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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., - - *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1888.

ALBERT E. METZGER, - - *Business Manager.*

EDWARD B. BARNES, HOWARD C. BEAUCHAMP,
ALBERT E. HOYT, EDWIN S. POTTER,
HARRY E. WISE.

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ALLEN C. BALCH, - - - *Business Manager.*

LEONARD C. CROUCH, FRANK S. FIELDER,
CLAUDE JONES, HOWARD A. OPPENHEIM,
CHARLES E. TREMAN.

ITHACA, N. Y.,
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1889.

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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*
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SUCCESSES AND FAILURES OF COLLEGE-BRED MEN.

Charles Kendall Adams

THAT enterprising United States Senator who ~~the other day~~ took the trouble to present some very elaborate reasons for thinking that a collegiate education is a hindrance rather than a help to political usefulness, was not, perhaps, quite so far wrong as some of us who are in college may be inclined to suppose. His presentation seems to be free from any glaring absurdity, and it is therefore entitled to a respectful and thoughtful consideration. The claim is two fold in its nature. In the first place, the statement is made that the most powerful and influential statesmen have been, and still are, men who have never enjoyed the benefits of a collegiate course of study. This alleged fact is then accounted for by the declaration that a course of instruction in college makes a man too fond of subtle theories; indeed, makes him so much attached to what is dreamy and impractical as greatly to weaken his efficiency in what he will be called upon to undertake.

Surprising and even startling as this view may seem to us who are engaged in educational matters, it is probably shared by a considerable number of the people of the country at large. Not only that, it is probable that a similar statement would find acceptance if made in regard to a large number of other vocations. The notion certainly is somewhat prevalent that in the so-called practical affairs of life, a collegiate education is a real clog to one's advancement. We have all heard of editors who have seemed to have a special aversion to college-bred men. It used to be said that Mr. Greeley and the elder Mr. Bennett gave unmistakable evidences of such an antipathy whenever a young collegian presented himself as an applicant for employment; and the letters recently published in "University" would seem to show that a similar feeling is still entertained by some of the more prominent editors of the day. That such a sentiment prevails among the managers of great business houses and railroad offices, is perhaps less surprising. It may as well be admitted without reserve, that in the opinion of a very considerable number of that respectable class known as hard-headed business men, the time spent in acquiring an ordinary college education is time that might be devoted to some other purpose with far greater results. But if there is any one vocation, aside from that of the teacher, for which a collegiate education would promise to give a man a preëminent advantage, it would seem to be the vocation which has to do with the affairs of men in their political and social relations. If the college-bred man is a politician or statesman of really poorer quality by reason of his collegiate training, it would perhaps not be very easy for the colleges to justify their longer existence.

We all know that in our government many persons have arisen to positions of great eminence without the help, or hindrance, as the case may be, of a collegiate training. Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, come at once into our minds; and even if we descend to a lower level, we shall find a large number of judges, senators, representatives, cabinet ministers, and foreign officials, who, without a training in college, appear to have performed their duties quite as efficiently as has been done by their more thoroughly trained colleagues. What is the explanation? Is there a mistake

in the allegation, or must we admit that the allegation is true, and then set about discovering an explanation to account for it?

In the statement of the case, there is undoubtedly a mixture of truth and error. For certain kinds of work, a collegiate training will probably add nothing to a man's efficiency; it may even detract from it. For example, in the carrying out of what has already been determined upon, that is to say, in all those classes of activity demanding primarily action, rather than thought, a man whose first impulse is to pause and think the matter over, will be at some disadvantage. After the work to be done has been fully determined upon, the man whose impulse is to act, rather than think, is the most apt to succeed. The most illiterate of Napoleon's marshals was the one who had the reputation of being the bravest, and for that very reason he was the one whom his master was very apt to throw forward whenever a dire emergency presented itself. This was only, however, when the work to be done left very little room for the exercise of thoughtful discrimination. It was only in certain junctures, that Ney was the most efficient of that remarkable group of soldiers which the discernment of Napoleon had gathered around him. Although the Emperor called him "the bravest of the brave," he nowhere speaks of him as the greatest of the marshals. He was simply the greatest for a certain kind of work, though that work was not of the highest order.

We may go further and apply the same principle to the work of some of the most eminent men in the history of our country. Take the names that have already been mentioned, those of Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln. There is a very important sense in which it may be said that their work was primarily executive, rather than determinative, in its nature. By this, I mean that it was not so much their sphere to determine what to do as how to do. What they were required to do, had already, in a general way, been determined for them. For example, it is well known that Washington had very little influence in bringing on the Revolutionary War. He acquiesced in what had been determined upon by others, and then he was called upon to carry the work through to a successful conclusion. The same may be said in regard to the Constitution. Washington was by no means one

of the more influential of those statesmen who determined what the Constitution should be. He became President after the Constitution had been adopted; and accordingly, the work of his presidency was that of determining not so much what the political machine should be, as how it should be put in motion.

When we turn to the work of Jackson, we find that in its fundamental character, however different in many of its characteristics, in one respect at least it bears a striking resemblance to the work of Washington. Jackson came into power when a great question was under consideration. He had to decide between the claims of the general government, on the one hand, and those of South Carolina on the other. Aside from all questions of nice interpretation, he was a man, who, as a soldier, might always be relied upon to decide in favor of the cause which he represented. He probably cared very little for the subtle reasonings of Calhoun and Webster. He was the representative of the general government, and he insisted with the vigor of a rough soldier, upon all its rights. This was essentially an act of will; it was just what was needed, to be sure, but it was not an act that called for any careful discrimination. When the duties of the presidency called Jackson beyond work of this kind, he showed as little wisdom, perhaps, as has been shown by any President we have had.

Then, take the case of Lincoln. The great work he had to do had in a very important sense, been brought to his hands. The war was inevitable. When he was called to the presidency, he found himself confronted, not with any such question as whether a war should be brought on, but how the war should be fought to a successful end. What he had to take up was a great executive work; one of the greatest, doubtless, ever undertaken by man, but still a task essentially executive, rather than discretionary, in its nature. His duty was simply to ascertain and adopt the most efficient means of accomplishing a predetermined result.

Now, it will have to be conceded that the work of these statesmen was a very different kind of work from that which originates and determines. Washington is often spoken of as the Father of his Country; but it is easy to make the figure of speech mean too much. The ideas which brought on the Revolution were not ideas which originated with Washington. It may, indeed, be

doubtful whether the war of the Revolution could have been fought to a successful issue without Washington, but the Revolution would just as certainly have occurred, if Washington had not existed. The political doctrines which made the Revolution inevitable, were distinctively the doctrines of men like the elder Adams, and Jefferson. They were the men of thought in distinction from the men of action. They were the men who kindled in the colonies certain notions which made it impossible to prevent a separation from the mother country. Nor was the situation essentially different when it became evident that the Confederation must break down. The provisions that went into the new Constitution were provisions that originated with the same type of men. The real framers of the Constitution were the men of the most discriminating and far-reaching thought, — such men as Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and Wilson.

Then, too, after the Constitution was put into operation, we discover that the real controlling forces of the government were of the same general nature. There were certain grave questions of a fundamental character that had to be settled by the exercise of the most careful and subtle reasoning. These were questions on which even the continued existence of the government was to depend. The two men who may be said really to have settled these questions were not men of action, but were distinctively men of thought. They were the men who shaped the ideas of the people, and by so doing even determined the momentous issue of the Civil War. These two men, as every thoughtful reader of American history knows, were John Marshall and Daniel Webster. And thus, to sum up the matter in a single sentence, we are brought to the conclusion, that the men who brought on the Revolution, the men who framed the Constitution, the men who, through the *Federalist*, gave the people an understanding of the Constitution, and the men who finally put upon the Constitution an interpretation that brought to the support of it the people of the Union, and enabled them to resist the attempt to overthrow the government, were distinctively men of thought, rather than men of action. These men of thought, the Adamses, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Marshall, and Webster, were all college-bred men. Only a very thoughtless, or a very ignorant man, would

assert that the services of these men were less than of the very first importance in the life of the Republic. Who will say that the men who made it possible to preserve the Republic performed a less important work than the men who brought the Republic into being?

But, in comparing college-bred men with men not college-bred, we are liable to fall into the very serious error of supposing that the difference between them is far greater than it really is. This liability of exaggeration amounts to a real danger on the part of collegians and non-collegians alike. It is perhaps not surprising that those who have not had the advantage of a college education are constantly inclined to deplore the fact of what they consider their early privations, and that they are often heard to express the belief that they have labored under a constant disadvantage. College-bred men, moreover, who completed their college careers a generation or two ago, are scarcely less inclined to regret that they were educated too soon to avail themselves of the modern methods and appliances. A matter of far greater importance is the fact that the student of to-day is tempted to suppose that he is himself one of the favored sons of heaven, to whom, in consequence of his superior opportunities and advantages, all good things are to come without any extraordinary effort. This supposition, conscious or unconscious on the part of the student, is unquestionably by far the greatest obstacle in the way of the student's ultimate success; for, if this supposition really takes and holds possession of the student, his chance of any very marked success is gone forever. It cannot be said too often, or with too much emphasis, that a college or university, however great in itself, is simply an opportunity and an inspiration. The moment it fails in these respects, the moment it takes the place of personal will and personal endeavor, it ceases to be an advantage, and becomes a positive hindrance. There is an important sense in which all men are self-made men. The college-bred man makes himself with the help of the college; whereas the man ordinarily called a self-made man, makes himself as best he can, without the advantage of any such assistance. And indeed, there is a very important sense in which even the conditions of success on the part of these two classes are identically alike. In the way of illus-

tration, look at the typical case of Lincoln. Those who have made themselves familiar with the early life of that remarkable man, know that he studied language with the severest and most punctilious exactness. The language he studied was English, it is true, but he applied to English Grammar as severe a devotion as the most ambitious classical scholars apply to Greek and Latin. So in the matter of History. Lincoln gave his powers to an investigation of the development of American institutions in precisely the same spirit that the best student carries into the work of our best historical seminaries. This work was prosecuted so quietly that it attracted no attention; but in the industry of his solitude, Lincoln disciplined and stored his mind in such a way that his superiority revealed itself as soon as the time for action came. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Lincoln did not bring to the public service a most carefully trained mind. He had simply had the extraordinary devotion and ability to do without the help of a college, what so many others would be glad to accomplish even with that help.

Then, as another illustration, take the case of Edison. Does any one suppose that he has achieved his triumphs in consequence of not having had a college education? Let us not be too hasty in our answer. Is it safe to assume that he would have accomplished as much if he had taken a college course? On the contrary, is it not quite as probable that the professor of physics of twenty-five years ago, instead of inspiring and lifting his pupil into a higher atmosphere of zealous endeavor, would have so deprived all studies in electricity of their real vitality, as to have deadened the sensibilities of his pupil, and driven him from the work in apathy or disgust?

It would probably be entirely correct to say that the best instruction is nine-tenths inspiration. Perhaps it would be equally true to say that the poorest is that which forces into an inhospitable mind an array of unwelcome facts, by that process of main strength which Milton very properly likened to the wringing of blood from the nose. The one is the method by which men like Louis Agassiz and Mark Hopkins have always succeeded in lifting the best of their pupils into a new and glowing enthusiasm for some great and worthy subject; the other is that grinding process

which, though it may sharpen the mind, seems sometimes even more certainly to wear it away.

It is along this line of thought that we are, doubtless, to look for the explanation of the surprising instances of success and failure that throng the recollection of every man twenty-five years or more out of college.

There were the facile men, who did everything well, and seemed capable of doing anything they might undertake. They never worked earnestly; they even seemed to distrust enthusiasms of every kind. They were, however, in especial demand for class offices and editorial positions. In short, they were always a convenience whenever any bit of writing was wanted that seemed to call for especial neatness and dispatch. And yet, when these same admirable fellows graduated and went out into active life, they soon found themselves neglected, and, a little later, quite overwhelmed, by the great world of energetic beliefs and methods.

Then there were those special paragons of excellence, whose enviable distinction was that they were always in their place, that they always did their regular work well; that they always, in short, had their lessons, and performed their parts with the most punctilious promptitude and exactness. Whoever else failed to do the most difficult work, or to give the most approved explanation of a difficult sequence of tenses, or an obscure theory of numbers, their answers were always as good as those of the book. Hour after hour, they pored successfully over their lessons, and, as a consequence, they never failed of receiving the highest evidences of approval on the part of the Faculty. But, they had this limitation, that as long as they were in college, they seemed never to think it necessary to do anything besides the learning of lessons. All knowledge to them was equally important, and they would have been horrified at the thought of slighting in the least degree any one study, in order that they might rescue a little extra time for any other. In the end, therefore, they came to know a little of everything, and knew that little with the utmost percision. But, at the same time, they knew not very much of any one thing; and, worst of all, they had no more absorbing interest in any one thing than in any one of a dozen others. Accordingly, they found

after graduation, on going into the world's market, that there was very little demand for the especial quality of moderately excellent wares they had to dispose of, and so it came about that their lives have been a succession of more or less complete failures.

On the other hand, it is to be said that the successes have been perhaps quite as noteworthy and surprising as the failures. There were the men of dreams, who without often conspicuously neglecting their work, were much given to reading, and still more to the habit of solitary thought. Their minds, under the influence of some one author, or of some one professor, drifted at length into certain ways of thinking; and so in spite of their indifferent standing on the records of the Faculty, they became possessed of some great and dominating purpose which, a little later, was to flame out into gratifying and perhaps even astonishing results. Men of this type were Webster and Beecher.

Then, too, there were those apparently unfortunate students who were so poorly prepared that, at the time of admission they barely escaped being thrown out altogether. Some of them had good ability, but had had no opportunities. Now their opportunities came. They seemed to know from the start, that in their case, more than in the case of any others, success depended upon themselves. They soon acquired a good standing, and a little later, under the kindling influence of a supreme devotion to some special branch of study, advanced far on beyond what they seemed to regard as the mere vulgar requirements of ordinary class routine. To this new inspiration they lovingly devoted their energies and their leisure moments, not only in term time, but also in vacations. To every man of this group his work soon became not simply his pleasure, but his chiefest delight. And so it came to be gradually revealed that the modest and ill-prepared Freshman, who persistently kept away from class meetings and never thought of accepting a class office or a position on a college paper, was really marching on to that lofty and exceptional kind of success which the world is always waiting to recognize and to honor.

The secret of success is only partially in the knowledge actually acquired; it is quite as much in that habit of mind which makes the possessor able to muster his powers and his knowledge and

apply them all to the solution of the specific problem at hand. It is no figure of speech to say that most men forget the major part of what they learn in college. They do, indeed, remember those particular things which they have occasion to make frequent use of; but there are probably very few men who, after being out of college twenty-five years, would not admit that more than three-fourths of all that they had toiled and worried over in their college days has absolutely lapsed out of mind. And it is as true, perhaps, of one subject as of another. Certainly it is as true of the so-called useless studies as of the so-called useful ones. We are not, of course, speaking of specialists; but, barring this important class, how many are there at fifty who will say that it is more difficult to remember how to construe a sentence than to analyze a flower? Who but a specialist remembers any more of algebra or geometry, than he does of the irregular verbs in Greek?

It is partly, then, what the student remembers; but it is still more the ability and determination he has to make the best possible use of what he remembers, that makes up, as a whole, his chance of ultimate success. If he has learned nothing so thoroughly as to hold it permanently in mind, in other words, if he has no dominant interest or enthusiam, his prospects of success are small indeed. But, if, on the other hand, he is so fortunate as to find, that out of the *dêbris* of his years in college, he has rescued a real, permanent, and overpowering interest in some one study, it matters not much what, he will be able to carry into the work of life all the advantage that comes from an untrammelled self-reliance, and, in addition, whatever the wisest of his teachers, his friends, and his books, may have brought to his assistance. Here it is that the successes and the failures of college-bred men are to find their adequate explanation.

Charles Kendall Adams.

THE MORAL VALUE OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

NEVER until recently, has it been made quite clear to me how such a life as that of Defoe came to be immortalized, as it has, by a casual fiction told near its close, or, rather, just how, in the hands of so worldly and unpoetic a nature, that fiction, far transcending more pretentious efforts, became for all time a worthy master-piece in imaginative literature. Although Defoe was a remarkably prolific writer in the journalistic tracts of the time no one doubts but that he has been and ever will be remembered for his story of Robinson Crusoe. The series of fictions which followed that very successful venture are not without merit and indeed have not been unread. Yet it is probable that their life has been much dependent on the vitality and buoyant popularity of that first one.

The common view—true so far, but not commonly analyzed to its source—that the secret of this story's merit lies in the verisimilitude of a unique and fascinating situation did not seem to comprehend the whole matter. That view failed to explain the feeling that Robinson Crusoe was somehow connected in my experience with an early outreaching for something much admired and wished for. Other stories frequently pleased, entertained, but like amusing pictures, soon forgotten, have left little or no trace behind. While this one, too, entertained, it became a far closer and more permanent experience, and, as I have always believed without satisfactorily understanding, had a deep and healthy influence on my development. It not only entertained, but definitely touched a moral responsiveness, at a period when my interests were largely directed to, for instance, marbles, base ball on the green, or going fishing. Yes, there must have been something peculiar to this story beyond mere transient interest and entertainment. True there was no moral attached, no goody boy or wan-eyed, saintly girl, and not even any preaching from red cover to red cover. What was this peculiar and potent something?

In not long ago reflecting on the life and character of the author of the book in question (so faithfully and intelligently set

forth by Mr. Minto, in the English Men of Letters Series) the query was answered, the mystery cleared up.

The author had evidently only himself out of which to create his Crusoe. The man Defoe was so constituted as to be not capable of giving birth to a subjective Crusoe—that is, who should have a highly developed spiritual nature, an emotional self-consciousness. The lack of the conceiver became the lack of the conception. When on re-reading the story itself, this idea is confirmed, two conclusions are reached. One realizes, first, the significant fact that Robinson Crusoe has a distinct moral value only for early childhood; and second, that a moral usefulness is secured for this story by precisely the absence discovered: that of the subjective in Crusoe's character. In this new light a simple, universal law of art is clearly revealed.

Let us first—to aid us in the consideration of this reflection and in drawing out the underlying principle—carefully examine or if you will, reconsider the essential positive elements, or groundwork of the story's effectiveness.

It chanced sometime ago that a Mr. B—, being cast away on the island of Juan Fernandez, while reclining in the shade of a tree apostrophized the Crusoe of his boyhood speaking somewhat as follows: "And where was the king of this island, he who delighted me with the narrative of his romantic career as man had never done before, as all the pleasures of life have not done since! Where was the genial, the earnest, the adventurous Robinson Crusoe? Could it be that there was 'no mortal mixture of earth's mould' in him? Here, too, Friday had followed his master—the simple, child-like Friday—most devoted of servants, gentlest of savages, faithfulest of men! How my young heart hath warmed toward thee, how I have laughed at thy scalded fingers, and wept lest the savages should take thee away from me. And blessings on thee, Robinson! how I have admired thy prolific genius! how I have loved thee for thine honest truthfulness!"

In these touching and somewhat amusing words, one's own first acquaintance with Crusoe—the interest, excitement, and ecstasies, revealed in the tinted atmosphere and delicate aroma which time has thrown about the memory—is accurately and

vividly recalled. No words could more aptly suggest the charm of the situation ; that in which a human being thrown on his own resources, alone on sea-girt land, meeting and surmounting all manner of interesting difficulties, and developing simple, healthy, manly qualities, is bodied forth to the child's mind in such a manner (by some means) as to become a concrete reality—a being worthy of his genuine admiration and emulation.

The young reader is at once absorbed in the delight of "that romantic career" of the sturdy cast-away, with goat-skin clothes, a cave for a house, and cannibals to fight and tame. The situation appeals immediately and powerfully to his boy's instinct for play (or girl's, for that matter)—thus operating through one of the fundamental principles of all true education. It is something he could enact, could play. And what boy has not "played Crusoe" with keenest relish ? It is something he would like to do, to experience. It is an objective unknown—in the sense of new and curious—which yet easily and deliciously overlaps his known, his hitherto limited sphere of action. As he reads, he contemplates that situation, that career, with an intense, but purely sensuous delight. That is, he idealizes it. In being something immeasurably good to be wished for, it may be said to constitute a sublimity to his child's mind.

The result is to awaken in the reader's mind a deep interest, and to hold his attention objectively concentrated. This result is very often regarded as the whole secret of the story's superiority to others of its class. The art of the telling, if noted at all, is held as something "unique" perhaps (as Mr. Minto says), but very simple and of an order that almost anyone could easily attain to, or possibly improve on—provided they had equally interesting materials, or that Robinson Crusoe were not already written. Such a view is quite inadequate. Raw materials have no artistic or moral value save as they are manipulated by the skill of an artist. This situation becomes so potential an element in the moral value of a masterpiece only as it is utilized and embodied by the exceptional art and peculiar constitution of Daniel Defoe, the artist. In different hands it could become, and not infrequently has, both artistically and morally valueless.

A brief enumeration of the positive qualities of this art must

suffice. Most prominent among them is the autobiographical form of narrative. To the child, this at the beginning lends a personal assurance of truth impresses a confidence in whatever may follow. It throws over the whole an irresistible personal atmosphere.

A more distinctive feature of Defoe's art is the invention of plausible circumstances. Here on the positive side we note the objective working of Defoe's mind. On every page we see evidence of a fine instinct for probability in detailed circumstances. A minute and accurate observation of men and trades, of world's ways, and even of the external aspects of inner thoughts and feelings—this quality of mind was, in the author's long life of dissimulation and intrigue, cultivated to a high pitch. This it is that stamps on a vapid fancy all the minute semblance and apparel of an objective (not subjective) reality. Every move and misadventure of Crusoe is bolstered and buoyed in an amiable profuseness of motives, actions, words, precedents ; told in all the comfort of exactness as to time, distances, appearances, and feelings. To a mature mind all this, while often charming and amusing, is transparent and shallow enough. But not so with the child at from six to twelve years of age, whose emotions as well as experiences are very limited in growth and extent. To this limited experience the mariner can be realized only in so far as he is objectively presented. A more mature man would be less real, less tangible. So presented he is a real man, in whom a child can, and unconsciously does picture himself. And children are constantly thus picturing themselves in manly postures and vocations, in which, be it noted, the subjective part of maturity is necessarily left out. We have all heard of the noted statesman whose sole boyhood ambition was to "drive the stage." Most of us can recall the infinite joy and pride in "first trousers." It may be added that in less degree these devices of the artist succeed with adult minds in which simple, child-like instincts are preserved. As soon, however, as the reader's imagination plays consciously a large part in the realization of the picture, then the organic usefulness of the conception ceases.

Other characteristics are the use of corroborative evidence, of which the 'Editor's note' is an example, and moderation in deal-

ing with the mysterious and marvellous. The latter is usually supported by the former with painstaking care.

These methods of the artist all combining in the surpassing simplicity and singleness of the narration which gushes up and along with an unlabored, uninterrupted energy peculiar to itself and that never allows the interest to flag, succeed in giving to the situation its verisimilitude—in clothing a fascinating fiction with the sober, circumstantial, jog-trot apparel of fact. Through this narrative art Crusoe becomes the undeniably real and transparently confidential soul that he is to every simple imagination. So confiding is he in all the details of his island life, and even concerning his innermost reflections, (their aspects, alone with which the child is familiar), that there is continual reassurance of his reality. The young reader is now not only interested in the novel situation and exciting events, but soon begins to have very intimate relations with the interesting person who is chief actor in them, and who is none other than "genial, earnest, adventurous Robinson." With this simple-minded, single-minded man and his child-like, devoted Friday—bravely making the best of misfortunes, and extricating himself unaided from seemingly insurmountable difficulties—with this man he is in constant communication. Day by day his progress and adventures are reported fully and explicitly. His hope and fear, gradual development of inventive ingenuity, the using of natural and chance resources, his perseverance, purity, and cheerfulness—all these he lives in until he is near identifying himself with the original. Has not the cast-away laid his very heart bare to the boy's sympathy and affection—even transcribing his diaries as long as the ink had lasted?

Thus the reader lives with him through his interesting experience, and reluctantly, yet with undeniable satisfaction, at last accompanies him back to civilization. That, by the way, is where the book ends as an artistic whole. The boy could ill-conceive an eternally banished Crusoe, and a revisit to the old haunts becomes tame. The second part of the book—a continuation—was written as a mere turn-penny for the author.

We are now in a position to consider more appreciatively the negative characteristic of Defoe's creation, which at the outset our

inquiry discovered and which it is believed alone makes possible the effectual operating of the whole conception : the omission of the *real* emotional from Crusoe's character. We have seen what kind of form and color our artist gives to his material : what kind of a man Crusoe is. What kind of a man he is not, we have all along necessarily anticipated. Evidently he could not become so real a person to young minds if he were a dreamer or a mystic philosopher. To be real to children we assume that he must be concerned largely with concrete actions. We found this to be the case. No, the Mariner is not a Hamlet ; not even a Col. Newcome. He does not address soliloquies to the waves, nor does he know how to die of grief. He is a man whose activity charms a kindred spirit : that of boyhood. Our artist has left the deeply spiritual man quite out of the picture. Let us observe first how this omission came about, then what its import is.

A study of Defoe's life reveals the fact that he was a striking example of that class of beings who become completely encrusted with the *external* forms and conventions of society, who never develop the deeper and more complex emotions, never reach upward and outward toward the Infinite, and whose spiritual growth is consequently slight. Yet they may be good citizens, in the sense of good doers and journeymen, and often they unconsciously become true creators. Though the higher realms of speculation and emotional vision be beyond them, yet they may be more in harmony with the constitution of things than the swift poet or the philosopher giant. Thus their immediate aim in the work that may come natural to them may embody truth, and so be merged in a higher moral usefulness that is really incidental to their purpose. At any rate Defoe became an artful diplomat and, near the end of his life, a successful story writer. His work proves, as we have seen, that he possessed the requisites needful to secure an objective reality. The situation of a solitary castaway appealed to him—his life lonely though crowded with practical dealings—and he embodied it. It may have seemed to him the allegory of his life, as he claimed, and for that reason the more he could not have been conscious of the omission we have noted, or of its artistic import. His practical instinct told him that such a book would make a hit. He wrote a charming story

in his own way. That way happened by virtue of his peculiar constitution to be an artistic way: dealing only with the concrete aspects of things. He realized satisfaction and money. The story was to have a moral usefulness of which he had no conception.

In connection with this Mr. Minto observes: "Artists of a more emotional type might have drawn much more affecting word-pictures of the mariner's feelings in various trying situations, gone much deeper into his changing moods, and shaken our souls with pity and terror over the solitary cast-away's alarms and fits of despair. Defoe's aims lay another way. His Crusoe is not a man given to the luxury of grieving. If he had begun to pity himself he would have been undone—his consistency lost. The lonely man had his moments of panic, and his days of dejection, but they did not dwell in his memory. Defoe no doubt followed his own natural bent, but he also showed true art in confining Crusoe's recollections as closely as he does to his efforts to extricate himself from difficulties."

This negative quality then, (a result of the artist's nature), this lack of the emotional in the cast-away's character—while helping, by not hindering, the objective verisimilitude, is just the lack which perfects the interacting of the other qualities, and consummates the masterpiece by leaving Crusoe the concrete reality that is so delightfully tangible to the child's mind. That quality is the crowning feature of the production—the bodying forth of a healthy-minded being who does not develop the deeper and more complex emotions, and who consequently remains free from the actualities of his misfortune. Such as he is, he is not wholly outside the child's sphere. He can be grasped in some manner concretely, and then idealized as moral truth. The mariner's sturdy, healthy qualities of pluck, self-reliance, invention, cheerful persistence, independence and originality, with which the boy becomes so thoroughly in sympathy—these, in his admiration of the whole conception, the child can and does idealize as his moral truth and moral aims.

At the same time this inward, idealizing process—possible only where there is a genuine admiration—is an unconscious process. That is the prime secret of its value. This admirable being is

still the man whose earnest is play, whose life is adventure—the cave man, the goat-skin man, the interesting man. He stands forth an idealized personality to the boy who knows him and loves him. In thus unconsciously conceiving such an idealization —fixing his thought of something good and great on the very definite character and life of this tangible being whom he likes— in doing that the boy has received a vital impulse. He has not suddenly become good and great. The moral value of this story lies not in the bulk of goodness or wisdom transmitted. But the boy has received an impulse within himself. A germ of pure desire is refreshed, and begins to grow toward the distant good and great—yet as unconscious of such a direction and outcome as the little sprout, its tiny rootlets first drinking the particles of moisture, is unconscious of the blossoming rose long hence. The child's soul is possessed with a moral purpose (no matter the insignificance of the present object) born within himself, and nourished by his own creative desire and will. That is the most precious thing he can possess. Such a moral purpose, so begot, is as much more valuable to a child than the sugar-coated pill of the moral tale,—such as, for example, Sanford and Merton, Swiss Family Robinson, Rasselas, or any of the modern machine-turned Sunday School trash—as much more valuable than the consciously sermonizing spirit of any, even otherwise clever story, as life is more valuable than death, moral growth than moral stagnation and decay. The former is always a positive gain. Any of the latter is always either a zero quantity or a positive loss: namely a natural incentive to forbidden fruit.

To produce realistic stories for children needs not the materials or treatment peculiar to this prëeminently real—if not realistic— *Robinson Crusoe*. But if such stories are to possess a vital, moral potency, they must work through and be based on that story's underlying, vitalizing principle: the *unconscious* inculcation of moral truth and moral aims through a *concrete* embodiment of that truth and those aims. Of the time-proved books read by children, judge of a few of highest rank—such as Don Quixote, Pilgrim's Progress, Anderson's Tales, Tom Brown, Tom Bailey, and of recent ones, that 'gem of art' Little Lord Fauntleroy—if they do not thus operate. Each is unique as to material and character

of treatment, yet all alike work through this principle. In being the means of infusing healthy impulse into the organic affinities and germinal desires of children, they all accomplish a high moral end, incidental to the end of entertaining. It is interesting to observe how admirably Lord Fauntleroy makes use of the principle, while differing in both materials and method so widely from Defoe's tale. The generous, loving, brave little fellow with his pure heart and simple, ingenuous ways, is a thoroughly real boy, despite his good fortune and high rank. A whole world of young readers are loving him, and admiring his sweet, wholesome nature. To that principle Mrs. Burnett's latest, and, as many think, greatest success is due. One may well imagine that Lord Fauntleroy's influence will be as good, wide, and lasting as that of Crusoe himself.

Edwin Stanton Potter.

WAR SONG OF GUILLEM DE SAINT-GREGORI.

From the Provençal.

The *sirventesc* of which a translation is here given was made and sung in the thirteenth century, when feudalism and the crusades had, by keeping men constantly in arms, inspired the savage lust of fight for fight's sake that is here prominent. It has been attributed to various authors, among whom is the famous Bertran de Born, but doubtless was *found* (as the troubadours so suggestively expressed it) by Guillem de Saint-Gregori.

THE gay new season gladdens me,
When foliage and flowers spring;
It glads me when I hear the glee
Of birds, that make the boscage ring
With song throughout its mazes.
I joy to see on meadow-plain
Tents and pavilions rise amain,
And mirth in me it raises
To see deep-ranged on the champaign
Horsemen and horse, a steel-clad train.

When stout van-couriers, bold of blee,
Send folk and flock a-scattering,

I joy ; and, after, when I see
  Big armèd bands come galloping.
    My breast with rapture blazes
When leaguered castles sway and strain
And crumbling ramparts tower in vain
    Against the foe that faces,
Where circling fosses would restrain,
And palisades bristle disdain.

I joy in lord of high degree,
  That dares be first in forraying ;
Well horsed and armed and fearless, he
  The heart of every underling
    To valiant service braces.
Then, in that hour when mêlées gain
Their height of storm, let each be fain
    To tread his liege's traces ;
For ne'er a knight is prized a grain
Till many a blow he's dealt and ta'en.

When sword shears helm of bravery,
  Mail shatters 'neath the mace's swing,
Shield is thrust through, ah ! joy to be
  Where thousands throng fight's opening !
    Where fiery war-horse crazes,
Deep in the dim, and bearing slain
Or stricken, speeds with flying rein !
    When close the fight enlaces,
Who recks though heads be cleft in twain ?
Thrice sweeter death than dungeon chain !

Not richest feast nor wassail free
  Nor sleep, that lovely dreams may bring,
Can waken half the ecstasy
  My heart holds when the war-horns sing
    And empty charger chases
Athwart the shades and shrieks for pain,
And cries of "Help !" tell foeman's bane,
    And moats and grassy spaces

Hold haughty lord and humble swain,
Who dead together down have lain.

Most noble countess, all agree—
  Both low and high-born, hind and king—
In deeming best and gentlest thee,
  And worthiest of worshipping ;
    For, lofty as thy race is,
Thou settest, Beatrice, no stain
By thought or deed of hand or brain
    Upon its goodly graces.
Thy beauty makes my laud inane,
Thy worth makes Beauty's envy wane.

    Barons, until each places
In safety castle, town, domain,
No thought of battle entertain.

George Arlin Ruyter.

CRITICISM RUN MAD.

NINETEEN centuries of progress have evolved an age of cold, hard cynicism ; of bitter sneers oftener than faintest praise ; of criticism run mad.

We believe in nothing, care for nothing, revere nothing. The pigmies of the hour, separated by an instant from their kindred dust and "the conqueror worm," strut about boasting of their agnosticism and glorying in what ought to be their shame. Poor shadows as they are, they fancy they are made great by what renders them only ridiculous. Nothing is too sacred or too venerable for them to pillage ; no sickly sentimentalism can blunt the edged tools of these practical iconoclasts. The living vampire is not afraid of the dead lion. These modern ghouls hold an especial grudge against all that is beautiful or romantic, past or present. They aim all their venom at any chance tendril of poetry that may cling to the rugged wall of our early struggles as a people. Pocahontas and Capt. Smith ; the Charter Oak ; the little hatchet ;— all the objects of our childish admiration and interest must fall be-

fore their ruthless blows. If they are to be believed, Washington was a man of doubtful morals and mediocre generalship; Napoleon a Corsican accident, who owed more to luck than to pluck; and S. F. B. Morse the despicable thief of his friend's invention.

