "Madame Bèta—encore" rose at last into shouts. The sleek manager came before the curtain in complacent haste and from his gesticulations rather than from what could be heard, it was surmised that Mme. Bèta, although very tired, would sing again. A sudden silence fell upon the house as she came forward, her fine face as pale as the white of her satin gown. The orchestra played a short prelude and an electric thrill went through the audience as they recognized the air.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,"

the rich voice began in a low ripple of sound.

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with
elsewhere."

A suppressed quiver of feeling vibrated through the words, rising to long tremolo full of tender yearning.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

It was the art of the master with the emotion of the woman-heart. As they listened to the simple words, so familiar and so charged with the deepest feeling of every heart, the audience became no longer capable of criticism, became no longer capable of intellectual enjoyment, it felt each word, each note. The song became a spiritual exhalation from human souls. Young eyes grew misty with thoughts of future inevitable parting from love symbolized by home, gray heads were bent while memory clutched at the heart-strings with recollections of home, lovers paled, while husbands and wives unconsciously clasped hands. The meaning of home, its beauty, its pathos, its sacredness came to every soul. And when the singer had finished, and she too had come out of the spell of the song, her first applause was a great sob that rose from the sea of people before her. And while they went, subdued, conquered, uplifted, into the night, Mme. Bèta, very white and tired, entered her carriage with her maid and was driven rapidly to her hotel.

"Did I do well, Marie?" she asked wearily, as they entered her cozy apartments.

"Ah, Madame, ze last was what you call superb. Madame, it stifle one, it pain one in ze heart. I weep much, Madame, and I think of France, ma belle patrie," and Marie furtively wiped away a tear. Mme. Bèta threw aside her long cloak and sank into a chair near the fire.

"But, Marie, the irony of it, I to sing of home, I who have no home. I who sacrificed home that—that I might sing of it and make others weep. You cannot understand, Marie, the pain of it all, I shall never sing it again. What prompted me to-night, I do not know."

Mme. Bèta sat staring into the fire, a haggard look in her eyes. Marie, troubled at her mistress's grief, with a delicacy

bred of love tiptoed noiselessly to the door. But she heard as she closed it behind her these words in Mme. Bèta's intense voice,

"What if *he* had heard that from me?"

. . . . . .

"I tell you what, we men might just as well understand it first as last and accept it. This age has witnessed the intellectual awakening of woman. She realizes what she is, what she can be, and she'll stand no more impositions. No use of growling or looking glum, old man. As the Russian proverb goes, what will be, will be," and Bennett tossed his light hair impatiently from his forehead and looked half humorously, half persuasively at his companion.

"Very fine in theory, of course," said the older man slowly. "Though I think one ought to be a woman to appreciate it thoroughly. But what about putting it into practice?"

"Oh come, Merrill, you know my woman-kind have already put it into practice. Why, my blessed mother belongs to four clubs, and there's that sister of mine, a regular old-timer on debating. And there's Clara won't marry me until she finds out whether she has a career or not. If the world turns a cold shoulder on her, she'll be content to become Mrs. B., though she did say she'd have me if I were 'the kind of man who would encourage a woman and not throw cold water on her intellectual activity.'"

"And you mean to say you are *pleased* with it?" asked Merrill incredulously.

"I might as well be as not. Besides, I say, give her a chance. She'll be precious tired of the world soon. Clara's too delicately organized, too much on the clinging vine order to get along well. I don't consider my case hopeless at all. If she had different characteristics, I might. For there is a woman *born* to a public career, Merrill, and have it she will if she upsets a state to get it."

"And you advise bearing with her?" asked Merrill, while a set look came on his face.

"Of course. No use of kicking. It doesn't do any good."

"And if she breaks up a home that was made for her by hard work and self-sacrifice, if she casts aside an honorable man's love because forsooth his opinions do not suit her, if she crushes out hope and happiness in that man's heart, tramples on every ideal he had of her sex, and makes the world a dungeon to live in, then you say, smile, lay it to woman's intellectual awakening, and bear with her?"

Merrill's tone was low and intense, his face dark with passion and bitterness. Bennett's eyes dropped. There was a personal element in Merrill's opinions that his friend did not understand but into which he was too delicate to pry. There was silence for a moment; then Bennett said,

"Well it's rough on a man, that. There was a mistake somewhere, probably. Woman married too young, perhaps, before she knew her capabilities. However, let's drop the subject. You and I will never agree on it. By the way, did you hear Mme. Bèta last evening? I took mother and Nan and they wept bucketsfull. Felt a lump in my throat myself when she sang 'Home, Sweet Home.' She puts more feeling into her voice than many prominent singers I've heard."

"Yes, I went," answered Merrill in a choking tone, then sarcastically, "Her rendering of 'Home, Sweet Home' was fine, wasn't it? Wouldn't you think that every fibre of a pure womanly heart responded to that song, wouldn't you think that a woman who could sing of home so tenderly would make home a paradise on earth? I tell you, Bennett, for an unblushing hypocrite give me a woman every time."

"Oh come, Merrill," Bennett expostulated. Mme. Bèta's a fine woman. Has the respect of the public everywhere. She must feel what she sings. People can't express what isn't in them, you know."

His companion did not answer. He sat moodily staring into space. Bennett noticed the thinness of the iron grey hair as it fell over the high brow, and the deep lines of pain

carved in the once handsome and still distinguished-looking face. Merrill was too young yet for grey hair and wrinkles, and a pang of pity contracted Bennett's young heart as he thought of the sorrow that must have been very deep to make this man prematurely old. He wished he might be a closer friend to Merrill, and yet who could win confidences from a man who sank into strange, abstracted moods and utterly ignored one's presence? Clearly there was nothing to be done but to leave him without the sympathy he would not have. Bennett rose, muttered an excuse, and went hesitatingly toward the door. He half hoped Merrill would call him back. When he had opened the door he turned and looked around. Merrill had not moved save to let his head fall forward on his chest.

"Poor fellow," said Bennett, as he trudged homeward, "I hope it's not another Clara."

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Twelve years later, at the close of a bright spring day, Paul Merrill, just returned from years of wandering on the Continent and of adventure in Australia, sat in his study, by the window. Bennett had just gone, Bennett, now a robust householder, whose sentences were interlarded with quotations from "Clara," and who had welcomed Merrill enthusiastically, not so much on the wanderer's account, but because he found a listener to whom the account of his marriage and prosperity was entirely new. Bennett was a great talker but such a good-hearted, honest fellow. Merrill felt glad that the world had done well by his friend. And as he thought it, he vaguely realized how much of his own bitterness and hardness had gone. Truly time and travel had softened Paul Merrill into a kinder and better man.

"Papers, sir, just come," said the servant entering with lights and a large packet.

Merrill reached for it with a smile. It was good to feel civilized again, to sit quietly in one's study and to read how the rest of the world were ranting around. He glanced systematically up and down the newspaper columns, reading

only the headings. Suddenly his eye was arrested by a small paragraph almost lost amid a sea of advertisements.

"It is interesting and often painful to follow the career of a public favorite; petted to-day, forsaken to-morrow. Many will remember the great singer Mme. Bèta, who some few years ago was all the rage. A severe cold that wrecked her voice, and financial reverses have been the means of reducing her from a courted favorite to an unnoticed occupant of one of our tenement houses. Yesterday she was found ill there and removed to St. L——'s Hospital. She seems to have neither money nor friends."

Merrill read the words over three or four times mechanically. He felt stunned. Surely it could not be. He shut his eyes and a great picture came before him. There were myriads of lights and jewels, a sea of flowers and faces, and a tall, white figure crowned with a diamond star, stood on a stage singing "Home Sweet Home." He heard applause and the sobbing of violin music. "Friendless, poor, sick," he said aloud, trying to apply those words to the central figure of that radiant picture. Slowly the truth forced itself upon him. *She*, the great Mme. Bèta, whom the public had worshipped, who had seemed to succeed beyond the highest expectations, she was now deserted and destitute. "Friendless," the paper said. Ah, it was not as bad as that. Merrill's face softened and a radiant look flashed into his eyes. "She is mine now," he said softly, and he laid the paper down.

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"Yes, I liked the new life—the study and the practice, not the dull monotony of domestic living nor the shallow chatter and pretense of fashionable society. It was satisfying work, hard perhaps but to an end, and that end riches, reputation, success. I was born to it, I felt. Regret for the past? Yes, I wished I might have made you believe in a public career for me, that we might have settled matters amicably without the breaking up of our home, the severance of our ties. And even when I won success there was

always the feeling of incompleteness. Like all women I found it hard to build my success on the wrecked happiness of another human heart. But I had a glorious career while it lasted. You know how they raved over me. It was intoxicating. And my art, too—I loved it. There was always something beyond that beckoned me forward, some ideal that I seemed just to realize and never could. And then—the end." The voice of the woman who was speaking broke, and she turned her face away. The brilliancy of her dark eyes, all that remained of her former beauty, was dimmed by tears that rolled unheeded down her pallid cheeks.

"Never mind," said her listener, and he was Paul Merrill. "That is past. Don't speak of it. I know you have suffered."

"But I must tell you. They left me, all but Marie. I spent thousands trying to get my voice back. The physicians tried. They could do nothing. I worried so. I lost my beauty. My money went; I was destitute. Marie died. I managed to sew a little until last week. Then the lung trouble grew worse and now there is nothing but—"

A hacking cough interrupted her.

"But love," he said in a solemn tone. She looked up at him with her great eyes full of a feverish light.

"You were a hard man, Paul Merrill, but you cannot have come to scoff at me now."

"Listen, Alice, I can tell you all in a few words. Before the public won you, you were mine; while the public had you, I had no claim; but now that it has deserted you, are you not mine again? It is very simple."

She shook her head in a dazed way.

"But you don't think I did right to leave you?"

"No," he said tenderly. "But that is not the question now. You have had your career. You are tired, sick, alone, and who should care for you but your husband?"

They sat silent for one long moment, while her eyes read his face and she pathetically tried to adjust her mind to this unexpected sympathy. Then she spoke.

"You are a noble man, Paul Merrill, and it has taken me all these years to appreciate you. You will not care, and it seems ignoble, that now that I am poor and ill-favored, I give you the love that in my youth and beauty I could not give. I wonder whether men with public careers do not crush their affections too? And are they not sorry too that they did not grasp the great joys of life and let the glitter go?"

Merrill bent over her eagerly.

"And you are sorry, dear?"

"Yes," she said simply. "While I have been lying here I have been thinking of my singing and I have said, 'Alice Merrill, the greatest song you ever sang was "Home Sweet Home," and you were not worthy to sing that.' I should like to be worthy before I die. Then my life will not have been a failure. To sing one song well with my life as well as with my lips, that is all I could ask."

Merrill bowed his grey head and a sob broke from his lips.

"Don't, Paul," she said gravely, "I think I can do it, with your help.

OREOLA WILLIAMS, '97.

A Proposition for a School of Poetry.

I mean a school of poetry in the sense in which we speak of a school of law or a school of medicine, not as we speak of the Lake School or the Cockney School of poets. I mean a school where poetry is to be taught, and I ask why should not such a school be established, and why should it not be established at Cornell?

The answer which rises, together with a smile, to every lip is: Because a poet is born, not made. But this answer would have lost its force, had I chosen my illustration from painting rather than law or medicine. A great artist is born, not made. That is, you cannot take a man devoid of imagination, or a man whose fingers are all thumbs, and make

a great artist out of him. But, although a man be born with imagination and with fingers capable of deftness, yet he cannot be a great artist without severe training. No more can a man although gifted with noble character and with sympathetic imagination become a poet without severe training. We think of Shakespeare's "native woodnotes wild," yet any comparison of his early works with his later ones, shows how much he owed to the long training of a lifetime. Nor, when we consider how fully Shakespeare has included the ideas and achievements of Chaucer, Marlowe, and his other predecessors in his own work, can we fail to see how close a student Shakespeare was of the masterpieces then in existence. Shakespeare studied the works of the poetic masters as the young painter of to-day studies the works of his "old masters," and Shakespeare drew from that study what the capable art-student draws from Raphael or Rubens, increased mastery of technique, and increased breadth and subtlety of imagination.

The teachers in a school of poetry must be poets. To learn painting one must go to Paris or to Munich, and study under a great painter. The text-books must be great poems. To learn painting you must study great paintings. All great painters have learned their art from other great painters. I venture to affirm that all great poets have learned their art from other great poets. Keats went to school to Spenser, to Milton, to Shakespeare, he even thought it worth while to go to school to Dryden and to Ariosto. Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Lowell, Pope are among those who have learned from Spenser. Spenser, greatest of all teachers of poets, himself studied in the school of Chaucer, and affectionately speaks of Chaucer as his master. But in none of these cases did the disciple feel the personal influence and direction of his master or masters. Why should he not? It does not detract from the value of the works of a great Parisian painter of to-day that he walks at a set hour through a big room, and indicates, in a word apiece, the technical fault to be remedied by each of his promising pupils. Why should it detract

from the work of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson to give set hours of his day to inspiring and directing the efforts of some twenty pupils in whose work he can see the possibility of a harvest? No man can teach technique who has not mastered it, and it is technique which a school of poetry would impart.

It need not be feared that such discipleship would lessen the originality of the disciple. Any student of painting, sculpture, or architecture will laugh at the fear. No man can acquire too much of Shakespeare's technique, or of Milton's, or of Wordsworth's, or of Spenser's. The man who has found the secret of the music of a sonnet of Shakespeare's, or of a noble passage of "Paradise Lost," and can reproduce their music, has got well on his way to a distinctive mastery of poetic melody, well on towards a music of his own. There is no more foolish thought than that learning much from others will lessen one's own value as a thinker or as a doer. The greatest thinkers have been great learners. No man has ever learned so much about poetry from others as did Shakespeare, the most original of poets.

Nor, finally, must we undervalue poetical technique. It is usual to speak of men as having technique without soul, form without matter. But there can be no mastery of technique without a very considerable bigness of soul and grasp of thought in the man who writes. It is easy for a poetaster to learn certain points of technique, such as alliteration, onomatopœia, and the like. But technique consists in none of these things. It is not good technique to have an alliteration in every other line, or in every line. Good technique lies in the ability, through having mastered many such technical aids, to make the most of what one has to say. Technique is assuredly a question of how to say it, but it cannot be divorced from that of what to say, indeed there can be no doubt that one actually says more, when he says it well.

Still the objection to acquiring poetic style comes up in another form. No great poet, it is asserted, ever said to himself, "an alliteration will bring out the thought I am

now going to express, let me see, how can I get one?" He uses naturally, that is, and without forethought those means of effectiveness which we afterwards dissect, study, and admire. He does it naturally. Very good, but one's nature is, as every scientist well knows, only completed habit. A chicken no doubt picks up corn naturally, but it is natural only because the habit has become fixed in the race. That often repeated act had its first time, once, when it was a startling innovation. It is quite natural for a grown man to run away from a bear, but that man had to learn painfully, with bumps and bruises, the habit of standing on and using his legs. Raphael's dexterity came very natural to him when he was thirty, but he could have told you there was a time when he had to learn how to hold a brush. There now you see the use of a school of poetry. It is to be a place where young men of poetic gifts shall learn the best poetic technique,—and only the best,—learn it so thoroughly that one day when their gifts are matured and their hearts ripened they may use naturally that mastery of poetic expression which can be acquired only by long and painful labor, even by the most gifted.

I have dealt at such length with the chief question, the value and the possibility of a school of poetry, that I can only touch in conclusion upon the question of establishing such a school, and of doing so at Cornell. Such a school certainly could be established. Poets must have money. Most poets would willingly receive a comfortable salary for imparting to others that technique which they have been all their lives acquiring. Nor could any poet, assuredly, object to residing at Cornell in such surroundings as we are blest with. It is, then, only a question of the liberality of some friend of literature and of Cornell, in endowing such a School of Poetry. I will go bail for a larger attendance than its rival, the new Veterinary College, will ever attain.

HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE, '93.

On Christmas Eve.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HELENE STÖKL.

It was the day before Christmas. In a woman's compartment of a railroad train which sped on from the capital out into the country and to the mountains, sat a pale young lady. The dark fur cloak closely drawn about her, the veil tied over her face, she seemed to shrink from the tumult which at every station greeted the train, and floated into the single cars, which unceasingly emptied and filled.

Half-grown boys and girls, the joy at being released from boarding school and sent home for the holidays, on their freshly reddened faces; teachers and artists, students and professors, tradesmen, merchants, office-holders, who were freed for the Christmas vacation from their callings; here a father who pants under the heavy burden of his purchases, there a grandmother, whose happy smile indicates that all the pockets of her wide old-fashioned cloak were stuffed to the overflowing with presents for the grandchildren; here a young officer rejoicing on account of his furlough, gained with difficulty; there a little cadet, beaming in happy anticipation of being able to show himself to-day for the first time to his relatives, in the glory of his uniform; here a portly mother of a family, from whose ample basket came forth the most inviting Christmas odors; there a workman, the little purse with the wages saved for the holidays, in his horny hand—so they bustled and thronged and shoved, one against another, moved by the common desire to be at home as soon as possible, and to be able to spend Christmas Eve with their families.

As often as the car in which the pale young lady sat, opened to admit new travellers, she drew back farther into her corner, as if in discomfort.

She breathed a sigh of relief when at last the station was reached at which she should alight, to take from that point

the branch road which, turning aside from the main line, led off diagonally straight to the mountains.

Here it was more quiet. Only few stepped in, and of these few, no one into the car in which she sat. Pleased to be alone and freed from unpleasant observation, she had leaned back in the corner and had closed her eyes, when suddenly she was startled from the half-slumber which had begun to take possession of her. A clear, happy child's voice had fallen shrilly on her ear. She leaned toward the window.

On the platform of a little stopping place stood a blooming young woman, in winter clothing, who held by the hand a fair-haired boy of perhaps four years, who impatiently awaiting the coming train, continually cried out, "To-day is Christmas Eve! To-day papa is coming!"

The train stopped; a strong young man sprang out of the car. The next moment he had taken in his arms the boy, who, with a cry of joy, "Papa, Papa!" had freed himself from the hand of his mother. He lifted him up, he pressed him to him, he covered his face, his hair, his hands with kisses, then without letting the boy out of his arms, he turned to the young woman, who, smiling through her tears, had waited till her turn came, and pressed her also to his breast.

With a low groan the lonely woman in the car sank back in her seat. Had there not been a time when she, too, holding by the hand a fair-haired boy, had awaited, full of happy impatience, on Christmas Eve, the home-coming husband? And now!—Where was her boy, where was her husband now?——

With burning, dry eyes, she looked out on the winter fields, over which the sharp wind swept, driving before it single snowflakes in wild sport.

Yes, as these flakes, so had her happiness flown away and vanished. She had once thought that she had it so securely; how had it happened that it had broken to fragments in her hand?

Before her mind the pictures of the past arose and passed slowly before her.

She saw herself growing up in the house of her father, the old, rich merchant, surrounded by luxury, accustomed to flattery, and yet a poor girl, because protected by no mother.

She saw herself, hardly come to maturity, surrounded by a crowd of suitors who wished to marry the rich heiress, cold and unmoved by any attention until there stepped into her circle the one who captivated without resistance her young heart by the first glance from his sunny, happy eyes. But as high as public opinion placed the young painter, as completely as his talent freed him from the ordinary cares of life, he was not a husband whom her father would have chosen for her.

He placed no opposition to the vehement, passionate will of his daughter, but, as she followed the beloved man to his house as wife, she could not escape the conviction that when she had won a husband, she had lost a father. It grieved her, but what sacrifice would she not have made to her love ! She would have given up more for his sake, that he might love her the more dearly. If she had no one but him, then he must be all to her. Wholly and completely she had given him her young heart, wholly and completely she required his in return. That the heart of a man, especially of an artist, cannot be filled singly and entirely by a woman, even if the dearest, that he knows, and must know other interests, other aims, unless he will give up his other self, that she did not know, and when the knowledge slowly dawned upon her, then she would not know it.

Her husband was accustomed to seek his recreation in a circle of congenial, joyous companions ; he was pleased to think that, now that he was married, he could invite his friends to his house as a pleasant meeting-place. But the free and easy manners of the young artists appealed little to the young wife ; still less was she pleased by the gaiety with which her husband gave himself up to the companion-

ship of his friends, unconcerned whether she held herself at a distance or not. She forced herself to be courteous to the guests of her husband, but they felt the restraint, and kept away. But if they did not come any more to the house, then her husband sought them outside.

"Am I not more to you than your friends?" she begged, "give them up, for my sake." He laughed, "If I were to stay at home always with you, there would soon be an end to my art."

Yes, his art! How beautiful she had thought it, to be his muse, always by her mere presence to inspire him to splendid new creatures. But when once with restless, longing eyes, she had seated herself near him in his atelier, she was obliged to hear his friendly but decided declaration that he could work only when he was alone.

Her husband was a landscape-painter, and she was spared the torment of seeing him work from models. But he possessed the beauty-loving eye of an artist. He had the habit, when he went with her through the streets, of freeing himself from her arm, to walk after some beautiful girl, some comely matron, and then, returning, to praise with enthusiastic words, her beauty. His frankness should have told her how harmlessly this was meant, but she had lost, long ago, the power of unbiased judgment. She had begun to be jealous of everything that threatened to draw him away from her, of all, his friends, his art, his happy enjoyment of life, finally, also,—of her child.

In a proud feeling of joy, she had been well aware of the fact that the boy whom she had given him, and whom he in overflowing paternal pride with tears of joy had pressed to his heart, gave her a double claim to his love; but this happiness remained untroubled only a short time. The child was the image of its father. As it inherited from him the color of its eyes and hair, the tone of the voice and the kind of smile, so also the child never seemed happier than in the presence of the father. Already struggling with its little arms and legs, it reached out unceasingly from the arms of

the mother to the father. When it could scarcely walk, it followed its father's very footsteps or sat patiently on the stairs to await his homecoming. "Which do you love better, papa or mama?" she asked with trembling heart when she was alone with the child. "Both alike, and then papa," said the child, looking at her brightly out of its large, candid eyes.

In vain she sought to gain the child's entire affection; the sunny, even kindness of the father possessed a greater attraction for the child than the passionate, unquiet tenderness of the mother.

"They care only for each other, they do not need me!" This was the tormenting thought from which she could not free herself. Her health began to suffer. "You are ill. The winter was too long and hard for you," said her husband, looking anxiously at her pale cheeks. "We will go to the mountains. There you will grow well again." She accepted the proposition gladly. Yes, away to the mountains; perhaps it would be better there.

Deeply imbedded in a narrow valley, accessible only from one side, the mountain village that they sought out offered both a romantic and a peaceful resort, but here, too, her ardent heart found no rest.

The village was one in which her husband, before he had married, had spent many summers as a happy young artist. All knew him here, and all liked him. When he went through the village, the men stretched out their hands to him, the women brought their children to show him, the young girls from behind hedges flung roses at him, and when he descried them, fled tittering away. The pale, serious lady by his side was scarcely noticed.

With the remembrance of the old time, the old love of wandering came also powerfully over him. As before, he wandered for whole days in the mountain, filling his sketch book as occasion presented itself, stopping where chance led him. She knew what a welcome guest he was in the most distant hut, and her heart burned when he was not with her.

He saw that she suffered, and sought to limit his excursions as much as possible. Single objects of study, as he sought them, beautiful old trees, cleft masses of rock, foaming brooks, he found in the near neighborhood of the village.

She had accompanied him a few times on these trips, but to sit for hours, while he, absorbed in his work, had not even a look for her, that her restless nature could not endure. She remained at home; so the child went with him. Leading it carefully by the hand, or, in rough places, if the little legs were tired, carrying it in his arms, so he took it with him to the spot with which he was then occupied. Playing with stones and flowers, the child waited, patient and content, however long it might be until the father had again time to turn to it.

They were too happy in these common excursions that it should not cause her anguish.

"Leave the child here," she said when he wished to take it with him the next time.

"But why?"

"You cannot take care of him while you paint. He might come to harm in the mountain."

"Nonsense!" he laughed happily. "He never stirs from my side."

"No matter, I do not wish it. The child remains here." She saw his wondering look, and added bitterly, "It is my child as well as yours! Or do you wish to deprive me of the love of my child also?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned aside, but after this he did not take the child with him.

And then the end came! With what terrible vividness each detail of that awful day was impressed on her mind! It was a Sunday. She had dressed herself with unusual care, in the uncertain hope that to-day he would stay with her. "I am going to church, will you not come with me?" she asked timidly.

"Not to-day, I am going to finish a sketch of the Rothe Wand, and I must have the morning light on it."

She turned away, disappointed.

"Shall you take the child with you?" he asked.

"No, it stays at home with the maid."

"If you think the child is sufficiently well attended to under the care of a young thing, who is only a child, herself,—" "Why not? She has nothing to do, and can pay proper attention to the child."

He made no farther objections, and she went. The church was at the farther end of the village. Before she came back, more than two hours had passed. "Where is the child?" she asked the maid, who, timid and confused, stood before her.

"It's gone with the master," she stammered. "I just stepped across the street, and when I came back, the master and the child had gone away."

What? In spite of all! She pressed her lips together. Against her expressed wish, to slight and defy her, he had taken the child with him. Had it come to such a pass? In feverish impatience she waited. Noon came, and they were still away. Formerly, when he had the child with him he had returned punctually. She let the meal be put on the table, but she could taste nothing. Inquietude drove her, restless, here and there; at last she could endure it no longer.

She took her hat and went to meet them. They could come only by this road, yes, and there they were! A little procession of boys and men, and, in front, her husband! But was that her husband? Without his hat, his clothes hanging in tatters, the blood from a wound in his forehead falling in great drops on the child in his arms!—And the child? Why did it lie so motionless! Why did it let its head hang so loosely over his arm?

She could not take a step forwards. As in a fever, her teeth shut, while a cramp shook her limbs, and the cold perspiration stood out on her forehead.

Now her husband stood before her. "The child, the child!" It forced itself, gasping, from her breast. He

wished to speak, but he could not. With quivering lips he bent over the child, who, stiff and white, lay in his arms. It glimmered and glittered before her eyes. Only indistinctly, as from a far distance, the murmur of the bystanders fell on her ear: "It fell over the Rothe Wand!" Then, with a shrill scream, she fell down in the dust of the road.

When she was brought to the house, they succeeded in restoring her from unconsciousness, but not from the deep apathy that had taken possession of her.

Indifferent, she looked on as they undressed the dead child and put on the little white shroud, as they laid it in the little coffin and covered it with flowers. No tear came to her eye. Silent and absorbed in herself, she sat there, only when her husband wished to approach her she turned away, shuddering.

When the hour for burial came, she roused herself. Without taking the supporting arm of her husband she followed, silent and gloomy, behind the little coffin. She saw it sunk in the earth and the mound of earth heaped above it.

Now the sexton was ready, the people, whom curiosity or sympathy had brought there, had scattered, she stood alone with her husband by the grave.

Full of ardent sympathy, he reached out his hand to her. "Why will you bear your sorrow alone, Anna?" he asked, while his voice trembled with emotion. "Am I not suffering as well as you? Is it not the child of both of us that we have buried here!"

She pushed back his hand. "You have no longer a share in the child," she said, dully.

"Anna!" he cried, amazed.

"You are guilty of his death," she pursued, with unnatural calm. "To make me ill, to grieve me, you took the child with you so that it met its death. Over this grave there is no reconciliation."

"You say I am guilty of the death of the child! I am not. Listen to me—"

She interrupted him with passionate vehemence. "And

if you were not! What does it matter, since the love between us has been dead a long time!"

"Anna, Anna! You do not know what you are saying!"

"Only too well I know. You have long ceased to love me, if, indeed, I ever possessed your love, and—I love you no more. Our paths separate."

"You are beside yourself. When you have become more quiet you will think differently."

"Never!" she cried, trembling with excitement. "Have I not told you that I no longer love you? That I ceased long ago to love you? Will you compel me to live by your side with a heart that hates you? If it is on account of my property—"

He arose and walked off without once looking around.

The same evening he returned to the capital. When she followed him a few days later she did not find him. He had left a letter for her which contained the necessary arrangements to put her again in sole possession of her property, and at the same time told her of a lawyer whom he had empowered to arrange all necessary as soon as she should desire the dissolution of her marriage. He himself had gone on a journey ———.

Since that time nearly three years had passed, and she had not seen him again. From time to time she had read in the papers a notice of a new pieture which he had painted, or, herself, had seen such a one at an exhibition, that was all.

She, too, had not remained at home. Her health was seriously affected. She had passed the first winter at Nice, the second at Meran, the intervening summer months in different parts of Baden. She had not sought a divorce. If he did not, she did not need freedom. Of what use would it be to her?

It was the first winter which she again spent in Germany. As long as she was in foreign parts, now here, now there, it had been comparatively easy to put away the thoughts she did not wish to think; now, at home, and in the old surroundings, everything powerfully recalled her to the past.

To escape herself, she sought to occupy her time with works of charity; the poor and needy had always appealed to her sympathy. Sometimes she succeeded in forgetting herself in the care of others, but, in the midst of the preparations for Christmas, her strength failed her. The recollection of her vanished happiness came back with a power from which there was no escape.

How happily had she once celebrated the Christmas festival with her husband, with her child! Into the circle of light of the sparkling tree, the shadows that darkened her life never ventured. Yule-tide had always been the green oasis in which her troubled heart found rest, the sacred grove unapproached by the evil spirits of jealousy, ill-humor, and self-reproach, which, it is true, afterwards assailed her with redoubled fury.

Every thought of the past was troubled and embittered, only the recollection of Christmas beamed bright and radiant from the gloom.

And suddenly the desire had overcome her. She would go to her child! On Christmas Day she wished to kneel by its grave; perhaps there consolation might come to her weary, despairing heart.

So she had left rich gifts for her protégés among the poor, and, on the morning of the day before Christmas, she had started, quite alone, for the mountains and the quiet village where she had to attend her child.

[To be continued.]

HELEN E. WILSON, '99.

Shadows.

The shadows dance along the grey old wall,
The fire is dying.
The shapes of fond dead hopes are beckoning me,
My grasp defying.

W. H.

The Modern Historical Spirit.

The modern historical spirit is, theoretically, the attitude of modern writers of history toward their subject, and, practically, their manner and mode of treating it. Investigation shows the method to be so direct an outgrowth of the underlying spirit, the art to follow so closely along the lines of the science, that no attempt is here made to consider them separately. To set forth their distinctive tendencies is the purpose of this paper.

History is no longer regarded as simply a record of past events; an account of revolutions, campaigns, battles, and treaties; a biography of kings, statesmen, and soldiers. In its present state of development, while it retains these long-esteemed elements of a dramatic character, it is essentially reflective. As characterized by one of its most eminent modern expositors, it "must show how men lived and moved and had their being; what they did, thought, suffered, and enjoyed; the form of their terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward principle; *how* and *what* it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending."

This conception of history gives an enlarged view of the sources of history and leads to a more diligent use of them. The productions of former historians do not supply sufficient data for the modern historian. In addition to them, he utilizes books of travel; memoirs; documents, whether public or private; records, civil, domestic, religious; in short any literature that will serve to illustrate the past.

Nor does he depend wholly upon written sources. The unwritten are scarcely less valuable to him. From coins, seals, medals, weapons, and trophies, he deduces political and military facts; through works of art, mummies, tombs, and ruins of temples, he explains religious beliefs and practices; in articles of personal and household use, he studies domestic life. Things apparently most unimportant are turned to account. From the relative position of nail-holes,

an inscription has been deciphered; and from a stone, the key to Egyptian writing has been discovered.

Another characteristic of the modern historian is a philosophical insight that bases fact on principle, that selects and combines facts according to causal relations. The material fact stands for more than its face value. A revolution is a forcible expression of a changing or changed opinion; tracing and characterizing this change is more important than describing the battles. Law and government are a reflection of the character of a people and their mode of living; an analysis and an exposition of the former are essential to an understanding of the latter. Important changes in the church mark corresponding stages in the development of moral and religious ideas.

To illustrate this tendency, let us look for a moment at the significance now attached to some historical phenomena. Of the events of the Middle Ages, the most important were the Crusades. These are interpreted as representing a religious enthusiasm in proportion to their magnitude; a superstition which demanded and accepted the sacrifice of thousands of children; a conviction which, strengthened by a spirit of adventure, was unchanged by two centuries of calamity. Through a chronological study of the Magna Charta, its origin, successive revisions, enlargements, and forced ratifications, is traced the gradual realization by the English popular mind of the import of political liberty. The French Revolution is universally denominated "a philosophy in action."

In a similar manner, it may be seen that this element of philosophical insight gives a different aspect to the whole matter of history. It is not too much, then, to say that the determinative feature of modern history-writing is the recognition of the natural relations between the various elements which make up the life of a people.

The characteristic which is, perhaps, most easily recognized is scientific accuracy. The modern historian, the number and variety of his sources being, as was stated,

greatly increased, is scrupulously exact in determining the reliability not only of the new but also of the old. He subjects them to close examination and cross-examination, one in the light of another, and rejects such as do not prove their truth. It is also worthy of note that in this difficult task, he does not rely solely upon his own science, but calls to his aid the cognate sciences of ethnology, physiology, philology, and geography.

Even then he is guarded in his acceptance of *facts*, employing means to verify statements made, inferences drawn, interpretations given. To this purpose in the realm of ancient times, a particular phase of historical investigation is devoted. Archaeology, though its excavations, unlocks the secrets of the past, furnishes information not otherwise obtainable, and thus causes the rejection of many long accepted facts. For example, the law of the Athenians which imposed tribute upon their allies has been discovered, and accounts previously given are proved to be inaccurate.

Rejection, however, is not the only function of archaeology. It establishes as well. By means of coins, the Bactrian history, so long in the dark, has been reconstructed. The Parthian likewise has been established. This was uncertain for a long time, because, while the names of the kings were known, their eras were not. At last a coin was found on which dates were given by two eras, one the Parthian era, the other an era known to historians. By inscriptions, also, archaeology establishes. Scratches on stone are not easily obliterated. The ravages of water, fire, earth, and time may be repaired, and the inscription, made as fresh as ever, becomes an authentic witness of the past. The best illustration of what may be done through inscriptions is found in the history of the Delian League. Tablets have been brought to light, containing the records of this for more than a quarter of a century. Papyrus manuscripts, too, are of great value, because it is not likely that they have been corrupted. Of these, the most important yet discovered is the Politeia of Aristotle, which throws a flood of light on Athenian political and civil affairs.

And now, with comprehensive view, philosophical insight, and scientific exactness, is the modern historian dull and tedious? Not necessarily so. He aims to master ideas and facts so as to abstract the necessary from the accidental; to combine many in one event; to present them in that selection, combination, and perspective without which truth itself, in its resulting impression, may be wholly false. At the same time, he keeps a watchful eye on external features, on the form his presentation assumes; and it is not unusual to find depth of thought in picturesqueness of setting. Further, he endeavors to be impartial; to set forth truth, uncolored by prejudice on his part, by his own nationality, by his own religious views.

It may be concluded, then, that the purpose of the modern historian is to depict life as a whole, illustrating it by every light that can be thrown upon it, from excavations of ancient sites, progress and decay of art and religion, testimony of original records, and genius of authors.

EDITH MAE BICKHAM, '99.

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The last word will not be spoken in literature until men cease to think; the last form will not be perfected until they cease to express what is in them. There will be changes of taste, modifications of language, revolutions in thought; but the art in which the human soul reflects itself will produce its masterpieces to the very end of time. There will always be a new revelation of life to command, a new perception or disclosure of beauty to inspire expression. Life is exhaustless and forever renews itself; and so long as this sublime mystery of intelligence and energy surrounds men and works through them, so long will literature renew its freshness, its power, and its beauty. Art and nature will move together to the very end.—MABIE.

THE members of the Junior class are reminded that elections to the board of editors of the MAGAZINE are based entirely upon competition, both quality and quantity of contributions being taken into account, and are strongly advised to begin writing at once. It is hoped that the competition will be reasonably sharp. Because of the function which the MAGAZINE performs in University life, an election to its board of editors should be an honor worth striving for.

Certainly the list of former editors contains the names of some of the best known of Cornell alumni. The class of '98 should see to it that they are worthily represented by the board of editors of next year.

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THE spirit of unrest and latent pugnaciousness revealed in the recent outbreaks between members of the lower classes is to be deplored. It had been hoped that the fatal result of underclass interference with the Freshman banquet of 1894 would establish among classes to follow a decided aversion to the rush in all its forms and would lead to an endeavor among all students to prevent the desecration of Cornell's fair name by the public press. The present Senior class took the initiative by refraining from all forms of interference with the class of '98. This class in turn followed the precedent thus set, and until the present month Cornell has enjoyed domestic peace among the lower classes for three years. It now seems to be the aim of the classes of '99 and '00 to reëstablish the rush of the past and the indulgence in disgraceful conflicts, milking parties, etc., and again to bring Cornell into undesirable newspaper notoriety and public disrepute. Whatever virtue there may be in rushing as such, or in the judicious intimidation of too agressive Freshmen, the fact remains that such disturbances in the hands of over-zealous reporters bring discredit upon the University, and this alone suffices to make it imperative among those who hold Cornell dear to absolutely prevent the recurrence of the performances of the last few days.

That Cornell has suffered from these outbreaks in the past and will again in the future if they are allowed to continue, there can be no doubt, and underclassmen who persist in "scrapping" in utter disregard of this fact should be summarily dealt with. The members of the Senior and Junior classes will not for a single moment tolerate a renewal of class fights and milking parties, and obstreperous underclassmen contemplating these disturbances will do well to reflect upon the possible consequences.

THE most casual reader of our present day literature has not failed to be impressed with its comparative inferiority as a whole, and often has the cry gone up, would that our barren age might yield to one more fruitful! To those who in despair behold the century seemingly going out in gloom if not in darkness, the words of Mr. Mabie, which are quoted above, come as a cheering message. Our age, with all the weaknesses which characterize it, is not entirely destitute of virility, and this will sooner or later find its fitting expression. It may be, as Professor Wilson points out, that certain interests of the present time are but transient; but with the clearer vision which must come to us with the reaction from our present over-crowded life, these will be relegated to the oblivion which they deserve. When this takes place it will be seen that the former strength has not departed from our people. The novel will become something more than a mere study in sociology, and a poet will come forward whose music will have the unmistakable divine marks. That there are so few great lights in the literary world to-day is due to the wide-spread and mistaken notions of what literature is. That it is something more than a mere "engine of social reform." If art and nature are to move together, then art must return to nature.

* * *

A CONSPICUOUS example of an author who exhibits this new—although so old—and healthy tendency is Ian Maclaren. Those who heard him in the Lyceum the other day will not soon forget his masterly defence of the return to the highest realism which is shown in his stories. Dr. Watson never preaches in his books—he simply tries to reveal the hearts of noble men and women and holds that "the man who deals with a soul at its best may surely be as real as the man who deals with the body at its worst." The simple but powerful way in which the life and manners of the Drumtochty folk are depicted bears the stamp of true literary genius. With such authors as the creator of William MacLure and Kate Carnegie appearing on our horizon, we may surely believe that the period of decadence, if so it may be termed, has come to a close.

Athletic Comment.

Harvard 13, Cornell 4. This was Harvard's first football game on Percy Field, and it was a game that drew the largest attendance ever seen at a football game in Ithaca. Young's absence at quarterback told visibly upon the snap and steadiness of our team. It was certainly unfortunate that Captain Beacham should have been required to marshal the team work and at the same time give the signals, which had been the quarter's duty, calculate on slow passes and fumbles, in fact, double his work, when he might have been more closely watching the opposing team's play, and strengthening our team work. Considering these circumstances, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated, Captain Beacham played as wonderful a game as has ever been seen at Cornell, with the possible exception of Wyckoff in the Brown game last year. And we are not inclined to except that game, since Beacham had no such individual support on the present occasion as he afforded Wyckoff in that memorable game.

It was also unfortunate—for Cornell—that Beacham's touchdown in the first half was not allowed; however, that was a little matter that rested with the decision of the referee and not with the sympathy of the crowd.

Taussig, our "miniature" end, who has generally been found in the midst of the opponent's plays for the last couple of years, reveled in them in his usual manner. He made several "Taussig" tackles and made our only touchdown by falling on the ball when Sweetland blocked the kick. Sweetland also distinguished himself and played a superb game throughout. These were the three veterans of the team and they played hard and well. The team work, however, was not up to 'Varsity form and the interference was not what it was expected to be, from its showing in previous games.

Harvard played better as a team, and was stronger behind

the line in passing and kicking, and much heavier in the line than Cornell.

***

Princeton 37, Cornell 0. This was most disappointing, to say the least. Excuses, numbers of them, could be brought forward to account for this poor showing. Undoubtedly, our team was badly crippled by injuries sustained by five of the 'Varsity men in the Harvard game and in practice. Yet excuses are not at all satisfactory and the fact remains that Princeton beat us and beat us badly. Cornell's defensive play was totally ineffectual and the aggressive play so simple and uncomplicated that Princeton had no trouble in discovering where the ball was going and how to stop it. It is reported that Sweetland met his match !

As for Princeton, all that is fit to say is—it's a pity that Pennsylvania and Princeton will not struggle this season for the edification of those who delight in a game of supreme strategy and skill.

***

Cornell 54, Bucknell 0. A repetition of the Syracuse game, only more so ! It was a poor antidote, however, after the Princeton score. Bassford as quarter played a splendid game for his first trial. Fumbles were frequent and Captain Beacham was not infallible in this respect. Richie played the best fullback game of the year for Cornell and showed that at last Cornell *could* kick an occasional goal.

The game consisted of numerous *eighty*-yard runs by different members of the team, quite indiscriminately. Beacham, McKeever, Richie, Bassford, Sweetland, and Reed made lengthy runs. The Bucknell fullback was quite unable to stop them successfully. The last half was considerably shortened on account of darkness.

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Princeton 12, Harvard 0. This seems to be quite just and to have been expected, judging from the Cornell standpoint of 13–4 and 37–0 ! Harvard has our sympathy—too bad that Princeton does not possess a crew !

The Month.

The inter-class regatta on Nov. 10 resulted in a tie between '97 and '99. The race was over the Henley course; the time, 7 min. 17 sec.

—

Cornell people who are fond of Drumtochty and its most satisfactory folk were out in force to hear the author of the remarkable stories when he appeared in the Lyceum on the 12th. Dr. Watson was most delightful, just as we expected he would be. He easily carried his audience with him to the "Glen" and even to the "Kirkyard," and in Dr. Watson the listeners had no difficulty in seeing alternately the original "Weelum," "Drumsheugh," and "Tammas" with characteristic bits of "Domsie," "Jamie Soutar," and even bad "Posty" thrown in.

—

It is no wonder that membership in the Fencers' Club has increased so of late. Anyone who wishes to be induced to join need simply go and watch M. Brigandi, the club's instructor, when he is fencing with one of his apter pupils. His is truly a finished art.

—

College spirit can grow only when stimulated by class spirit. The senior classes in Cornell have never had enough class affairs, and this fact is recognized by many of the men to graduate this year. No senior class in Cornell ever installed a better set of men as its officers, or had a better chance to inaugurate senior doings. Can't those in authority see to it that '97 gathers its members closer about it in its last year than it has before?

Publications Received.

ANDREWS, CHARLES M. The Historical Development of Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time. Vol. I, 1815-1850. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $2.50.

IRVING, WASHINGTON. Stories and Legends from Washington Irving. Illustrated. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $1.50.

CAMP, WALTER, and DELAND, LOUIS F. Football. Boston, 1896. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth $2.

PUTNAM, G. P., editor. Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors. Reprinted. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $1.75.

MAURICE, C. EDMUND. The Story of Bohemia. In "The Story of the Nations" Series. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth $1.50.

WOIROL, PAUL L. Won't You Give Your Love to Me? Song. New York, 1896. Union Mutual Music Co. 40 cents.

PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART. Chapters from a Life. Boston, 1896. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth $1.50.

COWLES JAMES LEWIS. A General Freight and Passage Post. In "Questions of the Day" Series. New York, 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth 75 cents.

NORTON, JULIET S. Our New President's March. With portrait of of William McKinley. New York, 1896. Union Mutual Music Co. 50 cents.

PETTEE, GEORGE D., Phillips Andover Academy. Plane Geometry. Boston, 1896. Silver, Burdett & Co. Introductory price 75 cents.

A Fearless Investigator. Chicago, 1896. A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth $1.25.

JORDAN, DAVID STARR. Science Sketches. Chicago, 1896. A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth $1.50.

CRAMER, FRANK. The Method of Darwin. Chicago, 1896. A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth $1.

Louis XV et le Renversement des Alliances.[1]

When, a few years ago, M. Richard Waddington was promoted from the busy Chamber of Deputies, where he had held a seat since 1876, to the less-occupied Senate, he turned to historical research to fill up his leisure hours. After having browsed about in several fields, he finally settled down to a close examination of the causes which had led up to the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. The results of these studies are found in the solid work whose title is given above.

Several chapters of the volume have to do with American affairs. The story opens with a summary of the relative power and domains of France and England in the New World at the moment when the author's narrative begins, in 1755, and we are given some account of the different frontier incidents in Novia Scotia and on the Ohio which were the starting point of the trouble between the two great European nations. Chapter II treats of the negotiations in Paris and London over boundary lines in America, while chapters IX and X take up the hostilities in Arcadia with the expulsion of its French inhabitants and describe the armed conflicts on the Ohio and Lake George.

But M. Waddington frankly confesses that in this portion of his book there is nothing new. "My descriptions and deductions," he says in a personal letter, "are taken from documents which have been already quoted and some of which have been printed by the Canadian Government." In a few cases he has been obliged to repeat citations already used by Parkman, but has been careful to say so in each instance. "In fact the events I had to go over as far as America is concerned," he writes in the letter just quoted, "have been already so investigated and thrashed out, that it is extremely

[1] Louis XV et le Renversement des Alliances. Préliminares de la Guerre de Sept Ans, 1754-1756. Par Richard Waddington, Sénateur de la Seine-Inférieure. Paris, 1896. Firmin-Didot & Cie. pp. viii, 533.

difficult to say anything new. Appreciations may vary, but the facts on which these appreciations are founded are pretty well known, at least to American and Canadian readers.''

The chief interest of M. Waddington's book lies in the light which it throws on Frederick the Great's dealings with England. The author has had access to the Duke of Newcastle's correspondence, and as that statesman was in power for many years and was very fond of having a hand in all public and especially in international affairs, his letters, which have been in the British Museum for but a comparatively short time, are very valuable in the matter of English diplomacy before the breaking out of the Seven Years' War. They throw much new light on many obscure spots.

M. Waddington has also utilized the Vienna archives and has carefully examined the correspondence which passed between Maria Theresa and her prime minister Kaunitz and their agent in Paris, Count Stahremberg. Although these letters were of course known to previous historians, they have never before, I believe, been gone into so thoroughly. Their attentive perusal has enabled M. Waddington to offer what is perhaps the best account that has yet been given of the diplomatic talk and labor which led up to the treaty between the old enemies, France and England, signed at Versailles in 1756.

M. Waddington is evidently inclined to be rather an admirer of Frederick notwithstanding the latter's contempt for moral considerations. He differs, too, from the Duke de Broglie, who has written on this same subject, in considering the Austrian alliance to have been a fatal step on the part of France.

THEODORE STANTON.

Camp and Deland's Football.

A Cornell professor remarked not long ago that football was the best game that man ever invented. Whatever may be the unpleasant and even dangerous features of the game, it is certain that no other game demands so many qualities

of the ideal man—not only the soldierly qualities of endurance, obedience, self-control, but also "that mental acumen which makes the successful man in any of the affairs of life"—judgment and discrimination. As the writers of this book have tersely remarked, "it teaches that brains will always win over muscle."

In view of the great popularity of the game, it is surprising that so little has been written, in America, on the subject. Shearman's treatise in the Badminton Series has up to the present had no analogue in America, notwithstanding the different development of the American game. Football lovers will therefore be deeply grateful to the authors of this treatise, who are the leading American expert authorities, for this admirable exposition of the game in all its aspects. The discussion falls into three parts: "For the Spectator," "For the Player," "For the Coach." Every question likely to arise in connection with the ordering of a team individually and collectively is touched upon, and there are over fifty diagrams of manœuvres. It is hard to imagine how a football treatise could be made more useful; and the book will certainly meet with the reception which it deserves.

Mr. Allen's Abraham Lincoln.

This is a revised edition of the prize poem, "Abraham Lincoln" published in the New York *Herald* of December 15, 1895. In structure it is not so much one long poem as a series of short poems, some of which are exquisite, linked together by a tie more or less close, and all bearing to some extent upon the theme. The author has imparted a pleasing variety by the use of a number of different measures. He is sometimes particularly happy in his use of the anapaest:

"The People leapt to their feet,
Their strength like a giant's brawn,
Their zeal like a furnace heat,
Their hope like the widening dawn."

The whole is certainly a very creditable piece of work.

Here is the true poetic fervor in generous amount, and the poem is a worthy addition to American literature.

The great poem of the Civil War, however, like the great poem of evolution, is still to be written. Perhaps the conditions are not yet favorable and we are not yet ready for it. When we are ready for it, will it be forthcoming? Mr. Allen's poem is a not unworthy forerunner. In spite of all our end-of-the-century nonsense, American letters are not dead. May we soon arouse ourselves from sleep!

C. S. N.

Some Other Books.

A treatise which is of permanent value rather than merely a campaign document, is that of Judge Albion W. Tourgée on "The War of the Standards: Coin *and* Credit versus Coin *without* Credit," in Putnam's "Questions of the Day" Series. Mr. Tourgée is a clear thinker and a forcible writer, and his presentation of the arguments against the doctrine of free silver coinage is one of the best that have yet appeared.

Professor John Bach McMaster, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written a short but important monograph on "The Origin, Meaning, and Application of the Monroe Doctrine," published by Altemus, of Philadelphia. Professor McMaster writes altogether from the historian's point of view, and shows that President Cleveland's position with reference to the Monroe Doctrine is exactly that of President Buchanan in his message of 1860, in speaking of Mexican affairs.

Several new Old South Leaflets have just been published by the directors of the Old South Work in Boston, bringing the number of leaflets in this invaluable series up to 74. The new leaflets are those which have been prepared week after week during the summer in connection with the Old South lectures for young people on the American Historians. They illustrate the original material in which Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman worked in the preparation of their histories. Few of the Old South Leaflets have been more interesting than these.

The Cornell Magazine

December, 1896.

A Faculty Retrospect.

On the twenty-second day of September, twenty-five years ago, about a dozen men, of whom but three are now in the Faculty, assembled in a small room of the Cornell Library building down in the town, where the light was almost as scanty as in a photographer's dark room, and held the first meeting of the Faculty of Cornell University. A little later other appointments were made, so that the first Register gave a list of twenty-three professors, of whom six are now here. On the sixth of October, the first entrance examinations were held in the large basement room of the same building, where the supply of light and air was not much more liberal than in the temporary Faculty room, under the general direction of our first Registrar, Dr. Wilson, whose kindly face and friendly greeting would have been sadly missed by the older alumni on this occasion.

The English examinations were held in one corner of the room, the examination in mathematics in another corner, the geography in another, and when all the corners were filled where there was light enough to write by, the lesser examinations were sandwiched in between. In these examinations all helped; a professor of chemistry had charge of the orthography. It might have been wise to have first examined the professor himself in that branch of English; indeed, the earliest records of the Faculty present incontrovertible evidence that the spelling of at least one of its members

was not altogether beyond criticism. But there was no time for any such test of the ability of the examiners to do the work assigned to them, and they had to be taken on trust. A professor appointed to teach in one of the departments of natural history had, I believe, to look after the examination in algebra; and so one and another of us was temporarily drafted into this unanticipated service.

The crudity of this arrangement for the entrance examinations, as compared with the present methods, was no greater than the crudity of everything else in those days. Rickety barns, and slovenly barnyards offended the senses where the extension of Sibley College is now going up; the second University building, now called White Hall, simply protruded out of an excavation, the top of which reached nearly to the second story windows at one end. The ventilation of the chemical laboratory, in the basement of Morrill Hall, was partly into the library and reading room above it; readers there, not being chemists, did not find the chemical odors agreeable. An ancient Virginia rail fence traversed the site of this building and its neighbor, Boardman Hall; the minutes of the Faculty show that before the end of the first year the modest request was made of the Founder of the University, that he permit said fence to be moved 150 feet further to the south, in order that there might be a sufficiently large piece of level ground adjoining the campus for the military evolutions, and for ball games.

Bridges, sidewalks, and even a road between the one University building and Cascadilla, the one home where almost everybody connected with the University lived, either did not exist at all, or were only partially completed. It was a long time before the multitude of foot-tracks was obliterated, made by the passing of teachers and students down and up the banks of the ravine north of the site of the Gymnasium; when snow, slush, and mud alternated with each other in November, even a professor sometimes forgot his dignity and slid down the bank, and by inadvertence not always all the way down on his feet, either; the hearty sympathy bestowed

on such an unfortunate by student spectators can be imagined, if not believed in.

What those teachers and students would have done without Cascadilla for shelter, it would be hard to say; for the people of the town had apparently not then learned that there was money in taking boarders; nor were there hardly more than a dozen dwelling houses nearer the University than half way up East Hill. So Cascadilla was full from basement to attic; and a professor who had not lived there at all was, in later times, hardly considered by his colleagues as having fully earned his right to be a professsor in the University.

Of that original Faculty, William Channing Russel, whose inability to be with us to-day is deeply regretted by all his old friends, retired after thirteen years of devoted service; three other members have died: the genial William Charles Cleveland, before he had had a fair opportunity to develop his department of civil engineering at all; Evan Wilhelm Evans, a man of few words, but words always to the point, and most serviceable in Faculty councils; enthusiastic Charles Frederick Hartt, for whom the splendid opportunity to carry on investigations in Brazil for a time, in his chosen field of work, was too tempting to be resisted, and in which he sacrificed his life; and mention should not be omitted in this connection of Charles Chauncey Shackford, whose portrait a grateful class placed in our library; though not of the original Faculty, he came in so early as to be almost as fully identified with the first beginnings of the life of the University as those of us who began our work only three years earlier.

At the beginning there were also with us as lecturers three of the most eminent and delightful men then living, Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, and George William Curtis, all now dead also; by their presence and their lectures they added greatly to the interest of the beginning of that opening year, students and the people of the town crowding to hear them in Library Hall—as well they might, for no such treat has since been offered here in so brief a time.

With that small Faculty meeting in a back room of Library Hall, and those hurried examinations in the dim basement near by, Cornell University started out to do great things, under the enthusiastic and hopeful lead of Andrew D. White, who of all others among the living should be here on this anniversary. He and the ever to be honored Founder of the University never, I believe, even in her darkest days, faltered in their confidence that she would do great things. That confidence is fully justified ; the thousand and more students that they so undoubtingly predicted came sooner than at least many of us dreamed that it would ; and so manifest is her destiny, apparently, that the number goes climbing steadily upward to the two thousand mark, in spite of business depressions and panics.

That liberality in all things, which was made so prominent a feature in the very charter of the University, has been cordially accepted by the Faculty from the beginning as its policy. Men of all creeds and parties have worked together without question as to each other's views on religion or politics. But this liberality has not meant to them indifference in religious matters ; the University Christian Association has become one of the strongest in the country, partly through the cordial co-operation of members of the Faculty ; and they have, besides, done their full share for the support of religious organizations in the town. The largest measure of personal freedom consistent with the best welfare of the students has been allowed. Cordial relations have been maintained with the public school system of the State, while at the same time the University has contributed largely towards the gradual elevation of the standard of education throughout the State, in proportion as its own standards have been raised in like gradual manner.

Co-education, even if not heartily endorsed by all, has nevertheless been given a fair trial. With its first appearance in the University, I was perhaps somewhat more familiar than many of my colleagues. A more fortunate selection could not have been made for its introduction than

Miss Eastman, who, before its legal authorization by the Trustees, pursued her work in chemistry at her place in the laboratory, in a dignified and unassuming way that won the respect of all her teachers. Being afterwards allowed by the Faculty to present her work done in various departments prior to the actual admission of women as students, she was able to graduate in 1873, after only four terms of attendance as a regular student.

In this spirit of liberality the Faculty did all it could, consistently with what the best interests of the real educational work of the University seemed to require, to help in carrying out the Founder's cherished idea that self-support of students by labor of some kind shall be a leading feature of the University. This idea had made a strong impression on young men seeking an education, and even on some seeking a livelihood besides. One of those wrote to inquire if, besides supporting himself, he could also support his mother and sister while getting his education.

Mr. Cornell wished to see some kind of a factory on the University grounds, where all students desiring employment would find it. But all experienced educators in the Faculty knew that self-support while pursuing a college course had been too often a failure, to leave any hope of its success here, except in a few cases combining unusual pluck and unusual ability to learn. Much to the disappointment of the Founder, all schemes of this kind had to be soon abandoned.

In the relations of the Faculty to the Trustees and its Executive Committee, there has been from the beginning that quiet confidence of each body that the other was doing all it could, in this same liberal spirit, for the promotion of the best interests of the University ; and this mutual confidence has fostered a cordial feeling between these two organizations, both alike vitally interested in the welfare of the University, that of itself cannot but have contributed much towards the grand success that has already been attained in so short a time.

I am supposed to speak on this occasion for the Faculty

as it is at present. But this Faculty numbers seventy, while there are hardly more than a dozen of us here who toiled through that early period of the life of the University. It were a far easier matter to speak as might be expected of me by the Faculty as a whole, if a larger proportion of those whom I represent had been with me then. What I naturally feel is not as they feel who, in all the vigor of a fresh manhood, have within these later years begun their career here, with prospects of success in the winning of high professional rank, much more certain in their promise than appeared before us when we began our work. Only with the help of a vivid imagination can the younger men of to-day create for themselves a truthful picture of the University as it was in our first days. They may have good ground for expecting that, when the next quarter-centennial comes to be celebrated, the University will be as much greater and more prosperous than now, as it is now greater and more prosperous than it was at the outset and for many years afterwards. To us who know so well what it was and what it is, the realization of any such great expectations seems beyond a reasonable possibility.

Many of my younger colleagues may take part in the jubilation of 1918, and look back on twenty-five years of successful work accomplished, that gave them happiness in the doing of it, and brought them honor and fame as further reward; we their older associates heartily wish all this for them. But, even while wishing it, our hearts cannot but be saddened by the thought that twenty-five years added to our lives, if so much it may be, means a very different thing for us; in the inevitable course of events it means that at least some of us will have been obliged to give up our places to others, fresher and more vigorous in body and mind—to give up to them the rooms, the haunts, and the pleasant homes on this beautiful campus, all made very dear to us by the happy associations of many years. But so it must be everywhere—the older making way for the younger, so that the work of the world shall be ever fresh and vigorous; and

it would be unreasonable, and only selfish contention against the inevitable if we should not most cordially wish for those who take our places, when we shall no longer be deemed able to fill them with sufficient credit to the University, all the success they can attain with the far more ample means to sustain them than fell to our lot during the larger part of our first quarter of a century.

In return, may we not ask them to remember us kindly, at that next quarter-centennial, and allow for us at least some share of the glory for what the University may then have come to be, in that we helped to launch it on its career, and with an abiding faith in its success helped to carry it through a period in its history in all probability far more critical, and fraught with danger to its very existence, than any other period ever will be.

G. C. CALDWELL.

On Christmas Eve.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HELENE STÖKL.

[CONCLUDED.]

The train on the branch road had now reached the last station. She stepped out. From here she had still to go for half an hour over a lonely heath, overgrown with isolated pines, to the village. She took a little refreshment and started, paying no attention to the well-meant advice of the station master to take an escort with her on account of the loneliness of the way. Why should she fear? Whoever is really unhappy, as unhappy as she was, does not fear. The wind blew sharply against her; she did not notice it. The physical exertion necessary to the struggle with it, on the contrary, did her good. With her cloak closely wrapped about her, she walked briskly on. She was not obliged to go quite to the village. The churchyard lay before it, a little to one side on the mountain. She was glad that it was so. It had

seemed unbearable to her to have the people in the village where most of them knew her, staring at her, questioning her, perhaps even accompanying her to the churchyard. No; alone, quite alone, she wished to be with her child.

Ever more rapidly she had gone. Now she stood, struggling for breath, before the gate of the churchyard. She turned the knob; the gate was locked. As easily as she might have anticipated that the lonely churchyard, especially in winter, would not stand open, the possibility of this had never occurred to her. She looked about her. Must she then go to the village and expose herself to the curiosity of the inhabitants?

Then her glance fell on a little house which stood against the mountain a few hundred feet distant. She remembered she had heard that a woodcutter lived there with his family. The man, whom his hard work often detained for weeks in the mountains, scarcely knew her. And if he did?

She went to the house. The door was unfastened. Through a little, dark entry, she felt her way to the door. The noise which penetrated through this to her, rendered any attempt to knock a useless endeavor. She quietly opened the door and looked into the room. By a large wooden table in the center of the room sat an old, gray-haired man, whom a large moustache and an empty sleeve pointed out as an old soldier, zealously busied in feeding a baby held carefully between his knees, from a bowl of food standing near him. With the rapid movement which is peculiar to a man when doing woman's work, he put the spoon in the food, lifted it out, and carried it first, to test it, to his own mouth, to which operation his moustache proved an obstacle, and then to the greedily opened mouth of the child. Then he spoke aloud to the child, and talked soothingly to it whenever he put a spoonful into the mouth of one of the two chubby children, who, with hands behind their backs and mouths open for every chance, stood near by, while a group of older children ran and played about the room, and only a little girl, of perhaps eleven years, sat by the window attentively knitting.

"Aren't you ashamed, you little cormorant," scolded the old man, "don't you wish to give any to the rest? The sweet bread tastes good to you, too, doesn't it, Molly?" when his glance suddenly fell on the strange lady who stood, pausing, on the threshold. Astonished, he let the spoon sink into the food and attempted to stand with the child. The stranger quickly motioned to him to remain sitting.

"I wished to go to the churchyard, but it is locked. Have you no one whom you could send to the village to get the key for me?"

"The lady wants the key to the churchyard? Well, well! Tony can get it. Go, Tony," he turned to a half-grown boy who, with the other children, had gathered in curiosity around him, "run to the village for the key. Say that there is a stranger here who wants to go to the churchyard; you will bring back the key again. But don't be too long about it, hear?" The boy seized his cap and started.

"Won't the lady sit down? Lena, bring a chair!"

The old man fished carefully for the spoon which had sunk in the food, as the child on his lap would not patiently endure the interruption of its nursing.

"This screamer can't be quiet for a minute," he, confused, said apologetically, when he had recovered the spoon. "My daughter has gone to the village for bread for the holiday, and my son hasn't come home yet from his work, so the grandfather must act as nurse, whether he likes it or not."

"Are all of these your grandchildren?" asked the young lady, looking around the room with interest.

"Well, well! Seven of them. All healthy and of good appetite. Isn't it so, Molly?"

"And can the father provide bread for all?"

"Truly, it is hard work; very hard. My daughter helps as much as possible. In the summer she goes out by the day to work, if there are none too small here, but the main part falls on him."

"And is he strong?"

"He is strong, very strong, that one must admit, and

good to the children beyond belief. He denies himself that he may give pleasure to them. He would have been home long ago," he pursued, winking mysteriously at the children, "but to-day is Christmas Eve, and probably he has something to say to the Christ Child. Now, Frank, where are you going? To meet your father? What don't you think of! Stay here, or the Christ Child won't bring you anything! They cling to their father like burs. They want to be with him all the time. In summer I can't prevent them from secretly running after him when he goes to work. It pleases him, that they know, but I can't endure it. Since I saw lying dead before me the foreign child that met its death by falling, when it had run after its father, without his knowledge, since that time I have no rest when I know that the children are not with me."

The young lady had suddenly become pale, but the old man, who was making the half-sleeping child in his arms more comfortable, did not notice it.

"Of what child are you speaking?" she asked, agitated.

"Has the lady never heard of the misfortune of the boy who was killed by falling over the Rothe Wand? It will be three years ago next summer."

"You mean the child of the artist who was here then?" The voice of the young lady trembled slightly. "But the child had not run after its father, you know, but the father had taken it with him, and then, from inattention, let it meet with an accident."

"That isn't true." cried the old man, eagerly. "True, there is such a report, because the girl who should have taken care of the child, said so in her anxiety because she had left the child alone. But I was there, and I know what happened."

"You were there?" The eyes of the young lady, large and staring, were raised to him.

"Surely I was there! And if the lady would like to hear how it was—go, Lena," he turned to the girl who was knitting by the window, "lay the child in the cradle,

it has fallen asleep ! It was on a Sunday," he began, reaching for his tobacco pouch, to fill his pipe, "I had just come from church, and as I was passing the Rothe Wand, I saw the foreign gentleman sitting there painting, and, because he usually had his son with him, I went to him and said: 'Where is your little son, if one may ask, to-day?' 'My son?' he said, and laughed; 'he is to stay at home to-day. My wife does not wish him to go with me. She thinks he might come to harm in the mountains.' 'The lady is right,' I had just said, when the gentleman near me started up. 'Didn't you hear something?' he asked. It seemed, too, as if there had been a call, and as we were keeping quite still, then we heard a cry quite distinctly, 'Papa, papa!' We first looked around us, and then above us, for it seemed as if the voice came from the air. And as we looked straight at the Rothe Wand, there was the boy. It had climed up with its little hands on the bushes, with its little feet propped against the rock ; it was hanging just above the precipice, and calling with its little voice, 'Papa, papa, I wanted to see you, but I slipped down and I can't get up again, you must fetch me!'

"The gentleman's face became white as chalk. For a moment he could not speak, then he controlled himself, and very quietly, that the child should not be frightened, he called, 'I'm coming, Karl. Only keep a firm hold, very firm; do you hear! I'll be there in an instant.'

"With two great strides he was up the mountain, through the bushes, and before I believed it possible, he was there. Carefully he knelt down and bent over the edge, but he could not reach the boy with his hand. 'Hold fast only a moment longer,' he called out. 'I'm bringing only a stick!' But when the child saw its father so near above it, it cried out for joy, loosened one hand to reach out to its father, the other could not support the body any longer, the feet slipped on the smooth stones; once again it cried, 'Papa, papa, catch me!' and fell. You couldn't see down below where it fell, but the sound of the striking on the stones, that you heard.

"I was up the mountain as quickly as I could, but the father was before me. From above he couldn't get to the child. Then he tried from one side, then from below. It was not possible. So he was obliged to go to the nearest woodcutter's camp to fetch help. The people brought ropes with them ; the gentleman had himself bound, he would not permit that another should fetch the child. I stood by when they let him down. The rope twisted and threw his head against the rock, so that the blood was running over his forehead, but he paid attention only to the child so that it should not hit against anything. 'It is not dead, it is only stunned,' he said, when he brought it up. But when it let its limbs hang so loosely, then I knew at once : it had broken its back. There was nothing to be done. He must have seen it when he was alone. Very quietly he pushed the people back who wished to carry the child for him. He took it in his arms and walked down with it to the village. I didn't go with them, I couldn't bear the sight of it."

The old man wiped his eyes with his sleeve. When he looked up again, glancing, frightened, at the deadly pale young lady who had sunk back in her chair, he cried ; "Lena, Lena, quick, a glass of water ! The lady is not well." She drank the offered water hastily. "It is only the heat of the room," she stammered, struggling violently for composure.

"Yes, yes, it is hot here," said the old man, anxiously, "the little one and I like it, and as wood isn't lacking, it is often kept too much heated.—But, God be thanked, there's Tony now. Shall he go with the lady that he may bring back the key again ?"

"No, no, I will bring it back myself." She drew her cloak about her and hurried off with quick step to the cemetery.

At last she had heard what she had so long wished to know, at last she knew how her child had met its death, and she knew too what heavy, irretrievable injustice she had done her husband. He had risked his life to save the child,

and when, bleeding in body and soul, he stood before her to seek comfort in her love, she had driven him from her, and had accused him of the death of her child.

For a long time her trembling hands sought in vain to unlock the gate of the churchyard ; at last it gave way to pressure.

How lonely, but how peaceful the rows of graves lay there under the thin, uniform covering of snow !

She let her glance wander about searchingly. There it was that she sought. Close upon a grave shaded by a tall arbor vitæ stood the little cross which she had sent from the capital for the grave of her child, and which bore no inscription except the name and the day of death.

With an outcry, she sank down near the grave. What all the years had laid upon her in dull misery, what had been heaped upon her in bitterness and despair and what she had forced back within her, that came now in this hour to the little mound beneath which her child slumbered awaiting eternity, in passionate outbreak. Clasping the grave with both arms, her forehead pressed against the cold ground, she wept so convulsively, that her whole body, as if shaken by a storm, trembled and quivered.

" My child, my child, why have you gone from me ? My life is desolate and empty since you are no longer with me. I have no one now who loves me ! Why am I on the earth ? With you is rest, with you is peace. Oh have pity on your mother and take me to you ! " Her voice broke in hot sobs.

She had not heard the creaking of the churchyard door, nor the light steps coming nearer over the snow ; now she was startled. Had not some one called her name ? Half rising, her hand resting on the grave, she looked, disturbed, about her.

Directly opposite her, half concealed by the boughs of the arbor vitæ near by, stood a dark figure. She arose quickly. Did she not mistake ? Was it truly her husband who stood there, his sad and earnest glance directed toward her ?

" Richard ! " she exclaimed, in her first astonishment

taking a step as if to clasp him in her arms. But she immediately controlled herself. "How did you come here?" she asked, drawing back.

"As you, moved by the desire to visit our child on Christmas Eve."

"But I did not hear you. How did you come here?"

"The gate was unlocked. They told me at the village that some one had taken the key to the cemetery. I did not know it was you, otherwise I would have come later.—However, I can leave, if I disturb you," he added bitterly, after he had waited in vain for an answer.

"Why should you disturb me," she said softly, without raising her eyes to him.—"I am very glad that I met you. I wished to say something to you."

He bowed expectantly.

"I have just learned," she pursued with trembling voice, "how our child died. I wronged you when I blamed you for its death."

"You did," he replied, dully.

"Why did you leave me in the belief?"

"You would not listen!"

"You should have compelled me to listen." She clasped her hands convulsively. "You were not guilty of its death; no, I, who left the child with the frivolous maid, I killed it."

"Why torment yourself with such thoughts? As well might I say: If I had never taken the child with me, it would not have thought of running after me. God wished, it, and—perhaps it is better for the child that it died."

The last words had so weary a sound that she looked at him, troubled. How altered he was! She saw it now for the first time. Between the eyes a deep wrinkle had engraved itself, the eyes had lost their sunny gleam, and a bitter expression had formed itself about the mouth, an expression which she had never known before. It cut her to the heart to see him so.

"I have made you very unhappy!" she said softly.

"Have I made you happy? Neither of us knew how to preserve our happiness."

"It was not your fault, but mine," she whispered, almost inaudibly. "I expected too much, and then lost all."

She looked down, hesitating, for a time; then she asked, carefully repressing the trembling of her voice: "It is Christmas Eve, to-day. Will you not give me your hand over this little grave, as a token that you have forgiven me? I think that then we must be able, both of us, to separate again with lighter hearts."

He did not answer. She looked at him anxiously. He stood, deeply agitated, before her. "Must we separate again?" It came slowly over his lips.

She looked at him as if she did not understand. Clear and earnest, his look met hers. And suddenly a fiery wave of emotion overwhelmed her. Was not that the old look of love, which looked at her from his eyes, the look with which he had wooed her, with which he had won her heart, and made her happy many hours and times, and which she had never thought to see again?

"Can we not come together again, Anna?" he asked once again, slowly extending his arms to her.

Her knees refused their service, she trembled, and would have fallen, if he had not caught her in his arms.

"You cannot love me now!" she stammered. He rested her head gently on his shoulder, and, kissing the tears from her eyes, he whispered, "I have never ceased to love you."

It might have been a quarter of an hour later, when they both felt their way through the dark entrance of the house of the wood-cutter to the sitting room. This time there was no noise within, and, yet those present were so absorbed in their occupation that this time, too, the young lady opened the door, unheard.

On the table in the middle of the room stood a little Christmas tree, hung with apples and nuts and some pieces of cheap confectionery. A woman, from her resemblance to the old man who sat here, a while ago, with the grandchildren,

immediately recognized as his daughter, busied herself by lighting with the stump of a candle the little lights on the tree, while her husband, with his work-hardened hands, arranged the litte gifts which he had brought for the children : cheap pictures, trumpets and whistles, a pair of wooden horses and lambs ; from time to time pausing and anxiously looking toward the chamber door which, in spite of the loud soothing of the grandfather, seemed to offer but little resistance to the attack of the crowd of children awaiting behind it the Kris Kringle.

Now the lights were burning. The parents threw a last happy look at the presents, then the young lady hastily approached from the door. She stepped to the table, and, opening her pocket book, laid a bank note under the burning tree, larger than they had ever seen before in this poor hut, and large enough, in the hands of these thrifty, industrious people, to become a nest-egg.

Before the recipients could recover from their amazement, and stammer their thanks, the door had already closed behind the young lady.

Arm in arm, the couple passed over the road which led across the heath to the station. The snow clouds had dispersed, the wind hushed, only as a light breath and motion, it went through the air. Slowly and solemnly the night was passing. In the dark heavens, star after star rose, sending their light in undescribable, mysterious splendor down to the dark, wintry earth, as if they wished to bring tidings of a long past night where to those who sat in darkness, the Light of the world was born.

Suddenly through the deep stillness, the tones of the clock rang out, which, in the village near by, announced Christmas. Beginning softly, then becoming ever louder and clearer, they filled the air far around with their jubilant, happy notes.

Overpowered by holy feeling, they stood still, as the tones floated about them. It was to them as if they heard the surge and billows of a mighty stream, which, taking its origin

in Christmas Eve, has since passed to humanity, bringing to all who will receive it, rest and refreshment. It was to them as if they felt the inspiration of that power of love which, on Christmas Eve, passes from house to house, from land to land, which unites the separated, which brings back the dead to the hearts of the living, which rouses dead hearts and brightens within them the fire of love buried under the ashes of selfishness, of this power which brought them together, who were wandering in loneliness and bitterness.

Shuddering from deepest emotion, they vowed that no Christmas Eve hereafter should find them apart from that love, but inspired and saturated by it; then they walked on, hand in hand, their shining eyes lifted to the starry heavens, over the lonely heath, through the darkness of Christmas Eve to the morning brightness of their new life.

HELEN E. WILSON, '99.

The Coming of Gitchekwasind.

A LEGEND OF LAKE CAYUGA.

Night had fallen o'er the valley,
  In the forest aisles gloom crept,
As the wild Cayugan warriors
  Round their wigwam fires slept.

Slept they restless, for dark rumors
  Of red foeman stealing slow
Had come flying to their forests
  From the distant Pecquemo.

In his dreams their great chief Kenwah
  Saw dark faces thro' the trees,
Heard the war cry from the distance
  Floating on the evening breeze;

While his daughter Wissanita,
  With her deep eyes veiled in sleep,
To the brave tumult of battle
  Felt her maiden pulses leap.

And she woke in fear and horror,
  Soft up through the silent night
Rose her prayerful "Oh, Great Spirit,
  Help my people by thy might!"

But when waxed the hour to midnight
  All the forest glades awoke,
And the piercing cries of battle
  Thro' the silvan silence broke.

Leaped then to his feet each warrior,
  Grasped the tomahawk and knife,
Answering cry with cry more savage
  Dashed into the angry strife.

Long and desperate 'mid the shadows
  Raged that clamorous combat dread,
Raged until the dawn broke coldly
  O'er the faces of the dead.

And the great Sun rose in glory,
  Flushed with light the Eastern sky,
Threw His beams across the waters
  As they softly rippled by.

And to Kenwah, Chief of Redmen,
  And his wild Cayugan braves
Brought He victory, to the conquered
  Brought sad burial 'neath the waves.

Wissanita watched His rising,
  On her pale face felt His glow.
"Gitche Manitou, I thank thee
  For thy light!" she whispered low.

And she brushed aside her tresses
  Flowing darkly 'round her face,
Sprang amid the tangled verdure
  'Till she reached the battle place.

Lay the trailing brake down trampled,
  Scattered wide the leaves she found,
And the flowers of blood and carnage
  Blossomed red upon the ground.

Huddled close and bound securely
  Stood the Indian captives stern,
In their eyes she saw the fires
  Of a helpless anger burn.

Gazed she long upon their faces,
  In her bosom memories rose
Of her brother, slain and sleeping
  Where the Big Sea Water flows.

By the lake great Kenwah rested,
  Praised his tomahawk with pride,
Counted o'er the scalps, his trophies,
  Hanging crimson by his side.

"Ugh, 'tis well that we have conquered,
  Many scalps and captives won,
Let the youths and squaws make merry
  When they see what braves have done.

We have ta'en old Osceomo
  The Sewhalla's aged chief,
Many braves would die full valiant
  To but proffer him relief.

And the stalwart Gitchekwasind,
  Let him shudder o'er his fate,
For to-night the torture fires
  Will my vengeance satiate."

Thus spoke Kenwah; when he ended
  Came his daughter, passing fair,
Came his daughter, Wissanita,
  Smiling through her floating hair.

And she cried, "Oh, Kenwah, father,
  Waywassimo lives once more,
I have found him 'mid thy captives
  Bound and helpless on the shore.

Come," she said and sprang before him,
  Kenwah followed, stern and grave,
Till they reached young Gitchekwasind,
  Stood before the captive brave.

Then great Kenwah looked and trembled,
  Stood in silence in his place,
Waywassimo's eyes flashed at him
  From the stranger's haughty face.

And the wild Cayugans gathered,
  Saw the likeness, murmuring said,
" Manitou alone has power
  Thus to borrow from the dead."

Wissanita, listening, answered,
  " Manitou can all things give,
Waywassimo died in battle,
  But must Gitchekwasind live."

And she loosed the captive's fetters,
  Then spoke Kenwah, " Well for thee
That thou favor Waywassimo !
  Gitchekwasind, thou art free.

Go in peace, yet stay, my people
  Long have mourned their chieftain's son,
Stay and be to mighty Kenwah
  Eyes to see and feet to run."

And the warrior answered proudly,
  " Gitchekwasind thanks thee, chief,
Scattered, suffering are my people,
  Grant to them but sure relief,

And I'll smoke with thee the peace pipe,
  Live beneath thy wigwam's shade,
Grant but this and give me, Kenwah,
  For my squaw this noble maid."

Flushed the cheek of Wissanita,
  Like the wild flower crimson grew,
And she veiled her eyes' dark splendor,
  Sudden joy her young heart knew.

Kenwah looked upon her, smiling,
  " Gitchekwasind, all is well ;
Wampum will I send thy people,
  Thou with us shalt joyous dwell.

And this maid shall be thy comfort,
  In thy wigwam sing all day ,
Constant labor in thy corn-fields,
  Plait the reeds and grasses gay.''

So said Kenwah, Ishgoo added,
  '' Good the deed that thou hast done,
For perchance this youth may struggle
  With the Palefaced Coming One.

Kenwah will be old and powerless
  A spent fire, a faded name,
Gitchekwasind's arm will threaten,
  Answer nobly flash with flame.''

Passed the day in deep rejoicing,
  Passed to many a song's gay thrill,
But when sunset dyed the heavens
  All grew strangely hushed and still.

On the shore with Wissanita
  Gitchekwasind stood alone
And their spirits blended gently
  With the Autumn wind's light moan.

Peace lay o'er the bended heavens,
  Brooded on Cayuga's breast,
And the hearts of youth and maiden
  Brimmed with love's most perfect rest.

OREOLA WILLIAMS, '97.

Quite Another Story.

We all wondered why it was girls liked him.

"It's those curly locks of his," and Harry Stack ran his fingers through them to emphasize the remark. However, the Pessimist, as we called him, did not deign a reply, but tried to repart his ruffled curls with the ends of his fingers, while the smoke from a close-burned cigarette, which he held between his teeth, made him blink and hastily clasp the cigarette again.

"No, it's because he lets them do all the talking"—and the last word came out with a grunt, as "Stumpy" reached for the "funny" sheet of the New York *World* and tried to keep his chair tipped back at the same time. Stumpy was slender and something over six feet and very bashful in the presence of the "opposite sex." However, he never hesitated to exercise his voice and air his opinions in a crowd of fellows.

"That don't hold," said "Duke" Rogers, "for girls do most of the talking anyway. Look at 'Hutch's' sister on for the Senior last June—you remember her 'Tax'—couldn't get a word in edgeways, and look at the contrast. 'Hutch' over there on the window-seat—oh! don't mind me, old man!" as Hutch grunted from behind pillows and clouds of smoke—"no offense intended!"

"Old Pessimist got in his good work, though," resumed Harry—"for I remember seeing him 'chin' with her for three-quarters of an hour down on the tennis court and I remember she asked me who had won, about five minutes after everybody had been praising Tax's (and your) playing—she wasn't doing all the talking either, eh, old Locks!"

The Pessimist tipped his chair down and lit a fresh cigarette. We knew something was coming, and Tax poked up the fire—more for the dancing of the flames than for the promotion of warmth, for it was early autumn, and we were all more or less in a receptive, fire-gazing mood this Sunday

evening, after summer episodes and recent partings. Harry shied a pillow at Hutch and Ted pulled a chair from under Stumpy's feet and at the same time accidentally fell through the "funny" sheet.

When the old-time burst of choice epithets had subsided and we had smiled under our thoughts at the old familiar sounds—"Now for the Oracle—the only true lady-killer! He who would be one, let him go and do likewise—Larry, turn the crank!" which sounded very natural and freshmanlike although coming from a sophomore of a whole summer's standing. "Subside, freshman, and go answer the bell!" remarked Harry loftily.

"That's what 'Old Pest' is going to teach you how to do!" and he retired amid groans and a shower of pillows.

"It's not answering belles that helps," said the Pessimist, as he blew a ring and watched it fade away, "it's knowing how *not* to answer them!" "Freshie's a born lady-killer, then," muttered the other sophomore in the room, for he remembered last year.

"As long as you give them something to ponder over," and he seemed to smile to a far-away fantasy—"something to pique their curiosity"—and then the weather-vane shifted, "there's only one thing better than telling a pretty woman that she is pretty—and that is, that the other woman in the room is pretty. It creates a background and then if you throw in a 'looks only count for a third anyway,' perhaps she'll want an extra with you to find out about the other two-thirds. However, a good deal depends on the woman," concluded the Pessimist in true oracular fashion, thereby subordinating the whole system to the particular subject "*which* woman."

"Can't you give us a formula to work on, old man; $x =$ the girl, the unknown quantity; $n =$ the number of men—why, you might make your fortune, 'Flirtation made easy in Ten Lessons,' something of that sort?"

"You might bring all your touches of heart failure to me for consultation and advice, if that's what you mean," and

the Pessimist smiled beneath an extra long puff, as he noticed the silence, for he knew of several delicate cases in the crowd.

"To illustrate," he continued as no one advanced a theory, "there's Stack there and that little affair of his last winter."

"Oh, come, old man, that's too old for a 'horse' this term, don't start that up again," and Harry looked very dignified and uncomfortable.

"Then I'll take a case of my own this summer," said the Pessimist, most obligingly, for he knew the trend of our feelings, although he felt an unsympathetic silence behind him. We all remained quiet except the irrepressible "Soph," who started to say something about charity beginning at home, but was promptly sat upon by three distinct utterances from different sides of the room—two "shut ups" and one long drawled "close your face."

"She was one of that kind of girls that make you believe you're about right—until you think about it alone over a pipe—and then you wonder whether she is simplicity or a 'leg-puller,' eh, Stack, do you catch the point?" And the laugh was on Stack—that last winter episode was dying hard!

"I met her in rather an odd way. I was tramping over to see a friend of mine in a hotel about a mile out of the village—it was at Saratoga, by the way—and I was taking the longest way out, 'mogging' through the Excelsior Woods, thinking over the good times I had there the summer before. We used to take blankets and hammocks and luncheons out there under the pines, but then that's another story. Well, it was cloudy when I had started out and while I was hunting up an old pet spot of mine some distance from the 'bridle path,' as the winding sandy path was dubbed, it began to rain. Did you ever have it rain in the woods on one of those dead leaden days when there's not a breath of air and it's nothing but a perpetual drip and spatter through the leaves and on the dry underbrush to break a dreary silence?

"It was just then, when the drops began to settle down, that

I found my spot, and it was the dreariest, drippiest, dankest place imaginable . . . and *that's* where I met her !

"She was seated on a stump, hunched up in a little bundle with her skirt up over her head, looking out from the dark background of skirt and pine needles. I had my mackintosh up around my neck and a slouch hat down over my face, when I said, 'Er—excuse me, but can't I lend you an umbrella?' (I hadn't any, by the way).

"Well, I found out she had been out sketching and had lost her way (so she said) and was stopping at the same hotel where my friend was, and putting two and two together as we walked along—she in my mackintosh—and I—er—in my slouch hat, I decided that she was the personage whom my friend had asked me out to meet that evening at the hotel hop. I stopped at the spring to get a drink while she skipped up to the hotel, ashort distance, minus the mackintosh, and then I went on up later and found my friend,—Smith, let's call him, for the sake of a name.

"He greeted me with 'She's simply out of sight, old man, if you don't like her to-night when you meet her, then I'll give up—have a cigarette?'—and we tipped our chairs back in the corner of the piazza."

Here the Pessimist threw away his cigarette end and slowly filled his briar. The fellows settled further back in their easy chairs and window-seat pillows. Stumpy stretched his legs and hung one over the arm of his chair. I sat back in the corner behind 'Pest' and smoked hard.

"By-and-by, when I was explaining to Smith," continued the Pessimist, after blowing out the match and pulling hard several times, "what a wasteful life he was spending this summer loafing around instead of trying to bohn up on his conditions (he was a college man), and incidentally branching off on the *vanitas vanitatum*, he nudged me and whispered, 'There she goes, down the path, see her ! with her mother, they always take the water before every meal.' I said, 'She's got on a mackintosh.' 'To be sure,' between shut teeth, 'what the devil did you think she'd have on?'

"Then I had her located for me in the dining-hall. Smith thought that I was a most unenthusiastic friend.

"Now comes the point, fellows. Smith took me up when the orchestra began the first dance and said in the usual form, 'May I present my friend, Mr. Stanley, Mrs.—um!' (and with more emphasis and a slight tremor) 'Miss—um!' We asked for her dance card, Smith promptly took four, I took *one*.

"After Smith's first dance, he came up to me with a most gloomy aspect, bursting forth with 'I'll be blowed if I dance with her again. She treated me like a dog—said it was too cool to go on the piazza, and wouldn't say a word about you after I had praised you up at a great rate!'

"My turn came. We danced without murmuring. After a while she ventured, 'My! isn't it warm?' I said 'Yes! it's too cool on the piazza, isn't it?' "

"'No! Let's go.'

"We walked up to the farther end and sat down.

"'Well?' she said.

"'Smith is a fine fellow, I've known him for a long time and he's as true a friend as I ever had.'

"'What were you doing, walking way off there in the woods?'—she changed the subject.

"'Thinking,' I answered, 'What were you?'

"'Sketching.'

"'In the rain and in the dark?'

"'Yes.'

"'It's almost a year ago,' I started—

"'Since I was left out in the rain?' she interrupted. 'Oh, no! only a few hours.'

"'Since *I* was—was what you wouldn't let me say.'

"'It's been a good thing for you, don't you think?'

"'No, it's warped me,' I said half laughingly, and then—'there goes the music, I guess we'll have to go in,' but she said, 'Oh! let's stay out; my next is with Mr. Smith and he took too many anyway.'

"'I've been out too long already,' I said—'and besides he's my best friend.'

" 'Will I see you in the morning?' and she kicked at an imaginary obstacle in her way as we started back.

" 'No, I leave after the dance,' I answered.

" Smith glared at me as he took her under the window sill a trifle late—and she bowed coldly.

" He came up to his room as I was changing my clothes and packing up a few minutes later. He said coldly,

" 'So you're going, are you? will I see you again?' and then as he walked up and down the room, 'She said I'd have to excuse her from the rest of her dances as she was tired and was going to her room. Never saw such a changeable flirt in my life!'

" I put on my mackintosh and he said he would send my suit case on in the morning.

" 'By the way, when you see Miss — again, just tell her I was sorry I didn't see her to say good bye, will you? And–er–that it takes sunshine to dry one out and besides *I* didn't have any mackintosh then! We had a little joke, you know,' said I, rather lamely.

" 'Umh!' growled Smith—we shook hands silently."

The Pessimist smoked.

" Is that all?" said the jocose "Soph."

" I don't see the point," said Harry.

" Neither did Smith," drawled the Pessimist and he turned around toward me.

" We've been 'horsed,' fellows," exclaimed Stumpy, "he hasn't given away his captivating method with the fair ones so far as I can see!"

" Oh, he just tries to be dense, that's all," said the Wise Youth, "for the love of Mike, let's turn in, it's nearly one," and Hutch rolled off the window seat on to his legs and sauntered up stairs.

I followed the Pessimist up to his room and laid my hand on his shoulder.

" Say, Jack, I'm dead sorry I treated you as I did. I hadn't the least idea it was a case of 'the summer before.' You know I was more or less 'gone' at the time and how

should I know anyway? But you *did* treat her simply rank, Jack, do you know it? She wasn't herself after that night; but she never mentioned your name, except when I told her *that* and then she said, 'He's the best friend you have.' I didn't believe it then, only I knew there wasn't any hope for poor me. But aren't you ever going to do anything about it?"

"Oh, that's *another story*," laughed the Pessimist, and he called after me, as I started up to bed, "you can have those other two dances at the Junior if you wish!"

The Chimes of Cornell.

TUNE—"*Deep in the Valley Ringing*."

Cayuga's vale is ringing
With chimes so sweet and clear,
Through rocky clefts and gorges
They echo far and near;
They mingle with the music
Of many a waterfall;
Their melody's the sweetest
Our memory can recall.

They clang on winter mornings
Upon the frosty air,
And summon throngs of students,
To wait on learning fair;
And borne upon the breezes,
They float o'er hill and dale,
To many a distant hamlet
In fair Cayuga's vale.

And when the twilight shadows
Upon the valley fall,
They sing in gentle cadence
The sweetest song of all.
They sing 'mid fairy moonlight,

And star-lit groves and bowers,
A song of youth and beauty,
Those joyful bells of ours.

Cornell's alumni wander
To every state and clime,
All in their memory bearing
The echo of that chime;
And as it tinkles faintly,
They see Cayuga's dell;
And shout with sudden gladness,
"Cornell, I yell—Cornell!"

ALEXANDER OTIS, C. L. '97.

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Clark Sutherland Northup, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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THE article which we publish from the pen of Professor Caldwell, entitled "A Faculty Retrospect," is a revision of the address which, as the Senior Professor of the Faculty, he delivered on behalf of that body at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the University, on October 7th, 1893. We are grateful to Professor Caldwell for permission to reprint this interesting contribution to the history of our University Faculty.

* * *

THE recent action of the Academic Council of the University of Pennsylvanta in abolishing the thesis requirement for the baccalaureate degree, has again brought up the question in the minds of some Cornellians, and there are those who think that in this matter the example set at Penn-

sylvania ought to be followed here. With reference to the conditions existing at Pennsylvania, the *Red and Blue* remarks that "the baccalaureate thesis had come to be a custom of little meaning and no value, some men devoting but one evening to their subject and then having their work accepted, without difficulty." It is evident that the Academic Council was influenced by arguments which can hardly apply to the Cornell thesis. While the thesis of a Cornell student, however, is on the average probably no more valuable contribution "to the general literature on his subject," than that of his Pennsylvania brother, still it is believed that the writing of a thesis is a good thing. The thesis at Cornell, to quote the highest authority, "must have the character of a scholarly dissertation." The research necessary to write a thesis, in most of the colleges of the University, helps to form those habits of accuracy and systematic arrangement which are indispensable to the scholar, and which are not fostered by any amount of recitation work. It is true that undergraduates do not always feel a due weight of responsibility with reference to this task of the senior year, and that too often, perhaps, the thesis represents far less work than any other six hours of credit. But so far as our experience goes, such cases are comparatively rare, at least in the general courses, and, it is believed, in the Sibley courses as well. It is to be remembered, too, that here, as in other lines of senior work, the student takes out no more than he puts in, and that the same is true of what are popularly known as "snap" courses. Whether it is worth while to take up valuable shelf space in the Library with all the theses that are presented, however, is another question.

* * *

THE Yale *Literary Magazine* notes that the literary renaissance which began at Yale about a year ago, still continues in full career, and thinks it is evident "that Yale men are coming to appreciate literary and scholarly work more than ever before, to do more of it themselves, and to

honor it when it has been done by others." It is gratifying to know that "Yale spirit," in its deservedly famous support of every interest of the university, does not forget to "back up" the *Literary Magazine*; and it is through this support that the *Literary Magazine* is enabled to take a high place among college journals. It is a matter of deep regret that Cornell loyalty does not manifest itself in this direction. To say nothing of the MAGAZINE subscription list—from which alone we might point our moral—the small number of contributions from undergraduates shows that the students of the present time have little regard for the literary status of the University. "Oh, yes," it will be replied, "but we haven't time to write." Well, that objection is very largely the product of a vivid imagination, just as it was ten years ago. Notwithstanding the popular notion that the law course is a "snap," it is doubtful if on the whole a harder-working body of students can be found in the University than that of the College of Law. And yet, of the voluntary contributions received thus far this year from undergraduates, every one, with but a single exception, has come from the College of Law. If a man wants to write he can usually find *some* time in which to do it—at least, there are things more difficult to discover.

The MAGAZINE is not alone in this lack of proper support. Only a few weeks ago the *Era* came out with a humble appeal for more literary contributions. So long as the student body fails to support properly the literary publications of the University, so long is it recreant to the trust confided to it by former generations of students; and the fault is just as serious, and in some respects just as injurious to the interests of Cornell, as is a failure to support the football team or the crew. Why not have a literary renaissance at Cornell?

Athletic Comment.

The football season has ended and we are now in a position to judge the work of our team and to be judged. Mr. Caspar Whitney has already criticized Cornell's work and we will quote his judgment here without comment, as the best illustration of criticism by an outside authority :

"Cornell was not nearly so strong this year as last, and the football year has been disappointing to alumni and undergraduates. The season has been an unfortunate one, but if Cornell is wise in her own generation, a good lesson will have been learned. There was excellent material at the start and the prospects for a strong team were good. But many accidents and several blunders changed the outlook several weeks ago. It is difficult at long range to locate the direct cause, but I believe I am pretty close when I attribute it to great and unreasonable expectations.

"Cornell has really been playing out of her class, and this is said in all kindness. An exceptionally strong team two or three years ago raised a standard of performance against old rivals up to which, without the necessary football traditions and general knowledge of the game, Cornell has been trying to live. That she has done so very well under the circumstances reflects great credit on the University. But it is time now to settle to the belief that before consistent form may be attained, it is necessary to decide upon a system of coaching, and to develop coaches from home material. That is, Cornell must rely upon her own graduated players for coaching. To have a Harvard man one year and a Yale man the next is not the surest way of establishing either system or tradition, and I think this past season has made many Cornell converts to my opinion. I expect to see the adoption of this idea in Ithaca next year

and with the material always to be had, and the enthusiastic and sportsmanly spirit which Cornell puts into all her athletic endeavors, I confidently look for good results. Once such a system is established, we shall see the standard of play steadily raised, and in a few years Cornell teams in the same class with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania."

As for judgment at home, we cannot but commend in the highest terms the individual work of Captain Beacham and such members of the team as have stood by through the season in spite of defeat, injuries, and the many difficulties which had to be contended against.

We leave it to those who understand the mistakes of the past season and the work of the coming year, to offer suggestions and to achieve better total results from the experience of the past.

* * *

Williams 0, Cornell 0.—This is Cornell's third tie game with Williams. It was a surprise and a disappointment to those who desired to see the deadlock of tie games broken. Cornell repeatedly brought the ball close to the Williams goal, but failed on downs and lost the ball.

* * *

Pennsylvania 32, Cornell 10.—This was a much better Thanksgiving Day game than that played against Pennsylvania last year. All comments agree in naming it the prettiest, cleanest, most sportsmanlike game of the football season.

The team played well against the invincible guard interference of their opponents. And our interference, to which attention was called in an earlier comment in these pages, showed what it was capable of becoming, when played with strength and snap, by the whole team.

Captain Beacham shared the honors of the day with Gelbert. A fake interference by which Beacham circled the ends repeatedly, aided the scoring for Cornell. Ritchie played a fine game, but his fumbling on catches lost two touchdowns for Cornell.

It was a strong finish for the football season, and one time during the second half when the score was 18–10, Pennsylvania and her supporters were very much surprised to say the least.

* * *

In the retirement of Captain Joseph William Beacham, Jr., from the football field, Cornell loses one of her greatest football players, and not only that, but one who has helped to uphold by his enthusiasm and true university spirit the interests of Cornell sport in every direction. It is the hope and desire of all Cornellians that Captain Beacham of the '96 'Varsity team will be seen on the field in the future as a graduate coach, to continue his aid in the advancement of Cornell sport, as he has done while in the University.

* * *

The election of William McKeever, '98, as captain of the football team for '97 took place the evening of the Thanksgiving game. Mr. McKeever played substitute end on the Pennsylvania team several years ago, and upon entering here played end on the 'Varsity last year and this year right half back. He is a hard runner and a strong defensive player. There is every reason to expect a strong team under his captaincy.

* * *

Princeton 24, Yale 6.—Cornell need not feel so chagrined now over her severe drubbing.

Pennsylvania 8, Harvard 6.—Penn. won on a safety. The game was closer than expected.

The Lesson of the Football Season.

Another season of Cornell football has gone into history. Cornellians are not at all satisfied with the showing of this year's team. I believe that is a very good sign. Let us all see that in the future our teams do better.

The question is, how are our teams going to improve? There is but one course for us to pursue if we wish to rank our teams among the first. We must adopt a graduate system of coaching. We must have a system, and not merely have the graduates come back as they did this year. We should have a system by which we can get the greatest good out of the men back. Our graduates know the mistakes that have been made. They know the conditions here at the University. They know the hardships under which we labor. Why not have them come in, who know how to adjust themselves to the place and how to rectify past mistakes?

They know enough about football. Give them the proper material (it is always in the University), and a proper system to teach what they know, and then our team will rank among the leaders. Their fault would not be lack of knowledge of the game. Their fault, if any, would be lack of the proper methods of teaching. With this year's experience behind us we should make vast improvement next year in this particular. I believe that the football committee should adopt a graduate system of coaching.

J. W. BEACHAM, JR., C.L. '97.

The Month.

The competition for places on the '94 Memorial Debate has been a very spirited one this year, and an unusual amount of good material has been developed as a result. The following eight men were chosen for the final competition: Harley N. Crosby, Oliver D. Burden, Walter H. Edson, Roger Lewis, Stephen F. Sherman, Robert M. Snow, D. H. Wells, Walter M. Zink.

—

At a recent meeting of the Senior class it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to adopt the cap and gown.

—

The Central New York Society of Architects met on December 3d in the College of Architecture. President Schurman made the welcoming address.

—

Mr. Albert Lockwood's playing at the Conservatory on the evening of December 8th was greatly enjoyed by the masic lovers of the University and town.

—

The first Military Hop of the year, which was held on Dec. 2nd, was perhaps the best one ever held. The music and decorations were better than ever before.

—

President Hill has announced the following appointments to the Senior Ball Committee: H. H. Hill, chairman, G. H. Lewis, L. C. Fuller, J. E. Hodgson, H. R. Tobey, F. N. Kollock, Jr., J. O. Shiras, 2d, T. W. Cady, H. E. Molé, C. M. Howe, F. R. Chambers, Jr.

—

It has been decided to hold the Junior Promenade in the Armory on February 5th. The prospect is favorable for a most successful affair.

Publications Received.

BOWEN, HERBERT WOLCOTT. International Law. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. vi, 165. Cloth, $1.25.

TRACY, LEWIS. The Final War. Illustrated. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp ix, 464. Cloth, $1.75.

WILSON, WOODROW. Mere Literature, and Other Essays. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 247. Cloth $1.50.

WOODBURN, JAMES ALBERT. American Orations: Studies in American Political History. A re-edition of the work of Alexander Johnston. Vol. II. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. vii, 432. Cloth, $1.25.

Hardwicke's History of Oratory.

This is an elaborate and pretentious work. The author is thoroughly interested in his subject, and has collected a great deal of valuable material. His arrangement and assimilation of this material, however, is open to criticism. For instance, his discussion of the younger Pitt precedes that of Burke, though Burke was a generation ahead of Pitt in the House of Commons. Likewise, Hamilton precedes Patrick Henry. In the article on Fox, between paragraphs dealing respectively with Fox's determination to excel in speaking and his great ability, we are confronted by this paragraph: "Fox was very careless in his dress." The connection between correct dress and brilliant oratorical powers, is at best remote; and there are many other equally absurd violations of sequence to be found. These, however, are not the worst features of the book—even grammatical errors occur. For example: "[Burke] was one of the most remarkable persons that has ever lived." "When only twenty years of age his [Disraeli's] novel, *Vivian Grey*, was published." The author does not seem to know what a good paragraph is. Some omissions can

hardly be accounted for. Nothing is said of Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Lincoln, Garfield, Curtis; while over thirty pages are given to Pinkney, Wirt, Corwin, Prentiss! The most that can be said in favor of the book is that the author has said some good things and has shown good taste in selecting extracts. C. S. N.

A General Freight and Passenger Post.

Mr. James L. Cowles has contributed to the "Questions of the Day" Series a most suggestive monograph entitled, "A General Freight and Passenger Post." He seeks a practical solution of the railroad problem in the determination of rates for passenger and freight transportation according to the same general principles as now hold in the case of postal rates. In his own words: "The whole business of public transportation should be pooled under the control of the Post Office, and the rate charged for the shortest distance for any particular service (the cost of service rate) should be adopted as the uniform standard rate for that class of service for all distances, within the limits of the postal system."

While it seems unlikely that we shall very soon adopt any changes in our transportatton system so radical as those which Mr. Cowles's plan contemplates, his book is well worth reading for the light it sheds upon the injustice which often results from the application of the present system of railway charges. Progress in the solution of the transportation problem may be along the lines so interestingly advocated in this volume, but the author's views seem too roseate when he says: "It is surely within the limits of possibility that when the twentieth century opens, the scheme set forth in this book may be American law, and may be in full operation within the limits of the United States."

Andrews's Historical Development of Modern Europe.

The method of treatment which Mr. Andrews has adopted in this work is wholly admirable. Instead of pursuing the

chronological order, in the endeavor to keep the history of all the European states at a constant level as the book advances, he has chosen rather to relate separately the history of each of the great movements which characterize the progress of Europe during the century. The monographs thus presented on "France During the Restoration," "The Liberal Movement in Germany," "Revolution and Reaction in Central Europe," and other topics, are admirable for their unity, and for the logical treatment of events whose importance any other method of treatment would fail to show. It has been the author's purpose to study the movements which have made for progress rather than to present all subjects with historical completeness. As a type of the educational development of the people of Central Europe he has chosen to describe the growth of political experience in Italy. Mr. Andrews exhibits a keen perception and great ability in handling his materials. His style is clear and leaves nothing to be desired. The public will await the appearance of the second volume with interest, and if it fulfils the promise of the first, the work will take high rank.

Some Other Books.

One can imagine the author of "A Fearless Investigator" (McClurg's) laughing in his sleeve as he wrote the story, thinking how he was going to fool people. The book is disappointing until one reaches the close, and then he is not sorry to find the hoax that has been played upon him—in fact, feels rather agreeably surprised. There are other books which the authors ought to have sense enough to conclude with the old-fashioned "And I awoke." One of the best characters in the book is the apparently overdrawn Professor; and the thread of Clara Norton's love-story is well done. The dialect of the story is not so satisfactory: one does not expect to hear such people saying "ain't" as a regular thing. But on the whole, the story is worth reading.

Prof. George B. Adams of Yale, writing on the subject of "Why Americans Dislike England" (Altemus), believes that the common feeling towards England has a foundation in our past history and in active contemporary causes. He believes, however, that England stands for the same things in the world which America stands for, and that our own interests, and those of all men, demand the unity and common action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The subject is treated skillfully and fairly.

Another of Mr. Altemus's books deals with "The Higher Education as a Training for Business" and is from the pen of Professor Harry Pratt Judson. Even the casual reader of this little book is impressed with the author's breadth of view as well as the generous amount of common sense displayed. He shows that the duty of the business man is not simply to make money, but that he owes something more to society and that he must have adequate training to do his work in the world.

The Putnams have just issued a very neat edition of some of the most famous of Washington Irving's tales, under the title, "Stories and Legends from Irving." The collection includes among others the account of Dolph Heyliger's voyage, the legend concerning Kidd and Gibbet Island (now the site of the Statue of Liberty), the encounter of Tom Walker and the Devil, etc. The publishers have had especially in view the needs of classes in literature, among which the use of Irving's writings is deservedly on the increase. As excellent examples of the art of story-telling it would be hard to find anything better than these sketches.

Professor Pettee's excellent text-book on Plane Geometry (Silver, Burdette & Co.) aims to give facility and power in solving problems, by the constant use of graphic figures which in many instances explain themselves, showing by various marks of equality the relation given in the hypothesis, and suggesting the line of solution. Taken all in all this

geometry has a wide-awake, practical, up-to-date method of treatment, which is as attractive as it is instructive, and will prove interesting to live students.

It is hard to see how Mr. Horace F. Cheshire could have produced a more elaborate volume than the one which he has edited concerning the Hastings International Chess Tournament of 1895 (Putnams). The book contains the authorized account of the 230 games of the tournament, with annotations by some of the masters, such as Lasker, Pillsbury, Steinitz, Dr. Tarrasch, and others, and an appendix in which are given biographical sketches of the masters of the game. More than twenty portraits embellish the volume. The book will find welcome as a permanent record of the famous tournament, which did much to advance the theory of the game.

Exchanges.

After the perusal of yards of college verse most of which is decidedly affectionate in character, it is refreshing to find some lines, as the following from the Smith College *Monthly*, where the author and his subject might be in love and are not.

DRIFTING.

At your feet I sit, and sing.
  Careless songs are best,
Summer moons and distant laughter.
  Drop the oars, and rest.

Trail your hand along the water ;
  Watch it, glimmering slow.
Half I wonder at myself
  Not to love you so.

Better to be drifting, singing,
  Love would mar the pleasure.
Love, you khow, would spoil the song,
  Faltering in the measure.

Would you for unrestful joy,
  Change this quiet good ?
No, say no ! (You know we could not
  Even though we would).

There's a lock of hair, each breeze
  Blows against your cheek.
How your eyes shine, gray and bright !
  Sit so. Do not speak.

Now we must go back to life.
  Let me take the oar,
Do I love you ? Well, a little.
  Better so than more.

Like a faint perfume or a half-forgotten strain, the following lines from *The Polytechnic* float across the coldness of these December days.

THE NOSEGAY OF SUMMER.

I sing the lilt and the swing
Of the blossomed Spring.
The rare, rippling breeze,
And the open-armed trees,

And the tear of the blood through each vein,
And the rain in the air.
The kiss of the sun,
And the gambol and run of the brook,
And the nook where the young grass and fern
Learn to lean and careen,
Green and cool,
O'er the sheen, scarcely seen,
Of some crystal-clear pool.
The rapture of noon,
And the boon of a maddening moon,
Gone too soon,
And the swoon of the sense,
At the tune, low, intense,
That is murmured by ravishing June.
The scent of the flowers downward bent with the dew,
And the hours, sweet with showers,
An the sun peeping through.
The hum of the bee,
And the free, gladsome song of the bird
May be heard ;
But the rest, and the zest and the best,
Half unknown, must be guessed,
While alone, lying prone and caressed
On dear Mother Earth's breast.
For you, trampled down in the town,
In the heat of the street,
And the hot, smarting wet of your sweat,
I sing of the blossomed Spring.
This nosegay of summer, vine-tangled, dew-spangled and sweet,
With a greeting and a handclasp, I lay at your feet.
The perfume of violet and clover I bring you,
The songs of the brooks and the songs of the breezes I sing you,
That you may forget all your fret.
For blossoms are blowing for you just as much as for me ;
And summer, triumphant, almighty, is showing that we shall be free ;
And even in dreams, there's no knowing the rapture to be.
There is no knowing but hope in the song of the sky and the song of the sea,
So let us rejoice, in our tear-sweetened voice, you and me.

—*Richard Bowland Kimball.*

The Cornell Magazine

January, 1897.

Reminiscences of a Science Teacher.

I.

The following recollections of early Cornell history are based upon entries in the writer's diaries. Whatever interest they may have for others lies in the impression made upon the writer by the Founder of the University, and in the evidence of the wise foresight of its first president in respect to science in general, and particularly two branches not then fully appreciated.

B. G. WILDER.

On the 9th of October, 1867, I received from Hon. A. D. White, already chosen president of Cornell University, two letters, dated the 7th. One was the official notification of my election as "Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Natural History.* . . . Duties and salary to commence on the last Wednesday in September, 1868." The other, of a more personal character, closed as follows: "I am quite anxious to see you to talk over your department with you, and wish very much you could run up here and give me a day or two. Your department is an im-

* By this was evidently meant Zoology. As a matter of fact instruction in Entomology was given by me for a few years, but the Invertebrate Zoology was at first assumed by the professor of Geology and Paleontology.

portant one. It is not of cast-iron, and will doubtless be developed into a shape to suit you."

In accordance with the above invitation I reached Syracuse at noon of November 8. On the way I prepared myself for the coming interview by reading in the *North American Review* for October, 1867, an article on "Our National Schools of Science."

At the station I was met by President White and two other trustees of the University then visiting him, Hon. F. M. Finch, Secretary of the Board, and Hon. J. H. Selkreg, then also editor of the Ithaca *Journal.* At Mr. White's house I met Mrs. White and her mother and sister. While they were interested in the new educational venture they did not disguise their apprehension that it would interrupt their home life and lead Mr. White to overtax himself.

In the afternoon the President talked freely. There was no immediate intention to have a medical department, but he greatly desired at the outset a course on Human Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, and on Elementary Zoology, and wished me to give him a list of models and diagrams needed therefor. The details of instruction were to be left to each professor, but for the younger classes he thought lectures should be combined with recitations. The chairs of Botany and Geology would be filled soon, and he hoped ere long to secure a professor of Economic Entomology.

The revolutionary nature of these ideas may best be appreciated when it is stated that a professor of Entomology (not particularly from the economic standpoint) had only that very fall been secured from Germany for Harvard, and that in the same institution the course on Comparative Physiology constituted merely a senior elective.

Via Auburn and Cayuga Lake, I reached Ithaca at 7.30 the following evening. Mr. Finch took the steamer at one of the landings and told me many curious facts concerning the fish in the lake. "The black bass is very strong and cunning, and the pike is good eating. The lake trout is delicious, changes its food several times during the year, and moves from shallower to deeper water."

I spent the night at Mr. Finch's lovely home part way up East Hill, and on Sunday we walked over the Campus. The only building was Morrill Hall, and that not completed. We jumped through a basement window and so explored it. In the evening, at Mr. Finch's office, I was introduced to Mr. Ezra Cornell, who gave me some photographs of glacial markings for Professor Agassiz, and said if I would remain another day he would drive me about the neighborhood.

Next morning I was introduced to Judge Boardman, to John McGraw, another trustee, and to A. B. Cornell, the eldest son of the Founder. Soon afterward Mr. Ezra Cornell came in and took me in his buggy to all the places of interest in the valley. He called my attention particularly to certain exposed rocks on the south side exhibiting glacial scratches. After dinner at the Clinton House we ascended East Hill and explored the University grounds. I was charmed and impressed by the combination, in Mr. Cornell, of gentleness with force, of humor with gravity, of economy in detail with vast conceptions as to the future of the University. Perhaps the best exemplification of the duality or plurality of his nature was offered by his indifference to the impression made by his rather shabby vehicle, horse, and even hat, as contrasted with his genuine and superior artistic pleasure in the execution of carvings for his projected residence on the hillside by Italian stone-cutters imported for the purpose.

On returning to Cambridge I found Professors Agassiz, Wyman, and Gray much interested in my report as to the progress and organization of the new University. The last even said that if he were but forty years old he might be tempted to go himself as professor of Botany ! !

The attractiveness of the "Cornell ideas" (viz., greater freedom of election and a higher valuation of science) for teachers in even the best of the older colleges at that time may also be judged from the address of Agassiz a year later, as printed in the Cornell Register for 1869–70, and reprinted (at my request) in the Ithaca *Journal* for October 11, 1892.

The address was delivered from a stand erected near the present site of the University Library, and was as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees of the Cornell University, my fellow Professors of the Faculty now organizing and going into operation,*

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am very sorry to appear before you without having had time to shake from my feet the dust of a journey of six thousand miles. I feel that my thoughts are hardly worth your attention, for I am full of recollections of the Rocky Mountains.

"I wish this were a fitting time and place to speak of nature, its beauties and its instruction, for I should know then that I was upon my own ground. But this is an occasion of great importance, and personal impressions ought not to disturb these ceremonies—ceremonies which will make a lasting impression, not only upon those who have witnessed them, but upon the whole country. Here is rising an institution of learning such as never existed before. I have been a teacher long enough to know what schools, colleges, academies and universities are, and what they can do, and what they have done, but I trust that this University will do something more. It starts on a firm basis; it starts with a prosperity which the world has not contemplated before. Here we plant, for the first time, an institution that is to come into life free from all the trammels which have heretofore hindered the progress of the human intellect. This university has a beginning without a religious qualification. The professor of chemistry is not to be asked what his creed is, but whether he is a good chemist; the professor of anatomy is not to lay before the community his sectarian predilections before he is allowed to go into the dissecting room and teach his students the structure of the whole animal kingdom. And yet there was a time, and there are still numberless institutions where the student and the scholar, the man who has devoted a whole lifetime to study, must first bow to another authority before he is allowed to

teach what he knows well. This University is independent of these impediments. It will go to its work free from all such hindrances, and the professor will feel that unless he is the right man and can stand his ground outside as well as inside of the lecture room he can have no place in the University. Here, then, is a chance for teachers which has not existed before. A number of my colleagues are apparently much younger than I am ; they have learned better methods than those under which I was taught ; they have seen the difficulties and the imperfections under which the generation now passing away has labored. They break soil on a fresh ground. There is no proscription here. No absolute authority imposes appointed text-books on the student or on any special department of learning. The teacher will come before his class with his own thoughts, with what he brings in his own head rather than in stereotyped print. The students will select their studies and attend the instruction of the man of their choice.

"These are the great advantages with which this University starts into life, and, let me say, I trust the example here given will react upon the educational institutions throughout the country. Do you believe the colleges that carry on instruction by rote can exist long by the side of an institution in which everything is life and progress? No ; if it is true to itself they will be forced to emulate it. I hope I shall live to see the time when all the old colleges will draw fresh life from this young University, when they will remodel their obsolete methods and come up to the mark.

"And yet, gentlemen, I must say that I do not completely belong to this institution ; I am bound by the strongest ties to the oldest institution of learning in the country (Harvard), and I know what efforts are making there to improve the university system, and bring it up to the highest educational standard. I know, therefore, what are the obstacles which long continued usages may put in the path of even the best efforts, and it is from my own knowledge of these difficulties that I congratulate the Trustees of Cornell University upon the facilities opening before them.

"One word more to the students in particular. They also have a work to do in this new undertaking. Let them be an example to the students of other institutions where the personal discipline is far more stringent than here. Here the young men are to be treated like men and not like boys at an early age, perhaps at too early an age, some may think. We appeal therefore to them to show themselves worthy of this confidence, and thus help in emancipating their fellow students throughout the world. The students of this University are in a position to do this.

"I say, therefore, in conclusion, that to-day a new *era** for public education opens, and that, henceforth, the name of Cornell will stand in history as one of the greatest benefactors, not only of America, but of humanity."

The Wolf's Head.

O rest at last !—Rest of the deer,
Driv'n to his lair, when baying hounds,
Along his track, he stops to hear ;—
Rest of the boar whom net surrounds,
Whom threatens hunter's spear ;—
Aye, rest like that have I !
Hide me, full well, these black oaks will
And cypress trees defend me, till
I'm found by hue and cry.

Oh, was I made for this ? To eke
Out life in marsh and fen, to seek,
In common with the raven's brood,
For sustenance 'mid swine ?
The bitter acorn is my sweetest food,
And stagnant water, wine !
Oh was't for this ?—to live a man,

*This suggested the name "Cornell Era" although it was first called "Cornell Cadet."

Hunted, hated, both by kith and kin?
O righteous God, my sin
Was not so black! I did not plan
To kill, with churl's blood stain my hand.
I saw him gloating,—maddened, filled
With anguish blind, I struck and killed—
Where, fair upon the blood-stained sand,
Lay dying she I loved.

To-day the timid hind comes boldly forth to drink;
The fox preys fearlessly; the bobolink
Pipes glad his merry note. O, truly wise,
Dread naught! To-day a human quarry dies.

Men call me "Wolf's Head," seek to slay
Him whom the law unjustly dooms.
This body soon will rot away,
Where pale the deadly nightshade blooms.

O Life, unkind must I bespeak thee!
O Death, come quickly, else I seek thee!

ROYAL STORRS HAYNES, '99.

An Idyl of State Street.

The tale might have concerned itself with "Mike's" or the home-coming of the victorious crews in June, or with one of the jubilant rushes from Percy Field, or even have been a "pastel" with a very, very gray back-ground, picturing the anxious crowd waiting at the corner, gloomily gazing up at every change on the bulletin announcing the Harvard score,—any or all of these, and still have been a State Street tale. In a hazy, jumbled fashion all these happenings were crowding into Horner's mind, it is easy to believe, as he passed along Cayuga Street that early April afternoon, for there is no telling of what a busted man is thinking when he is leaving town.

Ordinarily there was nothing particularly attractive about Horner, while this afternoon he looked less interesting than ever, suffering perhaps from contrast with the Boy at his side. Now the Boy was very young, and his eyes were so open and blue and his smiles came so easily that he looked even younger. His hair was curly and of a certain brown and gold that makes women envious. Altogether, as you came up the hill on the six o'clock car, he was refreshing to look at from the shelter of a newspaper, and to philosophize about, if you are that kind of man. I am willing to wager, too, that later in the evening, after the first or second time you saw him, you were secretly amused to find yourself laying aside your paper to wonder a trifle seriously what sort of man he would grow to be—which thought was doubtless due to a certain jaunty tilt of his cap. If the face beneath had been less bonny you would have changed the adjective to reckless.

The history of Horner's failure, like his appearance, had in it nothing savoring of originality. He could not plead over-devotion to athletics or to amateur theatricals, either of which is interesting. He had not wasted countless hours in trying to scrape together a respectable navy contribution, or in editing one of the University publications. In politics he had attempted to arrange no one's campaign, but had considered his duty done when he voted with his fraternity for one man and expressed mild disapproval of the other. He had merely followed the programme of many of his friends, which, briefly stated, is ten weeks of play to one of vicious all-night and all-day study—some take a few days more, some less. Horner had found it convenient to take less. When the news of his failure was made known to him, in a thoroughly matter of fact fashion, he took the necessary formal steps for reinstatement.

Over this the Boy grieved in private. A vague picture of a scornful departure, with the hero shaking Ithaca mud from his feet, floated in the Boy's mind for a day or two until quite dispelled by the unconcern with which Horner received

the announcement that the Faculty really felt obliged to dispense with his presence for the spring term. The three days following Horner had enjoyed himself immensely. The Boy, too, had tried to enjoy himself, but being something of a novice at trying,—his good times so far had been absolutely real,—and wondering what it would all be like when the allotted five days were over, he was not wholly successful. On the afternoon of the fourth day came the letter. The Boy was in Horner's room when it was opened, which was rather to be regretted, since he used to waken nights haunted by his friend's white face staring over the desk, yet seeing nothing; then the door would open, close again, and the Boy, listening until the footsteps which were not there had died away, would fall asleep again murmuring over and over the numbing words of his undemonstrative friend, when at last he folded the letter away—"Five years of my life not to have had that written—five years." Had the Boy had less imagination or fine perception it may have been, and had Horner been given to theatrical moments, the words would have been easily forgotten and the Boy would have been correspondingly less troubled in spirit.

The letter, viewed as you will, was merciless, the composition of a thoroughly successful man writing in the first burst of passion at the fancied disgrace brought to his name by an only son. It was rather a pity on the whole that the Judge's wife could not have been living to temper the sting of the letter by recalling to his mind the obviously forgotten university days with his own few failures. Strange, isn't it, what an amount of explanation it takes to half convince fathers what a simple thing such term failures are, when mothers see so readily! In these things I often think that women estimate more correctly than men. "Because they understand less," you say? Perhaps, but I fancy it is because they see more.

The letter had come only yesterday, but to the Boy, stepping briskly along at his friend's side, it seemed to belong to weeks past. They were on their way to meet some of the

men at "Mike's" for lunch, after which Horner was going to the station. The fact that he was leaving on a New York train troubled the Boy. Once he opened his lips to ask if it were not the Philadelphia Express that was meant, but from the look on his friend's face he changed the sentence abruptly, commenting on a passing wheelman. Yet the Boy on most occasions was fearless.