It is far from the purpose of this article, however, to deny to criticism in historical fields a vast and salutary effect upon that branch of learning. Let it be distinctly understood that all the remarks of the present writer apply to the literary critics, for it is in this department that criticism has displayed a simply satanic skill and energy, not least in the complete annihilation of the poor-devil author who dares to write a successful production.

"That mine adversary had written a book!" Verily, oh wise man, thy philosophy was never greater than in those half-dozen words. The author is so natural a prey for critics. It is absolutely impossible for him to be entirely original; nobody would expect it of him in the majority of professions; but with a good pair of lungs and well-developed cheek it is so easy to yell "plagiarist," and it requires so little brains to conjure up fancied resemblances to half-forgotten writers of the past that the critic, often himself an author whose works have uniformly been declined with thanks, barbs this stinging shaft with his keenest satire. Of all the contemptible shifts to which some of our critics resort to kill off popular authors, this charge of literary theft is the vilest. No sooner does a brilliant new star flash forth upon the literary horizon than these eminent astronomers put their heads together and tell a listening world that it is only a speck of meteoric dust whose glow is borrowed from some greater luminary.

Take an example. Rider Haggard delights a world of readers, bored to death by realistic dullness, with stories of marvelous freshness, and men call him a genius. Not so the critics. With vast penetration they discover that our author did not invent a new heaven and a new earth for his novel. In horror-stricken accents they tell us that he borrowed a plot from this dead-and-buried scribbler and an incident from that forgotten penny-a-liner, and this from hither and that from yon, and all of it from everywhere, anywhere except his own fertile imagination which has toiled for months to paint the picture—in a word, he is an impos-

tor. Well, what of it? Suppose he did explore the literary scrap heap and find some bits that could be worked over into his fabric; grant that he may have appropriated the base and worthless metal to transform it, under the alchemy of his genius, into the pure and shining gold; is he to be so hardly judged? Was Shakespeare a plagiarist because he was a princely free-booter in the works of all his predecessors? The little brook on the mountain-side quietly absorbs moisture from every cloud, from every drop of dew; it leaps on toward the valley in the wild career of a mountain torrent, constantly it grows and swells under the contributions of other streams until at last the majestic river flows serenely on to join the mighty ocean. So with men; so with nations; so with great works. All are borrowers; all incorporate under one individuality countless atoms which have been common property through all time and will be through all eternity.

It may be well to discuss briefly the question as to what constitutes real originality for we take it that it is at this point that many honest critics have gone astray. Suppose for example, that we admit every one of the pre-Columbian claims—Norse, Welsh, Arab, Chinese, Venetian, French, and so on *ad nauseam*—that we concede that Columbus visited Iceland just before 1492, and there learned all about the Vineland legends, that everybody of any consequence had spent their natural life-time in this country before Columbus was born or thought of—does all this impair the real vital merit of his act? We think not. Columbus did what none of these pretenders had done—he *realized* America to all Europe. Nothing had ever come of these previous visits; but a populous continent and a new civilization were to owe their birth to Columbus. He had breathed life into an empty idea; he had made it his own, overcome tremendous obstacles, and made every sacrifice to accomplish his task; and in the highest and grandest sense he possessed originality. There has been nothing discovered, nothing said, nothing written in generations that had not existed in a more or less definite shape for ages before; yet the discoverer, the orator, the writer were none the less original. The author who so moulds ideas, whether another's or, if such a thing be possible, his own, and so identifies them with

himself as to present a new and living form, may rightly lay claim to originality, and is unjustly called a plagiarist.

The injustice is, in fact, often transparent. The reading public are not fools. Barnum was right enough on general principles when he said that the American people enjoyed being humbugged, but they prefer to have the job done better than any bare-faced plagiarist can do it. They will bite sometimes, but the hook must be neatly baited first; and we take it that even in this case the mere ability to cover up one's lack of originality is itself some merit, some refutation of the charge of down-right plagiarism; but as a matter of fact the cases where a successful author is fairly open to the imputation of dishonesty can be counted on the fingers of one's hand. When the cry of "Thief, Thief!" rouses the populace they more often catch an Oliver Twist than an Artful Dodger. Probably it is safe to assume that at least one half of all writers of any prominence have some time been accused of this species of literary fraud, a state of things which cannot but tend to discredit the entire business of the professional critics.

Another error into which they as a class have fallen seems no less noteworthy than the tiresome cry of fraud. It lies in their monumental blunders in judgment of the abilities of their victims. The wonderful literary potentates of Bunyan's day, despised "Pilgrim's Progress," and were forced to capitulate only after a long time and at the cannon's mouth of public opinion; the Restoration critics, under the lead of Dryden and others, considered Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher rather more than the peers of Shakespeare; as to Dryden himself, it wearies one to listen to the laudations of this sycophant, when one could set a trap and catch a dozen better writers in a night. When they took hold of Byron they caught a Tartar of a very unpleasant kind; the critics even to the present day are inclined to fight shy of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." So on throughout the long and dreary list. Some of the opinions are not so good as that of the Chicago girl who read "An American Penman" and decided that Hawthorne's style had improved very much since he wrote "The Scarlet Letter."

But of this phase of modern criticism it would not be becoming,

were it altogether safe, for a layman to speak at length. Our latter-day prophets may be more correct than were those of old time; it remains to be seen. It must be confessed, however, that it has occurred to the author, while reading some savage review of a book well-liked by the general public and a particular favorite of his own, that it were better to be the poorest creative genius than the best of these critics. Better to build if only indifferently than forever to tear down; better to say what you think than to busy yourself combatting the views of those who do speak; better help the feather to float than to be the downward weight.

"Criticism run mad;" that is the situation; and where is it all to end? *Albert Ellis Hoyt.*

LAMONTE'S WIFE THAT WAS TO BE.

IN a national art exhibition, a few years ago, there hung on the wall, skied, a picture before which the listless lounger of art galleries stopped for moments. Weariness at the mediocre and surfeit of the passably good, gave way to deep interest. The theme of the picture was common-place. It was the treatment which made one oblivious of everything else. A ship was in the middle ground; separated from it, by a cloud-like mist towered an iceberg on the point of falling, so as to crush it. A flood of intense light bathed the whole, in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

Each minute the picture held one, more and more, by its frightful intensity. One shuddered at the nakedness of its simplicity. It arrested and over-awed one. It seemed an hideous dream in physical existence.

In one of the groups constantly before the picture stood a man and woman. A contemptuous pity amounting almost to cynicism on the man's face, showed the interest he took in it. The woman paled and flushed so plainly that one wondered what mixed passions possessed her. The two friends looked at it a long while; then they left the museum, and entered their carriage, which was waiting them at the door. The man broke the silence by saying, "That's Lamonte's picture. It is the culmination of his life.

The road is so smooth in the park that I can begin telling you its story here. Imagine that I have a magazine before me and I am reading from it. I ought to make the tale run smoothly ; for Lamonte was my college chum ; and I knew him as well as one man can know another. He was a quiet sensitive fellow, of slight physique, of little strength of character ; but possessed of great genius. I was nothing but a plodder ; and never knew how I came to be the best friend of our college wonder. He painted exquisitely ; and could hold a roomful of rough fellows or cultured women, breathless by his improvisions at the piano. His compositions both in painting and music were sad and mystic. Some nights, I would wake up and hear sounds from his violin, as he played in the dark, that a lost soul might have made. They made me creep ; but they charmed at the same time.

"Imagine me to have come to some asterisks and do take it as a magazine story with no life back of it !" He thought a moment and then continued : "Soon after leaving college, Lamonte met a young woman at the house of Mrs. Dennis, his only relative. She and Lamonte were thrown together a great deal, as the house was in the country. He painted ; walked ; talked with her ; and together they played innumerable duets. When she was on the point of closing her visit, he had determined to ask her to marry him. Then it dawned upon him, that in asking her hand, he was asking her to share her fortune with him. For he was entirely dependent on his aunt. He fought his love, sometimes doubting whether he acted rightly. At the same time gradually he estranged himself from her. She loved him ; she knew he also loved her ; and knowing both these things, she could not explain his conduct. She was miserable over it, and finally, in despair, avoided Lamonte. As for him, he spent the rest of the summer determining what profession he should choose Finally he hit upon law, saying to himself that he would win wealth and position, and, if it might be, her.

"We were admitted to the Bar together ; and both commenced practicing immediately. I entered an existing firm. Lamonte opened an office and devotedly awaited the clients who did not come. He busied himself with the care of his aunt's property ; and though he disliked his work, he continued at it, even after

his aunt had died. He had money enough now; but he did not have the energy to bridge the breach between the woman he loved and himself.

"While Lamonte was building up, or rather, trying to build up, a practice, our young woman—I will tell you her name later—busied herself in charity work. It was through one of her charities, that she met Lamonte after a separation, painful to each. She had learned of a case of destitution in a tenement, which unknown to her belonged to Lamonte. When she came to the room of the poor, and I may say, vicious woman she wished to aid, she found that death had been before her. She saw the sunlight stream in through the burlap hung over the window, and glorify the poor woman's hovel. She noted the face made pure again by suffering. In a dazed way she put the room in order, even placing the few comforts she had brought with her. Then she broke into sobs at the mockery, which had killed this woman when help was so near; which had blighted her own life at the moment it was most perfect.

"Harold Lamonte, like most young lawyers found his business was little more than collecting rents and bills. He disliked this apprenticeship to law; but the houses were his own, and he mechanically did his collecting. This tenement of all he attended to, he disliked most. He often thought of tearing it down; but he was lacking even in the energy of destruction. He went through it as quickly as possible—as far as the room to which she had come. He looked through the open door-way and saw her. Then he felt, the whole futility of his life. He saw what his life might have been, had she been by his side; the books he might have written; the pictures he might have painted; the sweet happy songs he might have sent forth. She tore herself from her unhappy thoughts and seeing Lamonte cried too passionately to be recalled: 'You, and here!' Then she stood with flushed face. Lamonte forgot his dismal thoughts; she forgot her surprise. Each knew only that the other was very dear."

Lamonte's chum, Mr. Frange, stopped speaking. Ruth was trembling and her bosom rose and fell as if she were in great excitement. She felt that the story, in some way concerned her. She remembered nothing distinctly. Yet a train of ideal sensa-

tions was started; the channels before ploughed by real feelings were visited now by the shadows of them. She felt; but could not remember. She put her hand to her forehead and tried to recall a something—she knew not what—that was past. Frange sat and watched her. He could not go on speaking; for the carriage after passing through the park and down Seventh avenue, where the macadamized road ended, now turned up 60th street. Here the granite pavement began, and all speaking had to stop. The carriage was soon before Ruth's home and shortly after, she and Frange were seated in the cozy reception room. Then Frange continued.

"Sometime after the meeting I have just described, Lamonte's friends were informed of his engagement. Shortly after that, his fiancée was called to England, to be present at some litigation over a property in which she was interested. Lamonte did not accompany her. I knew he wished to, but she would not allow it. After she left, he abandoned law entirely. He went to his country residence, where he had first met her, and fitting up an old chapel for a studio passed his time painting, or playing on his violin. His first note to me was a mere request to attend to his affairs, which were sadly neglected. Then later he wrote asking me to come and see him; he was unwell and yet not really ill. Would I not come and see if a remembrance of the jolly old times would not cheer him? The jolly old times he referred to, had been for me, months of hard work. As I look back on them I can see but very few cheery spots. And besides that, college friendships fade away. Mine had nearly died out. Yet in remembrance of our former relations I went. I arrived at his house and found him given over to the gloomiest thoughts. He had received no letter, for a long time, from his fiancée, and he feared misfortune, as it was time for her to be home. I tried to cheer him; I thought the next morning that he was cheerful, but there seemed to be an effort in it. At last he broke down. Tears came into his eyes and he recovered himself only to say that I must take pity on him, for he was very miserable. He had had strange phantasies and dreams of late, and he could bear up no longer. Either he must start for England and make certain that she was safe or I must stay with him a week. For in talking

and living over the old life he would forget his trouble. I didn't wish to refuse him point blank; but as I watched him, I felt that of a certainty my old friendship was cold. Lamonte interested me more as a curious case of a disordered nervous system, than as a friend. He didn't wait my answer; but went on telling me of his fancies. They were nervous whims and he told them in a shame-faced way. But when he came to a description of how he had passed the last night, he lost his embarrassment. His eyes burned; his face assumed a scared and pinched expression. In watching his expression I forgot to listen to his words. When I heard his voice again, I gathered that he was speaking of the ship his fiancée sailed in. 'I tell you she is in danger—may be dead. The ship was wrecked. I saw it plainly last night. The sea lay calm, with a fog on it. I could almost feel the cold in the gray colored mist. The ship was steaming along with decks bare, except for a muffled figure. In spite of the beating of the engines, the silence was almost visible. Then the boat reeled; I heard a shock and a white mass condensed out of the thick mist. It was an iceberg! With the force of the shock it shuddered, toppled over and crushed through the vessel. I *know* the ship was her's. *She* was the muffled figure.' He looked as if he saw the very disaster before him; his hands were raised breast-high and trembled. He was leaning forward and the muscles of his mouth twitched with nervous excitement. I tried to soothe him; he had forgotten my presence. I took him by the arm; he walked mechanically with me. 'Don't be childish, Lamonte; you are out of sorts and because you haven't received a letter, you imagine all sorts of nonsense. This is of the same genus as those old fatalistic notions, you used to have at college, whenever you were wrought up about any expected event. You know how often they were groundless.' 'Yes' he returned 'and I know how often they were fulfilled.' Then he broke down again. He put his hands up to his face and wept. I determined to leave for my office; as the affair was too girlishly sentimental for me to endure. 'Say, Lamonte,' I broke out, 'I've got to attend a reference over that tenement house of yours. You know when the south wall fell, some of the inmates were dumped into the street with the other

débris. There was a cripple still more crippled, by the fall, and her action comes up to-day.' 'Don't leave me' he begged and nervously clutched my arm. 'Come with me then' I suggested. 'It will distract your mind; and if you don't wish to come as defendant, I'll say you are acting as my clerk.' 'All right I will; no; that's where that woman died isn't it? No; I can't bear to hear anything about that place.' I had to be a little brutal to get away from Lamonte; but I got to my reference and mixed up Thompson, the attorney for the plaintiff, so thoroughly, that I won the case." As Frange spoke, a smile of complacency played around the corners of his mouth.

"Eight days later Lamonte's man servant, after entering my private office told me that Lamonte was out of his mind. He said something of a Bee and a Bonnet and tapped his low forehead. He added with a grin, that the doctor, had sent him to me, as I was Lamonte's friend. I learned later from the doctor that Lamonte had received a delayed letter, the day after I left him. It told him that his financée had sailed in the City of Berlin. Not a week later he saw in the morning paper an article that completed the wreck of his already unbalanced mind. The heading read:—'The City of Berlin's Mishap.' He glanced down the column; certain indented and italicised passages struck his sight. 'At first the officers were very reticent, refusing to—how the vessel—lost. During a dense fog, the vessel encountered an iceberg which struck her with such force as to knock—smashing the port bow and side. The upper portion of the berg broke, toppled over, falling upon and smashing the iron decks into almost—and crushing into the hold of the vessel. All the passengers were in their rooms or berths; but one—.'

"He fairly writhed with mental pain. He scrunched the paper in his hand and tore it and bit it. He jumped to his feet and stamped it under foot. Then of a sudden he shrank back as if into himself. 'My God—help—it is falling!' Lamonte was crawling on the floor, crouching down, and drawing himself into as small a space as he could. He thought *he* was under the berg. Then he covered his eyes as if blinded by an intense light and fell.

"Now Ruth I wish you wouldn't lean forward in that hysteri-

cal way. You must take this calmly. I am just telling a story, a fable if you like. Remember the magazine I am supposed to be reading from." At Frange's words, Ruth abandoned her attitude of intent attention and sank back in her chair. But in a moment she had forgotten Frange's request. Again and again she raised her hand, which was trembling, to her forehead. It was all familiar, she felt; and she had never heard it before. Frange was watching her minutely and saying to himself:—"Basta—I'm overdoing it; my case is carrying me away. I want the girl to feel the full force of Lamonte's love; but I don't wish her to go into hysterics. I wonder if there is any term in story-telling called the hysteric point; If there is or isn't, I'm going to keep Ruth pretty near it." Then he continued aloud:—"I went to see Lamonte. The Doctor had summoned specialists; and found his studio turned into a madman's cage. He didn't know me, in fact he didn't look up from his painting. The sketch was most horrible. It represented himself in chains, cowering on the floor of his cell, while above him, as if seen in a vision, were a man and a woman carousing; and a banker offering him huge bags of gold. The whole picture was filled with an intense light, that had no apparent source. The sketch was a masterpiece of careful and powerful drawing. When I returned in a fortnight, I found Lamonte as taciturn as before. I looked for the sketch. It was nailed on the wall; and a large cross had been cut in it. Lamonte was just finishing the painting now on exhibition. If the former sketch had been horrible, this was ghastly. It seemed to me that I could feel a chill come over me. The impending doom was felt by my whole body, not grasped alone by my eyes—and I am not imaginative. While I stood without the cage, the picture received its's last touches. Then it was roughly nailed on the wall and Lamonte had all the paints, pallettes, brushes and everything he had used in painting, brought and put in the big English hearth. By some intuition, he seemed to know that he had painted his last picture. As the fire hissed and crackled, he looked dully on; not an expression on his face. Cans of oil and turpentine were emptied on the already inflammable material; Lamonte saw it all burn up; then he sighed, and seeing me, recognized me. After that he seemed

sane and soon was allowed liberty, though he was watched a week or so, even after the doctors thought him out of all danger.

"I never understood him after his recovery. His whole nature had changed. He was taciturn and thoroughly morose. There was but one subject he was interested in—painting. He lost all carelessness about his last two works. They were framed with barbaric splendor and hung in his bed-room, till this exhibition was about to be opened. The exhibition was the talk of all Bohemia. Long before it was time to send pictures for acceptance, professional artists had brought every influence they could command, to bear on the selecting committee. At the very end of the period in which pictures could be submitted Lamonte sent his sketch and painting. The sketch was returned. He threw it in the fire. The day before the opening, was the first time Lamonte was allowed to enter. He went to see one picture—his own. It was skied. He quietly went to his city rooms.

"I don't suppose anyone can appreciate Lamonte's feeling for those two sketches. They were epitomes, multum in parvo editions of the story of his love. I always fancy the first sketch was a crazed translation of the position he was in, when he allowed his future fiancée to leave Mrs. Dennis's house, without asking her to marry him. Bound by the chains of honor—or false honor if you will; by the death of his aunt a fortune came to him—too late. He saw that he had lost the woman he loved. For his own actions had put her far away from him.

"I don't see why he burnt the sketch when it came back to him. Perhaps he saw in those saner moments, that he had painted his fiancée as a bacchanalian; perhaps its hideous reality displeased him. Who can account for the moods of a madman? who can account for the intensity of chagrin, at seeing his picture skied, which caused his relapse into insanity and his suicide the night before the opening of the exhibition?"

Frange started to rise; but Ruth commencing to speak, his rising changed into a mastiff-like shake of his strong body. "Isn't it very sad," Ruth said gently, "he was so talented; and he *was* good, wasn't he; and withal to die so wretched, beaten and hapless! I feel as sorry for him as if I had known and liked him well. But why are you telling me his story? This morning you

said it concerned us; but I don't see how." "I said it concerned you, Ruth, and it does, more than you are aware of. You remember, the first time you returned from England, that on the next to the last day on the ship, the engine broke a shaft. In the midst of the panic, that idiotic little Englishman, Percy Wilkins revenged your lack of consideration for him—" "Pardon me," Ruth interrupted, "I didn't treat him half roughly enough; he was infinitely ludicrous. You ought to see his air of importance. I'm sure he wouldn't have escaped you, or got off half as easily." "Well that Englishman happened near you and cried as if scared out of his wits, 'The ship is sinking.' The truth was the ship was all right and he knew it. The result of this exclamation was that you fainted. When you returned to consciousness, the ship was going along slowly and the passengers were laughing over their scare. And now comes the incredible part of the story. You were the young woman who visited Lamonte's aunt. You were afterwards engaged to him. And one more statement before you interrupt me, for I see that you intend to, you were on the City of Berlin when you returned from your second visit to England." "You know as well as I do," Ruth broke out, "that I never knew Lamonte; that I have been in Europe only once; and that I was never on the City of Berlin. What are you telling me this trash for? And you just now said that the City of Berlin was sunk!" "Now Ruth will you kindly close a mouth too pretty for argument and let me explain my brief in my own way? I tell you, you were on the City of Berlin, when she ran into an iceberg. In the wild excitement that followed the shock, some one rushing past your door cried, 'The ship is sinking?' Again you fainted. But this time no one heeded you. The port bridge was struck by masses of ice, and the forward end of your stateroom, being under it, was smashed in. You were struck by the crushed partition, and stunned. For half an hour the ship was thought to be sinking. But she was built with air-tight compartments and it was finally certain that she would reach her destination. If Lamonte had read his article carefully, he would have seen that the City of Berlin did enter New York harbor four days late, with only three lost—one passenger and two sailors.

"When your father had you looked up and cared for, he sup-

posed you would come off as easily as you did in the accident, the last time you returned to America. In this he was mistaken. You were in a high fever and delirium for three months; and it was thought you would not live. So Lamonte was not informed of your safety. When at last you returned to consciousness, you asked if Percy Wilkins was right, Was the ship sinking? They thought you raving still; but the doctor said that your other symptoms showed that you were entirely recovered. Your father persisted in believing you were delirious. At last he remembered Percy Wilkins of the former accident. When the doctor heard the case he took it down in writing and afterwards cross-questioned you. He was soon convinced that you had lost all memory of the two years between the two accidents. When you were stronger, he tried you by mentioning Harold Lamonte's picture. You didn't even recognize the name. You had entirely lost those two years and with them all memory of your betrothed—for the girl,—I hope you will doubt me no more,—for the girl Lamonte met at his aunt's was Ruth Dale!"

Ruth looked incredulous and perplexed. Her face was flushed and again she went through the pantomime of recollection. The story was entirely new to her and yet, as she admitted, it affected her deeply.

Meanwhile Frange sat thinking:—"How different she is to me, even when I am talking of Lamonte, from what she was to him. She adapted herself perfectly to his extreme sensibility. I believe, if he had lived and they had married, she would have equalled him in gloomy moods—perhaps surpassed him in genius. And with me—? Why she will be a womanly wife, adopt my standards and for the possible brilliancy she will have nothing but my common sense, tempered by her own surpassing gentleness and sympathy. How many possibilities there are in a good woman—and how much what is made of them, depends on the man she marries!" Then Frange's mood changed; his grey eyes seemed to turn blue and there was a merry twinkle in them. He looked to see if there was any danger of paining Ruth, then he broke her musings, by innocently asking: "Well Ruth what do you think of a girl, who one day loves a man devotedly and three months later, has forgotten his very name? And four months

after that is doubting whether to let his former chum succeed to his love?'' The attempted ingenuousness of the tone Frange used, showed Ruth that he wished to change the drift of feeling from a sympathetic sadness, to a lighter tone of bantering; and she willingly met him half way. "I won't do it. You said this morning, that I might have till this afternoon to decide. Now I've decided. I won't marry you. If you had got my answer this morning it would have been 'Yes.' Now it is 'No.' You are so confident that you set those heavy jaws of yours and smile with your eyes; but my 'No' means—'' "'Yes' her companion answered, rising, and he stooped and kissed her. Then between smiles and tears she answered: "But suppose I wake up some morning; remember those two years; and forget what followed? I'll be in love with Lamonte. And you—?'' "And I am governed by the law of *caveat emptor.*''

Howard Ames Oppenheim.

SONNET.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

HIS art was faultless, said the world, each thought
Within the artist's power to endue
And give a living semblance, perfect, true
To his conceptions,—every fancy caught
In fairest colors stood; so, long he wrought
Content with his creations, till there grew
Responsive to new visions as he drew,
A face with strange and deeper meaning fraught.
False colors, broken lines,—in truth did seem
As though the master hand had lost its skill,
Yet seeing not the outer, but innate
Faint shadowed image of a painter's dream,
The striving of an artist to fulfill
Ideals unattainable, men called him great.

Herbert Eugene Millholen.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

TO say that the history of any country can best be written by a foreigner may to many seem paradoxical, and is perhaps too sweeping a statement, but it does not seem unreasonable to maintain that foreigners are not at a disadvantage with natives in their line of work. A chief requisite to an historian is freedom from prejudice, either for country, or for party, or for men. To expect such fairness of mind from those personally affected by the questions under discussion, or especially interested in the men and countries considered, is to expect the improbable. It is difficult further, for one living in the scene of his story, to get the proper perspective. It is only when one studies other countries than his own or remote periods in the history of his own land, that he gets the position of advantage from which can be had that bird's-eye view which reduces to their proper relations all the various elements of a national life. Too commonly national heroes become Titanic, recent questions and events fill the angle of vision, and a sadly distorted picture is the result. In writing European history the American labors under difficulties, but has compensating advantages. He is not usually so conversant with the life of the country that he can enter fully into its spirit and feel a warm sympathy for its great men and their patriotic struggles. He is in many fields hampered by his ignorance of places and localities, so that vividness, at times even correctness, is wanting from his picture, while the materials for the settlement of disputed questions are more or less difficult to obtain. On the other hand, the general advantages of distance, freedom from prejudice and comprehensiveness of view, are peculiarly those of an American. The relations of European countries have been too close and complicated, the effects of great movements and wars are too wide-spread and lasting, to enable a citizen of one of these countries to view properly the men and policies of surrounding nations. No Englishman can write of the French Revolution without prejudice. No Frenchman can forget Sedan; no Austrian, Silesia. The

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History of Prussia under Frederic the Great. By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. 2 vols. Boston and New York. 1888.

Protestant, being able to see the light from the Middle Ages, or the period of the Reformation, only as refracted by the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, or of St. Bartholomew's day is not aware that the ray is bent, and that but one color comes to his eye. The Catholic cannot forget that Luther tore from the bosom of the Church her fairest children. From all these recollections and warpings, the American is far more likely to be free. Even the natural disadvantages under which he labors are rapidly disappearing. Foreign travel and residence are easy and cheap. The treasures of the monasteries, and the archives are being rapidly edited and published. If he cannot live in these historic places he can visit them occasionally. Our libraries are growing rapidly, photographs and maps are numerous, periodicals furnish the latest results of research as regularly to us as to the European investigators. All will at once think of Prescott and Motley as among the most prominent of American writers on European history, but recently several works, notably Mr. Lea's "History of the Inquisition," and Mr. Perkins' "France under Richelieu and Mazarin," have gained approval, while Dr. Jameson's monograph on "Usselinx" in the publications of the American Historical Association, shows that we can rival the Germans in exhaustive studies on obscure and comparatively insignificant topics. European writers have very successfully dealt with our history, as in the case of Von Holst's studies on our constitutional growth, and those of the Comte de Paris on the Civil War; and continental writers have been among the best students of English history, Gneist being at present a notable example. Among the American writers upon European history the author of these two new volumes, will, we think, be given a place in the first rank.

The success of any historical work, in gaining popular recognition depends primarily upon the period treated. There being but few in this country except historical students interested in the early history of Prussia, Professor Tuttle's first volume did not receive as much attention as will these two in continuation of the earlier work. Most educated Americans do know that the kings of Prussia were formerly electors of Brandenburg, and that Frederic William I. had an insane passion for tall grenadiers; but of the history of Prussia previous to Frederic the Great, a knowl-

edge of which is necessary to a conception of the greatness of the country's career, and an understanding of its subsequent history, they know next to nothing. It will, perhaps then, excite surprise in many to know the verdict of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, that Professor Tuttle "has succeeded far better than any German, in unfolding a clear, luminous, and comprehensive picture of an important period of our history," and the suggestion of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, that as "it is a thoroughly substantial and useful book" it be made accessible to Germans by a translation.

Estimates of Frederic the Great have been based by English readers either upon Macaulay's essay or upon Carlyle's great piece of hero-worship. Although the former made no pretense at being an historical investigation and contained many exaggerations and errors, it presents, we think, a much more correct estimate of the great king than the latter. To say that Carlyle is not a trustworthy historian, is to say nothing new. Investigators in all fields upon which he worked have emphasized this fact and have called attention to his inaccuracies. His literary power, the vividness of his descriptions, and his wonderful ability at times to sum up character in a phrase or even a word, justify the statement that "his history of the French Revolution is history read by lightning;" and his books will always be valuable to one who can read with a constant consciousness of their great faults. But Justin McCarthy has well said that "Carlyle's style has introduced a thoroughly false method of writing history. . . . Its purpose is to express scorn of one set of ideas and men, and admiration of another. Given the man we admire, then all his doings and ways must be admirable. . . . It only tells us what Carlyle thought of the times and events and the men who were the chief actors in them." It is not alone errors of fact which make "The History of Friedrich II." untrustworthy, but the incorrect estimates and judgments of persons upon which its moral lessons are based. Errors, in fact, he could not perhaps avoid; but when we find that facts are twisted, that character is distorted, that the discreditable acts of Frederic are continually slurred over, that the scorn and indignation vented upon the dishonorable proposals supposably of his allies really belong to him, we shall be suspicious of Carlyle's moral lessons. Further, whatever our views

with regard to the purpose and value of history may be, all must admit that clearness and truthfulness are essential qualities, that men ought to be represented as they really are; but this writer surrounds his heroes with an air of unreality that makes one almost forget that they are men like us. His histories remind us of Epics. To the writing of such literature there can be no objection; to the regarding it as historical authority, a great deal.

The new material upon this period of European history is very voluminous and renders the rewriting of its history necessary. English writers have relied almost entirely upon English and Prussian authorities, and this has resulted in an account strongly biased in favor of Frederic. The recent publications from the Austrian, French and Prussian archives and the memoirs and correspondence of prominent men of the time, give us a view from all sides. But the most valuable of these new authorities is the political correspondence of Frederic now appearing. This not only overturns some conclusions almost unquestioned, but is particularly valuable for the light it unconsciously throws on Frederic's character and aims.

Carlyle has told us that Frederic despised diplomacy as mere deceit and treachery, and that with this weapon he would not fight the "Satanic Invisible World" around him. He was of a more heroic mold, and in spite of all the fraud that might be used against him would manfully battle against the powers of evil. It takes but a glance at these large volumes of strictly diplomatic correspondence, averaging about one for each year, to convince us that this is an error. The reading of one of them, or of Professor Tuttle's account of the Silesian Wars and the period of intrigue which followed, will persuade us that Frederic, far from despising diplomacy, was rather more fond of it than his contemporaries. He kept unusually well informed about what was going on in all the courts in Europe; he often wrote five or six long dispatches a day; there was scarcely a day in time of war when he was not negotiating with his enemies for peace, or one in the intervals of peace when he was not trying to bring about an alliance in view of war.

That he was faithless and without regard for his sacred promises has long been known, but we think that all will be surprised

to find how great his infidelity was. It was not simply when some great danger threatened him and treachery seemed the only means of saving the state, but continually, frequently with almost no reason, that he was plotting to desert his allies, or to deceive those with whom he had just made a peace. He had no sooner most dishonorably broken the convention of Klein-Schnellendorf and arranged new plans of attack against the empress, with sacred pledges of fidelity to his allies, than he began to treat with her for peace. While professing the warmest friendship for Voltaire, he basely sent to Paris this poet's cutting verses, ridiculing prominent persons there, so that he might fear to return. He had scarcely made a neutrality treaty with England, in itself a piece of unfaithfulness to his ally, France, than he suggests to the latter how an attack might be made across the channel upon his new ally, which technically he might do, but which really was far from being the part of a friend. But a more startling combination of coolness and treachery has rarely been shown than when, in 1741, since the Queen of Hungary was not sufficiently prompt in accepting the terms he had proposed, he wrote to Cardinal Fleury, "that she had offered him terms of peace, and intimated that he would accept them unless his allies showed more energy; in other words, unless they pressed operations in a way to enforce upon Maria Theresa the necessity of accepting the terms he himself had offered her."

Upon one other aspect of Frederic's moral character we are compelled to change our ideas. He was not, as Carlyle would have us believe, a prude. He not only personally wrote to Madame de Châteauroux, but frequently urged his envoy at Paris to win the favor of Madame de Pompadour by any means, even suggesting that he himself would write to her, if it were necessary.

It is rather surprising to find how little foresight Frederic had, how he lived from hand to mouth, and how, instead of having far-reaching plans to which he consistently held, he was frequently at his wit's ends, and adopted policies with little idea as to where they would lead him.

But although Frederic's moral character appears in an unenviable light, his intellectual qualities shine out no less brilliantly than ever. His remarkable energy, his promptness in acting at

the right time, his ability to "bring things to pass," his courage, his perseverance, his devotion to the welfare of his state and his people, his toleration in religious matters, the comprehensiveness and universality of his genius win our admiration as much as ever. Those who, recalling the condition of Prussia before Frederic and the state of surrounding countries in his time, read carefully Professor Tuttle's account of the reorganization of the civil service, of the judicial reform, of the improvement of the army, of the recuperation of the kingdom, of his measures to assist the study of science, his analyses of Frederic's campaigns, and his explanation of the causes of his military success, cannot fail to have a deeper respect than ever for Prussia's greatest king.

The student of Political Economy will find in the chapter on "Recuperation and Reform," very good examples of governmental measures inspired by the mercantile system. Improved agricultural methods were introduced, large areas of land were drained and colonized, home manufactures were built up by legislative act, warehouses for the exchange of goods were established, commerce was fostered, canals were dug and harbors improved. The result was that the Prussian revenues were largely increased without increased taxes, that a considerable treasure was amassed for the impending war, that Prussia was able with the assistance of English subsidies to keep large armies in the field for seven years, and still to emerge from the war in far better financial condition than any of her opponents. Still Professor Tuttle speaks of the system as "the false economical theory . . . which continued to impose upon an understanding usually so acute." However unwise that theory might be now, it is evident that at that time when individual initiative was so weak, when each state was a great fighting body, needing large numbers of men and ready money, the system was the correct one. As has been said, the economic system passes through a series of phases correlative with the successive stages of civilization, and cannot, at any point be considered absolutely good. We may regret lower stages of civilization, but that does not alter the fact, and those political institutions and economic theories are best which meet the needs of the time.

Time will not permit us to call attention to many other interest-

ing things in this work, or to the manner in which it has been done. It is a piece of thorough historical work, well-proportioned, showing that the immense amount of material has been sifted and assimilated, and above all, that chief quality of an historian—a fair-minded, judicial attitude. Although calling attention to Frederic's faults, the author does full justice to his excellencies. While pointing out the corruption and demoralization of the French government, he relieves this nation from some of the obloquy heaped upon it by English and Prussian writers by pointing out that it was not so faithless to Frederic in the Silesian wars or in 1756, as has been asserted, and that whatever lack of fidelity there may have been was well-merited by Frederic. Particularly interesting and brilliant is his account of Maria Theresa, and his justification of her policy, which frequently has been censured. At last there is in the English language an able, trustworthy and scholarly account of the early reign of the king who rearranged the balance of power in Europe, and changed decidedly the course of subsequent history.

Herbert Elmer Mills.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Patriotic Addresses by Henry Ward Beecher. *Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.*

Science Sketches. By David Starr Jordan. *A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.*

Notes for Boys (and Their Fathers) on Morals, Mind, and Manners. By an Old Boy. *A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"We should aim to keep the University in organic connection with its alumni. Wherever they may be, they should be made to feel that they have both rights and duties as regards their *Alma Mater*. As regards their *rights*, they should be kept well informed regarding the condition of the University by her reports and more important publications, they should be welcomed at her annual and other festivals, and their opinions, when carefully based and thoughtfully expressed, should have full consideration. As to *duties*, they

should be impressed with the idea that they have something to *do* for the University . . . ; that they should take large and friendly views in judging of university questions . . . ; that they should aim to make the claims of the University known in the various sections of the country where they may live; and, if successful in the accumulation of wealth, to remember that a university in a great and growing nation will always need additional endowments to keep pace with the advance of the country."—*Andrew D. White.*

THESE words of the first President of Cornell embody the idea on which this department of the MAGAZINE is founded. There is little else to be said. It is not our intention to furnish news of the University to the alumni, but news of the alumni to the University and all else who may be interested; and, what is still more important, cheerfully to make way in our columns for their *thoughtful* opinions concerning the welfare of the University. This is one of the many ways, we think, to promote the interests of Cornell. There cannot be too many means proposed and carried out which will encourage true relationship between alumni and their *Alma Mater*, and so benefit the grand cause of higher education.

It was for the purpose of seeing whether our ideas would strike a sympathetic chord, that the editors of the MAGAZINE, not long ago, sent out personal letters to a number of the representative alumni. The responses have been very numerous and exceedingly encouraging. Not one note of criticism has been heard. Encouragement for the MAGAZINE, and good wishes for the success of the Alumni Department have been overwhelming. A number of promises of contributions for the future have also been received. We cannot help quoting a portion of the earnest response from ex-Alumni-Trustee J. DeWitt Warner, for it contains many sensible ideas, and is typical of most of the letters received. It runs as follows:—

"As to binding the alumni together, and securing the University such support as their influence can give it, I think the most effective way is to *interest* them all by the transmission to them of frequent, full, and candid reports and other data as to University affairs, and to attempt to organize at each center where many alumni are gathered, modest movements—say for the temporary support,—and, later, for the endowment of scholarships and fellowships—such as each association can carry out on its own account, in its own way, without outside coöperation (though it is to be hoped and expected that a friendly rivalry would incite all.)

"Thus interested, thus continually reminded of their share in the University, the alumni, individually, would be simply the more willing to do more for the University in direct proportion to what they had already done. The alumni spirit being thus wakened and matured and kept strong, an Alumni Hall on the campus would come of itself soon. But to push such a project as an Alumni Hall before the general alumni interest is thus roused, and hardened, as it were, is apt to make it a "chestnut" and a "bore" long before it becomes successfully settled.

"Most important of all, it seems to me, is some arrangement by which, at each Commencement, there shall be held on the campus a great alumni dinner. I know the obstacles, but they are not serious ones to any one who, determined to arrange for such gatherings, should do his best to overcome them. That, it seems to me, is the one thing which might be done at once. Of late years Commencements have become more and more dreary to the alumni, till few attend, and Commencements become, as was last year's, depressing affairs.

"If the President and his wife come, or are expected to come, this year, there may be a large attendance; but it is not inspiring to think that the University must depend on outside attractions to secure attendance of enough of its alumni at Commencement to make a sociable time for those who do come.

"I am not laboring under the impression that the University depends on its alumni alone. But I do believe that their interest in the University could be stimulated, their loyalty kept active, and their support secured and made effectual toward its best development to an extent far greater than has been done."

Professor Theo. B. Comstock, professor of Mining Engineering in the University of Illinois, also sends the following encouraging words:—

"You seek to unite faculty, alumni, and undergraduates in whatever bonds of sympathy may exist, or be made to exist. I can see an outlook of prosperity for such a magazine, if well conducted, and, from my own standpoint, there seems to be a need of some such medium, whether it be distinctively Cornellian, or a general college journal.

"How to 'bind the alumni more closely together' is a problem, but one which can be solved in practice more readily than many suppose. That results have not always been of the best has chiefly been due to insufficient understanding of alumni needs and alumni feelings. In this laudable work none but alumni—and representative, non-scheming, whole-souled alumni—can accomplish much. If you will make your organ a medium for terse, earnest, practical expression of alumni opinion, you will achieve success in the department which you represent."

* * *

Mr. Warner's suggestive letter touches the question of an Alumni Hall, and his allusion to the danger of agitation on the subject is certainly wise. At the same time, we believe that whatever the method of establishing such a building, it can be begun only through an awakening of the alumni to a sense of its importance. No man has the interests of the alumni of Cornell more thoroughly at heart than ex-President White, and it has been as a result of his earnest efforts that this subject is a vital one with the alumni to-day, although no definite plans have yet matured. In that portion of his last official report to the trustees bearing on the matter are these words :—

"A proper Alumni Hall would be a center of strength from which good influences would radiate on one side into the local university body, and on the other, into the great body of university alumni throughout the whole country. It would also attach the alumni to the University as nothing else could, for, by a subtle principle in human nature, men care really more, as a rule, for those whom they have benefitted than for those from whom they have received benefits, and the alumni will prove no exception to the rule."

In response to the promptings of his feelings, Rev. George R. Van De Water, Alumni Trustee of the University, kindly sends the following interesting article on the subject :—

ALUMNI HALL.

Influences are of all things difficult to trace and name. We are conscious of definite effects, the causes of which we cannot discover. Personal character is a result of many things combining to produce it. Success in business or professional career is not so definite a thing, that those knowing most of the ways of life can accurately describe the things that ensure it. Little things, insignificant matters, items of trivial concern often conspire to produce significant effects. No one will ever know how much the geography of the world, the social conditions of life, the destinies of nations even may have been due to the after-dinner talk, or the casual remarks at levées, or the innocent mirth over coffee and cigars. Those who would be slow to assent to the trite saying, "get at one's heart through his stomach," are still aware of an influence, subtle and powerful, springing out of customs and pastimes of smallest concern.

The annual gathering of alumni at the University, is a very important feature of University life and prosperity. An educational institution de-

pends for its success as much upon the affection and loyalty of its graduates, as upon the diligence and care taken in study by its resident scholars. A subtle influence which may not be defined, perhaps cannot be defined, is yet most powerfully felt all through the departments of the University, when those in authority are conscious that the alumni are deeply interested in all that has to do with the prosperity and life of the institution. Those who know anything whatever of educational work are fully aware of the importance of securing and holding the interest of graduates in their Alma Mater.

Nothing in the successive events of Commencement so cheers the hearts of president, trustees, and faculty as a large number of alumni attending the annual meeting of their association, and showing by their discussions and resolutions their continued zeal and love for the Mother that gave them their choicest possessions in life.

Anything that can foster this loyalty and kindle the zeal into enthusiasm must be of benefit to the University. An Alumni Hall is designed to do these very things. It is a constant reminder to the undergraduate students that those who traveled the ways they now go, are still with them in living, actual sympathy. It teaches a very important lesson, eminently practical and wonderfully needed in this day, that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment; that our social life is an important part of living, and that fellow students pursuing their way along the road of knowledge come to have a communion of interest which time cannot affect and death alone can sever. Those who have traveled in other lands and visited the great universities of England, know the power of such a building as an Alumni Hall. As they have walked along the broad halls, and seen the pictures of famous men, statesmen, jurists, divines, scholars, warriors, discoverers, who once as youths were diligently engaged in the ordinary curriculum of study, or looking at the places around the walnut tables where once they sat and ate food like ordinary mortals, they have felt at once the charm and honor of being where such men were, and treading on ground made sacred by their footsteps. The associations of such a building, suitably designed, properly decorated with stained glass windows and class memorials, furnished in a manner appropriate to its uses, are not to be named, chiefly because they are mostly of a kind that is most powerful because most subtle.

Many of us who realize (now that life is wearing on and cares multiply) that our best days were days spent in college, and sadly recalling many things, wishing indeed those days might have been spent more profitably, would be too happy to aid in providing these influences which we never had, which to the undergraduate are ennobling and purifying, and to the graduate, the periodical inspiration to youthful joys and vigor.

There is not much to attract in the untinted walls of Library Hall, nor anything to awaken pleasant memories in a dining room of an Ithaca

hotel. We have to strain our energies to recall associations of yore, when we are obliged to hold meetings and dine a mile and a half from the college grounds, and entirely removed from their pleasant memories. How different the case would be could we go once a year to our Alma Mater as the favored children used annually to go up to Jerusalem, knowing that on the Hill we would find our Temple, within whose walls we could gather and there by right renew and revive all hallowed associations.

I believe there are those deeply interested in the idea of having an Alumni Hall on the University grounds at a very early day. If the alumni would show the interest they ought in this scheme, we should secure very substantial help from friends not alumni, who are anxious to see it put speedily into execution.

From the day I was elected trustee until now I have not ceased to think of this hall, and desire to see something done to secure it.

A pledge of five dollars each year for five years from every alumnus would be sufficient to guarantee the completion of the building in a very short time. Will not some of our business men formulate a financial system by means of which we can begin at once to secure a fund for an Alumni Hall?

Surely this is a project in which every graduate of the University must feel a deep interest. Unlike so many things from time to time brought before us which attract the attention of classes, or societies, or cliques, this rises to a prominence demanding sober thought and earnest consideration of the alumni as a body.

Until we shall have something like this building among the others on our University grounds, we cannot expect to secure the interest and enthusiasm our alumni are able to give to our cause.

* * *

The need of an Alumni Hall will surely be felt, if ever, at the coming Commencement. Arrangements are being made by the officers of the Alumni Association for an alumni banquet. Three large classes, '73, '78, and '83, are also to hold reunions. The class of '73 graduated about ninety-five. At their decennial reunion, held five years ago, it was decided to hold a fifteen-year reunion in 1888. In accordance with that decision, circulars will soon be sent out to the graduate and non-graduate alumni of the class, and there is every prospect of a large attendance. A special inducement to cause a large number to respond is the fact that one of the most prominent members of the class is a candidate for Alumni Trustee. Decennial reunions are always happy affairs, and '78 is going to try hard to make hers so. The class of '83 gave one of the most brilliant Commencements that any class has

ever given. They then graduated sixty-eight, and it is expected that a large number will make it a point to attend this five-year reunion. The class are not only providing for a jovial banquet, but are also planning to leave a memorial for their *Alma Mater*. Mr. H. N. Hoffman, Elmira, N. Y., has the arrangements in charge, as Secretary, instead of Mr. Matthews, who was first appointed.

Add to these various feasts the fraternity banquets, receptions, etc., which are promised us, not to say anything of Class-Day or Commencement, and will it not look as if almost every graduate of Cornell were flocking back to her halls? Truly, *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

* * *

Everything of interest appertaining to the history of these classes of '73, '78, and '83, we shall endeavor to collect and present in the Commencement number of the MAGAZINE, if the alumni of the classes will kindly render their assistance. Particularly, personal intelligence of the members, how they have succeeded, etc., is wanted. There will be in these columns a description of the new Ten-Year-Book that is being compiled under the painstaking editorship of the Librarian of the University. Ex-President White will be asked to give his definite plans for an Alumni Hall. There will probably be personal descriptions of the most prominent of the alumni associations of Cornell; some mention of the candidates for Alumni Trustee, as well as other interesting matter. We confidently look to all the alumni of the University to render us valuable assistance with their "chit-chat" and their ideas. If this Department, in contributing its mite, can do anything to "keep the University in organic connection with its alumni," by placing alumni representation of this nature upon a permanent, honest and thoughtful basis, all of us have every reason to be satisfied.

* * *

Since the above was written the nominations for Alumni Trustee have been filled officially with the treasurer of the University. It will be of interest to those of the alumni who are uninformed to know that the names are Henry Altman, of Buffalo, N. Y., class of 1873, and Daniel Elmer Salmon, of Washington, D. C., class of 1872.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Library is a place where much hard work is done (if we may judge from the never-failing crowd in the reading-room and the motionless and everlasting figures in the alcoves) and from it issue forth many excellent master-pieces. Of such it may be hoped THE CORNELL MAGAZINE will in future times be happy enough to be able to put before its readers. I have myself laboured there assiduously and have there compiled many grave pieces of erudition suitable to my profession. I must confess, however, that such concentrated and protracted exertion is by no means so much to my mind as a species of lighter occupation which may seem trivial to those who are unaware of the great importance of the results of doing nothing. The Library is to me charming on account of the facilities it offers, at odd times, of flitting here and there in the alcoves, looking at the backs and titles of books, sometimes inspecting a table of contents or an index and looking over the engravings, reading half a dozen pages in one book and then turning the attention by a somewhat involved train of thought, perhaps, to some other. These half-hours when serious work is out of the question are dear to me. I delight to pull down the books in the English alcove and find something that renders it imperative to consult some volume in the Greek and Latin department; to look over the books on French poetry and find my attention distracted to some volume on History; to move from the periodicals to the works on Philology, and so forth and so on. Everywhere the industrious loafer (meaning myself) finds something of interest, and thanks to my friends, the editors of this MAGAZINE, I am permitted to set down a few of my notes in this place from time to time as they occur to me.

* * *

Among the books recently added to the English alcove are the two volumes of A. H. Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books." They are delightful reading. It was a good thought to explore the song books of an age when men threw their best into their art whatever it was and when songs for music were written

by men with true lyrical feeling. Among the wealth of riches of the Elizabethan age the songs form no inconsiderable element. And there are few who have not the memories of some half a dozen of the Elizabethan songs running in their heads at odd times. The dramatists furnish many. The sonnetteers bring many more. Mr. Bullen's collections afford another supply. And in reading over these Elizabethan songs from the song books, though there are few that come up to the level of the best lyrics of the time, there is such a luxuriance of fancy, of feeling, of quaint and pretty thought and graceful expression, that the reading is a continued delight.

Mr. Bullen's (and the reader's) chief pleasure in these two volumes is in the songs of Thomas Campion. "He holds among Elizabethan song writers the place that is held by Meleager in the Greek Anthology: for tenderness and for depth of feeling, for happiness of phrase and for chaste artistic perfection, he is supreme." Campion's lyrics are indeed delightful and, though we should hardly think of him in the same moment as Shelley and Burns, we think everyone must acknowledge him to be not far behind the first of song writers.

* * *

The charm of Campion's verse to me, outside of his grace in expression, lies chiefly in his originality, or rather his individuality. Other song writers of the period might be mistaken for each other, but Campion has so entirely his own way of looking at things and is so honest in his expression that one can always recognize him. For instance, what Elizabethan but Campion would have written this stanza in a Song to his Love:

"Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,
Or in praising you, myself of truth deprive!
Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me;
Great is Beauty's grace
Truth is yet as fair as she."

* * *

Yet Campion is as clever in his conceits as another; even in the much-used comparison of one's mistress' features to flowers or fruits he is original. A song on his mistress' beauty beginning

" There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."

takes an original turn, as soon as he says of her mouth,

" There cherries grow which none can buy
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry."

* * *

Again nowhere in the range of the Elizabethan lyrics do I find such religious feeling as in the following :

" Awake, awake ! thou heavy sprite
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin !
Rise now and walk the ways of light
'Tis not too early yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late ;
True Faith finds still an open gate."

* * *

In many of Campion's songs we may see the influence of classical thought. Several of his songs are almost Horatian in tone, as for instance that beginning

" Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours."

and another beginning

" The man of life upright
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ;"

Though the poem takes a turn in the last stanza that Horace would hardly have thought of.

* * *

Campion has translated and set to music Catullus' " *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.*" I give the first verse and the best :

" My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive ;
But, soon as once is set our little light
Then must we sleep one ever-during night."

* * *

But the one of Campion's poems which seems to me the most particular of all his songs for individuality and depth of feeling, for beauty of thought and grace of expression, is the following serenade.

" Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me!
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see
Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke:
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

" My words have charmed her for secure she sleeps,
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
And in her slumber, see! she close-eyed weeps:
Dreams often more than waking passions move.
Plead sleep my cause, and make her soft like thee;
That she in peace may wake and pity me."

* * *

Apropos of translations from Catullus, I have before me one which the reader will surely see with pleasure:

Live and love we, while life is ours, my darling!
And let gossip of greybeard moralizers
Count no more with us than a copper farthing.
Suns can sink, and return again; but we when
Once has sunken our little day's brief light, must
Slumber on through a night that knows no ending.
Give me kisses,—a thousand, then a hundred,
One more thousand, and then a second hundred,
Then one thousand again, and then a hundred.
And then, after we've scored a mighty figure
We'll mix well all the items, and forget them;
That no mortal may know the charméd number,
And so blast us with evil incantations. W. G. H.

* * *

And I add here another translation, not from Catullus but Heine. It is the fourth of the Lieder in the "Junge Leiden."

Dear love, lay here thy hand: cans't not hear well
How hard my heart beats in its little cell?
There lives a master joiner, bad and grim;
The hamm'ring on my coffin busies him.

He beats and hammers night as well day,
'Tis long since he has driven sleep away.
Ah, work, my master, work thy very best
That I may sooner sleep and be at rest. G. W. P.

* * *

The question of translation is one with which almost every reader of a literature not his own, has been drawn to strive. A little curious on the matter myself, it has been with an added interest that I have pursued (for other reasons) the study of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible. In the splendid edition of this work (called by Marsh the Golden Book of English Philology) we find the original translation displayed with a revision. It is interesting to study the corrections. Both the versions are translated from the Vulgate, and the second corrects many errors in the first, generally in places where the earlier translator had clung closely to the Latin order and had rendered the Latin often word for word. But besides material for study there is much that is really humorous in some of the errors in translation. The translation of the nouns *tenebrae* and *divitiae* by the plural forms *darknesses* and *richesses*, of *regulus* as *a litil kyng*, of *cophynas* as *coffins* are commonplaces to students of English Literature. Here are two which I have not seen quoted:

THE VULGATE. Ex ait: geminet terra herbam virentem et facientem
IST. VERSION. And saith, Burion the erth grene herbe and making seed
REVISED. And saide. The erth bryng forth grene erbe and making seed
V. semen et lignum pomiferum faciens fructum juxta genus suum.
I. and appletre making fruit after his kind.
R. and appiltree making fruit by his kind.

THE VULGATE. Quoniam ipse cognovit figmentum nostrum. Recordatus
IST. VERSION. For he knew our britil making. He recorded for powder
REVISED. For he knew oure making. He bithoughte that we ben dust,
V. quoniam pulvis sumus. Homo, sicut foenum dies ejus, tanquam flos
I. we be; a man as hay his dayes; as the flour of the feld so he shall
R. a man is as hay; his dai schall flowre out so as a flour of the
V. agri sic efflorebit.
I. flour out.
R. fieeld.

Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

"Ce ne sont point de ces grand vers pompeux
Mais de petits vers." —MOLIERE.

February Twenty-Ninth.

They talked of leap-year, and she seemed to hold
That maidens might one year in four be bold.
"'Twould be a shame," indignantly quoth she,
"To lose so rare an opportunity.

"'Tis true, I have no doubt, that gods dispose,
But what of that unless nice men propose?
If I had been as wise as now four years ago
I'd be engaged to some one else, you know.

"Men wait on us indifferently well
While women in the social arts excel.
—No, I'm in earnest; leave off wheedling me!—
Let maids be gallants, what a change you'll see!"

* * * * *

He smiles at her attempts his ire to raise
And punctuates with kisses every phrase.
"The proof!" he cries. "Before you argue more
Hand me the glove I've dropped upon the floor!"

A. E. H.

A Political Metamorphosis.

To go to Congress was my great ambition,
In '50 'twas, I sought the high position.
To gain the end my every nerve was strained,
'Twas ability which won, not wealth which gained.

My son, in '80 got in Congress too,
The way, in olden times, would hardly do.
No merit won for him the envied fame,
By fixing th' august boss to rank he came.

H. E. W.

THE

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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ALBERT E. METZGER, *Business Manager.*

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DUELLING IN GERMANY.

"A Dieu mon ame,
Ma vie au roi,
Mon cœur aux dames,
L'honneur pour moi."

A RECENT novel entitled "Mr. Barnes of New York," which has enjoyed an unusual, if not undeserved meed of popularity, opens with a dramatic and touching description of a fatal encounter between two young men endeavoring to vindicate their personal honor. The scene is laid at Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon and the home of the vendetta, the time is the present decade; and yet, so alien have such encounters become to our environment that the narrative seems to transport us into an era of the distant past. The so-called "American" duel indeed, in which the casting of lots indicates the participant who is voluntarily and speedily to efface himself from the planet, still figures in the pages of the continental romance-writer; but of late years its chief re-

presentative, the harmless "Virginia" duel, conducted upon the basis of one small grape-shot to each combatant, together with the absurd and burlesque affairs occasionally attempted by gilded Northern youth, have illustrated the final travesties of a not ignoble though perverted code, condemned to die amid echoes of contemptuous laughter. Even beyond Mason and Dixon's line the custom has become so marked with the brand of popular disfavor that the leading journal of the South is able to offer the abolition of the practice as the best single proof which could be presented of an advance in good morals and true culture.

If we cross the Atlantic, however, we find ourselves at once in the presence of social conditions somewhat different. Both the English officer and private gentleman, to be sure, have found other and adequate means for securing their reputation against unworthy stains; but continental custom still sanctions a visit to the field of honor. An examination of the criminal statutes of the German Empire reveals, it is true, an interesting series of enactments against this method of deciding upon the justice of one's cause, but the penalties annexed are of a somewhat gentle description. A challenge or acceptance may be punished with imprisonment for not more than six months, and this penalty may be prolonged to two years, if it should appear that the summons was to fight till the finishing of one or both contestants. Even the bearer of the missive is liable to detention for six months, unless he has endeavored to mediate in the matter, while the duel itself, in the language of the statute, is punishable with imprisonment for from three months to five years. If one kills his man, he may be imprisoned for not less than two years; if it were agreed to fight till one or both should fall, for not less than three years; and if no seconds be present, the penalty may be doubled. If, on the other hand, one should meanwhile violate any of the laws of the duelling code, the transgressor may be treated like a vulgar homicide. If one incites to a duel by depreciating remarks, the result may be imprisonment for three months; and under this clause are included the decisions in favor of a resort to arms given by a so-called court of honor.

These enactments are intended principally for the benefit of civilians, for the military penal code, like the Code Napoléon, is

silent on the subject of duelling. But this negative admission of the practice is not all. Year by year appear manuals, emanating from military circles, descriptive of the proper mode of procedure in affairs entailing a personal collision; and the ordinances controlling the courts of honor in the Prussian army indicate with preciseness the steps to be taken by such courts when officers become involved in private controversies. If the circumstances permit, an effort at reconciliation is to be made, after which the conditions of the combat are to be settled decently and in order, and the President or some member of the court is charged to be a witness of the affray. These ordinances are prefaced by an introduction in which the old military Emperor William has indicated in simple and admirable language the rules of conduct which should govern the officers of that distinguished corps whose interests were ever so near his heart. "I expect," he declares, "from all the officers of my army, that their honor shall continue to be their most precious possession. To preserve it in stainless purity must remain the most sacred duty of the whole order as well as of the individual. The fulfillment of this duty includes the conscientious and complete fulfillment of all the other duties of an officer. True honor cannot subsist without loyalty unto death, without invincible courage, firm decision, self denying obedience, truthfulness and strict reticence. It requires that in externals too that dignity be expressed which proceeds from the consciousness of belonging to the order to which is entrusted the defence of throne and fatherland."

The officer is further admonished to avoid unseemly company, to beware of extravagance in habits, of gaming and stock gambling and discreditable money getting, and in general to be ever mindful of the peculiar and lofty duties of his calling. Nor must he neglect to cherish the reputation of his companions in arms as his own. "An officer," the Emperor concludes, "who is capable of an insult to a comrade's honor, I shall no more suffer to remain in my army than an officer who is not able to guard his own honor." And to guard this honor in the last resort, the etiquette of the German army enjoins a recourse to weapons.

In Austria the minister of war has declared that he abhorred duelling, but as the preponderating majority of officers were prej-

udiced in favor of the practice and would cut any one refusing to fight, he believed that it would be impossible to eradicate the evil without dismissing the majority of the army.

The necessity for this ultimate recourse to weapons has given rise to various curious incidents. Some years ago in East Prussia an officer attending a country ball was knocked down by a jealous brewer. The former could not at once avenge the blow, the brewer would have treated a challenge with derision, the officer's honor was therefore tarnished by an unpunished affront, and he was obliged to leave the service. On the outbreak of the war soon after, he enlisted as a common soldier and was able ultimately to regain his former position as if won afresh. Well known in Germany was the case of the three Prussian counts who were officers in a cavalry regiment. As strict Catholics they had declared that duelling was forbidden by their church, and accordingly they could accept no challenges. The matter was investigated and the fraternal trio of otherwise distinguished and estimable characters discovered that their only alternative was to resign. Fortunately the Franco-Prussian war soon recalled them into the army and permitted them to prove their general valor. Similar was the instance of the dismissal by court martial of an officer in the reserve corps, whose sole offence was membership in a University fraternity the principles of which forbade indulgence in duelling. And, finally, a signal illustration of just retribution may be added. At a social gathering a student accidentally trod upon an officer's foot. Before an apology could be tendered, the officer gave utterance to an offensive remark. A challenge followed, which the officer rejected with the insolent addition that he did not fight with boys. Soon after, the twain met on the public promenade, once more satisfaction was demanded and haughtily refused, when the student successfully applied a horsewhip to his scornful opponent. The tables were now turned, the honor of the officer was assailed and his representative at once appeared. In vain. The student had obtained his satisfaction and would not fight. Even the venerable father of the officer, himself an illustrious general, came to beg the obdurate disciple of learning to exchange shots with his son, and in this way to avert the threatened family disgrace; but the appeal was properly without effect.

And so the aged general, as the sole conclusion, sends to his son the weapon which, to efface the stain, he must turn against his own life. The fitting comment is given by Lessing's Minna: *Die Ehre ist—die Ehre.*

If we pass to German University circles, we shall find that student duels also are still far from becoming obsolete. The scarred brow and the slashed cheek adorn the academic promenades in undiminished frequency. The discussions upon the subject in the Prussian legislature whenever the question of University appropriations is before the house betray, too, on the part of the venerable old blades, including the Ministers of Public Instruction, who join in the debates, the remnants of a singularly affectionate feeling toward this occupation of their own youthful hours. In it they discover, moreover, a knightly and beneficent phase of physical culture supremely needful to the present generation of incipient defenders of the fatherland. Nor can Bismarck himself, with his University record of twenty-eight duels and one scar during three semesters, be cited as a discouraging illustration of the results of the system. No less sincere than candid must be this expression of a desire to steel betimes the nerves of the German youth. The father of gymnastics in Germany, the Gallomaniac Jahn, hoped by manly exercises to prepare efficiently a bulwark against the next foreign invasion; and it is conceivable that the aged councilors of the present, as they recall the joy in mere physical existence of their early days, the reckless boisterousness of their sanguinary though not fatal bouts, the thrill and glow of exuberant vigor for which many a man in middle age sighs as for a taste again of the fountain of youth,—it is conceivable that they may shrink from assailing even a questionable practice which fosters an *esprit de corps*, demands undoubted mettle, and may render more ready the response when the ever-impending national appeal to arms shall come. We in America indeed have learned by sad experience the bitter fallacy of the supposition that personal bravery is proven solely by its frequent display. It was only the stern logic of war which taught the world the existence of qualities which the heroic daring of our soldiers showed were latent in many a peaceful breast; and this was perhaps the only logic which could restore the balance of esteem between the North

and South. But after 1870 Germany needs no such lesson. Nor are voices wanting there, both inside and outside the Universities, of remonstrance and rebuke, assailing the deadly duel without, and the aimless duel within. A large number of German students are strongly opposed to this dubious pastime; and at a great mass meeting held near the Wartburg a few years ago, one of the burning questions was the limitation of this degenerate inheritance from the days of chivalry, with a view to its final extinction.

The University authorities are no less interested in checking the custom, and the University prisons are regularly occupied by students incarcerated for participation in such affairs. At Zürich various duelling organizations have been suspended by the authorities; and at Leipsic duelling can no longer be engaged in with impunity within the city limits. Fatal results from the use of sword as well as pistol have not been lacking. One or two among other attendant incidents of the custom may be cited. At Würzburg a student died of heart disease during the course of an exciting duel in which he was engaged. The Catholic clergy of Spires, his home, refused to officiate at the funeral services. At Strasburg a student repudiated in behalf of the remaining members of the University the excesses of a certain society. He was summoned before the court of honor of the society, and on declining to appear was branded as a coward. The affront drove him to suicide, and the offending organization was immediately dissolved. Meanwhile, the influence is undeniable which the officer's code exercises upon the body of students, many of whom are undergoing their year of military service while still attending the University. In imitation of officers in uniform, the fashion has even arisen among students wearing their society colors, of never travelling third-class on the railways, even though in some cases they must thus part company with their worthy but less aristocratic parents. In certain army corps measures have been taken to exclude non-duelling students from the examination for officers. This contact induces also the introduction of the pistol into student circles, as conflicts between students and officers are usually decided either with sabres or firearms. Students among themselves usually settle their quarrels, if any cause for quarrel really

exists, with the *Schläger*, or broadsword. Where so many vivid descriptions of this certainly invigorating exercise exist, it would be needless to describe in detail the procedure, or to descant upon its obviously objectionable consequences. It ought to be said however that duelling both in the army and the University, according to its most sober supporters, is intended to be guarded as a resort in extreme cases alone, after all other attempts at mediation have failed, and that the exaggerated excess of either form of the practice should not be taken into serious consideration. But no argument upon the indefensibility of any species of duelling is here needful. Anglo Saxon public opinion has long since settled this question to its own satisfaction. A principal reason, of course, why duelling, prize-fighting, flogging, hazing and other forms of private encounters and corporal punishments have fallen into disfavor among us, is because they violate the sanctity of the person, which it is the function, and in most civilized countries, the result of the law to secure. In these matters, however, public sentiment is an important factor. To an enlightened public sentiment it is due, that in nearly every part of this country affrays with weapons have been discredited, although the habit of shooting at sight on the public thoroughfare still enjoys in the South a lamentable vogue. It is due to the public sentiment of student life, largely encouraged by the press, that indiscriminate assaults are dying out in our leading colleges; and it is probable that duelling at German Universities will be eradicated, if it ever is to be eradicated, by some such similar evolution of good sense on the part of the student world, when a less harmful but equally manly system of athletics will succeed, and personal honor will find other and better modes for its vindication.

Duelling in the army, on the other hand, is a fashion which is likely to fail only with the failure of the support of a tenacious social and military sentiment. This fashion may even prevail until the era of peace which ought to dawn upon the world before the twentieth century has glided entirely down the corridors of time. The abolition of warfare will then introduce more rational and equally effective standards of conduct and finer methods of gentler arbitration. *Horatio Stevens White.*

BALZAC AND HIS "DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS."

BALZAC went up to Paris when twenty years old, one in the swarm of young men who press into every great capital to grasp the skirts of fortune or sink into discontented mediocrity. He lived in a garret, he worked like a dray horse, he wrote forty novels that no one read: in that long appenticeship he learned life, its struggle, its hunger, and he dreamed of its success; he learned humanity, he touched the shoulders of all classes and knew them in flesh, not through the morbid imagination of the study. His passions were actual and his desires infinite, after the manner of the century; he thirsted for money, fame, pleasure; he bore the weight of all that tremendous life of Paris upon his sensitive nerves it killed him at the last but not until he had experienced in imagination all its conditions and emotions and recorded them in the "Comédie Humaine."