As they neared the corner an old, old lady was pushing across the street one of those two-wheel wicker carts in which, half sitting, half lying, was a tiny child quite buried in soft lace and fluffy blue things. Under the strap which held the light robes was thrust a nodding spray of golden-hearted Easter lilies, white like the wee one's face. With steady step the men rounded the corner. The old lady paused a moment before lifting her tiny burden to the curb. The next instant the fluffy bundle and the little cart and flowers were lifted by Horner's steady hands. The child smiled languidly up at him, roused for the moment by the sense of power, while the white-haired guardian murmured her thanks. The Boy touched his cap still wondering—for Horner did not usually go out of his way to do pretty things, much less retrace his steps even a half dozen.

A block away the street car clanged. Horner hesitated, watching for an instant one car start on its journey up the hill. Then he drew out his watch, signalling the down-coming car even as he spoke. The words I could not help hearing.

"This will just get me to the train—not the New York one—No—the other one—the Philadelphia Express—understand! Changed my mind. Home? Yes. Sorry to miss the fellows. Tell them—No, you can't. You must, they'll be waiting—Good bye! Good bye!"

The car slowed reluctantly—the bell clanged and from the platform Horner turned for a last look at the person who still believed in him. The Boy glanced from the vanishing car down the cross street after the old, old lady. That was because he had an imagination. Then he went to tell the

waiting fellows. What, I should like to know, but of this I am certain, however much he was thinking of the wee one at the corner he failed to mention the episode. Being men, they would not have understood.

L. S.

The Castle of Vengeance.

Ah, here's the place! Four furlongs from the elm
Due south, and east from where Ben Clibrek hides
The sunset. Look! How clear the water lies!
There's the whole castle, forty fathom down,
Gable, and wall, and chimney, tower and court,
Just as it was three hundred years ago,
Saving the ivy no more twines the stones,
And fishes spawn and slimy serpents crawl
Where once fair ladies and brave knights have danced.
The story? Not a long one, but full weird.

Earl Angus's daughter wed a southern lord,
Young Malcolm, Earl of Inverness, the pride
Of all his race; fair-haired, impetuous, bold,
The flower of Highland youth; so must the Earl
With pompous celebration grace the event
Of the marriage—show his pride that daughter Clare
Had made so good a match; a good round week
Should last the feasting and the ale should flow
As a brook in spring, and naught the revels stop.

An evil man Earl Angus; desperate name
Throughout the country side; for not a crime
Was he a stranger to; a shrewd, hard man
Who kept the lookout, sir, for number one.
There was many an old wife in the neighborhood
That said he'd come to grief—how can a man
Who sells his soul to Satan always live?
The account's not left to run o'er long; sometime
The books are squared, the balance struck.

Mayhap
Earl Angus sometimes felt the grip grow tight,
For it was said they often found him white
And trembling, wandering aimless up and down
In the early dawn as though he'd seen a wraith.
And only daughter Clare could soothe him then.

'Twas Sunday morning and the dance had sped
Full furious through the small hours. Three full days
The feast had lasted, and the wassail bowl
Had seen much service—health of bride and groom
Been drunk full often ; nothing marred the sport.
Earl Angus was the gayest of the throng,
And when a maid came up to say the well
Was strangely filling in the court, he laughed
And rudely bade her go and pour it out.
The jest was loud applauded by the guests,
But scarce the laugh had died ere back she came.
The well was overflowing in the court ;
The night before, she'd dreamed of being drowned
In her chamber—
"Curse thee, wench ! Back to thy pots !"
Earl Angus said and struck her in his wrath.
A sudden stillness swept the throng and then—
A shriek from Clare, who rushed into the hall
Pursued by angry waters. Hardly time
For host or guest to cry aloud, ere all
The throng were hunted down, and in an hour
Where once had been the castle stood this lake.
And when last year I fished there by the reeds,
A dwarf's voice spoke to me and cried,
"Fish here no more—here are more mouths to feed
Than fish to feed them !"

W. H.

The Classic Village of Concord.

There are some places sacred to every lover of American literature. The world rightly cherishes those spots over which genius has cast its glamor. As one goes from Albany to New York on a large day-line steamer, he comes in the afternoon to a part of the Hudson where millionaires have built their magnificent palaces. Near the homes of the Goulds and the Rockefellers he will see "Sunnyside," the home of Washington Irving, peeping out from beneath the trees that surround it. It is this house that the traveller most lovingly looks at, as he thinks that in it lived the man who has made the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson River classic names in English literature. A similar feeling comes to one as he passes from Boston over the Charles River into the city of Cambridge, and then out beyond the classic campus of Harvard University comes to Craigie House, the home of Longfellow, and out further still to Elmwood, where Lowell first saw light, and where in his old days he watched the flowers grow and heard the birds sing in his beloved elms. Beyond Elmwood is Mount Auburn Cemetery, where so many illustrious men have found their resting place.

Just twelve miles from Cambridge is Concord, a little village nestling among the hills of Middlesex. There is no specially striking scenery to be found in and around Concord, none that would compare with the scenery along the Hudson or that of the mountains of the West, and yet there is a peculiar quiet charm in those broad meadows and gentle eminences that always fascinated the authors who lived there. Emerson found in it a source of continual inspiration. "When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue birds, bobolinks, and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what

reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp." He found in it "all the spiritual magnificence" that the more celebrated scenes of earth could afford. "My house stands in the lowland with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village, but I go with my friend to the shore of the little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight." While in a certain sense his essays and poems belong to no place, a reader of Emerson cannot fail to see the impress of the natural beauty of Concord in his works. There was a serenity about the scenery, a tranquillity, that calmed his soul and supplied a local habitation for his dreams. Hawthorne never tired of describing the hillsides, meadows, orchards, and rivers of Concord, while Thoreau found in this locality all that striking knowledge of nature that the world has recognized for so many years. He has made the natural scenery of Concord more widely known than that of any other town in New England. His mother used to say, "Henry talks about Nature just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord." As the traveller stands to-day upon some hill looking out over the far-reaching country, bounded by the distant hills, and crossed by the Concord River moving sluggishly along, he feels that here was a fit abiding place for so many American authors.

There are very few places in America that impress one with the sense of the past; they are all so new, there is none of that feeling of a remote antiquity that is sugested by some moss-covered ruin or memorable monument. How few of the towns there are that have tablets on their streets to celebrate the deeds of heroes or mark the mile-posts of civilization! One has no sooner stepped from the car at Concord, than he feels impressed with the sacredness of the past and as he pursues his way through the streets, learning its history and hearing its legends, he feels that he is in a place whose groves, streams, and houses are "haunted by undy-

ing memories." Dr. Holmes was right when he said that Concord might sit for its portrait as an ideal New England town. It has passed through all the vicissitudes of New England life. Here the early settlers made their treaty with the Indians, as can be seen on one of the commemorative tablets. "Here in the house of Rev. Peter Bulkeley, first minister and one of the founders of the town, a bargain was made that the Sagamore Tahattawan and other Indians should give up their right to the country within six miles to the English planters." The names of the two rivers, Musketaquid and Assabet, and of the distant hills, Monadnoc and Wachusett, still retain the characteristic charm of the Indian vocabulary. Up to a few years ago, the Indians had their annual reunions on the banks of the Musketaquid. One of the favorite amusements of Thoreau was to find the old arrow-heads. He took particular delight in instructing Hawthorne how to find them on the grounds of the old Manse.

The story of the foundation of Concord is happily told in the quaint words of the old Chronicle. Rev. Peter Bulkeley, who had been a fellow at Cambridge, England, revolted from the English church and came to America. "To New England he therefore came in the year 1635, and there having been for awhile at Cambridge, he carried a good number of Planters with him, up further into the Woods, where they gathered the Twelfth Church, then formed in the Colony, and called the town by the name of Concord." One can still see the land on which this eminent preacher and scholar lived, the hill on which the citizens built their first meeting-house, and the resting-places of some of the early settlers. On the solid foundation of religion and freedom the structure of New England civilization was erected; as we read of their religious zeal, their stern moral principles, their strong instincts for local government where the truest freedom might be conserved, we are not surprised that the citizens of Concord developed such a healthy community life. At the second centenary of the founding of Concord, Emerson summarized

finely the characteristics of the people of Concord throughout the past two centuries. After looking carefully through the town records and studying closely the traditions of his people, he said, "I believe this town to have been the dwelling-place, in all times since its founding, of pious and excellent persons, who walked meekly through the paths of common life, who served God and loved man, and never let go their hope of immortality. I find our annals marked with a uniform good sense. I find no ridiculous laws, no eaves-dropping legislators, no hanging of witches, no ghosts, no whipping of Quakers, no unnatural crimes." In this last respect the Concord people differed from the more zealous "defenders of the faith" in some of their sister-towns.

One of the most striking characteristics of the history of Concord is the way in which families have preserved their identity for generation after generation. The Hosmers, Barretts, and Emersons are found in the various events that have happened from the beginning of the history of the village, each generation giving their best thought and efforts to the upbuilding of their community and the maintenance of morality and freedom. Mr. Sanborn, in his interesting biography of Thoreau, has a chapter entitled "The Embattled Farmers," in which he gives instances of the transmission of piety, industry, and culture through successive generations. It is no wonder that from men like these came the first resistance made against the English soldiers. The story of the thrilling battle at Concord Bridge has been told and retold until it has become an essential part of every Concord citizen's life. One feels that it is more than a matter of history, it is an element of their character.

> "Words pass as winds, but where great deeds are done,
> A power abides transfused from sire to son."

As one stands on that "dust ennobled by heroic feet," he catches the same patriotic feeling—all the scenes of that eventful day pass vividly before him—on the hill the rough

farmer soldiers formed, there they heard the glowing words of the eloquent Hosmer closing with the effective appeal, "Will you let them burn the town down?" We seem to see them as they charge down "Battle Lawn," and moved by the command of their gallant major, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" they sweep across the bridge, bringing death to a few British soldiers.

On the nineteenth of April of each year the citizens of Concord meet at the Bridge to celebrate the first victory of American patriots. Many have been the addresses and poems read on such occasions, some of which have become parts of the world's literature. In 1836 the citizens of the village erected a granite obelisk to their dead heroes, on which occasion Emerson wrote the poem beginning,

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

In 1875, a second monument was erected on the opposite side of the bridge—a very striking representation of the New England Minute Man as he stands erect, with a gun in his hands, his coat thrown over on his plough, and a look of patriotic fire and and undaunted heroism on his face. The sculptor was a Concord man, and the lines quoted above were engraved on the base of the monument. Fortunate is that town that can do great deeds, and have artists and poets to enshrine them in the lasting memories of the human race.

Near the Bridge is the old Manse, one of the most classic houses in America, made doubly interesting by the sketch with which Hawthorne introduces "Mosses from an Old Manse." It was built in 1766 as a parsonage for the Rev. William Emerson, the grandfather of the poet; from the windows of his study he saw the progress of the fight at the Bridge; why he saw it at a distance has never been satisfactorily explained by the friends of the eminent divine.

His successor was the famous Dr. Ripley who lived there for fifty years; Emerson lived with him when he first moved to Concord, and wrote his "Nature" in the same study in which Hawthorne afterwards wrote his "Mosses." Just after their marriage, Hawthorne and his wife moved from Boston to the old Manse; it was the "Paradise of the New Adam and Eve." Just free from a melancholy that had darkened his early life and happy in the love of Sophia Peabody, who had unlocked the dungeon in which he had shut himself, Hawthorne found infinite delight in this, his first home. "They resolved that if they would be poor they would be poor together," and they were poor. At this time they were dependent almost entirely upon nature for sustenance; the orchard which was just back of the house, supplied them with fruits, the garden, which Hawthorne worked with his own hands, with vegetables, and the river which glided along sluggishly at the edge of the orchard furnished them with fish. Did the great Romancer ever write any more delightful English than is to be found in his descriptions of his life at this time—rising at five o'clock in the morning to go down the river to catch fish for breakfast, or going with Ellery Channing and Emerson to pass away a summer's day in some pleasant retreat far away from the haunts of the multitude.

The old Manse stands to-day very much as it was when Hawthorne lived there. "Between two tall gate posts of rough hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown date), we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the long vista of an avenue of black ash trees." All who have read the Introduction to the "Mosses" will remember that Hawthorne promises "all courtesy in the way of sight-showing," if the reader will go with him to the Manse; he who may have anticipated any such courtesy will find instead "No trespassing allowed" staring at him from all parts of the grounds. Still, anything is fair in sight-seeing; and so we find ourselves soon in front of the dreamy-looking old house. No one lives there now,

indeed, it does not have "the aspect of belonging to the material world," rather a weird old house in Ghostland. Hawthorne suggests that the one who was to occupy the house after him would paint it, but as one looks at it to-day, there is the same "sober, grayish hue," the same indefinable mystery that always hovered about it as the citizens of Concord tried in vain to solve the problem of Hawthorne's life. Some of the strange mosses still cling to the fast-failing shingles of the old roof; one can almost imagine that he hears the tread of its former occupant resounding through the halls of the deserted mansion. It was in these walls that he remained on rainy days, weaving his strange stories, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared dream before." Could any house be more symbolic of an author's personality and art—that thread of mysterious gloom that runs through all his tales and romances?

Hawthorne had but little to do with the people of Concord; Curtis thinks that not more than a dozen people knew him. He would go after his mail, stop probably an hour at the Library, and then come home, proud of the fact that he had not spoken to anyone. Once when his wife went to Boston, he declared he would not speak to a soul till she returned. Emerson's son, who now lives in Concord, tells a very characteristic incident in Hawthorne's Concord life. One night Hawthorne called at Emerson's house when Emerson was away and Mrs. Emerson was not well, and was therefore left to be entertained by the children. To conceal his embarrassment he took up the stereoscope that was on the table and began looking at the views. "He presently asked us of what places they were taken. They represented the Concord Common, the Court House and Town House, and the Milldam, as we call the centre of the town where the stores and post-office are. He evidently asked in good faith." Whether this be true or not, he was very much impressed with many things about Concord. We have already seen how the "Mosses" came from an earlier experience at the old Manse. Later he lived in "the Wayside," a house

formerly owned by Dr. Alcott, who left some of his summer houses to be enjoyed by his successor. "Ah," he says in the preface to "Tanglewood Tales," "it would be just the spot for one to sit in, of a summer afternoon, and tell the children some more of those wild stories from the Classic myths." When he moved into the house, Thoreau told him that a man formerly lived in the house who thought he would never die, which incident was afterwards utilized in "Septimius Felton." While he was living in Concord there occurred the tragedy of the unfortunate girl Martha, who drowned herself in the Concord River. Hawthorne's sympathetic heart led him to seek along with his neighbors for the body; it was this pathetic incident that he uses so finely in "The Blithedale Romance."

One of the most interesting periods of New England history is that in which Puritanism blossomed into a more humane spirit of sweetness and light. "Puritanism was opposed to beauty as a strange God, and to sentiment as an idle thing;" that extreme Puritanism must in time give way to civilization in which purity of life should be supplemented by refinement of manners, morality by art, material progress by spiritual growth, the Reformation by a new Renaissance. This did not come at once, nor was it confined to any one place; still we may say that Cambridge and Concord were the centres of the new influence. Longfellow and Lowell at Cambridge, Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and others at Concord, were the heralds of a new age in American history. These men were all different in their ideas and in the expression of them: Emerson would bring in the new age by introducing a spirit of independence and self-reliance into the life of America, Longfellow by "the binding back of America to the Old World taste and imagination." Still they all tended to the same goal—the enlargement of life.

Emerson came to Concord in 1835, and from that time may be dated the Renaissance of which we have spoken. His growing fame and commanding character attracted to

him a large number of interesting characters. Concord became the Mecca of many devout souls, "the very centre and shrine of Transcendentalism." Space will not allow a discussion of Transcendentalism. Suffice it to say that there has been an unmistakable misunderstanding, on the part of some, of its deeper meaning. There were a great many abuses connected with it; out of it grew communities "where everything was to be common but common sense," and some stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves. After all has been said, however, we must admit that Transcendentalism meant much for New England, and indeed, for American life. Dickens probably expressed the opinion of most men of cultivation when he said, "If I had been a Bostonian, I would have been a Transcendentalist." With all their wild dreams, with all their lack of steadiness caused by the new wine, they were the "collectors of the heavenly spark," and transferred to America the higher messages of Goethe, Wordsworth; and Carlyle.

Always to be honored is the village where the Transcendentalists had full sway. Concord was the home of the "Dii Majores" then. Dr. Alcott, who began life by peddling silks and jewelry in Virginia and North Carolina, after teaching awhile in Boston, moved to Concord, where he made summer houses and held "conversations" the remainder of his life. Carlyle expressed the ridiculous side of his life when he characterized him as "all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the Golden Age," while Emerson, who considered him one of the greatest men he had ever known, caught the finer spirit when he said, "I might have learned to treat the Platonic world as cloudland, had I not known Alcott who is a native of that country." From all accounts he must have been a curious but interesting personality who lacked the ability to express what was in his abounding soul. "He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen." The Orchard House, in which Dr. Alcott and his gifted daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, lived, is still

an object of interest to all travellers—its many gables and niches bearing the marks of its occupant. Children, young and old, would be more interested in the daughter than the father; she does not, however, enter into the life of Concord at the period of which we are speaking.

Another interesting person living in Concord at this time was Henry Thoreau, the "Robinson Crusoe of Walden Pond." He was the only one of these authors born in Concord and is, therefore, more intimately associated with it than even Emerson. Despite his reputed misanthropy he was interested in the people of his native village. "He surveyed their wood-lots, laid out their roads, measured their fields and pastures for division among their heirs, inspected their rivers and ponds, and exchanged information with them concerning the birds, the beasts, insects, flowers, and trees." At one time he lived for two and one-half years in a little hut on Walden Pond, which one may now see from the railroad. The rest of his life, with few exceptions, was spent in Concord; he lived for several years with Emerson. After talking with some people of the village I am inclined to think that the Concord people have more interest in Thoreau than any of the authors, with the probable exception of Emerson. Mr. Sanborn, in his interesting biography of Thoreau, gives some of the legends and traditions that cling to the name of Thoreau among the people of Concord.

There was a woman Transcendentalist, too, the brilliant and versatile Margaret Fuller, one of the most remarkable women that America has produced. She never had a permanent home in Concord, but her sister, who married Ellery Channing, lived there, and so "Margaret," as she was familiarly called by the authors, made frequent visits to the village, attracted by the marvellous men who lived there. She was the editor of "The Dial," the organ of the Transcendentalists, until she was relieved from its onerous duties by Emerson. Hawthorne could never make some people believe that he did not intend Zenobia to represent Margaret Fuller.

The relations of all these gifted authors were most interesting. George William Curtis, who was at that time a rising young literateur, lived on a farm at Concord, and in his volume of essays recently published gives us many reminiscences of the relations existing between the Concord authors. At first, Emerson invited them to his home on Monday evenings. "I went the first Monday evening very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled on valiantly, discussing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether." It was in the most informal meetings that they succeeded best, when Hawthorne would meet Emerson "with a sunbeam on his face," and walk with him over the meadows and hills of the surrounding country; or when together the authors built the summer-house in Emerson's yard, or again, when they built the hut on Walden Pond for Thoreau. (It was a fundamental characteristic of a Transcendentalist that he should be able to do physical work.) In all this there was the most delightful companionship. Hawthorne was generally silent, but his silence was more eloquent than the speeches of some, and no eye saw so much, and no ear heard so much as his.

There is near the Orchard House the little house in which the Concord School of Philosophy was held—a very old, chapel-like building, in which they met to discuss all subjects from the deepest question of philosophy to the most minute details of practical life. Sometimes James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, and other prominent men came out from Boston. The members used to speak of the

"meetings" as some of the spiritualists do now; one of them saying that Margaret was in a better mood since the last "meeting." Here many of Emerson's Essays were read, one of the last being written especially for this school, the subject being "Social Aristocracy."

When the world has forgotten all these events in the life of that period, when Thoreau and Alcott and Margaret Fuller have become mere names, Concord will be associated with the life and works of Emerson. It was his fame that made it the Delphi of America, and future ages will still go on pilgrimages to the home of the "Concord Sage." The house in which he lived still stands—a large, plain, white house, with none of the classic appearance of the Manse. His daughter, Miss Ellen Emerson, lives there now. The traveller must be content to look at the house from the gate, the horse-chestnut trees in the yard, the orchard, the sloping meadow. With the help of his imagination he can see the benignant face and gracious form of Emerson as he walked in and out of that home. "Everybody in Concord loved Mr. Emerson"—so said the driver in answer to some of my questions. I could see on his face a glimpse of pleasure as he recalled some of the words that Emerson had spoken to him when he had driven him from the depot. Identified as he was with the whole history of Concord (he was a descendant of Rev. Peter Bulkley), Emerson became the best exponent of the life of the town; on the anniversary and centenary occasions he was invariably the poet or orator. He was always interested in the town-meetings which met, and still meet, twice a year. Mr. Curtis tells us of one meeting in which Emerson and Channing spoke, adding very significantly, "I did not envy Athens her Forum." Emerson gave an annual lecture before the Concord Lyceum, sometimes as many as two or three a year. In 1880 he gave his one hundredth lecture; as he entered the hall the people arose as if by common impulse, and remained standing till he had begun his lecture. "He whose fame had gone out into all the earth, was most of all believed in,

honored, beloved, lamented in the little village circle that centered about his own fireside."

The most remarkable evidence of the good-will of his fellow-townsmen was revealed in 1872, when his house was burned down. They fitted up a study for him in the Court House, and with the people of Boston raised over fifteen thousand dollars to rebuild his house and send him to Europe. When he returned the next spring, they greeted him as a returning conqueror. "A set of signals was arranged to announce his arrival, carriages were in readiness for him and his family, a band greeted him with music, and passing under a triumphal arch, he was driven to his renewed old home amidst the welcomes and the blessings of his loving and admiring friends and neighbors." No wonder that Emerson was touched anew by these proffers of affection and felt "some new aspiration in the old heart."

The saddest day in the history of Concord, perhaps, was April 30, 1882, when the funeral of Emerson took place in the temple of his fathers. The public buildings were draped; the homes of even the humblest had the marks of grief upon the doors. From the excellent address of Judge Hoar, we quote these pathetic words: "Throughout this great land and from beyond the sea will come innumerable voices of sorrow for the great public loss. But we, his neighbors and townsmen, feel that he was ours. He was descended from the founders of the town. He chose our village as the place where his life-long work was to be done. It was to our fields and orchards that his presence gave such value; it was our streets in which the children looked up to him with love, and the elders with reverence."

The most sacred place in Concord is Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Can one ever forget the minutes spent in this Village of the Dead, God's Acre, as the Saxons called it? Here are buried the generations that have lived and died in Concord. While noting the various inscriptions on the old tombs, one suddenly comes to a little ridge, on the top of which, beneath the over-hanging pines, are the graves of the Hawthornes,

the Thoreaus, the Alcotts, and the Emersons. A few days before, I had seen in Mount Auburn Cemetery the graves of Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, but they were somewhat apart from each other. Here in a little space what sacred dust!—America's parallel of the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. It was a dreary, dark December day as we stood there in the quietness of the cemetery. The spirits of the departed authors seemed to be hovering around the sacred spot. I could not but recall the account given by Fields of the burial of Hawthorne: "On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines, on a hillside overlooking historic fields. All the way from the village church to the grave the birds kept up a perpetual melody. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing and Hoar, Agassiz and Lowell, Greene and Whipple, Alcott and Clarke, Holmes and Hillard, and other friends whom he loved, walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth and his manhood, for whom he would willingly have given up at any time his own life, Franklin Pierce, was there among the rest, and scattered flowers into his grave. The unfinished Romance, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work which he had ever been engaged in, was laid on his coffin." There passed before my eyes the vision of American authors, gathered around the grave of the great Romancer, and now they have all joined him in the world of spirits. Let us not leave with the sombre thoughts so characteristic of Hawthorne, however, but rather take from the inscription on Emerson's tomb a message that stimulates and inspires:

> "The passing Master lent his hand,
> To the vast soul which o'er him planned."

EVERETT.

The Cornell Magazine

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The most precious property of Culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain higher ideals of life and its purpose, to keep trimmed and burning the lamps of that pharos, built by wiser than we, which warns from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine. In proportion as there are more thoroughly cultivated persons in a community will the finer uses of prosperity be taught and the vulgar uses of it become disreputable. And it is such persons that we are commissioned to send out with such consciousness of their fortunate vocation and such devotion to it as we may.—LOWELL.

THE contributions received from the members of the Junior class in competition for places on next year's board have not thus far been much more numerous than snakes in Ireland. The class of '98 certainly contains members who can write and write well if they will; and surely the MAGAZINE has a claim upon the attention of these stu-

dents. It is obviously not too late to begin; but a beginning must be made soon, since the electoral body will not take the responsibility of choosing any student for next year's board who has shown himself too indifferent to the honor to make a fair fight for it.

* * *

THE large attendance of students at the services conducted by Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Abbott in the Armory suggests once more the desirability of more adequate provision for the chapel service, by the enlargement of Sage Chapel. Indeed, it is one of the crying needs of the University. The fact was pointed out by President Schurman in his annual report, that the congregation tends to adapt itself by diminution to the numbers which can be accommodated. The student who is turned away from the crowded chapel is not, as a rule, fond of going down town to church, only to enter late; or if he does, he is not apt to be in a sympathetic mood. Most of the students who attend the chapel service do so because they have needs to be thus satisfied—and these needs are just as real and vital as the physical or the mental needs of their being. Cornell has justly earned the reputation of being a religious institution; her students are as deeply interested in "the things of the spirit" as those of most other universities. But if their spiritual needs are not satisfied, will not many, as an inevitable result, lapse into an indifference which will endanger their higher life? The endowment of a professorship is a good thing for the University; but a much larger number of students will be benefited if all who wish can be enabled to hear the sermons on the Dean Sage Foundation.

The Month.

The '94 Memorial Debate, which took place on Friday, January 8th, was, in many particulars, the best which has yet been held. That this annual contest has become a popular event among the students was shown by the large attendance at the Armory and the manifestations of appreciation of the hard work done by all of the competitors. The debate itself was a stirring one, and the various speeches were those of thoroughly prepared and experienced veterans.

Mr. Wells won strictly on his merit as a strong expounder of clear arguments. Mr. Wells has a power of thinking clearly and speaking clearly, thereby causing his hearers to understand clearly. The University will have reason to be proud of Mr. Wells, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Crosby, and Mr. Zink in the coming debate with the University of Pennsylvania. But what Cornell students have reason to be still prouder of is the present condition of the Department of Oratory in the University, which was the real means of our superiority in debate last year, and which we trust will be the means of helping Cornell's representatives to win again in 1897; for even though there is of course no direct aid given for this particular struggle, it is the training that the men have received which makes winning possible.

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Dr. Lyman Abbott preached on Sunday, January 10th, to a congregation that filled the Armory. It was evident on that Sunday, as it has been on various occasions, that the Armory is the only building on the Campus large enough to hold the great number of people who want to hear the sermon. His sermon was one most perfectly fitted for students. It was very broad.

Dr. Abbott remained in Ithaca to deliver the Founder's Day Address on Monday, January 11th. His subject was "The Ministry as a Profession." The speaker showed that the duties of the profession were very unlike what they once were, yet "no country needs men of religion more than this American country of ours, and no age needs men of religion more than this the end of the nineteenth century." Dr. Abbott pointed out a broad path for the minister very like the one which he himself has followed.

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Professor Nathaniel Schmidt lectured in Barnes Hall Sunday evening, January 10th, on "The First Six Books of the Bible in the Light of Modern Scholarship."

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The Christian Association gave a general reception to the students and Faculty on the evening of Founder's Day.

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A series of four lectures on "The Religions of Primitive Peoples" was delivered before the University on January 13–16, under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religion, by Professor Daniel G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania.

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Elaborate preparations are making for the Junior Ball to be held January 26. The music for the evening will be furnished by the Ithaca Band and the Lyceum Orchestra. The caterers will be Slocum & Taber of Ithaca.

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The first Military Hop of the term was held Friday evening, January 15.

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Professor G. L. Burr has received an extension of his leave of absence to cover the winter term.

Publications Received.

BOURINOT, J. G. The Story of Canada. In "The Story of the Nations" Series. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xx, 463. Cloth, $1.50.

BARNES, JAMES. A Princetonian. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 431. Cloth, $1.25.

KEASBEY, LINDLEY MILLER. The Nicaraugua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xvii, 622. Cloth, $3.50.

DEVLIN, THOMAS C. Municipal Reform in the United States. In "Questions of the Day" Series. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. ix, 174. Cloth, $1.00.

ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON. Old Dorset. Chronicles of a New York Country-side. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. v, 209. Cloth, $1.25.

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS. No. 75. William Penn's Plan for the Peace of Europe. Complete List of the Old South Lectures and Leaflets, 1883–1896. Boston. The Directors of the Old South Work.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W. The Maker of Moons. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 401. Cloth, $1.50.

VANDAM, ALBERT D. Undercurrents of the Second Empire. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. x, 432. Cloth, $2.50.

DURYEA, ANNA S. P. Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway. With Illustrations and Borders by Mabel Wilder Baldwin. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 85. Cloth, $1.25.

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. Report of the 34th University Convocation, June 24–26, 1896. Albany. pp. 270. Paper, 25 cents.

MILLER, WILLIAM. The Balkans : Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. In "The Story of the Nations" Series. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xix, 476. Cloth, $1.50.

MORRIS, ROBERT T. Hopkins's Pond and Other Sketches. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. ix, 227. Cloth, $1.25.

Chapters from a Life.

In this book Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has brought together the recollections of a lifetime into a most charming narrative. One cannot believe that she has "concealed herself behind an autobiography;" so sincerely and truthfully is her story told that we feel it must be a revelation of herself. The author of "The Gates Ajar" is a true child of New England, and the story of her simple girl life on Andover Hill, among young people "as truly and naturally innocent as one may meet anywhere in the world" is full of reminiscences of a life, that, alas, is now passing away.

Though Mrs. Ward's life has been an uneventful one, it has had its interesting associations. She has known many of New England's most famous sons and daughters, and thus it is that as we turn over the "Chapters," there pass in review before us the faces of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes; of Mrs. Stowe, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom; of Edward Rowland Sill, James T. Fields, and the saintly Phillips Brooks—noble souls who have now passed away, but whose memory will ever be cherished for the work they did for men. We owe Mrs. Ward a debt of gratitude for having given us her recollections of these old friends. The book deserves and will have a wide reading.

Cramer's Method of Darwin.

The results of Darwin's studies upon animal and plant life have been so permanent and far reaching, that any light which may be thrown on his methods of research is always welcome to the scientific person. Cramer's "Method of Darwin" attempts to detail the results of a minute examination into the great naturalist's methods of reasoning. The aim of the work is well directed, for Darwin, perhaps, above all others, is the exponent of the so-called "scientific method" in pure scientific research. The author draws many examples from Darwin's works to illustrate the various processes of induction and deduction, and the successive

links in the chain of argument are commented upon and explained in a lucid, helpful way. The book may be summarized as an attempt to analyze the method employed in the biological sciences, arising from the belief that the direct study of scientific method, as it is illustrated by the works of the accepted masters, is worthy of far more careful attention than is usually accorded to it.

Science Sketches.

In this volume Dr. Jordan has reprinted a number of sketches from various periodicals. The volume corresponds only in part to the first edition of "Science Sketches," published in 1887. For the accounts of "Agassiz at Penikese," "The Fate of Iciodorum," "The Story of a Strange Land," and "How the Trout came to California," later articles have been substituted. Most of the reprinted articles show careful revision. The book deserves a place in our literature not only because of the interesting way in which it discusses some topics of "popular" science, but also for the graphic description of some of the picturesque places of the earth—Dr. Jordan is not only a zoologist but an artist—and for the true ring of its simple and manly sentences.

One of the finest things in the book is the author's tribute to his old teacher Agassiz, whose "greatest work in science was his influence on other men." The influence of Agassiz's lofty spirit, which found in the study of Nature an intercourse with the highest mind, is discernible on every page of this book. Whether he is discussing the salmon family or climbing the Matterhorn, there is always the same fondness for nature, the same endeavor to read her story aright. And we feel that in doing this he largely succeeds.

Some Other Books.

Mr. Herbert Wolcott Bowen, in "International Law: A Simple Statement of its Principles," has undertaken to present the subject in as concise a form as possible, and has

produced a very convenient and useful manual. An appendix gives a list of the principal treaties, showing the development of international law.

In 1693, while war was raging over the continent of Europe, William Penn published a remarkable "Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe." He proposed a general union of the nations of Europe, with a federal diet or parliament, as the only sure means of attaining and preserving peace; and he worked out his scheme in careful detail. The directors of the Old South Work in Boston have added this notable tractate to their series of Old South leaflets. It will have a wide reading at this time.

Mr. Louis Tracy's tale of "The Final War" is a story of adventure of the year 1898. It is a question whether the author has succeeded in sustaining his reader's interest through the many scenes of carnage, but his ultimate purpose—to demonstrate the superiority of the Saxon race, which "has led the world in all its noblest struggles"—is commendable, and in his handling of this attractive theme he has exercised good control over a vivid imagination.

The second volume of Professor Woodburn's American Orations—the revised edition of Alexander Johnston's work—is devoted to the slavery controversy, and contains the following new material: Pinkney and Rufus King on the Missouri Question; John Quincy Adams on the War Power of the Constitution over Slavery; Sumner on the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. The value of the volume is increased by the addition of full historical notes on the leading subjects of the orations.

The Putnams have done a real service to American literature in reprinting, as the second group of the "Little Journeys" Series, the series of papers which were brought together by the late G. P. Putnam in 1853 under the title of

"Homes of American Authors." Among the contributors were some whose work has since given them a place among the great authors of our time. It is interesting to recall the point of view of these writers of more than forty years ago and to compare their conclusions here given with some of their maturer literary judgments.

The essays which Professor Woodrow Wilson has reprinted from various magazines under the title of "Mere Literature and Other Essays" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are well worthy of preservation. The author is always entertaining, and throughout the political essays, as in "A Calendar of Great Americans," there breathes a spirit of intense patriotism. The essay on Burke, which appears for the first time in print, is eminently candid, sympathetic, and just in its conclusions—a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with the famous Irish statesman. The book is characterized by breadth of view and catholicity of taste.

The Putnams have recently added three more volumes to their valuable "Story of the Nations" Series. "The Story of Bohemia," by Mr. C. Edmund Maurice, recounts the political history of a country which has been strangely misunderstood in the English-speaking world. Perhaps the author has said too little of the social life, so distinctive in the case of the Bohemians, but his book is thoroughly readable. Mr. William Miller's "Balkans" is the first attempt to give English readers an account of the history of the four states of Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro—the peninsula where the Cross and the Crescent meet. The author marshalls his facts well. Dr. Bourinot's "Story of Canada," while dealing at some length with the dramatic narrative of the French régime, has not neglected to treat fully the development of institutions and the condition of the people since the beginning of the English régime. The illustrations well elucidate the narrative, and a brief bibliography is added.

Exchanges.

The year of 1897, with all its latent possibilities, has not been ushered in, at least in college periodicals, with such a flourish of trumpets as former years have been. Here and there some isolated verses announce that a new year has dawned, but apparently college poets *en masse* do not intend to turn their muse into calendar-makers. The following from The Holy Cross *Purple* of Holy Cross College is one of the few tributes to '97 ;

THE NEW YEAR.

With angel hands at the helm to guide
The New Year sails o'er the murm'ring tide,
Out from the mist of the boundless sea,
Into the dawn that is soon to be.

All hail to the ship with its wings snow white,
To the mystic freight of its eerie flight ;
Over the sea will it smoothly sail,
Light as the lilt of the foam-wreath frail.
With a loud ho ho, we shall gladly go
To greet its coming here,
While each fleeting day that we meet on the way
Is a herald of the year.

When the Old Year's done and the moon is high,
And the stars peep out from the midnight sky,
With the sails spread wide and with songs we'll ride
To the New Year's hope with the drifting tide.
Then away, away, my sailors gay,
To the ship from the distant clime,
For the Old Year's hurled by a weary world
To the fathomless port of time.

To the University of Texas *Magazine* are contributed these lines :

TRANSFIGURED.

As some poor cotter's hut, whose tottering wall
The wretched roof of straw can scarce sustain ;
Through whose wide crevice the autumnal rain,
The cruel sleet and snow of winter fall ;
Despite the damp and squalor of it all,
If the King enter and therein remain,
By that strange majesty that kings contain,
Becomes, the while, a stately audience hall ;
So this frail body, once inhabited
By the dull spirit, fashioned for a day,
Scarred deep wlth ancient passion and with sin,
Now that the vital principle has fled,
Somehow strikes awe from the insensate clay ;
The majesty of Death has entered in !

From the Vassar *Miscellany* comes this dainty bit :

LOVE'S TOKEN.

The frost and snow of mistletoe,
The warmth of holly berry,
These I combine, O lady mine,
To make thy yule-tide merry.
And shouldst thou learn, sweet, to return
My love, nor deem it folly,
Twined in thy hair the snow fruit wear,
And on thy breast the holly.

The Wesleyan *Literary Monthly* has often very good verse. The following might very justly be classed under that head :

THERE CAME ONE FROM THE NIGHT.

There came one from the night and cold of life, to love's abode,
That there in warmth and mellow light with song and laughter low,
He might forget the long, lone way o'er past, and never know
Again the darkness and the quest of some one sunlit road.

With eager hand he knocked, and then with passion-broken voice,
Implored the opening of the fast-barred door, "Open, I pray, to me."
A tremulous maiden voice replied, "I cannot ope the door for thee !
I fear thee, for I know thee not. Go, fast, and prove thy choice."

Then sadly turned the one away, and in the misty night,
With yearning spirit mused upon the image in his breast,

'Till last all being seemed to faint and merge, and sink to rest,
In starlit shadows of a woman soul, ere bursts full light.

Again he came and joyful cried, "I am thyself! Open to me."
The murmuring maiden voice replied, "Right glad I ope to thee."

The University of Wisconsin *Aegis* prints one of the best of our recent sonnets:

ARCADY.

How blessed to have lived in antique days,
A shepherd swain upon the Arcadian hills,
Guarding the flock beside the mossy rills,
And weaving idle thoughts in idle lays;
Or with shrill pipe and blithesome roundelays
Guiding the rustic maidens in the dance,
And drinking in some Greek eye's melting glance
That far outweighed the envied crown of bays!

Yet, Arcady, amid thy echoing glades
Those pastoral pipers and fleet-footed maids,
In their self-centered joy and narrow scope
Knew not the fuller life of later years,—
The martyrdom, the agony, the tears,
And rapturous visions of our boundless hope.

In the Smith College *Monthly* are the following quaint lines:

VERSES.

Mistress Patience and I went to meeting, one sunny Thanksgiving Day;
She trudged thro' the snow, her face all aglow, peeping out from her hood of gray.
I had loved her for many a winter, in her service I'd been most meek,
And my bashful tongue I had schooled full long, but my love I could never speak.

Mistress Patience and I went to meeting, that joyful Thanksgiving morn;
She sat close to me, as devout as could be, while my heart with misgivings was torn.
But the parson's text, "Love thou thy neighbor," awakened me through and through;
Her white hand I clasped, though the hymn-book it clasped, and murmured, "Ah, Patience, I do!"

Sonnets on the sonnet are numerous. Worthy to rank among the best is Professor Melvin B. Anderson's, which recently appeared in the Stanford *Sequoia* :

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is Life's cup :—the spirit's leap,
  And passionate cravings in the flesh that dwell ;
  Glad hope of heaven, or despair of hell ;
The unavailing tears that lovers weep
In hopeless separation ; dreamless sleep
  Deaf to earth's maddening discords ; passion's swell,
  Ambition's futile empire, death's wild knell,—
All, all are mingled in this chalice deep.

The sonnet is Law's pledge :—a draught divine
  Expressed from all that's vital in man's clay ;
Life's frenzies here, tempered to issues fine,
  Compassions foster, pangs of heart allay ;
And thralls of impulse, drunken with this wine,
  Find truer freedom subject to art's sway.

The Cornell Magazine

February, 1897.

The Danish Colony of Greenland.

Perhaps the most remarkable colonial system in the world is that of the Danish colony in Greenland. An ice-covered land, mainly within the Arctic Circle, would seem to offer but few attractions to even the most grasping of European nations. With glaciers in sight from most of the towns, and with berg-filled harbors in summer and a frozen sea in winter, the conditions are certainly not those which are generally sought in colonization.

To be sure, near the coast there is a strip of land which is freed from snow in summer, although at a distance of from ten to fifty miles, the land is deeply buried beneath an ice-cap whose total area is not less than 500,000 square miles. In speaking of this ice-free border as *land*, it must be understood that it is really rock; for all of the soil has been swept away in some past time, when the ice-cap spread outward beyond the present land margin. Even if soil were present it would not add to the value of the colony, for in these high latitudes all forms of agriculture are forbidden. One may see the Danes struggling to raise a bit of celery or some radishes under the protection of glass houses, but here attempts at agriculture cease. It is true that there is vegetation everywhere in Greenland where there is soil, but it is of rugged types which develop to maturity in a few weeks. Not a tree exists or can exist in this great area, though some scrubby bushes occur in the extreme south.

Nor is there any mineral wealth in the colony, with the bare exception of the cryolite mines, which yield a small annual profit. The sole excuse for maintaining the Greenland colony is the product of the Esquimau skill in hunting. Naturally the colony has never been a very profitable one, and it is said that now it barely pays expenses, being maintained as a sort of charitable institution, because to abandon the Esquimaux now would be fatal, certainly to the majority.

The Esquimau in his natural state, as one may see him on Baffin Land and other islands north of America, and also in North Greenland, north of Melville Bay, beyond which the Danish colony does not extend, is a simple, child-like man; not a savage, but a gentle-natured heathen. He is much more intelligent than any other aboriginal race I have ever seen, but he has very little training in the morals and refinements which go with our civilization. Above all he is extremely dirty, and an odor of fatty substances pervades the air about him. It seems certain that no people could live in such filthiness in a warmer climate; for the decay of the fatty substances, which is nearly arrested in the Arctic climate, would breed disease.

These wild Esquimaux are almost everywhere occasionally visited, and hence they obtain some of the materials produced by civilization. A man with a hat and a woman with a calico skirt are almost certain to be found in every colony. In the perfectly natural state they obtain from animals practically everything that they need for existence. Excepting for a few berries obtained in summer they eat nothing but meat, and generally the fattest parts. In the winter they dwell in snow huts, but during their nomadic summer life their homes are made of a few skins, forming a *tupic*, possibly supported by pieces of drift wood, or, when this fails, by standards made from the bones of the larger animals. Their clothes, and the covering needed at night, are made of the skins of the dog, bear, seal, or deer. Their spears, though now often made of wood and iron, were originally of bone or driftwood with tips of walrus ivory.

Even their boats, the large *oomiak*, or woman's boat, which will hold thirty people, as well as the small *kyak*, intended for a single occupant, are made of skins, about a frame work either of wood or bone. Their winter sledges also, now often made of wood and iron, were formerly of driftwood or bone, shod with walrus ivory.

Few people have such a primitive life and satisfy their wants from so small a range of materials. The marvel is that they are able to live at all amidst such adverse conditions, and they are able to do it only by the development of remarkable skill and patience in the hunt. It is this skill, coupled with the fact that the Arctic waters support animals which furnish materials needed by civilized man, that first induced the Danes to establish the Greenland colony. They furnished the natives with the more efficient weapons of civilization, and purchased from them their products, offering in exchange articles for food and comfort, which the natives have learned to need. At the same time an efficient and successful missionary and school system has been established, so that now most of the Greenlanders are church members and have acquired a knowledge of a written Esquimau language, which the Danes have made from the Esquimau tongue.

The Greenland colony extends from the southern part northward nearly to the southern end of Melville Bay. There are some colonies on the eastern side, near the southern end of the land, but the east coast of Greenland is so ice-bound by drift ice, borne southward in the East Greenland current, that colonization has not extended far northward on this nearly inaccessible, though inhabited coast. To govern this colony the Danish government sends out two Inspectors, one for North, the other for South Greenland. These men, educated Danes, have Greenland homes, where they live both summer and winter, making journeys now and then to outlying posts.

Each inspectorate is divided into provinces, each of which is under the direction of an assistant, known to the foreign

visitors as Governor, whose chief duty is to oversee the trade with the natives. He generally has an assistant for a store keeper in the settlement where he lives, and others in the various out-posts in his province. The governors are Danes, and so also are some of the assistants; but in some of the more remote settlements an Esquimau acts in this capacity. The missionaries also are usually Danes, though in at least one place, Upernavik, the church is in charge of a native.

Each summer two or three very ancient brigs leave Denmark for Greenland, laden with articles of food, tobacco, and other articles of necessity and luxury. They visit only the central towns of each province, and often do this with difficulty, on account of the icy obstacles to rapid sailing. To sail before the wind, by tacking in an ice-strewn fjord, is more than could be expected of a small boat, much less a clumsy Danish brig.* The cargo, which is landed and later distributed to the various posts, is replaced by a cargo of seal oil, eider down, walrus and narwhal ivory, and the skins of the polar bear, seal, deer, etc., besides other products, including some of the handiwork of the Esquimau women, which is often not without a certain beauty, and is always unique and interesting.

This trade with the Greenlanders is the fairest form of trade that I have ever seen. A printed list of articles offered by the Danes, and of materials which they will purchase, is published every five years, and upon this is placed the price, which is fixed for the next five years. This list is followed with strict fairness, and the Esquimau is at liberty either to exchange his products for articles that he wants, or to take money. While from this trade the government is of course making nearly if not quite enough profit to pay the expenses, the natives themselves are also profiting, and some

* To illustrate the slowness of these ships, I may say that on August 5th the Cornell party sent mail home by a ship about to leave for Denmark. In our steamer we went 300 miles further north, staid a month and returned, reaching home early in October. The letters reached us from Copenhagen nearly six weeks later.

have been able to build substantial houses and even start a bank account.

The governors are all educated men, and although they live in this bleak, unattractive land, they surround themselves and families with many comforts and even luxuries. One who makes the journey to Greenland carries away as one of his pleasantest remembrances, the memory of the beautiful homes of the Danes and the almost effusive hospitality which they insisted upon his receiving. An American may well wonder how an educated man can be induced to leave his country and take himself and family to a place where news comes but once, or at most twice in the summer, where his companions are mainly Esquimaux and strangers rarely seen, and where even the sun deserts him for several months in the year. The explanation is found in the fact that after a service of a certain length he may obtain a small pension and live at ease in his own country! No wonder they welcome a visitor.

The Greenland ports are closed to strangers, excepting those in distress, or those who, like our party, have permission from the Danish government. The purpose of this is partly to preserve the trade monopoly, and partly to protect the natives from the curse of excessive drink and other vices which civilized men know. Like all uncivilized people the Esquimaux are fond of alcoholic drinks, and the Danes keep it strictly away from them. At Disco, one old Esquimau followed me around offering various articles for a "nippe," the meaning of which I did not for a long time understand.

On the basis of but a passing visit it might be unfair to form an opinion upon the benefits and evils of this excellently maintained system. Still, after seeing the robust and thoroughly healthy Esquimaux of Baffin Sound, I could not but be impressed by the evident relative weakness of the Greenlanders. Strains of Danish blood appear on every hand, and half-breeds of widely different races are rarely as efficient as the full-blooded members of either race. It certainly seems that the Danish Esquimaux must be less able

to endure the rigors of the Arctic life; and certainly, so far as my experience goes, they are not so skillful. Without doubt there is more disease among the Greenlanders than among the Baffin Landers. Some of this has been introduced by the Danes, but some seems to be due to the effects of the climate upon constitutions no longer capable of enduring its severity.

The Esquimaux certainly have more luxuries than formerly. They are no longer dependent upon a true meat diet, nor is it necessary for them to expose themselves so much. Instead of living a nomadic summer life, they gather around a trading post and dwell in turf or stone houses. Generally but one room is needed for a family or two, but some of the natives have houses with several rooms, a floor, table, chairs, crockery, stove, looking-glass, clock, and other comforts of civilization. I saw no piano, the native purse being limited to the accordion or violin; but there are houses with sewing machines. With these improvements in mode of living has come a change from the habit of eating raw meat to that of cooking the food. The last improvement to be introduced is that of cleanliness, no doubt partly because the natives still dress in poorly tanned skins. Still in the rear of some of the houses one may see an occasional clothes line with a small week's washing upon it.

Civilization has introduced but few fundamental changes in the dress of the women, though the men frequently wear trousers, woolen shirts, and more rarely hats. In their primitive state, skin boots, trousers, and blouses with a hood constitute the dress both of men and women, though there are notable differences in the details of the dress worn by the two sexes. Now and then a Greenland woman wears a skirt, but one does not see these so frequently as among their less civilized sisters in Baffin Land. The chief influence of civilization upon their dress has been to introduce more artistic coloring. They have learned to tan and dye the seal-skin, and one can rarely find a more picturesque

group of people than the crowd of Esquimau women, who, dressed in their best, come out and sit around on the rocks to watch the strange scene of an American ship entering or leaving port.

With all these innovations has come also a radical change in the method of hunting. The Esquimau no longer waits patiently until he can hurl his spear into the seal,* but kills it with the rifle. The result of this has been to greatly reduce the abundance of these animals, which are so vitally important to the Esquimaux. In fact the reduction in numbers of the animals of land and sea has been so great, that the Greenland colony is no longer a source of distinct revenue to the Danes, if indeed it is self-supporting. Under the circumstances it would be a serious disaster if these people should now be abandoned to their fate by the government which has been responsible for the degeneration of blood, the change of habits, and the destruction of the only food upon which they can depend for life. Could they again return to their primitive habits and once more win a living from the icy sea which they have depopulated? Even at best the primitive Esquimaux have a hard struggle amidst most unfavorable conditions. Starvation is no uncommon fate among the remote tribes; and almost complete extermination would seem the probable result if now these people should be abandoned to their fate, as they may be if the instincts of humanity are replaced by the less charitable instincts of trade.

RALPH S. TARR.

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* This is not the fur seal, which is found only in Bering Sea.

To a Daisy Withered.

I.

I love thee, daisy, though thy head is low
And faded thy fair petals are,
Which, white as snow,
Clothed hill and valley, near and far,
When yesterday I wandered,—with me, lo !
One fair as never yet the daisies were.
And though I love thee well,
In vale and dell,
I love thee not, O daisy, not as I love her.

II.

Thy modest sisters sweet
Were blooming at her feet.
She, sweetly smiling, bent
And pressed them close against her breast,
A brighter beauty lent
To those she so caressed.
They, loving, daring, kissed her cheek.
And come what may,
In truth I say,
A fairer face than hers I'll never need to seek.

III.

The sun was low in glowing West,
Already night's first gloom
Had closed the lily's bloom,
And damp the night-breeze gently tossed the pines ;
That hour when silence heart to heart entwines,
That hour of day the best !
And sadly then, beneath the woodbine's shade,
This dearest maid

Was saying sweet farewell—
Sweet words that e'er will dwell,
Enshrined by tend'rest memory.
Then shy she turned, she kissed thee, flow'r, and gave me thee.

IV.

O daisy fair, why droopest thou?
O sweet the death that gentle hand has caused,
And e'er, as now,
Eternal life where those sweet lips have paused!
Daisy, why droopest thou?

ROYAL STORRS HAYNES, '99.

The Way of the World.

People who did not know her well, almost invariably spoke of Margaret Vanderveer as "that indifferent girl." They wondered if she did not realize that she was too old to be blasé, and that she should discover a vocation, in true accordance with twentieth century ideas.

To be sure, she had had possibly more than her share of attention, and they used to say of her that, in the dark, dingy street where a kindergarten prospered, even the little children were wont to cluster around her, half afraid, and half fascinated by the kindly merriment of her smile, and a certain grace of manner which she possessed.

There were also vague rumors that she had once been a belle,—and that, too, in competition with stars far more successful in their course than she had eventually become.

It seemed a long time ago, even to her, as she looked back, in the manner of elderly, reminiscent people (she had just passed her twenty-seventh birthday). Perhaps the years were magnified by the fact of the ocean's breadth between her and the scene of those past days.

It was something like this of which she was thinking, as

she stepped out upon the little balcony of the hotel at Naples, late one autumn afternoon.

"What was the reason?" people whispered among themselves. "Miss Vanderveer surely had never been *in love*!" She smiled a trifle bitterly to herself as she watched the deepening shadows fall athwart the softened outlines of Vesuvius.

There was one detail so clear to her mind; one experience in that past which shone out more and more vividly upon the indistinct background of other events.

It was a summer morning, she recalled,—summer in the parched and suffering city, and down in one of the lower streets of the town there stood a quaint old house, with a struggling bit of green about it. There came over her a shadowy suggestion of gray-white walls, festooned within with long, pale garlands of harvest wheat,—a strange relic of colonial ideals amidst the babble of a Sunday morning in modern Manhattan.

"Scythian and barbarian," she had thought, at the time, as she glanced around on the little gathering of people in the room, and then first perceived the circle of children about the speaker, children with wan, white faces, upturned in eager, glad expectancy to meet *his* answering glance.

For there was, indeed, a speaker, that morning, in the old house, and the listeners forgot the daily tumult of relentless labor and the harsh medley of sounds and hateful heat; forgot, most of all, themselves, and remembered only that they had not come in vain.

Society called Richard Estabrook an altruist, and the term implied, perhaps, more scorn than praise. But society, to its regret, saw very little of him in those days, and could lay small claim to his energy and charm.

Miss Vanderveer straightened herself up quite stiffly as there flashed upon her the remembrance of the censure of the orthodox upon his methods, and the disapproval of even the more radical philanthropists of the period.

She had never known the final outcome, and only in such

a mood as her present one, was she apt to be at all skeptical as to its success.

Yet why should she care?

There was a sound of footsteps behind her, and she half turned to see who was approaching.

"Oh!" she exclaimed involuntarily, as she arose with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Estabrook! When—how—I am so glad!—"

He laughed merrily for an instant. "It is indeed a pleasant surprise for me, Miss Vanderveer. We came down from Rome last night, and ran across Mrs. Vanderveer just as we were coming from the gardens. She told me that you were at home, and I hurried up here to find you—"

"Enjoying the sunset," she interrupted. "You are not facing the right way at all," as he seated himself beside her.

"I have seen plenty of crimson and gold," he returned. Did she know, he wondered, that there was a mirror just opposite the window, and in it a reflection of a figure in a soft, light gown,—a figure suggestive of a certain mobile beauty and womanliness?

"I have so many questions I would like to ask," she thought, but aloud she only uttered a commonplace: "It is good to meet one's friends here in ideal Naples. Are you to remain long?"

"Only until to-morrow, and then we are off to Sorrento, for a long 'dolce far niente.'"

It was her turn, this time, to smile,—*then*, he did not speak any Italian at all; she also remembered that he had always been devoted to his mother.

"Will you let me tell you that you have changed but a very little?" he continued.

"I am curious, after the manner of—mankind," she said naïvely, "pray tell me, what is 'that little?'"

He hesitated a moment, and then spoke gently, "You are more serious now than then."

"I was ill, you know, and they brought me over here. I have grown to love it so,—the people, the country, and above all, the skies!"

"You are becoming quite acclimated!" he broke in, half jestingly, "I believe, after a time you will thoroughly forget 'the land of the free' and never wish to return!"

"You know you do not really mean that. But how is your work? I have often wondered about it."

He glanced again at the mirror, and it suddenly occurred to him that he knew why the people had looked almost reverently at Margaret Vanderveer as she passed in and out among them. He had not noticed her so closely before,—not that he had seen her infrequently.

"You were my right-hand man in '-9," he remarked inadvertently. A moment later, laughing apologetically, he remembered what he should have said.

"It was very interesting," she added. "She is helping me along," he thought, as the answer still eluded him.

"The people of the poor do so love personal beauty,—why, Miss Vanderveer, I crave pardon! I really do not know what I am saying!"

There was a mischievous gleam of comprehension in her eyes, which reminded him still more of "Auld Lang Syne."

"I think I understand, you are quite satisfied, Mr. Estabrook, that the scheme has been successful, that it has paid?"

"It *is* paying. You must come back and see for yourself. There is a new house now—"

"And the old one?" she interrupted, hastily.

"Has fallen into the hands of the Colonial Dames!"

"Oh, how could you let it go!" she exclaimed indignantly, as she looked away towards the purpling clouds on the horizon.

"The new one has a larger garden. Yes, and vines—vines in New York!"

She stirred uneasily. It was all so trivial,—and she had cared so much.

There was a sound of people moving in and out in the room behind them, and presently a young Neapolitan girl came in and lit the tall bronze lamps beside the mirror.

Richard looked around, and then leaned forward.

"Miss Vanderveer," he said, "there is even more to be

done now than ever before. The children are waiting,—the doors are open. Will you—'' Just then a hand was laid on his shoulder, and some one spoke to him.

''Richard, dear—''

Margaret started to her feet.

''Oh! I am so glad you found me, Gertrude. I want you to know my friend Miss Vanderveer. My wife, Mrs. Estabrook.''

There was an instant's silence after the interchange of courtesies, and then Miss Vanderveer said quietly:

''Shall we not step indoors? There is always a chill in the air after the sun has gone down.''

Une Raison d'Etre.

Thou cans't not guess the purpose of thy life,
  The use of thy fair presence on the earth,
  The meaning of the planets at thy birth,
Since butterfly thou art amid the strife
And flittest where the roses red are rife?

And has the merry stream whose shallow wave
  Hastens in heedless music from the hills,
  A purpose that its inmost being thrills,
Unless it be the thirsty fields to lave
And sing its lullabies beside some hermit grave?

And of what use the warbler's minstrelsy
  Except to trill some love song to his mate,
  As from his daily flight returning late
He finds her nested in the shadowy tree
And dreaming of the morrow's revelry?

So fret not at the wise decree of fate
  That seeming gave thee naught to do but play,
  Since sometime shall there dawn on thee a day
Shall show thee sterner part than just to wait
Or tell thee how thy sport did somehow ministrate.

O. W.

Reminiscences of a Science Teacher.

II. Life in Morrill Hall, 1868–1871.

Previous numbers of the Magazine have contained the general statement of the fact, that, at the opening of the University in October, 1868, all the existing departments were housed in the single building since named Morrill Hall. But the later members of the institution can hardly realize what that statement implies without certain details which are fully known to comparatively few.

In the first place, since the two wings served as dormitories, only the central part of the building could be utilized for strictly University purposes. The chemical laboratories occupied the two basement rooms. On the first floor the north room contained the books, the *proton* of our present Library. All the other rooms were used for lectures and recitations by the various classes in rotation, and it may well be understood that they were seldom unoccupied during the forenoon. The pressure in this respect was somewhat relieved by the removal of the chemical department to the wooden structure that stood for unexpectedly many years just west of the site of the present Dairy Building. But the congestion, confusion, and discomfort were still extreme, and only the earnestness and forbearance of all concerned averted grave disorder.

At that time the entire upper floor of the central part of the building now occupied by the Psychological Department constituted a single lecture-room for the larger classes. The course in Physiology and Hygiene was then required of all Freshmen. In order that the charts, manikin, skeleton, etc., should not distract the attention of preceding and succeeding classes and in order that the professor might prepare his apparatus and specimens, about a meter's width of the plat-

form at the south end was screened off by a thick curtain of green baize, opening at the middle, running upon wires, and drawn by cords. The effect upon visitors was sometimes startling, but the students seemed to accept it, like various other Cornell innovations, as a matter of course.

The south rooms on the third and second floors had wall-cases which contained the primitive collections in geology and zoology. But these rooms were almost constantly occupied by classes, so that the professors of those two branches established themselves and those students who desired laboratory work in two small rooms in the basement of the south wing. For at least two years, or until McGraw Hall was available, Professor Charles Frederic Hartt worked at fossils, and taught men like Orville A. Derby, '73, in the southwest corner under the present private office of the Treasurer. During the same period the writer occupied the room under the present private office of the President. It was—and is—about 5 meters (16 feet) square, and 3 meters (less than 10 feet) high. More than half the room was below the surface of the ground, and the three small windows lighted it inadequately. So a platform about a meter high and somewhat wider was built along the west side under the windows. Access was had by two pairs of folding carriage steps. Upon the platform were small, rude tables, provided each with one long narrow drawer. At least one such table survives in nearly its original condition. A mate has been transformed into the "rolling-table" upon which heavy specimens are now transported between the museum and the lecture-room.