With the ardent temper of the South in his breast, and the ideal visions of a poet, this man was made to feel the trivialities, the basenesses, the vulgarities that hem in the poverty of great cities; this man whom women fascinated and to whom luxury appealed, demanding the gratification of his large animal basis of life, with that vanity of the coxcomb that comes to a lover of women and refinement, lived an ascetic and in the light of the goal he himself had pitched, eschewed that which makes existence ordinary and amiable. He devoted himself to a great work with that "conviction," as Browning says, "which is so like despair," he toiled a life time, he won fame and a place to repose —to die in the arms of accomplishment; he passed away as he had lived, exhausted, overwhelmed with desires, passions, continuous effort, gigantic struggles even when purpose had left him. Taine has compared him with Shakespeare and Rembrandt, and rightly. His youth is not unlike that English lad of the sixteenth century, who held horses at the doors of London theatres; both mingled in the crush of human crowds, both suffered the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," both amid the slums, the rotting and overdriven humanity about them pierced to the infinite and depicted life with superior irony, that

tragic understanding which belongs to universal intelligence and is unknown to the cultivators of exclusive passions. If the poet rose out of the struggle calm and contained, to look existence in the face with a sad and profound glance, if he attained at last peace and strength and ideal dreams, it was the vitalizing iron of the age in his veins. Balzac, amid the democracy, the tumult, the shifting gods of the present, shaped and inspired and warped by a cosmopolitan, complex, centuries-old civilization, with the diseases of its inheritance and the vices of its concentration and denseness,—missed the highest plane, only by accident, he attains at rare times the spiritual insight of "The Tempest," or perhaps never; he forges a style for himself, he gathers the science, the art, the politics, the commerce of modern life and pours them out in a voluminous and turgid flood. Because of his complexity, his quantity, his bad taste, his excesses of delicacy and coarseness, his want of the highest, his tremendous vitality, his range and his speed, he is modern, modern with an intensity unpossessed of any other and because of his nearness to modern life his art is the embodiment of the nineteenth century and of its average man.

Matthew Arnold has suggested that it is the art exclusively of the "homme sensuel moyen," the average sensual man, whose habitation is Paris. That Balzac should picture the ideals and life of the average sensual man, his comprehension of modern life would necessitate, but he goes farther. He has touched the poles of the social globe as well as the equator, he has tried the strings of young girl's hearts with a delicacy worthy of Tennyson, he has pictured the 'grand dame' as no other pen has done: on the other hand, no man since Shakespeare has grasped with superior sympathy the hallucinations of genius, of madness, of enthusiasm; even in that literature which numbers Rabelais and Hugo, the abnormal and sinister developments of society, her monsters and her abject victims, he has made peculiarly his own. A man who can paint women as does Balzac is more than the artist of the "homme sensuel moyen."

He is modern in another sense as well, he has the consummate analysis of the time, only in his case it does not cut away his creation and leave but a mass of facts. His method is analytical, his work is not a complete art creation; you may discern the

seams in his building, it resembles one of those structures built by successive generations, a huge and various pile of all styles and sizes. Balzac puts life under the microscope, he commits none of the grand blunders of genius, he draws a generality from many observed instances like an experimental scientist, all this prepared matter is thrown into the furnace of his genius and there welded—a strange combination of the critical and synthetic minds, which perhaps goes far to explain the torture of his inner life.

As his method is not synthetic, so his attitude is rather that of the savant than the romancer or the poet. He does not isolate his characters from the real world and, absorbed in their passions and individualities, disregard time and place. He is the historian of his time. He considers the fundamental grounds of people and country, he estimates the forces of heredity and environment, he constructs his characters from the qualities of the society about him and thus his work becomes consistent and entire, inadequacies between cause and effect are banished and the proportion between the individual and the forces whose resultant he is, is preserved. Although so careful in the details of the pulleys and curtains, the mechanism of the stage, Balzac knows the inner man as he does the outward world. Strip his novels of the accessories of criticism, explanations of a man of the world, theories of the scientist, blot out the background of environment and the historical measurements, even erase that painting of towns, people, all things in which he is supreme over all literature, retain but the drama of his novels and that residuum in itself is sufficient to rank him with those masters in knowledge of humanity, those three or four great seers of the motives and passions, who by divine intuition have sounded the inner character of their times, and all time. This Balzac is more than the historian, admirable as he is in that role, of the French Restoration society, he ranks with Shakespeare and St. Simon, says Taine, in knowledge of human passions.

These two sides of Balzac, the scientific and the intuitive, the historic and the individual meet in all his novels, nowhere more parallel than in the "Duchesse de Langeais."

When this work apeared in English, Mr. Howells in the Study of Harper's, pronounced it immoral and exhibited the denseness of

his medium of apprehension by seeing in it but the story of an illegal passion. Nor did it fare much better with critics of greater perspicuity, indeed, the utmost of commendation it received considered the novel a mastery setting forth of the fatal contents of an illicit love which must lead to tragedy. Yet for all this condemnation Mr. Howells exalts a masterpiece of exactly the same nature, the "Anna Karénina" of Tolstoï; perhaps, we may find the reason of this distinction in the fact that Tolstoï, following the English, has more square inches of printing devoted to moral platitudes than has the Frenchman.

Examine the novel in its two phases, the historic and the dramatic.

Balzac lays the base of his novel of a duchess in the aristocracy of the Restoration, he devotes the fourth and fifth chapters to a description of that aristocracy and of the character of the French. In these remarkable chapters, which the critics have overlooked, he exposes to view those primal instincts of the French people, which the historians pass with little notice and the wise statesman act on but do not articulate. France is essentially feminine; the vanity, the show, the inspired intuition of a woman are hers, the graces and flexibility of the cat,—therefore her need of a monarchy and aristocracy to set the model of her manners, to stand for those amenities of social intercourse towards which the French nature goes out. He describes the true functions and the proper attitude of aristocracies, and draws a contrast between that of the English and that of the French Restoration; the one attentive to the interests of its order but attached to the body of the people, refreshing itself with new blood of rising men and giving out the genial influence of its manners and the conservatism of its opinions, a civilizing force; the other clinging to its pre-revolutionary ideals, with the exclusiveness and petrification of the old regime, minus the boldness of its selfishness and the glittering cynicism of its immorality, devoted to its order and scornful of the needs of the time, like a foreign graft on the tree of France which refuses to receive the sap of the trunk and finally drops off like a dead branch into the fire of 1830.

Balzac concretes these abstractions in a woman, the type of her class.

The Duchesse de Langeais is a woman of her order, with the inheritance of the eighteenth century noblesse and the attitude of the Restoration aristocracy. In her character and career lie the character and the career of ruin of her order. A woman in France is more potent than elsewhere; Balzac heaps the contents of the aristocracy in this one woman, he makes her ignorant and careless of all outside the faubourg St. Germain, he makes her the queen of the balls, absorbed in her dress, a dozen fops at her heels, he finally endows with her a 'grande passion' which lifts her above trivial amusements but while ennobling her it leaves her as unconscious of that world without her sphere as when the best dressed woman in Paris. If you wish to know the sequence of events between 1815 and 1830, M. Guizot can tell you much; if you desire to understand the character of the aristocracy and the immanent cause of their downfall, go to the "Duchesse de Langeais."

So much for the woman of time and place.

There is another woman, a personal woman who is to the historic type what the statue is to the pedestal. It is in the creation of the individual woman of flesh and blood that the intuitive and sympathetic genius of Balzac comes in. In such combinations Balzac is unique, the harmony between the scenes and the actor, between the product of outward forces and the figure carved out of reality and set on the pages of a novel.

It is not my purpose to remark at length upon the characters themselves. I would but call attention to the fact that "Duchesse de Langeais" is not alone a duel between a man's desire and a woman's resistance, not merely the birth, the triumph, the tragedy of a passion in the heart of a beautiful and noble woman, but also the *epitome of a class.* *Philip Clare Payne.*

A BALLADE OF LOST SHIPS.

WHERE are they gone, those galleys fair,
The treasure ships of regal Spain,
Like floating dreams of beauty rare,
Sun gilded as a golden stain
On ocean's limit? — Not again
Will they o'er southern waters sweep.
With seaweeds wrapped they long have lain
In jewelled caverns of the deep.

What matter now the quick despair,
The shriek of cordage, clank of chain,
They went the way that all must fare
And brief the struggle—brief the pain.
A blurring of the sense and brain
As the devouring waves upleap,
And now they rest beneath the main
In jewelled caverns of the deep.

They lie in halls of ocean where
Forever, with a murmuring strain,
The softly swaying waters bear
With myriad tongues, a sad refrain.
These light dissolved depths contain
How many lost and so shall keep,
While suns shall rise and stars shall wane,
In jewelled caverns of the deep.

ENVOY.

Grandees and nobles though full fain
Of life and love, how fast you sleep;
And find your dreams of glory vain,
In jewelled caverns of the deep.

Herbert Eugene Millholen.

A STROLL THROUGH CHINATOWN.

WHEN the Chinese question was the paramount issue in the halls of Congress, ten years ago, and the subject of windy platitudes for sickly sentimentalists, the true ignorance of Eastern people concerning the Chinese civilization in California was never more apparent or alarming, though at the same time amusing. Since that time not a very large percentage of Easterners, who can afford to travel, have paid a visit to Chinatown and its celestial inhabitants. So the writer of this article will venture to contribute a few facts touching John Chinaman's personality and deportment, but with the promise not to obtrude any opinions, the keen edge of which has been dulled by repeated debates in Congress and the blatant cry of the agitator. San Francisco can offer to the ubiquitous and inquisitive tourist no Five Points nor any other consecrated spot of equal criminal renown, but she has a curiosity to present, thoroughly unique in character to the traveler who journeys three thousand miles to see the great western metropolis and her Mongolian curiosity shop. So much by way of introduction; now for a walk through Chinatown.

Chinatown, so-called, occupies in the city of San Francisco, in its northeastern portion, a space of ground seven blocks long and two blocks wide, extending from Pacific to Bush Sts., in its length, and from Kearney to Stockton in its width. To indicate a knowledge of mathematics the length of Chinatown is about 2100 feet, the width 600 feet, covering an area of 1,260,000 square feet of surface. This "heavenly" portion of the city was once the most fashionable part of San Francisco, being the site of many splendid hotels and solid business fronts. With the expansion and development of the city's interests, the tide of business and immigration turned toward the southern and western portions of the city, while this favored spot during Frisco's infancy, was quietly occupied by the wily Mongol. The ever increasing flood of Chinese immigration rapidly filled up this once principal portion of the town and those of the whites who remained were compelled, in obedience to the laws of hygiene, and their own material welfare, to remove their goods and chattels to a district

among their own race who believe in the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness. The result of this Mongolian occupancy is that forty thousand Chinese live in a space comprehending 1,260,000 square feet of surface. As a concrete example of this statement, a block bounded by State, Aurora, Tioga and Seneca streets, would afford accommodation for three thousand Chinese. The displacement of the whites by this vast horde of celestials, is no more complete than the transformation of the abodes from which they were displaced. The whole section has undergone a complete metamorphosis and, instead of witnessing what was once the most respectable portion of the city, your eye is treated to a most revolting and disgusting sight. The buildings have become stained and dirty, losing in many cases all their former appearance in the addition of a pile of barbaric superstructures painted with all the gaudiness possible to satisfy the taste of coarseness and savagery. All of the streets in Chinatown are lined with shops of every kind and description, while the alleys, cul-de-sacs and cross streets, which serve as capillaries to the vast arterial system of Chinese humanity present a lively business appearance at day, but serve as a criminal rendezvous at night. It is in these secret and hidden portions of Chinatown that the real life of the Chinese is to be seen and the true inwardness of their existence to be discovered. Commencing with Dupont street, the Broadway of the Chinese, the explorer finds himself in the midst of din and noise, rendered as hideous as the bark of Cerberus at the gates of Hades. In the shops the buyers and sellers are carrying on a lively confabulation about the quality of some article under consideration, while on the streets Chinamen are bandying words and exchanging courtesies to one another across the street, for Dupont is very narrow, and out of this furious babel of yells and unintelligible jargon can be distinguished by a native of Frisco, the love greeting of "*oi yung ge lah*," meaning "how do you do," or "*tuna macha hilo*," not quite so orthodox in the English tongue. This yell is as unceasing as the ebb and the flow of the tide, but the tumult is mitigated by the interest aroused by the physiognomies of the celestials, which you meet on your journey down the street. Some are laughing, some are grinning, others expressive of extreme satisfaction, then again

of complete displeasure. But there is one peculiarity about these different expressions that you encounter. They are the expressions of one person you might say. The whole population look alike. Their similtude of features is so striking that only the practiced eye can distinguish one Mongol from the other. This similarity is carried even into dress, so whenever you see a Mongol, characterized by a sallowness of complexion—natural to his race—eye cut on the bias, clean shaven face, forehead receding without a break to the back part of the cranium, shuffling sluggish gait, clothes made in anticipation of corpulency, stiff brimmed hat, broad enough to admit of a bicycle race, an apathetic and dreamy manner, you have positively seen forty thousand Chinamen embodied in one.

To return to Chinese shops; we can obtain there everything "from a needle to a mowing-machine," as the expression goes. After giving a thorough examination to these shops, many of which keep in stock some very beautiful pieces of handiwork, a visitor can be thoroughly amused by a visit to the butcher shops, where crowds of Mongolians gather to purchase pork, their favorite meat and a delicate "rodent" or two to satisfy fastidious cravings of their inner man. Possibly while you are a spectator to this amusing comedy your attention may be arrested by the sepulchral cry of a Chinese soup vender, at whose magnetic call a score or more of celestials suddenly appear, armed with a soup bowl and a nickel to purchase a spoonful or more of the suspicious beverage, during the dispensation of which these anxious Mongols exchange greetings in their quiet way so as to create the impression of the appearance of an incipient mob. We are done looking at the shops, natives stores, etc., with the exception of a Chinese drug store, whither we go to be instructed in the pharmacy of the Orient and find as a result of our inquisitiveness, that dried cock-roaches, possess great medicinal value and are highly prized by celestial dispeptics.

As we pass on, Washington street is reached, which runs perpendicular to Dupont. The sound of tom-toms falls upon a man's ear and if he is wonted to its meaning he knows that it is an orchestra discoursing sweet strains at a Chinese theatre. Let us enter it. The theatre is built upon the American plan, except

that the decorations are Oriental in fashion. It is sadly deficient in appointments, especially in cushion chairs, whose absence leaves hard Oregon pine benches not at all conducive to comfort. Fifteen cents is the admission charged, but as the Anglo-Saxon is more fastidious and exclusive, he pays fifty for the privilege of admission to the stage, where he can see the characters and get a good chance to study the audience. One word will characterize the whole scene in a Chinese theatre—chaos. A din and noise pervades the entire theatre, while the disorder predominant on the stage spreads like contagion among the audience, and between the "Kaiyi," "ping tae," and wild gesticulations of the actors, the barbarous guffaws and volcanic eruptions of the audience, you have a perfect babel of sounds and a literal pandemonium. A Chinese play to an American is perfectly unintelligible; he might go to see it a hundred times, and there are more chances in the end of an unbalanced mind than of any increased conception of the drama. We would characterize a Chinese play as a piece of hasty entrances and exits, marked by wild whoops, yells, Choctaw, ungraceful tumbling, blood-thirsty combats on the part of the actors and a diabolical accompaniment on the part of the orchestra. All of the characters are impersonated by males, there being few Chinese actresses on the stage. A play of ordinary character, a mere effusion, so to speak, requires several days to perform, while one from the prolific pen of some celestial dramatic genius lasts several months before the final scene is enacted. The theatre is the favorite amusement of the Chinamen, in fact it is his Mecca, and it is rarely that a celestial misses a visit once a week. Chinamen are not at all polite or considerate, and it is not unusual for a Mongol who has descried a friend out of that audience, which appears to an American to have been cast out of the same mould, to yell like an Indian who has discovered the trail of a white man "*Oi yung ge lah*," that is, how do you do.

A brief stay at this histrionic temple is enough for the fine sensibilities of an Anglo-Saxon, after which a visit to a Chinese restaurant is not only profitable but interesting. These restaurants, are with the exception of the Joss-Houses, the abode of their supreme being, the most ornate and handsomely decorated of all their institutions. The restaurant is divided into four cabins,

decorated and appointed in proportion to the price charged. The fastidiousness of the tourist leads him to the fourth cabin where he finds himself in the midst of a beautifully embellished and decorated interior, handsomely furnished with magnificently carved tables and chairs, while the floor on which he stands is artistically inlaid and the walls and ceilings ornamented in the purest style of the Orient. Tea is the beverage generally called for, and it is well served by a frisky Mongolian who, after you have sufficiently drank of it and paid your bill, don't expect a "tip." The superficial part of Chinatown is now seen and a visit to the dwelling place of the Mongol, with a few facts as to how much it costs them to live and some other incidental remarks, will close this article.

The habitations of Chinatown are more horrible in reality than they are in contemplation. No human being unless he has seen these dens of filth and centres of all manner of vice and degradation has any adequate conception of their real existence. To visit these hovels with all their rottenness and filth, the silent witnesses of many concealed crime and gross licentiousness, will justify the use of the word superficial as applied to a knowledge of Chinese gained from an observation of them from their life and action in the principal thoroughfares. Some of these places in which a vast majority of the Chinese live are above ground, though many of them are beneath the earth's surface. The rooms in which the Mongols live are generally ten by ten and the inclination among them to segregate is so abnormally developed that twenty and sometimes even thirty are found huddled together in a heap, the air being so thoroughly freighted with the fumes of opium that it seems like a nebula, while the stench arising from the filthiness of their garments and the rottenness of this human kennel is literally stifling. There are places in Chinatown the access to which requires a descent of twenty feet beneath the ground and demands of the more venturesome a crawl on the hands and knees if the whole truth must be learned. One instance of the compactness of their mode of living is that the Globe Hotel building, which was built in the early days of San Francisco, for the accommodation of one hundred and fifty guests, and which now affords breathing room for as many as three thousand

Chinese. Such a fact as this one can be multiplied many times over and it is easy to draw a conclusion as to the sanitary condition in such an over-populated quarter. Connected with this rotten mode of life is the vile and fatal habit of opium eating and smoking. Among the Chinese the habit is a national custom and consequently not prohibited by the American authorities, but the rapid diffusion of the habit among the whites is causing much apprehension and serious alarm. In view of this the greatest vigilance is exercised by the officers for the detection of any white opium fiend and the severest penalties are inflicted for any violation of the opium ordinance. But in spite of police watchfulness the opium trade easily thrives because the underground dens and ingenious deceptions practiced by the cunning celestial effectually palliates the crime while at the same time it disarms suspicion.

An opium den varies in size and furnishment according to the class of customers who frequent the place. The dens are all built on the same plan. The couches on which smokers lie to prepare and inhale the fumes, are similar to the bunks of an ocean steamer. It might be proper here to describe how the opium is prepared and smoked. The essential thing, of course, to the inhalation of the fumes is the pipe. This is a cylindrical shaped tube about thirty inches in length made out of bamboo or wood of a higher quality, near the end of which is screwed a highly polished bowl. The bowl itself is perforated with a hole in order to give an air passage through to the tube. Besides this pipe, which is very highly ornamented in case the owner is wealthy, is a little pot containing the opium—very similar in appearance to thick dark molasses—a small lamp and a long instrument about the size of a long needle, by means of which the opium is cooked. The smoker first dips his needle-like instrument into his pot of opium and after obtaining the required quantity, by dexterous manipulation carries it over to his lamp and cooks the opium until it becomes doughy in appearance. When this operation is complete he transfers the opium from his needle to the bowl, when the drug is ready for use. The prepared opiate is now held over the lamp and by two or three strong inhalations from the smoker the opium is consumed. To prepare

the drug occupies three or four minutes; to smoke it but a few seconds. The number of white people on whom this pernicious and fatal habit has fastened itself, is almost incredible.

To return to Chinese life and customs, we find that the cost of living among the Chinese is small, not exceeding fifteen cents per day, and it is not hard to infer from this at what disadvantage the white laborer is placed in San Francisco. The food of John Chinaman generally consists of pork, rice, and by way of a treat, a rat or two, to serve as a top dressing. After he has finished this sumptuous meal, opium is indulged in to lighten the burden of his tedious existence. The apprehension of Chinese criminals is more difficult than it is to secure their conviction after their capture. The system of spies and espionage, among the Mongols, is so complete and tyrannical that a Chinaman takes his life in his own hands, if guilty of any adverse testimony against his countrymen in the American courts of justice. The organized society of *Kai Sin Seer* and *Bo Sin Seer*, two criminal organizations, known to the police as a society of "highbinders"—a set of murderous cut-throats and daring burglars—intimidate Chinamen who would discover to the police the authors of any foul deed, and condemn to death the poor "John" who furnishes testimony to the police despite their admonition. The huge Chinese colony, which contains a population larger than a great many American cities, is under the direction of six Chinese companies, composed of Chinese merchants, who exercise full jurisdiction over the actions of this vast throng. The companies import the Chinese to this country and until their obligation is relieved they are completely under the control of the six companies. It is the companies that make the contract with the great manufacturers for Chinese labor, and the Chinaman is compelled to obey thoroughly the provisions of the executive heads. The Chinese interfere very little with the whites, are cowardly, sluggish and unprogressive, but they are very imitative and prone to catch an idea. They make good servants, but are independent and liable to quit unexpectedly, if addicted to China "*tan*," a species of gambling which the American authorities have prohibited.

The culmination of a celestial's earthly career is always attend-

ed with great pomp and solemnity. After a wailing and gnashing of teeth, a short prayer, a chorus of tin pans, and the burning of punks, used by the small boy on the Fourth of July, the deceased celestial is hustled off to the cemetery, followed by a long train of express wagons, some of which are freighted with dainty viands and roast pigs, while others carry the mourners who strew papers with cabalistic signs emprinted upon them in order, it is said, to divert the attention of the devil who might have a claim on the deceased's body. When the cemetery is reached the body of the mourned Mongol is lowered into the grave and the delicious viands placed upon the top, with the idea that his spirit will return and eat them. But, as a matter of fact, after the departure of the mourners they are consumed by an army of famished tramps who work upon the principal that God helps those who help themselves, while the folly of his brethren is mourned by the departed celestial, who at that moment, in the role of an angel, is probably seated on the edge of a glorified cloud playing a tom-tom. *Harry Edmund Wise.*

HILDA OF RUHHEIM.

IT was high noon in Ruhheim, and very, very quiet. True this was nothing unusual for Ruhheim; yet on this day even the stranger would have observed the ominous anxiousness, that pervaded all. No vehicle traversed the little "Gasse," which led down from the vine-clad "Schlossberg" past the village church and on to the little public square beyond. The church-bells did not ring the accustomed hour; and the very sun seemed to stop at the zenith, hide behind the clouds and join the anxiety pending the result of some great crisis.

Especially was this anxiousness noticeable in the neighborhood of the quaint old "Pfarrhaus," which, almost hidden by its ivies, lay nestled along side the church. Those who entered and came out, did so on tip-toe, spoke with hushed voices, and showed signs of grief. Within the good "Frau Pfarrerin" lay very ill. She had been sick many days; and her illness having reached the crisis, she was hovering betwixt life and death. Off from the

mother's room the father and oldest son comforted each other as best they could, and in the corner, clasped in each others arms, weeping, they hardly knew why, were the two youngest children. The boy, the older, did not yet realize what death meant, but the little girl, brighter, as is often the case, than the older brother, had some idea of it; and between her sobs explained to him, that they would take the mother far away, bury her in the cold dark earth, and that she would never, never come back again. The sturdy little fellow's great blue eyes opened wide; he would not believe it; he would find out; and taking his sister's hand, both ran unnoticed into the sick room, clambered up on the high old-fashioned bed of the mother, covered her with tears and kisses, all the time their plaintive little voices crying, "Mother you will not die, will you mother? Will you?"

The mother gathered her wavering strength, comfortingly stroked their little heads, and smiled; her lips moved in silent prayer, then from between them soft fell the answer, but firm "No." Again the children covered her with kisses. The sun coming from behind the cloud, again streamed into the room. The little canary burst into rapturous song, and the very hyacinths on the window ledge seemed to redouble their efforts, in diffusing the air with their sweet odor. In their childish faith the little ones never doubted that the mother would now recover. She always did as she promised. Down they slid, out they ran, into the garden, into the streets and fields, spreading the glad news, which their little hearts could not contain: "Mother will not die, she told us so." And she did not. With one great effort the mother "willed" to live for her children's sake. The good God was merciful; and she was spared to perfect in her little ones the image of her good noble self.

The minister's Hilda was the brightest girl in all Ruhheim, her father's pride, and the envy of all the mothers. At six years she had already knit a pair of stockings longer than she was tall. At eight years, her writing was like "stallsticht." She knew her cathechism from end to end and was withal so good and sensible. "Vernünftig" they called her. But it was only when she was nine years old, that she became truly famous.

On Sunday afternoons there were wont to gather in a

quiet little summer house far up on the "Schlossberg," the minister, the schoolmaster, the Herr Rath, one or two other village dignitaries, and there leisurely to sip, smoke and decide the great affairs of state of the day. With her father always came his little Hilda; and with his strong arm about her, she always stood by his side leaned on his shoulder and listened. Just before the breaking up of the little company, the school-master, as was his custom produced a slate and proceeded to set forth upon it one of those mathematical curiosities, whose result no one can explain, and which forty years ago formed much of the stock, which sustained the dignity of village pedagogues. As usual the slate passed from one to the other, as usual each looked at it long and thoughtfully, shook his head and handed it to his neighbor. As it was about returning to the hands of the triumphant and smiling master, the little Hilda said timidly yet confident "I can do it Father." Had a cannon ball torn through the roof of the summer-house, or had the blue smoke whose lazy upward curlings they were watching, turned into snow, these peaceful burghers would not have been more surprised or startled. Each pushed back his chair. Each leaned forward and joined the chorus of exclamations which greeted this presumption. Even the father was a little ashamed of his offspring. The poor little thing was frightened, but she had grasped the key and she did it.

The news of this latter exploit even went far over the ocean and reached the older brother who a year before had gone to America; and a few months afterward there came for Hilda her first letter. It was from the big brother. How curious the stamps and paper were! He wrote how proud he was of her, how good she must be, and how that one day she would come to him and be his little house-keeper. It ended "Liebe Schwester: befleiszige dich sehr ich habe im Sinn, so viel aus dir zu machen." What an inspiration! How proud she was! How the little fingers flew! How the little brain worked. And such beautiful American castles, she built in her German air.

So it came to be understood that when Hilda had been confirmed, the pastor's family should go to live with the older brother in the home which he had gone on to prepare for them.

At ten years Hilda was long ready for confirmation, but it was in Ruhheim, an iron bound canon, that one must be twelve years old before being confirmed. So the last two years she merely sat at the head of her classes, answered the questions that the others could not, and patiently waited for the required years.

At last it was all over with. The good pastor sold and gave away his worldly goods. Farewells were said. The school children went with them out beyond the village limits, sang a "Lebe Wohl." The coach climbed the hills way to the westward, and while they looked for the last time on Ruhheim, descended into the valley beyond and hurried them on to the inland railroad station. Thence they hastened to the seaboard city, whence they were to sail, and a week later found them far out on the ocean.

Forty years ago, the emigrant who braved the terrors of an ocean passage, did so in sailing vessels that took from forty to ninety days in crossing. Death often overtook him, and burial at sea was no uncommon event.

Fifty days of storm and calm had the pastor's family endured, and yet there was no land in sight. At last the mother, worn out by the trials of parting, travel, and privation, sickened, gathered her dear ones about her and died.

Of all things solemn, most solemn, is a death at sea. There is something awful in leaving in that wide, wide waste, those who are dear to us. We seem to be broadening, by just so much as we are leaving them behind, the gap between life and death.

The storm ceased when Hilda's mother died; and as they stood there in the glow of eventide, the little knot of emigrants, the bowed, silent sailors, the pastor, his weeping children, before them the shrouded form, and firm, even in his great trial, the pastor's voice sounding clear above the tolling of the ship's bell; was there ever sadder scene? Hilda had been weeping ever since the mother had left them, but now as she stood by her father's side his good voice comforted her. There came to her, her mother's last injunction: "Take care of Hans and father;" and looking toward the west, where the sun had set, its parting rays seemed to trace in the clear still water and in the sky above: "Be good, be industrious. I intend to make so much of you." It

seemed as though the older brother were comforting and encouraging her. She took heart, dried her tears as best she could, and buckled on the armor of the little mother she was to be.

Ten days later they landed at Castle Garden. As the little trio left the ship, no one jeered them, no smiles of derision greeted them. No. Proud, erect, his long white hair falling over his shoulders, walked the Ruhheim pastor. Though he neither wept nor spake, there was yet about him such an holy grief as no one dared violate.

It was a sad blow to Hilda when she found, that since his last letter Ludwig had suddenly married. The wife was much older than her husband and when the little family arrived, had already laid aside her honeymoon plumage, and begun "to demonstrate that she was powerful in her own household."

She was so cold and harsh, such a contrast to her own good mother that the little heart was sadder than ever; and one by one her little castles came falling down. She who was to be his little housekeeper.

Ludwig was employed in a great down town hat store, and at night often brought home with him great bundles of caps, which were to be finished. Hilda proved herself so skillful in working the neat pretty figures in the lining, that the brother's wife looked quite kindly on the motherless little ones so long as the cap business was good. But as the bundle grew smaller, her kindliness grew proportionally less, and when, at last, the bundle ceased to come, she began to murmur, cast out looks, and remark on the senselessness of supporting in idleness such full grown children; and from time to time called attention to the fast decreasing supply of sausages, which, according to the custom of the Fatherland, hung suspended from the rafters above. And even the brother, whether because of the natural "cleaving" process, or from a desire to appear well in the eyes of his better half, at one time called attention to the rapidly developing muscles of his right arm, superinduced by "lauter" bread-cutting.

The poor old pastor, still crushed with grief, without money, the proceeds of his little possessions having barely brought him hither, without friends, what could he say. He was silent.

But for Hilda it was a bitter, bitter dawning, and when the

little heart began to realize that they wanted to get rid of her ; to put her out to service, it almost broke. Not so much because of the pain of parting or that she feared the work, but there was still ringing in her ears : "I intend to make so much of you." Oh, what a disillusioning !

One evening at dusk, escaping the eagle eye of the brother's wife, she took Hans and walked ; walked she knew not whither ; only she had a distinct longing to get far away from the roar and tumult of the city, and where no one would hear. She knew not how far they had gone, but at last they came to such a beautiful place, with trees and grass, and a splashing fountain. It had grown quite dark, and had it not been for the gas lamps, they might have thought themselves in the public square in Ruhheim, so peaceful and quiet was it there. Drawing Hans away from the light, she seated herself beside him and in whispers, poured out all her sorrows. She told him that the brother's wife hated them, that they would one day send her far away from the father and him. She pleaded with him that he be always brave and noble, and made him promise that as soon as he had grown to be a man, he would come and bring her back to the father. Hans still sobbing, embraced his sister and promised.

It was growing late now, they must hurry back. They only stopped once on the way and that was to look long and longingly at some hyacinths in a shop window. They were the first they had seen since they left home. They loved them so well, for ever since the mother was so ill long, long ago, they had somehow, in their childishness, always connected her recovery with their sweet odor. Again they hurried along. They must have gone further than she had thought. As they ran on and on, Hilda with that wonderful intuition peculiar to her sex, felt that "something was going to happen." When they reached home it was very late. The brother greeted her almost pleasantly. The wife seemingly forgot her usual harshness. By the fire place, his face buried in his hands, silent sat the father. The brother called his sister to him, told her that he had long been thinking what could best be done for her ; that at last he had secured for her an excellent position with excellent people, and mingling much brotherly advice whose gist was "be good, and you will be happy," he

bade her get together her few effects and be ready to set out on the morrow.

Time has run an awful stretch since man first began to ruminate on the strange ways of Providence. Truly they are strange! Yet none was ever stranger than that which found Hilda way down in Virginia, a maid in one of those old southern homesteads still resplendent in ante-bellum glory. Everyone loved Hilda. Everyone revering her sweet sadness, was kind to her. She never told her sorrows, she was too proud. She was even cheerful, but it was that cheerfulness born of silent grief. The negroes worshipped her. She knitted for them, comforted them in their troubles and taught them her little German songs. The younger ones she taught their alphabet and often gladdened their hearts with bright little garments.

Two years had passed. She "bore well the burden that was put upon her." When at times the old bitter memories crowded in upon her, bringing again and again to her mind "I intend to make so much of you," she soothed herself with the sweet knowledge that Hans must come soon. He must be quite a man now; and he had promised.

In her saddest moments, she would go out, and sitting under a knot of pines that stood down by the river, watch, knit and wait. She loved the spot, because it commanded a view of the little bridge that connected the plantation with the main-land, for Sanbornes lay under the shadow of old Ben Bolt on what was almost an island; and from there she could see every traveller coming down the road beyond, and whether he crossed the bridge or not. Then too Ben Bolt reminded her of the "Schlossberg" in far off Ruhheim, and the gentle flowing river soothed her.

And where was Hans? What was he doing. Two years after Hilda had gone away, the war broke out. He was now seventeen years old, and in size at least, quite a man. Apprenticed to a trade distasteful to him his home relations still repulsive, longing for the sister, whom he knew was somewhere in the South, it was quite natural that there should be nourished within him a longing to go to the war. As men "experience religion" at revival meetings, Hans looked on the glittering uniforms, the glistening bayonets, the thrilling music stirred his soul, and he

became a patriot, for what cause, he knew not. He enlisted, and a few weeks later found him being broken of his illusion.

It was October. As usual, evening found Hilda in her accustomed spot. All that day and the day before there had been fighting beyond the hills and they and the valley had been re-echoing with heavy cannonading. Hilda had been warned not to go out, but the guns had ceased now, and since they were so far from the mainland she was not afraid.

The sun had set. The smoke of battle had already lifted itself so high, that the last lingering rays could still light up the gorgeous autumnal foliage of old Ben Bolt. Never had it seemed so like the "Schlossberg" before. It grew dusk ; and then slowly the moon rose from behind the eastern hills, as though it had only been waiting for the sun and its glories to be well out of the way ! What a peaceful night it was ! Oh, were Hans only with her ! It grew later and later ; as she looked and listened there rose above the whispering pines and the murmuring of the river, a voice from the negro quarters singing a song she knew so well; and as sad and plaintive it floated on the clear night air :

"Ja als die Mutter ging zu Ruh"
"Und ich ihr drückt die Augen zu,"

it seemed to carry her back to Ruhheim across the ocean ; she saw her weeping father, the hushed sailors, the dead mother ; over land and the school children welcomed her back, over yonder was the "Schlossberg," she was a child again, playing at the fountain, roaming the fields. Still a little further back, and she and Hans were again clambering up on the high bed of the sick mother. The air seemed to grow thick with the odor of hyacinths, and again she was crying "Mother"—But hark ! what was that ? She started. It had suddenly grown dark. Weak but clear she heard quite near her a voice speaking her own thoughts "Mother, you will not die ?" She ran towards the sound. The moon again coming from behind the drifting clouds and shining down between the gently waving branches, lighted up, clad in blue, the boyish form of Hans. She sprang to his side and covered his wan face with kisses. With a painful effort seeming to check for a moment the running sands, he raised himself on his arm : "Will you

mother? Will you?" He lifted his great blue eyes towards heaven as though he awaited the answer. A smile broke over the youthful face, the eyelids drooped, he fell back, and Hilda was alone with her dead.

They buried him almost where she had found him. I have often played by that lonely Virginia grave by that murmuring river under the shadow of old Ben Bolt; and each recurring spring, I and my little mother have planted upon it the hyacinths he loved so well. For she is my mother gentle reader, and the story I have told you is hers not mine. Were I skilled in story telling, I would gladly tell you more, of her happier life, but I am not. Then too the story is old and might, if unskillfully told, weary you. So perhaps 'tis best as it is. *Henry Heyl.*

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS OF ATHLETICS AT CORNELL.*

INTERCOLLEGIATE contests of the present day always require a careful, and often long continued, course of special training, and it has been frequently urged against these contests, that the time spent in preparation entails a serious sacrifice of the scholarship of the individual, and also proves detrimental to the best interests of the University. This opposition to intercollegiate contests, however, seems in many cases to be the result of an *a priori* course of reasoning, and it was on this account that the CORNELL MAGAZINE determined, some time ago, to make a thorough investigation of the subject in order to ascertain the real merits of the case. Accordingly, a careful examination of the scholarship of those students who had taken part in intercollegiate con-

* This article is based on many figures, collected with very great care, the results of which are presented in tabular form. The BOARD has worked up the results with extreme diligence and as much accuracy as possible, and it is therefore hoped that the averages presented will be considered thoughtfully. The figures giving the college standing have been gathered with the assistance of Mr. C. H. Thurber, the Registrar; the physical measurements are from the books of Dr. E. Hitchcock, Jr., Director of the Gymnasium. To each of these gentlemen, as well as to others who have assisted in the work, the BOARD would return heartiest thanks for having made possible the results presented in this article.

tests was instituted, and the results are now for the first time made public.

In this institution, intercollegiate competition has centered in track athletics, base ball, and rowing; the contests extending over periods of three, thirteen and fifteen years respectively.

The first intercollegiate crew was sent out 1873, and since that time, with the exception of '77 and '86, one or more crews have been sent out annually. In '77 and '86, crews were trained with the intention of rowing in intercollegiate regattas and hence have been included in the following estimate although for various reasons they were never sent out from the University.

In order to show plainly the scholarship of our intercollegiate oarsmen, the following table has been prepared giving the standing of each of the men for the year in which he rowed; the average of each crew, and the total average of the members of all the crews.

TABLE A.

Showing the individual scholarship of inter-collegiate oarsmen during the years in which they rowed, the average of each crew, and the total average from the years 1873 to the year 1887 inclusive.

'73 6-oared.	'74 6-oared.	Freshman '75 6-oared.	'75 6-oared.	Freshman '76 6-oared.	'76 6-oared.	'77 4-oared.	Freshman '78 8-oared.	'79 4-oared.	'80 4-oared.	'81 4-oared.	'82 4-oared.	'83 4-oared.	'84 4-oared.	'85 4-oared.	'86 4-oared.	'87 4-oared.
82	78	78	86	82	80	80	80	80	76	88	78	82	74	76	84	76
82	76	70	82	76	74	68	78	74	76	72	76	76	72	70	72	72
76	76	64	74	72	74	62	74	72	74	70	72	70	68	70	70	70
68	76	60	72	72	74	54	72	70	*	68	60	62	64	52	66	62
66	72	54	62	68	72		68	68		*		56				
64	64	46	62	58	70		62	64								
64	64			52	62		62									
	60						60									
							60									
72	71	62	73	69	72	72	68	71	75	75	72	69	70	67	73	70

Total average 70.

* One of the men rowing on these crews graduated in '79.

The table shows, that, although many of the men have had a low standing, especially in the case of the Freshman crews; yet, as a whole, the men have maintained a creditable average (70), which is the mark required by the University for graduation. When it is remembered that a well-organized crew should go through a course of systematic training for at least two-thirds of the college year, exercising regularly in the gymnasium during the win-

ter, and rowing many miles daily during the spring, it is certainly gratifying to know that our intercollegiate oarsmen, voluntarily taking up this course of training, have, at the same time been able to maintain a creditable standing in scholarship.

Passing now to a consideration of the base ball and athletic teams a still higher grade of scholarship is seen. The athletic teams maintain a high creditable average of seventy-six, and the ball men with an average standing of seventy-three, seem to preserve a happy medium between the crew and athletic team.

TABLE B.

Showing the individual scholarship of inter-collegiate base ball and athletic men for the year in which they contested, the average of each team, and the total average.

BASE BALL TEAMS.													ATHLETIC TEAMS.		
'74.	'75.	'76.	'77.	'78.	'80.	'81.	'82.	'83.	'84.	'85.	'86.	'87.	'85.	'86.	'87.
78	92	90	94	82	84	92	78	82	82	90	82	90	88	94	86
78	70	80	76	80	82	80	76	80	80	86	82	84	86	84	84
74	70	70	74	80	82	78	74	78	76	80	80	82	82	82	84
70	66	68	74	78	76	78	74	72	74	80	78	80	78	82	82
64	64	68	74	78	74	76	72	72	68	78	76	78	70	80	82
64	62	68	70	76	68	72	70	70	66	78	74	76	68	80	80
64	56	66	66	74	68	72	70	62	66	72	72	74	64	80	78
64	*	60	64	70	68	72	60	54	66	70	72	74		78	78
60	*	56	56	68	64	70	*	*	56	70	72	72		78	76
										70	72	64		76	76
										68	72			76	74
											66			72	74
														70	74
68	68	70	72	75	74	77	72	71	71	77	75	77		68	72
														66	70
														60	64
															62
													76	76	76

Total average 73.

* Men whose records have not been preserved.

Total av. 76.

Several writers on athletics have maintained that higher scholarship is to be looked for in successful athletes and base ball men, than in oarsmen, because a greater amount of quickness of perception and natural ability is required in the contests of the former. But such a distinction does not seem to be well founded, for certainly a well contested regatta as much as any other kind of athletic competition, requires coolness, endurance, and good judgment. Much the more obvious reason for the difference in scholarship seems to arise from the fact, that but a comparatively short course of preparatory training is usually necessary for athlectic contests, and this exercise is frequently taken largely for the

sake of recreation; the crew, on the other hand, must train regularly for a long period of time and having finally obtained seats in the boat it is no longer a question of recreation, but one of duty. The ball men standing between the two extremes cannot choose their time of training with the same freedom as the individual athlete; but neither is their course of training usually so long or rigid as that which the crew must undergo.

Of the whole number of men having participated in intercollegiate contests up to the close of the past year, twenty-four per cent., were members of the classes of '88, '89 and '90, and the larger portion of these men (91%) were still in the University at that time. Of the remaining intercollegiate men fifty-three per cent., had graduated, showing a balance in favor of the intercollegiate men, over the University graduation standard which at that time was forty-nine per cent.

Twenty-three per cent. of these men graduated with an honorable average; but if the oarsmen be omitted from the estimate the proportion of base ball and athletic men graduating with an honorable average rises to thirty-four per cent.

Percentage of graduates prior to '88.		Percentage graduating with honors.	
University	49	33*	33
Intercollegiate men, ...	53	23 Base ball & athletic men,	34

These are the results of our investigations as to the scholarship of Cornell athletes, and we think them instructive. They tend to show: first, that, although on the average all athletes would graduate, yet (as might be expected) the athletic team has the highest scholarship, the nine next, and the crew the lowest; second, that the chance of a man's graduating is greater if he be an athlete than if he be not; and third, that the chance of a man's graduating with honors is greater than it would be otherwise, if he play base ball or indulge in field sports, less if he row on the crew. But of course these latter conclusions are forced. The real conclusion which may fairly be drawn seems somewhat as follows: that at Cornell the men participating in intercollegiate

*The estimate for the University average is based on the results of the past four years which have been the only years in which honors have been announced.

events do not, on the whole, show a worse scholarship than their fellows, or in other words, that athletics do not render scholarship impossible. Whatever may be the case in an institution like Harvard, there seems, in the case of our own University, to be no ground whatever for the argument often offered against athletics, on the ground that our intercollegiate men cannot at the same time maintain a creditable standard of scholarship. When we come to the more general question of the value of athletic work to students, it seems as though some conclusions might be based on the results in the above tables, when we remember what a very small proportion of the whole number of men taking some kind of regular athletic work, is there represented. The number of men working *regularly* in the gymnasium through the winter is, of course, largely in excess of the number represented in the tables. But such a question is far beyond our limits.

In order to exhibit the physical condition of intercollegiate athletes at Cornell, the accompanying diagram* has been prepared by the head of the Department of Physical Culture, which represents by a vertical scale the variations between the crew, base ball, athletes, and University averages. As was to have been expected, the oarsmen far excel in physical development, then come the ball men, and lastly the athletes.

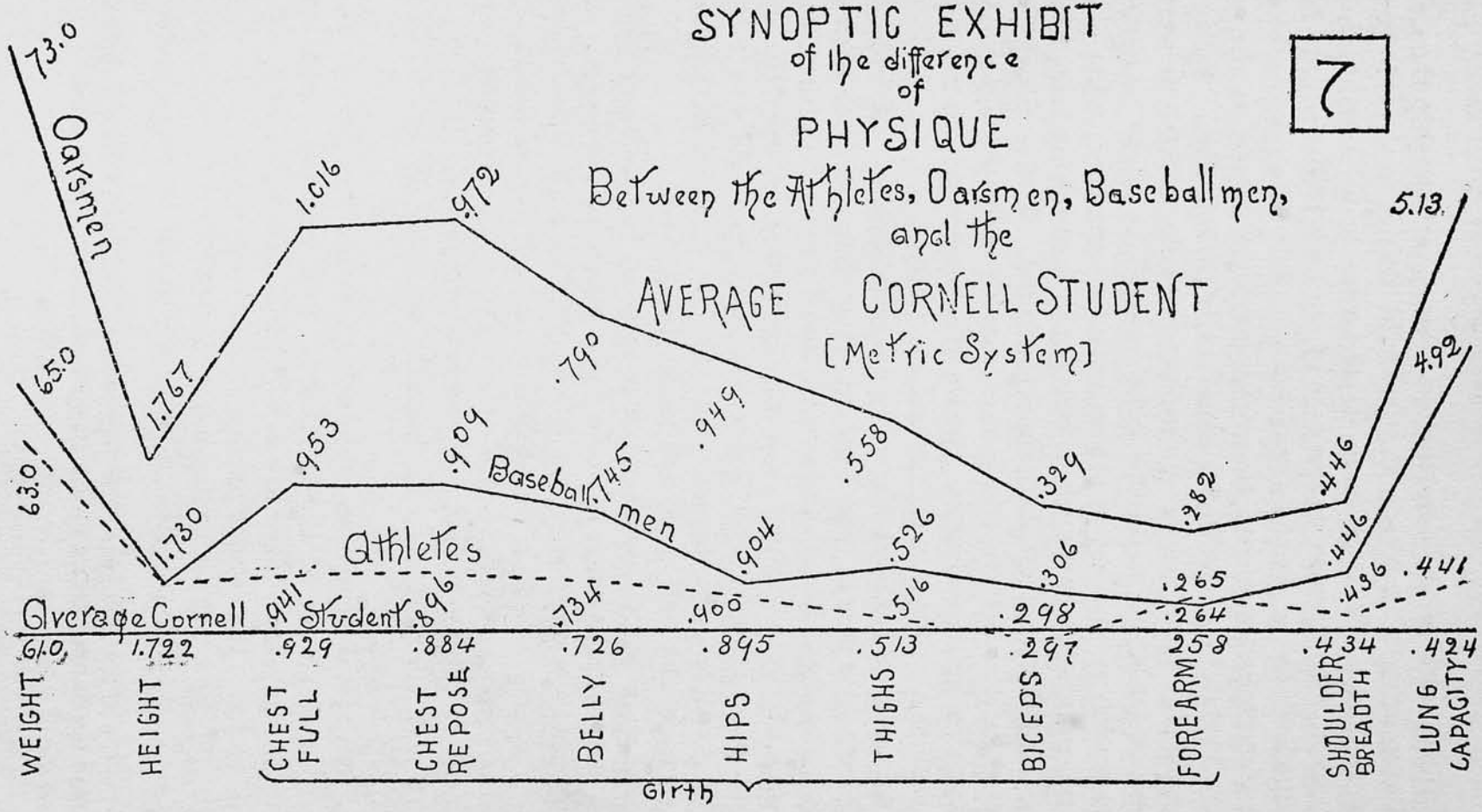
The diagram shows that the only point in which the athletes fall below the average is in the development of the biceps. This circumstance, surprising as it may at first sight appear, is not so strange when it is remembered that but few of the field day sports bring the biceps into active play. The contests usually consist of running, jumping, bicycle riding, and the like, and even the throwing of the hammer does not bring the biceps actively into use.

From this diagram, and the tables previously presented, we get a general notion of the intellectual and physical condition of Cornell athletes. They are as all-round men above their fellows physically. We cannot present definite comparison on the mental side, for we have not at hand any general figures with which to make comparison. Nor if we had would it seem proper to

*On the following page. The diagram is printed from a plate prepared and loaned to the MAGAZINE by the Department of Physical Culture.

SYNOPTIC EXHIBIT
of the difference
of
PHYSIQUE
Between the Athletes, Oarsmen, Baseballmen,
and the
AVERAGE CORNELL STUDENT
[Metric System]

7



measure mental strength solely by university standing. But as far as university standing supplies a basis, the men on the athletic teams would seem to stand above their fellows, the base ball men about on a par and the crew men somewhat below.

So far as can be ascertained, training has never been carried to such an extent in our institution as to injure the men physically in any wise. It must be admitted that the physical side of the question, to say the least, is more than satisfactory.

No one, who has given even a casual glance at the drift of intercollegiate contests during the past few years, can have failed to recognize the fact that Cornell is now in a transitional period. The rapid growth of the institution has placed her beyond the neighboring colleges and rendered further competition with them a thing of the past. On the other hand, our location, as well as many other reasons, have as yet prevented any great degree of competition with the larger eastern colleges. In this latter respect, however, our navy has been in advance of our other athletic interests.

The prestige of a victory like that of 1875, when our crew, leading Columbia, Harvard, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Yale, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Bowdoin, Hamilton and Union, swept triumphantly down the home stretch and on and on to the finish, won at once an enviable reputation for our navy. This victory, succeeded by other brilliant successes, had made our crew by the close of the following year the acknowledged champion of the college world. But if this high standard thus early raised by our navy is to be maintained, the fact must be emphasized that it can only be preserved if our oarsmen shall continue in the future to compete with the best college crews of the country.

During the past year the ball nine for the first time made an eastern trip, and whatever may be said of the general success of that enterprise, the fact that our nine demonstrated their ability to be most formidable rivals of such universities as Yale and Harvard, was worth a dozen victories over inferior colleges. It is a fact, especially true in international contests, but too often ignored, that quality, not quantity, is the value of a victory. That there is a growing feeling in this direction is plainly manifested by the tendency, during the past and present year, of our ball nine to engage in contests with the large colleges.

Our athletes, however, have been somewhat handicapped, owing to the lack of proper facilities for training. Until this defect is remedied, it is seemingly hopeless for even our best athletes to attempt to compete in the annual meeting at Mott Haven.

As our University in all its departments of learning has become the peer of the leading institutions of the land, so also the time seems to have come when Cornell should demand a corresponding recognition for her athletic interest.

Our intercollegiate men are physically above the average; they have demonstrated the fact that, while competing with other colleges, they could at the same time maintain a satisfactory standard of scholarship; and most assuredly the many successes of the past plainly indicate that in the near future will be opened up a broader field of action.

The true sphere of intercollegiate contests was well set forth by ex-President White in a recent statement of his views on this subject, in which he said: "I believe in boating, ball playing, and the like, and am convinced that the growth of athletics up to a certain point, has vastly improved the present generation of college students over those of twenty or thirty years ago. I think that the men are better for it morally and intellectually. But college authorities should not allow themselves to be run away with by the leaders in athletics. The point is to fix a proper limit, and then to insist upon keeping within that limit."

Howard Carter Beauchamp.

THE PANAMA CANAL AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE UNITED STATES.

AS early as fifty years after the discovery of Central America it was proposed to sever the American continent by a canal north of Darien. This part of Central America is now represented by Nicaragua. The canal was surveyed in 1781 and again in 1838 but nothing came of these speculations until after the discovery of gold in California in 1847. In 1848 the thriving state of California was admitted to the Union, and from that time the urgent need of a shorter water-way between the eastern coast of U. S. and the western became more apparent. At the present

day these advantages are plain to all. Such a canal will shorten by thousands of miles the voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. It will make a corresponding saving of distance in the sea journey from Europe to San Francisco and the other parts on the western shore of North and South America. China and Japan will find in it the highway by which their products will seek the best markets. The West Indies and the Sandwich Islands on either side of the Isthmus will receive a new political importance. Central America itself will become the center of a new and vigorous civilization. Thus the establishment of this canal is for the interest of the northern hemisphere.

The great good to the United States from such a canal is manifold. Agricultural products will find a cheaper and more speedy passage from the western coast to the various ports on the eastern. On the other hand a more extensive sale of the manufactured articles of the eastern coast will be found. The passage-fare of immigrants will be far more reduced and this will lead to a more rapid settlement of our fertile western lands. The rate of travelling-fare is one of the greatest causes which holds back thousands of Europe's vigorous population, and by means of such a canal, the present bare western coast will become inhabited. The importance to commerce can be estimated by the railway across the Isthmus of Darien, on which the work was begun in 1850 and completed in 1855. The value of the transit trade across this railway alone is calculated at eighty-five millions of dollars per year. This railway has now been in operation for over thirty years. Surely it is not too much to say that the successful completion of the Panama canal will mark an epoch in the world's history.

But with all these obvious advantages welcoming the completion of this interoceanic canal we must stop and consider in what relation we shall be placed to foreign powers. To-day the American continent lies as a partition between the eastern coast of Asia and the western coast of Europe. Its coast line can be comparatively easily defended, in case of war, on either side. Danger might be expected on the eastern coast only. It is evident that such a water-way at once doubles the exposed coast line. The matter of coast defences then comes into play and the proposed canal then takes upon itself the nature of a political question.

Our coast defences and navy, whose dilapidated condition has been an "eye-sore" to the citizens of the United States for so many years will then have to be treated with immediate care and attention. Our navy is at the present far from satisfactory and if our coast line is increased to such a great extent, it is evident what the duties of the government will be. There are at present in the navy but two iron-clad cruisers built on modern designs, and the capabilities of even these are doubted. Seven other vessels are launched but not yet completed. Nine others have been authorized by Congress and it is claimed that the whole when completed will not be sufficient to meet the want of the nation in case of war with a country having only a second class navy. In the way of coast defences we are in a still worse condition. The principal cities on the eastern coast, with a total population of over five millions and with property valued at five billions of dollars, cannot show the slightest signs of a defence before powers having vessels and guns of modern plan. Fortifications, vessels and guns as are required at the present state of warfare are not the work of months but of many years. The increased necessity of coast-defences and a navy, caused by a doubly exposed coast line thus brings to us in a serious way the proposition for the establishment of a Panama canal under the treaty of 1850. We are thus confronted by two most important questions. Shall the proposed canal be built, and if so, what should be the position of the United States in regard to the control of such a canal?

With a view of finally establishing the proposed canal so many times surveyed, and so often discussed, the United States formed a treaty with Nicaragua for a ship canal by way of San Juan. The concessions in the treaty were mutual. It was found, however, that if the canal were extended by way of the river San Juan, it would come in conflict with British dominion. For, at this time England exercised a protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, through which ran the river San Juan to the Atlantic ocean. A series of correspondence with England showed that she would not relinquish her protectorate over this dominion. After a prolonged correspondence and a more thoughtful consideration of the advantages to be attained from such a canal, the English ministry at once saw its own interest advanced and by a pretend-

ed indifference, entered upon those negotiations which led to the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The negotiations were carried on by Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister and Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State of the United States.

In the treaty which resulted, Mr. Clayton was shamefully outwitted. By it the United States renounces all control over any canal that may be built through Central America. The preamble declares that Great Britain and the United States, "in order to set up a closer tie of friendship by setting forth and fixing in a convention their views and situations with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by the way of River San Juan de Nicaragua and by either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua or Monagua to any post or place on the Pacific ocean." In the first article neither of the contracting parties is to exercise "any exclusive control over said ship canal." Neither party of the contract is to erect any fortifications and neither party is to have exclusive advantages in the matter of navigation. During war as well as peace, all vessels are exempt from blockade or detention or capture. Both parties also agree to aid in keeping the canal neutral, as long as the rights named in the treaty have not been violated. Furthermore it is agreed that other states and nations be invited to become parties to the agreement and that it become as much as possible a canal for the world.

All the articles previous to the eighth tended to the completion of one distinct canal, but as other ways were found equally practicable the eighth article was added.

"The governments of Great Britain and the United States having not only desired in entering into this convention to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway across the Isthmus which connects North and South America and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway which are now proposed to be established by way of Tehuantepec or Panama." This article became the most important of the treaty. It has been ever since the cause of controversy and misunderstandings.

But the appearance of De Lesseps on the scene, at once urged upon us the great importance of taking a definite stand in regard to the Clayton–Bulwer Treaty. Our citizens suddenly recognized the fact that there was a possible and even an immediate danger of extending the political systems of Europe in America. There was a danger of a conflict with the Monroe doctrine, a doctrine which has become established in the American national policy and is held sacred by all her patriots. "While the United States should not interfere in purely European disputes, her people should consider any attempt on the part of the powers of Europe to extend their system to any portion of the American continent, as dangerous to her peace and safety." President Garfield in his inaugural address in 1881 echoed the same thought when he said: "I believe it is a right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision over any interoceanic canal across the Isthmus between North and South America as will protect our national interests." In the bulky correspondence concerning the Clayton–Bulwer Treaty, the attention of Great Britain has been repeatedly called to the fact that an agreement between the European states to control the "political character" of a highway of commerce remote from them and near to us, forming substantially a part of our coast line would be viewed by us with the greatest concern.

There are besides this, other lines of argument which show naturally the right of the United States to have control over any inter-oceanic canal through the Isthmus of Panama. For thirty years the Panama railroad has been maintained without other protection than that of the United States and of Nicaragua, thus harmonizing with the treaty of 1846. During these many years history has chronicled the Crimean war, the Indian Mutiny, the French civil wars, the conflict between Russia and Turkey, on one side of the Atlantic, while on the other side one of the most remarkable of civil wars has occurred. During this period every form of war has taken place, which would make it necessary to have the Isthmus neutral and yet the trains of the Panama railroad have run without any intermission. Why then should nations assemble at this late day to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus? The Suez Canal has been built since our treaty of

1846 and it has not been found necessary to force a protectorate of nations upon that canal. Such a protectorate simply gives a pretext for foreign powers to assemble their navies near our shore an act which would now be regarded with the greatest concern.

One of the main objects of the Clayton–Bulwer Treaty was to hinder Great Britain from extending her territory too far in Central America. To assure this, both parties agreed not to exercise control over the Central American states. Great Britain has since extended her dominion over Belize, or what is now called British Honduras. Certainly this action was contrary to the conditions of the agreement, and on this account the treaty should be no longer valid.

Besides this the United States has developed remarkably on the Pacific coast. Thus the duties of our government to this coast have been changed and increased. The interests of Great Britain on the other hand, are so inconsiderable, that everyone must agree that it is her obstinacy and ill-will towards the United States which makes her persist in a treaty which was made in altogether different circumstances than the present. It was not considered at the time of the treaty, what our duty would be to the western states, which have since been taken into the Union. It was not considered that we would be compelled to stand and see war vessels bent upon our own destruction, pass unmolested through such a canal. The States and Territories bounded by the Pacific ocean and dependent upon it for their commercial outlet, and therefore directly interested in the game are larger in extent than the German Empire, France, Spain and Italy combined. This vast territory has just begun its development but points to a glorious future, Moreover, the people of this territory are of our own flesh and blood. They belong to our United States and therefor our claims to the control of this canal are far higher than Great Britain's claim upon the Suez Canal which leads to subjected people of a different race, language, and religion.

Finally it might be asked :—is such a neutrality expedient for us ? or rather, can England be depended upon to defend a neutrality ? An agreement for the neutrality of a certain district,

means that it shall not be used for operations of war. It means that there shall be in this district no blockading and no fortifications. It means, moreover, that all the nations in the treaty will aid in maintaining this neutrality and will strictly follow out the principle that "an injury to one is the concern of all." Can England be depended upon to maintain such a neutrality as has been specifically stated in the treaty of 1850? History answers that England's attitude towards such treaties has been truly fatal. Her record in regard to international treaties shows conclusively that a treaty is regarded as such only until her interests become involved. Then she turns about and in the most arbitrary manner, defies and tramples upon pledges which other nations hold sacred. The action of England, after the treaty for the neutrality of the Principality of Luxemburg in 1867 came very nearly precipitating a Franco-Prussian war. The neutrality of Luxemburg was to be observed by all European powers and if the neutrality was broken, it was England's duty to act against the power doing so. But England took the stand offered in her parliament by one of its members, viz: that "England was not bound to act unless all the powers combined in action against the offending party." Manifestly such a statement is absurd, for it was one of the contracting parties only of this joint treaty which could possibly take the offensive, and if all the contracting parties should accept England's stand, the treaty would of itself, drop to the ground. So much for England's principle!

During the insurrection in Egypt against the Khedive, which was mainly directed against the foreigners "fattening" on the resources of the country, the Suez Canal was seized by England and all commerce excluded for three days. All Europe had regarded the canal as strictly neutral but England, a small shareholder, disregarded all treaties and arbitrarily seized the canal and used it for her own private ends.

Again, in the treaty of 1841, the Sultan of Turkey was granted undisputed control of the waters of the Dardanelles. The Sultan, so the treaty continued, should admit no war vessel in time of peace, in time of war he could do as he pleased. Lord Derby, in explaining this treaty to Parliament, said that "in general the treaty was to be observed, but not binding when English subjects

were in danger!'' In 1871 this same treaty was again drawn up, by which consent must be had from the Sultan for war ships to enter the Dardanelles. The fact is well known that in 1878 the Russian army was before Constantinople, and it was probable that a favorable armistice for Russia would be obtained. England's fleet had, in the meantime, assembled before the Dardanelles to await the critical period. When the Russians were supposed to have entered Constantinople, a messenger was sent to the Sultan to ask permission to enter the Dardanelles, but without awaiting an answer the fleet turned towards Constantinople. The answer of the Sultan was at first, unfavorable, but to avoid further complications, he consented. The treaty was willfully broken before the eyes of all Europe, and an English newspaper gave vent to the English feeling, when it published, in an editorial the astounding statement that ''An English fleet must not be stopped in its course!''

All this shows England's selfish and arbitrary action of the past and may serve as an indication for the future. Certainly the principle of neutrality with England as one of the ''high contracting parties'' is not a wise one.

England then, by all her principles and practices, can not be depended upon to fulfill her share of the treaty. Finally the facts that new developments have appeared and unprecedented changes have taken place since 1850, that England, contrary to the treaty, has extended her dominion over Belize, that our sacred Monroe Doctrine is dangerously involved, and that history has taught how fatal England has been to neutral treaties, all show conclusively that the United States is in duty bound to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and assume control over any inter-oceanic canal that may be built over the Isthmus of Panama.

Albert Elbracht Metzger.

PERENNIUS AERE.

THE Latin poet only reëchoes the undying impulse of man to identify himself indissolubly with the coming ages. In perpetual youth his verse penetrates the literatures of all civilizations, while monumental bronze have wasted out of thought and remembrance. This is measurably true of all sculpturesque, memorial art whether of metal or stone, while the drama of Job, the songs of David, the sacred books of Confucius, of Mohammed, of Buddha and Brahma, with the Iliad, have a living currency in the thought and action of to-day. We are all monument builders,—unconscious artificers of our hereafter. Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Others put up with humbler motive power. The world is full of the *debris* of these perished adventures, for littleness and the supremacy of self rots at the core of vain endeavor and prove its nemesis. Here though is fine strictness in a survival of the fittest. Plethoric fortunes, in and of themselves, have no more dower in the memory of posterity than exceptional obesity, or deformity. Herein lurks not a little of the uneasiness which frets ambitious souls,—the slender untrustworthy tenure of this venture of faith with the future. If it be a fine art to accumulate an honorable fortune, it proves a much finer touch of art to leave it with the sterling stamp upon it of laudable permanent utility. The nobler larger manhood cannot put up with the conventional disposition of great wealth, which is a more or less rapid process testamentary liquidation. For it represents so much energy and potentiality of development garnered up, and which may be set at work throughout an endless future. May be, that is, if after clearing the Scylla and Charybdis of the Surrogate's Court, and the clutch of greedy expectances, it receives due commission and furtherance. If notoriety is the end, it may be had at a cheap rate. But the bays and the amaranth cost the travail of the soul. Whether it shall survive one generation or hundreds lies not within the range of the giver to know, or even determine. But granted a clear course and a propitious outlook, what shall I do with this theoretical fortune I desire to set at work for a supreme and endless use? A

hospital?—this is the hard beaten track of philanthropy. A college? or university? had I the power I would consolidate them by fives or tens, throughout the land, into some semblance of corporate thrift and intellectual sufficiency,—A library? I ask a larger radius of influence, and a broader field. An academy of the fine arts with galleries and collections? Municipalities and corporations look to this. My ideal lies somewhere in the line of journalism. Granting the Family, the Church, and the State, as the chief estates of society, I accept a fourth—Journalism. Only of yesterday, it has already become a giant. It is ubiquitous like the atmosphere. It is the empire of knowledge and ideas. It throbs and pulsates with vital energies like the electric currents that environ us. It is a two-edged sword that cuts both ways, for life and for death; and life and death both lie within its polarity. Let there come forth, then, under all prudent forecastings and possible circumspection, a monumental plant for the evolution and perpetual dissemination of a life giving literature; the Daily, Weekly, Monthly, and its richly freighted, Annual Sheaf—The Year Book. A perpetual corporation, perhaps a Journalistic Academy, building up and graduating its own editorial corps; an enthusiasm in behalf of sound sociology in its purest and noblest conception,—at once *en rapport* with the wage-earner, the educated, the capitalist, the moralist and the patriot. There may be an editorial faculty, many-sided, equipped with all manner of necessary learning; like the illustrious professors of a great university, working toward a central unity of purpose and plan. And these may be reinforced by the representative and masterly minds of all contemporaneous culture and learning, anywhere and everywhere; not only subsidized by commanding remuneration, but workers in the cause through the impulsion of an heroic enthusiasm; the practical problem all the while being this,—(a) to create a constituency as widely extended as may be, (b) to supply it at a nominal cost, and (c) with the best sociologic, scientific, and ethical wisdom of the age.

It shall have a good understanding with little children, with the household, the journeyman, the student, the business man and the traveler. It shall give more heed to the arts and sciences than to pugilism and bear-baiting; to education and morals, and

healthy field sports than to the race course; to hygienics and food-products, than to the stock market. It shall retail no obscene scandal nor pollute its pages with the annals of crime and the reek and filth of criminal courts. It shall make for the beautiful, the true and the good, as the reinvigorating and prophylactic instrumentalities of social health and well being. The leaves of such a tree would indeed be for the healing the nations. Such an institution would practically become the University of the people. If my millions fail to materialize in season for the experiment, let some great hearted lover of his kind turn it over in his thought and study its possibilities.

Louis Livingston Seaman, '72.

TWO VOLUMES OF VERSE.

FROM late winter until the first bearings of the new summer, the native fruits of the old season become rare, and for this reason seem doubly rich in flavor. Here and there forgotten frosts may have shrunken the plump cheeks a little, and age may have touched their sweetness with a tang of bitterness, and a few may be small russets of dun gold, wanting taste until all else was gone; yet for all that they are ours more properly than foreign fruit, picked green for the sake of commerce and hurried hither on swift ships lest it spoil. And so during this interregnum before the hoped-for offerings of a new season of native American poetry there comes from an older season two rich, remaining gifts to stay a want and ease the waiting time.

Lowell's "Heartsease and Rue" has, alas, far more of rue than of heartsease. There is little glad confidence in these verses. They are pensive with a melancholy born of sorrow and not of disappointment. Nearly all are the songs of a poet singing the requiem of the friends and hopes of past days.

Sometimes on the first and last page of a rare book one may see a tiny hole; turn the leaves from *Incipit* to *Laus Deo* and all are found pierced through. The worm has gnawed its way and is

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Heartsease and Rue. By James Russell Lowell. *Before the Curfew.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Both published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

only seen by its trace. Here in this book grief can be traced through from the first page, where it enters with :

> " Along the wayside where we pass bloom few
> Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue ;
> So life is mingled, so should poems be
> That speak a conscious word to you and me."

to the last page whence it issues :

> " As life runs on, the road grows strange
> With faces new, and near the end
> The milestones into headstones change,
> 'Neath every one a friend."