It will be seen, therefore, that not only were we crowded, but extremely disconnected. The lecture-room was on the fourth floor, the museum on the second, and the laboratory in the basement.

Yet that damp and dismal den was consecrated by the occasional visits of Professor Agassiz. In it also one day appeared a youth with the double request for an opportunity to learn and to earn at the same time. As a test he was

asked to put the disorderly room "to rights." In an incredibly short period the task was accomplished and my third "student assistant" was then and there engaged at the regulation rate of 15 cents per hour. A prize for attainment in one of my courses was afterward divided between him and David Starr Jordan. He became an instructor in 1873, assistant professor in 1876, and full professor in 1882. No one acquainted with the development of Natural History at Cornell can fail to recognize the foregoing as the epitome of the honorable record of John Henry Comstock, class of 1875.*

BURT G. WILDER.

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* For an account of the Entomological Department and of its head consult Professor Hewett's admirable "History of Cornell University" in "Landmarks of Tompkins County," pp. 614–21. For an incident that might have proved more serious than amusing, see an article "The University Bear," in this MAGAZINE for November, 1883, pp. 43–50.

The Oak.

One day last August, as I was riding with some friends along the shore of Lake K——, one of the prettiest of the smaller lakes of central New York, we passed a farm. Now, there are many vineyards along the lake, so many, indeed, that an enthusiastic admirer has called it the "Lake of the Vine;" but there are few farms. Partly on this account, and partly because the house and yard had a certain picturesque attractiveness, I inquired of my companions who lived there. They told me; and the subject might have been dropped, had it not happened that, a few moments later, beyond the tenement house of the farm, and on the other side of the road, opposite a field of buckwheat, we passed a large oak which had been struck by lightning, apparently many years ago. The tree was so large that the dead branches reached across the narrow road and above the bushes of nightshade which grew just outside the fenced field and whose bright red berries gleamed against the dark green of the foliage. But it attracted attention for other reasons than its size. The lightning, in addition to having killed it, had given it a most singular appearance, having run down one side of the tree to a point within a few feet of the ground and then glanced off. On the side of the tree down which the lightning had run, and so situated that the lightning, in glancing off, must have struck it, was a curious, grave-shaped mound. Surely it was not a *grave*, for we had passed a cemetery not long before. My curiosity again aroused, I asked for information; and my friends finding me interested in such legends, not only satisfied my curiosity about this particular spot, but also told me of whatever other places there were in the neighborhood in any way remarkable, and whatever stories, more or less authentic, were attached to them. Not many, these; for Lake K—— has few romantic associations. Yet perhaps an imaginative mind, by ignor-

ing some details, by softening and altering others, and by supplying many connective links, might weave these fragments into one story, which might run not unlike the following.

Long after the Indian tribes that once inhabited this region had fished in the lake and had shot arrows at one another in the woods, long after Jemima Wilkinson, on the shore of another part of the lake, rode about in her carriage,—a queer old thing it seems now, though, in those days, it was considered a very fine thing—preached to her converts, and attempted her miracle somewhat after the manner of Mahomet and the mountain; even after the culture of the grape was begun, but still many years ago, James Kent, with his wife and daughter Ada, came to live at Fairoaks, a small settlement on the shore of Lake K——.

James Kent had been a speculator. He had been very successful for several years, and then by an unfortunate speculation, had lost the greater part of his property. Having still enough left to live on very comfortably in a small place, he decided to retire from business; came to Fairoaks, which, for some reason, he had chosen in preference to any other place; bought a farm, and, much against the wishes of his wife, prepared to spend the rest of his life there.

No farmer himself, he made arrangements with David McGregor, a staid, honest, farmer of Scotch descent, by which McGregor, with his wife and son Alec, a boy some years younger than Kent's daughter Ada, should have the use of the small but neat tenement house rent free, and should receive a certain part of the proceeds of the farm, in return for managing it. Thus freed from all cares, James Kent spent several years happily, well satisfied with the simple occupations and amusements of the little hamlet. Finally he died, much regretted by his neighbors, who missed their placid, genial friend.

Mrs. Kent and Ada remained at Fairoaks. Mrs. Kent remained unwillingly. She came to Fairoaks under protest, and remained under protest. But she was a sensible woman,

and understood that the income which enabled them to live in what was considered luxury at Fairoaks, would scarcely supply the actual necessities of life elsewhere.

Ada herself was well content to remain. She knew that she was superior to her surroundings. She was old enough when she came to Fairoaks to retain recollections of more prosperous times; and these recollections, combined with the society of her parents, occasional visits to relatives, and the influence of her father's small library, were not without effect in enlarging her horizon. But she appreciated the natural beauty of the place. Quiet as it was, the village afforded her occupation and interest. She was much admired, and popularity is sweet, if not bought too dearly. The people noticed and approved not only her beauty, but the greater refinement of her manners; her general information, better than that of most of them; even her dress, always simple, but always becoming, and her simple but effective arrangement of the heavy coils of black hair; while, at the same time, her gentle friendliness prevented any feeling of envy. Ada had found a girl of nearly her own age, Mary Downing, who satisfied her desire for friendship; but perhaps the strongest reason for her liking for Fairoaks, was an attachment which had sprung up between her and Ned Morton, the son of the owner of a vineyard in the neighborhood.

Ned had been thoroughly convinced from the time when Ada, then a little girl, came to Fairoaks, that no one could be compared with her; and she, on her part, had not been slow to understand and to return his affection. Now, though the engagement was not announced, knowing gossips nudged one another when they saw them together, and "guessed that would make a match some day."

Late in the afternoon of a bright day in August, Ned having finished his work for the day, started with Ada for their usual afternoon walk. There was a sulphur spring at a certain place on the shore, a little distance from the lake, where the land rises in an irregular sort of terrace, of considerable

height, to the roadway, from which to the shore ran a rough, steep path. This spring it was their custom to visit, and then to go to the wharf to see the afternoon boat come in. This afternoon, they had started a little later than usual, and the boat had already come in, for they could see it, slowly, lazily puffing its way up to H——, at the end of the lake. But they could at least visit the spring, and, each having, as in duty bound, taken a drink of the cold water from a rusty old tin cup kept there, they could sit down by the spring, look out over the lake, talk nonsense, and build air-castles till supper time.

To-day, however, they were not to reach the spring without an interruption. They had scarcely passed the tenement house where David McGregor still lived, when they saw, far down the road, a man with a satchel, walking along towards them, a man to judge from his appearance, from the city, who had probably arrived on the afternoon boat. The stranger was walking slowly, and as if he did not know where he was going. Suddenly catching sight of the tempting red berries of nightshade, outside the flourishing field of buckwheat and shaded by the spreading branches of the great oak, then exultant in its strength and beauty, the stranger gave an exclamation of pleasure, and stopping, began to pick the berries.

"He's going to eat them!" exclaimed Ada, "and they're poisonous!" Before Ned realized what she was about to do, she ran quickly down the road, and reached the stranger just as he was putting the first berry to his lips.

He saw that she was about to speak to him, and paused, looking at her inquiringly.

"You musn't eat those berries!" she cried, out of breath.

"But why not?" demanded the stranger. Then, half aside, "By Jove, they're the only things in the place that I can find to eat."

"But they're poisonous!"

The stranger with a quick motion threw them away.

"I owe you many thanks for telling me," he said gravely.

Then, in a lighter tone, "But, since you have saved me from poison, will you not also save me from starvation? I haven't had anything to eat since morning. They don't serve dinner on the boat. I thought I could get something here, but I can't find a hotel. Would you be so kind as to direct me to one?"

"A hotel!" laughed Ada. "There is none here. The few who come here are visitors of some of the families. But we must not let you starve. If you will come to the house with me, I will ask my mother what can be done. Ned," she added, turning to him, "will you come with us, or wait for me here? I will not be gone long."

Ada's suggestion had been caused solely by the desire to spare him the walk up the rather steep ascent which led to the house. But Ned, whose jealousy had already been roused by the stranger's evident admiration of Ada, answered rather shortly, "I'll go back with you."

So they walked back together, the stranger keeping up an easy conversation with Ada, while Ned scarcely said a word. The stranger informed them that his name was Hendricks, and that he had been sent to Fairoaks by a New York company to buy grapes and ship them to New York. Also, he was to inquire into the condition of grape culture. He himself had known nothing about the place when he started, except that there were many vineyards in the neighborhood, and so it happened that he found himself in his present predicament.

Now they had reached the house. Ada explained the situation to her mother, and they began a discussion of the ways and means of providing Mr. Hendricks with food and shelter. At last, Mrs. Kent, pleased with his appearance and glad to have some one to tell her of the outside world, suggested that he should stay with them. This, he declared, he should be delighted to do, if Mrs. Kent would accept a sufficient compensation. Mrs. Kent replied that they were not in the habit of keeping boarders, but, under the circumstances, perhaps some arrangement could be made. Ada saw that Ned was

not at all pleased with the idea, and suggested that perhaps Mrs. McGregor could take him in. But Mrs. Kent replied that David McGregor had some extra hands at this time, who were staying at the tenement house, and besides it would not be pleasant for Mr. Hendricks to stay there. So it was decided that Mr. Hendricks should remain with them, and Ada and Ned resumed their walk.

As was to be expected, Mr. Hendricks and Ada were thrown very much into each other's society. Not only was there the inevitable companionship at the house, but Mr. Hendricks, or Charles, as Mrs. Kent soon familiarly called him, wanted a guide to show him the different vineyards, and to introduce him to their owners. What more natural than that Ada should be that guide? She had few duties to attend to, and Ned was not able to occupy so much of her time and attention as he would have liked to do. Ada knew the place thoroughly for some miles around, and was always welcome at any of the vineyards. Charles Hendricks had suggested that it would be a great kindness if she would act as his guide, and this suggestion being urgently seconded by her mother, Ada consented. He was an agreeable companion, she was forced to admit; but after a time, two considerations came up which caused her to wish that she had not consented. Ned did not at all approve of her accompanying Charles on his visits to the vineyards, and was, indeed, inclined to be decidedly jealous. Moreover, there was some cause for Ned's jealousy; not in her attitude toward Charles Hendricks, but in his attitude toward her. His attentions had now become very marked, and the old gossips who had formerly commented upon her and Ned, now said with a wise air that "Ned Morton would lose his girl if he didn't look out."

Charles Hendricks had decided that he would marry Ada Kent if he could; and it would be long before he would acknowledge that he had failed. He had from the first admired her beauty; and, though a country girl, she was much superior in education and knowledge of the ways of the world to most rustic maidens. He had found her a pleasant com-

panion. If this had been all, however, a summer's flirtation might have been all that he would have thought of. But the fact that he had a rival, and, apparently, a successful rival, was all that was needed to spur him on to the resolution "to put it to the touch, to lose, or gain, it all." To do him justice, he did not know there was an actual engagement between Ned and Ada. Mrs. Kent could have enlightened him, but she preferred not to do so. He had taken her into his confidence, and she gave him all the help and encouragement that she could. She had no personal objection to Ned Morton, but, aside from all other considerations, she liked Charles Hendricks better. And his marriage to Ada meant the accomplishment of her two great desires: release from financial difficulties and departure from Fairoaks.

Charles Hendricks hoped much from his ally, but resolved to let slip no opportunity for action on his own part. Accordingly, one afternoon, he put away his work, closed and locked the disused packing house near the wharf which he had fitted up for his headquarters, and sauntered off to the boat house where he kept the boat which he had hired for the season. He unlocked the boat house, pulled the boat down to the lake, pushed off, adjusted the oars, and began to row leisurely in the direction of the sulphur spring. Mrs. Kent, at dinner that day, had said that she wished to send a message to a neighbor, and Ada had replied that she was going to the sulphur spring that afternoon, and that on her way she would deliver her mother's message. Charles did not know why she was going, but he could guess approximately the time when she would be likely to go, and determined to be there at the same time, to have a talk with her, and, if possible, to persuade her to go for a ride with him.

But as he neared the spot, he found that he was not to have the place to himself. There was another boat on the shore, and Ned Morton sat near by, to judge from the glances which he now and then cast in the direction of the road, awaiting some one, and Hendricks found little difficulty in guessing who some one was. However, Hendricks was not

to be frightened away. He stepped ashore, pulled up the boat, and seated himself near Ned, who said "Good afternoon" curtly, and looked at him as if demanding either an explanation of his presence, or his immediate withdrawal. Hendricks felt himself an intruder, and, to relieve the situation, asked if there was good fishing this time of year. He hadn't tried it yet, himself.

"Plenty of rock bass. Yesterday I saw Mr. Bolbrook with some perch and pickerel which he had just caught, and over toward the Inlet there are bullheads," was Ned's laconic but civil response.

"Who is Mr. Bolbrook?" asked Hendricks.

"Minister of the church half a mile to a mile up the road. You must have passed it sometime."

"Very likely. I don't remember. Of what denomination is it?"

"Methodist."

"Where's the Catholic church?"

"Isn't any. We don't allow any of the rascally trash around here."

"Take care! I'm a Catholic myself."

"You haven't been here long," answered Ned in a significant tone.

Both men rose to their feet and were looking at each other in a disagreeable manner, when a sound of voices caused them to look around.

Ada had gone half the distance to the spring, when she met her friend Mary Downing. The girls had not seen each other for several days, and were ready for a chat. Ada suggested to Mary that she should walk to the spring with her, frankly telling her that she was going to meet Ned, and adding, "I would ask you to go boat riding with us, but Ned is very busy this summer, and mother has discovered that it is improper for Ned and me to have a talk together alone at the house,—since Mr. Hendricks came."

"But she doesn't object to your being alone with Mr. Hendricks, does she?" said Mary, laughing.

"No, not at all. That is quite proper. You remember it was she who urged me to take Mr. Hendricks around to the vineyards. But I've put an end to that, now, I'm glad to say. Ned didn't like the arrangement at all. More than that, he doesn't like Mr. Hendricks at all."

"I'm not surprised," laughed Mary. "But," she added, hesitatingly, "he is—rather pleasant—it seems to me—Mr. Hendricks, I mean. Don't you think so?"

"Pleasant enough, if he only wouldn't interfere between Ned and me," responded Ada, carelessly. Then she turned to Mary, and said, with some impatience, "It is so thoroughly ridiculous, the attentions he persists in paying me! If he really cared for me, there would be some excuse, but he doesn't! It is only because he wants some one to amuse him, and he seems to think that I should be only too happy to be that one. But I prefer to amuse Ned; and why can't he find some one who isn't otherwise disposed of? I'm not the only girl in the place. Mary," with sudden inspiration, "I wish you would help me entertain him."

"I should be very glad to oblige you," answered Mary, laughing, but blushing. "But perhaps he would prefer to choose his entertainer."

"Nonsense. You are ever so much brighter and cleverer than I, and you can amuse him much better. Now, listen! He's heard in some way of the Glen, and wants to visit it—it really is a pretty place, you know—and of course he wants me to go with him as a guide—he doesn't seem to be able to go anywhere alone," with a touch of scorn. "But I have excused myself. Now, if you'd only go with him and be good to him, perhaps all would go as we wish it. I'll arrange it. You'll go, won't you, Mary? That's a dear girl," finished Ada coaxingly.

"If you really wish it," assented Mary, and they began to talk of other things which concerned Mary, who was going away that fall to teach, and intended that it should be a stepping stone, being, unlike Ada, ambitious for better things than those at Fairoaks. And so the girls talked on,

until, passing through the bushes, down the steep, narrow, stony path, they found themselves at the spring, and in the presence of Ned and Charles Hendricks.

It was evident that their coming had put a stop to an imminent quarrel between the two men. There was a moment of embarrassed silence on the part of all, from which Charles was the first to recover.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ada," he began, "Good afternoon, Miss Downing. I am glad I met you. It is a pleasant afternoon, and I have my boat here. Will you not go with me for a ride? I hear there is an entrance to the Glen from the lake. We have plenty of time, and I am anxious to see the Glen. Although I must confess myself no expert climber, I would try not to do discredit to my fair guides. Or, if you prefer, we could go somewhere else."

"You plan a very delightful trip," replied Ada, "but Mr. Morton has a prior claim to my time. Yet it would be a pity that you should not visit the Glen. Miss Downing is a good climber and knows the Glen thoroughly. You should get her to go with you."

There was no alternative, and Charles turned to Mary and said, gaily: "I throw myself on your mercy, Miss Downing. Will you consent to be the guiding star to a lake-tossed, land-perplexed wanderer? My boat is here."

"If you wish, I will show you the way about the Glen sometime, but not this afternoon. I must return home," was Mary's somewhat stiff response.

"But when? To-morrow?"

"You may call for me to-morrow afternoon at three, if that is a convenient time for you." She looked at him inquiringly.

"I will call for you at that time."

Then, with a general "Good afternoon," Mary climbed the path to the road and was gone.

A moment of silence, and Charles exclaimed, "So I am not to have the pleasure of your company for a boat ride this afternoon. But you will go with me for a ride some other time?"

"Yes," said Ada, reluctantly.

"And soon?"

"Yes," wearily answered Ada. "Ned, I am ready. Good afternoon, Mr. Hendricks." And with Ned, she moved off to the boat, and they started for their ride. Charles watched them till the boat passed out of sight around a point; then, having put up his boat, he went to the house to hold a council of war with Mrs. Kent.

The visit of Charles Hendricks and Mary to the Glen duly came off, but that little trip was not, as Ada and perhaps Mary had hoped it would be, the beginning of a new order of things. If he had been merely amusing himself, as Ada thought he was, he might have made the substitution which she wished; but he was in earnest. Moreover, he was wise enough to understand that, while Ada continued to care nothing at all for him, it was useless to attempt to rouse any feeling of jealousy on her part by pretended devotion to Mary. So, having failed to attain their end by ordinary means, the allies resolved upon a new course of action.

Mrs. Kent remarked at breakfast, one day, that she wished some new cat-tails; her old ones were dried up and falling to pieces.

"I must get you some. What is the best place?" asked Charles.

"Near the inlet, I think, over by H——."

"I will get you some there. Miss Ada, you remember that you promised to go with me for a boat ride soon. Would you go with me when I forage for cat-tails? You really should, if only for sweet charity's sake, for I shall need a pilot in the mazy inlet, and I know that you are familiar with the place. Will you, then, of your kindness, be my Palinurus?"

"I suppose so," said Ada, in a tone suggestive of patient resignation. "When do you wish to go?"

"This afternoon, I think, but not before four," was the response.

A look of impatience passed over Ada's face, for, if they

did not start before four, they would probably not return before eight, so she would probably miss seeing Ned that evening. But she answered, "Very well," and it was so arranged.

As soon after breakfast as she could, Ada started for the tenement house to see David McGregor. She met the shrewd, honest, middle-aged Scotchman at the gate of his yard. Not that he was just going to work ; far from it, he had been at work for some hours, but had returned to the house for a moment for something he had forgotten, and was starting back again.

"Good morning, David," cried Ada, as soon as she saw him.

"Good morning, lassie ! Are you coming to see Margaret this morning?"

"Yes, but I'll have a word with you, first, David."

"And what is it ?"

"David, are you through haying, yet?"

"I will be in a day or two."

"David, I want you to go haying to-morrow, if it's fair ; and I want to ride on the hay loads with you. I've hardly gone with you once this summer. And Margaret must go too. And," here she blushed slightly, "you might get Ned Morton to help you."

"You're a cunning child," said David, laughing. "Well, well, I'll have the lad here."

"Good David," and she pressed his hard, rough hand affectionately. "And if he makes any objection, say that I told you to ask him. And now I'm off to Margaret," and she walked off toward the house.

David paused a moment to watch the slender, graceful figure passing swiftly up the path. "A guid lassie," he said, softly, "she's her father's own daughter."

Charles Hendricks and Ada started for the cat-tails that afternoon at a little after four. It was a perfect day ; not too warm, but sunny, the blue of the sky unclouded, and the smiling lake as smooth as glass. Nothing dreadful,

scarcely anything even mysterious about the lake, now; yet there were times when storms lashed the lapping waters of the lazy lake to fury, and many there were who had met death beneath the shining surface. But there was no hint of that now. The sky and the lake beamed happily at each other, and the neighboring land, the woods, the vineyards, and the green slopes applauded, and rejoiced at the friendly agreement.

The day could not fail to have its effect on the two in the boat. Ada, happy in the thought that to-morrow she would be in the hay field with Ned, David, Margaret, and the boy Alec, allowed herself to be softened by the beauty about her into amiable attentiveness to the conversation of her companion; while he was roused to be more than usually entertaining. They became very friendly, and Charles began to wonder whether it would be necessary to carry out a certain plan which he had made.

Slowly they drew nearer and nearer to H——, and now, a little this side of the town, the opening of the inlet appeared. This stream, narrow, shallow, and winding as the Maeander, extends its curving course for some distance into the land, but is navigable hardly half way. Even where it is navigable, when the water in the lake is low, one is likely to get stuck in the mud. Where the stream ceases to be navigable, the land becomes firm and solid, but the earlier, broader, deeper part of the course is bordered by wide-reaching, low-lying, marshy lands, overgrown by shrubs, reeds of all sorts, and tall, coarse grass, and here many birds gather and twitter softly in the twilight.

Now the boat had reached a place where the cat-tails were flourishing in abundance. Here the two landed, pulling up the boat only enough to keep it safe,—there was little current in the stream,—and began to gather cat-tails. Although the land was marshy, Ada, light-footed and accustomed to the place, stepped about with little difficulty, and laughed merrily at the somewhat awkward movements of her companion. Ada noticed that Charles always kept between the

boat and herself, but attributed this to his dislike of the marshy soil and his consequent disinclination to go far from the shore.

Now they had gathered a quantity of the cat-tails, and the sun was sinking. Ada turned to her companion, and said, "I think we have enough now. Shall we return?"

The moment had come. Forcing himself to say what he knew to be unworthy of himself, he answered, slowly and distinctly, "I will not take you back until you promise to marry me."

HELEN E. WILSON, '99.

[To be continued.]

Waiting.

How slowly lengthen the shadows!
  Will never the sun go down?
For Bessie, my love, is coming
  Across the moor from the town.

At the stile she promised to meet me,—
  'Tis the golden time of the year,—
Set of sun! Be still, O my heart,
  And wait, for the dawn is near!

N.

The Cornell Magazine

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A RECENT number of the *Era* contained a very inspiring article by Mr. Edward Davis, '96, on the subject of college loyalty. Mr. Davis seeks for the causes of our defeats in athletics and finds them in a decline of college spirit. We heartily endorse Mr. Davis's remarks; we believe he has hit the nail squarely on the head. What we have to say here, therefore, is intended to supplement, rather than in any way controvert, his statements. Mr. Davis discusses the question from the point of view of athletics; it is a good thing just now to approach it from other points as well. We are preëminently an athletic generation of students; and because of our tendency to exalt the importance of athletics, both for the individual and for the college, we need to be all the more careful not to forget the other features of college life. It is to be remembered, then,

we think, that when a man has rendered his athletic duty, so to speak, by heartily cheering his college team, by contributing generously to the support of athletics, by refusing to brook any reflection upon the fair fame of Alma Mater—and Mr. Davis has not exaggerated the importance of all these—he may still have come far short of having performed the whole duty which the highest loyalty demands of him. Loyalty means all these things, but it also means much more than these. It means, to begin with, that a man should, to the extent of his means and ability, support every college organization and enterprise. Not that he should join every society and seek for a place on every athletic team and every board of editors—it were folly to scatter shot in this way; but if a man possesses talent which renders him useful in some direction, on the Glee Club, on the football field, on the editorial board, or elsewhere, he should feel that he owes the use of this talent to Alma Mater, and that he is in a sense personally responsible for the reputation of the University in the particular field in which his ability lies.

We do not apologise for making here an application of this doctrine to the journalism of the University. There are undoubtedly many good writers in the University. It is their duty to maintain for Cornell a high standard of literary excellence, as embodied in her literary journals. All the more important is this because there exists in some minds an impression which needs to be corrected, that Cornell is essentially a technical school, where the liberal arts find small place. These journals are perhaps less heartily supported this year than ever before. If they have earned their right to live and represent this aspect of University life, they should be supported in a manner which will enable them to take front rank among publications of their class.

But above all these things, loyalty to Alma Mater means, if it means anything, that a man should make the most of himself for the sake of the fostering mother who confers so many privileges upon him. And this means devotion to high ideals, which is after all the most practical wisdom. A

student who satisfies himself with a mark of sixty when he has the ability to make a better record, is not loyal in the highest sense, no matter how many dollars he gives to athletics or how loudly he gives the yell after a Cornell victory—though this is evidently not said in the interest of the "grind." A student who trusts to luck to pull him through college "somehow," is not likely, if he continues to exist on the same basis after leaving college, to make a very satisfactory representative of the institution. For a university is known not only by her libraries, her museums, and her laboratories, but also by the character of her students. The gospel needed by Cornell men is that which is taught by one of our great living prophets: A little less talk and a good deal more hard thinking and hard work. And when we have reflected and seen where the difficulty lies, *a pull altogether.*

* * *

WE fear that a slight misapprehension exists at some of our sister universities with regard to chapel exercises at Cornell. For example, *The Dickinsonian* for January contains the following: "A note has frequently appeared in college magazines that the chapel exercises at Cornell are so interesting that seats have to be reserved for the students. This is very interesting news on the much discussed question of chapel exercises, but would be more valuable if the features which make it so interesting had been added. We would be pleased if the Cornell MAGAZINE would give us an inkling of the reason for their unusual success."

The MAGAZINE takes pleasure in complying with this request, but would preface its remarks by saying that if any of our friends have an idea that Cornell students make it a practice to attend chapel in a body, such a notion should be banished at once from their minds. A great many Cornell students, we fear, do not see the inside of Sage Chapel a dozen times during their course. It is needless to say that in accordance with the principles upon which Cornell Uni-

versity was founded, chapel attendance has never been other than voluntary. But the University has been fortunate in possessing an endowment fund, the Dean Sage Preachership Foundation, by means of which it is enabled to secure the services of some of the most eminent clergymen of the country, representing most of the prominent Christian denominations. These men naturally attract to the chapel, on every Sunday morning, audiences which are at least respectable in size, and which, as was remarked in our last issue, would be much larger if the chapel were enlarged—Sage Chapel having been built when the University had less than a third of the present number of students. When a preacher of more than usual prominence is announced, the chapel fills to overflowing ; and the sermons in general have an influence for good upon the whole student body. It may be added that each clergyman is in general permitted to conduct the service according to his usual custom, though a set program is nominally maintained.

We fear that this will throw very little light on the "much discussed question ;" but it is hoped that our foreign readers may get the impression that Cornell students are no better, and, we believe, no worse than those of other American universities.

The Month.

January 19 was a busv day. An open meeting of the Athletic Council took place, when the announcement was made of Mr. Courtney's intention of remaining with us for three years more, and the donor of the new rowing machines was revealed in Mr. C. F. Wyckoff, '98. The evening also witnessed the burning up, amid much joy, of one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of refuse.

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On January 29, at a meeting of the Philosophical Club, occurred a discussion on immortality between Professors Seth and C. M. Tyler, Dr. Schiller, and President Schurman.

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Two of the four Senior Rhetoricals in Oratory have thus far taken place. These exercises occur on Mondays in the Botanical Lecture Room and are open to the public.

—

The Masque performance on February 2 was, as usual, the first event in "Junior Week." The club met with the greatest success of its history, due partly to the strength of the caste, but more particularly to the happy choice of the play. "The Prince and the Showman" was admirably adapted to the players and the occasion. After such a success the Masque can hardly fail to win applause in all its future undertakings.

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The Sophomore Cotillion Committee is to be congratulated both on the dance of February 3, which was fully up to the standard in every way, and on the financial management of the undertaking, which was thoroughly successful.

—

The concert of the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs, on February 4, was enjoyed by the usual enthusiastic and at-

tractive audience of Junior week. The clubs, as they appeared, were all large, and the volume of the music was remarkably full. Cornell has had in the past stronger glee clubs and somewhat better banjo clubs, but it is doubtful whether the present Mandolin Club has ever had its equal here. The program throughout was good. The amusing features were well placed and much enjoyed, and the concert as a whole was very successful. Much credit is due to the men who have worked up new material in so short a time, and particularly to Mr. Dann for the present condition of the Glee Club.

—

Popular opinion pronounces the Junior Ball, held February 5, a decided success, though not quite up to the standard of past years in some particulars. The decorations were not quite what we are used to on such occasions, and there are some who were not satisfied with the refreshments. Aside from these two particulars, however, the features of the dance seemed to have pleased all. The music was very good and the floor was the best ever provided in the Armory.

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On the evening of February 9, Professor Tarr delivered a lecture in Barnes Hall on the experiences and achievements of the Cornell party which visited Arctic regions last summer.

Publications Received.

SAWTELLE, ALICE ELIZABETH. The Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology. Boston. Silver, Burdett & Company. pp. 128. Cloth, 90 cents.

SHERMAN, FRANCIS. Matins. Boston. Copeland & Day. pp. 58. Cloth, $1.25.

TARR, RALPH S. Elementary Geology. New York. Macmillan & Co. pp. xxx, 499. Cloth, $1.40.

Vandam's Undercurrents of the Second Empire.

The author of *An Englishman in Paris* and *My Paris Note-Book* has given us another interesting volume of Parisian reminiscences. He presents us with a mass of information regarding the underlife of the period in which he knew Paris best—the times of the unfortunate emperor who "enacted almost as marvellous a comedy as that enacted by his uncle, though with far smaller intellectual means, far weaker support, and, above all, less loyalty from his caste than the former." The book will throw considerable light upon many problems which have hitherto remained mysteries, and some of which may never be entirely cleared up. One of these latter is the tragedy of the Campaign in Mexico, though Mr. Vandam quotes some notes which were made by his uncles, one of whom was "on intimate terms with some of the foremost members of the Corps Diplomatique," and which seem to show that Napoleon really had in mind "a great empire in America for the French." The author wields a skilful pen, but shows a tendency at times to expand rather too much, as a result of which the book is somewhat unwieldy. The book would have been much more usable if the chapter heading had been printed at the top of the page; and as a work of reference it is absolutely worthless without an index. Misprints occur, but are not numerous or important. The author is not thoroughly consistent: in one place, about

half way through, we find him quoting several of his own lines written two or three pages back; while toward the end of the volume he omits some footnotes because they "would swell the volume to an inordinate size." But the book may be examined with profit by one who would know the history of the time.

Old Dorset.

In a series of charming tales and bits of description—for some of the sketches have little or no plot—Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers has told for us the "Chronicles of a New York Country-side." If it was Mr. Rogers's object to present a picture of life and manners of a southern New York hamlet forty years ago, we do not believe his effort has been wholly successful. Some of the characters, indeed some of the descriptions, carry us back rather to the ante-bellum days in "Old Virginia." This is not wholly explained by the fact that Major Norris emigrates with his household of blacks from Dinwiddie County, Virginia, or that the Tollivers, colored, figure prominently in several places. On the other hand it is to be admitted that some pages of the book breathe unmistakably the atmosphere of the New York of the fifties.

There is some very good work. The death of James Barton is described with the pencil of an artist in black and white; and Ezra Spicer and Major Cooper will long be remembered by readers of the chronicle, so vivid is the impression the author has given us of them. It is with a fine instinct that the life of the Major is brought to a close at the same time with the destruction of the old church, a remnant of the old Dorset of which he himself was an inseparable part. The book as a whole sustains the promise of the author's earlier works.

Tarr's Elementary Geology.

It is always a pleasure to notice a new publication by a member of the Cornell Faculty. This is greatly multiplied

when the book is such a superb one as Professor Tarr's Elementary Geology, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The text-book is designed to be a companion and adjunct to the Elementary Physical Geography recently prepared by the same author.

The text is divided into three parts corresponding to the three aspects of the subject. Part I treats of Structural Geology, Part II of Dynamic Geology, and Part III of Stratigraphic Geology. A chief aim of the work is to place more stress upon the dynamic aspect of the subject than is usually done. The whole style is remarkably clear and simple, and no effort seems to have been spared to present the subject matter in as interesting a manner as possible. There is evidence of freshness and originality on every page. The author has succeeded well in making prominent the principles of the subject rather than the details.

The illustrations are very numerous, there being 268 reproductions of photographs and diagrams besides 25 full page plates. Nearly all are done in half-tone, and they are certainly superior to anything we have hitherto seen in the line of text-book illustration. A large number of the figures are original, and many of them will be familiar to Cornellians. For example, the frontispiece is a representation of the Ithaca Falls in flood time, while Plate 6 shows the same falls in the dry season. A fine view of Taughannock Falls is shown in Plate 7. There are two views of the plain of Ithaca, besides several from other localities near Cayuga Lake. The name of the publishers is a sufficient guarantee of the faultlessness of the general make up-of the book.

Exchanges.

Perhaps the most interesting fiction in our college periodicals is contained in what is sometimes called the portfolio. Here are presented several literary sketches, brief as a bird's song and as delicate as the white blur of a cloud. This form of composition, where the point is merely suggested, is difficult to master and for this reason, congratulations should be extended to the Wellesley *Magazine* and to the Yale *Literary Magazine* for their success in this line. The latter publication contains also two very well written stories, "The House of Rad" and "In Shadow," an interesting article on "Lowell's Critical Essays," and some excellent verse. The following lines are typical of the quality of the poetry :

IN CLEAR DREAM.

When the night is falling softly
And the fading light has fled,
Slipping through the deepening shadows
Comes a spirit to my bed,
Singing in a dreamy strain
To my thoughts in slumber lain
Of a land of rarest beauty
Drifting through the starry main.

There the bloom is on the meadows
And the dew is on the rose
And the honeysuckle's creeping
Where the shining river flows,
And a figure treads the lane,
Threads the winding tangled lane
By the orchard white with blossoms,
Brightly glistening in the rain.

Her dark brown tresses floating,
Silken mist upon the breeze,
And a smile upon her red lips
Like the sunlight through the trees,
And with ringing voice she sings
And the joyous music swings

Out across the blooming meadows,
Till the answering echo rings.

And it seems as though she knows me
And is beckoning for me there
As the spirit charms my fancy
Through the ringing star-lit air,
And we wander down the lane,
Down the winding tangled lane
By the orchard white with blossoms
Brightly glistening in the rain.

Spirit of the darkened shadows,
Why hast ceased thy magic lay?
All too soon the glow of morning
Steals across the Milky Way,
And the vision of the lane,
Of the winding tangled lane,
Like the mist upon the mountains,
Fades into the deep again.

"Prudence" in the *Nassau Literary Magazine* is a story of some originality, the heroine being the "sturdy oak" and the hero the "clinging vine" both in physique and character. The following lines from the same publication should appeal to all college poets:

RONDEAU.

My cloistered muse doth chafe and fret,
'Mid academic straitness set;
She sulks and shudders through the halls
Where learning's chilly shadow falls,
And scant communion do I get.

Her freer state how I regret,—
The whispering bough, the rivulet,
Whose lingering echo still enthrals
My cloistered muse.

In vain I sue with vow and threat,—
Her haughty wishes must be met.
Back—back from these gray, barren walls
To where yon dreamy woodland calls,
For I will rouse to fervor yet
My cloistered muse.

The *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania has a mid-year number highly illustrated. It contains some

good articles, two of the best being "Alpine Experiences" and "Stray Impressions of Oxford." Daintiness of expression is characteristic of the verse.

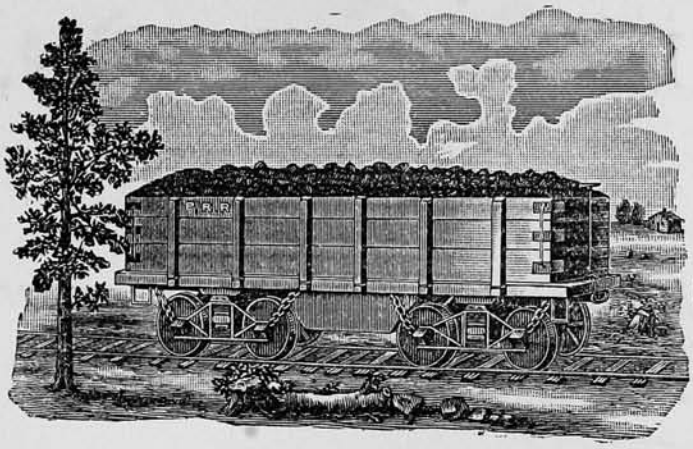
LINES.

Though the night is long and dreary,
Pegasus full faint and weary,
And his hoofbeats pacing measured as the leaden minutes flow;
Though the bourne seems far before him,
And the night-mists gather o'er him,
Though the road is rough aud rugged and he stumbles as we go—
There is dawn behind the curtain
Of the darkness and a certain
Happy welcome waits the rider whatsoe'er his plight may be.
Though he chants no joyous measure,
Though his saddle bears no treasure,
Though his gifts are few and meagre, neither rare nor strange to see,
Yet the love which prompts the journey,
Like Sir Launcelot at the tourney,
Is the best and chiefest offering that his scanty skill can yield.
Let it light the dark to dawning,
Let it kindle night to morning,
And before its gentle presence be all happiness revealed.

A FANCY.

Into my dreams will come the days of old.
Oh, soothing revery!
Some Norman castle flings its turrets high
Athwart the sunny, silken, summer sky,
And from its gate ride knights in arms of gold.
Oh, glorious chivalry!
On arm love's token,
On shield lance broken,
Nor yet in peace nor war nor love is false word spoken.
Oh, gentle courtesy!

Gone are those days of gallant, loyal deeds.
Oh, gentle courtesy!
No more the bright sun gilds the crest and spear,
Nor lover earns the token he would wear;
All gone—the lists, the shouts, the neighing steeds.
Oh, glorious chivalry!
They come in dreamings,
Soft, gentle seemings
Of golden past, once live, now gone—naught now but dreamings.
Oh, sweet, sweet revery!



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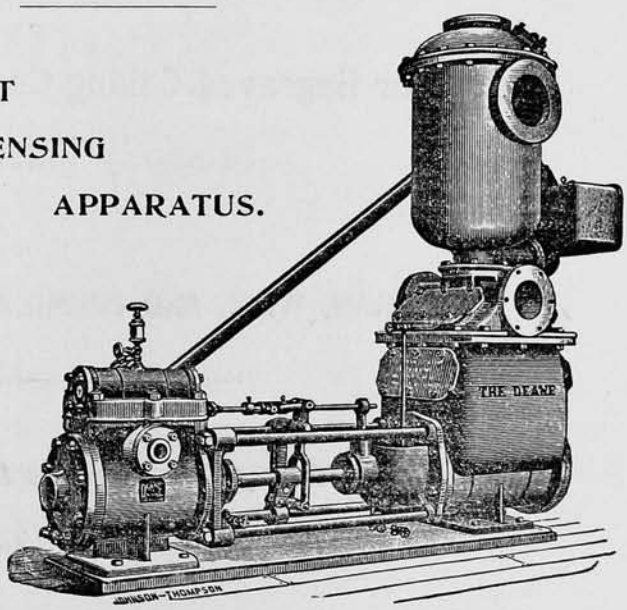

The Cornell Magazine

March, 1897.

Address of Ex-President Andrew D. White.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF SIX PORTRAITS OF EMINENT JURISTS TO THE COLLEGE OF LAW. FEBRUARY 22, 1897.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Something more than fifteen years ago, while residing at Berlin, I was informed that a young American artist, Mr. Charles Burleigh, was making copies of pictures in the Royal Gallery, and that his work showed great promise.

I sought his aquaintance and found him a genius; modest, quiet, but full of real strength. It did not take long to devise a plan which should set him at work likely to be of benefit both to the public and to himself, and to this end I commissioned him to make copies of noted historical pictures and portraits with the hope that some day a place might be made for them at this University.

Unfortunately he died before this plan could be fully realized. No place in the University has been found for the historical paintings which he copied, but the establishment of the Law School Library affording a resting place for two of the portraits of eminent Jurists which he painted, others have been added to them, and these I purpose to present to the University to-day.

The first of them is that of Hugo Grotius, the great founder of modern International Law. I need not say in an audience made up so largely of men devoted to legal studies that his doctrines were in some measure the result of an evolution out of the ideas of men before him,—great legal thinkers, for example, like Ayala and Gentilis. Like all the greater things of this world Grotius's ideas were to a certain extent the fruit of an evolutionary process; but they were far more than that. They were the outcome of an original genius, of a most noble heart, and of a most powerful mind.

His life was passed amid religious and political storms. Liberal and broad-minded, he refused to take part with the dominant Calvinistic faction of Holland in crushing out all who held unorthodox tenets, and he therefore very nearly incurred a death sentence; fortunately his enemies were forced to content themselves with sentencing him to close imprisonment for life.

From his prison, thanks to the devotion of his wife, he finally escaped and continued his great career as a scholar, and especially a legal scholar, which he had begun in his boyhood.

It was a fearful period. The wars in the Netherlands had been waged during seventy years with every conceivable form of atrocity. The "Thirty Years' War," which largely depopulated Germany, impoverished it, and indeed pauperized large parts of it for nearly two hundred years, was at its worst.

In the midst of all this riot of unreason, wrong, cruelty, spreading throughout all Europe, Grotius tells us that he still recognized a divine law of justice. To use the words of Lord Bacon, "He sought to make the law of God prevail," and in 1625 he published his great work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*.

It was without doubt the most influential law book ever written. Indeed it may be justly said, without any tinge of exaggeration, that, of all works not claiming divine inspiration in the special sense, it has done most good. His theory

of International Law was, as many of you know, not the theory now prevailing. It was not the modern theory of positive law deduced from the actual practice of various states; indeed it could not be so when all that practice was so evil. Grotius fell back upon the theory of a Divine law, deducible from the law of God in revelation and in Nature, and sanctioned by the enlightened human conscience.

Even if it be claimed that his theory is no longer to be accepted, the strongest opponents of this assertion in these days cannot but feel that it was the only one which could be proposed with any effect in those, and that out of it alone could have grown that vast and noble fabric of International Law developed since his time by such men as Puffendorf, Vattel, Wheaton, Dana, Lawrence, Hall, and so many others, as a worthy successor of whom, in the domain of Maritime Law, we may especially honor our distinguished guest of to-day, Mr. Justice Brown of the Supreme Court of the United States.

At first the efforts of Grotius seemed utterly lost in the wide-spread welter of religious and political hatred. The Thirty Years' War lingered on more than twenty years after the publication of his great book. But Grotius's thought did its work. It forced its way into the thought of mankind. It was developed by a long series of thinkers. It appealed to reason and conscience on one side, and to material interests on the other. Never has there been a more triumphant evolution of right reason, and it is culminating in these days of ours in the great special and general Treaties of Arbitration.

It has seemed to me fitting that the portrait of this great jurist, this most worthy servant of God and Humanity, should lead the series to be placed in the Library of our School of Law.

The next in the series is one of whom the world knows far less, and yet he is hardly less worthy of acquaintance.

In the year 1688, so famous as the time of the great Revolution which hurled Stuart absolutism from the English throne and brought in the modern constitutional monarchy,

there was lecturing in the University of Leipzig a young professor, Christian Thomasius ; and during this year he announced his purpose of ceasing to give his lectures in Latin, as was the universal custom at that time, and of giving them in his own native language and that of his students,—the German,—which he endeavored to make as clear and simple as possible. A great storm arose and it was made worse by the fact that he stood against the intolerance of the Lutherans toward the Calvinists. Thomasius, at the end of the 17th century, had to suffer in Germany for protecting the Calvinists against the Lutherans, just as Grotius, at the beginning of the century in Holland, had suffered for protecting the Armenians against the Calvinists. He was driven from his professorship, put upon trial, fled from Leipzig by night to save his life, took refuge in the Prussian city of Halle, and there, under the direction of the Prussian Elector, aided in founding the University of Halle and establishing the first great school of political science in modern times. And his activity continued. Two monstrous pieces of iniquity were at that time firmly imbedded and entrenched in the law of all Europe. The first of these was the application of torture to elicit confession from those charged with crime ; the second was trial for witchcraft. Both these fearful abuses were imbedded in the religious ideas, in the law, and in the customs of all the civilized world. The greatest lawyers and theologians of the time defended both. It was claimed by jurists, as by theologians, that if the Almighty punishes his creatures by tortures infinite in severity and duration, man, in his feeble way, may and indeed ought to imitate this Divine example. As regards witchcraft the greatest jurists, even so noble a man as Sir Matthew Hale as you will remember, constantly appealed to the scriptural command : "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and John Wesley, one of the purest and best of men, declared : "If witchcraft is not true, the Bible is not true".

Thomasius had been appointed to try sundry witches. He became persuaded that the whole matter was a delusion, and

that torture contributed to it by forcing the accused to confess imaginary crimes.

It was a very serious matter to question the reality of witchcraft. A few generations before in Germany, the chief justice of the Province of Tréves, Rector of the great university of that city, Dietrich Flade, having, as Thomasius afterwards did, discovered the fallacy and folly of witchcraft, said so, and was immediately put on trial as an accomplice of Satan. He was submitted to torture, and finally, upon his own confession thus wrested from him in the midst of his unbearable pain, was convicted of being in league with Satan and his angels, and was strangled and burned. I may mention here that we have in the Library of Cornell University the original trial papers ; Flade's original confession taken down from his lips as he lay in the rack charged with this imaginary crime. We also have the officially published tariffs of charges which the executioners were allowed to make for every form of torture to which they could submit a human being—so much for cutting off a man's hand, so much for tearing out his tongue, so much for burning him alive—through pages of this official publication. And there too, in our Library you may see the great law books and codes of that time, especially those of Charles V and Maria Theresa, adorned with pictures of those instruments of torture which you may still see in the Torture Chambers of Nuremberg and Ratisbon.

We also have in our University Library some curious evidences of Thomasius's efforts. He hardly dared attack witchcraft openly ; he therefore allowed a student, one Johann Reich, to prepare and deliver a thesis under his inspiration in which the whole old system was questioned. Thomasius, as professor, presided, and we may well imagine what his decision in the case was sure to be. The printed thesis, bearing the names of Thomasius and Reich, you may see in the University Library. He, with Beccaria in Italy and Voltaire in France, were the three great men who did most to put an end to these monstrous and cruel legal doctrines and

practices. Thomasius is the greatest statesman in German history between Luther and Bismarck. He, too, deserves to be remembered by jurists so long as the principle of justice shall be cherished in the minds and hearts of men.

The next in the series is the portrait of William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, who was born in 1705 and died in 1793, his splendid activity thus covering virtually the whole period of the 18th century. He was descended from a decayed and impoverished Scotch noble family,—so poor, indeed, that he could never have been educated but for the kindness of one of his father's friends. The son soon showed great earnestness in his application to his studies, distinguishing himself as a classical scholar. It was to this that Pope had reference in the famous lines:

"And what an Ovid we in Murray boast."

He had labored some years at the bar without securing attention when his argument against an attempt to take away the city franchises of the City of Edinburgh aroused public attention. His course was now rapid. He passed rapidly through a series of high offices, becoming Member of Parliament, Attorney General, and finally Lord Chief Justice. His ideas were, indeed, conservative. He was a Tory, but he was none the less one of the greatest, and probably, in many respects the greatest, judge that has ever sat as Chief Justice of England. I will not dwell on his services to mercantile law which so distinguished him in the history of his profession, but will simply refer to the one thing which, in connection with his great character for impartiality and justice, has caused me to place his portrait with these others; and that is, in spite of his conservative ideas, his deep and abiding love of the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty. He took ground against the outrageous extension of the law of libel; he especially distinguished himself in opposition to the monstrous theory of general warrants and thus laid one of the strong foundations of modern English and American liberty; and finally he was

the Judge who, in the Somerset case, made the great declaration that, although slavery might exist in the English colonies, a slave was of necessity free on touching the soil of England. In the language of the poet, he it was who declared :

> "Slaves cannot breathe the air of England ;
> They touch her shores ; their shackles fall."

The fourth in this list is Charles Pratt, afterward Earl of Camden, who was born in the year of the great Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, and who died in 1794. He represented, on the whole, the very opposite of all the theories held by Lord Mansfield. His early history is encouraging to hard-working law students. His difficulties in early life were so great that he thought seriously of giving up the profession, but persevered, and, at last, a speech which he made, as junior counsel in a celebrated case, in which he took ground against the old despotic extension of the law of libel, made him famous.

Still more, he took hold of the hearts of all lovers of rational liberty by his great pleadings against the doctrine of general warrants in the Wilkes case. It ought to be mentioned here that, though Mansfield was a Tory and Camden a Whig, and as such were all their lives arrayed against each other, they united fully on these two great subjects, both favoring a better theory regarding the law of libel and both opposing the doctrine of general warrants. His great abilities advanced him to the position, first of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and finally to that of Lord Chancellor of England.

But what endears him especially to us as Americans is, that in spite of the King, George III, of his ministers, and of all their threats and blandishments, he remained from first to last one of the foremost friends of the American colonies in their struggle with the mother country. Above all things he loved an enlightened constitutional liberty. He therefore stood with Burke and Pitt for the colonies, and, though defeated then, he now stands before the world triumphant.

And next in the series, we have the portrait of John Marshall, the friend and adviser of Washington, who held various high positions, and finally, as the culmination of all, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is not for me to dwell upon his great qualities and services. That will be done far better than I could possibly do it by the eminent Justice of the Supreme Court who is shortly to address you.

And finally, as the last in the order of time, we have the portrait of James Kent. His activity extended from just after the middle of the last century to just before the middle of this. Born in a little town in this State of New York, he was graduated at Columbia College; rapidly distinguished himself as a sound, thorough lawyer; was appointed to a professorship at Columbia College; was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and finally Chancellor of the State. After a most honorable career in developing Chancery law and lifting it from the wretched condition into which it had fallen, he retired from the bench into his professorship at Columbia College, and there in his lectures gave forth those "Commentaries upon American Law" which have become a classic; a work which, for comprehensiveness in matter, thoroughness in treatment, and perfection in style, is deservedly admired as far as the English language extends.

And now, Mr. Chairman, may I say that my hope has been from first to last in securing these portraits, that they might awaken at least in some of the young men who, for generations to come, nay, for centuries to come, shall throng these halls, the ambition to do worthy work in the profession of the law. Never was there a time, in my opinion, when the law was so well taught and so well studied as at present. Never were such facilities afforded for the training of really sound, thorough scholars in the profession. My hope is that this training will more and more elevate our young men above any wretched willingness to cumber the earth as pettifoggers into the desire to become, in the highest sense, lawyers; and even to become jurists. I trust that there are

to go forth from this Law School a long succession of young men each of whom will be of high service in the community where he lives, and many of whom will be of high service to the State and to the Nation.

Nearly every one of these eminent jurists, whose portraits I this day present, did a far reaching work in reforming the law, in improving its administration, in making it more reasonable and more conformable to the eternal principles of justice ; and I trust finally that from this fact will come an inspiration to all who shall hereafter come under their influence as they look down from the walls of yonder library upon generation after generation of students.*

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* NOTE.—The portrait of Grotius was copied by Mr. Burleigh from the original at Amsterdam ; that of Thomasius by the same artist from the orginal at the University of Halle ; those of Mansfield and Camden were copied from the originals in the Royal Portrait Gallery at London ; that of Chancellor Kent was copied by Mr. Knapp of Syracuse, N. Y., from the original in the State Library at Albany ; and that of Chief Justice Marshall from the original painted by Inman for the Bar of Philadelphia about 1832, and now in that city.

A Perfect Gift.[1]

In behalf of the College of Law I am glad to accept the gift of the first President of the University, and to express to him the thanks and gratitude which are his due.

In every perfect gift, springing from friendship rather than from duty or charity, I have been accustomed to see—when I have thought about it—three distinct and definite elements. There is the taste and judgment of the giver disclosed in the fitness of his choice ; there is the intrinsic value of the thing given ; and there is the motive-impulse which occasioned and induced the gift. I am quite sure that we shall find in what has happened to-day each and all of these separate and distinct elements which go to make up the complete and rounded act.

Surely, the gift has been chosen with good taste. There could be no fitter place for the portrait of a great Judge than in the halls of a Law School, where his grave eyes look down upon hundreds of young men—themselves looking up to the almost unapproachable height on which his fame rests secure. It *is* fit and appropriate that the memory of distinguished Jurists should thus be honored and preserved : for, in the main, a judicial career narrowly escapes oblivion. The Judge dies and his memory rapidly fades. History, which deals rather with acts than thoughts, has no page for the dullness of an uneventful life. It is just as well for him. Where he goes he either will not know, or knowing, will not care. What he is sure of is that every doctrine of humanity or justice which he has planted as an acorn in the soil of his time will germinate and grow, spreading out wide reaching limbs, and shielding from the rain and shading from the sun the generations that come and go beneath.

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[1] The speech of the Hon. Francis M. Finch accepting the portraits presented by ex-President White.

Small matter that his name does not grow in the bark or rustle in the leaves overhead! Indeed, this truth and his knowledge of it are better for him. It is better for him that no treacherous lights of glory, flickering in the shadows of death, lure him away from the straight and steady track of truth and of right. But if it matters little to him I think it matters something to us. It is scarcely creditable to our race that the name of a Captain who fills the foreground of some destructive war and dominates its carnage, should outlive and outrank that of a leader of the armies of Peace, who made that Peace possible, and laid its solid foundations deep and secure.

I am glad to realize that the fame of Marshall has to some extent escaped the general rule. He came early and first, when the legal harvest was all unreaped. That was his good fortune. But when his work was done and his sickle was laid aside, he left it only possible for his successors to be gleaners in the field. He had tied the harvest in its sheaves; winnowed out the perfect grain; and garnered it all in the granary of his thought. I do not assume to sketch his life and put before you its lessons. That must be left for one who sits now in the court where Marshall sat, and lives and works in the glow of that great reputation. What I say is only that his portrait and those which are to share with it a place on our walls have been fitly chosen as a gift to our Law School, whose quiet and studious halls should hold sacred rather the builders of peace than the heroes of war, and whose teachers and students, honoring the memory of a cluster of famous Jurists, may be stimulated to better lives and nobler ambitions and harder work by their example.

But the portraits given us have an intrinsic value of their own. That was the second of the elements which I said went to the construction of the perfect gift. It is not absent from the one which we acknowledge to-day. Each frame holds not merely a picture but a portrait; not simply a face but a likeness; not alone the coloring and skill of an artist

but a revelation of the man himself. It is only so that we can cheat Death and strengthen Memory. The grave hides all; its curtain drops and hangs forever, hard and blank and pitiless. We can—we do—remember, but recollection fades and grows dim; the face we knew loses here and there a line, a curve, an expression, and so gets about it as we try to recall it, something of the blur of a mist. How sadly those who are left regret the want of an unfading likeness of the friend who has gone! How valuable and how highly prized if such remains, and the truth of the artist rescues the truth of the face from the destructive waste of the years. Such portraits are given us here,—patiently and skillfully copied from accurate and truthful originals,—themselves painted from the living face. They come to us not studies, not ideal heads, not simply drawing and color, but truthful portraits truthfully reproduced, and having in that fact their own peculiar and intrinsic value. And here we have them, visible to our eyes,—our German and English ancestors-at-law,—and two of our own most eminent judges; the six in all whom our friend has aptly described. Here is Grotius, who laid the foundations of International Law, and struggled to put Reason and Right in the saddle of Authority. Here is Thomasius, professor at Leipsic and Halle, striving with sturdy independence to free politics and jurisprudence from the chains of dogmatic theology; stern of brow, but with very kindly thoughts under the billows of his awful wig. Here is Mansfield, who as the boy, Murray, rode all the way on his Scotch pony from the poverty of the home castle on the Tay to the roar and crowds of London, and there rising to be Chief Justice of the King's Bench, built up the commercial law of England; whose library was burned by the Gordon rioters who yet had to leave the whole law, undestroyed, in that one massive head. Here is Camden, who taught the lesson which Coke would never learn, that to be a great lawyer it is not necessary to write and speak blind and blundering and scurvy English: who was always our firm and faithful friend through the dark

days of our struggle for independence. God bless him for that! I trust somewhere he is watching us, hopeful and pleased. And here is our own Kent, whose luminous commentaries are the delight of all who read them: and Marshall, of whom you will hear more before we let you go. What a galaxy of portraits, and who can fail to realize their intrinsic value and worth!

But best of all the elements of a Perfect Gift is the motive of the person who gives it; the feeling that stands behind it and shines through it. The pith of its pleasure always is that it radiates the personality of the giver, that it holds up to us the mirror of his friendship, that its very silence talks to us about him. It does not go when he goes, but stays to keep his place. If the Russian snows are deep it waits till the ice breaks up in the Neva and its waters rush to the sea, and then bids him follow and come to his friends at home. It does not die if he dies. It will not *let* him die. It holds his memory alive and warm and vivid in spite of Death and Time. And so it is the kindly friendship of the giver that I most welcome in the gift. I know that I cannot be as personal as I could wish. You before me are a restraint upon my words. But so much as the completeness of my thought requires, that, I may venture; that, our friend must brace himself to bear.

This University has been fortunate—marvellously fortunate—in its friends. They gave it not merely lip-service but strong, solid, and needed help, both of purse and of brain. They were no summer birds but stayed when winter came and the storms blew. They laid our foundations with a brave persistence which defied alike misfortune and enemies: they set the engines of invention at the development of Power, the smoke from whose furnaces rises every day in a memorial column; they brought woman into our fold and made and sheltered the Library on which we feed and live, and gave us in every perilous hour—and long may it be ours!—the ripe fruit of a judgment clear and sound; they built our chapel, they bridged our gulf, they loaded our shelves, they

laid our walks, they made our lawns trim and blooming, they gave our collections a home. Not only manhood but womanhood took us in charge and its voices to-day flit in and out from among the bells in the tower and from every leaf that the student turns in the books of the Law. Splendid friends; faithful friends;—these, and many beside! But among them all there have been none more unrelenting in their friendship than he who is the giver of to-day. Almost thirty years ago we stood together,—he and I,—young and a little ambitious—on a rude platform in the field of a farm where one or two lonesome buildings were struggling their stone work up to completion, and saw that day the formal beginnings of this University. From that hour on, through many years he gave to it ungrudgingly the best of his life, and while, later, public duties drifted him away, no change, no distance, no temptation lessened his thought of us or his love for us. His chosen library, gathered with that fondness which a scholar has for his books, melted into ours. The treasures of many wanderings in Art and Architecture and History, were brought home for us. Always he came with his hands full; always he went away with his hands empty. I think that he never in any year failed to show his regard for the Institution he had helped to build by some thoughtful or kindly word or deed. And now, after building the gateway to our grounds,—open to all, to every soul willing to work and through work hoping to climb,—he comes with these protraits for our Library and makes the very walls speak to us of the past and spur us on to the duties of the future. And so it is very easy for us through the gift to see the giver; behind one face to find another; and that the face of an unselfish friend from whose untiring friendship sprang the gift.

Is it not therefore a Perfect Gift,—in all its elements,—in all of the three which I have sought to describe? The three? Possibly I have forgotten something. Old men do forget,—I have heard it dimly suggested,—and perhaps there is a fourth element after all. I confess it. There is; and that one a full appreciation of and an honest gratitude

for the gift that has been given on the part of those who have received it. Is that wanting? It is the habit of Truth to crystallize itself in proverbs, and in one of them it has declared that "Republics are ungrateful." I have often doubted the maxim and imagined that it dealt rather with the necessary and outward conduct of the nation than with the currents of its deeper thought. The gratitude of noise is not always as sincere as that of silence. There may be a warm and thoughtful memory without the crash of cannon on the heights or the lift of a statue on the lawn. But if the maxim be true, I venture to frame another to put beside it and lighten its sadness. Let us say—it is the Scholar who remembers,—for it is the Scholar who never forgets the Past. He is the life-saver who patrols the coast of History; whose boats are in every storm, about every wreck; who is always reaching out for the hair of drowned memories; and if he holds up a scarred brow as a warning, loves better to rescue a fair face and crown it with the love of Humanity. And so the vice of ingratitude never has tainted, and never will taint the atmosphere of this University. The Scholars will remember. And let our friend remember that long after the years shall have closed over us all there will remain in the colors of the University, which have seldom dipped to defeat, inwoven with the Carnelian which recalls our Founder, an unfailing strand of unsullied White.

But I must not prolong my duty lest it run away with me altogether. I can feel the horses pulling at the curb. Let me only add, therefore, that we accept most gratefully the gift of our friend; that the portraits shall lend their color and dignity to the blank of our walls; and that while they bring back to us the faces of great Jurists, they will bring back to us also the face of our friend.

We have had a Perfect Gift. The Scholars will remember.

My Field.

Beyond the valley lies a sweep
Of upland brown, where clovers peep,
While o'er the fence the ivies creep.

The summer breezes come and go
And stir the scattered grasses slow,
With tender love-song whispered low.