Reviewers have said that in this volume the poet has grown pessimistic ; but that cannot be thoughtfully asserted. Every doubt in it is answered directly or indirectly by hope ; and every bitter word on the Present is woven to a firmer word on a worse Past. Most often when a man past fifty begins to look behind him he is lost. Visions are before him and dreams behind him. The people of his dreams are familiar and have been real to him, while those of his visions are strange and to be distrusted ; and so he lags and lives with his memories until, too late, he finds that he has become no more than one of them. The artist alone seems free from this danger of retrospection, for old poets who dream dreams bring themes from them as true in art as those seen by young poets in their visions. This is told in part and coldly by Fitz-Adam :

> " Without a past you lack that southern wall
> O'er which the vines of poesy should crawl."

First in place and first in feeling in this volume is the fervent tribute to Agassiz. It is not fit that the simplicity, dignity and amplitude of a great man should be adorned with formal wreaths and trim bouquets, that bespeak in the giver more of self-consciousness or condescension, than of gratitude and reverence. It should rather be as it is in this beautiful poem of Lowell's, and wherever true emotion guides the hand, a shower of scattered flowers where each finds room to breathe out its own perfume.

It is pardonable to take another copy from the well-known portrait and insert it here :

"His magic was not far to seek,—
He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
How large an aspect! nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,
Like visits of those earthly gods he came;
His look, wherever its good fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;
Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine."

* * *

—"It may be he had trod
Outside the plain old path of *God thus spake*,
But God to him was very God,
And not a visionary wraith
Skulking in murky corners of the mind,
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,
Not with His essence mystically combined,
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,
A perfected and conscious Agassiz."

Not all of the poems printed in this volume were written recently. "Fitz-Adam's Story," one of the longer pieces, first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1867, belongs to the same period as the "Biglow Papers" and is not unlike them in tone.

As a matter of local interest it may be noted that among the "Inscriptions" is the one written "For a bell at Cornell University" and cast in the clock-bell in the McGraw tower:

"I call as fly the irrevocable hours
Futile as air or strong as fate to make
Your lives of sand or granite; awful powers,
Even as men choose, they either give or take."

Leaving the more serious work, here is one trifle that shows how almost unconcernedly Lowell may, if he choose, equal the best

efforts of our present modish school of singing *jongleurs*. The lines were written "On receiving a copy of Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Old World Idylls'":

"As I read on what changes steal
O'er me and through, from head to heel?
A rapier thrusts coat-skirt aside,
My rough Tweeds bloom to silken pride,—
Who was it laughed? Your hand, Dick Steele!

Down vistas long of clipt *charmille*
Watteau as Pierrot leads the reel;
Tabor and pipe the dancers guide
As I read on.

While in and out the verses wheel
The wind-caught robes trim feet reveal,
Lithe ankles that to music glide,
But chastely and by chance descried;
Art? Nature? which do I most feel
As I read on?"

How could one now swing more delightfully over to Holmes's new book "Before the Curfew" than by these lines from "Heart-ease and Rue."

"Dear Wendell * * *
What has the Calendar to do
With poets? What time's fruitless tooth
With gay immortals such as you
Whose years but emphasize your youth?"

At this day it is quite useless to try to think of any new poems from Holmes as affording in themselves any fresh subject for comment. After reading the verses the exclamation must be, like Lowell's, "Dear Wendell," and, feeling better and happier for it all, there's an end of it. He might now, if he were capable of it, write most atrocious poetry,—nay, even the pessimistic poetry which the critics are delighting to find in new works of the older poets, and we would all read it and, remembering the "Last Leaf," sigh "Dear Wendell." Holmes is now nearly a decade past the alloted three score years and ten. The span of his life has covered the most active period of scientific discovery the world has known. The results of scientific investigation must be

adjusted to something more than our physical senses and our ideas of material comfort, and herein lies the chief significance of his work in literature.

It had been insisted that Science must displace Literature; that the actualism of one was antagonistic to the realism of the other. Then Matthew Arnold wrote an essay on "Literature and Science" in which he clearly showed that the vast discoveries of Science have correspondingly heightened the value of Literature and that the great new function of Literature is to relate scientific facts "to our sense of conduct, our sense of beauty," and this is what Holmes, whether serious or humorous, has been doing in poetry or prose all these years.

There are a few exceptional minds which literature, in this function, can only reach by means of rhymed philosophies or rarely sublimated mysticism; but the multitude can only be moved by the concrete and by the simplest indirections that art can use. Holmes, more aptly than any of our poets, has related scientific facts to the "sense of conduct, the sense of beauty" in the men and women of action in this work-a-day world. "The Chambered Nautilus" is one of the best examples in English of the poetic infusion of a moral and aesthetic ring, into mere scientific facts.

Lowell, Holmes and Whittier alone remain of those famous New England authors who gave us what literature we can boast. May they live on for many years, and find solace for old age in those words of a venerable brother-poet across the Atlantic:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid.'"

Edwin Hamlin Woodruff.

Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina.

IN the whole range of American history there is perhaps no period more prolific in difficult problems,—social, political, legal, and constitutional,—than that which includes the "Reconstruction" of the Southern States, and which extends from the close of the Civil War to the end of the administration of President Hayes. Ages hence, and so long as constitutional and political science shall have students in this country, the profound and intricate problems presented by "Reconstruction" will continue to be investigated.

For ourselves, the passions of the conflict are still too hot to make it possible for us to form an unbiased judgment upon the subject. If, however, this is not the time for a final and impartial judgment, it is the time for the production of testimony; and for the place and the time embraced within its view, the work of Walter Allen on Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina is an admirable and most valuable contribution of historical evidence. The author has had in his possession the personal and official papers of Governor Chamberlain, together with a large mass of contemporary documents of every sort bearing upon his subject; and these he has connected together upon a thread of temperate and lucid narrative in such a manner as to constitute an instructive history of a "Chapter on Reconstruction," probably more suggestive as well as more dramatic than any other.

The students of Cornell University have recently had the opportunity of hearing Governor Chamberlain's lectures on a topic of Constitutional Law. The respect for his intellectual abilities which those masterly lectures excited, will make them glad to know that in the book now given to the public the political record of Governor Chamberlain in South Carolina has been cleared from every aspersion, and exhibited in proportions somewhat heroic, and that, too, by evidence so strong that it seems likely to be able to defy all attempts to break it down.

It is but an act of simple justice to Mr. Allen to add that he has done his work with a thoroughness, a self-restraint, a fairness of tone, and a literary tact which exhibit some of the highest qualities of an historian.

Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina. A Chapter of Reconstruction in the Southern States. By Walter Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London. 1888.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Taxation: Its Principles and Methods. Translated from the Italian of Dr. Luigi Cossa, with an Introduction and Notes by Horace White.

The Story of the Goths. By Henry Bradley.

The Story of the City of New York. By Charles Burr Todd.

Pocket Guide for Europe. By Thomas W. Knox.

Property in Land. By Henry Winn. Economic Series.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

Missouri. By Lucien Carr. American Commonwealth Series.

Besides others more fully noticed elsewhere.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

THERE is one particular thing that comes to my mind very often nowadays as I wander about the Library. The thing is this: that *At this time of the year it is generally pleasanter to be out doors than in doors.* I have thought about the matter a good deal. During the winter I have spent some odd half-hours in the Library looking for some proof of the statement in various authorities and I have found several things of interest, though, to tell the truth, most of them are upon entirely different subjects. But that doesn't bother me very much so no one else need trouble about it.

* * *

My notions on the matter are to the effect that if you scratch a civilized man you will find the savage underneath. That is the reason why a man likes to live in camp in the summer far better than to live in houses in the winter. That is the reason why one man is never so happy as when he is on foot with a knapsack on his back, another when he is on top of a good horse, another when he is swimming, another when he is sparring, and another when he is playing football. And that is also the reason why at this time of year it is generally pleasanter to be out doors than in doors.

* * *

Nor have there been wanting others who believe that man's happiest state is in a simple open air life. We all know that

Tolstoï has found out the Way in the life of the Russian peasant. Almost every thing that Tolstoï writes is worth thinking over. And so is this :*

"What are the principal conditions of happiness on this earth—those which everybody will allow?

"One of the first conditions of happiness generally admitted by every one is an existence which does not break the bond between man and nature, that is a life in which one enjoys the heavens, the sun, the open air, the earth covered with its fruits and peopled with its animals. In all time men have held it a great evil to be deprived of all this. Let us see now what is the life of those who live according to the doctrine of the world. The more they succeed in following the doctrine of the world the more are they deprived of these conditions of happiness. * * *

"Another indubitable condition of happiness lies in work : First, work which one has freely chosen and which one loves, secondly, physical work which brings appetite, and peaceful and deep sleep. There again the greater is the portion of that pretended happiness which falls to the lot of men who live by the doctrine of this world, the more are these men deprived of this condition of happiness. * * *

"The third indubitable condition of happiness is in the family. Well, the more men are enslaved by the success of this world the less share have they of this happiness. * * *

"The fourth condition of happiness is free and affectionate intercourse with the men who fill the world. The higher one is placed on the social ladder the more is one deprived of this essential condition of happiness. * * *

"Lastly, the fifth condition of happiness, is health in life and a death without illness. And again the higher a man has mounted the steps of a social scale, the more is he deprived of this condition of happiness."

All this has some truth in it and Tolstoï is not the only man who has seen it.

* * *

In following out his views Tolstoï has adopted the life of a Russian Peasant.

Every one does not agree with Tolstoï. I have been reading the *Pensèes* of the Abbè Roux, whose notions are on certain matters rather contrary to the great Russian's. The Abbè Roux is a Catholic Priest who has lived long among the French peasants. He is a man of keen literary taste, of much depth and sympathy

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*From Chapter Ten of *My Religion*, a book which nobody can read without thinking.

of thought and entirely a man whose remarks are worth attending to. In writing on *La Campagne*, *Les Paysans* he is writing on a subject which he should certainly know well for he has passed the greater part of his life in the country and among the peasants.

Here are some of his thoughts :

"The peasant loves no person and no thing save through habit."

"The peasant admits that the smallest official of the town is greater than he."

"Every countryman who learns to read and write renounces the country in his heart."

"The countryman is too much a child not to be a liar."

"A peasant is about as much a man as a block of marble is a statue."

"'Oh priests, these peasants to whom you preach unceasingly seem no better for it.' True, but oh ! how soon would they seem worse if we never preached."

This does not present the fulness of Roux's conception* of the peasant any more than my other quotation represents the fullness of Tolstoï's. But it does not matter what one man or another has said. The question is as to the true state of the case.

* * *

Fortunately it is not necessary for me to solve the question thus brought up, in a theoretical way. We shall most of us solve it practically by going into the country this summer. I think college professors and college students are not unlikely to be men like Anthony Vanden Heyden, of whom Irving says, "Instead of staying quietly at home eating and drinking at regular mealtimes, amusing himself by smoking his pipe on the bench before the door and turning into a comfortable bed at night, he delighted in all kinds of wild, rough expeditions : never so happy as when on a hunting party in the wilderness, sleeping under the trees or bark sheds, or cruising down the river, or on some woodland lake, fishing and fowling and living the Lord knows how."

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*Roux says in the Preface to *Nouveaux Pensées*, "The chapter on "The Peasants" has not been understood by all. Not a few have found me uncharitable." And I do not mean to say that the above half-dozen quotations give a fair notion of the chapter. But he has written them and if they are true, they are true.

The Rule of Silence must be strictly observed, is a fact not unknown to frequenters of the Library. Hence it was not wonderful that when Mahaffy's *Art of Conversation** was sent up none dared to recommend its purchase. It is for all that an interesting book and as the publishers have been so kind as to send me a copy of it, I propose to make some quotations, and here they are :

"The punishment of the selfish talker is sure to come at last, when he lives till his vivacity and his power of acquiring new things fail, while he still presumes on his old reputation. He is then discovered to be an intolerable bore, which, indeed, from a higher point of view, was always the case."

"There is such a thing in society as being overscrupulous in truthfulness. Even a consummate liar, though generally vulgar and therefor offensive, is a better ingredient in a company than the scrupulously truthful man who weighs every statement, questions every fact, and corrects every inaccuracy."

"Many of our young people have so seldom heard a general conversation that they grow up in the belief that their only duty in society will be to talk to one man or woman at a time."

"I am disposed to lay this down as a practical rule : *If you find the company dull, blame yourself.*"

"To stop an old person who is becoming tedious is probably the most difficult of social duties."

This seems to me to be,

"Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

* * *

Mr. Mahaffy holds that the main object of conversation is recreation. On this point (which is probably well taken) he has some remarks worth reading :

"Our theory has declared itself long ago against over-seriousness in conversation. This caution is specially necessary nowadays,—when people read so many books and work so hard,—lest they should regard conversation as a deliberate method of instruction and channel of improvement. Nay, these very objects will be far better attained indirectly and by the way, while the company is indulging in talk as a recreation."

"When this is once attained there must ensue good conversation ; for to have a volume of human character laid open before you, and to turn over its pages at leisure, is one of the highest and most intense recreations known to the intelligent mind.

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*The Principles and Art of Conversation by J. P. Mahaffy. *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.*

On which I should say, First, that indirect objects may often be better worth attaining than direct objects; and Second, that whoever gains only recreation from reading human character does not deserve to be allowed to read it.

Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"We should aim to keep the University in organic connection with its alumni. Wherever they may be, they should be made to feel that they have both rights and duties as regards their *Alma Mater*. As regards their *rights*, they should be kept well informed regarding the condition of the University by her reports and more important publications, they should be welcomed at her annual and other festivals, and their opinions, when carefully based and thoughtfully expressed, should have full consideration. As to *duties*, they should be impressed with the idea that they have something to *do* for the University . . . ; that they should take large and friendly views in judging of university questions . . . ; that they should aim to make the claims of the University known in the various sections of the country where they may live; and, if successful in the accumulation of wealth, to remember that a university in a great and growing nation will always need additional endowments to keep pace with the advance of the country."—*Andrew D. White.*

THE first number of the MAGAZINE contained an article on the subject of an Alumni Hall, by Rev. Geo. R. Van De Water, in which the advantages that would result from such a building were clearly stated. Among others these advantages were mentioned, the fostering of loyalty and the kindling of zeal among the alumni for their Alma Mater; the providing of ennobling and purifying influences for undergraduates, as well as awakening in the graduate "the periodical inspiration of youthful joys and vigor." And Mr. Van De Water closed his article with these words, "Until we shall have something like this building among the others on the University grounds, we cannot expect to secure the interest and enthusiasm our alumni are able to give to our cause."

The project of an Alumni Hall is one which interests a large number of Cornellians. No one, however, has the subject more deeply at heart that ex-President White, and it affords us great pleasure to present below an open letter from him to the alumni and former students of the University. It should be read carefully and thoughtfully by all who take pride in the University with which they are connected.

To the Alumni and former students of Cornell University:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

As you are aware, for some years past I have at various meetings with the Alumni, dwelt upon the importance of an Alumni Hall upon our University Grounds.

The fact that an important anniversary in the history of our University is now approaching leads me to call your attention especially to the matter now.

The more I have observed the course of University affairs here and elsewhere, and the more I have thought upon them, the more thoroughly am I convinced that such a building is now not merely opportune, but really the best thing in every way which can be done by the Alumni to further the interests of the University, and to strengthen the position of the Alumni regarding University affairs.

The precedent in this respect which has been set by Harvard and Yale, besides so many other institutions of learning at home and abroad, is certainly founded in right reason. There should be a Hall on the University grounds, commodious, tasteful, permanent, representing the Alumni, and giving a place for the annual banquet, as well as for various other purposes, making it exceedingly useful to the institution.

Such a Hall is, of course, to be built by the Alumni, if built at all. In it they would be at home, and in it the Trustees, Faculty, and friends of the University would be their guests. Such a Hall would give us what we have not at present on the University Grounds,—a proper place for the annual banquet with proper surroundings, and at which there could be an interchange of opinion between Alumni, Professors, Trustees and guests from abroad, such as could be secured in no other way.

I can think of nothing more likely to ensure the influence, kindly, but none the less strong and permanent, of the Alumni upon University affairs.

It would also be an additional attraction to our graduates, and all sons of Cornell at Commencement time.

As to its uses throughout the year, it would be of very great value to us as a large lecture room. We have at present no such room large enough for several of the lectures that are given here, especially for those of the many non-resident professors who are now called to us. The want of such a place has been one of the most serious difficulties in administration here during the last two years.

My view of such a Hall has been that it should be, in general style, not unlike that of Harvard, which was the result of much careful study and thought upon what other institutions, at home and abroad, had built for a similar purpose. It should not be extravagant, but it should be large, well-built, tasteful, and of the general proportions and style which the

judgment of those who have dealt with this problem in other institutions has sanctioned. Especially should it be permanent, and I think it would be a great mistake not to have it fire-proof.

On its walls would be collected, as years roll on, memorials of the various classes, with portraits, busts, and perhaps, statues, of those who have been in any way honorably connected with the University, and have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life.

Such a Hall would grow richer and richer as time goes on ; successive classes would doubtless here, as at Harvard and elsewhere, adorn it with storied windows and other works of art, and it would more and more become a center, toward which the affections of the graduates of Cornell would be steadily attracted.

It would seem that with anything like a united effort the work might now be easily accomplished. The thought which has suggested itself to me as practical in the matter, is that a Cornell University Club be formed, embracing not only the Alumni, but all who have been honorably connected with us as matriculates since our foundation. The number of these at present is very little short of five thousand, and with such a basis we surely ought now to find it easy to rear a noble building. It seems to me that out of these five thousand we might rely on three thousand subscriptions, each of five dollars a year for four years, with the understanding that every person thus subscribing should be considered a life member of the Club, and entitled to all the privileges of the Hall, and especially of the Commencement Banquet.

Such a subscription would give us sixty thousand dollars, and at any time when the sum of fifty thousand dollars is raised within five years of this date, I will gladly add ten thousand dollars to it, to make the building still more perfect ; the only additional condition being that it be erected with architectural fitness, in the general style of similar buildings at other great universities, and that it be fire-proof. As to providing an additional fund for the maintenance of the building and for the general uses of the Club, I would suggest that when the buildings shall have been finished, and the subscription for that purpose closed, subscriptions of five dollars a year for five years be still received from future graduates and matriculates, entitling them to like privileges with other members of the Club : in this way an endowment fund could be raised, which would carry on the building, provide for the Alumni Banquet, and perhaps for a reading-room, furnished with newspapers, periodicals, and the like, which would be an admirable addition to it.

As we approach the coming twentieth anniversary of the opening of the University, and as I look back over the intervening years, there comes to me a feeling stronger than ever, of attachment to the University, and to those who have been connected with it, especially its students. The feeling is deepened in my mind by the recollection that all of you, especially

those that came in the earlier years, believed in us when such a belief was not at all fashionable; that you stood by us when many men supposed to be wiser, stood aloof; and that you have so honorably borne the name of the University in all parts of the country, thus justifying its plan and methods.

Under these circumstances any differences of opinion or feeling which may have existed between any of us in years gone by, have faded from my view, as I trust they have faded from yours: in all your number there is not one to whom I do not look with interest, high regard, and pride, and my earnest hope is that we may all co-operate in the movement for this building as the most useful and practical symbol of the unity which exists between us.

The approaching twentieth anniversary, so triumphant in its character, would seem to be an especially fitting time for beginning this enterprise, and I earnestly hope that measures will be taken by your respective associations, in which each and everyone of you will join, which shall lead to its vigorous and successful prosecution. I would ask that each Cornellian, not merely each Alumnus, but each person who has ever entered our halls as a student, join with us and consider it a matter of direct personal interest. It is, after all, an enterprise which demands not so much sacrifice as many things of much less importance have done. A united and general effort of the great body of Cornellians throughout the land will in a very short time ensure success.

I remain to each and all of you, very sincerely

Your friend,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

These words of ex-President White leave nothing unsaid as to the advantages that would accrue from such a building as an Alumni Hall, and as to the definite plans for establishing the building. May God speed the day when the plans will be productive of equally definite results!

* * *

Five years ago the class of '73 held its decennial reunion. The affair then was so pleasant that an agreement was made to hold a fifteen year reunion in 1888. It is not so remarkable that '73 should preserve such a healthy class spirit when it is considered that it is the largest class ever graduated, numbering ninety-six in all. This class, for one so young, has an inspiring college record. It had three "rushes," one with '72 and two with '74, and won all three. It came off victorious in every base-ball

game, and in every foot-ball game except one with '74, that being a draw. 40 members graduated B. S., 17 B. A., 6 Ph. B., and 18 B. C. E., and the first lady student (vulgarly called "co-ed") was a member of '73 and was also the only graduate of her sex. She was Miss Eastman, now Mrs. L. A. Foster, of Oakland, Cal.

The members of the class have on the whole been very successful in life, and some have achieved reputations that are of considerable credit to the University they represent. Henry Altman, of Buffalo, N. Y., candidate for Alumni Trustee, is one of the most prominent men. Elias H. Bartley has done well as a chemist, having been Professor of Chemistry in Swarthmore College, inspector for the N. Y. State Board of Health, Professor in the Long Island College Hospital, and chemist to the N. Y. State Dairy Commission. Leverett G. Boies is a banker in Kinsley, Kansas, and has been a member of the Kansas Legislature since 1886. Orville A. Derby was an instructor at Cornell until 1876; he then went as an assistant to Prof. Hartt of the Geological Commission in Brazil; he is now director of the Geological Museum at Rio Janiero, and is a very noted scientist; he has published a number of scientific treatises. John Frankenheimer is a very able lawyer in New York City, and was President of the Alumni Association of Cornell last year. Francis W. Halsey is well known from his connection with the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. Henry B. Johnson has been Professor of Latin and lecturer on Roman Law in Lehigh University since 1881; he is also the editor of many classical works. Frederick J. Knight has been topographer to the U. S. Geological Survey since 1884, and his work is displayed on library atlases. Warren Leland, jr., is of prominence in connection with the management of celebrated hotels. John L. Moffat, is a physician in Brooklyn, a lecturer, a traveler, and a contributor to various medical journals. George C. Morehouse is a lawyer in Utica, and the author of a very praiseworthy "Supervisor's Manual." John G. Newkirk was until lately Professor of History in Indiana State University, but is now connected with Scribner's publishing house. Harry L. Sprague, of New York City, was a member of the New York Legislature in 1882, and is a commissioner on the N. Y. Board of Education, and is quite a prominent Republican politician. Thomas Worthington is a lawyer in Pittsfield, Ill., and was a member of the Illinois General Assembly from 1882 to 1884. In the faculty of Cornell the class of '73 is represented by George William Harris, Acting Librarian; Irving Porter Church, Professor in Civil Engineering, and Rufus Anderson of the Mechanical Engineering Department.

In the record of any class there is always a sad as well as a bright side. Since graduation the death rate has been unusually large as is shown by the necrology of '73:

Frank D. Carpenter, died Dec. 19, 1883.

Ernest T. Diefendorf, died Sept. 1876.

Llewellyn Ellsbree, died 1886.
Jirah B. Ewell, died July 8, 1887.
Patrick D. Finnegan, died March 14, 1884.
Moses R. Frazer, died Dec. 19. 1877.
Franklin H. Jones, died Nov. 13, 1873.
David E. Kohler, died Dec. 15, 1877.
George F. Lyman,
Kolce Preston, died Jan. 4, 1876.
George A. Tilly, died March 14, 1877.
John H. Tompkins, died July, 1879.

Turning now to the record of the class of 1878, although we do not find such a large number of graduates as in '73, there is equally good class feeling, and the reputation of some of the graduates are equally great. This class entered 143 men and graduated 67. It furnished the first Freshman crew of six to represent Cornell in the intercollegiate regatta at Saratoga, and best of all that crew was successful. At Commencement 26 men received the degree of B. S., 14 that of B. M. E., 14 B. C. E., and 8 B. A. In the class statistics of the time we find that the class represents twenty-one religious beliefs, and among these beliefs are enumerated oddly enough, 1 Deist, 1 Materialist, 1 Atheist, 1 Friend, 1 Rationalist, and 1 of the creed of "the religion of Humanity, Morality, and Philanthrophy." 36 members of the class (males of course) are "for," and 31 "against" co-education, and one man "had to be granted more time to think the matter over."

When some of the members of the class who will sit down at the reunion banquet in Ithaca this Commencement, hear the record of the members read they may well be proud of '78. Beginning in alphabetical order some of the more prominent men are as follows: Fred Baker, now a physician in San Diego, Cal,, was assistant to the chair of Opthalmology and Otology in the University of Michigan, in 1880–81. Willard Beahan, of St. Louis, Mo., was assistant engineer of the Miss. River Commission in 1879; assistant engineer Texas and Pacific R. R. in 1880, and has been assistant engineer of the Mo. Pacific R. R. since 1884. Heywood Conant is a journalist in Wilmington, Del., and is managing editor of *Every Evening*. James Dyson is a civil and mining engineer in Silverton, Col., and is now city engineer of that place. F. A. Halsey, of New York City, has been Constructing Engineer of the Rock Drill Co., since 1882; he is the inventor of the Slugger Steam Rock Drill, and a contributor to various periodicals. Forbes Heermans is a journalist in Syracuse, N. Y., and author of "Thirteen Stories of the Far West," 1887. F. V. Rodriguez, of Havana, Cuba, was assistant in the corps of engineers of the Spanish army from 1880–83,

and is a contributor to various Cuban periodicals. This class is notably a class of civil engineers nearly all of whom have done well. Besides the names already mentioned there are Ed. L. Preston, of Newton, Iowa, Locating Engineer of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., since 1886; Edward Hayes, City Engineer of Cohoes, N. Y., since 1885; F. E. Bissell, of Omanah, Texas, connected with the Panhandle Construction Co., and others. In the faculty of Cornell are two members of '78, Charles D. Marx, assistant professor of civil engineering; and Albert W. Smith, assistant professor of mechanical engineering.

Following is the Necrology of '78:

Daniel W. Cady.
Miss Margaret Hicks (Mrs. Volkman).
Miss Mary E. Oliver.
William K. Seaman.

Below is compared the summary of occupations of the classes of 1873 and 1878, as published in the class statistics, compared with the occupations the members of the classes are now engaged in. In compiling, wherever a record of occupation has not been sent in this year, it has been disregarded altogether, and no attention has likewise been paid to the occupations of persons who have died since graduation.

SUMMARY OF OCCUPATIONS.

	1873.	*1888.*	*1878.*	*1888.*
Law	6	4	6	5
Business	7	3	6	4
Journalism	4	4	1	3
Teaching	6	5	3	6
Chemistry	4	3	1	1
Railroading	1	0	0	0
Medicine	5	2	2	4
Engineering (Civil)	14	7	11	11
Engineering (Mechanical)	1	1	5	5
Architecture	1	1	1	1
Ministry	1	1	0	0
Natural History	1	1	0	0
Agriculture	1	5	0	0
Art	1	0	0	0
Manufacturer	0	5	1	1
Banker	0	4	0	0
Miller	0	1	0	0
Capitalist	0	1	0	0
Hotel Manager	0	1	0	0
Literature	0	1	0	0
Undecided	0	0	3	0

The presence of such a large number of alumni at the Commencement of '88 will do much towards awakening more than usual interest in the election for Alumni Trustee. There are but two candidates, however, Henry Altman, '73, and Daniel Elmer Salmon, '72.

Henry Altman, of Buffalo, N. Y., graduated from the University in 1873, and is at present a prominent merchant in that city. He is treasurer of the Buffalo Cyclorama Company, one of the directors of the Buffalo Library, and a member of the Buffalo Historical Society and other organizations. Mr. Altman's candidacy for Trustee has been energetically pushed by his friends, he having received the official support of the Cornell Association of Western New York, and also that of the Cornell Association of the Northwest. His friends claim in his behalf the requirements of a successful business man "with large experience in practical affairs," liberal and cultivated views, and "the reputation honestly earned of always doing thoroughly and well anything he undertakes."

Dr. Daniel E. Salmon, of Washington, D. C., graduated from the University in 1872, with the degree of Bachelor of Veterinary Science. He is now chief of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry. The year of graduation he went to Europe and was for a short time at the French Veterinary school at Alfort. Returning he began the practice of Veterinary Science in Newark, N. J. In 1877 he became non-resident lecturer on Veterinary Science in the University of Georgia. The year before ('76) Cornell gave him the advanced degree of Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Dr. Salmon's connection with the Government has been an active one. In 1879 he was commissioned by the United States Department of Agriculture to investigate animal diseases in the Southern States, and his work in that capacity was especially brilliant and thorough. Five years later (1883) he was invited to establish a Veterinary Division in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, and a little later the Bureau at the head of which he now is, was established. It is unnecessary to go into details concerning the many investigations in his specialty that Dr. Salmon has made under authority from Congress. Suffice it to say that his record is an extremely able and active one. In

recognition of his ability, the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of Great Britain has conferred upon him the degree of Honorary Associate—a very great honor. He is also a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of other prominent scientific bodies.

It is not our purpose to say anything further of the candidates for Alumni Trustee in a way that would improve the chances of one to the injury of the other. The canvass among the alumni has been made this year with remarkable good feeling and with a satisfactory absence of rivalry. We are confident that no mistake will be made whoever is chosen for the position of Trustee.

* * *

There has recently appeared from the pen of the last elected Alumni Trustee, Dr. David Starr Jordan, '72, a volume of essays under the title of Science Sketches.* The title conveys but an imperfect idea of the varied contents of the book. To the naturalist and fisherman it will afford an uncommon pleasure, while the reader of merely literary turn will find between its covers many charming pages. To those who were fortunate enough to know Cornell in the early days, when that rare band of enthusiasts of which Jordan was chief, were in college, these sketches will have that nearer interest which comes from personal acquaintance with the author.

The region tributary to Cayuga was then the training ground of a noteworthy group of young naturalists, whose labors were soon to be extended over the greater part of the western hemisphere and whose names have since become well known in Science. No one whose privilege it was to join that company in their numerous local expeditions, when swamp and stream and upland were first made to pay tribute to the laboratories of the new University, is likely to forget the spirit that filled them nor to wonder at the results which many of them have since achieved.

Foremost of these men, to-day, whether we measure progress by prolificacy of publication, by the territory covered in research,

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*Science Sketches. By David Starr Jordan. *A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.*

or by public recognition of scientific attainment, is the author of these sketches. An appendix to the volume gives a list of two hundred and fourteen scientific papers from his pen, published between 1873 and 1887; of which no less than forty-six appeared in a single year (1880). These papers embody the results of observations extending from Cuba to Oregon, and they have won for their author high rank in his chosen field of labor.

The Science Sketches contained in the volume now before us, most of which have already appeared in other form, offer a wider range of subject than we often find in so small a collection from a single hand. There are indeed four quite distinct classes, each with its appropriate method of treatment, and one of the charms of Dr. Jordan's little book lies in the rare versatility displayed in passing from the heavier scientific papers, of which that upon the *Dispersion of Fresh-water Fishes* is the most important, to the biographical sketches of Rafinesque, Don Felipe Poey and Darwin, and from these again to the "*Ascent of the Matterhorn*," the "*Story of a Stone*" and the "*Story of a Salmon.*" The two last named essays were written for children, and they will stand the test of admission to the highest rank of works of their class, in that, like Kingsley's "Water-babies" and a few other choice bits of juvenile literature, they exert an equal power over young and old. It is these children's stories and in the biographical essays that the interest of the general reader will chiefly center, although one need not be a trained naturalist to find pleasure and profit in the problems presented in those portions of the book in which the scientific purpose is uppermost. E. L. N.

* * *

A very valuable book to alumni will be the new Ten-Year Book now in preparation under the editorship of Mr. G. W. Harris, '73, Acting Librarian of the University. When completed, as it will be sometime during the summer, it is expected to contain about two hundred pages, and the general arrangement on which the book is based is in the following order:

(1) It will contain a list of all the officers of the University from its foundation down to June 1888, trustees, faculty, instructors and lecturers. The names of professors will be given

under the titles of their chairs, and a biographical note will only be appended of those professors and trustees who are deceased.

(2) There will be a list of graduates from 1868 to 1888 inclusive, arranged by classes, degrees being given after each one's name.

(3) Lastly there will be a complete list of the matriculates, including graduates and non-graduates from 1868 to 1888 inclusive. The graduates are distinguished by the printing of their names in heavy face type. Under each graduate's name, too, there will be a short record of his career. For the non-graduate there will simply be the record while in the University in the form of terms of work pursued; and the original residence, not their present address as in the case of graduates, will be given.

* * *

In concluding the Alumni Department for this year, the editor wishes to acknowledge his sincere thanks to all who have so cordially assisted him in his work. He is indebted especially to Mr. G. W. Harris and Wm. Hazlitt Smith, of the class of '73; to Professor C. D. Marx, '78, and to Mr. H. N. Hoffman, '83. We are sorry to be obliged to say in this connection that on account of lack of space and press of time the contemplated information regarding the class of '83 and the alumni associations, has been omitted.

It is probable that next year the service of some alumnus, connected officially with the University, will be obtained for the department, and if so there will be every prospect of its permanent continuance.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

"Et si mes vers sont bons c'est qu'ils sont courts."
—ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE.

To Belinda.

If you should cease to love me, dear,
(As cease full well you may,)
One thing at least I need not fear
That you can take away.
No matter what the Future be
The Past is always true :
And though perchance you ne'er loved me,
At least I *have* loved you.

G. W. P.

Varium et Mutabile.

They linger at the garden gate,
Tho' dark the night and growing late.
At length these words the silence break :
"May I a kiss at parting take ?"

Of course she frowns, and answers "no,"
While in her cheeks warm blushes glow.
He, silly lad, hangs down his head
And takes, (no kiss), his leave instead.