And all day long the shadows fly
In purple masses speeding by,
Like messages 'twixt earth and sky.

There stands a solitary tree,
Sole warder of the mystery
That every forest holds in fee.

Below, as in a happy dream,
The lightsome rippling of the stream
Has made its own the sunshine's gleam.

And where the shadows seem most deep,
Yet merry sunbeams glint and peep,
There lies a little child asleep.

G. N. D.

Curtis at Cornell and in the Easy Chair.[1]

However numerous and pressing might be my regular or special preoccupations, nothing short of illness or absence would lead me to forego the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of the accomplished scholar and spotless gentleman for whom these societies are named.

Slight as is my contribution and imperfect its form, it is nevertheless inspired by a keen sense of obligation to one who was an embodiment of my highest ideal of good citizenship, and who was a hopeful and helpful associate in the early—and often gloomy—days of Cornell.

He was also a personal benefactor. Thirty years ago, in response to a suggestion from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Curtis enabled me to contribute to *Harper's Magazine*, and his kindly feeling toward a youthful scientist was afterwards manifested in various ways, and expressed in letters one of which I pass for the benefit of such as are not familiar with his handwriting.

As one of the brilliant band of early non-resident lecturers, Mr. Curtis delivered at the inauguration of the University an address which is printed on pp. 46–50 of the *Register* for 1869–70. I wish it could be reprinted entire. One of its most significant passages is as follows: "Therefore the highest function of any institution of learning is so to train the young men of this country that we shall have not only the government of public opinion, but of an enlightened public opinion. The republic can only be safe among intelligent men."

Mr. Curtis's first course upon Modern Literature was given in the spring of 1869. The subjects were as follows: Review of Modern Literature; The Novel; Dickens; Thack-

[1] An address delivered before the Curtis Clubs on February 24, 1897.

eray; Women in Literature; George Eliot; Carlyle; Robert Browning; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Tennyson; American Literature; and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

For a time there were together in Ithaca Goldwin Smith, James Russell Lowell, and George William Curtis!! The following letter to Lowell refers to the period of their lectures here. It is reproduced as printed in Cary's "Life," but there must be a typographic error in the date.[1]

NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,
10th June, 1869.

My Dear Jamie:

Your note and book and that masterly account-current with its balance, came safely yesterday; and I have the photos of Ithaca which I knew you would leave behind, and which I will send to you by E. or by somebody going your way.

After you left came also Mr. Spencer with a dozen of those grim cards for you to autograph, and with a view in the Enfield ravine for you. I have been homesick for you ever since we parted, for you were Ithaca to me; and I am amused by hearing people say: "O, my! I had no idea it was such a pleasant place." Already I look back upon it with the feeling that I have for the dearest old Italian days. I was an unhappy wanderer after you left, that Friday morning; and when the cook came to the surface to say "God bless you," and the little Mary stood half crying, and the Reverend Phoenix presented arms as it were, at the door, and they all said, "How good you and Mr. Lowell are," I was so glad to have my name mingled affectionately with yours, that I waved my lily hand to them like a conqueror. Good-bye, my dearest Jamie, and with the sincerest regards to your wife, I am

Affectionately yours, G. W. C.

[1] According to my diary, on the 9th of June, 1869, Curtis and Lowell attended the closing lecture of my course in zoology, and Lowell's last lecture was given on Thursday, the 10th. The letter speaks of his leaving on Friday [the 11th]. Hence the real date of the letter must have been later, perhaps the 15th or the 20th.

The form of address is notable as evidence of the brotherly relation of the two scholars. While here they often called one another James and George. They were entertained during their stay by one of our chemical professors, James M. Crafts, later at the Institute of Technology, and now mentioned as its next president. He occupied the house on the southwest corner of Buffalo and Spring streets. The "Reverend Phoenix" was Mr. Crafts's coachman. He had been a sergeant of Company G, Fifty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers (of which I was one of the surgeons) and was also a preacher.

In the spring of 1870, the bridge across Cascadilla just below Beebe's Dam was named for Lowell; the path on the south side of the creek was called Goldwin Smith Walk; that on the north, Curtis Walk; and Agassiz Walk was applied to the continuation of the last westward from Central Avenue to the foot of the Gorge.

From entries in my diary for May 22d and June 5th, 1869, it appears that Mr. Curtis then first learned how small were the salaries of some of the Faculty; that he took an oppor- of expressing to the Founder and the President his conviction as to the great importance of adequate professorial compensation; and that they assured him of their intention to adjust the matter at the earliest possible moment.

The *Era* for Nov. 25th, 1870, prints the following passage from a letter of Curtis presumably addressed to President White: "Nothing has ever made my feet falter towards the University. I am delighted to hear of its success in every way."

Mr. Curtis's second course of lectures was given between the 7th and the 25th of May, 1871, toward the close of the third year of the University. Their undiminished charm and popularity are evidenced by the following editorial comment in the *Era* of May 26th: "The lectures by Professor Curtis are alone worth a year's stay here. How many of us could, in a year devoted to hard study, gain that insight into the character, that correct estimation of the powers of

different authors and the relative worth of their books, which Professor Curtis gives to us in a few lectures? He directs us the way we should go in our search for knowledge of literature, and acts our mentor in telling us what books to read and what to shun. How many tedious hours would we spend in going through the dry worthless chaff of literature before we should find the valuable kernel, if it were not for the instruction of men for whose opinion and advice we have the profoundest respect!"

Did Mr. Curtis ever dwell in Cascadilla? The question has an almost solemn significance in view of the remark of one of the few outsiders[1] that a "professor who had not lived in there at all was, in later times, hardly considered by his colleagues as having fully earned his right to be a professor in the University." As we have seen above, during his first visit he was entertained by Professor Crafts. But the date of the following letter (as printed in the *Era* for May 26th, 1871, p. 238) shows that during at least a portion of his second visit he lodged in the grim dormitory:

CASCADILLA,
Wednesday, May 24, 1871.

Editors of the Cornell Era:

As I am just leaving Ithaca and shall have no other opportunity, will you allow me in this way to thank the students who played a farewell serenade at my door last night? It was a pleasant ending to my pleasant visit, and the good wishes which I heard in the music I most cordially reciprocate. Truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Curtis was not merely a man of letters. Through his connection with *Harper's Weekly* he was a journalist. But what a gulf between the journalistic heights sought and attained by him, and the foul pools to which the public are daily lured by at least three papers printed in the metropolis

[1] Professor Caldwell in the MAGAZINE, December, 1896, p. 97.

of this state! We may well believe that no consideration would have induced George William Curtis to contribute to such as they, or even willingly to let his name appear therein. Yet while voicing his contempt for their conductors, he acknowledged their capacity for evil in the following sentence: "There is a legitimate and an illegitimate power of the press. A lion and a skunk both inspire terror."

The only biography of Curtis known to me is this charming little volume by Edward Cary, one of the series entitled "American Men of Letters." Well does Curtis merit inclusion within the circle formed by Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Holmes. But still more fitting would his name appear among "Americans of Lofty Character."

Curtis was preëminently the preacher and the practitioner, the preceptor and the exemplar, of manly virtue and of robust self-control.[1]

About a dozen of his "Easy Chair" essays in *Harper's Magazine* so nearly cover the vital questions of hygiene, courtesy, and morality that they might well be gathered into a volume entitled *Ars recte vivendi.* Their subjects are as follows: Extravagance at college, LXX, 795; brain and brawn, LXXV, 637; hazing, LXXVI, 636; the soul of the gentleman, LXVIII, 151; Lothario condemned, LXVIII, 151; women's dress, LXVI, 153; theater manners, LXVI, 193; secret societies, XLVIII, 293;[2] newspaper ethics, LXI, 306; LXII, 144; LXV, 634, 797; LXXVII, 634; LXXXII, 801; tobacco and health, XXII, 420; tobacco and manners, LIX, 624; LXVII, 632; duelling, LXVII, 631.

Such a volume might well be commended to every college man. Indeed, if a knowledge thereof were made an entrance requirement, there might in time come an end to the incongruous spectacle of youths who can glibly discuss the

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[1] His moral courage was finely displayed in the incidents recorded upon pages 135 and 286 of Cary's "Life."

[2] This article, by one who was himself a member of a Greek-letter secret society, is respectfully commended to the attention of the state legislature in connection with the grotesque proposition to exempt college fraternity houses from taxation.

ethical theories of the Hindoos, yet whose conduct, upon slight provocation or with merely opportunity, betrays not a glimmer of comprehension of the practical ethics of daily life.

After reading those essays no one could imagine George William Curtis, as an undergraduate, committing, aiding, or abetting any of that strange category of departures from good form, order, courtesy, and justice, some of which would not be tolerated for a moment in the employees of a shoe-factory or a machine-shop, yet which are practically condoned among a by no means small or inconspicuous set of college students; that is, among persons whose peculiar privileges make it incumbent upon them to set the world the highest possible example. Committing petty larceny in the form of "ragging-signs;"[1] attacking or maltreating a fellow-student because he happened to enter the University one year earlier or later than himself; removing or falsifying notices of meetings of another class; allying himself with that esoteric organization whose convocations were perhaps referred to in the verse, "There was a sound of devilry by night," but which nevertheless embraces mathematical enthusiasts who can solve their algebraic equations only at an hour when less ambitious scholars are asleep; imitating a street-hoodlum in his deportment, or an orang-outang in the fashion of his hair; coupling the name of a sister institution of learning with that of the dominion of Satan merely because of an athletic disagreement or defeat; yelling and blowing tin-horns at untimely hours; committing a fraud at an examination because an effort to guard against dishonesty was made, as at banks and by all custodians of mere material property;[2] listening to conversation that he would not have his mother hear; attending a theatrical performance to which he would not invite his sister; smoking upon the campus after a request to abstain had been made by the Presi-

[1] For a discussion of this practice see the Report of the President of Harvard College for 1895–6, p. 102.

[2] See also the Report above named.

dent of the University; destroying property not his own, either deliberately or during the self-produced aberration of class contest or athletic celebration; evading his personal responsibility for such acts, whether legal or financial, and permitting other and innocent members of the class or of the institution at large to share the blame or the expense.

The following extracts from Mr. Cary's "Life" give an excellent idea of Mr. Curtis's personal appearance and religious convictions:

"His charm was felt the moment he rose; his form was manly, powerfully built, and exquisitely graceful; his head was of noble cast and bearing; his features were well marked, and in his later years almost rugged; finely cut, but of the type that is not blurred or effaced within the range of an audience. His forehead was square, broad, and of vigorous lines; his eyes of blue-gray, large, deep set under strong and slightly shaggy brows, lighted the shadow as with a flame, now gentle and glancing, now profound and burning. His voice was a most fortunate organ, deep, musical, yielding without effort the happy inflections suited to the thought, clear and bright in the lighter passages, alternately tender and flute-like, ringing like a bugle or vibrating in solemn organ tones that hushed the intense emotion it had aroused. His gestures were very few and simple."

"His creed remained that expressed in the simple statement written to his brother in early manhood, and quoted in the first chapter: 'I believe in God, who is love, that all men are brothers, and that the only essential duty of every man is to be honest, by which I understand his absolute following of his conscience when duly enlightened. I do not believe that God is anxious that men should believe this or that theory of the Godhead, or of the divine government, but that they should live purely, justly, and lovingly.'"

To all men, especially to all young men, do I commend the imitation of George William Curtis.

BURT G. WILDER.

Song to a Little School Girl.

I.

When the morning bells are ringing,
When the springtime birds are singing,
  Goes my little love to school
  Walking slowly. 'Tis a rule,
That the warming breath of May
Keeps you drowsy all the day,
      Fanning all the things you dream of
  Into everything you do,
Till the teacher thinks your crazy,
Or extremely, awful lazy—
  But she's crazy, sometimes, too.

II.

When the Autumn leaves are falling,
When the brooks are feebly calling,
  Goes my little love to school
  Tripping gaily. 'Tis a rule,
That when Autumn winds are blowing,
And Jack Frost is daily throwing
      All the lovely tints you think of
  Into leaf and maiden's cheek,
You must move a little quicker—
Better so, than wear clothes thicker,
  When you're playing hide and seek.

III.

When the Winter winds are howling,
And the clouds are dark and scowling,
  Goes my little love to school
  Running swiftly. 'Tis a rule,
That when all the skies are snowing
Blinding flakes, each moment growing,
      You're not in the mood to think of
  Sitting on each icy dome,
But you much prefer to scamper,
Tho', indeed, your leggings hamper,
  Down to school, and then—ride home.

N. H.

The Oak.

[CONCLUDED.]

The happy look faded from her face. The grey eyes gleamed, but with no friendly light, and the thin, red lips lost their half smile.

"What do you mean?" she asked coldly.

"I mean what I say. I will not take you back, until you promise to marry me. I love you; more than that, I am determined to marry you. Ada, listen to me; you are superior to your surroundings, and are fitted for a better position in life. I can give it to you. I am already a fairly successful business man. I shall be wealthy. I can give you all you wish. You like the country, you admire the beauties of nature. You shall see the beautiful places of the world, instead of living year after year in one country place, which is certainly small and dull, however beautiful it may be. And you shall have what the city, but not the country, can give. In return, you marry me. Is it such a hard condition? I am not a bad sort, and I could make you happy. Confess, Ada! you have not found my companionship unpleasant. In different circumstances, in other surroundings, you would learn to like me well; I hope to love me. And your mother approves. She is not happy here. If you marry me, she can go back to her old surroundings. She loves me, and would gladly have me for a son. You should consider her, Ada."

"I regret that she is not satisfied here, but I have a right to dispose of my life as I will. I may not be able to do as I would, but I can at least refuse to do what I would not."

"Before you decide, look on the other side of the question. You refuse to give me your promise, I refuse to take you back. It is altogether improbable that any boats will pass here to-night; you will be able to get no assistance which will enable you to leave the place. We return to-morrow. You

know what the gossip of a small place is. To silence the inevitable gossip, you will then be willing to marry me, even though you refuse me your consent now. As for Ned Morton, of whom I suppose you are thinking, he has always been jealous of me, and will be too angry to listen to any explanations."

"And you would take me back with only the security of my promise?"

"Since I trust you, yes."

"Poor reasoning, Mr. Hendricks. I do not consider a promise given under compulsion, binding."

She began to walk away, but since he was convinced that there was no possibility of her escaping, he made no attempt to follow her. On the whole, he was glad that he had acted as he did. Since all ordinary methods of gaining her consent seemed unlikely to succeed, he had tried this as a forlorn hope—and a forlorn hope it had seemed to him. For if she persisted in refusing her consent, he knew very well that he would not fulfill his threat of keeping her there all night. His idea had been to extort her promise by frightening her. Her promise once given, he felt sure that he could make her keep it. If he could not frighten her, he must make peace with her as best he could, and take her back, nevertheless. An unpleasant alternative, but he must risk that. But now her reception of his threat, though fearless, had been so calm that he thought that, although he could not frighten her into giving her consent, he might be able to persuade her.

While he was thus thinking, she had been walking away, slowly, and as if deliberating; now she was at some little distance from him. Turning suddenly, she began to run diagonally toward the boat, and before he, impeded by the marshy soil, could prevent, she had stepped into the boat, and, pushing with one oar against the bank, had sent the boat into the middle of the stream.

Hendricks, frightened, continued to hurry toward the shore as if intending to make his way to the boat through the water. Ada raised her hand. He paused.

"One step nearer, and I will start for the lake without you, and I imagine I can reach it before you can prevent," she said.

"But you will be drowned!"

"Why so? I row better than you do."

This was a revelation to him. He had not supposed that she could row. A foolish idea, he now saw it to be, that a girl like Ada, fond of outdoor life, and living on the shore of a lake, should not have learned how to row, but so he had thought. Ada herself had never happened to mention her ability to row, and Mrs. Kent had not spoken of it. Mrs. Kent had not known just what his plan was. She knew that he intended to frighten Ada, on this trip, into promising to marry him, but she had carefully refrained from any further inquiries.

He saw his helplessness, and said, "I yield. You are master of the situation. What are you going to do?"

"If I were to leave you here, you would receive only your just due; but I will be merciful. I will row back to shore. You will sit in the stern and take the rudder—you cannot do much mischief there—and I will row home. Since you have told me that you do not know how to swim, I suppose you will not try to upset the boat; but if you do, I can swim as well as row. If you were to upset the boat, I should have no difficulty in righting the boat, and in making my way home, though I might not be able to rescue you."

Angry and humiliated, he took the rudder and she began to row quickly down the Inlet to the lake.

The colors of sunset filled the scene, and gave a strange, unearthly splendor to the low-lying marsh lands. Pulling down the Inlet to the lake, in the setting of the sun, one cannot see H——, nor, if the light mist rises, can one clearly see the distant land across the lake. Of land, all that is visible is the stretch of marsh, overgrown with shrubs, reeds, and grass, and this seems, after a flood, as if scarcely rescued from the waste of water. Only this, and the glory of the sunset, and the gray, misty, unharvested waters of the lake; this is all that can

be seen. It seems the land of a dream. The land of the Lotophagi? Perhaps; but more likely the land of the Cimmerians, and the twittering of the birds which settle in the clouds over the low-lying land the utterances of an oracle, which Theban Tiresias might interpret into sayings of marvelous beauty and truth.

Now the boat had reached the open waters of the lake, and twilight had set in. The moon gave but little light; and only here and there, clustered about the different landings down the lake, a few lights shone dimly. Of sound there was nothing but that of the boat moving through the waters. "Swish, swash;" the oars dipped into the lazy water. "Ripple, ripple, ripple," it sounded about the rudder, forming, as it were, the air, to which the dipping of the oars formed the accompaniment.

The peacefulness of the scene would seem to have a soothing effect. Surely, in the midst of such tranquillity, one could not maintain a feeling of anger against one's worst enemy. But Ada was not in a mood to be touched. She was thoroughly indignant; moreover she was rowing rapidly, and it was a long pull from the Inlet to Fairoaks. In addition, she was unromantically hungry.

Charles had regained his normal frame of mind, and thought it would be well to conciliate Ada, if possible, before they reached Fairoaks.

"Miss Ada."

No answer.

"I'm awfully sorry; I really am."

"So you should be."

"Aren't you going to forgive me."

"After you leave Fairoaks."

"Now, Miss Ada, that's cruel."

There was no answer, and Charles, with a sigh, subsided into silence, and did not venture another remark until they reached Fairoaks. Then Ada, picking up her bunch of cattails, ungraciously remarked, "You may put up the boat, Mr. Hendricks," which he meekly did.

When they reached the house, Mrs. Kent met them at the door. "How late you are! You must be very hungry, but come, I have supper ready for you."

But Ada, though ravenously hungry, was still too angry to sit at the same table with Charles, and to treat him with ordinary civility; so, handing her bunch of cat-tails to her mother, she answered, "Here are your cat-tails, mother. I don't wish any supper. I'm going to bed." And taking a lamp, she marched off to her room before her astonished mother could offer a word of remonstrance.

The next morning, Ada started for David McGregor's before her mother was up, leaving for her a note saying that she would spend the day there. She breakfasted with David, Margaret, and Alec,—a tall, awkward hobbledehoy, whose lively, irrepressible ways were a source of constant distress to his staid father, and of constant amusement to Ada, whom he regarded as his liege lady. Ned appeared shortly after breakfast, and, in the short interval before work began, Ada told him the whole story of the day before; she had hesitated at first, but had decided that perfect frankness was the best preventative of misunderstanding, which she dreaded above all else. Ned was thoroughly indignant, and though Ada entreated him not to quarrel with Charles, he could not altogether give up the idea of retaliation.

"One thing I'm sure of. I'll see to it that father doesn't sell him any grapes, and we'll see what we can do to prevent others from selling him any. You see, Ada," he went on, "I've discovered that this company that sent him here sent other agents to other places on the lake, and they're buying all the grapes they can. Now if we can make the owners of the wine cellars here along the lake and around H—— believe that these agents are buying so much that there will be a scarcity for them, they'll offer a little higher price, and people who have grapes to sell, will sell to them, rather than to these agents. I'll talk to father about it, and we'll see what we can do."

"He will be angry."

"Let him! If he can't get grapes to buy, he'll leave the place quicker, and then he won't bother us."

"It would be a relief to have him gone," assented Ada. "But, Ned, although he's very pleasant, I can't help thinking that if he were thwarted, he would be dangerous."

The team was ready to start, and David, Alec, and Ned went off, Margaret and Ada remaining to do the housework.

This done, they walked out to the barn to await the return of the hay wagon. They watched the unloading of the hay, then climbed a short ladder to the rigging, and settled themselves as comfortably as possible: for riding on a hay rigging, before the hay has begun to be put in, over more or less rough ground is not thoroughly enjoyable. Then Margaret and Ada riding, David driving, and Ned and Alec walking along by the wagon, pitchforks in hand, they returned to the field.

From recollections of one's own, one may imagine Ada's day in the field; the simple conversation; David rallying Ned and Alec, and remarking that at their age he could pitch twice as much hay at a time as they did; Margaret warmly defending her son; a few words now and then between Ned and Ada, apparently commonplace, yet having a meaning to both of them; Alec's high spirits finding expression in continual chatter and in occasionally throwing a forkful of hay over Ada; and the laughter as she extricated herself.

When Margaret and Ada had gone to the house to prepare dinner, David said to Ned, "The hay is nearly drawn. Suppose, this afternoon, you take Ada for a boat ride? Eh, Ned?"

"I'd like to, sir, if you are willing. You know I came to help you."

"And I had you come because the lassie wanted you," chuckled David. "Better go, Ned, and make the lassie happy. Look here, man, I've wanted a word with you. You've been jealous of the stranger since he came, and it's been hard for you, and hard for her. Ned, the lassie's as

true as steel. She's been having a hard time of it with her mother always trying to make her listen to the man, and you haven't made it easier for her. What's for you to do is to stop fashing yourself about the stranger, and help her through a hard time by being patient and thoughtful, and by trusting her."

"I know, Mr. McGregor. I'm afraid I have been unreasonably jealous, and I'll try to do better. But it *is* hard to have things going as they are now."

"I know, I know," said David, soothingly. "But be patient. He'll have to go sometime and then all will be right. Here comes Ada to tell us dinner is ready."

Time passed quietly after this. Ada, happy in Ned's supporting trust, learned to again treat Charles Hendricks civilly; but she avoided him as much as possible, and he found that he could not regain his lost ground. Mary Downing had gone away to teach, but had now returned to stay over Sunday with her family. She spent Saturday afternoon with Ada, took tea with her, and, an hour or two later, started to return home. Ada said she would accompany her as far as the great oak.

They walked by the field of buckwheat until they were near the oak. Mary, glancing over the field, remarked:

"How well the buckwheat looks! Mr. McGregor ought to make quite a bit off the field."

"You true farmer's daughter!" laughed Ada. "I was only thinking how ghostly it looks in the halt light." As they were nearing the oak, she added, seriously, "Do you know, Mary, I have a strange feeling that my life is bound up with that of the oak, that my life will pass into the oak, and that it and I shall be destroyed together."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary, "it is because you are nervous that you feel so. Your life is not bound up with that of the oak. It is impossible."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Ada, earnestly, and with the uusual good-night kiss, the girls parted.

A few minutes later, Ada was overtaken by Charles Hen-

dricks. He began, abruptly, by saying, "I have already asked you to marry me, but you, properly enough, refused to answer me. I have already told you that I deeply regret my conduct that day. Surely, if patient endurance of the consequences is any expiation, I have atoned for my fault. Once again, under very different circumstances, I ask you to marry me."

"I acknowledge the difference in circumstances in this: I will answer you, but my answer is no. Have you not known that I am engaged to Ned Morton?"

"I may have suspected it, but what if you are? Have not many made mistakes before this, and afterwards corrected them before it was too late? Surely you do not believe that an engagement cannot be broken?"

"If it is a mistake to either, no. It is hardly worth while to keep the letter of such a promise if one cannot keep the spirit of it. But my engagement is not a mistake."

"It is a mistake. It would be altogether better if you would marry me. You would be much happier with me. If you marry him, the day will surely come when you will repent it."

"So you think. But I have a right to dispose of myself as I will. Good evening, Ned," as he appeared.

"It is a pleasant evening. Will you not come for a walk, Ada?" he replied.

"If you like. Mr. Hendricks, I think you will find my mother at the house," replied Ada, and walked off with Ned.

It was now about the middle of October, and a temporary lull had come in the work at the vineyards. Ned, who had received an invitation from a friend living some miles away to come and have a few days' shooting, decided to take a vacation.

The day on which he was to start proved to be rainy, and Ada doubted if he would care to walk five miles in the rain rather than put off his departure a day or two. But Ned preferred to start.

"It's only five miles, the roads are good, I know the way

even in the dark, and Jim expects me to-night. As for the rain, what of it? I'm neither sugar nor salt, I'll not melt," he merrily said.

"But the rain may continue for a day or two."

"What of that? I'll not be needed at the vineyard for several days, and the old people up there rather like me, and I'll be glad to have a visit with them. Jim and I can amuse ourselves."

"Go if you will, then, Ned," said Ada with a sigh. "But I'll be glad when you come back. I can't help feeling that something is going to happen."

"You're a little fanciful, Ada. It's the wet weather, I suppose. But don't worry about me, I'll be all right." And, bidding her good bye in the orthodox way, he started.

He had walked well on toward the Glen, when he saw Charles Hendricks coming toward him. His first impulse was to avoid meeting him, if possible. But on second thought, resolving to pass him in silence, he walked on.

Charles was in an ugly temper. He had taken a long walk to a vineyard where he had expected to purchase a large quantity of grapes. But the owner refused to sell, saying that he had already made arrangements with the owners of the wine cellars to dispose of his grapes. Charles remonstrated, and the owner, an unsuspicious, garrulous old man, trying to make excuses, told more than he had intended to tell, more than it was desirable that he should tell. As a natural result, Charles was ill disposed toward the world in general, and toward Ned Morton in particular.

Now they were near each other, and, though Ned would have passed him in silence, Charles exclaimed, "So, Master Ned, you've been plotting against me behind my back, have you? A nice trick, on my word!" Ned tried to answer him civilly, but Charles, determined to pick a quarrel with him, added, "We'd better settle this right now," and, turning, walked on with him. In spite of himself, Ned was drawn into a quarrel.

As they were passing through the Glen, Charles struck

Ned, and hot words were replaced by heavy blows. Charles was a fairly strong, vigorous man; but he had not lived an outdoor life as Ned always had, nor had his muscles been hardened by constant hard work, as had Ned's. The struggle had not lasted long when Charles began to feel that Ned was getting the better of him. The thought was hateful to him. He knew that he had not much to fear from Ned. As soon as he could, Ned would throw him down and leave him.

But since his coming to Fairoaks, Ned had constantly been in his way, and in every contest had shown himself superior. Was he to be victorious in this too?

The thought drove him to madness. With a desperate effort he freed one arm, felt for a knife which he carried with him, and plunged it into the neck of his antagonist.

Instantly Ned's strength left him and he fell. Flinging the knife far from him, Charles stood for a moment beside him, breathless, trying to decide what next was to be done. What he had done could not be undone if he wished. He could not help Ned himself—he did not know how—and Ned would be dead before he could get help. Would he have saved him, at that moment, if he could? Who knows?

Dazed by the shock of his deed, Hendricks began to walk blindly along the road, which led back to Fairoaks. The day had been stormy, and night had set in early. The road was dark and lonely, with few houses, and those at some distance back from the road. On the other side of the road was an almost perpendicular descent of a few feet to the lake. Unfamiliar with the road, he stumbled blindly on, paralyzed by the horror of what he had done, yet desperately striving to collect his thoughts to form some plan of action. What wonder, then, that he made a misstep, and fell over into the lake, his head striking against a sharp stone?

The next morning, a farmer going to Fairoaks noticed how plainly certain footprints showed. Now he noticed that one set of footprints ended on the edge of the road. Involuntarily glancing over he saw something like a human form lying in the water. He stopped where a rough path led di-

agonally to the water, and passing along the narrow stretch of land that bordered the lake at this point, saw—what was to be seen. He recognized the figure, and with some difficulty dragged it out of the water, carried it up the path, and put it in his wagon.

Obviously, the fall had been accidental, but the farmer thought that he would like to know a little more about it. Though no Sherlock Holmes, he soon discovered certain facts. There were footprints of two different shapes, obviously made by two different men. Of these, one came from the direction of Fairoaks and led toward the Glen. Of the others, which were evidently those of the dead man, there were several sets, three, on careful examination. He had evidently been going towards Fairoaks, when he fell; but what of the other two sets of footprints? Looking ahead of him, toward Fairoaks, the farmer saw a place where both sets ended; hence, he must have come from the Glen in the beginning, turned around, gone back some distance, then turned back again, and fallen. Having found out this much the farmer drove on toward Fairoaks, stopping at Mrs. Kent's to leave the body of the dead man.

Naturally the accident was a severe shock to the hamlet; but Mrs. Kent, and perhaps Mary Downing, were the only ones who really mourned the death of Charles Hendricks. He had told Mrs. Kent that his only relatives were distant cousins, and their address Mrs. Kent did not know. It seemed best that he should be buried at Fairoaks, but where? He had told Ned and Ned had repeated it, that he was a Roman Catholic, and, as in many small places, there was a prejudice against Roman Catholics. There were none in the place, and consequently there was no Roman Catholic cemetery. The authorities, moved partly by prejudice and partly by personal dislike, refused to let him be buried in the Protestant cemetery. What was to be done?

Ada at last made a suggestion which was ultimately carried into effect. Although she experienced a feeling of unconscious relief at his death, it softened her opinion of him

much. She hoped that when Ned returned from his visit, he would say nothing unkind of him. She was willing to forget all, save that Charles had loved her. She proposed that he should be buried under the great oak, near which he had first seen her. This was done, and a strange contrast it was between the living, flourishing tree and the grave, the last home of Charles Hendricks..

The Glen was not visited every dav, and thus it chanced that it was not till a day or two after the burial of Charles Hendricks, that the body of Ned Morton was found and brought home. Ada was overcome by grief ; but her sorrow was silent and fierce, not demonstrative. Her mind was filled with a desire for vengeance on the murderer : for that Ned had been murdered, was evident enough.

Her first remark when told of Ned's murder, "There were two who went to the Glen, and but one who came back, and that one was Charles Hendricks," showed whom she suspected. Her suspicions were shared by all except her mother, but there was no proof. Charles Hendricks was Ned's only enemy. Ned had gone to the Glen ; Charles had been on the road about that time, as they were able to discover from the owner of the vineyard which Charles had visited that day ; Charles might have met Ned, and he might not ; he had walked some distance toward Fairoaks, then had gone back, and had again retraced his steps. But how far back toward the Glen had he gone? The farmer who had found him next morning had not thought to investigate, and when there were special reasons why it should be known, the footprints had been obliterated. He might not have met Ned at all, but might, for some reason of his own, have gone back part way, and then started for Fairoaks again. There was no other proof, no other clew ; and since he to whom suspicion was attached was dead, the matter was allowed gradually to drop. Even Ada, crushed by grief and consequently more easily influenced by her mother, who firmly believed in the innocence of Charles Hendricks, began to think that perhaps she had suspected him too quickly, and had done him an injustice.

On the night of All Hallow E'en, the rustic youth of Fairoaks were gathered at the only store in the place, eating crackers and cheese, and talking about ghosts. Alec boldly declared that he didn't believe in ghosts at all.

"That's all very well, Alec," rejoined one of his companions, "but I'll bet you wouldn't dare go to the Glen to-night."

"And why not?"

"Nothing," drawled the other. "But Jim Peters, whom Ned was going to visit, you know, was here last night, and he'd gone through the Glen after dark, and he said he saw Ned just as plain's could be. I bet you don't dare go there to-night. Jim Peters was mighty scared, I tell you."

"I ain't afraid, but it's a long walk."

"Ye-es," jeered the other. "A long walk, and a ghost at the end of it."

Master Alec was not at all anxious to visit the Glen, but, finding that there was no alternative except to declare himself afraid, he started, stoutly declaring that he didn't "care a continental darn for all the spooks that ever lived."

An hour or two later, a rap was heard at the door of the Kents', and Alec entered, pale and frightened, trembling visibly, and with chattering teeth, though the night was not cold.

"What is the matter, Alec?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Ned—at the Glen—I saw him!" was all he could say at first.

"Ned!" exclaimed Ada. Rising, she walked over to Alec, and, grasping his arm tightly, she said sternly, "Tell me exactly what has happened."

Alec gained enough control of himself to answer, "The boys dared me to go to the Glen. They said Jim Peters had seen Ned's ghost. I didn't want to go but they made me. When I got there, I looked all around, didn't see anything, and was just going to go back and laugh at them when I saw Ned. Yes, I did! I'm just as sure as I can be! And he motioned to me with his hand to come to him, as if he

wanted to say something, but I was afraid, and ran away, and came here to tell you."

"Ned," murmured Ada. "And he wished to say something." Then aloud to Alec, "You were afraid, but I will go and hear what he wishes to say."

And before either of them could prevent her going, she was out of the house, and on her way.

It was three hours before she returned, and Mrs. Kent and Alec were becoming very anxious. But at last she entered and sank into a chair, exhausted.

"Did you see him?" asked Alec, eagerly.

"To-morrow night," answerd Ada, absently.

He asked her other questions, but could get no answer except, "To-morrow night."

She sat in silence for some time, then suddenly seizing a lamp, declared she was going to her room. When she had gone, Mrs. Kent asked Alec to spend the next day with them, which he promised to do.

Ada came down the next morning at the usual time. She ate nothing, but performed her usual duties in a perfunctory way. These finished, she did nothing more. For long periods of time she sat in a dull stupor. Again, she walked about in feverish agitation. She did not speak, except to answer a question. Toward evening, her excitement increased.

It was one of those breathless, motionless days that generally indicate the coming of a storm. In the evening the storm broke. The rain came down in torrents, and, far away, one heard the rumbling of thunder. The storm came nearer and nearer, and Ada became more and more excited. When it was almost upon them, she suddenly exclaimed "Come and see!" and hurried out into the storm. Mrs. Kent and Alec followed quickly. She paused before the great oak.

The next moment there came a blinding flash of lightning and a deafening crash, and they saw that the tree was struck. The lightning ran down one side, and, glancing

off, struck the grave in which Charles Hendricks was buried. Ada had watched it all with the most intense excitement, and now triumphantly exclaimed, "As he said! As he said! Justice at last! The lightning has struck the grave of the murderer!" and fell, unconscious.

They carried her back to the house. Brain fever followed, and for some time her life was in danger. But she lived. Perhaps it had been better if she had died; for, as some instinct had told her that it would be, the reality of her life was destroyed when the lightning struck the oak. Her happiness was over, and her usefulness as well; for from this time on, she was subject to intermittent attacks of insanity. But she lived a shadow of a life for many years, the object of the pity and sympathy of the neighbors, who still remember her, and still tell the story of the oak.

HELEN E. WILSON, '99.

Cornell and the Aquatic Situation.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1897.

To the Editor of THE CORNELL MAGAZINE:

You request my views on recent intercollegiate aquatic developments and the attitude taken by Cornell.

It gives me pleasure to say—and I believe I voice the sentiment of Cornell alumni generally and, particularly, those interested in boating—that Cornell's policy this year has been, throughout, honorable and sportsmanlike, and has commanded the admiration and respect of all true friends of boating in this country.

The action of Cornell's representative, Professor Wheeler, at the recent conference in New York between delegates from Cornell, Harvard, and Yale, meets with widespread approval; it was quite in line with the policy Cornell has always followed to gladly row crews of other universities. The friends of Cornell were greatly pleased with the prompt acquiescence—without any reservation—by Professor Wheeler to the suggestion made by Harvard that Yale should be permitted to enter the race. The efforts, though unsuccessful, subsequently made by the same gentleman to allow both Columbia and Pennsylvania to row in the same race with Harvard and Yale had in it the spirit of true sportsmanship and cannot be too highly commended.

Cornell has always been desirous of meeting Yale on the water ever since 1875 when, as an infant in aquatics, she succeeded in leading twelve other college crews—(including Yale)—over a three mile course on Saratoga Lake. Frequent—and it may be said annual—efforts for more than twenty years to arrange a 'varsity crew contest between Cornell and Yale have been unavailing for reasons best known to Yale. Thanks to the friendly offices of Harvard, it seems highly probable that the oarsmen of Ithaca and New Haven will cross blades next June.

The oarsmen of Cornell have a big contract on their hands this year. In order to accommodate Harvard and to secure the long desired race with Yale, Cornell has done what Harvard declined to do and what Yale would not have done. We have agreed to row two 'varsity and two freshman races within a week, notwithstanding such doubling up will prove more or less of a handicap to the crews. Training for two races to be rowed a week apart is far more difficult than training for a single event, and this year the men will be compelled to get in shape for the race with Yale and Harvard and then keep "on edge" for the contest with Pennsylvania and Columbia a week later.

And yet where is there a Cornell man who does not rejoice over the prospect of our crews trying conclusions with all of the best college eights in the country? Can he be found among the undergraduates at Ithaca? I do not believe he can be discovered outside of the Forest City. Cornell has always been glad to meet all comers; I am confident this year is no exception to the rule.

In the races at Poughkeepsie next summer an excellent opportunity will be afforded to study "strokes." We shall have a practical test made between the Courtney-American stroke, the Cook American-English "cross" stroke, and the genuine English stroke taught by the best coach England has to-day.

If Cornell is beaten we outsiders are confident defeat will be accepted by our crews just as they have invariably accepted victory—in the one case without grumbling and excuse or in the other without unseemly exultation. I have never lost faith in the two most important factors connected with boating at Cornell: first, Charles E. Courtney as coach, and, secondly, the crews themselves.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, '77.

The Cornell Magazine

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THE MAGAZINE is especially fortunate this month in being able to present its readers with reports of speeches by such distinguished men as ex-President White, Dr. Wilder, and Dean Finch. Those who heard these utterances already know, and others need but a glance to discover, that they are of more than passing interest. Especially valuable is the speech on Curtis, throwing as it does a flood of light upon the connection of Curtis with the early Cornell, and revealing something of the deep interest he took in the fortunes of the institution and the support he gave to the principles upon which Cornell was founded.

* * *

A GOOD deal has been written about the excellence of Washington's Farewell Address and about the present need of bearing in mind its lofty principles. This is probably

for the most part true, for the Address is one of the few productions of the world concerning which this kind of exaggeration is hardly possible. The students of the University are grateful to President Schurman for his personal and altogether timely gift of a copy of the Address in the neat form in which it has been issued for this purpose. One of the highest aims of Cornell is to produce good citizens; and the man who is not inspired by reading this Address to the highest ideals of citizenship should conclude that something is wrong with himself.

* * *

THE gratitude of every member of the University is due the New York alumni who made such a generous contribution to the Navy Fund at their recent dinner, "the greatest Cornell dinner ever held." They have shown the same largeheartedness and loyalty which were preëminently characteristic of the undergraduates of Cornell's early years. It is gratifying to realize that our alumni, who are probably as a rule not wealthy, continue to take an interest in the institution which in an emergency expresses itself thus substantially. Not only other alumni associations, but the present undergraduates as well, should not let the stirring example of the New York alumni pass unheeded. It is a critical year in the history of Cornell aquatics, and we have enough ahead of us without the added burden of financial embarrassment. If every member of the student body will give as much as he or she is able to contribute, we shall be able not only to give the crews proper financial support but also to lend them that encouragement which goes a good way toward insuring success at Poughkeepsie.

* * *

WE regret that ex-President White was prevented by illness from revising his address before the Curtis Clubs, in consequence of which we are unable to publish it this month as we had intended. It will appear next month.

The Month.

On Washington's Birthday, Associate Justice Henry B. Brown delivered an oration on Chief Justice John Marshall, in the Armory. On the same occasion ex-President Andrew D. White presented a number of portraits of distinguished jurists to the College of Law. The speech of Dr. White and the address of Dean Finch on accepting the portraits for the College of Law, are printed elsewhere.

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It has been decided to row five races this year: with Harvard and Yale, 'varsity, June 25, freshman, June 23; with Pennsylvania and Columbia, 'varsity, July 2, freshman, June 30; with the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, May 15.

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The second Military Hop was held at the Armory on Wednesday evening, February 24.

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The birthday of George William Curtis, February 24, was fittingly celebrated by the Curtis Clubs.

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On February 27 the Cornell University Club of New York held a dinner at the Hotel Waldorf, at which nearly $2,400 was contributed toward the Crew Fund, and much enthusiasm was shown.

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The Musical Clubs gave successful concerts in Scranton on March 1, and in Owego on March 2.

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The Pennsylvania-Cornell debate on March 6 was won again this year by Cornell, which was represented by H. N. Crosby, C. L. '97, J. R. Lewis, C. L. '97, D. H. Wells, C. L. '97, and W. M. Zink, '99.

Publications Received.

BOUGHTON, WILLIS. History of Ancient Peoples. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xxxiv, 541. Cloth, $2.00.

WOODBURN, JAMES ALBERT. American Orations. Studies in American Political History. A re-edition of the work of Alexander Johnston. Vols. III and IV. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp., III : x, 416 ; IV : ix, 481. Cloth, $1.25 per vol.

FRAZER, R. W. British India. In "The Story of the Nations" Series. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xviii, 399. Cloth, $1.50.

The Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine.

In this rather bulky volume Dr. L. M. Keasbey, associate professor of political science in Bryn Mawr College, has undertaken to set forth a political history of the various projects of interoceanic communication, with special reference to the Nicaragua Canal project and the attitude of the government of the United States toward it. He reviews carefully the events since the discovery and colonization of America, noting their effects upon affairs in Central America ; the rise of the Monroe Doctrine and its operation in connection with the Panama Canal project ; and the features of the present situation, political, technical, diplomatic. Some will probably refuse to concur in the conclusions which the writer draws, that arbitration is applicable to the Anglo-American controversy only "under serious limitations and with important reservations," and that the Monroe Doctrine demands our exclusive control of the transit route. But whatever may be the value of his conclusions, the author has performed an important service in giving us a narrative, though perhaps of necessity somewhat uneven, of the history of the project. Having himself collected the necessary material from various archives, government documents, monographs, and pamphlets, the author has taken pains to group bibliographical references as a guide in the search for more detailed information.

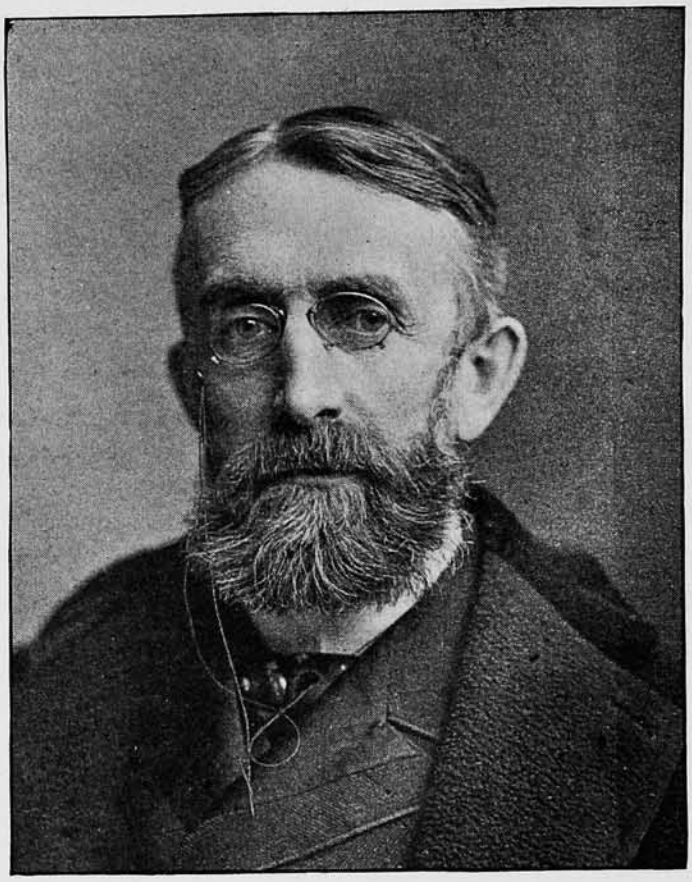
The Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology.

This work was prepared by Miss Alice E. Sawtelle as a doctoral thesis in the English department of Yale University, under the supervision of Professor Albert S. Cook. It bears throughout the marks of pains-taking research and excellent scholarship. It is the first known attempt to furnish a *full* treatment of Spenser's mythology ; to group the passages in his various poems, and to compare the poet with himself. The extensive use which Spenser made of the myths of Greece and Rome lent an added richness to his writings, and these cannot be fully appreciated and enjoyed without a careful study of the sources of his inspiration. Miss Sawtelle's book furnishes the key which unlocks these mythical illusions, and makes their meaning clear. It is, in fact, a guide in the study not only of Spenser but of other Elizabethan and later poets, who have freely used the ancient myths, and built upon them some of their most delightful numbers. Read in the light of the ancient classics these poems take on new meaning and beauty. In this respect Miss Sawtelle's carefully prepared volume possesses unique value. Its accuracy may be in general relied upon.

Some Other Books.

"Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway," by Anna S. P. Duryea, with illustrations and borders by Mabel Wilder Baldwin is the tale of a child—a sort of prose poem, written in the style of a mediaeval romance—interesting and well done. Some of the borders and illustrations are decidedly disappointing. A good book for the Lenten Season.

Mr. Thomas C. Devlin has written a valuable essay on "Municipal Reform in the United States," which the Putnams have issued in their "Questions of the Day" series. The writer has made a careful study of municipal statistics and of the more important literature of the subject. His essay is an attempt to present the subject in a systematic and connected manner and is readable and helpful.



ANDREW DICKSON WHITE.

The Cornell Magazine

April, 1897.

In the Peloponnesos.

Tourists to Athens have been divided into Areopagites and Acropolisites, those who go to climb Mars Hill and stand where Paul stood, and those who who ascend the steps of the stately Propylæa treading the same marble over which walked Pericles or Demosthenes. To these two classes might now be added a third, "Princess-Alineites." These sit on a fallen column à la Princess Aline, they stand on the Acropolis wall à la Miss Morris, they search the King's Garden for the fatal seat where Carleton found that Miss Morris was not engaged after all. The Areopagites after having mused on Mars Hill are likely to take a hasty look at the Acropolis and hurry on to Palestine; the Acropolisites lament their inability and lack of time to see more of beautiful Greece; and the Princess-Alineites go on the Fürst Bismarck to Constantinople.

We were perhaps relegated to a decidedly more uncomplimentary class not confined to tourists to Athens when we announced our intention of penetrating the wilds of the Peloponnesos, and that too without a dragoman. The outfit was a simple one, stout boots, old gown, rug, a few of the most necessary personal effects tied, not quite in a kerchief, but in a shawl-strap. The train leaves Athens at the inconveniently early hour of seven; nevertheless at that time on the morning of March 22nd we were off. As the road curves out from the city, glimpses of the Acropolis alter-

nate with views of snowy Parnes. After crossing the divide we come upon the beautiful Bay of Eleusis hemmed in by Salamis ; farther lies the sacred town itself and still farther the twin peaks of Megara. All the way to Corinth the road skirts the coast along cliffs that overhang the water, but at Corinth we leave the sea. Going southward we pass many historic places : Tenea, with which we associate our smiling old Apollo ; at Nemea we are reminded of that fierce-toothed helmet, coquettish tie of lion's feet, and dangling skin, the extent of Heraclean wardrobe ; Mykenai, Argos, and the Argive plain make us dream dreams and see visions of Homeric heroes until we are wakened by hisses from the dread hydra at Lerna. The road now ascends to a depression, at least Baedeker says so, up over Mt. Parthenion along the same route that Pheidippides ran to summon the delinquent Spartans to Marathon.

At Tripolitza the railway ends and there we were taken in charge by our trusted Angelis. He was more than an ordinary agogiat or driver, in short he was our "guide, philosopher, and friend." Picture him—a full-sleeved, loose white skirt, blue sleeveless jacket, long white gaiters, red shoes with pointed turned-up toes and big red pompon, a phustanella, as they call the short white skirt, which justified the report that there are forty yards plaited into its voluminous folds, around the waist a mysterious leather belt with various protuberances, folds, and pockets out of which anything from a carving knife to a penny could be produced. Above this all a keen Greek face and clear eyes—picture this and you have Angelis, and yet no, for when his skirts go swinging along it is to a tread worthy of royalty. Of his son, who also attended us, I will say nothing, for with the exception of shoes he had donned uninteresting European costume and looked nearly as bad as we did.

It was a holiday and Tripolitza swarmed with gleaming white phustanellas. Our hotel was not all that might have been desired in the way of appointments, except the landlord, who was a glorious creature in his endless petticoats

and red gaiters. There were all of three sleeping rooms in the house and one larger one with a piazza, but no dining-room. The next morning we were up at half-past four and after a tiny cup of Turkish coffee came down to find our horses waiting in the street below. In the dim light we mounted with hearty good-wishes from our host and a small group of villagers who even at that early hour had gathered to see us off. The air was crisp and cold; in places a thin film of ice even could be seen by the roadside. For several miles this upland plain extended hemmed in by mountains, and from there the route was along the spurs of Parnon by a good carriage road.

For breakfast we stopped at a small house and sat on a bench outside, watched by a group of dirty children keeping warm in a sheltered corner and playing on a coarse rug laid down in the sunshine. Angelis pulled from one of his saddle bags a loaf of coarse bread and some roast mutton (or goat), both carved with dexterity if not grace into huge pieces which we proceeded to eat as if knives and forks had not yet been invented. As delicacy came oranges and for drink the peasant wine tasting all too strongly of its resined skins. At noon another halt was made by a vakali or inn so squalid that it seemed as if human beings could not live there. We were ushered into the main room—there were no windows, but by the light from the door it could be seen that the floor was only of stamped clay. As a change from the goat of breakfast and the kid we knew was coming for dinner, eggs seemed a pleasant prospect. Since there were no spoons in the establishment the others took them raw; but not being an adept sword swallower, I asked for mine to be cooked a very little, called for a glass—they always have that, one at least—and broke them into it. As a fairly self-respecting individual I prefer to tell the tale myself rather than to have had witnesses of the operation.

The Greek samán is in reality the easiest of all saddles to ride on, but after six or seven hours of it the first day one is apt not to think so. Its curved wooden seat is well supplied

with rugs and the comfort of the rider, who sits at right angles to the horse, is not lessened by its usefulness in other directions. From the various projections hang gaily colored bags containing tools or food for man and beast, while at one side is tied securely the traveller's modest baggage. Aching bones and muscles, however, were all forgotten when on emerging from a pass of Parnon, glorious old Taygetos lay in all his magnificence before us, jagged ridge, deep with snow, outlined against the densest of blue skies, bare slopes shimmering opalescent blurs, at the foot the picturesque town of Sparta in the beautiful valley of the Eurotas, brilliant with green fields or silvery with groves of olive. What looked so near, however, seemed all the time unchangingly distant, for before we had crossed the river the sun was already setting behind Taygetos, leaving it all aglow with pink, but lingering still longer in soft colors, on the opposite slopes.

While we were waiting for Angelis to conclude a bargain at the hotel, a stranger came up who presented himself as Georgios Lycurgus. This estimable gentleman by fair English and portly physique was evidently far removed both from his famous ancestor and from his ancestral black broth. A short talk revealed that he was back at his old home only on a visit from San Francisco, and so delighted was he to find fellow Americans that he engaged immediately to show the sights of the city. The next morning, perched on the old walls of a theatre, we talked face to face with the grand old mountain, which proved equally beautiful in the full blaze of the early sunlight, the contrast with the green fields about us even stronger than from the distance. Our friend, however, was waiting and we sauntered back to be shown the tiny museumand a fine Roman mosaic, over which oceans of water were poured to make us see it distinctly. From the surroundingg arden we were presented with branches of oranges and roses by him and his friend the schoolmaster, who no doubt had dismissed his school to do us honor. Perhaps the grateful pupils may even yet be lighting candles at some shrine to our sainted memories.

Not far from Sparta on the mountain lies the ruined mediaeval village of Mistra. In the modern town at the foot of the slope a masticha, the native liqueur, was taken with the genial demarch for good fellowship, and a chivalrous soldier provided as guide. Up the hill struggled the old village wherever a tiny shelf of rock offered a foothold, but its aforetime life and bustle has left only roofless houses and ivy-grown walls. Not utterly deserted is it, however, for as we entered a door into the court of an old Byzantine church the guide whispered, "Seven old women live here," and there they sat, wrinkled and wizened, spinning and crooning to each other like the furies or fates, but for a single friendly word calling down innumerable blessings on our heads. Scrambling down the steep, stony streets we found our horses and went for the night farther into the mountain. Our room was the best in the village, the floor the softest bed the town afforded; nevertheless we had sunset, moonlight, glorious sleep, and what matter if our toilet on the front veranda was the talk of the village gossips for weeks? And that day what a ride over the pass! Now hundreds of feet down to the bed of the stream, ourselves up among the snow clad peaks, now cliffs towering up and above, rocks bold and grey or festooned with ivy, again a few trees, beds of daintiest primroses, violets that filled the air with fragrance, countless fleur-de-lis, or velvety red anemones. The only signs of life were an occasional train of patient little donkeys, loaded till only head and four tiny moving spindles proved they were not moving bundles. Once a thin line of smoke across the gorge attracted attention to a charcoal-burner's hut high up on the almost perpendicular cliff with no visible approach, less like a mortal's dwelling than a witch's cauldron or a forge of Hephaistos.

At Kalamata there is a hotel. In most of Greece hotels are either uninteresting or horrible; this was both—the tale may be spared. But the next day saw us on the summit of Ithomé with a panorama fit for the eyes of the gods, saw us risk life and limb by tumbling down its slopes into Mavromati, drinking from the "black-eye" spring that gives the village its

name, or scrambling over the magnificent walls and towers of Epaminondas, the remains of powerful Messene. That night we were housed in the big lonely monastery on the other side of the mountain, with members of the sacred order as our hosts, cooks, servants, providing for dinner a bountiful concoction of mutton and rice under the name of pilafi. There followed a helpful evening study of a marvellous picture representing the eleven stages of man's life. Finally came a choice between wooden benches, let us call them sofas, and the floor for beds. Before we were hardly asleep a knock told us that Angelis at least thought it morning. This time the morning lave was weird enough. The wide balcony on which we stood extended on around the second story of the buildings enclosing a large square court, the first story for the cattle and horses, the second for monks and guests. The early stillness was broken only by the monotonous chanting from the chapel in the center of the court as its little bell called sharply any dilatory monks to their morning prayers.

In Megalopolis, our next stopping place, we were in a really elegant place. There were glass windows and three rooms including the kitchen, not to mention the stables underneath. The family was fairly large but they found the kitchen quite sufficient for all their needs and gave the two other rooms to us. It had been a dusty ride and to efface its results there was brought out, filled with water, a large vegetable dish with gray figures. It was pretty and served very well as far as it went. As a change in our menu, Angelis prepared a delicious omelette for dinner and when we praised it his face lighted and he modestly owned that he himself had made it. The enjoyment of that omelette in memory is not one whit lessened that the earliest riser the next morning discovered faint yellow traces on the sides of our improvised toilet set.

The Greeks are very kind and hospitable and what some call idle curiosity is in truth only a keen friendly interest. At Ambeliona, another small town, we were taken into the best house of the village, and no New England housewife could have hurried more to right up the best room. White

lace-trimmed covers were put on ends and back of the long wooden sofa, rugs spread on another, a big cloth taken from a wall revealed a choice collection of photographs, among them a Dörpfeld group which was pointed out with especial pride. We were politely asked what we would like for dinner and dined sumptuously from kid, bread, and resinato. The family and friends from the village watched with interest all our movements through the windows. One still more inquisitive guest entered but leaped restlessly from sofa to box, from trunk to trunk along the whole row that lined the room. When his goatship had satisfactorily completed the circuit and reached the trunk nearest the door, he made a graceful exit. Just as we were stretching ourselves on the floor for the night, Angelis came in with a message from our hostess. Our Greek was not without limit and it was some time before we could understand that she wanted the jacket from my gown for a pattern. Since this was of a far away back style, the Greek seemed still at fault ; so a newer and far more stylish garment in the way of a jaunty New York coat belonging to another of the party was sent. The next morning when it was returned she came, smoothed my sleeve, and turned me around with an emphatic "That is much prettier." So taking it off, I drank my coffee down to its Turkish dregs while my poor old jacket was setting the styles for the next season in Arcadia.

This is not an account of the archaeological side of the trip, so I will omit all mention of an impressive visit to the secluded Apollo temple at Bassae, except to say that as we were leaving the rain fell in torrents, so that our last glimpses of the temple were with its lines softened, veiled as it was in sheets of mist. We lodged that night in the wretched little town of Tsacha, in a big house to be sure, one of four rooms with diaphanous partitions of bamboo. Our dinner was served on a table perhaps six inches in height, around which we sat Japanese fashion while the populace looked on wonderingly and perhaps greedily. Again omelette was served, but no such experience as the former one was possible, for this time the method of ablution had been of necessity

the still simpler one of pouring water from an earthen jug over each other's hands. A cup of milk was brought as a special delicacy, and after gingerly sips was pronounced excellent. Again our Greek was taxed to its utmost to discover whether this nectar was from goat or cow. It was settled to the satisfaction of one that it was the former, to another the latter; but meanwhile Angelis's petticoats went whisking out and returned shortly with an astonished little white kid set in triumph on the floor with clearer results than mere verbal explanation. After the table disappeared we took our places on long bolster-like cushions of straw about the fire. It was a weird little group the firelight shone on. A young mother with a tiny babe in her arms was busied in twisting crude wicks and putting them in little tin dishes of oil to serve as lamps. The villagers, men and children, kept coming and going, full of curiosity and interest in the strangers, trying to talk with us, often with a grace any might envy, and a handshake that society men and women might well copy. Again a day of pouring rain. Rivulets coursed over cheeks and down noses from mournfully drooping and dripping hats, so that we could but envy Angelis and Georgi who stalked along with their coarse white shepherd's cloaks flung about them, the peaked hoods drawn snugly round their heads. The Alpheus was too swollen to be forded and we were taken to a tiny village up on the hills to get dry. At a word from Angelis a blazing fire of grape twigs was laid, not on a hearth, but on the floor, and we tried to get dry, but with tears streaming down our faces, for there was no chimney, the smoke supposedly going—I don't know where, surely not out of the one window whose board shutter was kept tightly closed. When our eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, various discoveries were made, such as that the chopping tray in the corner was not a chopping tray but a cradle containing a sweet little baby. Again straw cushions and hospitable kindness; a large share of the town seemed absorbed in the good work, one with a dripping boot, another with a damp stocking, another offering some bread and new goat's milk cheese. It was with actual regret that we left our kind

friends and wended our way under a clearer sky to the magic charm of Olympia, where we bade farewell to Angelis and returned to Athens by rail, only to find ourselves plunged into the midst of Easter festivities and the new Olympia, the Olympic games of the nineteenth century.

NELLIE MARIE REED, '95.

To the Rain.

I.

Patter, soft patter, in rhymthic refrain,
While I list to thy cadence, O musical rain.
Quenched are the fires that burn in the blue,
Drenched are the meadows stretched far past the view,
Dim thro' the night float thy garments of mist,
Moist is the pane that thy soft lips have kissed ;
Patter, soft patter, in gentle refrain,
While I dream to thy measures, O musical rain.

II.

Patter, soft patter.
My lady's asleep.
Fair o'er the pillow her silken locks creep.
Veiled are the deep, silent wells of her eyes
As she dreams of Love's dawning in Youth's rosy skies.
Patter, soft patter.

III.

Patter, soft patter, in gentle refrain,
Soothe her and woo her, O musical rain.
Teach her that sunshine in shadow must swoon,
That clouds blow across the gold disk of the moon,
That life must be gloomed by the gray mists of pain
But that love still endures thro' the storm and the rain.
Patter, soft patter, nor woo her in vain,
Gentle, persistent, low murmuring rain.

OREOLA WILLIAMS, '97.

So Runs the World Away.

It was a Sunday morning in January, clear and cold. The sunlight was reflected from the hard crust of the snow which covered the ground and lay on the steep roofs and dormer windows of the little, low, stone houses in a quaint Pennsylvania-German town. The one street of the town was quite lively, for it was almost church-time and all the people were going to church. Of course they were going to church. It would never have occurred to any one of them to do otherwise. And they were all going to the same church, a large stone building, striking in its contrast to the small houses of the town, which stood some little distance from the street, and was separated from it by a yard which in summer-time was almost a small park, and which even on that winter morning was beautiful with the snow sparkling on the evergreen trees and on the bushes which a few months later would be bright with rhododendron and azalea, or sweet with mock-orange and weigelia.