I hardly wonder ; could he guess
That "no" with maids means always "yes" ?
Being so young, he scarcely knew
The different sound of false and true ;

So he obey'd—yet sad to say,
She told her "dearest friend" next day
"It would the very saints provoke ;
He'd never learn to take a joke !"

A. E. H.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the May number an article was promised for the June number by President David Starr Jordan, '72. The BOARD must apologize for not printing the article in question, but it has been reserved for future use on account of the number of contributions submitted by undergraduates which it seemed best to use this year.

The following members of the senior class will constitute the associate editors for 1888–89:

Leonard Callender Crouch,
Frank Sidney Fielder,
Claude Jones,
Howard Ames Oppenheim,
Charles Edward Treman.

Mr. E. E. Hale, Jr., as representative of the Faculty continues the literary supervision; Mr. A. E. Metzger continues the business management.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1888. No. 3.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1888:

LEONARD C. CROUCH, CLAUDE JONES,
FRANK S. FIELDER, HOWARD A. OPPENHEIM,
CHARLES E. TREMAN.

ALLEN C. BALCH, *Business Manager.*

The Magazine is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

THE SPANISH MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE is in the name of Spain things which calls up in the mind impressions of things rich, warm and romantic. The color of romance, which color I take to be something between the hue of a purple grape and the red haze of the Indian Summer sky, hangs over everything Spanish. No recollections of Spanish daggers or the Spanish Inquisition can quite dispel it. Castles in Spain have ever been the fairest castles, and the banks of the Xenil and the Guadalquivir still bound the dreamland of the poet.

Part of the charm of Spain lies in its language. Latin cut loose from scholastic bonds, with a dash of firmness from the Visigoth and a touch of warmth from the sun-loving Moor. Cata-

This article is an abridgment of an address given in a young pupil's historical lecture course at Indianapolis. The chief authorities consulted have been Bancroft's "History of California" and Miss Graham's "Historical Reminiscences" of the California Missions."

luna, Saragossa, Valencia and Valladolid are more sonorous names than Boston, New York and Charleston.

We may sometimes infer the character of the colonists in any region by the names which they have left on the towns and rivers. In the northeast of California where the wigwam of the Piute gave way to the mining-camp of the Anglo-Saxon, we find Fiddletown, Red Dog, Dutch Flat, Murder Gulch, Ace of Spades, slowly changing by euphemistic vulgarity into Ruby City, Magnolia Vale, L'Argentville, Crystal Glen and the like. But in the South, where the pious padre led his peaceful flocks, we have Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, El Pueblo de los Angeles, San Carlos de Monterey, La Purissima Concepcion, San Buenaventura, and the City of the Holy Cross. And this is how it came about.

One hundred and thirty years ago, the port of La Paz in lower California lay baking in the sun. La Paz was then, as now, a little old town with narrow, strong streets and adobe houses standing amidst palms and pepper-trees and cactus. To this port of La Paz came one eventful day, Don José de Galvez, envoy of the King of Spain. He brought orders to the Governor of California, Don Gaspar de Portolà, that he should send a vessel in search of the once found but now lost ports of San Diego and of Monterey, there to establish colonies and missions of the Holy Catholic Church. They were to spread the Catholic religion, said the latter, among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of Paganism, thereby to extend the dominion of the King, Our Lord, and to protect this peninsula of California from the ambitious designs of foreign nations. So two small vessels, the San Antonio and the San Carlos were procured and laden with everything that the colonies could desire.

"The land must be fertile for everything," said Galvez, "for it lies in the same latitude as Spain." So they carried every sort of household and field utensil, and seeds of every useful plant that grew in Spain or Mexico, the olive and the pomegranate, the grape and the orange, not forgetting the garlic and the onion and the black pepper tree, which cast its pleasing shade over their own Mission garden at La Paz.

The Padre or Father Junipero Serra, Chief Apostle of these Spanish Missions, blessed the vessels and the flags, commending

the whole enterprise to the most Holy Patriarch Saint Joseph, who was supposed to feel a special interest in this class of enterprises. His early flight into Egypt gave him perhaps, an especial fondness for schemes involving foreign travel.

And thus they sailed on the 9th day of January, 1769.

Meanwhile there was organized a land expedition which should cross the sand deserts and cactus-covered hills and join the vessels at San Diego. That there should be no risk of failure, Don Gaspar de Portolà divided the land forces into two divisions which should take different routes, so that if one were destroyed the other might accomplish the work. In front of each band were driven one hundred head of cattle, which were to colonize the new territories with their kind.

The pious Padre Serra went with one of the land parties. He belonged to that Franciscan order of bare-footed friars. These are the priests who, clad in rough cloaks confined by a rope at the waist, look so comfortable during a hot day upon the stone floors of an Italian Cathedral. Comfortable in their way, I mean, but in some regards to be improved by soap and water. Their garb is, however, only well adapted for summer life in cathedrals, and is not at all suited to the peculiarities of a Californian mesa. The vegetation of Lower California is not profuse, but it makes up in prickliness what it lacks in luxuriance. Bush cactuses, so prickly that it makes your eyes smart to look at them, and bunch cactuses, nothing but wads of thorns as large as a bushel-basket, swarm everywhere. Before the bare-footed Reverend Padre had traveled far, he had made the acquaintance of both these sorts of cactus, as well as numerous others not less remarkable. Horses in that country become lame sometimes, and people say that they are "cactus-legged." And soon Father Serra became "cactus-legged" too, so that he could neither walk or ride a mule. The Indians were therefore obliged to carry him in a litter, for go back to La Paz he would not.

But the Father felt great compassion for the Indians, who had enough to do to carry themselves. He prayed fervently for a time, and then, according to the Chronicler of the Expedition,

"He called a mule-driver and said to him: 'Son, do you know some remedy for my foot and legs?' But the muleteer answered,

'Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon: I am a mule-driver, and have cured only the sore backs of beasts.' 'Then consider me a beast,' said the Father, 'and this sore leg to be a sore back, and treat me as you would a mule.' 'Then,' said the muleteer, 'I will, Father, to please you,' and taking a small piece of tallow he mashed it between two stones, mixing with it herbs which grew close by. Then, heating it over the fire, he anointed the foot and leg, and left a plaster upon the sore. 'God wrought in such a manner,' wrote Padre Junipero himself afterward, 'that I slept all that night, and awoke so much relieved that I got up and said Matins and Prime and afterward Mass, as if nothing had happened.'"

But Father Serra did not alone show his faith by such simple miracles as these. In one of his revival meetings in Mexico, Bancroft tells us, he was beating himself with a chain in punishment for his imaginary offenses, when a man took the chain from him and beat himself to death as a miserable sinner. This was considered a remarkable evidence of his power as a realistic preacher.

Suffering greatly from thirst on one of his journeys, he said to his companions, who were complaining, "the best way to prevent thirst is to eat little and talk less." In a violent storm he was perfectly calm, and the storm ceased instantly when a saint chosen by lot had been addressed in prayer. And so on—for miracles like these are constant accompaniments of a mind wholly given over to religious enthusiasm.

On July 1, 1760, the opening of the California era, Padre Serra arrived at the bay of San Diego. The boats and the other land party were already there, so after much rejoicing and firing of guns and speaking, they began the great work of colonizing and Christianizing California. And thus, on the north side of the mesa, or table land, by the banks of the little San Diego river, was founded the first mission in California.

As soon as the Mission San Diego was hopefully started, Father Serra determined to establish a mission at Monterey. As before, the ships arrived safely, landing June 1, 1770, at the mouth of a little brook which flows down a rocky slope to the sea. At a point just back from the shore, under a live oak tree, where the Padre had rendered thanks for safe arrival, still stands a commem-

orative cross. Here they founded the Mission San Carlos de Monterey in a beautiful spot flanked by a fertile valley and the glittering sea, with the mountains of Santa Lucia in front, and a dark pine forest behind.

But the land expedition from San Diego was less, or more fortunate than the ships. At a place called Soledad, which was afterward dedicated to Our Lady of the Solitude, Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, and which became still later a railway terminus, the party lost its way. Instead of turning to the left for Monterey, they kept on through the fertile valley of Santa Clara. At last they reached a beautiful land-locked bay. Its narrow outlet was guarded by two rocky promontories, and into one of its many inlets flowed the great river of the Holy Sacrament. This they knew could not be Monterey, but it seemed a place still more favorable for the establishment of a mission. Among the many missions already dedicated to the saints, none had yet been found for the great father of the Franciscan friars. St. Francis of Assisi, the beloved saint who could call the birds, and who knew the speech of all animals. Before this Father Serra had said to Governor Galvez: "And for our Father St. Francis is there to be no mission?" And Galvez had answered: "If St. Francis wants a mission let him show his port, and we will found the mission there."

And now the lost port of St. Francis was found, and it was the most beautiful of all with the noblest of harbors, and the fairest of views towards the hills and the sea. So the new mission was called for him, the Mission San Francisco.

Meanwhile, after the mission of San Carlos de Monterey—others had been established—bearing the sonorous Spanish names of as many archangels and saints. There was San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel Arcangel and San Luis Obispo de Tolosa. Later came San Juan Capistrano, in whose mission garden stands the largest pepper tree in Southern Callfornia. The ancient church of San Juan Capistrano, once the largest in California, the veracious stage-driver still points out to the inquisitive traveler as having been built in the year 1, after Christ. And so on down to San Francisco Solano, the northern outpost of the saints. The last was founded in 1823.

One of the last of the settlements, called Branciforte, was not a mission, but rather a convict colony, and it met with less success than those dedicated to the holy saints. In spite of all efforts, it dwindled away and ultimately vanished. One of the Commanders speaks of these convicts as not so bad as some others in California! Yet to take a charitable view of the matter, "their absence for a couple of centuries at a distance of a million leagues would prove most beneficial to the province and redound to the service of God and the King."

The Indians were usually gathered together about the mission by force or by persuasion. Being baptized with holy water they were taught to build houses, raise grain and to take care of cattle. In the place of their savage rites, they learned to count their beads and say their prayers. They learned also to work and were pious and generally contented. The destruction of missions and the advent of our Anglo-Saxon freedom has been for the Indian only loss and wrong. He has become an alien and a tramp, but one remove higher than his half-brother, the despised Greaser.

The mission theories left no place for idleness on the part of the Indian converts or "neophytes," nor did they make much provision for the development of the individual. The Indians were to work and work hard and steadily for the glory of the church and the prosperity of the missions. In return they were insured from all harm or sorrow in the world to come. The rule of the Padre was often severe, even cruel, but never demoralizing and the Indians reached a higher grade of industry than the Western races have since attained.

Believing that the use of the rod was necessary to the Indian's salvation, the padres were in no danger of sparing it and thus spoiling their children. The good Father Serra would have sooner doubted his right to breathe than his right to flog the Indian converts. Patient as these converts usually were, there were not wanting times when their rulers were sorely tried.

The annals of some of the missions show a series of events that may well have discouraged the most enthusiastic of missionaries.

The unconverted Indians or "gentiles" of Southern California were heathens indeed, and they made repeated attacks on the missions by day, or stole their stock or burned their houses by

night. Vollies of arrows not infrequently greeted the priests on their return from the morning mass.

In San Diego, faith in the power of gunpowder to hurt, long preceded any belief in the power of the cross to save, for a whole year after the mission was founded, not a convert was made. The sole Diego Indian in Father Serra's service was a skeptical gentile hired to act as an interpreter. "In all the missionary annals of the northwest" says Bancroft, "there is no other instance where paganism remained so long stubborn," as in San Diego.

And the converts made at such cost of threats and promises were painfully ready to backslide. It was hard to convert any unless they subjected all. The influence of the hostile many outside would often stampede the few within the fold. In one of the many uprisings at San Diego the fathers were victorious. The warriors were flogged and converted and the four chiefts were condemned to death.

In California, wherever you find a warm, sunny valley leading from the "vacant smiling seas" back to the purple mountains, wherever there is such a valley with a clear spring-fed stream in its midst, filled in summer with a warm blue haze behind which the sun shines red in the afternoon, and bounded by steep slopes on which grapes may grow, you have found a Mission Valley, and these grapes are Mission Grapes.

Somewhere in it, you will discover a cluster of large, wide-spreading pepper-trees, with their delicate foliage, and a grove of gnarled gray olives, looking like stunted willows. Here you may see the ruins of old houses of adobe or unbaked brick, wherein once dwelt the Indian neophytes. These houses are clustered around the walls—now also in ruins—of the mission itself, which had its chureh, refectory and baptistery, and closely resembled a parish church of Italy or Spain.

The Mission was usually laid out in the form of a hollow square, enclosed by a wall of adobe twelve feet high, the whole enclosure being two or three hundred feet square. In the centre of this square was the church also of adobe, for the sun of California is kind to California's children and a house of dried mud will withstand the scanty rains of a hundred years. Some of these old churches are still used, but the roofs of most of them have long

since fallen in and the ornaments have been removed to decorate some later building. The Mission churches were built like mimic cathedrals—cathedrals of mud instead of marble, and like their great models, each had its altar with candles and crucifix, its vessels for holy water, and on the walls the inevitable paintings of heaven, purgatory and sometimes of regions unmistakably lower. These paintings are more remarkable for their accuracy and vigor of coloring than for their intrinsic beauty or even artistic merit.

Each church, too, had its little chime of bells, some of which were partly of gold or silver as well as brass. During the early enthusiasm, when the Mission bells were being cast, old heirlooms from Spain, rings, vases and ancestral goblets, in which had been "drunk the red wine of Tarragon," were thrown into the molten metal. And when these consecrated bells chimed out the Angelus at the hour of nine, with the sound of their voices all evil spirits were driven away, and no harm could come to man or beast or growing grain.

Bells of the past whose long forgotten music
  Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinges the sober twilight of the present
  With color of romance.

I hear the call and see the sun descending,
  On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending,
  Girdle the heathen land.

* * * * * *

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,
  Break, falter and are still
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
  The sun sinks from the hill.

Around the church were built store-houses, work-shops, granaries, barracks for the soldiers, in short, everything necessary for comfort and security. Each mission was, at once, fortress, refuge, church and town. The little town grew in time more and more to resemble its fellows in old Spain. In the plaza or public square bull-fights and other festivals were held in front of the Presidio or Governor's house, and the long, low whitewashed Hacienda or tavern.

About the Mission arose a great farm. Vines and olives were planted, and long avenues of pepper-trees; the level lands were sown to barley and oats; great herds of cattle and horses roamed over all the hills. The sale of wine, and especially of hides, brought in each year an increasing revenue. The poor struggling missions became immensely rich, paying, it is said, a million dollars in taxes to the Mexican government. The commanders kept up all the paraphernalia and dignity worthy of representatives of the Spanish King, though often they had little to command. And it is said that one of them, wishing to fire a salute in honor of some foreign vessel, had first to send on board of it to borrow powder. In the words of Brete Harte, "With the Commandante the days slipped by in a delicious monotony of simple duties, unbroken by incident or interruption. The regularly recurring feasts and Saints' days, the half-yearly courier from San Diego, the rare transport ship, and the rarer foreign vessel, were the details of this patriarchal life. If there was no achievement, there could certainly be no failure. Abundant harvests and patient industry amply supplied the wants of the Presidio and Mission. Isolated from the family of nations, the wars which shook the world concerned them less than the last earthquake; the struggle that emancipated their sister colonies on the other side of the continent had to them no suggestion. It was that glorious Indian Summer of Calfornia history, that bland, indolent autumn of Spanish rule, so soon to be followed by the wintry storms of American conquest."

Thirteen years after the serene founding of the Mission San Francisco, came the first shock to the community, thus noticed in a letter from the governor of the territory to the Commandant at San Francisco:

"Whenever there may arrive at the Port of San Francisco a ship named the 'Columbus,' said to belong to General Washington of the American states, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in September 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat which you have in your possession, and taking the same measures with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of

the same. May God preserve your life many years." Thus did the Yankee first appear on the scene in California.

This "Columbus," which did not after all, stop at San Francisco, but went on and gave her name to the Columbia river, was but the first of a long series of boats, traders and freebooters, which made the venerable Padre's and the dignified Commandantes a world of trouble.

Afterwards another enemy, almost as dangerous as the Yankee, appeared in the shape of Russians from Alaska. They brought down a colony of Kodiak Indians or Aleuts, and established themselves at Fort Ross, north of San Francisco. The Spaniards then founded the missions of San Rafael and Sonoma, in front of the Russians to head them off, as the priest makes the sign of the cross to circumvent Satan. Trading with the Russians was forbidden, but nevertheless, the Russian vessels, on one pretext or another, made repeated visits to the bay of San Francisco. The Spaniards had no boats in the bay and could not prevent the ingress of Russian and American traders. The Spanish officers were forced to receive in friendliness many encroachments which they were powerless to prevent.

In 1842 as the seal grew scarce around Bodegas Head, the Russians, to the great joy of the Spaniard, disappeared as suddenly as they came. The joy of the Missions was short-lived, for seven years later gold was discovred. California had been ceded to the United States, and the most remarkable invasion known in history followed. Over the mountains, across the plains, by the Isthmus and by the Horn they came, that wonderful procession which Bret Harte has made so familiar to us,—Truthful James, Tennessee's Partner, Jack Hamlin, John Oakhurst, Flynn of Virginia, Abner Dean of Angels, Brown of Calaveras, Yuba Bill, Sandy McGee, the Schiesicks, the Man of No Account, and all the rest, "with haggard face and forms that drooped and fainted in the fierce race for wealth." And the California of the gambler and the gold hunter succeeds the California of the Padre.

Numerous causes had meanwhile contributed to the decline of the Spanish Missions. They had been supported at first by a Pious Fund obtained by subscriptions in Mexico and Spain. After the separation ot these two countries, this fund was lost, its inter-

est being regularly embezzled by Mexican officials, and finally the principal, it is said, was taken in one lump by the President Santa Anna. This remarkable man let pass no fund which he thought could in his own hands be turned to better purposes. Still the Missions were able to hold their own, until the Mexican government removed the Indians from Mission control, for the benefit, I suppose, of the Indian ring. The Indians now no longer compelled to work, no longer well fed and comfortably clothed, were scattered about the country as paupers and tramps. The Missions, after repeated interferences of this sort, fell into a rapid decline, and at the time that California was ceded to the United States, not one of them was in operation. A few of the churches are still occupied, and some of these, like the Mission Santa Barbara, have still their little band of monks, but the Indians are gone, and neither wealth nor influence remains with the Missions. Most of them are crumbling ruins, and have already taken their place as curiosities and relics of the past.

So faded away the California of the padre, and left no stain upon the pages of our history. *David Starr Jordan*, '72.

THE FRIENDS OF HORACE.

THE age in which Horace lived is, and will always be, of the highest interest to humanity. Rome had grown and conquered and advanced in civilization for seven centuries, and had reached her fullest development during the life time of our poet, and Roman history at this period is the history of the world.

We have all read of the great men who lived and moved in those distant times. Our histories give full accounts of the change of the Roman commonwealth to an empire. The names of the men who wrought the change are set down in order,—the year of their birth, the part they took, the day and manner of their death,—all are set down with monotonous accuracy, but we cannot realize that they were real men with the same hope and fears, joys and sorrows, aspirations and feelings, as the men whom we daily meet, for the historical accounts describing the illustrious personages of those times merely point out, as it were, the different characters

for our recognition. Horace introduced them to us personally, and we feel on terms of intimacy with Agrippa, Maecenas, and Augustus,—the three men who by joining hands had encompassed the world.

During the reign of Augustus Roman literature had reached its highest perfection. The best prose had already appeared in the age just preceding, but poetry now appeared to its fullest bloom. Augustus, quick to detect and to weigh the importance of the influences at work in society, saw that the facts could help him to reconcile the people to the new order of things which he was gradually introducing. He accordingly encouraged poetry, and his prime minister Maecenas, who was himself something of a writer both in prose and verse, gathered around him a select circle of gifted poets whom he endeavored to animate with his own enthusiasm in behalf of the government of Augustus. Because they were all literary men we must not imagine that they were all alike in other respects. They differed in personal appearance, character and tastes as much as the the members of a faculty of college professors or any other body of men who come together for a common purpose. In such a gathering there is always one who is the central figure of the group. His jokes are always most appreciated ; his puns are well received, and old stories may be told by him with impunity. We can easily imagine Horace—the genial, warm-hearted man, the lack of whose friendship the world's emperor mourned,—to have been such a one among the famous men who surrounded him. He knew how to take a joke, and this was perhaps the first lesson each had to learn who were admitted to the circle of Maecenas' friends. But while they may have applauded when "fat little Horace" railed his friends, we can imagine how they went into fits of laughter when he was himself the object of railery.

Maecenas was a jovial host, and many were the feasts spread for the entertainment of his guests. We can picture them reveling at the banquet where the wine is freely flowing, convulsed with laughter at some witty saying. There is Virgil who is five years older than Horace, and, I almost said, five feet taller. He is of dark complexion, slouchy in appearance, and quite the reverse of handsome. Virgil does not greatly enjoy the fun. Ridiculing

any of his companions is distasteful to him, and though he makes an effort to seem pleased, he would much rather "go off to bed." No doubt he wishes the company would forego the pleasure bought at another's expense, for we cannot conceive the shy, tender, loving, childlike Virgil enjoying the discomfiture of any one. He was a faithful friend, and Horace gave to "the other half of his soul," a friendship warm and true.

We may assume that Varius, though older than Virgil or Horace, is bothered by no such scruples as to what constitutes a legitimate joke, and his merry laugh rings freely forth. There is no necessity at Maecenas' feast for smothering his laughter in his napkin as he is represented as having done at the house of Nasidianus Rufus, an honest hearted man who did his best to entertain Maecenas and his friends and was made the butt of ridicule for his pains. Aristius Fuscus, "who loves the town and money getting," is there too. He has just been telling a story, and we can guess from the solemn and aggrieved expression of Horace's face that the laugh that now peals forth is at his expense. No doubt Fuscus has been relating Horace's experience with the bore on the *Sacra Via*, and telling how Horace had the audacity to ask him to desecrate the 30th sabbath. For all his apparent levity Fuscus is a poet. He writes good poetry, too, else he had never come within this charmed circle.

From the position that Agrippa held and from his close relation to Augustus he must have been thrown with Horace a great deal; especially since we know that he was a writer himself of no mean ability. But Horace seems to have had but little affection for the stern, haughty man. Agrippa on one occasion asked Horace to write an ode in his honor; but Horace declined under the pretext that Agrippa deserved an epic rather than an ode and that Varius was the fitting one to sing his illustrious deeds. The real reason for Horace's declining seems to have been that he feared he could not do either himself or his subject justice, for the song would lack the inspiration of personal affection..

Besides those who gathered around Maecenas there was another group, under the patronage of Messala and Pollio, fewer than those about Maecenas, but no less dear to Horace. Messala was a gifted orator but he had cast his lot with the republican party

and the ascendency of Augustus shut him out from the field in which he might have rivaled even Cicero. He never joined the successful side and when he could not longer longer use his talents in behalf of the cause he loved so well he retired to a dignified silence. That he was on terms of intimacy with Horace we know from the 21st ode of the third book which is addressed to the testa containing the wine intended for Messala at a supper to which he has invited himself at Horace's home. Besides he was an old friend. They studied together at Athens and so were old college chums though Messala was six years younger than Horace.

Pollio was Messala's intimate friend, a severe critic and Horace says that he is one of the few men whom he wrote to please. He was also orator, poet and historian. The first ode of the second book is addressed to him by Horace wherein Pollio is reminded of the danger of undertaking to write that history of the civil wars which he had commenced. We learn from the same ode that he wrote tragedies, probably on the political events of the day, which would account for the admonition to cease for a time writing tragedies. It must, indeed, have been even more dangerous than writing a history, to put on the stage some of the atrocious deeds of those times while their authors were still alive and in positions of power. Pollio was eleven years older than Horace and was a patron of Virgil.

But of Messala's circle the one most loved by Horace was Tibullus. He was some years younger than Horace, handsome, and as the poetry of his contemporaries exhibits him, a gentle and singularly amiable man. He had, however, one great failing. He was continually falling in love. Indeed he seems to have spent most of his short life falling in love and getting out again. He was unfortunate in his love affairs and spent much time mourning over the fair but false women who had won his heart. Horace gently reproves him in the 33d ode of the first book for pouring forth pitiful poetry to Glycera who had gone, probably, not with a handsomer but with a younger man.

To him was addressed the epistle beginning :

"Albi sermonum nostrorum candide judex."

It gives the most full and pleasing view of his poetical retreat and of his character and is written by a kindred spirit. Tibullus

possessed a competent fortune, favours of the great, fame, health ; and seemed to know how to enjoy all those blessings. Some have thought that this epistle, like the ode above alluded to, was to turn his mind from sorrowing over some new and faithless inamorata.

It was natural that a warm friendship should exist between two souls so near akin. They both loved the retirement of the country, each basked in the favors of a distinguished and influential patron, each had the happy faculty of enjoying life as he found it. There seems to have been a bond of sympathy between their two souls that drew them together from the first. When others condemned Horace's writings before he had won the friendship of Messala and while life was yet a struggle for existence with him, Tibullus placed upon his poems the value at which posterity has since rated them.

These are but a few of Horace's friends. There were many others, some who had been his companions in arms, some who had studied with him at Athens, whose names are mentioned in his poems. He never married, and his naturally deep, loving nature seems to have poured itself out rather in friendship than in love. Among all his friends he never seems to have selected an unworthy one. None of his poems mourns over friendship's severed ties. That he was fortunate in this beyond the lot of most men we must admit and he has, it seems, proved despite the doubts of skeptics that true friendship can be found.

Friendship was Horace's inspiration. Eliminate from his poetry his friends and all they inspired and there would be but a sorry skeleton remaining of the little book that has for ages instructed and delighted mankind. *John Ford.*

SONNET.

HORACE, ODE XXX, BOOK III.

A MONUMENT more lasting have I wrought,
Than bronze or pyramid on regal site,
Which neither countless ages in their flight,
Nor storms nor blast shall ever bring to naught.
I shall not wholly die, my praises fraught
With immortality shall shun Death's night,
As long as up the Capitolian height,
The silent virgin by the priest is brought.
Where rolls the Aufidus within its bed,
Where Daunus ruled, thence came he, men will say,
Great, yet of lowly birth, the first to wed
Italian metre to Aeolic lay.
Melpomene, take honors merited,
And bind my temples with the Delphic bay.

Herbert Eugene Millholen.

CAPTAIN NEHEMIAH LAMBERT.

"For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all."

PROSPICE.

AS the Parliamentary horse stood ready to make their first charge at the battle of Worcester, Captain Nehemiah Lambert took advantage of a short breathing spell before the word to move was given and proceeded to exhort, before his men. The bronzed Ironsides lent him most respectful attention. And well might they have listened to their Captain. In many a skirmish which they had begun in prayer and ended in victory, and in pitched battles, too, had the captain ridden ahead of the buff-coated horsemen and been the first to smite the Amalekites and them that were with the Man of Sin. He was, in truth, a mighty man of valour, a man mighty with the sword. But not

only with the sword. There was no one in the whole Parliamentary army who had wrestled with the Lord so often or so fiercely as had Nehemiah. There was no preacher in all that camp who had so often and so thoroughly expounded and made plain to his men the most difficult texts of Scripture, the most abstruse of the doctrines. So his troopers honored him, for he was a brave man and a religious man. And they willingly gave ear to his exhorting as he sat before them on the iron-grey that rejoiced under the name of Leviathan. The Captain looked over his troop and his face became suffused with a sort of pity. He knew his men well and loved them. They had been his neighbors when he had been a Lincolnshire farmer; they had been his soldiers when he took up arms for the Lord. Among them were his four sons. Freegrace and Nehemiah, the twins, sat at the right of the line, the tallest men in the troop; directly in front of him was Hoped-for bearing the standard, and by him Moremercy, the youngest born. The Captain looked over his troop and then turned in his saddle to gaze at the Royalist Army and the space between the lines.

Suddenly, away on the left, came the noise of cannon from the Royalist lines, and not so far off could be seen the Cavalier horse riding slowly down the hill opposite the Parliamentary pikemen. The captain read in his Bible for a moment and then burst forth:

"Ride ye forth, ride ye forth O children of the bride chamber; ride ye forth, O ye elect of the Most High, and make a joyful noise unto the Lord as ye go, and praise your God in singing as ye ride to the music of the sackbut, and of psaltery, and of the instrument of ten strings. For behold ye go forth as guests to the wedding-feast, having your lamps well filled and burning that the Bridegroom may know ye and that the door be not barred against ye.

"Behold ye go forth now to that last great battle which every man must fight, to that mighty conflict to which each man cometh and from which no man may escape. And the name of that fight is Death. For there are now many of you and there shall be but a few left. Ye are fair and strong as the morning and ye shall be bloody and weak so that a little child might oppress you. Nevertheless do ye be glad in heart and count it a

great thing that to you it fallen in the mercy of God to ride forth now to that last great and awful battlefield, over which all must pass.

"Behold now I hear in my ears the trumps of Armageddon, the noise of the captains and the shouting. The squadrons of Beelzebub are arranging themselves and the armies of Apollyon are dressing them. Close up your ranks. Make ye ready for the assault. Fear not, I say unto you, fear not. Gird ye, gird ye, I say, holding before you the shield of Faith, clasping upon your head the helmet of Righteousness and binding round about you the breastplate of the Truth and hold fast in your hands the sword of the Word, for it is a mighty blade, sharp, keen and cutting, and there be none who may prevail against it. And so ye ride forth to this great battle.

"For verily I say unto you that the elect of the Lord, (which ye be) shall conquer even Death, for so it is written. 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Therefore go forth as strong men who shall not fear death, but shall rejoice in their hearts to meet with him that they may come to the greatest struggle that man can endure. Go ye forth with all your strength ready at your need. Meet with Apollyon and slay him! Scatter the ranks of Beelzebub: Ride on, oh my brethren, ride on and tread ye down the wine press to the horse-bridles; ride on through this great battlefield of Armageddon, ride ye on though ye be compassed about by the banded pikemen of Sin and though ye be outflanked on every side by the horsemen who follow him that rideth upon the pale horse. Smite, smite and spare not. For your God is with you, He shall be to you a shield and a sword. And there shall not come to you any harm though ye shall meet Death face to face, for unto you hath the Victory been given, and with you hath the Covenant been made."

He paused here for an instant and at this moment the bugles sounded on the right and the other troops of horse began to put themselves in motion. Without changing a muscle of his face the Captain put his Bible into his pistol holster, then shouted the order, Forward, turned his horse and with the rest of the Parliamentary horse moved down the hill.

As the troop rode down on the trot the Royalist musketeers began to direct their fire upon them. The distance was yet consid-

erable and only a few bullets pattered on the steel caps and corselets of the cuirasseers. Here and there a trooper fell or a horse plunged headlong to the ground, throwing his rider beneath the pounding heels that came after. But these losses were at first few. Soon, however, on reaching the level the fire became sharper and some few guns of the Royalist artillery began to send their shot among the galloping horsemen so that more and more fell: few, however, in comparison with those left, who settled themselves more firmly in their seats and grasped their swords more firmly, while some leaned over to tighten a strap and others looked to see that the flap over the pistol holster was loose. But among the few was the Captain. As the horses lengthened out in their stride on reaching the level turf, where the royalist bullets came more thickly, he felt a sharp pain in his leg and on attempting to grip the saddle more firmly in his knees he found himself singularly weak and in an unaccountable way swayed to one side and then fell from his horse to the ground directly beneath the hoofs of Zerubabel, the black that bore the Captain's youngest son, Moremercy. The boy hardly noticed his father's fall. His face was white and bloodless in its excitement and his lips were muttering over and over, "So they slew of them that day thirty thousand." Zerubabel, less occupied with sacred things, jumped over the body of his master who lay senseless, huddled in a confused heap. And so the troop swept along and up to the Royalist line.

* * * * * * * *

Nehemiah did not remain senseless long. He came to himself in about half an hour and looked about him. He tried to rise but could not for the pain in his legs. Looking about him from the ground he could see nothing save that some way back was a form in a buff coat and corselet, lying flat on its back, while at a little distance lay a horse uttering low moans. Farther he could not well see. Realizing that he was in the midst of a battle field, and very much in harm's way, he began to drag himself as best he could to a little eminence on which grew a clump of little oaks. With incredible difficulty he reached the spot and leaning his back against the bank he looked again to see what he could see.

Down by the river, which he could now see, was the stone bridge crowded by Royalist footmen, their steel caps and pikes

making a perpetual glistening in the sun. Beyond them, on the other side of the river were stretched out more lines of foot. Even as Nehemiah looked, Cromwell and the Ironsides came down again on the bridge. The air was at once filled with dust and smoke and the Captain could see nothing more. "And behold, there stood before the river a ram, which had two horns," he muttered, "and I saw the ram pushing westward and northward and southward so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was there any that could deliver out of his hands, but he did according to his will." Then the great he-goat with the notable horns occurred to him and how he cast the ram down and stamped on him. But he said to himself, "The great he-goat is Death," and continued looking at the bridge. And in a minute other words came to his mind, namely,—"Behold I come not to send peace but a sword." So he remained quietly, his eyes fixed straight ahead of him, looking at the cloud of smoke about the bridge and the river and listening to the bellowing of the cannon and the shouts which drifted up to him, while the wounded horse near by still moaned occasionally and sometimes he thought of the angel that cried in a loud voice to the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, "Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them." But generally he thought over and over again, "Not peace but a sword," and in a little while he fainted again.

* * * * * * * *

When he came to himself again the night had fallen and the stars had come out. Everything was quiet. The Captain opened his eyes and saw the three stars in Orion's belt. And he seemed to see a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And as he looked out he saw that great city, the New Jerusalem "which lieth foursquare," he thought to himself, "and the length is as large as the breadth. The length and the breadth and the height are equal—twelve thousand furlongs . . and the wall thereof a hundred and forty and four cubits . . and the foundations of the wall of the city are garnished with all manner of precious stones," he went on, still looking at Orion. Then in a minute he thought to himself "In my

Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you." So he looked yearningly at the Holy City which was over against him, though he was so stiff that he could not move to go to it.