On each side of the church stood a three-story stone building, square and massive, and shortly before the time for the service to begin there issued from one of these houses a procession of some twenty men, who walked solemnly into the church, two by two, and took their places in a body on one side of it. Almost immediately there came from the other house a similar procession of thirty women, who also entered the church, where they occupied seats on the side opposite the men. Next to the group of women, toward the middle of the church, sat another body of women, distinguished from the first by the color of the ribbons which tied the caps of thin white muslin which they all wore under their bonnets. For the women in the middle of the church were "married sisters" and accordingly tied their capes with blue ribbons, while the pink ribbons of the caps worn by the women on the

side proclaimed the fact that these were "single sisters." Next to the "married sisters" were the "married brothers," who wore no external token whereby they might be distinguished from the "single brothers" at their side.

The sunlight streamed in through the windows and was broken into the most beautiful colors by the glass prisms which ornamented the lamps of the chandeliers. The small boys and girls, who sat in front of their fathers and mothers, tried to catch the blue and green and red lights from the prisms without an undue turning of heads. The Brothers and the Sisters sat devoutly and soberly, and only the closest of observers could have noticed an occasional side-long glance from one side to the other. The house-mothers and the house-fathers rested in the absolute quiet which just precedes the appearance of the minister, and some of them might have been found napping directly, but for the striking of the clock in the steeple. This was the signal for the organist to take his place, and the music, as it rolled under the very feet of the congregation and then died away, and the solemn litany, with its *Kyrie Eleison*, *Christe Eleison*, called the attention of even the children to the service.

The litany was ended and the lessons read, and the minister rose to announce the hymn. But, before he announced it, he read, from a slip of paper, "The sister Fredericka Louisa Lindenlos has been received into the number of the Sisters who are gathered in the Sisters' House. May the Lord bless her dwelling there to herself and to the congregation." And from among the ranks of the Sisters, a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, saucy-looking girl stole a glance at a matron with kindly eyes, who sat on one of the benches reserved for the widows of the congregation; and the matron saw the glance and the kindly eyes sent back a smile.

Then the hymn was sung, the sermon was preached, the benediction said and the congregation dismissed. Slowly the people filed out and separated, the demure Sisters and sober Brothers going back to the Houses whence they had come. For the great stone buildings which flanked the

church were the Brothers' and Sisters' Houses and were places where the unmarried brethern and sisters of the congregation could live, and where, indeed, they were expected to live unless bound by family ties. They were free to come and go as they liked, except that there could be no social intercourse between members of the two Houses. There might be, and there were, marriages between them, but these were governed by strict rules, the penalty for violation of which was excommunication from the Church. The Brothers and Sisters earned their livings as they pleased. Some of them taught in the Church schools, many of them went out working by the day among the members of the congregation, and those who earned a livelihood in this way were not looked on as menials, but as friends of their employers. To this latter class belonged Fredericka Lindenlos, or, to give her the name by which the town knew her, Lindy.

The week following the Sunday on which Lindy had been received into the Sisters' House, the matron who had smiled at her on that occasion, and whose name was Rachael Petersen, had her annual "butchering-day," which was her way of saying that she meant to kill the pig which she had been fattening. She asked Lindy to come and help her, for, with all her short ways and sharp tongue, the dark-eyed little woman was a famous worker and was worth any two of the other girls in the Sisters' House. Daybreak of the day set, found the butchering well under way, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon the work was nearly done. The mottled sausages lay in coils, ready for the frying-pan ; the lard had been "rendered" and the "pudding-meat" boiled, and was now being chopped by Lindy and Rachael Petersen, with their rocking-knives. They were working silently and rapidly, when there was a knock at the door, and in came a young man.

"Aha, Rachael," was his greeting, "I knew that you were butchering and came for some fresh sausage."

"John Ricksecker, you know that I told you to come and said you should have some."

"Did you? Oh yes, I believe you did. That's what it is to have a cousin here."

So the young man teased the older woman and she seriously defended herself, while Lindy steadily rocked her sharp knife back and forth. As Rachael raised her head to reply to some remark of John's, she caught his eyes fixed on the girl with an expression which made her forget, for the moment, what she had meant to say. She listened absent-mindedly to the rest of her cousin's bantering speeches. She was thinking of something else. She recalled how John Ricksecker, educated in Germany for the ministry, had been sent to America to teach the boys in this out-of-the-way little settlement, and had, only a day or two before, received word that he had been appointed missionary to one of the islands in the West Indies. Of course he must marry before going, for who ever heard of a missionary without a wife? Then she thought of Lindy, Lindy the Hollander, a girl of no education, who knew nothing of her parentage and who remembered of her life in Holland only that she had there lived with an old crone, and that a young lady had come to see her at intervals and had kissed her and given her sweetmeats; that the young lady had come to see her one day and had wept copiously over her, and that the next day she had been taken on board a ship and brought to this country, where she was sold for a term of years to pay for her passage. In the course of time she had drifted to the quiet Pennsylvania village and had lived with Rachael Petersen before her admission into the Sisters' House. Was she the wife for John Ricksecker, missionary? Perhaps she wouldn't marry him. She didn't seem to care for him. But there was no comfort in that, for no one knew anything of Lindy's thoughts and feelings from her ordinary manner. It was a most puzzling thing to the widow, but suddenly she remembered, with a feeling of relief, that since Lindy was a member of the Sisters' House, and John Ricksecker of the Brothers' House, the only way in which they could possibly be married was by recourse to the lot. And if the lot gave them to each other, it was the will of the Lord

and was right. As she reached this conclusion, a knock at the front door called her away and she reluctantly left the two young people together. The man took up her knife, and, as he began rocking it, turned his face toward the girl and said, "Lindy, you know that I am to go to St. Thomas as missionary."

"I didn't know it."

"Well, I am going, and I must take with me a wife."

There was a pause and Lindy worked on without looking up. Her companion went on, hurriedly: "The lot will be cast next week, for we go after Easter. Lindy, if your name doesn't come in the lot, I shall refuse until the third time. If it does come, you won't refuse, will you?"

The girl raised her eyes and looked in his face. He smiled and said, "I shall pray that your name may come."

Lindy's face darkened and she opened her mouth to speak, but Rachael Petersen returned and so she said nothing.

At last the work was done, the supper over, the dishes washed, and Lindy was free to set out for the Sisters' House. And as she stood on the square porch of the House for a moment before she entered, she glanced in the direction of the Brothers' House, which was just hidden by the church, and sighed.

The week passed, and on the Sunday morning Lindy sat among the Sisters, with their pink-ribboned caps, and listened for the announcement which she knew must come. The litany was ended, the lessons were read, and before the minister announced the hymn he read from a slip of paper that the brother John Ricksecker had received and accepted a call as missionary to the Island of St. Thomas, and prayed a blessing on the work of the young man there. The face of the little Hollander flushed, and she stole a glance at the matron with the kindly eyes, who looked at her so anxiously in return that she flushed even more deeply, and turned her head away.

The next day Lindy worked at the minister's, and when, in the afternoon, she answered a knock at the door and let in

the *pflegerin*, the head of the Sisters' House, and shortly afterward the *pfleger*, the head of the Brothers' House, and heard them go upstairs to the minister's study, she knew that the lot was being cast for the wife of John Ricksecker. She knew that the names of all the thirty or forty Sisters were written on slips of paper and from these one was drawn. She knew that the woman whose name was on the slip would be regarded as the divinely selected wife of John Ricksecker, but that if either he or she was convinced that the lot had fallen on the wrong person, a refusal to accept it was allowed. Suppose the name should not be hers! It seemed almost as if she *must* go and implore them to draw her name. And then she thought of the astonishment of the officials if she should do anything of the sort, and of the utter uselessness of such a proceeding, and almost laughed as she thought of it. Well, if her name were the one, she would know it that evening, for the *pflegerin* would tell her then, so as to give her time to decide.

The *pfleger* and the *pflegerin* departed, and Lindy finished her work and went home. That evening she staid in her room until bed-time, but the *pflegerin* did not come. It was early morning before the restless thoughts of the little Hollander let her sleep.

She knew that the time allowed for deliberation would probably be short, but she did not know that it would be only a day. It was Tuesday evening when the grand council of marriage met once more, and the *pfleger*, to the astonishment of the other two, instead of bringing John Ricksecker's acceptance of the good and in every way suitable maiden on whom the lot had fallen, conveyed the information that that individual had, after earnest prayer, come to the conclusion that the Lord had not intended him as the husband of Lisa Oehler. There was considerable discussion as to why the young man, who was most sensible, had failed to see that Lisa would be a fit help-meet for him, but his nay-say was final and there was no alternative but to cast the lot a second time, which they did, with the result that the *pflegerin* was

charged to ask Cecila Thaeler whether she would be willing to go to St. Thomas as the wife of John Ricksecker.

On Thursday afternoon they met once more, and again, and now rather angrily, the *pfleger* brought to the knowledge of the company John Ricksecker's conviction that the Lord had not yet pointed out the proper wife for him. Such a thing was almost unheard of, and it was with a feeling of grim satisfaction that the three cast the lot for the third time, reflecting that he would either have to accept this decision or go as a bachelor, and as the latter was out of the question, the selection of the lot must now be approved.

Again it was Sunday morning, and again the processions of Brothers and Sisters took their places in the church, while the small boys and girls fidgeted and the men and the matrons were even drowsier than usual. For the sun was not shining, and so there were no beautiful colors in the prisms, and the dull day was very conducive to sleep. Among the Brothers sat one whose eyes showed that he had slept little the night before, and who kept repeating to himself, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done," while he wondered, in an agony, if *she* knew. Among the sisters sat one whose face was hard and whose eyes shone, while she hoped against hope and impatiently waited for the service to begin. At last the organ pealed through the church and the minister came. The litany was ended, and the lessons read, and the minister rose to announce the hymn. But before he announced it, he read from a slip of paper: "The Lord hath decided through the lot, and both parties have acquiesced in the decision, that the Brother John Ricksecker, recently appointed missionary to St. Thomas, shall take with him as his wife the Sister Anna Grosch. The blessing of the Almighty be upon them in the duties to which they are called." And the rosy cheeks of the little Hollander grew white, nor did she glance at the matron who sat among the widows, nor see the kindly eyes which looked their sympathy to her through tears.

ALICE H. BRICKER, '98.

An Evening's Reverie.

She was a great favorite at Sage. The girls adored her and thought her beautiful. Many men thought her beautiful, too, and others shrugged their shoulders and said, "She would pass in a crowd, but was not their style." It mattered little to her what the men thought, that is, as little as was possible to a young girl with her mind dwelling on loftier matters. In her Freshman year she had frequently cast curious glances at jeweled pins and badges, and gazed with unfeigned interest at the Phi Beta Kappas whom she occasionally saw wandering about the campus. But she no longer thought upon such trivial matters, for she had assumed the full dignity of a Sophomore.

It was on a Friday evening late in the fall, and she and her room-mate were listening to an organ recital in Sage Chapel. The chapel was crowded, and they sat in the transept where they could watch the movements of the players. The fact that she had much studying to do did not trouble her. A ghastly physiology examination stared her in the face. There floated before her mind the plaintive tones of her Latin instructor imploring her "to study with more assiduity that she might recite with more spontaneity."

She sat listlessly for a while wondering why she had always been so influenced by the girl beside her. When she was a Freshman she had stood in wholesome awe of her opinion. She had been told it was presumptuous for a Freshman to come late to meals. She had been trained to regard the laws of the Sage Parliament as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She had never dared to cut "announcements" in the drawing-room. That was unpardonable in a Freshman. On the whole her room-mate felt that she had done her duty, and derived a great deal of righteous satisfaction from the result of her labors.

They were late for the recital and entered while a selection from Bach was being rendered upon the organ. She listened carelessly, and her thoughts flitted to and fro among the people in the audience. She saw staid professors whose brows were furrowed with care. She saw girls whom she knew at a distance and who went by the name of "literary fiends." She saw men whom she had a vague remembrance of meeting on the ice the winter before. There had slipped into a corner seat one poor little Freshman who habitually wore a puzzled, bewildered expression as if he were scarcely yet used to the bustle of college life. She had met him once at a Barnes Hall reception, and had talked to him out of sheer pity. That was her prerogative as a Sophomore.

The music changed. The organ seemed to burst its very sides with merriment. The fingers of the performer danced upon the keys, so eager were they to draw out the joy and happiness that lay hidden in those sombre pipes. She almost laughed aloud for very sympathy. She remembered, oh yes, she remembered very well, the joys and pleasures of the past year which the organ was telling to her now. Her mind was all in a whirl as the music crashed into her soul and stirred up memories of by-gone delights. How she had enjoyed the whole fall term of her Freshman year. Nearly every afternoon there had been a walk to the cider-mill or a journey through the tunnel, and nearly every evening there had been a little spread in one of the girls' rooms where she sat curled up on a cushion in the corner sipping chocolate and nibbling wafers, entirely oblivious of the fact that she ought to be at home grinding out her Freshman Math. In her unsophisticated youth she had pinned funny little signs and verses on the doors of grave and reverend Seniors, who, unconscious of impending evil, were enjoying the sleep of the just within. But she had gone mad with joy when the Christmas holidays arrived, and she went around leaving little sprigs of holly and a "Merry Christmas" for all the girls, and then went speeding off for a happy time at home. Oh, her heart was beating wildly now as she fairly heard the clang of Christmas bells in the notes of the organ before her.

And now the organ seemed to be playing the crowning glory of the year, the Senior Ball; her first Senior. The Armory all ablaze with light, the scent of hot-house flowers, the graceful movements of the dancers, fairy creatures flitting here and there, all remained a happy dream in her heart. But the music had stopped in the midst of its tumultuous joy and the performer arose to explain the theme of his next selection. With her eyes shining she glanced at the girl beside her, who, buried deep in thought was mentally reviewing a problem in Analytics, with visions of a Phi Beta Kappa ever before her. She turned again to the organ.

Slowly and mournfully there sounded in her ears the notes of Chopin's Funeral March. So sad, so solemn was its purport that the whole audience was hushed into awe. The steady, searching notes following on each other with measured tread seemed to draw her very soul away and lay her life before her. With down-cast eyes she thought of her many petty grievances, of her wasted opportunities and her trivial sorrows. A new determination arose in her heart and a new hope sprang up within her, new although it was so old, strengthened because it was so often renewed.

Softer and gentler grew the tones until they breathed their sweet harmony deep into her soul. Peace and joy they murmured, hope and inspiration they whispered. She leaned forward with parted lips and listened eagerly for each note as it fell from the fingertips of the player. Her eyes were shining with a new born look of purpose. A gentle sigh escaped her as the last note floated into the air.

There was a bustle and movement in the audience. With her hand clasped tight in that of her companion she dreamily joined the crowd pushing out into the night. As they passed Barnes Hall they heard the Glee Club within, struggling to wring harmony from banjos and mandolins. When they reached Sage they saw the windows lighted up where they knew girls were digging and grinding their lessons for the morrow. She turned to look down off the campus. The town below was twinkling with its many lights. The lake,

which she had learned to love so well, reflected long golden rays upon its surface. On the hill the Library tower loomed up in the darkness. The great clock chimed the quarter hour. With a bright smile she looked up and whispered softly,

"Music with the twilight falls
O'er the dreaming lake and dell,
'Tis an echo from the walls
Of our own, our fair Cornell."

W.

Alcove Papers.

Dr. John Brown.

There is something about the atmosphere of a library which has a peculiar fascination for me. The very silence of the place is not without its effect—as if the author, having said his say, had closed his lips and folded his arms, and were now standing back to watch the effect of his words; as the painter steps back from the easel, yet with the consciousness that what has been said can never be altered. I take no end of delight in wandering through the aisles and among the alcoves, peeping into this book and reading a page of that, letting each author say to me whatever chance permits him. It is not a bad way to sit at the feet of the great masters, though you may call it superstitious if you like. I never could see the harm of "browsing," anyway—what is life for if we are not to make the best of it and appropriate the choicest morsels to our use? Has not Bacon—*venerabile nomen!*—told us that some books are only to be tasted? And may not this apply to some of the best, when there is now so much of the best?

In some of the alcoves, however, I have got into the habit of stopping longer than elsewhere. After a while you come

to have the same sort of affection for authors as for a friend long since gone to rest—an affection mellowed and softened as time goes by. Indeed, do not authors themselves become personal friends, if we are willing to let them, and reveal to us their true selves, and sometimes even the inmost secrets of their lives?

One of these friends—and I know not where one would go to find a truer, nobler, more inspiring friend—is a genial old Scotchman, true son of Caledonia, who has been lying in the New Calton Cemetery, in Edinburgh, for only about fifteen years. Dr. John Brown was not a great author—he would hardly have called himself an author at all. His writing was done in the intervals of medical practice, and as he puts it, "on the quick;" and of the many papers he wrote during the thirty years of his career as a man of letters, only two or three have become classic. Yet the author of *Rab and his Friends* and *Marjorie Fleming* had no reason to fear for his place in literature; for as long as they are read, so long will the brave, honest heart of the old doctor continue to endear itself to succeeding generations.

Picture him to yourself as his friend Dr. Peddie has described him: "His large and beautifully formed head and forehead, his silver locks, penetrating yet soft and sympathetic spectacled eyes; his firm but sweetly sensitive mouth, and his singularly genial and attractive manners were too well marked to escape notice or to be soon forgotten." Then turn over the pages of Dr. Peddie's *Recollections* and study the portraits of that grave, mildly sad face, which yet could at times become cheerful and brighten up a sick room as a flood of sunshine; a face which at once reveals the high "intellectual and spiritual lineage" of which he sprang, and also tells you that here is one who has not escaped the trial by fire, but has conquered through suffering. Do you wonder, then, how he won the title of "the beloved physician?"

Poring over the volumes of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, one finds a considerable variety—literary and memorial papers, some

art criticisms, "landscapes"—the doctor has no mean skill as a word-painter,—some dog stories, and a few professional papers. But there is one trait shown throughout with which one cannot fail to be impressed: the author's capacity for honest, whole-souled admiration of the works and characters of others, which at the same time never betrays him into excesses. What a tribute he pays Thackeray!—"In this subtle, spiritual analysis of men and women, as we see them and live with them; in this power of detecting the enduring passions and desires, the strengths, the weaknesses, and the deceits of the race, from under the mask of ordinary worldly and town life—making a dandy or a dancing girl as real, as 'moving delicate and full of life,' as the most heroic incarnations of good and evil; in this vitality and lightness of handling, doing it once and forever, and never a touch too little or too much,—in all these respects he stands alone and matchless." And what a ring of sincere praise there is in his letter to George Harvey: "I would here, in the stoutest words, reiterate what I have often said, that you can paint landscapes better than anyone in Scotland, and than anyone I have seen out of it, except Turner."[1] No one could accuse the writer of these lines of any intention to flatter. And one feels instinctively that the friendship of such a man is priceless. As we might suppose, he was the friend of many of the most distinguished authors and statesmen of his time, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Dr. Brown's memorial papers have preserved for us personal memories of a number of his friends, professional, literary, and artist,—among them Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Adams of Banchory, the Duke of Athole, Struan Robertson, Mr. Syme, Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrure, Thackeray, and John Leech. One of the finest—Dr. Peddie thinks it is the finest of all his writings—is the memoir of his father, published under the title of *A Letter to John Cairns, D.D.* Nothing is lacking in the picture he gives us

[1] Dr. Peddie's *Recollections*, p. 134.

of the old Seceder minister, his family life, his friendships, his sermons, his noble character, richly inherited by his son. It is a tale which will bear re-reading many times. Another sketch, especially interesting because it reveals to us a rare specimen of Scotch humanity, is that of *Jeems, the Door-keeper*, and we don't mind if a sermon is tacked on, especially since it is on such a mysterious text,—

> "On Tintock tap there is a Mist,
> And in the Mist there is a Kist,
> And in the Kist there is a Cap;
> Tak' up the Cap and sup the drap,
> And set the Cap on Tintock tap."

But by far the most famous of his memorial papers is the one describing the remarkable child who will live in literature as "Pet Marjorie." Here is her portrait: "A chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love, its has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature." Through numerous bits from her letters and other compositions—including some verses and passages from her diary,—Dr. Brown has given us a complete picture of this precocious little playmate of Sir Walter's. He lets her disclose herself, his own part being little more than that of editor. But with what skill he makes his comments! They show the fullest appreciation of the spirit and powers of the "wee wifie."

No one who knows anything of Dr. John Brown's life needs to be told what his hobby was. When but three years of age, he tells us, he was severely bitten by a little dog, and remained "bitten" ever afterward in the matter of dogs. What a company of canines he has made us acquainted

with! Pass them in review: Toby, "the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld, though withal a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humor as peculiar and as strong as his tail;" Wylie, "dainty, graceful, and fleet;" daft Jock; John Pym, who never had too much of "fechtin," and who fought and won his battles on his back; Wasp, the dark brindled bull-terrier, that "could do everything it became a dog to do;" and greatest of all, immortal Rab, that "muckle brute o' a whelp"—who does not know his story? "There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog." There are two pictures that linger in the memory: one of the great mastiff as he stands under the South Bridge and roars within his muzzle under the attack of "the Chicken," whom he cannot get at; the other of the old dog walking behind the cart in which his dead mistress is borne back to the now desolate Howgate home.

Not the least valuable part of Dr. Brown's literary legacy are his papers on nature. The words of the poet have been truly applied to him:

"Nature he loved and next to Nature, Art."

Passionately fond of nature, "the art of God," he delighted in trips here and there through his beloved Scotland, through the Lake Region, into Wales and Ireland. His description of the burial place of Struan Robertson is as etching:

"A more exquisite place is not in all the Perthshire Highlands,—of which it is the very heart,—a little wooded knoll near Dunalister, within whose lofty pines the shadow of death gently and forever broods, even at noon, over the few graves of the lords of the clan and their kin; at its foot the wild Rannoch, now asleep, now chafing with the rocks; and

beyond, the noble Schiehallion, crowned with snow, and raked with its own pathetic shroud-like mists."

How vividly, too, he paints the view from the top of Minchmoor: the lofty Harestane Broodlaw; Ruberslaw, "always surly and dark;" the Eildons; the glimpse of the upper woods of Abbotsford; Minto Hill, and "the stout old Smailholme Tower, standing stark and upright as a warder." As he stands on Birkindale Brae looking down into the Yarrow, he recalls the glamour which the pen of Sir Walter has cast over the scene, and the tragic story of Mungo Park, and Wordsworth's lines,—

> "For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
> In foamy agitation;
> And slept in many a crystal pool
> For quiet contemplation."

Shall we not rank him with the prophets of nature—Isaak Walton, Gilbert White of Selborne, Thoreau, Burroughs?

The Fountain of Youth is situated on the top of a high mountain, and its waters must be drunk regularly if one would receive the full benefit of the charm which is concealed therein. No doubt Dr. Brown's fondness for nature did much to keep him young. For we never think of him as an old man; in the highest sense he never grew old. But Nature did more than this for him—she nourished his soul. In the rugged outline of the mountain; in the graceful winding of the stream through the valley; in the fleecy mists of the dawn; in the sunset spreading a mantle of glory over the enchanted hills, he saw with the artist's eye the handiwork of the Supreme Artist—saw, and his soul was filled with adoration. A man who lived much in the spirit; who is not forever talking to us idly of the things that lie inmost in men's souls, "too deep for tears," but who, whenever he touches upon the borderland of that realm, never fails to make us feel the reality of his goodness, his charity toward all men, his communion with the Infinite.

It is not hard to understand the feeling of sorrow that

swept over the English-speaking world when the old doctor entered into rest; how Andrew Lang could say, "From everything that was beautiful or good, from a summer day by the Tweed, or from the eyes of a child, or from the humorous saying of a friend, or from treasured memories of old Scotch worthies, from recollections of his own childhood, from experience of the stoical heroism of the poor, he seemed to extract matter for pleasant thoughts of men and the world, and nourishment of his own great and gentle nature;" how Dr. Holmes could say that he was one of those authors whom we take "to our hearts almost before he has got hold of our intellects;" and how Swinburne's muse could utter this beautiful sonnet:

"Beyond the north wind lay the land of old
  Where men dwelt blithe and blameless, clothed and fed
  With joy's bright raiment and with love's sweet bread,
The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold.

None there might wear about his brows enrolled
  A light of lovelier fame than rings your head,
  Whose lovesome love of children and the dead
All men give thanks for: I far off behold

  A dear, dead hand that links us, and a light
  The blithest and benignest of the night,
The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein may be
  A star to show your spirit in present sight
Some happier island in the Elysian sea
  Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie."

Just a Fable.

"You are of very little use in this world," said the frog, pausing by the roots of a slender reed that mirrored itself in a clear pool. "You cannot sing, and really there is nothing of use in this world save music. Of course there are inferior kinds of music also, but I never hear them. I sing myself, and it is essential to a musical education that I should do so, for my method is quite perfect."

The reed nodded toward him, as the wind gently swayed her slender figure.

"Yes," pursued the frog, "I am glad you realize the fact, and really, after a time you might learn yourself. You can hear me every night, and that is a great advantage."

"You are very wise," said the reed. "I suppose you know best. But sometimes, when you and your brothers have finished, and the silent stars are reflected in the water, music such as I love wanders this way; and whether it drop from heaven, or whether the wood-nymphs sing I know not, but this I know, I would give my soul to make such sounds as those."

"Pshaw!" returned the frog scornfully. "You are very ignorant. That is Pan playing on his pipe. He is teaching young Apollo, and—." The frog paused, for he was kind-hearted if his head was weak. "Oh well," he continued impatiently, "you must know, and of all people I am the best one to tell you. The pipe he plays on is made out of your sisters. They sing enough then, poor things, but horror! what music! Never," he went on impressively, "never let them find you; for I shall begin at once to instruct you in music myself, and if you ever learn to sing as I do the gods from Olympus will lean down to hear."

The reed did not appear to be listening; she had shrunk to half her former size, and bent toward the frog.

"What did you say about my sisters—the pipe—?"

"There, there," said the frog, touched by her apparent distress, "you are well hidden. I will stay beside you if they come, and I will sing, and they will forget all else."

The reed bent until her slender top ruffled the water. She raised herself again, "But I do not understand. Is the music that I hear at night made by my sisters?"

"Yes, yes," said the frog impatiently. "I do wish you would finish talking about your affairs, I want to talk about mine, and anyone can see that *they* are truly interesting."

The reed did not answer. She swayed excitedly. Certainly the wind had risen in the last few minutes.

The frog watched her.

"No, you are not graceful," he said critically. "You bend too much. You must learn to jump, like this." He jumped, and sank from sight in the middle of the pool, the ripples widening from his body till they murmured in the sedges.

"See what a sensation I cause," said he to his wife. "But those stupid reeds do not half appreciate me."

The sun was setting an hour later, flushing the pale pond till the water glowed like golden wine. There was a sound of voices under the trees, and toward the margin came three figures. Pan, grotesquely dancing, led the way. Then young Bacchus, laughing, and crowned with purple grapes. And last, Apollo, with dreamy eyes, holding a broken pipe.

They waded down among the reeds, and Bacchus, calling that his comrades must have passed that way and crushed their grapes, dipped his flushed face in the water. But Apollo looked sadly at the useless pipe in his hands, and down again at the ground.

The reed trembled throughout her slender length. She swayed on her stalk now this way, now that. "If he would pluck me," she thought, "I would make such music for him. Even the frog would be satisfied, and he is very particular."

Apollo stooped and caught her in his hand.

"Here," he said, and the reed grew faint, "here is a beautiful reed. Now I can mend my pipe."

He sat down and began to weave her with the others. In a moment he raised the pipe to his lips. A thrill of ecstacy trembled through the reed.

"I am going to sing at last—Apollo—." It seemed she could say no more, and she sank into oblivion.

"I must have a wholly new pipe," said the god pettishly. "This one makes but one sound," and he flung it far out into the pond. It fell beside the frog, who was practicing for the evening.

"Mercy!" called his wife. "See this old pipe. We might have been killed. How careless people are!"

The frog looked up.

"I am singing," he said. "How can you talk!" His glance fell on the pipe. "But there is one new reed. Why, it is my little friend!" he called excitedly. "How foolish! I told her to be careful. I was going to teach her my latest song. She might have waited, at least, to hear me sing it. How selfish some people are!" and he croaked.

Bacchus tossed a shower of bright drops toward Apollo.

"Can you do as well as that?" he laughed. And the frog, hearing him, was so puffed up by vanity that it took the combined efforts of the family to restore him to his normal size, that he might that evening lead the song.

DESAIX.

The Cornell Magazine

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THE competition for places on next year's board of editors will be closed on May 25. The competition has been hitherto lifeless and discouraging, and it is by no means certain as yet that it will be deemed advisable to continue the publication of the MAGAZINE next year. No one doubts, of course, that the University would not be seriously handicapped in its progress if the publication of No. 1 of the next volume of the MAGAZINE were indefinitely postponed ; but that there should be such an utter lack of interest in maintaining a creditable literary organ at the University is most humiliating. We have before intimated to the members of the Junior class that they are responsible for the existence of the MAGAZINE during next year, and we once more appeal to them to see to it that they are represented by an able board of editors. If the best men are to be elected to the

board, they can be determined only by the quality of contributions submitted in competition ; and if students do not care enough about getting on the board to compete, they do not deserve an election.

* * *

THE most satisfactory solution yet proposed of the question of how to promote Cornell spirit, seems to be the erection of a building where the students can meet formally or informally—such a building to bear the name, say, of University Hall. The trouble with Cornell men has hitherto been that they haven't got together often enough so that they know exactly what to do when they are together. How many times a year do you suppose Smith, of the College of Law, sees Jones, who is working in chemistry, and who does not belong to his fraternity or set? Not often, as a rule. The problem spoken of is one that the fraternities cannot solve, try as hard as they will ; the formation of more social clubs will not help matters—there are probably too many of them now. What is needed is a place where men can meet on a common ground ; where class differences and club differences shall be forgotten, and men shall remember only that they are Cornellians ; and where, if you will, the pipe of peace shall be constantly going round ; and over the door should be the legend, "Onward, Cornell!" The Columbia University *Bulletin* for March describes the beautiful new University Hall which is to be erected on Morningside Heights, and which will contain the alumni memorial hall, the university theater, the gymnasium, the commons, and the university offices. Why cannot our alumni agree to alter their design and contribute the money already raised for an alumni hall toward the University Hall, in which handsome and commodious apartments would be reserved for their use? And if they decide to do this, why cannot everybody turn in and help with the project? It would make a capital place in which to hold a Cornell watch-meeting on December 31, 1899.

THE MAGAZINE regrets to announce that ex-President White has been prevented by the extremely pressing duties incident upon his appointment as Ambassador to Germany from preparing the article which he had promised us for this month. However, though the recall of Mr. White to the public service has resulted in this loss to our readers, we feel sure they will all join us in an expression of sincere congratulation, and in the assurance that the best wishes of all Cornellians will go with our ex-president as he again becomes the representative of the nation at a foreign court.

The Month.

The spring meeting of the Board of Trustees was held March 10. In future the grading of professors will be as follows: full professors, assistant professors of the first grade, assistant professors of the second grade, the latter acting as associates to heads of departments. Professors Bristol, Barr, Dennis, Jacoby, Trevor, and Willcox were elected to full professorships. Professor Lee was elected to an assistant professorship of the first grade. The resignation of Professor Babcock, whose work in Cornell dates from 1871, was accepted. Professor Babcock was elected Professor Emeritus.

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A most interesting lecture was delivered in Barnes Hall on the evening of March 12, by President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, who graduated from Cornell in the class of '72. The lecture was on "The Alaska Fur Seal."

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The Athletic Smoker given by the Junior Class on March 19 was very successful. The speeches were excellent, and, without exception, full of the spirit which every student in Cornell either possesses or should cultivate.

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Professor George L. Burr has returned to resume his work in the University.

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Ex-President Andrew D. White has been appointed Ambassador to Germany. Mr. White held the position of United States Minister to Germany from 1879 to 1881, and of Minister to Russia from 1892 to 1894.

Thirteen orations, about the average number, were submitted in competition for the Woodford Prize stage. The successful candidates, with the subjects of their orations, are as follows: Maurice F. Connolly, "Alexander Hamilton and the Federal Constitution;" Irwin Esmond, "Antonio Maceo and Cuban Independence;" Mark M. Odell, "The Problem of the Farmer;" Paul S. Pierce, "The Senate of the United States;" Stephen F. Sherman, Jr., "The Faith of Abraham Lincoln;" Daniel H. Wells, "The Practical Age."

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The Architectural Club, composed of students in the College of Architecture, has been reorganized with about forty members.

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Dr. Charles G. Wagner, '80, of Binghamton, is delivering this week a series of six lectures on "Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane," under the auspices of the Department of Psychology.

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There are promises of new and extraordinary doings on the campus, and elsewhere, this term. Older colleges have many out-of-door customs which increase college enthusiasm. Cornell must either adopt similar customs or invent new ones.

Publications Received.

SCOTT, FRED NEWTON, and DENNEY, JOSEPH VILLIERS. Composition-Rhetoric. Boston. Allyn & Bacon. pp. x, 373. Cloth, $1.

MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, Bart. Robert the Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence. In "Heroes of the Nations" Series. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xiii, 387. Cloth, $1.50.

VILLARD, OSWALD GARRISON. The Early History of Wall Street, 1653-1789. In "The Half Moon Series." New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 42. Paper, 5 cents.

BELLAMY, BLANCHE WILLIS. Governor's Island. In "The Half Moon Series." New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 41. Paper, 10 cents.

WIEGAND, J. The Tinker's Song. (For boys.) The Crafty Old Spider. Songs. New York. J. Fischer & Bro. Price, 40 cents each.

LEWIS, C. H. The Chinese Umbrella. Song for girls. Chorus with umbrella drill. New York. J. Fischer & Bro. Price, 50 cents.

HURST, JULIUS H. Stephen Lescombe, Bachelor of Arts. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 275. Cloth, $1.50.

The Maker of Moons.

This is a volume of stories by Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the first tale giving the title to the collection. Most of them appeared originally in one of the prominent Sunday newspapers of New York. They are "yarns," every one; the author never forgets and never lets his reader forget, that these men and women are nothing of flesh and blood—are merest puppets. In this respect he resembles Thackeray in his raciest vein—though Thackeray would never have dared all that Mr. Chambers does. These tales are fantastic in the extreme—one has to wink hard to convince himself that the scenes are laid in America. Perhaps the most fantastic and one of the most exciting of all is the first, in which the magic spell of the Chinese sorcerer is cast over the whole. "The Black Water," a pretty love story, is well done. Most of the characters in the tales are easy-going, decidedly

modern young fellows, with a passion for sport and a weakness for a pretty face—which is liable to turn up almost anywhere—which passion seems to do no great harm here. The stories are worth while to spend an odd hour over, and also as examples of what a man with original ideas—as original as any in our day—of literary art can do when he sets out.

Hopkins's Pond and Other Sketches.

A volume of papers for which all true sportsmen and lovers of nature will be grateful to Dr. Robert T. Morris—Cornell ex-'80. Many of them originally appeared in *Forest and Stream* and one, "In the Sandy End of a Connecticut Township"—an entertaining bit of dialect talk—was first published in *The Rider and Driver*. Dr. Morris has been a keen observer of nature, not only from the point of view of a sportsman,—though perhaps this comes first,—but also from that of an artist. To his descriptions one must inevitably apply the word "refreshing." They have the very odor of the sedge and the marsh, of the thick pines and the hemlocks through which the author has apparently tramped for many miles. The description of Hopkins's Pond, "whose tranquillity was in keeping with the tranquil farms that extended part way round it," will call up, for a good many of us, memories that we should not like to part with. We can hardly have too many such books—especially if they are written in the graceful and charming style which characterizes these papers of Dr. Morris.

The Story of British India.

The history of India, that strange, sacred land of the Five Rivers, is one of the most interesting of all the narratives of the nations. The story of the India of Vedic times has been interestingly written for the "Story of the Nations" series by Mme. Ragozin, and now Mr. R. W. Frazer presents us with his narrative of British rule in India. He devotes the first fifty pages of his book to the events previous to the for-

mation of the East India Company, and the next fifty to the English conquest. Throughout the narrative the writer shows good taste and gives evidence of a critical mind. He is thoroughly familiar with his subject, but is none the less conservative in his statements. Of the policy of Hastings, for instance, he does not attempt to judge, though as a man he believes him to have been in many respects gravely wrong, a conclusion to which recent research points. He notes the similarity between the problem which confronted Hastings and that of Modern England in her determination to hold possessions in Africa as a field for the outlet of her productions, and of Russia in her efforts to gain seaports in the Mediterranean and in the North Pacific. Mr. Frazer has given his attention rather to the main factors which led to the expansion of the Empire in India than to the mere details of administration. The last chapter is a valuable summary of moral and material progress under British rule. It is a pity that a book otherwise so valuable should be disfigured by illustrations of such poor quality, even though well chosen.

Mr. Sherman's Matins.

A modest but dainty volume is this entitled "Matins," containing thirty short poems on no great variety of subjects. Nearly all could be grouped under the heads of "Nature" and "Religion," and most under the former. The poet has sat at the feet of Nature and has learned of her. He sings of "The Rain," of summer,—

> "O season of the strong triumphant Sun!—
> Bringer of exultation unto all!—"

of the bare earth after harvest, of October's peace on the hillside. He has the true poet's instinct. Much of his verse produces no very exalted feeling in the reader; but the same can be said of Wordsworth's earlier work. His religious poems breath much fervor; the "Easter-Song" is one of the best things in the book. The poet touches on other strings occasionally. "The Conqueror" is full of the

pathos of separation and of the victory of Love over Death; while "Between the Battles" is full of the intensity of nerves strung high by the carnage. Much of the work in this book makes us wish for more. The make-up of the book is very creditable.

Some Other Books.

Two numbers of the "Half Moon Series"—papers on historic New York—have come to our table: one by Oswald Garrison Villard on "The Early History of Wall Street, 1653-1789," and the other on "Governor's Island," by Blanche Wilder Bellamy. These papers are published in the interest of the New York City History Club, and are intended to do for New York what the Old South Leaflets are doing for the larger subject of early American history. The enterprise is most commendable. The papers received are well written.

The third and fourth volumes of Professor Woodburn's re-edition of Johnston's "American Orations" have now appeared, completing the work. The third volume continues the Anti-Slavery Struggle, and also gives several speeches of Secession orators. The fourth volume is devoted to the Civil War and Reconstruction, free trade and protection, finance and civil service reform. In this volume the Breckenridge-Baker discussion of the suppression of insurrection has been substituted for Mr. Schurz's speech on the Democratic War Policy, and speeches have been added by Thaddeus Stevens and Henry J. Raymond. The new work is one of great value and will take highest rank in its field.

Exchanges.

The *Sequoia* sends us two "spring poems" of more than usual merit. The author of the second is an alumnus of Cornell, having taken the degree of Master of Arts in 1888, and now occupies a chair in Stanford.

IN TIME OF LAUGHTER.

The world is a-tune,
With a spring-time rune,
  Aglow with the kiss of a glowing sun;
A hundred trees
Lisp back to the breeze;
  A hundred bird-notes melt into one.

Life's pulses beat
With a joy complete;
  No sorrow lies in the warm Spring's track,—
  Save for a knot of fluttering black
On the little brown door across the street.

Leaves sparkle green
With a new-found sheen,
  And weave overhead in twinkling lace.
Violets gild the hill, sun-thrilled
  To let life free from its close embrace.

Buttercups greet
Our eager feet;
  Hearts laugh loud when Spring comes back:—
  There's a ribbon-bound knot of fluttering black
On the little brown door across the street.

—*Sarah Comstock.*

TURKISH REFRAIN.

The sunlight slants through the tremulous trees,
  The sward is checkered with green and gold,
The breath of lilacs is borne on the breeze,—
  The year is young though the world be old.

Oh, listen and hear the tale retold,
The voice of the May:
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, Spring passes away.

Oh, sweet are the songs of the singing birds,
And fair are the depths of the azure skies;
But sweeter far are a maiden's words,
And fairer far are a maiden's eyes;
And the glances that fall and the sighs that rise,
All seem to say:
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, Spring passes away.

O sunlight gilding the velvet sward,
O drooping lilacs with perfume oppressed,
O birds that carol in sweet accord,
O lips of laughter and love-rocked breast!
One burden haunts me and grants no rest:
Reck not, nor stay,
Be gay, be gay,
For soon, ah, soon, Spring passes away.

—*Alphonso G. Newcomer.*

The Wesleyan *Literary Monthly* sends us the following:

The fire cracks strangely bright to-night,
And in the midst my fire-freight fancy sees
Just where the yellow flame leaps up and dies
Round shadow lips kissed by the playing light,
Pale cheeks, dusk lost fond heir that wayward flees
The fire's caress, and dark love-glowing eyes
All changing, yet the same.

The fire sprite droops and nods and dreams
Within the gray ash bed of embers warm
And colder, grayer thoughts fill fast the place
A moment held by that fair face of gleams.
Yet shall I see of fire-paled cheeks the form,
And of those black, love-storied eyes a trace,
And bless the flickering flame.

—*Arthur F. Goodrich.*

From the *Nassau Literary Magazine* comes the following :

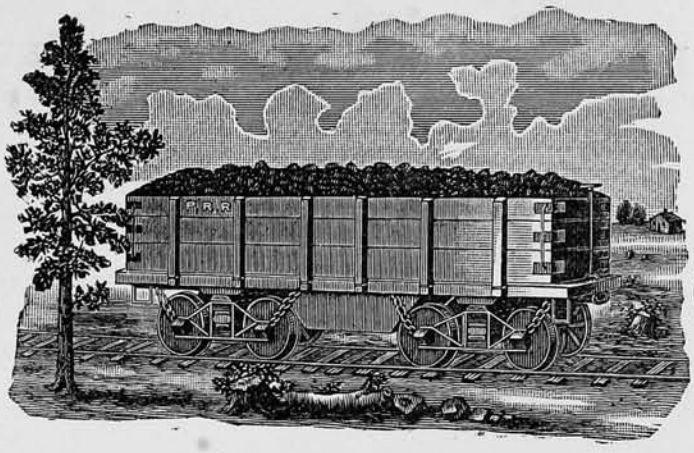
DANTE.

Oh, master builder of eternal song!
On hill and valley swell thy organ tones.
The virgin forest and the busy throng
The solemn beauty of thy music owns,
Into the Hell thou madest men still peer
With shuddering gaze. For thy Francesca's soul,
"Blown by that strife of winds," falls many a tear
Up in this life, whence came her grievous dole.
Still, mid the glories of thy Paradise,
Thy Beatricè woos us in thy verse.
"True praise of God." What earth-born words suffice
To tell of her who led thee from the curse
Of exile, thro' gaunt halls of dark despair
To ampler visions and diviner air?

—*R. D. Dripps.*

Notice.

Twenty cents each will be paid for a copy of the MAGAZINE for December, 1895, and February, 1896. Address F. E., care THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.



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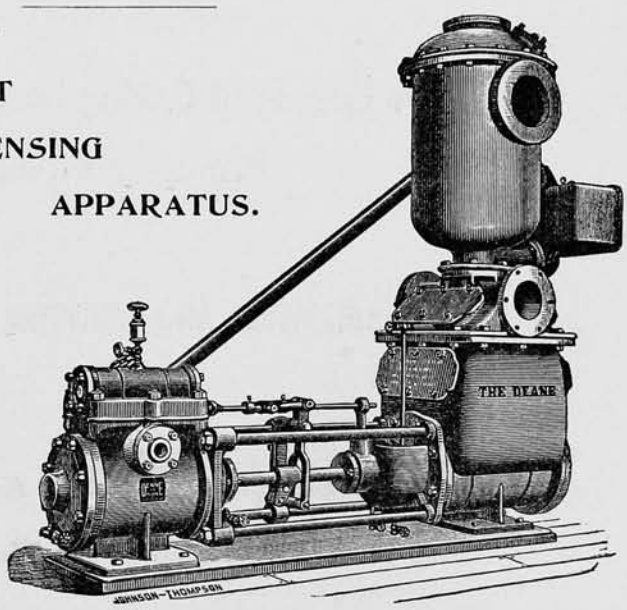

The Cornell Magazine

May, 1897.

An Armenian Keats.

I.

"Might I choose from the world where my dwelling should be,
I would say, still thy ruins are Eden to me,
My beloved Armenia!

Were I given a seraph's celestial lyre,
I would sing with my soul to its chords of pure fire,
Thy dear name, my Armenia."

To be startled, as Europe and the world were startled but yesterday, by the butchery of scores of thousands of Armenians in the Turkish capital and the provinces, turned the minds of Americans towards the Far East. The terrible fact worried us that Abdul Hamid could sit in the Yildiz Kiosk, and by a wave of the hand command the murder of thousands of men, women, and children belonging to a peaceful and intellectual people living in one of the outlying provinces of his dominions, for no other reason, forsooth, than that they were not Mussulmans, that they had a feeling of unity, of nationality, which they had preserved since the time of Herodotus, which feeling made them rebel against the tyranny of the Porte. These things startled America, which stands for nationality, freedom—freedom in thought, freedom in religion, hatred of rasping political tyranny and oppression. In 1895 and 1896 we saw some scenes of the French Revolution again; we saw in Armenia tyranny as a

Turkish despot turning fire and sword on a people whose only wrong was that they were Christians and that as a people imbued with national spirit, theirs for centuries, they could not endure exorbitant taxes, infringements on their rights as men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The risings had two causes, the one religious, the other political; both touched the American heart which loves freedom as it loves life, whether that freedom be freedom of conscience or freedom in civil affairs.

Yet this people over in distant Armenia around the mountain called Ararat, famous in legend and story, would not have gained the sympathy of the American Republic or the British Empire, nor would their oppression have aroused hatred for the Sultan had they been a degraded or an uncivilized people. At any rate if they had been Indians or Patagonians they would not have drawn so much on American sympathy, or have fired Americans with hatred for His Serene Highness of the Sublime Porte, whose sublimity is, as Heine says of some churches, "made to order." The giant anger of the Anglo-Saxon world was aroused, not only because the Armenians were an oppressed and mercilessly treated people whose rights as men were trampled on as with the hoofs of an elephant, whose heads were battered by a political tyrant, but because these men were civilized men, a modern people, whose religion and political spirit had been preserved by them for centuries in spite of those whom the poet Raphael Patkanian calls "guileful Russian, vengeful Persian, fanatic Greek, base and vicious Turk;" for all these have at one time or another been Armenian oppressors. England was surrounded by silver seas and thus preserved in a degree from approach by enemies. America, away from Europe and beyond many waters, could grow and flourish like the fir tree. But Armenia was set in the midst of enemies. Geographically the highest point in the land is the summit of Mt. Ararat in the centre of the country. Eastward, westward, northward, and southward are the plains, unguarded and guardless. Nevertheless in spite of the de-

pendence of Armenia on Persian, Roman, Russian, and Turk—the men who in succession ingloriously conquered the land—the people have preserved their traits, religiously, politically, nationally.

Oh! I am grinding on a barrel-organ, uttering common truths, you say? Agreed! But it is well for us to know that our sympathy for Armenia is more rational than we have thought it was. A surprise of that kind is agreeable. What I wish to do is to add a little, if possible, to the average person's knowledge of Armenia, by emphasizing the fact that it is a highly civilized country, and that this civilization is shown in its poetry. I wish to show in a paragraph or two that Armenian literature breathes the spirit of the people, that that literature is a highly developed literature, that for beauty of thought and excellence of structure its poetry is prized and justly prized by the Orientals. To speak without making nice distinctions, the degree of civilization of a country has many tests, one of which is the literature of that country. It will cause no little surprise to most people to know that Armenia has, besides other marks of civilization, autonomy, the spirit of nationality, a highly developed national religion and church, a highly developed language, a social life pure and chaste, yet peculiar to itself, has also a literature which is equally national, Oriental, and great.

Before going on to speak of Bedros Tourian, a few other preliminary remarks should be made on the antiquity of the Armenian literature and character as contrasted with that of the Turks.

Armenian history goes back to the Ark, which tradition says rested on Mt. Ararat after the Flood. Its literature in its incipiency is well nigh as ancient. The beginnings of the history of the people, as well as the beginnings of the literature, like that of many another country, are veiled in obscurity. The Garden of Eden was in Armenia, tradition says; and the heroes of the country, Vartan, Haig, Avarair, and Thorkom or Togarmah, sprang from the loins of

Japhet, one of the sons of Noah, who, according to Scripture story, fell under the curse. The ancient literature of Armenia circles around these two traditions. It is simple, heroic, and no more remarkable for structure than our own Caedmon, or the French Chansons de Geste.

As it is in these days of the massacres under Abdul-Hamid, so it was in the days of the early literature of the country, religion and national spirit both were forces which inspired Armenian writers. The two forces inspired ancient writers. So the two—the Armenian religion and patriotism—have given the Sultan his fiendish fury against the Armenians of these times. There is this difference: of the two prominent poets of modern Armenia, Bedros Tourian and Raphael Patkanian, both are patriots and receive their afflatus from patriotism, Patkanian altogether, Tourian only in part. But I am wandering from my text. In the olden days religion and patriotism, I said, were inspiring forces. Armenia has a national church much like the Church of England. Christianity was preached there first by the Apostles Thaddeus and Bartholemew. That was the first force that inspired Armenians to write literature, in the modern acceptation of the word. With the subjection of the country to Persia, in the middle of the fifth century, came the second force which inspired real poetry and classic prose steeped in the national spirit. Subjection, it seems, angers Aryan peoples at least, and awakens the spirit of nationality. The two forces, religion and patriotism, have up to recent times been the chief forces of inspiration to Armenian poets and prose writers. Thus the Bishop Eglishé, in the fifth century, nine hundred years before Chaucer, wrote in a very polished and exalted style a graphic account, ringing with patriotism and resentment, of the conquest of Armenia by the Persians in 451. The work has become a classic. The classical Armenian also abounds with poems inspired by the religious temper of the people, describing the conversion of the country by Thaddeus, or the work of St. Gregory the Illuminator, or St. Gregory of Narek. Do not understand

me to say that these poems are drowsy or frowsy with religiosity. Nay! rather they are passionate with patriotism, freighted with the religious spirit of the people. Besides, they are all in the high style, which, by those who cannot appreciate it, is called stilted. They are full of references to nature, to the skies of Armenia, which are forever blue, to the climate ever salubrious, to the rich pomegranate, the grapes, the mellow year, the land laughing with fatness. Religion, patriotism, nature, social life, individual life, all enter into this ancient classic poetry. It is as much classic as Greek poetry; and more classic and more national than early English poetry.

What a contrast Armenia is to Turkey in this respect! The Turks have, as a writer in the London *Spectator* has said, "founded nothing, improved nothing, built nothing, produced no literature, advanced no art, sent out no new ideas among mankind." They are a stay-at-home people, oppressors of their subjects. They crush out all tendency to enlightenment, all national spirit. All wisdom according to them is boxed up in the Koran. Man cannot utter or write one jot or tittle which can help his brother man or fill him with spirit. This is bibliolatry (to use Coleridge's word) of the worst kind. Literature to them, unless it be the document nicely colored with vermilion, gold, and blue phrases of flattery addressed to His Serene Highness, the "Shadow of God on Earth," is utterly useless. Not to say anything about the politics of the Turks, which is that of savages, their literature, well—*non est!* A lecherous, savage, oppressing people, whose wisdom is boxed in the Koran, can have no literature. A literature they have never had, and never will have. The Armenians had of old a literature and have to-day a literature. This brings me to modern Armenian literature.

The spirit of Armenians is the same to-day as it ever was. The ancient church still exists, and it is a tie which binds them to the past, and inspires their patriotism as it does their religion. Their modern patriotism is their ancient

patriotism. Their social customs, so simple, so characteristic, so charming to us Occidentals, whose conventionalities are so staid and stolid, are the same customs which their fathers admired and enjoyed centuries ago. Their love of home, country, and nature is just as intense. Precedent, struggles of old with enemies on every side, above all the spirit of the people, have preserved their solidarity these thousand years. Xenophon describes the modern Armenian as well as the ancient. What held Armenians together then, holds them together now—love of their religion, love of their country of myriad beauties, which they describe with a prodigality of language and exuberance of spirit. A very Wonderland it is, as we read in their poetry, the source of three great rivers, Araxes, Tigris, Euphrates, which flow through a fairy-land full of the aroma of roses, iris, orange, pomegranate, whose banks are lined with stately cypresses waving in the breeze. A land it is of milk, honey, fatlings, fruits—a land for health and wonderment. The Armenians are held together because they love their fair country, and because the Haig (*i. e.*, the Armenians or "the High"), whatever there are left of them after the recent butcheries, are politically intact. Due it is to their lineage, precedent, oneness in woe, a common patriotism whose springs are found in the past but whose flood has preserved them as a people to the present, and will, if we mistake not, continue to preserve them. This patriotism came out with no uncertain sound in the recent troubles in the provinces. Aye! in the Turkish capital, before the glittering doors of the Yildiz Kiosk itself!!

This spirit became known to us Anglo-Saxons in 1895 and 1896. The Armenians we thought deserved a Byron to lead them, to set an example to the world, but not to die—to lead and keep on leading them against the Unspeakable Turk. Byron has always been loved by the Armenians, though his writings are proscribed by the Turkish government. He was one of the furies; he teaches furious resentment of political wrong. The spirit of Armenia was his. We

learned of that spirit during the massacres, though we did not know the real stuff of which Armenians are made. We did not know their intellectuality, their history, their literature, their taste. The blaze of war which lit up that land in the Far East revealed to us a civilized people armed with sticks, scimeters, and carbines, fighting against the accursed Turk. That was startling. It gained the hearts of Americans. It may be no less a source of astonishment to the average person, even in the universities, to know that the Armenians are a cultured people. Hence this paper.

As I have stated the fact that Armenians, unlike the Turks with whom they are sometimes confounded, have a literature; and as I have shown the sources of its inspiration; without more ado I pass to a brief account of modern Armenian poetry.

The English-speaking people are to be pardoned for their unfamiliarity with Armenian civilization, and particularly they are to be exonerated for their unfamiliarity with Armenian literature. How are English-speaking people to know of a literature which is locked up in an unknown tongue? No translation of Armenian poetry has till within a twelve-month been attempted. A highly accomplished lady, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, has recently for the first time translated sixty or more Armenian poems into our alien language.[1] She is very modest about her work, and says: "As the beauty of an American girl is often conspicuous even in rags, so it is hoped that the beauty of some of these Armenian poems may be visible even through the poverty of their English dress." Yet the fact is, if one can judge much from such testimony, that English-speaking Armenian scholars in England, America, and Germany, have broken into a chorus of hallelujahs that the work has been done so successfully. Miss Blackwell's plan was to get such noted men as Professor Minas Tcheraz, of King's College, London, and Mr.

[1] *Armenian Poems Rendered into English Verse*, by Alice Stone Blackwell. Boston, 1896. Roberts Brothers.

Ohannes Chatschumian, of Leipsic University, to give her liberal translations of the poetry of such men as Tourian, Patkanian, and Lusignan, she making it her business and counting it her pleasure to turn the translation into English metre. By the concert of English-speaking Armenian scholars everywhere it is made known that the work has been done splendidly. On this translation I base my criticism of Tourian.

Personality has everything to do with the production of poetry. If evolution, as applied to the intellectual sphere, be true, we ought to-day to have a great crop of poets, whereas the fact is poetry is scarce in the market. If Macaulay's pompous statement in the introduction to his essay on Milton be exactly true, it is certain that if England increased in refinement after his day as it had done up to that time, there could, since his day, be no great poet; which is certainly wrong: for we have had Tennyson and Browning since then. Personality is not produced after the recipe of the evolutionary hypothesis; though it is true, as evolutionists have remarked, that heredity has something to do with a poet's constitution, and time and place something to do with his inspiration. The curious thing about the poetic personality is that it comes to a head, so to speak, not necessarily in the families which are refined, but sometimes in the most outlandish places, under the worst conditions and without showing any trace of heredity—a fact which puts evolutionists at their wits' ends to explain. This is true, for example, in the case of the only true English poet of the present day—William Watson. It is also true of Bedros Tourian. He was brought up in the lap of a blacksmith's wife; he was born in a huckstering town of thirty thousand inhabitants; cruel penury marked him for her own; neither years nor opportunity were his. In Heaven's name, can great things come from Galilee, can gold be found amongst a pile of rusty horse shoes? Yes, Tourian came from amongst the foul odors where horses are shod; and Keats, his brother-spirit, was the son of a stable-keeper.

Bedros Tourian was the son of an Armenian blacksmith of Sentari, and was born in 1851. Twenty-one years were all that was vouchsafed to him on this earth : for he died of consumption in 1872. He is the Keats of Armenian literature. He had Keats's passion for the beauty in nature, his rushing frenzy when writing, his melancholy, his sad, early end. Moreover I should add he had the same passion for the beautiful as it is found in the form, movement, face, expression of women, which Keats had. Keats had one Fanny Brawne ; Tourian had many, and many an ode he wrote on the witcheries of woman. A soul sensitive to womanly charms was his, as we shall see when we study his sentimental poetry. The sentimental is not to be despised, as some cold bachelorish and old-maidenish persons have said. It is bad to be so sensitive as to be morbid, like Swinburne ; and as bad to be so stolid as not to be sensitive to girlish charm, as jilted lovers are liable to be, or filled with odium like some of your college grinds. Tourian was sensitive to the charms of woman, and as easily ravished by them as was Keats, Byron, or Burns. He was as ready to express it, and to express it just as well—as we shall see. Many of Tourian's poems are sentimental. All were written in the maddening flux of the moment. All, like those of Keats, are delicate in their workmanship, trembling like harp-strings with feeling, and bedecked with flowers like nature herself. But all are not sentimental. Many are patriotic. Of his patriotic poetry I will speak in a subsequent article.

D. ARTHUR HUGHES.

Francesca.

[An Extract from the Confessions of Lady Beatrice Souvard.]

Oft went Francesca with him light to pace
The terraced walk that winds 'mid shine and shade,
By beds of blooming flowers and sloping lawns,
To where a fountain leaps within the glade.
Francesca then would glimpse me hand on cheek
At the wide casement gay with eglantine
And half would turn and blow a kiss to me,
The rich blood mantling all her cheek like wine.
Then he would laugh, " Love, waste not kisses so,
Yon flowers, I trow, are kissed full oft and sweet
By sun and dew ; " then would she smiling say,
"It is the Lady Beatrice I greet."
I watched them often, wandering hand in hand,
Her white robe swaying with her body's grace,
Beneath her broad plumed hat her curls astir,
And the wide flutter of her scarf of lace.
He was the taller by an inch or two,
His spurs struck sharply on the castle walk,
And 'gainst his knee his plumed hat drooping brushed,
As he bent down his bared, dark head in talk.
And in the sunlight gleamed his noble sword,
Ah ! but he was a goodly Knight to see,
With rich-hued cloak from shoulder clasp wide swung
He strode a very god of chivalry.
Full slow they'd pace while long I'd crouch me there
To watch them, while my pulses throbbed with pain,
And my heart shriveled like a poor, dead thing,
And heavy fell the blinding tears like rain.
I was a noble lady ; all the landscape wide
Stretching in summer radiance to the rim

Of the horizon's purple was mine heritage,
And carved upon the castle doorway grim
Shone the escutcheon of as old a name
As ever lady bore in this proud land.
And coffers had I heaped with gold and gems
That men had died for graced my maiden hand.
Francesca had no wealth save her hair's gold,
No jewels but her brilliant eyes' deep gray,
Her only treasure was his heart of hearts
That in her keeping most securely lay.
The wounded warbler may his plaint make known,
And answered is by every passing bird,
I that was rich and come of noble birth
Must make my moan unheeded and unheard.
There was a time he came each morning-tide,
With sunshine in his smile and loud he'd call
To ope the gates, then he would watch me weave
Embroidered blossoms in the castle hall,
Or tune the lute to melodies that seemed
But merry bird-strains, tho' my voice was still,
Since Nature had denied me grace to sing,
While he sang, I played pliant to his will.
This could not last; one morn he came and found
Francesca with the English roses bright
Upon her cheeks, "my cousin come to be
My friend and comrade, make my castle light
With sound of her young laughter;" then all things
Were changed. They bent together o'er her silken flowers,
And her voice rose, a silver, thrilling voice,
And they two sang exultant through the hours.
I saw the crimson rush o'er brow and cheek,
When far she heard his horse's eager pace,
And when he came, he saw the color there,
Nor heeded how his presence blanched my face.
What need for more, they loved, would have me glad,
And were I then the veriest crone alive,
They could not more have sought my counsel wise,

Nor sued my blessing that their love might thrive.
And so from day to day, I felt the clasp
Of hands I would not see and breathings dear
Of furtive words half-formed and faint with love
Came oft to me and filled my soul with fear.—
Not that their love might die nor falseness part
Their hearts, but that to purchase longed-for rest
There would arise and stalk forth mad with hate
The hideous demon slumbering in my breast.
Time sped, and 'neath the lace that rose and fell
With my deep breathing, soon a dagger cold
Lay near the warmth of my tumultuous heart
So cold it lay, it seemed like ice, not gold.
And then I thought that when she lay asleep,
With dreams that hover o'er a maiden's bed
And make her red lips part as if in bliss,
I would steal in and—stain the gold with red.
'Twas a sweet thought, methinks, and yet I feared
I know not what, his eye's dark woe perchance
Or her last sigh, or my own coward heart
That weakly would with horror fear enhance.
But when one dusk we three went forth to see
The evening star hang glowing in the blue,
When all the insect world its voices tuned,
And flower cups were brimmed with fragrant dew,
I saw him turn a sudden and bend low
O'er her pure face while ached my heart anew
With agony as they kissed long and slow,
Then strangely calm and wondrous hard I grew.
I watched their parting 'neath the flashing stars,
And bade her pluck a rose for him to bear,
I praised their constancy and gaily spoke
Of marriage bells and what the bride should wear.
And then I kissed her happy lips good-night,
"Can'st love, dost think, as woman should do now?"
"As well I may," she answered merrily.
"Perchance I ne'er shall love as well as thou."

And with this jest, she laughed a joyous peal,
And hastened gaily up the winding stair,
A glory hovering o'er the dark old walls,
Made by the taper's glow and by her shining hair.

* * * * * *

The castle clock chimed midnight when I rose,
Full-robed and calm, since sleepless I had lain
Until the hour should come, then soft I crept
Down the long corridor—to ease my pain.
Beside my mother's door I stopped and wept,
She would have wept could she have seen her child,
But she had fallen asleep, a prayer for me
Still hovering over lips that sweetly smiled.
But on I went, yet trembling, for I heard
Strange noises near and far reverberate
Through the great house and my heart throbs seemed
Like measured blows upon the castle gate.
Strange forms came gliding through the shadows dense
And eyes they had which flashing fire shot
Into my bosom and my maddened brain.
But on I stealthy went and faltered not,
Her quiet room lay bathed in moonlight pale
It seemed indeed a wondrous holy place
Filled with her gentle breathing, and the spell
Of the mysterious beauty of her face.
I crept across the polished floor and stood
Low bending over her and half beguiled
From my dark purpose by her youth; she stirred,
"Sir Guy," she breathed aloud and gently smiled.

* * * * * *

It was not long by the castle clock, I ween,
But many a year it seemed to me and more
'Ere the deed was done and I reached at last
The blessed bourne of my chamber door.
I shut my eyes and the whole world reeled,
For I saw the gleam of the dagger pressed,
With her pale hand clutching tight the hilt,

Deep in the white of her virgin breast.
I shuddered and reeled, then I knew no more
'Till the morning's creeping red broke through
The wide flung casement's clustering flowers,
And the life of the world began anew.
And they found her stricken, so young, so pure,
And they whispered, "Her own hand dealt the blow."
I laughed when I heard it. They buried her near
Where the castle's deep-tinted roses grow.
For she must lie out where the free winds sport,
Nor may she rest 'neath the holy church sod,
For the self-slain is banished from human ranks,
And is left to the merciful care of God.
But *he* white of face, gazed never at me,
Nor heeded he counsel nor comfort true,
But "My love, Francesca!" ever he moaned
"Thou hast stabbed with thy hand my strong heart too."
And he journeyed at length to Jerusalem,
To a holy war 'gainst the infidel,
But his heart is a hollow room which rings
With the solemn sound of her funeral knell.
Yet the castle walls stand still firm and high,
And the castle walks as of old curve fair,
But I pace in the cloisters of the nun
And I murmur and moan a ceaseless prayer.

O. W.

A Glimpse of the Pennsylvania Germans.

In southeastern Pennsylvania, scattered over portions of eight or ten counties, there may be found a unique people. Officially they are known as the Pennsylvania Germans; familiarly they are called Pennsylvania Dutch. They are not Germans at all, if the term is strictly defined to mean natives of Germany, for very few of these Pennsylvanians have ever seen the fatherland. But if the name "German" is extended so as to include all who are of almost unmixed German blood, and who speak a tongue which is a modification of a German dialect, then they are Germans, even though they are so remotely descended from native Germans that it is possible for some of them to proudly display the deed of land given to their ancestor by William Penn, and to boast that the land has never since "been out of the name."

Although all of this stock have the same race characteristics, yet there is considerable variation in dialect, in mode of life and in religion, so that it would be impossible to describe one section accurately and thereby have an account which would apply equally as well to all. The Pennsylvania Germans who are here spoken of are those who occupy the rich valleys of the Susquehanna and the Conestoga, whose metropolis is the city of Lancaster,—those, in short, who form the population of the northern half of Lancaster County.

The great majority of these people belong to one or another of what are known as the "plain churches," so called because their members are distinguished by a very plain and severe costume. Among these denominations are included the Old Mennonites, the New or Reformed Mennonites, the Amish, and several sects of Dunkers, or Dunk-

ards. The regulation dress of any one of these sects does not differ materially from that of the others. The garb of the women consists of a plain, full skirt, with a close-fitting waist, over which is crossed a kerchief of the same material as the gown. The waist is entirely devoid of decoration and the sleeves are always tight. An apron, which, like the kerchief, matches the gown, and a cap of very thin white muslin, complete the indoor costume. The hair is parted in the middle and combed back smooth, but it is almost entirely hidden by the cap. When the "plain" woman goes to church, or pays one of the visits in which she so delights, she wears a sun-bonnet over her white cap; if a wrap is necessary, she wears a shawl. It is by the style of the bonnet, chiefly, that the particular denomination to which its wearer belongs can be told. There are differences in the cut of the kerchief and of the waist, but they are so slight as not to be very noticeable. The bonnets, on the contrary, present many marked differences in shape and in size. Those worn by one sect of Dunkers are stiffened by pasteboard slats, and extend so far over the face as almost entirely to hide it, while the long capes fall below the shoulders. Another sect of Dunkers wear quilted bonnets which barely shade the forehead, and which are finished by capes but a few inches long. Between these two extremes are to be found numerous species of the genus bonnet, each one of which is characteristic of some one sect or denomination.

The material of gowns and bonnets, also, is a matter regulated by the church. The bonnet may be of silk, the gown never. There is, however, no limit to the fineness of the material of which the gown is made, provided only it be woolen. Only subdued colors are worn, even dark blue or dark red being seen but seldom, although the younger women occasionally wear grays and tans. Kid gloves are tabooed, but silk ones may be worn.

The dress of the men is scarcely less striking. The coat is of the cut known as "shad-bellied"; the hat is always a broad-brimmed black felt. Some of the sects require all

the men who belong to them to be clean shaven, while others, thinking it wrong to attempt to alter what their Maker has bestowed upon them, demand of their male members that they appear with full beard. The Amish wear no buttons, even the coats of the men being fastened by means of hooks and eyes. The Amish, too, differ from all the other "plain" sects in that they dress their children just as they themselves are dressed, while the children of the Mennonites and Dunkers are frequently the gayest of the gay, in the matter of clothes. There is something very pathetic about the Amish children, for the miniature men and women seem so very different from others of their age, but one must respect the principle, which has, at least, the merit of consistency. At all events, one suffers no such shock as one sometimes does in the case of the other sects, when a youth who has always been known to spend much thought on his attire suddenly appears in the "plain" coat and hat, perhaps with a full beard in place of the mustache to which one has been accustomed, and tempts the unregenerate heart of the outsider to an ebullition of mirth by exchanging a kiss with some ancient saint.

The explanation for this theory of "plain" dress is to be found in the fact that all of these sects hold that clothes such as are usually worn necessarily make their wearers proud, and, in their eyes, pride is the most deadly of all the sins. If any one professes to be a Christian, and is unwilling to display humility of spirit by wearing "plain" clothes, that man's profession is vain. It is somewhat unfortunate for this theory that so many people find means of violating the spirit of the law, while strictly observing its letter. For example, it is a very common thing for young people to postpone joining the church until after they are married. The bride is given the most extensive trousseau permitted by the purse of her parents, and if she is a thrifty young woman, she has her gown so made that they can be remade into "plain" clothes. Soon after her marriage she "dresses plain," and as the styles in "plain" clothes never change,

her pretty silks and bright woolens, made over into the regulation garb, will, with proper care, last for years. To be sure, not all young women are equally forsighted in such cases, and instances have been known in which girls have had their elegant wedding gowns so foolishly made that the silk could be made over into nothing but a bonnet.

In traveling through the country, the two things which seem to most impress strangers are the plainness of the houses and the size of the barns. The house is usually a square structure of brick or of stone, with its straight walls unbroken by so much as a bay window, for a bay window would brand the owner of the house as a proud man. It is surrounded by a well-kept yard, in which there are flower-beds and shrubbery, and perhaps a much-cherished evergreen tree or two. The yard may even be graced by a fountain, but if it is, any passer-by will know that the people who occupy the place are, at bottom, worldly individuals.

The interior of the house is as plain as its exterior. Many of the newer residences contain modern improvements, in the line of bath-rooms, steam heat, and all sorts of conveniences in the kitchen, but the house is usually plainly furnished. It must be, for the churches prescribe not only patterns of clothes but styles of furniture, and any church-member who should go so far as to buy a suit of upholstered furniture would run the risk of being disciplined for undue display of pride. Most of the rooms are carpeted with rag-carpets, some of which are really pretty, while others are as ugly as can be imagined. However, the rules concerning the furnishing of the house may be, and often are, evaded in the very same way as are those concerning the material of gowns, that is, by postponing the baptism into the church until after the house is furnished to suit the taste of its occupants. Of course, any new furniture that may be bought after one is a church-member must be of the prescribed pattern, but if the furniture was carefully selected in the first place, it will serve until the young people who grow up in the house are old enough to refurnish it to please themselves.

The architect who builds the house is restricted by fixed rules, but the man who builds the barn has free play, with the result that the barn is very often far more imposing than the house. It is a large affair, as any structure which would contain the harvests of a Lancaster County farm has need to be, and with the tobacco shed, corn houses, wagon sheds, and stables which cluster about it, looks like a small settlement in itself. It is usually most carefully planned. The stables for the horses and cattle are well lighted ; often there is considerable attention paid to ventilation, and occasionally one finds a contrivance by which the cattle may be watered in their stalls, thus doing away with the necessity of exposing them to the cold winds of winter.

These are but a few of the most prominent features of the mode of life of these people. To enter into a detailed account of their simple life, as it presents itself to those who live among them, would be to far exceed the scope of this paper. It may not be amiss to add that they are, perhaps, the most contented people on earth ; and, as one surveys their fertile farms, and reflects on the calm and quiet of their lives, one wonders, not that so many of them are satisfied with their lot, but that any of them should ever be dissatisfied with it.

ALICE H. BRICKER, '98.

The Ethics of the Prize Fight.

A singular trait in human nature is the desire to be amused. If any thing novel and out of the ordinary takes their fancy, men are willing even to sacrifice their principles, especially when there is any ground which admits an excuse.

The late prize fight which took place at Carson City, Nevada, is evidently an illustration of this fact. Those who had most reason to object, acquiesced in silence, because they saw for it some ground of excuse. The courage, skill, and dogged patience which the fighters were to display, were by no means

to be despised. On the other hand, those who saw in it neither evil nor good, impelled by curiosity, were anxious to see it take place, having no concern for its consequences; while those to whom the display of skill and courage was of minor importance, but who rather looked on the business side of the affair, actuated by the desire of gain, hurried it on to its consummation. As the result, we saw it carried out, as reported in the newspapers.

True to our democratic spirit, when the majority favor an act, we consider it a sufficient justification for its performance. The truth of this fact may be demonstrated by the late presidential election or by the overwhelming defeat which the Tammany candidate Judge Maynard suffered some years ago under popular condemnation. And we may grant the same right to the prize fight, and for that matter, to the brutal lynching which frequently takes place in the southern and western states with the acquiescence of the people.

Yet there is something manifestly wrong in the case of prize fighting and lynching. We feel it, and I am sure the whole public feel it. Let us try to see what it is. In the first two instances, the ground we take for the action is practically the same to-day that it was in the past. Therefore if we act in the spirit of the past, we do not antagonize the moral susceptibility of the present. But in the case of the lynching and the prize fight, the same argument will not hold. We have outgrown the practices of the past. We have cast off our primitive garb, which savored too much of barbarism. We are men, civilized and humane. This is where we must draw the line. Lynching and prize fighting were virtuous deeds to the barbarous, but are heinous where perpetrated by any civilized people. And we deprive ourselves of the name of the civilized if we indulge in either.

However, I have said that those people who had most reason to object to the late contest acquiesced in silence on the ground that it involved courage, skill, and patience on the part of the fighters. When we think twice, we cannot fail to see the fallacy of such an assumption. Can we call a

man courageous who rushes into a lion's cage and dares to fight with the lion? A fox that faces a hunter to defend her cub is more courageous than he. Courage is a virtue only when it is exercised for a good motive which justifies such a sacrifice.

Nor is patience a happy term to be used in the case of these fighters. Half drunk as they are with the ambition of winning the stakes or earning a name, their mental state is not normal. Granted even that they showed patience, is that patience any worthier than the patience shown by the lowest tavern drudge?

As for the skill, those who countenanced the prize fight seem to stumble over this point. They seem to think that their skill cannot be demonstrated in other ways than by beating a man black and blue. Monstrous conception! This is just the contrary of what would have been the proper means of showing skill. Some fragile substances might be attached to certain parts of the body and the successful destruction of them would show more clearly one's skill and without the slightest injury to the performers.

Therefore it was neither courage nor patience worthy of the name nor skill which could be taken as a fair ground of excuse for the prize fight. Those people who countenanced it on those grounds were deceived. We may therefore fairly think that the exhibition of these virtues was given as a mere pretense in order to give satisfaction to some other feeling. What was this feeling that really sanctioned the prize fight? It was the barbarism of our ancestors, which still lurks in our veins in spite of our modern civilization; and it is still preserved in the heart of man in a sort of canonized picture by the revivifiers and beatifiers of the ancient gladiators and by the romancers of ancient events, who concealed the rude savagery of those men by means of their oily epithets. If, then, there is nothing left for its excuse other than savagery and barbarism, is it not time for us to pass a decree that it shall never again be tolerated in our fair land of civilization? It is an everlasting stain.

The prize fight is a performance which can appeal only to the lower nature of men. It may be permissible for people whose culture is so low that they can think of no better diversion. Therefore rag-pickers, dock-laborers, and men of that sort may have a fair claim to the amusement. But it is no amusement for gentlemen, and he who shares the pleasure with degraded and ignorant men, must forfeit the name of gentleman.

I again call on the intelligent class of our citizens. They should be held responsible for allowing such a performance to take place in their midst. To them belongs the duty of guiding the half-educated, ignorant people that live under them. It is their duty to show a firm front against these plottings of the vulgar, who unscrupulously dishonor them. The intelligent citizens should lead the nation, and show to the wavering masses unmistakably what their sentiments are, that the latter may learn from them ways and means by which to govern themselves.

One may blame the newspapers, asking why they neglect to warn us of the fact, if it is such a wrong thing. But since they say nothing about it, but rather seem to take a delight in publishing all the details without any scruple, some may think it was after all an allowable affair. There they are wrong again. Newspapers will not take the trouble to correct the views of their readers and thereby run the risk of offending them. If we would have a newspaper that will tell the plain truth, the demand must first be created in the ranks of its customers, then the paper will fall in with them. In other words, if we do not have a right kind of newspaper, we are responsible for it. Therefore, let all our intelligent people unite in an effort to prevent further mutilation of our republican honor and pride through permitting free play to the passions of the vulgar.

T. KAIRIYAMA, '98.

The Story of an Old Pistol.

A Tale of the Revolution.

"This old pistol has a sad story connected with it," said grandmother, as she took from my hands a large, old-fashioned horse pistol which we had brought down from the garret one rainy afternoon. We had been amusing ourselves, as we often did in our happy childhood, by rummaging through the rubbish in the garret, and, as usual, had dressed up in some old clothes and come down for a story.

This old garret, or lean-to as it was called, was an inexhaustible source of amusement for us. Amid its rough-hewn beams, and covered with the dust and cobwebs of many generations, was stored the lumber of two centuries. There were large spinning wheels for wool and smaller ones for flax, looms, cards for carding wool, leather saddle-bags for carrying grain to the mill, brass andirons, and iron ones, or "dogs" as they were called, a wooden bread shovel for lifting loaves of bread out of the oven, old clothes worn by our grandmothers and by their grandmothers, dresses with waists only three inches long, big scoop-bonnets, and hats of various kinds. Still more interesting were the relics of the Revolution,—muskets, broad-swords, three-cornered swords, horse pistols, cocked hats, epaulets, and spurs.

Here we children amused ourselves on many a rainy day, ransacking the wardrobes, dressing up in garments a hundred years old, and coming down to call on grandmother and ask her to tell us about them. I would put on the leather breeches of my great-grandfather, and sister would wear an old bonnet and wedding dress of our great-grandmother. Sometimes we boys dressed up in military clothes and came down with swords and pistols.

On this occasion we had found the old horse pistol, which has been to me ever since an object of veneration. It was while looking at it during a recent vacation, and recalling the memories associated with it, that the idea suggested itself to me of writing out the story.

The story which grandmother told us, and which I often think of now, was an incident which happened twenty years before she was born, when my grandfather Miller's father was a little boy. His father and seven older brothers were all away fighting for their country in the Revolution, and he, being only a boy, was at home with his mother and sisters.

The men were all stationed on the west end of the Island, but for some time there had been no fighting there. On Saturday night, July 3, 1779, my great-grandfather's brother John came home on furlough. Everything on the island seemed to be quiet. There were no British soldiers here at the time and when he arrived home all seemed to be well. He remained from Sunday till Tuesday and was intending to return to the army on Wednesday night.

On Tuesday morning he arose at four o'clock and went out to the barn to look after the stock. While he was busy at this, he caught a glimpse of a man coming up the lane. As the man approached he appeared to be shivering from the damp morning air, and his clothes were wet and draggled from climbing up the steep cliff and crawling through the thick bayberry bushes which cover the whole bank. His only weapon was a large horse pistol, more than a foot long, with a flint lock, such as was frequently used by the American soldiers.

"Halt!" cried John, "who's there?"

"A fellow-countryman," was the answer.

"What do you want?" said John.

"Shelter."

"Where did you come from?"

"From the Sound, where I have been drifting all night."

"How came you there?"

"Don't ask me, I pray you."

"What's your name?"

"I may not tell. If you will shelter me, it will be better for you and me both that you do not know."

It was clear that the man was an American and that he was in need of aid. John told him to come to the house and get something to eat. After eating a hearty meal the stranger asked if he might stay there a day or two. "I have no money," he said, "and cannot pay you for keeping me, but you and I are both loyal to the same cause, and my only claim on your hospitality is that I am a fellow-countryman in need."

It was not uncommon in those times to grant shelter in this way, and most Americans were glad to harbor any unfortunate soldiers; but it was dangerous, since the British might find it out and any such protector would be severely punished. Although none of their soldiers had appeared in Miller's Place recently, they were in the habit of coming over to the Island from Connecticut and committing all sorts of depredations. They would steal the cattle and horses and carry them off, set fire to the houses and barns, shoot any one interfering with them, and exhibit in every way the most fiendish cruelty. Marauding parties of ten or a dozen passed through the Island and committed the most horrible outrages. They seemed to be without any sense of honor, and oftentimes shot people down in cold blood without the slightest provocation.

It was no wonder, then, that John Miller felt some anxiety in thus taking into his house an unknown man. But the claims of patriotism in those days were stronger than those of fear.

After the stranger had dried himself by the fire, washed, and brushed his clothes, John took him up to the lean-to, which he thought would be a good hiding-place, as it was seldom used; and telling him he might stay there, said that to insure secrecy he would bring his meals up to him. The old lean-to was an excellent place in which to hide. There were gloomy old cupboards, dark corners, and great chests, in any of which a man might hide, and even were it known

that he was there it would be difficult to find him. But as no one else had seen the man, it was not probable that his presence would be suspected. The members of the family were cautioned not to mention anything that had happened. The door to the lean-to was locked and the key was hidden down stairs. The stranger, left alone, lay down and slept the greater part of the day, rising only when his meals were brought to him.

The next day was John's last one at home. The morning passed quietly, and the stranger still remained in his retreat. Since John was to leave that night, he went up to talk with him about what it was best to do. He did not like to leave his mother and sisters with a stranger in the house, nor did he like to turn him away at such a time. Consequently he was greatly troubled.

As they were talking, a noise was heard in the street. The stranger looked out of the east window, and the instant he appeared there he was struck by a bullet. With a loud cry he fell to the floor, not dead but mortally wounded.

That morning a band of marauders, six in number, had arrived at the east landing and had come up the lane toward the Place, intent on plunder and pillage. They were from General Tryon's army in New Haven, and were passing through the Island to rejoin the army when it should reach Huntington, whither it was going after destroying New Haven and Fairfield.

As the marauders came up the lane they saw a large, old house at the corner, and started to turn into the yard to plunder it of food, or anything else that might be of value. But on entering the gate they were startled to hear the heavy tones of a man's voice, and on looking up saw in the front door a swivel, or cannon, about four feet long, and alongside of it a tall, fierce, strongly-built man of about fifty.

They had entered the yard of Solomon Jones, a bold and eccentric character. It was believed by the people of the Place that he was a Tory, but no one knew for certain. He was rough and reckless, fearing neither God nor man. He

spent much of his time in hunting, and lived on the game he killed. In his large kitchen one might frequently see as many as half a dozen deer hanging up at one time. The sides of his rough, unpainted house were covered with the skins of deer, rabbits, and woodchucks nailed up to dry.

In spite of his roughness and eccentricity, he was a good neighbor and was always ready to do one a good turn. When the war broke out, although everyone thought he was a Tory, he continued to be as friendly to his neighbors as before, yet he took no active part on either side. Some believed he was in secret communication with the British (though of this there was no proof). To all appearances he was neutral, and as long as no one interfered with him he was willing to keep silent. But he was not one to tolerate interference.

One of his eccentricities was the use which he made of an old cannon. This he kept in the house so that it might be handy in case anyone should trouble him. He had never had occasion to use it before, but now he had it ready as soon as he caught a glimpse of the marauders coming up the lane.

"Halt!" cried Solomon, "If you advance a step further I will shoot."

His voice and looks were sufficient to show the troops that he was not a man to trifle with. Although they committed all sorts of depredations when there was no one who dared to stop them, they were, in reality, a cowardly set and were easily frightened.

It was about noon, and they wisely decided to get their dinner elsewhere. Turning about and leaving the yard they went down the south road to see if there was anything there to plunder. After that Solomon, thinking that they would not molest him again and that they had left the village, went off to the east of his house to hunt deer.

Meanwhile, the marauders finding nothing in that direction, came back to the village. They were careful not to stop near Solomon's house, and turned to the west. Their

loud talking and laughing on the way, as we have seen, reached the ears of John Miller and the stranger. Catching sight of the latter at the east window, one of the number raised his musket and fired.

John ran down stairs to protect the family if the marauders should stop there. None of them had seen the troops until they heard the discharge of the musket. They all started upstairs to hide, but before John could follow, one of the men burst into the room and demanded something to eat. The family were all out of sight, and as long as the troops would be satisfied with something to eat and would not begin a search through the house, John was willing to satisfy them. Accordingly he found what he could and placed it before them.

On finishing their dinner they went out to the barn to find horses to ride to Huntington. There were three in the barn, and these they took, ordering John to go with them to the next house to help them get more. There they found four horses, and one of the men remarked that the odd one was for John himself. He was ordered to mount, and under cover of their muskets was made to ride ahead and show them the way.

Although they might shoot him at any moment, he was greatly relieved to have his family escape so easily, for the British were in the habit of murdering innocent women and children, merely for the cruel delight which it seemed to afford them. These men were no less cruel than others, and it is probable that they would not have been satisfied with doing so little harm, had it not been that they were in a hurry to reach Huntington, about thirty miles away, that afternoon.

Riding along with John in advance, they passed through the Place and had nearly reached the meeting-house, when one of them espied a man walking ahead. At that point there is a large rock on the south side of the road, about half way up the sandy hill, on top of which is the meeting-house. The road is quite winding there, and as the marauders

came around the bend at the foot of the hill, the man, who had heard them, was dodging behind the rock. But he was not quite quick enough. As soon as they reached him, one of them dismounted and going around it shot him down in cold blood.

They rode on, cracking coarse jokes and laughing over the way they got the best of the Yankees, though they said nothing about their experience at the house of Solomon Jones; and John, who had not seen them at that time, knew nothing about it. In this manner they passed through Old Mans, Drown Meadow, Setauket, Stony Brook, and by four o'clock had reached Mill's Pond.

Meanwhile Solomon Jones had returned from hunting, and being curious to know what had become of the British soldiers, asked one of the villagers if he had seen anything of them.

"Yes," he replied, "they stole all of John Miller's horses and all mine, and carried John off with them."

"Cowards!" roared Solomon, "will you let a handful of robbers get the best of you in that way and carry off your neighbor without resistance? I'll go after them single-handed and bring John Miller back to-night, if he be still alive."

He angrily strode away and resolved to go after him at once, but thought it best to stop first at John's house and see if the family were all right. There he learned of the stranger who had been shot and who could not live through the day. But that was not the time to ask questions. Seeing the horse pistol, he said that was just what he wanted to take with him, and bidding the family be of good courage told them he would bring John back that night.

Then he went home, saddled his gray horse, and taking the horse pistol, rode after the marauders as fast as possible. At Mill's Pond he overtook them. Riding up he demanded them in stentorian tones, to give up their prisoner, and brandishing the horse pistol shouted, "If you don't, I'll shoot every one of you!"

The men recognized their old friend of the cannon, and thoroughly cowed by his fierce manner, were afraid to resist him. One of them asked if the prisoner was a relative.

"Hand him over this instant, or I'll shoot," shouted Solomon. "He is my neighbor."

The men hesitated a moment, but when Solomon raised his pistol, they quickly obeyed.

"Take him," said the leader. "We haven't harmed him and didn't intend to. We only took him for a guide and were going to let him return home."

John glanced at Solomon, but said nothing. Then giving the soldiers full directions for finding their way to Huntington, they left them.

On their way back John related to Solomon all that had happened, telling him about the man who had come to his house and been shot, and all about the experiences on the road, and added that he had overheard the men saying that they would shoot him after they had reached their destination, as he would be of no further use to them. Then Solomon understood the glance John had given him.

Arriving home, John found the family greatly agitated over his capture, but just then absorbed in the story which the stranger was telling, with great effort, and with long pauses. On Monday there had been a skirmish near the Milford road, just out of New Haven, between the soldiers of Brigadier General Garth, the lieutenant of Governor Tryon, and about a hundred and fifty of the Americans. In this skirmish, Major Campbell, the British adjutant, had been killed by a militia-man. The stranger confessed that he was the man who had killed him. He was concealed behind a rock, and seeing the major in front of the British troops, aimed at him with his pistol and shot him near the heart.

With others he was taken prisoner and carried about by the British all that afternoon. Most of the Americans they killed at once, but some they kept as prisoners, and these they tortured in the most shocking manner. In the evening

the prisoner was placed in a farm house with a number of others. In some way—he did not have time to tell how—he managed to escape, and finding a small skiff, rowed across the Sound that night. He landed at the foot of the cliff back of the house about four o'clock in the morning, and then, as we have seen, was sheltered by John Miller.

The soldiers who had shot him and carried John away, had left the same army from which the stranger had escaped as a prisoner, and coming to the Island for pillage had, by a strange coincidence, landed at the same place that he had. Thus it happened that, without knowing it, these soldiers had shot one of their own escaped prisoners. Had they known that he was being sheltered in that house, there is no doubt that every member of the family would have been hunted down and killed and the house burned to the ground.

It was with difficulty that the stranger had told this story, for he was faint from his wound, and the end was near. But he showed that there was something more he wanted to say. Bending over to catch his last whisper, John's mother heard this: "I am your brother Jacob, come home to die."

It was indeed none other than her long lost brother, Jacob Sisson, who, wayward and headstrong, and feeling too keenly the restraint imposed by a stern father, had run away from home thirty years before and had not been heard from since. At length he had returned, but only to die.

Now, when I visit the home of my grandparents, and go out to wander through the graveyard close by the house, I look with deeper interest at a stone over the grave of one whose faults were forgotten because he died for his country.

P. C.

"So also is the Resurrection of the Dead."

Under their leaves and bending low
Blooming where first the green things grow,
Violets, deep-dyed, of purple hue
Modestly peep the tall grasses through.

Lily-white bells on their graceful stems,
Crowned with pearl-dew for diadems,
Cluster thick in the shade 'neath the trees,
Waft their perfume on each passing breeze.

Welcome they bloom in that most sacred spot,
On the down-trodden graves of men long forgot ;
Lily bells white and violets deep
Silently, softly their Spring vigil keep.

This message eternal rings out to each life
Which is burdened with toil and is wearied with strife,
That above the dry dust of those mere mortal men,
There throbs the new life of the Springtime again.

W.

Alcove Papers.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

The world cannot know too much about its great men. There have been plenty of small men who have cumbered the shelves of our libraries with volumes of trifles concerning themselves and other men of their calibre ; but there have been none too many biographies of great men, and none too many great men who have told us about themselves and the influences which helped to make them. Some great men have been too modest to write of their lives ; some have been too careless, or, like Lowell, have found life too short to

write about themselves in ; some have been content to leave the task of describing their lives to their literary executors or to some friend. And the world has been the loser.

It was therefore with profound satisfaction that the literary world received the Autobiography[1] of Philip Gilbert Hamerton which appeared last winter. To be sure, the purely autobiographical part of the narrative includes less than half of the author's life ; but that is the part of which it is most essential that one should tell his own story ; and the narrative is continued by one who was best of all persons in the world fitted to present Mr. Hamerton's life to the world, not only from the most intimate of relations, which she sustained to him for thirty-six years, but from the possession of a highly cultivated mind and from the deep sympathy she felt in all her husband's undertakings. "Our common dream," she writes, "had been to be as little separated as possible."

In one of his finest paragraphs Carlyle has pointed out how our sympathy is aroused by "the struggle of human Freewill against material Necessity." Surely our sympathy cannot fail to be aroused, and in no small degree, by the story of Hamerton's heroic struggle. By nature he was a dreamer. In youth his great delight was the poetry of Scott, from which he passed to his novels (he never lost his taste for *Ivanhoe*), imbibing from them a strong taste for mediævalism, as is shown by the fact that his first published work was a treatise on heraldry, and by the passion for hawking which once attacked him. He had, too, Scott's romantic feeling for the dignity of Roman Catholic ceremonial, and at the time he ceased to be a Protestant, had not his desire for independence of mind triumphed over his devotional sentiments, he would have entered the Church of Rome. At twenty-one he published at his own expense a book of poems and hoped to sell two thousand copies ; but

[1] *Philip Gilbert Hamerton.* An Autobiography, 1834-1858, and a Memoir by His Wife, 1858-1894. Boston, 1896. Roberts Brothers.

the dreamer was of course disappointed, and, extremist as he was, "must needs break with literature altogether!"

But Hamerton was not destined to be a mere mediævalist or artist-dreamer. Soon after his marriage came the American Civil War, in consequence of which the mill whence came a part of his income was stopped. Other reverses followed and four years after marriage the young artist found himself settled at Sens with two families to support, fighting the battle of life in good earnest. The story of how he bore himself in the "struggle against necessity" is better told by his wife than he would have told it himself; for she does not hesitate to reveal the sacrifices it cost him. But throughout the narrative there is no suggestion of murmuring. Few can understand the physical difficulties under which he labored. Never a robust man, he was visited at various times by severe attacks of illness, in some of which reason itself was in danger. But he conquered his foes, partly by sheer force of will, and lived until his real work was well nigh done.

Probably it is to the reverses in fortune which visited Hamerton that in the main we owe his literary works. It is true that he started out with the determination "to try to be a painter and to try to be an author, and see what came of both attempts." But in spite of the inclination which he says he had for literature in preference to art, we find him gradually drifting into the artist-life; and since he would have been satisfied—as he himself tells us—with "very moderate success" in either line, it is conceivable that he might have gone through life painting and etching somewhat mediocre pictures, instead of inspiring or quickening a love of art and of the higher life in the minds of thousands who have read his books.

It is interesting to note the various external influences which operated upon Hamerton at different times in his life and to mark their effect upon his intellectual being.

The first of these influences, both in time and importance, is that of nature. His first prose work was a little volume

entitled *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art*, and giving an account of his first summer in the Highlands. The free atmosphere and magnificent scenery of the Highlands possessed an intense attraction for the young artist. "I loved everything in the Highlands," he says, "even the bad weather; I delighted in clouds and storms, and have never experienced any natural influences more in harmony with the inmost feelings of my own nature than those of a great lake's dark waters when they dashed in spray on the rocks of some lonely islet and my boat flew past in the gray and dreary gloaming."

This love of nature he never lost; but his taste for the different moods of nature changed as he grew older. In his youth nothing pleased him like the Highlands, and the charm of his camp life there was never forgotten. But the solitude was not always sufficient for him. "As life advances," he writes, "it is wise to seek the more changing influences of the external world, and those are rather to be found in the brightest and sunniest landscape, with abundant evidence of happy human habitation; some southern land of the vine where the chestnut grows high on the hills, and the peach and the pear ripen richly in innumerable gardens."

Beholding as he did with the artist's eye the different moods of Nature—the wild and rugged Highlands, the peaceful Windermere at dawn, the picturesque Arroux,—Hamerton was the better enabled to interpret her various language. And it has cast its spell over all his work. Who shall say how much of the simplicity and strength, the dignity and repose of his style he does not owe to the moulding of nature?

Of the books which nurtured Hamerton, the Autobiography tells us much, and he has told us more elsewhere, in a letter to *The British Weekly*, about the authors from whom he derived inspiration. Like the average British youth he was brought up on liberal doses of Latin and Greek, toward which, owing in part to the influence of a disagreeable tutor, he formed a strong aversion. "'If a man,' I said to my-

self, 'can be a thorough classical scholar as my tutor is, and at the same time so narrow and ignorant, it is clear that a classical training does not possess the virtue of opening the mind which is ascribed to it.'" But in later years he became very fond of the *Odyssey*, with "its living sense of reality and its fine artistic taste, so free from all modern affectations."

I have already spoken of his early fondness for Scott. He early added Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and others. His fondness for Byron was increased by the hatred which his tutor, in common with the other clergy of the time, felt for the author of *Don Juan*. He is not aware that Byron ever exercised any bad influence over him. Neither Shelley nor Wordsworth materially influenced him; of Tennyson he was a warm admirer, though he found little in Tennyson's art which he could utilize as a model. The prose writer who most influenced him was Montaigne, whose wisdom seemed to him "of the kind most applicable to a thoughtful human life that is to be kept in touch with common interests." He quotes frequently from Montaigne. He believed the philosophy of Emerson to be stimulating but not quite true, being too optimistic for real truth. Shakspere's "rough workmanship" he did not admire, and he re-read only the great tragedies of the great Elizabethan.

The influence of society upon Hamerton is clearly felt by the reader of his works. In his youth he was fond of solitude, and he always recognizd its uses in maintaining intellectual independence. But he was no recluse, and he liked to be near men. In *The Intellectual Life* he says: "Society is necessary to give us our share and place in the collective life of humanity, but solitude is necessary to the maintenance of the individual life. Society is to the individual what travel and commerce are to a nation, during which it develops its especial originality and genius." He was a keen observer, and drew his knowledge of human natnre from a wide range of experience. His judgments are thoroughly cosmopolitan and impartial and in his ex-

pression of them one cannot fail to admire his absolute fearlessness and candor.

As one turns to the last leaf of the Memoir and comes to those touching words he wrote just before his death for *The Quest of Happiness*, one feels that here was a man who had faithfully and blamelessly done his work in the world. And his work was of the kind which the world needs. As a writer Hamerton will perhaps never appeal to the multitude. While thoroughly democratic in the best sense, he never courted popular favor, and his works are too great for the popular mind. But to the few who come to know him, and who are prepared to appreciate him, the heritage which he has left us will always be held priceless. His sincerity, his sanity, his love of truth, for which he willingly made any sacrifice, his catholic taste and sympathy will commend him to thousands of readers in the future, as they did to those of his own generation.

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Socrates, on that memorable day when he drank the hemlock cup, told the faithful followers who were gathered around him how at different times a dream visited him in diverse forms, exhorting him to apply himself to the cultivation of music. By music Socrates meant not simply that combination of sounds that catches up a few fragments of this world's harmonies, and with them moves our souls. There is another and a higher music. It is the music of a soul in which dwell order and method; which coördinates all knowledge; which recognizes the ideal; in which the good, the true, and the beautiful are cultivated, each according to its own nature, and by its own method. It is the rhythm of a thoroughly disciplined intellect and a well-regulated life. That dream comes to us all. If we would realize that harmonious development to its full extent we should cultivate both the Spiritual Sense and the Moral Sense with care and assiduity.—BROTHER AZARIAS.

THE announcement that Mrs. Hooker is to retire from the position of principal of Sage College, which she has acceptably filled for the past nine years, is received with sincere regret by all who have known her. She has shown rare

tact in the performance of her duties, and has been a true friend to the young women of the University, who will remember her with gratitude. She retires with the best wishes of a host of friends.

* * *

THE controversy respecting co-education at Cornell, recently carried on in the columns of the *Sun*, is much to be regretted, since it is inevitable that at least some of the foreign readers of that paper shall get an altogether erroneous impression of the position of women in the University. One who did not understand the conditions here would naturally infer from these communications—we refer to those attacking the present system—that there is a growing fear on the part of the men that the women are growing unduly ambitious, and are in a fair way toward running most of the organizations of the University; that from having to make eight o'clocks the women tend to become untidy in personal appearance, and for this and various other reasons are not the sort of people one likes to be associated with in the various boards and organizations; and therefore that their presence has a decidedly dampening effect upon University *esprit de corps*. This is not the place for argument upon these questions; indeed, the expression of popular sentiment which this controversy has brought forth, shows that no argument is needed, and in saying that every one of these inferences is entirely erroneous, we believe we voice the sentiment of by far the larger part of the University.

One good effect, however, has resulted from the controversy in this very expression of opinion which has been referred to. It has been found that co-education at Cornell has a much larger number of supporters than one might suppose from reading the first letter to the *Sun*; that there are not so many after all who object to allowing the women to belong to the general organizations, and participate in the general movements of the University; and that of the supremely disgruntled individuals who cannot tolerate women

in their classes and on editorial boards, there is not such a general exodus to the colleges where man reigns alone as one might naturally expect—or could desire. And incidentally we may be permitted to hope that our esteemed contemporary has learned by experience that there is one kind of journalism which in the end does not pay after all.

* * *

IN an interesting article in the last number of the *Dial*, Professor W. H. Johnson discusses some of the causes which have lead to the deterioration of English in our modern colleges. Reading the article with special regard to conditions existing at Cornell at the present time, one cannot help feeling that we shall not have better English until some of these conditions are altered. Is it not true that in our modern hurry and rush and search for all sorts of short-cuts we have lost sight of the real end in view? A good many students come to college not so much to obtain education and culture, as to get a degree. They imagine that if they perfunctorily accomplished the tasks laid down for them in the *Register* and "get through," that is all that is necessary. But while no one desires to belittle the educative value of these tasks if performed in the right spirit, they must be supplemented by other things, if one would become really educated. The student *must himself* sit at the feet of the great thinkers and masters of style; he *must* read for himself, widely, carefully, appreciatively. There is no royal road to the acquisition of a correct and elegant style; there is no short-cut. And so long as students have no especial desire to do this reading, and so long as a thousand other self-imposed duties (by no means connected with their required tasks) prevent them from doing it when they feel the desire, so long we shall continue to have slovenly and inelegant English. It has been said that the Harvard graduate of fifty years ago could hardly enter the freshman class to-day; but he was better educated than many of our modern graduates, for he had been a reader.

Athletic Comment.

The success of the Cornell representatives at the meet of the New York Fencers' Club, April 16 and 17, was a happy surprise to those interested in fencing at Cornell. Considering the short time that fencing has been enthusiastically taken up here, the standing of the team was quite encouraging. Cornell stood second in the competition for junior teams, beating out the New York Fencers' Club and Harvard. The team's strength against Columbia and Yale was not tested, as the teams representing these institutions withdrew at the last moment. The New York Athletic Club team won first place in the meet.

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The baseball team developed early this season and has already shown signs of good team work. The game with Princeton was the first good test of such development and was encouraging to those who watch the game as an outcome of team rather than individual play.

The Princeton game was a clean, close, and exciting game from the spectator's point of view. Princeton had the best of the batting and by bunching hits won the game in the sixth inning.

Cornell had several good opportunities to bring in runs but the hit at the right time was lacking. Cornell would reach second and third by good base steals only to be left on the base by the third out. Perhaps Princeton's pitcher deserves praise for this rather than the batter any censure.

The heavy wind interfered with the out field in this game, for outside of the two errors in the Princeton game, the fielding of the teams in all the other games this season has been excellent. The team work of the infield is sharp and the throwing good. Young is still somewhat wild in his throws to bases, and Murtaugh has not entirely learned the art of covering first. However, they are the two surest batters of the team. Bole as a pitcher has shown up wonderfully well

for a new man and already crowded out other aspirants. He appears to become stronger as the game continues and finishes with good speed. He is also a safe hitter—somewhat unusual for a pitcher. Cook is playing a good third, though he is still weak at the bat. Affeld and Haskell flank the pitcher's box and so far have covered second so effectually that Cornell's steals far outnumber those of her opponents. Their batting is still erratic, as is also Beacham's. Home runs and strike outs vary with the occasion. Miller's high flies to center are not quite so frequent this year, although he has not yet succeeded to any great extent in hitting low.

Such a strong showing so early in the season against as strong a team as Princeton, is an encouraging sign for a winning baseball season at Cornell this spring.

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It is almost superfluous to comment upon the crews. The 'Varsity and Annapolis crews are on the lake testing their relative strength and speed every pleasant day. Coach Courtney does not waste his breath telling outsiders the status of the crews, but saves his speech for coaching. Public opinion praises the present work and appearance of the 'Varsity and Annapolis crews, but condemns the Freshmen for their style and lack of proper speed.

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The Spring meet of April 30th resulted in five new Cornell records - in the 220 yards dash, the two-mile bicycle, broad jump, the mile walk, and the shot put. The work of the track team is encouraging and will make the meet with Pennsylvania an interesting one.

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Tennis, wheeling, and a baseball club seem to show that the Faculty are entering into a friendly rivalry, in which the honors are not so one-sided as in the higher branches of a university education.

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Not the Faculty alone, but Sage has come forth in the spring. Coxswain Colson is coaching a Sage crew, and tennis is enjoyed on the courts of the Sports and Pastimes Association.

The Month.

On April 12 was held the first of a series of debates between the various debating clubs of the University. Messrs. Yale, Snow, and Peck of the '97 Curtis Club, defeated Messrs. Horton, Buck, and Jeffers of the '98 Curtis Club. The second of the series was won by the Freshmen over the Sophomores on April 13. About a week later the '97 men defeated the Freshmen, who had already beaten the Sophomores, and on the same evening debaters from the Cornell Congress defeated opponents from the Blackstone Club. The final debate between the two winning sides for championship honors is to occur on May 15.

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The Senior class this year voted to have good pipes, capable of being smoked, provided by the Pipe Committee.

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Professor Wheeler lectured to a large and greatly interested audience on April 20, on "The Olympian Games." In connection with a very graphic and, in many cases, stirring description of the great athletic event, Professor Wheeler made use of many lantern pictures to convey an accurate idea of how it all looked.

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On April 28, the *Sun* published the first of a series of articles on the history of the Cornell Navy. The articles were continued for several days and form a very complete and valuable history of Cornell rowing.

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The great campus meeting which took place on April 30, the eve of the Princeton-Cornell game, was very successful. About a thousand students listened to the speeches and took part in the music.

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One of the speeches most heartily and universally enjoyed on the night of the campus meeting, was that in which Cornellians were told that Professor Moses Coit Tyler had decided to remain at Cornell rather than accept a splendid offer elsewhere.

President Schurman has offered two prizes of fifty dollars each for the best journalistic and poetic work done next year for the *Sun* and *Era* respectively.

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Senior singing is now taking place twice a week on the campus. The plan promises to succeed.

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Professor Wheeler repeated, on May 5, his lecture on "The Olympian Games," for the benefit of the Freshman crew.

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The Woodford Prize Contest in Oratory was a very brilliant one. Mr. Daniel H. Wells, of the College of Law, whose exceptional abilities as a speaker are widely known here and in Philadelphia, was awarded the prize. Mr. Irwin Esmond won honorable mention.

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Announcement has been made of the resignation of Mrs. Hooker as matron of Sage College. Mrs. Hooker's loss will be very keenly felt. Miss Brownell, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, of the class of '93, will succeed Mrs. Hooker, and in addition to acting as matron of the college will deliver lectures on English literature.

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The '98 *Cornellian* appeared on May 7. The sale took place under the Library arch, and was a large one. The book itself is good: fully up to the standard, except perhaps in the quality of the half-tone work.

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Leland T. Powers appeared at Barnes Hall, on May 11. He chose as his subject passages from *David Copperfield*.

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The annual election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held on May 5. The following students were elected: From the class of '97: Bessie Avery, Forestport, Charles E. Cooke, Ithaca, George M. Dutcher, Owego, Vesta Vernon Heywood, Princeton, Mass., Jessica M. Hitchcock, Oneonta, Ida L. Hull, Spencer, Ruth M. Nelson, Brooklyn, Clara G. Rowley, Philadelphia, Letitia E. Young, Rochester. From the class of '98: Clinton T. Horton, Silver Creek, Mary C. Lane, Newfane, Ernest G. Lorenzen, New Rochelle.

Publications Received.

KNOWLES, FREDERIC LAWRENCE, editor. Cap and Gown: Second Series of College Verse. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. pp. xxiv, 368. Cloth, $1.25.

FOSTER, HON. JOHN W. The Annexation of Hawaii. An Address delivered before the National Geographic Society at Washington, March 26, 1897. Washington, D. C. Gibson Bros. pp. 16.

A History of Ancient Peoples.

In attempting to write the history of ancient peoples in a volume of the size of the present one, Professor Boughton undertook no small task. Within the last thirty years a vast amount of knowledge has been acquired. Schliemann and Dörpfeld have wrested from the mound of Troy the secret of successive forgotten cities; Maspero has restored for us much of the ancient life of Egypt; the philologist and the anthropologist have reconstructed our views of the races of the ancient world. To sum up the results hitherto achieved, in a volume of five hundred pages, giving due proportion to the history of each race, and having regard for perspective, is exceedingly difficult; and Professor Boughton's book is, in view of the difficulties to be surmounted, worthy of much praise. He has drawn largely from the volumes of the "Story of the Nations Series," while taking pains to give proper credit. His plan has been to relate the history of a single nation at a time from its mythical beginnings throughout its career, or to the present time. He confines himself to the Black, Yellow, and Hamitic and Semitic White races, holding that the Aryans may not be classed among ancient races since their climax is of the future. In matters of style, we are willing to make some concessions and to overlook the short, choppy sentences which seem inevitable in such a work; but we dislike to find a sentence like this: "Could we read the past, we *would* no doubt find," etc. In a second edition the index should be considerably enlarged.

Scott and Denney's Composition-Rhetoric.

The saying of one of old, "Of making many books there is no end," applies with especial fitness in our times to books for the study of English. Some of them, mere compilations

and showing little or no originality of treatment, have no excuse for existence ; but this cannot be said of the present book. It is not everybody who can find a new thing to say about rhetorical theory ; but the present writers have at least succeeded in putting many things in a new light. They have worked under the influence of three ideas : that high school rhetoric and high school composition should be closely united ; that high school instruction may be successfully based on the development of the independent paragraph ; that composition is to be looked at not as a dead form, to be analyzed into its component parts, but rather as the living product of an active, creative mind. That these ideas are sound, few modern teachers will deny. With regard to the second, four years ago the authors of *Paragraph-Writing* found it desirable to expound the advantages of the paragraph as a basis for training students in writing ; to-day this method stands approved by so large a number that it has been made the central idea of the present work.

The two things which strike us about this book are its freshness and its practicability. The materials for class work have been well chosen from a wide range of books and the student is stimulated to do as much as possible for himself. The book is well calculated to remove the horror of grinding out compositions, and to lead the student to look upon writing as an art, the path to perfection in which is not altogether without its pleasant side. C. S. N.

The Cornell Magazine

June, 1897.

Why the Count of Chambord was not made King of France.

I.

The National Assembly which met at Bordeaux in February, 1871, was chosen solely to decide whether the war with Germany should continue or a peace be negotiated. But when the Monarchists found, much to their surprise, that they had some two hundred majority in the body, they then announced that the Assembly enjoyed constituent powers, and that it should not dissolve till they had foisted on France a monarchy in the place of the nondescript republic which then existed.

But these "resurrected" Royalists soon discovered that serious difficulties lay in the way of the accomplishment of their object. In the first place Thiers, the idol of a day, whom they had almost unanimously placed at the head of the state and clothed with well-nigh unlimited powers, began to turn against them, to lean towards the definitive establishment of a conservative republic, and, what was even more alarming, to take over with him to the enemy's camp no mean following from their own.

A second, and not less serious obstacle, was the divided state of the anti-republican majority. Led by three rival princes, all of whom were trying to sit on one throne, as Thiers happily put it, the hostile Orleanist, Legitimist, and

Bonapartist contingents presented a very broken front to the common republican enemy. And scrutinising more closely the two grand divisions of the Royalists, still further disunion was apparent. Towards the middle of 1873 four distinct "groups" or factions could be differentiated among them.

On the Royalists' left wing was the Right Centre, which, while conserving its affection for, and fidelity to, the Orleans princes, felt that the monarchy could not be and perhaps ought not to be re-established except in the person of the Count of Chambord. But while thus going over to the ultra-conservative grandson of Charles X, these liberal heirs of the July monarchy required of him in return certain constitutional guarantees and the maintenance of the tricolored flag as the national standard. This group was about one hundred and twenty strong.

On the other wing was the Extreme Right, composed of some four score antiquated Ultramontanes, clinging to the old régime of divine right, the hereditary enemies of the French Revolution, and the blind followers of the Count of Chambord, ready to go wherever and however he should lead—in a word, more royalist than the king.

Between these two extremes stood the Moderate Right, who were convinced that a monarchical restoration could be brought about only through mutual concessions on the part of the Extreme Right and the Right Centre, and the union of all Royalists on a common platform. There were about a hundred of these measured and conciliatory deputies who acted as a mollient link between the two rather distrustful and repellent wings of the party.

And lastly there were some forty Monarchists who, for one reason or another, did not care to "train" with any one of the other groups, and so gradually united in a little body known as the Changarnier Reunion, named from the venerable general and deputy who presided over it. Their political views do not seem to have differed from those held by the generality of their congeners of the majority.

When the insurrection of the Paris Commune had been

suppressed and the final arrangements been made for the last payment of the Prussian war indemnity and the removal of the remnant of the German army still quartered on French territory—this had all been accomplished by the autumn of 1873, thanks to Thiers's energy—the majority breathed more freely and felt that they could now turn their serious attention to the object nearest their heart,—the restoration of the monarchy. So it was decided to remove forthwith the two chief barriers in the way,—Thiers in the presidency and the divisions among themselves.

Thiers, who had now declared openly for the Republic, was consequently pushed from power on May 24, 1873, and a tool of the Right, Marshal MacMahon, was put in his place, while the Duke of Broglie, a Monarchist of the Orleanist stripe, became Prime Minister and confidential adviser of the new President.

A few weeks later—in August—a veritable *coup de théâtre* occurred in the direction of the union of the Royalists,—the Count of Paris, head of the Orleanist branch, went to Frohsdorff, near Vienna, the residence of the Count of Chambord, and acknowledged him as "the sole representative in France of the monarchical principle." The Government, the majority in the Assembly, and the pretenders themselves, were now at one in so far at least as regards the principle of a monarchical restoration and who the monarch should be.

II.

But, as after events showed, the most formidable obstacle —the bringing of the Count of Chambord into line with his supporters—remained to be removed, if removed it could be. And to the history of this part of the enterprise M. Chesnelong's recent book[1] is an important and interesting, though a little too tautological, contribution. The author, who is now a distinguished life Senator, was then a Deputy to the National Assembly, where he sat among the members of the Moderate

[1] *Un Témoignage sur un Point d' Histoire: La Campagne Monarchique d' Octobre, 1873.*

Right. He it was whom the Committee of Nine, of which he was one, made up of representatives from the four Royalist groups and charged with the whole management of the preliminaries of the Restoration, sent to explain to "the future King" the political situation in France, and especially in the Assembly, and to try to bring about an accord between him and his parliamentary supporters. And when the campaign came to an ignominious end a few weeks later because of the absence of such a harmonious understanding, M. Chesnelong was made the scapegoat thereof in many quarters. For nearly a quarter of a century he has borne in silence what he pronounces to be unjust imputations, "a silence," he tells us, "which seemed imposed by respect and duty." But to-day, now that the two chief royal actors in the scene are dead, that "the flag question," which was then such a burning one, has ceased to exist, and, in a word, that monarchy in France appears buried for many years, if not definitely, and the Republic, to use a most expressive slang phrase, "come to stay," —Senator Chesnelong has concluded to speak, and has extracted from his memoirs, written in 1885, all that part which has to do with the monarchical campaign of the summer and autumn of 1873, and published it in the present volume. Although this is evidently an apology *pro domo sua*, still it carries with it such an air of truthfulness, honorability, and exactness that the author wins the sympathy and confidence of the reader, who feels that the book possesses real historical value.

After much careful consideration and more than one compromise, the Committee of Nine finally authorised M. Chesnelong to convey to the pretender a series of propositions. In the first place he was to be informed that the Assembly would call him to the throne by virtue of his hereditary right, as the only legitimate representative of the national, hereditary, and constitutional monarchy. In the second place, the Assembly, at least the Committee of Nine said so, did not wish to impose on the King, as a condition of his elevation to the throne, a constitution made without his co-operation, but, on

the contrary, the future constitutional bills would be laid before the Assembly by the King's Government. The Committee of Nine did not feel any anxiety as to how these two propositions would be received. But they were not so assured concerning the next one.

In order to anticipate the falsehoods which the Committee felt sure would be put in circulation the moment the coming restoration was announced, it was proposed to the Count that a general statement be made concerning the nature of the new monarchy. The public was to be given to understand that the authority would be exercised conjointly by the King and the Chambers; that the former would be charged with the executive power, that his person would be inviolable, and that, as a consequence of royal inviolability and the co-operation of the Chambers in the government, ministerial responsibility would be recognised. The future constitution, it was still further to be declared, would acknowledge the civil and religious liberties of the nation, the equality before the law of all classes of citizens and their free access to every civil and military employment; would stipulate that all taxes should be voted annually by the representatives of the nation, and in a word, that the guarantees which constitute the public law of France should not be attacked.

These three requests seemed to meet with the Prince's approval; and then M. Chesnelong took up the more difficult part of his mission. The question as to whether the future standard of France under the Restoration should be the tricolor of the Revolution and Empire or the white flag of the old monarchy, had nearly wrecked the enterprise in committee before it ever got squarely before the Count of Chambord. The Right Centre at first made it the *sine qua non* of their participation in the campaign that the text of the law of the Assembly calling the Count of Chambord to the throne should stipulate in advance that the then national ensign should be changed in no respect and at no time. And they seemed justified--if justification were needed—in taking this stand by Marshal MacMahon's private communication to the Com-

mittee, that he would have nothing to do with the venture if the tricolor were repudiated ; and with the President even lukewarm, the most sanguine Royalist knew that a restoration was at that time impossible.[1]

The Extreme Right, on the other hand, if not so positive in their advocacy of the claims of the white flag as were the Orleanists for the tricolor, shared the antipathy of their Prince against "the banner of the Revolution." A compromise, therefore, was absolutely necessary, and the following resolution was unanimously agreed to by the Committee of Nine : "The tricolored flag is preserved, and it cannot be changed except through the accord of King and Assembly." The first clause satisfied the Right Centre and the last portion the Legitimists ; or, rather, as is always the case with compromises, each party was only partially contented, though the former got more—this being an instance of Bismarck's *beati possidentes*—than the latter.

The ingenious advocate of the Committee, in his delicately-worded glossary on the text of the resolution, admitted to the Prince that, while it was true that he would be first greeted, on his entrance into France, by the tricolor, the second clause of the resolution reserved to him the right of presenting to the country, at the hour he should think fit, his own solution of the difficulty. But—and here came the rub—M. Chesnelong trusted the Prince

[1] It was apropos of this communication that MacMahon is reported to have made his famous remark that, if the army were to see the two flags opposed to one another, "the Chassepots would go off all alone." And General Du Barail, who was at this time Minister of War, shows in his recent work, *Mes Souvenirs*, that he held the same opinion as the Marshal. Asked one day at a cabinet council how the troops would act if the tricolor were withdrawn, he answered : "I have such confidence in the army that I believe the men would even submit to accept the white flag if it were forced upon them." And when asked for farther explanation, he exclaimed : "Do you chance to believe that the army is disposed to acclaim the white flag ? They cling to the national colors and all the more so since the recent terrible misfortunes have tarnished its glory and because they wish to restore to it the old splendor."

shared the view of the Committee, that the matter once laid before the Assembly by the King both parties would come to a common understanding ; otherwise, he pointed out, this flag difference might give rise to a conflict between the executive and legislative branches of the government with all the grave dangers that such a clash would be sure to bring upon a country like France.

On quitting the Prince, after a vigorous presentation of the case, M. Chesnelong flattered himself that the Count of Chambord fully acquiesced in the views of the Committee. But scarcely had the latter reached his private apartments, when he sent word to the former that, while he consented to the first two propositions—the tricolor being left untouched, provisionally at least, and his laying before the nation, when once on the throne, his own solution—he could not accept the third proposition, the King and the Assembly agreeing as to what the solution should be—"which," he declared, "would place me, so to speak, at the mercy of the Assembly."

When this message was conveyed to him, M. Chesnelong admits that he was "thunderstruck." "It was plain to me," he continues, "that the Prince, after having at first consented to the third declaration, regretted having done so, changed his mind, and, in a word, would no longer stand by our first understanding. This was a symptom that alarmed me, and I began to ask myself, if, after our departure and when no longer influenced by contact with us, the Prince, left to the workings of his own mind, would not return to his position of absolute resistance to the whole flag matter and reject the first two declarations as he had just done the third." And this is just what did happen, as the sequel will show.

But if he could prevent it, M. Chesnelong did not mean to let the obstinate Prince blast in this way his own political future and that of his friends. "So after much reflection," he says, "I thought I had discovered a way of restoring the situation." A third interview occurred in the night,

just before the Prince started for the Salzburg station where he took the midnight train for Frohsdorff. Although the Count of Chambord could not be moved in his determination not to accept the third declaration, he did consent, at M. Chesnelong's earnest solicitation, not to forbid his followers of the Extreme Right in the Assembly voting for the article of the Committee—"the tricolored flag is preserved and it cannot be changed, except through the accord of King and Assembly,"—it being understood that they could afterwards support the solution proposed by the King.

This modicum was the only concession which M. Chesnelong could obtain, and on parting with the Prince he felt forced to say to him: "I trust that the monarchical campaign can be entered upon, although the ground on which we can manœuvre in common is very narrow, much reduced from what I had hoped it would be, and whose limits it will be difficult not to overstep."

It must strike a cool, foreign observer that the situation was even worse than appeared to this optimistic advocate of a cause dear to his heart; and this on his own showing. The Prince evidently made more than one mental reservation. Throughout the interview there was a continual straining, on the part of M. Chesnelong, of the meaning of the adage "Silence gives consent."

Thus, after having laid before the Prince the constitutional portion of the Committee's programme, M. Chesnelong makes such comments as these: "His assent, though silent, seemed to me so manifest that I made a note of it." "The Prince, without pronouncing a single word of reservation, made me a sign of acquiescence." "The plan of the Committee of Nine was accepted without restriction and even without the least observation. The Prince approved all, or at least opposed nothing." Even M. Chesnelong himself was surprised at the easiness of his task. He says: "The result corresponded with my hopes. I may say it even surpassed them. So when later I had to give my colleagues an account of this part of my negotiation, I could truthfully say: *Je n'avais eu qu'à enfoncer une porte ouverte.*"

When the flag portion of the mission was entered upon, this "policy of silence" was naturally emphasised. Thus: "The Prince made no answer, and no sign from him could enable me to make out his impression. From the moment I took up this new line of ideas, his physiognomy was as if enveloped by an impenetrable impassibility." When the direct question was put to him, whether he and the Committee were at one as to the modification of the flag being the joint work of King and Assembly, this was all M. Chesnelong got for an answer: "The Prince remained impassible and did not abandon his silent attitude." And when it was suggested that the solution "should be found in the fusion or in the co-existence of the two flags," "a smile, somewhat veiled with sadness, greeted these words. However, he did not interrupt me." Even not being interrupted carried with it a sort of affirmative significance to the eager ears of M. Chesnelong. One more example: "After a short silence, where I would have welcomed a reply, but which was not forthcoming, I continued my unpleasant *exposé*." And finally, when the second and last interview had been held and M. Chesnelong had returned to some of his impatiently waiting colleagues, he describes himself as "radiant as after an unexpected success. . . . They expressed astonishment that the assent of the Prince had been so complete, and that no reservations were mingled with it. I answered that after the first conversation I indeed did not look for such a good ending, and that I was surprised at it."

But the Count of Chambord could speak out, and very plainly, when he wanted to. But when he did so, M. Chesnelong would not accept his words. Thus, when the scheme of the fusion of the two flags was being developed, M. Chesnelong "noticed a visible expression of discontent spread over the Prince's face," and when the proposal was pressed home, "the Prince interrupted with an accent of gentle firmness, as if speaking to himself: 'I will never accept the tricolored flag.' But I immediately replied with respectful emotion: 'Monseigneur will permit me to consider

that I did not hear those words. At least he does not charge me, I think, to convey them to Paris; for if I were to do so, the monarchical campaign would be given over forthwith. I shall forget, therefore, what Monseigneur has just said. He will be kind enough, at the end of our conversation, to convey to me the final reply that I shall have to take back. Whatever it may be, I will faithfully transmit it. But that is the only one I shall feel bound to carry.' " The Prince's answer was: "Very well; but you see what are my real feelings on the subject."

And yet, notwithstanding their vulnerable and rather slippery candidate, the United Right hopefully began to build up its new throne on this bed of sand, and the more optimistic believe that they would have completed it and the second restoration would have been an accomplished fact in the autumn of 1873, if it had not been for the famous letter of October 27 in which the indignant but narrow Prince put a brusque end to all the quibbling, hair-splitting, and tweezering which had been in progress in Parliament and in the press since the campaign began, and which he felt placed him in a wrong light. With one sweep of the pen the Count of Chambord cut the ground from under the feet of his political henchmen and once more firmly placed himself on his native heath,—the old régime, absolutism, the counter-revolution, the white standard of the Bourbons. In a word, the Prince had simply repeated what he had said a few days before to M. Chesnelong at Salzburg: "I will never accept the tricolored flag."

I had already penned the foregoing pages before I chanced to see a work,[1] to which M. Chesnelong's was really a reply, written by the Marquis of Dreux-Brézé, one of the most trusted representatives in France, of the Count of Chambord, his confidant and the interpreter of his views, who here presents the other side—that of the ultra Legitimists—of the

[1] *Notes et Souvenirs pour servir à l'Histoire du Parti Royaliste, 1872—1883.* A brief supplement—a counter-reply to M. Chesnelong's book—was published after the principal work.

matter considered by M. Chesnelong. I may add that my own conclusions concerning the questions in debate are substantiated, though from a different point of view and in another spirit, by M. de Dreux-Brézé. After a perusal of his volume, one is more than ever convinced, notwithstanding his specious effort to prove the contrary, that it was the imbroglio over the tricolored flag which kept the Count of Chambord from the throne.

It is sometimes held that the Count of Chambord never wanted the crown. Disappointed royalists have said so because they were piqued at the way in which he blasted their hopes, and delighted republicans have echoed the report in a spirit of raillery, both, it should be noted, founding their belief chiefly on the obstinacy which he showed in this flag dispute. The late Cardinal La Vigerie once wrote: "The heir of your ancient monarchy did not wish to reign," and Senator Lucien Brun, one of the Count of Chambord's closest political friends, answered: "If the heir of our ancient monarchy did not reign, it was because he had said that he did not care to be and in fact would not be the legitimate King of the Revolution. That will be the verdict of history." The Marquis of Dreux-Brézé devotes a chapter of his book to a like vindication, viz., that the Count of Chambord was eager enough to mount the throne provided he could have his own way,—and seems to put the fact beyond question.

In this connection, the Marquis makes a special examination of the charge that the refusal of the Count to accept the tricolored flag was the cause of his not becoming king. But the argument somewhat resembles the vicious circle of the logicians. He admits and approves Chambord's positive, even disdainful, rejection of the proffered banner, and blames the moderate royalists for having brought the question up, for having bungled it when once up, and for having made it a *sine qua non*. This is as if one were to say that King George was not responsible for the American Revolution because the colonists rebelled at the Stamp Act, or that the South is not to be blamed for our Civil War because the

North was opposed to slavery. In fact, the Marquis gives away his case by the very nature of its presentation.

In the examination of Senator Chesnelong's book, I referred to his proneness for hair-splitting in the consideration of the text of resolutions of committees and reports of royal interviews concerning the solving of this flag problem. This tendency is still more noticeable in the Marquis of Dreux-Brézé's volume, where, in some cases, it becomes quite puerile; but whenever the Marquis wishes to tell his readers what the Count of Chambord and his fuglemen thought of the tricolored standard, his language is very plain and direct.

"This flag," he writes, "was the exterior manifestation of the Revolution, standing for the predominance of the fickle will of the nation over tradition, of the aspirations of the modern world over the principle of authority, of the interests and rights of the society of 1789 over the old conditions, so imperative in France, of a stable government. In a word, everybody understood the tricolored flag to mean the supremacy of Parliament, controlled by political leaders, over the sovereign, whose authority would be reduced to the mere act of reigning. . . . . In asking the Count of Chambord to accept the tricolored flag, the advocates of parliamentary government wished to force upon him this form which they rightfully identified with the concession of this flag. By refusing to make this concession, which was regarded as a condition of the proclamation of his right to the throne, the Count of Chambord declined to be a party to his own moral defeat."

The Count of Chambord's antipathy to the tricolor was only equalled by his love for the old standard. "The reconsecration of the white flag as the banner of France," says M. de Dreux-Brézé in another place, "was one of his most ardent desires, one of his dearest hopes, and morally an essential consequence of his ascending the throne of his fathers. In order to attain this end, he was decided, once established in France, to exert every effort of his energetic nature and to have recourse to all the powerful prestige of

his position, supported by the influence of the new-born royalty. . . . In this attempt to preserve integrally the white flag, he also counted on the co-operation of the enthusiasm of a people who would feel that his presence had suddenly snatched them from grave peril and who would thus see opening before them a reparative future. From the union of all these moral forces the Count of Chambord confidently hoped would spring the acceptation by France of the white flag."

In studying this squabble of 1873 over the merits and demerits of "a rag," as the Pope well put it,[1] one is struck by the fact that friends and foes invariably treat the question as if it were a new one, whereas it had already been repeatedly thrashed out, especially in 1814 and in 1830,—another example of the enchainment of historical events.[2] The good and substantial reasons why, in the very interest of the Legitimist cause itself, the tricolored flag should not be pushed aside, were stated by able men and proved beyond question to be correct, before the Count of Chambord was born. He and his followers were not ignorant of these facts and the liberal monarchists of the Third Republic, in refusing to repeat the mistakes of the Restoration, were acting like true statesmen, in giving the *coup de grâce* to the emblem of the old régime.

THEODORE STANTON, '76.

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[1] Du Barail relates in his memoirs already mentioned that Pius IX, who urged the Count of Chambord to accept the tricolor, gave vent to his disapprobation of the latter's *non possumus* spirit, in these words: "And all this on account of a rag!"

[2] See Viel-Castel, XX, 624,631; Pasquier, II, 327,328; III, 313,320; VI, 274,279,324; Haussez, I, 30,32; etc.

An Armenian Keats.

II.

Because my previous article dealt for the most part with Armenian patriotism, I shall now add a richer note to that patriotism by chording it with specimens from the patriotic poems of Tourian.

We will lend ourselves to the feeling of two patriotic poems. The first has for a caption:

"WISHES FOR ARMENIA."

I. When bright dews fall on leaf and flower,
And stars light up the skies,
Then tears and sparks co-mingled
Burst forth from my dim eyes.
Forget thee, O Armenia !
Nay rather may I be
Transformed into a cypress dark,
And so give shade to thee!

The scene in this stanza is evening. The dews are falling on leaf and flower—the watering of Nature. The poet is a poet of nature. Sorrow, the falling of dew, the stilly night, the moaning of the cypress trees co-mingle to calm the mind to a mild pensiveness. All the impressions received on the hallowed wings of night, all the voices of the night, shade one's feelings to brooding thoughts of Armenian sorrow. The poet's mind is sorowful: "Tears and sparks co-mingled burst forth from my dim eyes"—tears of sorrow, sparks of anger and patriotism. The cypress tree with its huge shade and sorrowful moan is typical of Armenia today. The poet, when he wishes to be like it, breathes forth the despair of the nation. It is not really that he wishes to be so transformed, as is shown by the following stanzas. He gives

way to a momentary mood of despair. The night, the dew, his grief like both, his anger like the flash from the stars, all represent the state of Armenia and of the poet's mind. The stanza closes with the poet in a momentary mood of despair :

"May I be
Transformed into a cypress dark,
And so give shade to thee."

II. The starry night no comfort brings :
To me it seems a veil
Strewn with the tears that Ararat
Sheds from his summit pale.
O graves ! O ruins, to my soul
Your memory is as dear
As to the lover's thirsting heart
The maiden's first love tear.
And shall my spirit after death
Oblivious be of you ?
Nay, but become a flood of tears,
And cover you with dew !

The darkness, dew, tears, cypresses—there is no comfort in all this. Darkness is a veil of tears. The land is a land of graves and ruins, a memory. "Shall my spirit after death." This is the meaning to be attached to the conclusions of this and the other stanzas. His ideas of metempsychosis are peculiar. May his spirit, his thought, his patriotism, be an influence—a fire—a means to bring on bloody resistance to the Turk unspeakable. May his lyre be a voice to charge Armenians with resistance. It is despair mixed with resistance which inspires him. In this stanza he does not mean that his spirit should merely make Armenians weep. There is no resistance, no energy, no effort obtained by mere weeping. It is when anguish leads to resistance, and resistance to freedom for race and country, that it is worth speaking of. This truly is what he means as is seen from the succeeding stanzas.

III. Not sword nor chains, abysses deep
Nor precipices fell,
Not thunder's roll, nor lightning's flash,
Nor funeral torch or knell—
Not all of these, 'neath death's dark stone
Can ever hide from me
The glowing memories of the past,
Our days of liberty.
Forget you? Ne'er will I forget,
O glorious days of yore!
Rather may I be changed to fire
And bring you back once more!

The terrible things of earth cannot hide the memories of the past liberty of Armenia. The poet wishes that his spirit would fire Armenia with the old love of liberty. There is a change in this stanza of the means to express the same thought found in the preceding stanzas. The poet does not follow on with his figures of the night, but speaks of the past, its memories, and closes with the hope that his influence will fire Armenia with militant patriotism. This thought is carried out stronger in the succeeding stanzas, and in the last verses of the last stanza receives its most powerful expression.

IV. When twinkle pale the stars at dawn,
When dewy buds unclose,
And tenderly the nightingale
Is singing to the rose,
All Nature's harmonies, alas!
Can ne'er give back to me
The sights that sound where cypress boughs
Are moaning like the sea.
Forget you, black and bitter days?
No, never! but instead
Rather may I be turned to blood,
And make your darkness red!

The poet now returns to the configuration of the first two stanzas. The dawn, the last song of the nightingale, all

Nature's morning harmonies cannot give back to me the sighs where cypress boughs are moaning like the sea. He refers to the experience of the night spoken of in stanzas one and two. The figure of speech reminds me of George Eliot's "The deep sea which moaned with memories," in *The Spanish Gypsy*. This memory empowers him again and he closes wishing his spirit when it has charged Armenians will bring on, if necessary, a bloody war of freedom.

V. Armenia's mountains dark may smile,
  Siberia's ice may smoke,
But stern, unbending spirits still
  Press on my neck the yoke.
Inflexible and cold are they;
  When feeling surges high,
And I would speak, they stifle down
  My free soul's bitter cry.
Forget thee, Justice? Never!
  But ere my life departs,
Rather may I become a sword,
  And make thee pierce men's hearts!

The poet now speaks of the Turk. Justice cries out against him. The Turk his oppressor is stern, unbending, tyrannous, cold, a stifler of freedom. Of the last two verses it may be said they are daggers; they pierce as they are read. May his influence, in the name of justice, bring about the grasping of swords to pierce Turks' hearts.

VI. When e'en the rich man and the priest
  A patriot's ardor feel,
And when Armenian hearts at length
  Are stirred with love and zeal—
When free-souled sons Armenia bears,
  These days of coldness past,
And fires of love and brotherhood
  Are lighted up at last—
Shall I forget thee then, my lyre?

Ah, no! but when I die
Rather may I become thy voice,
And o'er Armenia sigh!

In this stanza the poet climaxes the thought of the whole poem. Armenians should have patriot ardor, should be stirred with love and zeal for their land. May the spirit embodied in his verse, he says, become a voice filled with sighs, but awakening to patriotic exertion for the freedom of Armenia.

This is a truly excellent patriotic poem. No wonder the Armenians loved Tourian. The poem breathes the spirit of the nation. It is full of anguish charged with endeavor. The imagery adds to the poetic effect by a gradual rise to culmination in the last stanza. The references to Armenian scenery, mountains, night, morn are effective. The last two verses are pointed. The thought is the same as that of Walt Whitman: that the poet's office is to free, arouse, dilate the spirit which lends itself to the poet's influence.

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The title of another of Tourian's patriotic poems is: "The New Dark Days." We might read the poem.

THE NEW DARK DAYS.

I. The centuries of bloodshed
Are past, those cruel years;
But there is still one country
Whose mountains drip with tears,
Whose river banks are blood-stained,
Whose mourning loads the breeze,—
A land of dreary ruins,
Ashes, and cypress trees.

The preceding poem did not deal with the details of the state of Armenia at present. The poet pictured Armenia as heart-broken and weeping, the land desolate. And he hoped his spirit would stir the patriotic zeal of Armenia to belligerence. This poem is descriptive. In stanza one the poet contrasts Armenia with other countries which are free from

tyranny, and far from desolate and disconsolate. Then Tourian goes on to speak of the country itself: the dew-dripped mountains (*vid.* the first two stanzas of the preceding poem), a land of ruins. When he speaks of the mountains dripping with tears, I fear our boyish poet has given us an example of what Mr. Ruskin has called "the pathetic fallacy." Nature is here made to weep; the mood of the poet is projected on nature herself. I am inclined to think that the remainder of the stanza cannot be ill-judged. Poetically Tourian can figure the land of Armenia as a land whose breezes are loaded with moans, whose river banks are blood-stained, a land of ruins, ashes, and cypress trees—the emblem of death, a tree typical of Armenia.

II. No more for the Armenian
  A twinkling star appears;
His spirit's flowers have faded
  Beneath a rain of tears.
Ceased are the sounds of harmless mirth,
  The dances hand in hand;
Only the weapon of the Koord
  Shines freely through the land.

Lines 1 and 2. The night is dark, clouded, starless—the land is dark, clouded, starless.

Lines 3 and 4. The flowers of his mind and heart, nobler ideals, patriotism, zeal, these flowers have faded beneath a rain of tears, as flowers are broken under a heavy rain. It is eternal night in Armenia, men's hearts are sunk beneath the load of sorrow. Men's simple pleasure, harmless mirth, the merry-making country dance are gone. How strongly does the stanza end: the Koords—the Tartar savages, the Sultan's savage troopers are thick and free-booting. "Only the weapon of the Koord shines freely through the land." This is strong as a close, and is a contrast to the other part of the stanza.

III. The bride's soft eyes are tearful,
Behind her tresses flow,
Lest the Koords' shout should interrupt
Love's whisper, soft and low.
Red blood succeeds love's rosy flush ;
Slain shall the bridegroom be,
And by the dastard Koords the bride
Be led to slavery.

The poet continues his descriptive allusions. In the first stanza he speaks of the plight of the land ; in the second of the people socially benighted and afeard. In this third stanza his fear is more strongly expressed. Here we have references to the Armenian maiden and the fear of lovers of the Koord. The Koords break up families, carry away the pretty maidens, drive away the cattle, fire houses, murder the men. The reference here is to the breaking up of families by the barbarous Koords.

IV. The peasant sows, but never reaps ;
He hungers evermore ;
He eats his bread in bitterness,
And tastes of anguish sore.
Lo ! tears and blood together
Drop from his pallid face ;
And these are our own brothers,
Of our own blood and race !

This stanza describes the state of the peasantry. They eat their bread in fear and sorrow, sow in tears not to reap in joy. "These are our own brothers," an expression of the brotherhood and solidarity of the Armenian nation.

V. The forehead pure, the sacred veil
Of the Armenian maid,
Shall rude hands touch, and hell's hot breath
Her innocence invade ?
They do it as men crush a flower,
By no compunction stirred ;

They slaughter an Armenian
As they would kill a bird.

The poet now returns to speak of that of which Armenia is proud—its maidens pure (*vid.* stan. III.). There is none of that familiarity between young persons of both the sexes in Armenia as there is in America. There are no love-walks, no calls where young people are alone, no kissing nor caressing till after marriage. The negotiations are carried on by the parents in consultation with the wishes of the young people concerned. The calls of the young men are made only to the whole family. Strictness, seclusion, surveillance in their matters is the customary attitude of families towards the girls. How much more terrible then is it that these innocent maidens should have "their innocence invaded" by licentious freebooting Koords!

VI. O roots of vengeance, heroes' bones,
Who fell of old in fight,
Have ye all crumbled into dust,
Nor sent one shoot to light?
Oh, of that eagle nation
Now trampled by the Koord,
Is nothing left but black-hued crows,
And moles with eyes obscured?

If the first is the most impressive, this is the strongest stanza in the poem. The bones of Vartan, that Vartan whose heroism drove back the murtherous Persian, he of whom legend says the nightingales near lake Van call out at dawn—"Vartan, Vartan!!"—cannot memories of him stir up patriotic inspiration? The last four verses are powerful. The eagle nation—the nation with intelligent dancing black eyes, the nation now trampled by the Koord, has become a nation of black-hued crows. They have lost their black eagle eyes: their eyes are obscured like moles.

VII. Give back our sisters' roses,
Our brothers who have died,

The crosses of our churches,
  Our nation's peace and pride !
O Sultan, we demand of thee
  And with our hearts entreat—
Give us protection from the Koord,
  Ox arms his arms to meet !

As is well known, the Armenians, being Christians, are not allowed to bear arms, and are forbidden under heavy penalty to possess any weapons. The last stanza is a petition, and though, as such, it is a fitting close, it is not so effective as the last stanza of the preceding poem. The appeal to the Sultan on such matters as sisters's roses, brothers, church crosses, is useless. Mohammedan Turks hate Christians, from them no mercy can be expected by Armenians.

* * * * * *

Reflect a moment, now you have finished reading this paper, and you will remember that Armenia is to be distinguished from Turkey as much as a spanked lap-dog is to be distinguished from a hyena. The Armenians are not Turks, that is plain. The Turks have always been savage, though the Sultan and his pashas have learned to bedizen their savagery in the glitter of harems and kiosks ; they are not an advancing people, as every European and American knows ; they are not a literary people, for who ever heard of a Turkish poem or a Turkish essay, who ever heard of a Demosthenic Turk ? I have endeavored to show that the Armenians had a civilization of their own, and that their civilization came out in their literature. It is illustrated in the poems of Tourian. Tourian was a patriot. That is to his honour. He was more than that, he was a Keats, which would come out more plainly if we read his sentimental poems and those purely personal in their mood. A drop of wine may be like the whole glass, but it is not the whole glass. Part of the flavor and power of Tourian shows itself in his patriotic poems, but the wine of life of Tourian is

found in his sentimental poetry. Tourian's melancholy, his love of nature, his patriotism, is seen in the poems I have cited, but it is his love-poems which show the richness of his nature. In the foregoing poems he was inspired by a patriotism receiving its impulse from the desolation of his country ; in his sentimental poetry the impulse comes from love of his mistress—Beauty. The ravishment of beauty as it is shown in the face, form, and character of Armenian women and as it is shown in Nature is a far more potent inspiration than the desolation of one's country and the accompaniment of despair.[1]

We should not criticise too sharply the poems produced under such a shadow as that I have just mentioned. Matthew Arnold's canons of criticism will not do for Tourian. Men rise above the idea of patriotism when they have learned that Man is above country. These Armenians are men ; they have their own civilization and their own culture. Their culture, their civilization is not yet so high as that of some Occidentals ; but they are a progressive people ; they have a civilization ; they have a literature. Men who produce such poems as Tourian's are no barbarians. The nation has the modern spirit ; it has commercial, political, literary intelligence ; it is fierce against its oppressor. Its oppressor is the Turk, who never produced good literature, and never had a man interested in literary pursuits in any university in the western world. Yet Armenians are found in almost every great university in Christendom, and they are always conspicuous for intellectuality. Their interest in literature takes various forms : they are critics, translators, appreciators, above all, creators. James Bryce, who knows the Armenians well, has said of them : "They are a strong race, not only with vigorous nerves and sinews, physically active

[1] There is a laconic saying in Aristotle's Poetics : that it is part of possibility that impossible things will happen. The impossible has fallen upon me. The close of the college year and the close of Volume IX of this MAGAZINE necessitates the deferring of an article on Tourian's sentimental poetry till next year.

and energetic, but also with *conspicuous brain power.* Thus they have held a very important place among the inhabitants of Western Asia ever since the sixth century. If you look into the annals of the East Roman or Byzantine Empire, you will find that most of the men who rose to eminence in its service as generals or statesmen during the early Middle Ages were of Armenian stock. So was it also after the establishment of the Turkish dominion in Europe. Many of the ablest men in the Turkish service have been Armenian by birth or extraction. The same is true with regard to the Russian service. Among all those who dwell in Western Asia, they stand first, with a capacity for intellectual and moral progress, as well as with a natural tenacity of will and purpose, beyond that of all their neighbors, not merely of Turks, Tartars, Kurds, and Persians, but also of Russians."

D. ARTHUR HUGHES.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.

(From Heine.)

In a dream I wept,
I dreamed thou layest in the grave,
And when I waked,
Tears had not ceased my cheek to lave.

In a dream I wept,
I dreamed thou lost me utterly,
And when I waked,
Bitter I wept for loss of thee.

In a dream I wept,
I dreamed thou didst keep true to me,
And when I waked,
I could but weep for joy of thee.

W. H.

A Sermon to College Students.

TEXT: "GO TO!"

It has always been admitted that sermons form the most dangerous class of writings. Just why, nobody knows. It might be a good subject for discussion in the Ethical Society. At the end of the year, however, the pernicious effects of sermons is almost entirely eliminated. At that time most students will not read anything; and the depraved few who do, carefully forget it all before the beginning of the next year. Consequently, the present article, though belonging to a degraded class, is not really vicious in its nature.

The sermon to college students has undergone a long course of development. In its earlier stage, its protoplasmic form, one might almost say, it consisted of appeals for greater devotion to study. At the present time, it presents two distinctly marked aspects. The one recommends the pursuit of athletics, the other advises wide reading outside the college curriculum. It is easy to see that here a great advance has been made; but there is still much to be done. The present writer does not claim to possess a knowledge of the final stages of evolution, but he does profess an insight into the next one.

What college students know least about is the art of laziness. We are a practical age, and we have learned that a certain amount of rest is necessary for further activity. Therefore, we rest. This is all very well so far as it goes, but what a degradation of the noble art of doing nothing! To be sure, one cannot expect much more. In the present degraded state of society, even a small degree of appreciation shows great talent. To be capable of laziness which is worthy of the name, is a mark of genius. Go to, then. Get laziness. No other joy is equal to it. No other capac-

ity of human nature is so worthy of cultivation. Think of the long summer afternoons, when one can lie on the grass, and be too happy to remember anything ; or of the nights and mornings, when to be alive is such delight that nothing more in the way of bliss could be added. Only he who has tried it can imagine its glories. Of course, even to approach perfection, laziness must be practiced for itself alone. It will have no half-hearted votaries. All or nothing is the mandate. To be sure, some activity is allowable, and often increases the intensity of the opposite ; but if there is a conflict, activity must yield. The be-all and end-all of human life is doing nothing.

The Character of Pearl in the Scarlet Letter.

It has often been said that Pearl, as her character is portrayed in *The Scarlet Letter*, is merely a weird creature of the imagination, and no human child.

That the material from which Pearl's character is drawn, has passed through the "crucible of the imagination," no one would doubt ; but whether that material was gathered by the novelist from the realm of child-nature, is the question.

All children are imaginative. Imagination is the wondrous Lamp of Aladdin, through whose agency who has not in childhood realized the fulfillment of his dearest hopes and fondest desires?

Pearl's environment was such as to stimulate the imaginative side of her nature. Living alone with the sad woman whose child as well as herself was an outcast from society, Pearl found her companions and playmates in the trees, the birds, the murmuring brook of the forest, and even in her own graceful image in the pool. Pearl was in close communion with Nature ; she understood the language of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

Like Hiawatha, she knew the birds and all their secrets. "The great black forest put on the kindliest of moods to welcome her. One and another of the flowers whispered as she passed, 'Adorn thyself with me, thou beautiful child, adorn thyself with me!' and to please them, Pearl gathered the violets, and anemones, and columbines, and some twigs of the freshest green, which the old trees held down before her eyes. With these she decorated her hair, and her young waist, and became a nymph-child, or an infant dryad, or whatever else was in closest sympathy with the antique wood."

This life fostered her strong imaginative tendency, and love of the beautiful; and Pearl, as did Rousseau's Emile, learned many a moral lesson from her intercourse with Nature.

Whether we recall our own childish experiences or read the best descriptions of child-life, or make personal observations of children, we cannot fail to notice that a child's play is very largely imitation of whatever goes on in the adult world about him.

No event or phenomenon witnessed by him there but he can experience or reproduce through the aid of his imagination—as in Wordsworth's perfect picture of child-life.

"Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

We find Pearl "imitating on her own bosom, the decoration with which she was so familiar on her mother's breast," and drawing from stories of witchcraft, and the superstitions of those primitive people, to fill her fantastic world.

"The unlikeliest materials—a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower—were the puppets of Pearl's witchcraft, and, without undergoing any outward change, became spiritually adapted to whatever drama occupied the stage of her inner world. Her one baby voice served a multitude of imaginary personages. The pine-trees, aged, black, and solemn, and flinging groans and other melancholy utterances on the breeze, needed little transformation to figure as Puritan elders; the ugliest weeds of the garden were their children, whom Pearl smote down and uprooted, most unmercifully."

To us, it seems natural that the child who saw only cold, stern looks directed towards her mother and herself from the elder portion of the community, and met with jeers from their children,—who received from personages in the real world no kindness or sympathy,—should regard with hostile feelings as well, the ideal characters in her inner world of fancy; but to her mother's eyes, evidences of such feelings had a terrible meaning. Hester has sinned, and Pearl is an ever present reminder of her guilt. "Hester knew that the deed was evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be good."

The inherent tendencies of Pearl's nature assert themselves, and the child—who is but slightly restrained by her

mother, and consequently has become willful—throws herself into a passion of anger or perversity. "If spoken to" by the children of the settlement, "she would not speak again. If the children gathered about her, as they sometimes did, Pearl would grow positively terrible in her puny wrath, snatching up stones to fling at them with shrill, incoherent exclamations, that made her mother tremble because they had so much the sound of a witch's anathemas in some foreign tongue."

In the forest, Pearl, upon seeing her mother without the accustomed letter on her breast, "burst into a fit of passion, gesticulating violently, and throwing her small figure into the most extravagant contortions. She accompanied this wild outbreak with piercing shrieks, which the woods reverberated on all sides." Such instances as these—to an ordinary observer mere evidences of unrestrained passion—were to Hester proofs that her fears were true, and she could only cry, "The deed was evil,—its result is likewise evil."

With a child's active curiosity, keen observation, and spiritual intuition, Pearl questions, "What does the letter mean, mother, and why dost thou wear it, and why does the minister keep his hand over his heart?" To her mother's question, "What has the letter to do with any heart save mine?" Pearl replies, "Ask yonder old man whom thou hast been talking with! It may be he can tell."

The child asks Arthur Dimmesdale, "Wilt thou stand here with mother and me to-morrow noontide? Wilt thou hold my hand and mother's hand to-morrow noontide?"

Under a spell of perverseness or fancy, Pearl answers to the question who made her, "that she had not been made at all, but had been plucked by her mother off the bush of wild roses that grew by the prison door."

These fanciful freaks were variously interpreted by different spectators. The stern Puritan townspeople contrasted Pearl's wild spontaneous activity with the unnaturally decorous deportment of their children, and attributed to her impish characteristics inherited from him whom they called

her father—for they considered Pearl a demon offspring. To Roger Chillingworth, "there is no law nor reverence for authority, no regard for human ordinances or opinions, right or wrong, in Pearl's composition." To Arthur Dimmesdale, "Pearl hath no discoverable principle of being —save the freedom of a broken law."

But while Pearl's nature took on the hue of the colored light in which the prejudice of the Puritans, the remorse of Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, or the revenge of Roger Chillingworth enveloped her—while the reader who has become accustomed to the deep gloom of the romance may be at first dazzled by the light in which Pearl is standing, and unable to see her as she really is,—alone by the brookside, in the golden sunlight, she is the bright, loving, and lovable child of Nature. And so she becomes to Arthur Dimmesdale, and to Hester, when the hidden secret has been revealed, and both stand truthfully before God and man.

In the last scene upon the scaffold the dying minister says to the child, "'My little Pearl, dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not yonder in the forest! But now thou wilt?' Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled."

JANE M. WHEELER.

Alcove Papers.

The Song of Roland.

Both Wace, in his *Roman de Rou*, and William of Malmesbury tell us that when the Normans advanced upon the Saxons on the field of Senlac, they marched to the chanting of the tale of Roland,

> And Taillefer, who chanted passing well,
> Upon a swift steed rode before the duke,
> And sang of Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver,
> And of the vassals slain at Roncesvaux.[1]

While the present form of *The Song of Roland* is not the same as that sung by Taillefer, the minstrel of Duke William, it is possible that the version of the Bodleian MS. approximates that which was familiar to the *jongleurs* of the Conqueror's time. However, this may be, the poem is of the highest interest to us, giving as it does a true and vivid picture of the life, customs, and characters of our Norman ancestors during the period which just preceded the first Crusade. The poem is full of the fire of patriotism, full of the ardor which glowed in the true vassal of God and the Emperor and which spent itself in those splendid failures which yet brought unforeseen blessings—the Crusades.

The basis of historic fact upon which the *Song* is founded is quickly set forth. In the summer of 778, Charlemagne, who had invaded Spain with the noble purpose of freeing the Church from Saracen control, had pushed as far south as Saragossa, where his career was checked. Receiving host-

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[1] *Roman de Rou*, ll. 8035–40.

ages from the Saracen chiefs, he returned to France. In the passes of the Pyrenees on the 15th August his rear-guard was attacked by the mountaineer Basques and perished to a man—among them Eggihard, provost of the royal table, Anselm, count of the palace, and Hruodland, prefect of the marches of Brittany.

Such is the fact upon which the *trouvère* constructed his tale. But mark the transformations which the legend has undergone! Charlemagne, from a young man of thirty-six, not yet emperor for twelve years, has become the venerable, white-bearded patriarch of two hundred years, "majestic symbol of Christian royalty." He has warred victorious in Spain for seven long years. The real conquerors of the rear-guard are replaced by the Saracens, deadly foes of the Christians,—who, unable to resist Charles's advance, have hitherto trembled for their safety. A French traitor has sprung up, "a second Judas," to whom has been given the name of Wenilo, the famous Archbishop of Sens who betrayed Charles the Bold to Louis the German in 859. Oliver, son of Regnier, duke of Genoa, appears as the sworn friend of Roland—Oliver, whose famous duel of five days with Roland is described for us in *Girars de Viane*, and whose later friendship for Charlemagne's nephew became as famous as that of Orestes and Pylades.

We are not, then, to consider this as a historical narrative. The *trouvère* has not hesitated to take the legend as it came to him and clothe it in literary form without questioning the truth of the details. But these details are not of the eighth century so much as of the eleventh; and indeed the informing life of the poem is that of the century which beheld the island of Britain pass under Norman rule, and the first enthusiastic Christian knights set out to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the clutches of the infidel. Let us summon some of these old heroes to stand before us, and see what were the ideals of our Norman fathers.

And first there is the Emperor himself, hoary, majestic, idealized. The poet thus introduces him at Cordova:

Beneath a pine tree, near an eglantine,
Was placed a massive arm-chair, all of gold ;
There sat the King who holds sweet France in sway.
White was his beard and white his aged head,
But still his form was noble, proud his mien ;
If any sought him, none need point him out.

Charles "represents the ideal of royalty recognized by the nation and sanctified by the Church." He is no despot: he wishes to reign only as first among his barons, and to do nothing without their advice. He is both king and priest, communicating with God without mediation; for him God makes the sun to stand still as it did for Joshua. As a warrior he is everywhere victorious: the Saracens, when they hear his trumpets after the slaughter of Roncesvaux, flee crying, "In an evil hour were we born!" As a judge he is just but stern. Ganelon is allowed as fair a trial as if his guilt had not been in doubt. No wonder such a king is beloved by his people! No wonder even Ganelon will allow naught of ill to be said of him, and Roland spends his last blow in avenging an insult upon the imperial honor! In a word, Charlemagne represents the highest type of King in an age inspired with a supreme faith in the monarchical principle.

And there is Roland, the real hero of the poem, from an obscure count of the Breton marches exalted to the highest dignity of a Christian vassal. Proud, fierce, revengeful, stubborn,—the old German hero has not lost all his primitive characteristics,—Roland is yet noble, generous, brave, true type of the knight of the best days of chivalry. It is not the love of woman which inspires him to brave deeds: in the hour of his death, when come to him solemn and tender thoughts, what do we hear? Is it of fair Aude, his betrothed, the sister of his friend? No, but of his sword, Durendal, whose life he would take away that it may fall into no miscreant hands.

"Ah, Durendal, how fair and hallowed thou !
Thy gilded hilt doth many relics hold,
Saint Peter's tooth, the blood of Saint Basile,
The locks of St. Denis, and precious bit
Of the Holy Virgin's garb. It is not right
That pagans should possess thee : thou must serve
The Christians only. Ah, how many lands
With thee I've conquered, which King Charles now holds,
He of the hoary beard, and rules with power !
May never coward wield thee !"

It is this sword, the symbol of conquest, that Roland last thinks of among earthly concerns. As M. Merlet remarks, "Il aime la gloire jusqu' à la folie." This love of renown it is which forbids him to sound his olifant even at the entreaty of Oliver.

"Who did so were a fool. In France, sweet France,
My glory I should lose. Great blows I'll strike
With Durendal ; my hand shall bloody be
Full to the hilt."

But the sentiment which is uppermost in his breast during the conflict is devotion to Charles and "sweet France."

In charming contrast to the fierce valor of the hero is his noble friendship for Oliver, to which I have already alluded. It is a friendship which nothing can shake. They are but men, they exchange sharp words ; but it is but a passing shadow and leaves no trace. Touching indeed is the lament in which he mourns the loss of his friend, on the field amid the slain. He has just found Oliver's body and the archbishop has absolved the dead.

Then grew his grief and sorrow doubly great.
"Oh, Oliver, my comrade, noble son
Of Count Regnier, who holds the March of Gênes,
To break a lance, to shatter toughest shield,
To drive through hauberk and the stoutest mail,
To counsel well, to compass traitors' ill,
Never in any land was better knight."

And there is Turpin, the warrior archbishop, "preaching to the sound of the clarion," zealous against the infidel, with a certain grim humor and ready wit, such as is found in many a mediæval churchman; and Ganelon, the traitor, the scapegoat who is responsible for the defeat; in the first versions of the story, tempted by gold alone, but later alleging his hatred of Roland as a further motive for the crime; at his trial scorning to deny his guilt—a brave man driven to his ruin by the demon of jealousy. Even among the pagans are some brave men. If King Margaris flees the field to tell Marsile of the tragedy, it is only after he has fought bravely and dyed his sword. "God! what a baron if only he had been a Christian!"

And what of the Franks, the rank and file of the army? Stern, fierce warriors they are, whom the cry of "Monjoie!" arouses to the hardiest deeds of valor, even in a lost cause. Yet as they march through the Pyrenean passes on the return from Spain, and think of "their fiefs and domains, their maidens and noble women, their hearts melt and there is none who does not weep." These men, if rude, are not savage; if they are fierce it is not the fierceness of barbarism, but rather the frenzy inspired by and characteristic of the Age of Faith.

The Song of Roland recalls the ideal of the Indian brave, "not so much to triumph as to die well." Such heroism has never lost its interest for us. Just as Roland's trumpet blast still reverberates through the rocky gorges of the Pyrenees, so does the image of this old mediæval knight, the earliest epic hero of Christendom, live in our minds as the highest ideal which the knights of a later day sought to reach embodiment of all that is best in the Christianity which produced the Crusades.

C. S. N.

"Reveries of a Bachelor."

The clock at the farther end of the Library reading-room said ten minutes past nine. The freckle-faced boy behind the librarian's desk closed the book he was reading, rose, and stood meditativelv surveying the long aisles with only a light burning here and there. The prospect was encouraging. There would be few books to be restored to the stacks that night. The sharp click of approaching footsteps on the tile of the vestibule sounded through the quiet of the room, changing into the familiar, muffled, library tread as the girl who was leaving in the morning entered the wide doorway, passing down the aisle to her accustomed alcove place. A boy with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, at the desk just behind, looked up from his problem and noting the senior gown and the cap resting on the coils of shining hair, straightway fell to dreaming of the four years awaiting him, should the morning with its final test in mathematics prove kind. But the girl's thoughts as she idly turned over the library slips lyiug where she had left them, quite ages ago it seemed, were not of days coming but of days gone.

The clock from the tower sounded quarter past. The freckle-faced boy still meditated, his chin resting on his hand. Sixteen minutes past nine! Seventeen! Turning abruptly he passed out through the little gate which warns the wandering visitor from the sanctity of the stacks and began his nightly tour about the room, straightening a book here, putting out a forgotten light there. He looked sharply at the few stragglers who, roused by his footfalls, turned their thoughts homeward. Rustling papers mingled with the snap of out-turned lights, chairs scraped across the heavy matting, jarring against the desks behind. The deadened footfalls grew fainter and fainter. Voices sounded from the hall. A door closed. A sudden hush settled over the place. Twenty minutes past nine! The clear tone of the Russian bell broke the silence. One! Two! The boy looked up from his problem, closed his book, and began gathering up

his papers. Something in the quiet of the figure before him arrested his hurrying fingers. The rustle of the papers ceased and a moment later, with no jar from chair or carelessly handled book, he stole away.

The boy with the freckles walked down the aisle for the fourth time ; in desperation arranging books already erect ; wondering when would she go. There was a rustle in the shadowy aisle and a round of hurrying steps. The boy from the shadow of the great stone pillar saw her stand for a moment looking down at the quiet face before her. He noticed anxiously that when at last she spoke her hand clasped her throat and her eyes were very bright. "You were thinking," with a trace of reproach in her voice, "that this was the last—the very last time." For a moment there was silence between them. The older girl raised her eyes for an instant. They were clear and true. "No, little girl," she said hurriedly, "not that !" Then after a moment, steadily—"Remember only of all the glorious FIRST times."

The boy, lunch-box in hand, watched them pass down the wide steps out to the avenue into the deeper shadow from the chapel. Five minutes later, skipping down across the field in the moonlight, he found himself repeating over and over the words which seemed to bear a buoyant message for the morning--

"Only the glorious first times !"

Lines.

Flowers are sweet. Too soon they die,
  And memory only takes their place,
A simple book, tho' it may lie
  Untouched an age within its case,
May some day catch thy weary eye,
  And tell its story o'er again,
  And aid thee to forget some pain.

N. H.

The Cornell Magazine

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WITH this number the ninth volume of the MAGAZINE is closed and the present board of editors retires. The parting word shall be brief. "The MAGAZINE stands as the exponent of the literary spirit of the University." Whatever may be the merits of the articles which have appeared during the past year, in forming an estimate of them this fact is to be borne in mind. With regard to the future of interest in literary work here—we mean literary writing among the students,—the signs of the time are not so favorable as might be, but we are not inclined to be pessimistic. A change of conditions may bring other things in its train. Let us hope that they will be the best things and that among them will be increased interest in a form of endeavor which is not the least useful in a scheme of education. Meantime, the editors bring their labors to a close and transfer the keys to their worthy successors. "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

Athletic Comment.

To sum up the athletic season of 1896–97 at Cornell is not a satisfactory undertaking, when it is necessary to leave out of consideration the final and most interesting events of the year.

If one were to study minutely the athletics of past years at Cornell, some law of the rise and fall of the athletic tide might possibly be discovered, and Cornellians prepared for the inevitable "off" year. It is certain that Cornell athletics has been erratic in the extreme in some of its branches.

The Navy has been most free from this element of instability, and it is perhaps for that reason that we put more confidence and enthusiasm into our support of the Cornell crews. That the Navy is so largely free from this changeableness is undoubtedly due to a well defined system of firm training and to a system that is distinctly non-imitative and thoroughly Cornellian. It is strict conformity to a splendid coaching system that has put Cornell at the head of the college rowing world and compelled the recognition of her proper place by the foremost college crews of the country.

The races at Poughkeepsie this month will be the more interesting because they will bring to the test three distinct systems of training—the new English system of Harvard, the Yale, and the Cornell.

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The lack of a Cornell coaching system in football last season was recognized by those most interested in the football team. Two years ago Cornell had a Harvard coach; last year a Yale coach was tried. Next year we are to have Cornell coaches. The benefits of a change to Cornell coaching may not seem great at first, but it is certainly the only way to build up a team that will stand the test in years

to come. This is perhaps the most significant change for the better in Cornell athletics during the present year.

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The athletic team on track and field has been unusually enterprising this spring. Three meets with other college teams besides the usual spring meets at Percy Field and a small number of entries at Mott Haven are evidences of push and growth in this young and struggling department of our athletics. Material support on the part of all Cornellians is needed for the athletic team, more than in any other of the more popular athletic branches here.

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Baseball is an illustration of "low tide" in Cornell athletics. The team has not been able to win very often away from the home grounds, and has succumbed quite often on Percy Field. Errors have been more numerous than desired and the whole baseball season has been an "off" one.

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Within the last few weeks Coach Courtney has illustrated very emphatically that saying of his that "no man is sure of his place in the 'Varsity boat." A majority of last year's freshman crew who won the Annapolis race this Spring will have the honor of rowing in the 'Varsity boat at Poughkeepsie in preference to some of last year's 'Varsity crew.

The Month.

Hon. Andrew D. White lectured before the students on May 14, on "Evolution versus Revolution in Politics," and again on May 17 on "The Problem of High Crime in the United States." Dr. White left for Germany on May 18.

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On May 15 the second 'Varsity crew defeated the crew of the United States Naval Academy in a two-mile race, by two and a half lengths. Time 11 minutes, 15 seconds. A large jollification meeting was held on May 17.

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The Senior Banquet was held on May 19. The attendance was small, but the enthusiasm was great.

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The '86 Memorial Prize contest was held on May 21. Herrick C. Allen won the prize and Parton Swift received honorable mention.

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The Cornell Congress won the debate with the '97 Curtis Club, and thus gains the supremacy for the year.

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Cornell and the Senior Class has been called upon to mourn the loss of Charles Vernon Wanzer, who was drowned in the lake on May 27.

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The board of editors of the MAGAZINE for 1897–98 will be made up as follows: Charles Robert Gaston, editor-in-chief, Frank E. Gannett, business manager, Alice H. Bricker, L. A. Davis, Jesse Fuller, Jr., William R. Price, Emily H. Westwood.

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The *Sun* board has elected W. A. Ross editor-in-chief and D. M. McLaughlin business manager for next year. The *Era* board for 1897–98 has chosen H. M. Bellinger, Jr., editor-in-chief and Jesse Fuller, Jr. business manager.

Publications Received.

TYLER, MOSES COIT. The Literary History of the American Revolution, 1763–1783. Volume I, 1763–1776. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xxxiv, 521. Cloth, $3.

HUBBARD, ELBERT. Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. Series for 1897. No. 5, Christina Rossetti. No. 6, Rosa Bonheur. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 28, 40 respectively. Paper, 10 cents each.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE. The Encyclopædia of Sport. Part I. Aard-vaark—Athletics. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 56. Manilla, $1.

The Literary History of the American Revolution.

Professor Tyler has been long and widely known as a student and historian of early American literature. His *History of American Literature During the Colonial Time* from the moment of its appearance took highest rank among the works of its class; and the same reception is likely to be given the present work, which is practically a continuation of the work on the colonial period, and which, like that work, is to be completed in two octavo volumes.

In the field in which this book lies, Professor Tyler is virtually a pioneer. The history of the events of the Revolutionary time has been often enough written, and is even now being rewritten in a more judicial and disinterested spirit than ever before. But events are only the external appearances, the results, of forces which often lie far beneath the surface; and strange to relate, there has never been a complete and satisfactory exposition of these forces of the Revolution—"its ideas, its spiritual moods, its motives, its passions,"—as they are found embodied in the literature of the time.

Professor Tyler's book, then, supplies a want which, if not universally long felt, has been none the less real. It will not be surprising if, after perusing these pages and those of

the volume yet to appear, we find ourselves reconstructing our ideas of many of the phenomena of the Revolution ; if we come to see that the heroes of the struggle, those whom we have deified as the makers of the new nation, were but the representatives of a people stirred to the depths by forces which the chiefs did not always create, and could only direct. The author has called his book "a presentation of the soul, rather than of the body, of the American Revolution ;" in a sense, then, it is an introduction to the psychological laboratory of the period.

At the outset the author distinguishes between writings which resulted from general intellectual tendencies, apart from the Revolution, and those which resulted directly from it. The latter, representing the characteristic life of the period, he considers in nine classes : letters, state papers, oral addresses, political essays (both letters and pamphlets), satires in verse, popular lyric poetry, literary facetiæ, dramatic compositions, and prose narratives of actual experiences in the Revolution. This classification indicates something of the diversity in the mass of writings handed down to us from this time. These writings Professor Tyler considers "not so much for their independent artistic value as for their humanistic and historic value." He comes to his task, then, not as the literary critic, but as the historian of society, believing with Demogeot that literature is the expression of society. But his book will be of deep interest both to the student of literature and to the student of history—for the ultimate ends of both are the same. C. S. N.

Rags and Tatters.

Mr. Herbert Crombie Howe's book of verse, labelled *Rags and Tatters*, which he has just published for private distribution, represents a field of endeavor along which Cornell is regarded as having few worthy laborers.

It brings together only a selected portion of the author's work, twenty-two complete short poems, some of which appeared originally in Cornell publications, and others in out-

side periodicals, *The Lotus*, *The Overland Monthly*, etc. A number of extracts from longer and more ambitious poems are also included. In regard to the actual merit of this verse, three Cornell professors have given opinions.

Professor Corson, while pointing out evidences of immaturity, such as defects in technique, regards Mr. Howe's work as promising, and considers that with persistent training, he will be able to bring out something of considerable merit. The ideals are high and the sentiment in several places departs from the common stock of verse-makers.

Professor Crane, from the idea he obtained of Mr. Howe's verse as it came out in the local periodicals, thinks it scholarly, and worthy of inspiring the hope for future excellence. Professor Moses Coit Tyler says: "I think Mr. Howe's work contains material that is full of promise. Of course this little book is a packet of samples; its most serious and ambitious work, especially, is a series of fragments. One does not like to express a deliberate judgment of them until he can see the rest. However, it is plain, even from these fifty pages, how true have been the poetic influences under which Mr. Howe has been training himself to the vocation of poetry, and how fortunate he has been in the choice of his masters. I am much impressed with the fragments he gives us from 'The Pilgrimage.' I see too the tokens of growing strength and ease in his work, as in the recent sonnet, 'For Arbitration.' As I like, just now, noble words suggestive of patriotic duty rather than patriotic exultation, I would call attention to this epigram:

> 'Oh, land of liberty! is freedom, then,
> The freedom to forget our fellow-men?' "

Cap and Gown—Second Series.

It is now some five years since the appearance of *Cap and Gown: Some College Verse*, and the publishers have been encouraged by the success of the volume to issue a second series, which has just appeared, under the able editor

ship of Frederick Lawrence Knowles, Harvard '96. The volume shows a distinct advance over the first in arrangement. There are general divisions labeled, "Love and Sentiment," "Comedy," "College and Campus," "Nature," and "In Serious Mood," and there is an index of verse forms, whence it appears that the rondeau, quatrain, and ballad forms have been found to embody the most satisfactory work. Some of the verse printed, of the best of college verse though it may be, has little excuse for prolonged existence. Many of the contributions, however, are well worthy of preservation. The volume will serve to idle away some pleasant hours. The typography is creditable, although the name of the late professor in Harvard, to whom apparently the book is dedicated, appears as "Childs," and the frontispiece is *not* Tennyson's portrait.

Some Other Books.

Stephen Lescombe, B. A., is the story of an unfortunate college man who has a misunderstandiug with the girl he loves and who dies the victim of circumstances, five minutes before his "luck changes." The last part is overdone, though some passages in the book are powerful. One does not like to read such a book twice: it is too unreal.

Lovers of sport will welcome the new *Encyclopædia of Sport*, edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, which is projected on a magnificent scale, and which is to include many articles on subjects, such as "Taxidermy" and "Veterinary Work," which are strictly but corollaries of sport. While due regard will be paid to accuracy and technical detail, the style will be made interesting.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Robert the Bruce* ("Heroes of the Nations" Series) is a thoroughly commendable book. The narrative is scholarly and the volume is equipped with superior maps and illustrations.

A Princetonian, by James Barnes, is an interesting

story of college life, and the first novel of a young writer who has already become known as a writer of short stories. The hero, Newton Hart, is a healthy and interesting young westerner, and the story of his development at old Nassau cannot fail to be of interest to college men. The characters are natural and life-like.

A manual of considerable value to graduate students is that entitled *Graduate Courses*, an edition of which is published annually by the Federation of Graduate Clubs. The present year's volume is again under the editorial supervision of Clyde A. Duniway, Cornell '92, and will appear this month. It gives a valuable survey of the facilities for graduate study offered by about twenty-five institutions.

The Putnams announce a new book by Professor Charles Mellen Tyler, entitled *Bases of Religious Belief, Historic and Ideal; an Outline of Religious Study*. It is written for clergymen and students generally who are interested in the new forms of philosophical and theological statement. Professor Tyler takes the ground that the religious thought of the day is being quickened by the modern view of God's relation to the world as immanental, in distinction from the old Deistical view of God as extra-mundane; and that a readjustment of the grounds of religious belief is required by the progress of science all along the lines of study.

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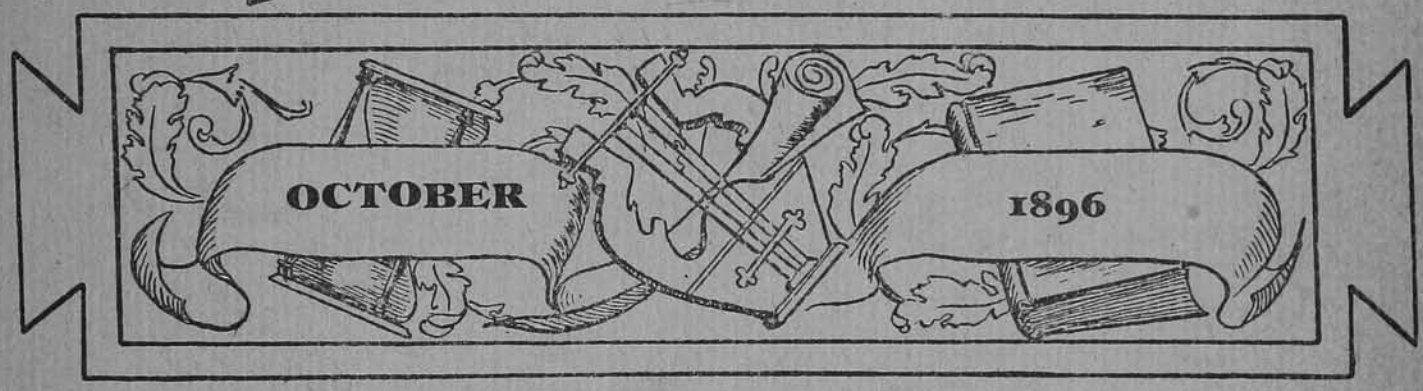

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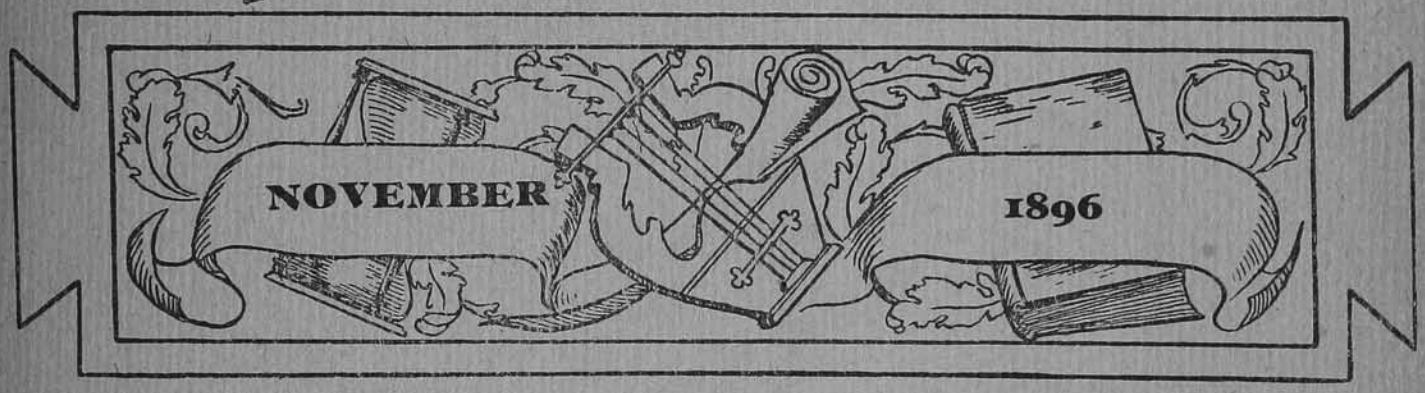

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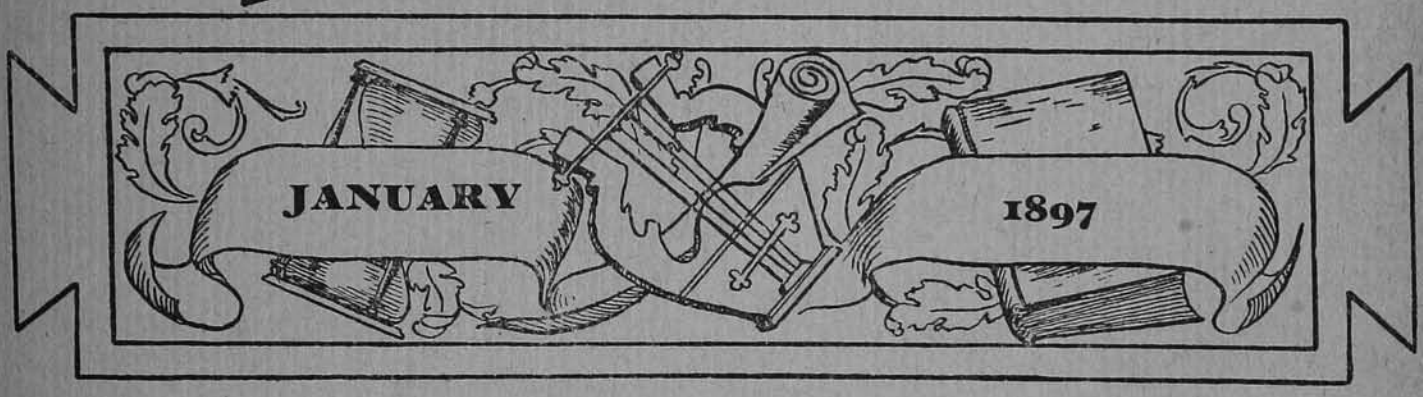

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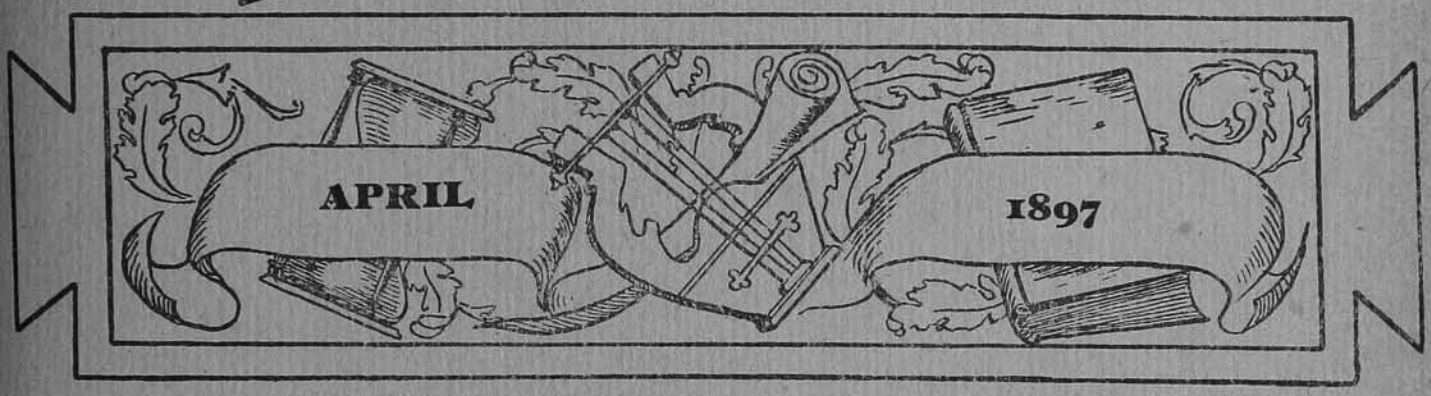

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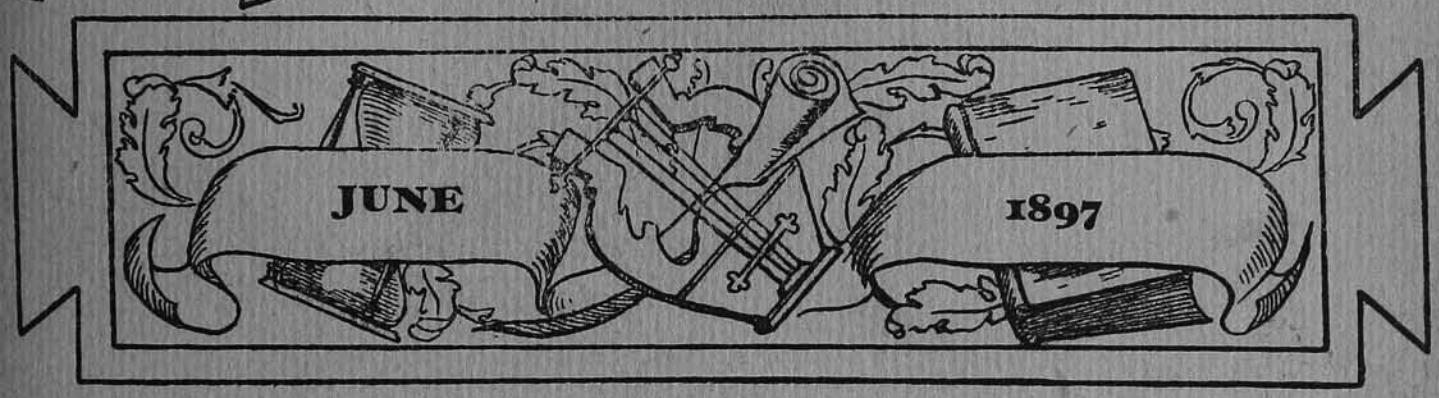

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