In a minute more it all seemed to be obscured and dull and he could no longer see the shining city, for a great form rose up as of a giant in front of him standing on the ground, as it seemed, and reaching the stars with his head, so that on his head sparkled the belt of Orion as though a crown. And there was a notable horn between his eyes. And the form continually drew nearer and the Captain's eyes sparkled, "I know thee who thou art" he cried aloud and so rolled over on one side tugging with both hands at the pistol in his belt and muttering the while, "And the last enemy to be overcome is Death." And the figure approached him and stood at his feet. And the Captain felt his body moistened with sweat and he could not move a limb. Then the figure seemed to raise both hands and the Captain made a desperate effort, so that his heart seemed to burst beneath his steel breastplate, and made one tug more at his pistol and pulled it out and stood upright forgetting that his leg was broken and shattered. And he presented his pistol, holding it in both hands and crying out, "Oh Death where is thy sting?" and he fired the pistol in the air and cried out, "Oh grave where is thy victory?" Then he fell back again on the mound, and the world and everything else vanished from him and he was alone and it was very dark and cold. And it flashed across his mind that "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

And when they found him that night on the battlefield, he was lying on his back with the empty pistol in his hand and his upturned face was grave and stern, in the light of the lantern, but confident and even triumphant.

"First a peace out of pain,
Then a light."

Thomas Allen.

FOOTBALL.

THOSE who play football and those who like to see it played will be interested in one of the recent additions to the Badminton Library.* This volume (which has, of late, been added also to our own Library) gives us as good an account of the game of Football as exists. The history and development of the game is discussed, the rules are given, and methods of play are criticised, the work all being done by men well up in their subjects. To us at Cornell the book is just at present worthy of especial attention and we venture to recommend it to all who care for the game.

A part of the book of curious interest to football players is that in which are described the various forms of the game played at the different great public schools of England. Each of the schools has it appears its particular kind of game developed in course of time from the circumstances attending years of playing. Thus at Eton prevails a singular form of football known as the "Wall Game." The frequent playing of the game indoors in the passages of the various houses, has given rise to a game played alongside a high wall of some one hundred and twenty yards in length, on a narrow ground of only six yards breadth. In this game as one would readily infer, there is hardly any running or kicking and passing is forbidden. The ball is put forward largely by shoving, the respective weights of the eleven forming, one would think, a rather important factor in success. So also at Winchester the fact that football was formerly played on the *edges* of the playground, (the centre being reserved for cricket), has given rise to a peculiar game played on a ground eighty yards long by twenty-five yards wide. The Eton "Field Game" and the "Harrow Game" have also developed through local circumstances into games more or less differing from the Association game such as used to be played (with certain changes) in the early days of Cornell.

But the school game of the most interest to Americans is the Rugby game, not only because the Rugby game is the one des-

*Athletics and Football. By Montagu Shearman: Longmans, Green & Co., London.

cribed in "Tom Brown's Schooldays" but because the Rugby game is the one now in vogue in most American colleges, including Cornell. The Rugby game seems to be only a regulated form of the earliest football in which the players used both hands and feet to accomplish their ends, whereby not only kicking, but running passing and tackling became part of the game. At the other schools divers necessities caused modifications. At Rugby there was plenty of room for long kicks, and long runs and in Rugby alone in olden times was the full license of the game allowed, the modifications being apparently only in the line of regulating the play and not of excising any features, for practically the only thing one cannot do in Rugby football is to punch it with the hand or fist.

The game of football, the oldest of English national sports, is now fast becoming one of the most popular games of the day with Americans and especially with college students . At Cornell it was first played about 1871-'72 and for nearly ten years was one of the great sports of the University. What was called "Cornell football," which is almost identical with the Association game, was played at that time. Every class had its team and each year a series of games was played to determine the championship of the University. As no other college played under the same rules, intercollegiate games were impossible, and this soon led to attempts to substitute the Rugby game. About 1880 the advocates of the latter became strong enough to drive out the old Cornell game but they could not arouse enough enthusiasm to make Rugby a success. In different years teams were formed but unfortunately no games were played until 1886-'87 when the present Senior and Junior classes to determine class supremacy played two, both of which resulted in a tie. The history of last year's attempt is only too well known, but one good result has been to awaken the interest of the whole University in the game. As we can hope to be successful only when the great majority of the students are well enough informed about football to constitute themselves critics of the team, its management and method of play, and as so few outside of the players understand the fundamental principles of the game we go on to give a sketch of the game as now played with the hope of interesting each and every student, be he player or not, in the success of the team.

The American game of football is the Rugby game adapted to America. As now played, it requires a field three hundred and thirty by one hundred and sixty feet, with two goal posts eighteen and a half feet apart with a cross bar ten feet from the ground, at the center of each end of the field. There are eleven players on each side, each with his special duty to perform ; seven rushers, a quarter-back, two half-backs and a full-back.

In general the objects of the game are to drive the ball over the cross bar between the goal posts of the goal, to force your opponents to touch the ball down behind the line of their own goal posts for safety, or to touch the ball down there yourself. But, as in all similar games, the main object must be to protect your own goal and goal line. The ball can be driven toward the opponents goal either by running with it or kicking it but all passing or batting in that dirrection is strictly prohibited.

The most difficult point for spectators to understand is "off side" play. A player between the ball and his opponent's goal when the ball is kicked has no rights until the kicker has run beyond him or some one of the opposite side has touched the ball. If this point be kept in mind much of the difficulty in understanding a game will be removed.

Let us now watch a regular match. The referee places the ball in the center of the field and one side has the " kick off." The center rush runs down the field with the other rushers spread out on either side just behind, and he either "dribbles" the ball, that is picks it up and runs with it, or kicks it towards his opponents goal. The opposite "rush line" stand ten yards in front of the ball and if the ball be kicked try to stop it. If one of them can get the ball he either kicks it forward or runs with it toward the other goal. Then all the players of the first side try to "tackle" him. Tackling is simply the stopping of an opponent who is running with the ball toward your goal. To do this, by this year's rules, you may seize him anywhere above the knees but throttling or seizing below the knees is unfair and if the umpire considers it intentional, the player, who does it, is debarred from the game. As soon as a player is fairly held, the ball is no longer in play.

To put the ball in play again, it is put on the ground at the

spot where the player was held and a "scrimmage" occurs. The center rush of the side to whom the ball belongs puts his foot upon it and the remainder of his rush line stands each side of him just behind the ball while the opponent rush line stand facing them. The quarter back is just in the rear of the center rush when the latter has the ball and the half backs are a few yards behind on either side of him with the full-back some distance to the rear of them. By this year's rules, the center rush can now pick up the ball and run with it. He may also, (and usually does), by a downward and backward push with his foot snap the ball to the quarter back who throws it to one of the halfs, who kicks it or runs with it toward the enemies' goal while his rushers try to protect him.

The duties of the rush line are to protect the half-backs by blocking their opponents at all times and when the ball is on the opposite side to tackle the holder of it. The quarter must receive the ball from the center rusher and pass it to the halfs and on his speed and accuracy depends much of the game. The halfs are the runners and kickers of the team and theirs is a difficult part to play but as a reward they get a greater share of glory. The full-back is the goal protector and he must be some distance in the rear of the others in order to be prepared for emergencies. He must be able to kick and to tackle well.

The time of the game is an hour and a half, played in two equal parts with an intermission of ten minutes and the team securing the more points wins. A touchdown counts four; a goal kicked from the field five; a goal kicked from a touchdown six; and if a side makes a touchdown for safety, two points are added to their opponent's score.

Such is in brief the Rugby game as now played in this country. As to the style of play we gain interesting information from Mr. Shearman. When football first came into prominence in England some twenty-five years ago, the game was to shove. Fifteen or twenty men played on a side and the heaviest rush line usually came out ahead. Next, the number of men being reduced drop kicking, punting, and running with the ball came naturally into more importance. This was the great day for the half-backs who got many chances for brilliant runs or timely punts. Of late

years the comparatively new feature of passing has come in. Passing, always allowed in the Rugby game, is now one of its chief features. This gives the rushers a greater chance to distinguish themselves than did the running game. It will probably continue to be the style of play for some years, although in one respect it is defective, that is that it is a hard game to play in wet weather.

Of course much may be said for and against football as an athletic game. Many object on account of roughness. From its very nature it cannot be otherwise than rough, but that it is necessarily dangerous to the man who is properly trained remains to be proved. Formerly under less strict rules many accidents occurred and there was a much greater chance for personal encounter. Now with these elements eliminated, an accident very seldom occurs. Another objection often raised is that football takes too much time. It certainly takes time but no more than base ball or rowing, and a man who is behind in his work has no business in college athletics. Football alone is free from the taint of professionalism. Every other prominent sport is alloyed by this, but football, be it said to its credit, is as much an amateur sport as it was hundreds of years ago and it bids fair to remain so.

Charles Edward Treman.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Questions of the Day.

THE latest issues in the series of monographs which Putnam publishes under the above title naturally concern more or less the great questions of the day—the tariff and the presidential election.* Mr. Nast's contribution, though not included in the set, belongs to it at least by sympathy. But we must frankly reject it, not only because it adds little or nothing to the elucidation of a grave political question, but also because even as humor the carri-

No 48. *The President's Message* 1887, with annotations by R. R. Bowker. No. 52. *Tariff Chats*, by Henry J. Philpott. No. 54. *Relation of the Tariff to Wages*, by David A. Wells. Also *The President's Message* 1887, with illustrations by Thomas Nast. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1888.

catures are distinctly below what the occasion permitted or the artist's own earlier standards. Mr. Bowker's notes to the president's famous message are supplementary and illustrative rather than exegetical, and consist mainly of statistics, histories, comparisons, and excerpts from earlier state papers, all apt and telling, fair in tone, and doubtless such as the president himself would have approved, Mr. Wells is an old controversialist who delights in crossing swords with the enemy. The wages question, or more exactly the question of the effect of the tariff on the rate of wages, is a fundamental one in the present canvass; and the author takes the ground, of course, that high wages in this country are not due to protection, but to a great variety of advantages which America has over Europe, the tariff being rather a disadvantage. The pamphlet is in the form of a dialogue, and Mr. Wells easily disarms his imaginary antagonist. But we think he fairly states the views of the high tariff champions, though a less contemptuous truculent tone would perhaps have been in better taste aud not less effective, The "Tariff Chats" of Mr. Philpott, the well known western editor, are written in better temper, but in a rather slashing style which is not too tolerant of those who are innocently misled by the sophisms of protection. Taken together however the three pamphlets are a strong contribution to the cause of revenue reform, and will have great influence with those who, not being the slaves of prejudice, are anxious to get at the truth. Indeed the whole series of "Questions of the Day" cannot be commended too warmly to all students of political economy and political science, to all who wish light on the great problems of government in America. They range over a wide field, are short and concise and touch live issues with a firm and steady hand.

The American Commonwealth Series.

MISSOURI. A BONE OF CONTENTION. Vol. X of "American Commonwealths." By Lucien Carr.

A very noticeable feature about this book is the graphic style of narrative which invests what may be called dry facts of history, with genuine interest. Mr. Carr leads his reader from the dis-

covery of the Mississippi to the time of the abolition of slavery and the convention of 1865 The story of French and Spanish rule, and the Louisiana purchase are fully set forth. The author might well have dwelt at more length with the history of the Missouri Compromise which marks one of the most vital points in the history of our country ; yet he dismisses this great subject with less attention than he pays to the story of the annexation of Texas, and conquest of New Mexico. While Mr. Carr seems to have made some errors in the discrimination of more and less important matters in the history of Missouri, he touches with a fair degree of fulness upon everything, separately if not relatively. The book, written in a fascinating style and relating most interesting American history, will well repay perusal.

INDIANA. A REDEMPTION FROM SLAVERY. Vol. XII of "American Commonwealths." By J. P. Dunn, Jr.

The author of this work combines an interesting literary style with a thorough knowledge of his subject. The scope of Mr. Scudder's series is broad and the history of each state is meant to be treated in such a way that its own influence, in the development of the nation, may be discovered. Mr. Dunn devotes several chapters in the beginning to the story of the early French exploration and civilization of Indiana and adjoining territory, with a view to tracing as far back as possible the causes for later pro-slavery feeling and to show what the anti-slavery sentiment had to overcome. Much research was involved in this undertaking, and, laborious though it was, the work was faithfully performed and the sources of information are authentic. The reader would be aided by a map of the Indiana Territory as it was, just before the time of the revolutionary war. A meritorious feature of the work is the copious footnote references to original sources used by the author in the preparation of the history.

THE ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"We should aim to keep the University in organic connection with its alumni. Wherever they may be, they should be made to feel that they have both rights and duties as regards their *Alma Mater*. As regards their *rights*, they should be kept well informed regarding the condition of the University by her reports and more important publications, they should be welcomed at her annual and other festivals, and their opinions, when carefully based and thoughtfully expressed, should have full consideration. As to *duties*, they should be impressed with the idea that they have something to *do* for the University . . .; that they should take large and friendly views in judging of university questions . . .; that they should aim to make the claims of the University known in the various sections of the country where they may live; and, if successful in the accumulation of wealth, to remember that a university in a great and growing nation will always need additional endowments to keep pace with the advance of the country."—*Andrew D. White.*

IT will be our aim to continue this department during the year upon the same general principles noted in our first number. No more then need be now said as to our intentions and scope and we proceed to give some notes on the Cornell Alumni Associations.

* * *

The alumni associations of Cornell, which are scattered throughout the country, in cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Syracuse, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Washington, often exercise a beneficial influence over the University, although they lack the enthusiasm that must of necessity characterize a large gathering of alumni who are collected together at annual alumni meetings, irrespective of individual associations. We have endeavored to obtain both general and particular information regarding the more prominent of the alumni associations but are at present able to give space to only two of them, namely, those of Washington and Minneapolis—St. Paul.

The Washington Alumni Association came into being April 15, 1882, when a constitution was read and adopted, and officers elected, eight alumni were present. The existence since then has been a very tranquil one, being disturbed only by the sad death of one of the most active and able members, Mr. Thomas Hampson. The members of the association are mostly young men, and many of them are honorably filling positions under the Government, there being quite a cluster of Cornell men in the Agricultural Department and Geological Survey. The older men comprise such names as Das, Barnard, Jenkins, Hillebrand, Knight, Walker,

Pierce. There are a large number of prominent young Cornellians in Washington as correspondents of our best known papers, some of them filling positions of great responsibility and having the entire management of the Washington bureaus; such men, for example, as Walker of the Cleveland *Leader*, and Martin of the New York *Press*, Williams, N. Y. *Sun*, Spafford, Associated Press. Cowell, '82, a Cornell *Sun* man, has a responsible position on the editorial staff of the Washington *Critic*.

The purposes of the Washington Association in organizing was to bring the Cornell men of that locality nearer together in order that they might become better acquainted, and unite to further the best interests of the University. There seems to be general satisfaction among the members of this association with the present course of the University. They feel, however, that the standard should not be lowered for the sake of obtaining more pupils (not scholars); also that a certain tendency to become a state college (so many men entering from New York State) might be avoided by returning to the plan of conducting examinations in the large cities, which plan was inaugurated but abandoned some time ago. Washington, for instance, seems to entertain a very friendly feeling for Cornell and there is not much doubt that an examination could be held there with good results. There is one matter of University administration that the Washington alumni are all pleased with, and that is, that in the great interest shown in the construction of new buildings the desire to have the highest class of professors has not been lost sight of.

The Cornell Alumni Association of Minnesota is the next to the youngest of the alumni associations. It has enrolled as members about seventy-five Cornellians, of whom about one half are graduates. Of the membership about thirty-five are credited to Minneapolis, twenty-five to St. Paul, and the remaining fifteen to the smaller cities and towns of the State. There is among the membership the usual preponderance of lawyers with a smaller proportion of business men, mechanical and civil engineers, architects, journalists, teachers, clergymen and physicians; all are doing well and enjoying more than average success, and are on the whole—a credit to their Alma Mater.

The principal purpose of the association as evidenced by the

lines of its greatest activity, though probably not the one most considered at its formation, is undoubtedly the promotion of a closer acquaintance and good fellowship among its members, the principal means thereto being the annual reunion and banquet. These enjoyable events have thus far been held alternately in Minneapolis and St. Paul, and will probably so continue to be held until some one of the other cities of the state has a sufficient representation in the association to insure the success of a banquet held outside the twin cities. The attendance at the banquets has been from twenty to thirty-five, drawn almost entirely from the two cities with a small representation from the outside cities of Iowa, Wisconsin and Dakota.

Of the other purposes in view at the formation of the association, namely, organized effort to better the condition of the University by bringing it more prominently before the people of the state and influencing prospective students to enter the University, and organized effort to better the University by bringing graduate opinion regarding its policies to bear more forcibly, nothing has ever been done. Beyond the annual newspaper notices of the banquet, the association has not brought the name of the University under the notice and consideration of the public, and it is probable that there is not a single student whom the association has been in any way instrumental in sending to Cornell. Its influence on university policies has been even more microscopic in character, at its last reunion, however, the association as an organization, did make an effort in this direction. One of the candidates for Alumni Trustee was present and took part in the discussion of University affairs, and, having pledged himself to the line of policy favored by the association, received its unanimous indorsement; but he was indebted for this indorsement more to the fact that the mercantile house of which he is a member has recently established an extensive house in Minneapolis and the Minnesota alumni consider him as a candidate from and of this association.

The Minnesota Association, being largely composed of the older graduates, is strongly in favor of what are vaguely called the ideas and principles on which the University was founded in contradistinction to some which have been adopted more recently by

the governing body. The material prosperity of the University, bringing along with it such enlargement in equipment and improvement of all courses, the increase in the number, strength and compensation of the faculty, is especially grateful to the Minnesota alumni; and the large number now registered is taken as an evidence that this amplification in all directions is meeting its natural and deserved recognition from the public. On the whole, the feeling is most decidedly one of extreme and pardonable pride and satisfaction with the condition of the University, with a few mental reservations as regards some minor matters mostly pertaining to University administration.

Some of the alumni of Cornell who have taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone West, and who have located particularly in Minnesota are occupying themselves as follows:

—C. F. Hendryx, '69, is editor and proprietor of the Sauk Centre *Tribune*, a weekly newspaper published at Sauk Centre, Minnesota.

—E. D. Jackson, '70, is a lawyer, with political aspirations, in Minneapolis.

—W. H. Hayes, '71, is an architect in Minneapolis and is earning an enviable reputation as a church-builder.

—S. H. Soule, '71, is in the real estate business in Minneapolis. He is also largely interested in iron mines in the vicinity of Devil's Lake, Wisconsin.

—C. H. Dubois, '72, is editor and proprietor of the Minneapolis *Saturday Spectator*, a popular family weekly. He is just commencing the erection of a fine new building for his paper.

—F. N. Hagar, '73, is a lawyer at New Prague, Minnesota.

—J. F. Conklin, '73, is manager of the Grand Opera House in Minneapolis.

—J. B. Phelps, '73, is a member of the law firm of Phelps & Parker at Minneapolis.

—John G. Moore, '73 is a professor of German in the University of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, and a member of the city board of education.

—M. P. Hayne, '74, is in the law business in Minneapolis.

—G. T. Mould, '77, is an architect in St. Paul.

—W. E. Bramhall, '77, is a member of the law firm of Cole, Bramhall & Morris at St. Paul.

—E. J. Edwards, '78, is a member of the firm of John Edwards & Son, Loan Agents, at Minneapolis.

—G. W. Ames, '78, is secretary of the West Publishing Company, an extensive law publishing concern at St. Paul.

—R. B. Gelatt, '79, is managing editor of the *Star-News*, a daily afternoon paper published in Minneapolis.

—Otto Kueffner, '79, is a lawyer in St. Paul, and is also largely interested in a German newspaper published in St. Paul.

—Samuel Hill, '79, is a member of the law firm of Jackson, Atwater & Hill in Minneapolis. He has just returned from a trip through Europe.

—F. P. Rundell, '80, is a lawyer in Minneapolis.

—I. W. Kelley, '80, is one of the successful architects of Minneapolis.

—C. S. Leeds, '80, is a heavy dealer in building materials in Minneapolis.

—F. C. Lawrence, '80, is secretary of the Single Men's Endowment Association with headquarters in Minneapolis.

—G. F. Gifford, '80, the first business manager and one of the founders of the Cornell *Sun*, is telegraph editor of the St. Paul *Globe*, the leading Democratic daily in the Northwest.

—F. N. Catlin, '82, is a lawyer in St. Paul.

—A. B. Coe, '82, is in the office of the city engineer in Minneapolis.

—N. P. Cushing, '82, is teaching in the State Normal School at Mankato, Minnesota.

—Asa Wilcox, '82, after a medical course in Vienna, is a physician in Minneapolis. He is also a professor in the Minneapolis Homoepathic College. He recently married one of the most popular young ladies of Minneapolis.

—N. T. Jacobs, '83, is a dentist in St. Paul.

—A. A. Hartzell, '85, is a lawyer in Minneapolis.

—G. M. Thorp, '85, is a civil engineer in Minneapolis.

—A. S. Genung, '85, is a reporter on the St. Paul *Dispatch*.

—John Thompson, '87, has charge of the West St. Paul Department of the St. Paul Daily *News*.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

IT occurs to me that any one reading the following will think it might with propriety be called, "Here and There Out of the Library." Such a thought would be eminently sensible, and any one who wishes to change the name may do so. As for me, the summer is not a time when I feel like haunting libraries, and I have hardly been within one since the last number of the MAGAZINE was published. How then can I write of it? No, I have carried my library around with me outdoors, as most true lovers of true books do, seeing much in the sights of nature that reminds me of my silent friends in McGraw Hall, just as in the winter these same friends often bring back to my mind the sights of nature seen during summers gone by.

* * *

I am reminded always of Heine's Harzreise in these mountains. When I first saw them it was when, being in the company of a dear friend after a walk through the Berkshire hills, we had turned our steps across the Hudson toward the Catskills. We had just passed the night at one of the lowest and meanest hotels it was ever my misfortune to be detained in. One night was enough, and on Sunday morning we took the very first train for the Mountain House. Nothing slower than steam would do to hurry us away from the miserable and hateful little town. As for me, I thought with Heine:

"To the mountains will I clamber
Where the huts of good men be,
Where the soul expands in freedom,
Where the winds are blowing free.

To the mountains I will clamber
Where the dark pines cleave the sky,
Where brooks brawl, and birds are singing
And the clouds sweep proudly by."

Heine wanted to get away from

"Coal-black dress-coats, silken stockings,
Courtly ruffles, snowy faces,
Oily speeches, smiles, embracings—"

from

" * * polished *salons*,
Polished dames and lords."

There was little polish in the Inn that we were so anxious to leave, and no silk stockings. Nor were there any oily speeches. The conversation was of the kind that Emerson notes, which

"Keeps the ground and never soars,
While Jake retorts and Reuben roars;
Scoff of yoeman strong and stark
Goes like bullet to its mark:
While the solid curse and jeer
Never balk the waiting ear."

Still our joy in reaching the mountains was, I think as profound as was Heine's.

* * *

There is an air of romance which haunts the Catskills. But it is not wholly the poetic charm which we find in Heine's poems in the Harz mountains. Here in the Catskills we miss

> " * * the massive castle ruins
> Standing in the morning light."

The old-time dwellers in these mountains were anything rather than permanent as far as their architecture, at least, is concerned.

We miss, also,

> " * * the cottage
> Of the aged mountaineer."

For there are, strictly speaking, no mountaineers in the Catskills. But for the Princess Ilse, who lives in Ilsenstein, holding the Kaiser Freidrich in her palace beneath the gleaming waters, we have that loveliest of cascades the Kauterskill, lovely in spite of all that man has done to vulgarize it. And for the legends of the Good Little People and the Cat "wie ist ein Hexe" we have vague remembrances of one Rip Van Winkle who once lived in the village below, who actually saw the crew of Hendrick Hudson playing nine pins in the mountains, as they still do play and as one may still hear them rolling down the mountain alleys during any thunderstorm.

* * *

Sitting on the ledge in front of the Old Mountain House, or indeed anywhere on the crest of North Mountain, I always think of Tennyson's "Tithonus." The mountain drops down, as it were, almost precipitously for five hundred feet, and then by a less steep descent reaches the valley and slopes away to the Hudson, which crosses the whole picture, almost ninety miles of it in sight from north to south. Beyond, one can see the hills in western Massachusetts and Connecticut. Upon the mountain one sees only the distant view; there is no foreground to the picture. One seems to view the world from a position isolated and apart

from it. Natty Bumpo, who knew the mountains well, was asked by Jasper Eaudouce what could be seen from the Overlook. "Creation," said the old backwoodsman. And so it seems: one is separated away from the world and yet the world is spread out in view. One truly feels that he is, as was Tithonus,

> "Here at the quiet limit of the world."

The first evening I spent at the Mountain House was, to begin with, cloudy. We were ourselves in the clouds and then in time above them, for we could seen the sky above which was perfectly clear and the stars were shining everywhere. Below was darkness, so thick that it seemed like some solid substance, a black blanket for instance spread over the whole country. But at times the clouds broke away as, in the poem,

> "A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
> A glimpse of that dark world where I was born."

So now and then as the rifts grew larger and larger we could see the lights of Palenville, almost directly beneath us, and sometimes the farther lights of Catskill. This sitting above and at times catching glimpses of the world below, had a singularly interesting effect. While the clouds were heavy we saw absolutely nothing; when they parted we could see intimations of so much. In the daytime the effect would be more marked.

The view in the early morning is a beautiful sight, when the night damp is gathering in little clouds and floating away. I think of the lines

> "When the steam
> Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
> Of happy men."

For the Catskills are nowhere very lofty hills. One is lifted above the rest of the world but not so far that the rest of the world is wholly beyond one's ken. From the Mountain House, for instance, perhaps thirty-five hundred feet above the surrounding country, one can easily distinguish the detail of the country below. 'Tis not, perhaps so near that one can see

"These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from the very trees!"

But one can easily note the roads, the farm houses, the villages, the fields, the woodland sometimes in masses and sometimes strung along by the side of the water courses that run into the Catskill and so into the Hudson which forms a sort of silver band inclosing all. One sees so much, yet not too much. The human interest is preserved but not made obtrusive.

* * *

But one does not always sit out on the ledge of North Mountain. There are many walks round about, carefully laid out by persons, apparently mindful of that text of Scripture which says that

"Wayfaring men, *tho' fools*, shall not err therein."

Whatever texts they had in mind they laid out the paths most carefully; generally with paint upon the rocks, now and then adding an arrow that the wayfarer might know in what direction the path was going. With a certain impartiality, however, there are often two arrows placed end for end, (or perhaps more properly one arrow with a head at each end,) pointing in exactly opposite directions. The use of such signs is not wholly clear to me, unless it may be that one arrow is to welcome the coming and the other to speed the parting guest. In spite of all this a Philistine, whom I met on a walk, complained bitterly about the lack of signboards. But on the whole the paths are cut so that anyone can find his way easily.

In fact to anyone with common sense the enormous number of signs becomes painful. I was oppressed with the number of marks which accompany the traveller around North Mountain. After a while, however, this feeling of oppression wore off (the paint marks ceased) and I found myself guided only by old blaze marks on the trees. This was just what I liked, but the time came when I reached the last blaze mark—I couldn't see another. Then I felt like one of those wayfaring men spoken of in the text.

I looked at the sun for directions and started ahead without a path, and after some little painful walking down hill, which would be more properly called falling, I reached my desired object namely, a certain waterpipe which leads from a spring on North Mountain to the Old Mountain House. This waterpipe has been the Ariadne's clew that has led many a weary Theseus out of the pine tree labyrinth of North Catskill Mountain. It runs along the ground without paying any attention to any of the natural beauties around it, and by accompanying it one is brought along between the two lakes on top of the mountain and so to the house. I made two observations on the way. 1st, The stump of a great tree with the dirt rubbed off its roots resembles an octopus. 2nd, Wild strawberries are much sweeter than tame ones.

I got back to the house on this particular occasion a little before dinner time. The thing I remember about my first visit to the Old Mountain House (after the view),—and I doubt not that my travelling companion of that day will also remember it vividly,—is the fact that when you order pie at dinner you get a whole one. This holds true of apple pie; concerning the others I cannot say. In other respects the dinner at the house is exceedingly pleasing. I gather that it has lost some of its old-time splendour. A young friend of mine, old enough to look back on a wedding journey twenty-five years ago, told me on one occasion of the state observed at dinners at the Old Mountain House of that day. My chief recollection is that (the guests being seated) a gong was struck, the doors of the kitchen opened, and a procession of black waiters proceeded forth in ceremonious order, each holding aloft on the palm of the hand a tray bearing the most esteemed food. Another friend relates that you helped yourself out of dishes put on the table and did not have that army of little dishes that generally besieges one at an hotel. Neither of these splendours survives.

* * *

To change one's thoughts from such gross things I may remark that, joking aside, the mountains almost always turn one's mind to reverence. Even more so to my mind than does the sea. For the sea can be, and has been, so overreached by the intellect of man that it has become an unwilling but powerful servant, carrying us

with its submissive winds whither we will and giving up from its depths whatever it has that is necessary for our life. A servant unruly at times, 'tis true, but in the main a good one and to be depended upon. But the mountains are unsubdued. They minister not save of their own accord to man's wants, and rarely can we attain to their summits save with individual pain and labour. Tunnels run through them and railroads climb puffing to their very tops, but in spite of the mountain not by aid of it. Boreas and Aeolus may be turned to suit man's purpose, even Neptune, himself holds up and helps forward the ship at the order of her clever designer. But the Oreads on mountain tops are beings not yet brought into subjection to serve the uses of man. And so with me, on mountain tops more than elsewhere, is borne in upon me the sense of a mighty power outside myself, incomprehensible and unsubservient to me.

So I think Heine was touched by reverence when he wrote his curious confession of faith in the Berg-Idylle.

" Ah, my child, while yet a stripling
By my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father
Throned on high, the Great and Good!

" As I grew, child, and my reason
Ever wider limits won,
Deeper thinking, feeling taught me
To believe, too, in the Son,

" Now to manhood grown, read deeply,
Travelled wide from pole to pole,
Meekly in the Holy Spirit
I believe with all my soul!"

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

"On peut être honnête homme et faire mal des vers."
—MOLIERE.

The Widow of Cashel.

[*Brogue ad lib.*]

Oh, the Widow of Cashel had only one eye,
But she was for all that (and I'm telling no lie,)
As fine an old lady as ever was seen,
For she had a big mouth and a love for potheen.

Oh, the Squire of Balclusha went riding one day,
And he chancéd to come by the poor Widow's way:
Said she, "My kind sir, will it please you to stop,
And rest your poor steed, and yourself take a drop?"

So the Squire he got down, put his horse in the stable,
And made his best bow and sat down at the table.
The Widow she took from her pocket a mug
And filled him a drink from her Little Brown Jug.

Now the Saints bless the Widow and also the Squire,
And save them all out of the Devil's own fire.
And save all good people who ever were born
With a love of potheen and the Cruiskeen Laun
Ochone.

THE

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RECENT VIEWS ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THERE have been within the past six months or so various interesting utterances by prominent authorities on the proper functions of a University in this country, which have doubtless come to the attention of many of our readers. Some time since President Eliot of Harvard in his report to the Board of Overseers made certain propositions which called up the question of the advisability of doing away with the work of the Freshman year as far as the University was concerned and giving the degree of A.B. for three years' work with the understanding that the entrance examinations should make sure that candidates for matriculation were advanced as far as students are at present at the end of the Freshman year. Last May President Barnard of Columbia in his Annual Report to the Trustees alluded to a plan under consideration, whereby the School of Arts at Columbia should be discontinued with a view to the more vigorous prosecution of graduate study at the University. And in *America* for Sept.

27th appeared an article over the name of President Adams, which in discussing "The Outlook for Higher Education" propounded a scheme whereby the colleges of the country should reserve their energies in keeping to elementary and disciplinary work while the large universities should turn their attention wholly to advanced study and graduate work.

If these three utterances, official and unofficial, on the part of the representatives of three of the great universities in the country do not settle wholly the question as to the proper function of a university, they do at least settle another matter satisfactorily.

They make it very evident that at present no very exact idea obtains generally in this country as to what a university is and what it is for. This perhaps was evident enough before without such proof. But it seems to be now rendered quite certain. To tell the truth the term "University" and the term "College" are applied with a most painful looseness in this country, and even such meaning as can be gathered from the various uses differs very largely from the notion conveyed by the use of the word in England, which again is by no means similar to the idea which is held in Germany. It seems unfortunate that this should be so. It causes much misapprehension and doubtless much waste of energy. It causes misapprehension, as may be seen in the case of the recent article in the *North American Review* which has recently caused so much disturbance. Harvard men, near whom that bomb exploded, were for days subjected to a shower of such questions as: "Is not there a most extraordinary freedom allowed at Harvard in regard to attendance at recitations?" "Is it true that there is no required chapel at Harvard?" "Do I understand that most of the instruction is given at Harvard by means of lectures?" "Do not the students at Harvard have to be in their rooms (in bed, with the gas out, presumably) by any particular hour?" Now questions like these, (without considering the nature of the conceptions whereon they were based), showed that the questioners misapprehended the ideas which guide the authorities at Harvard in their policy. But the looseness of understanding causes also waste of energy; for what is it but waste of energy when a number of men who have become learned in some one line or another find themselves suddenly forced to give up a good portion of their

time to overseeing the moral and physical welfare of some five or ten hundred young men at a most unruly age? or when a zealous and enthusiastic student finds himself hampered and held back by rules, regulations and courses of study laid down to suit the average wants of a large body of men? It is greatly to be hoped that some clearer understanding of terms and the necessary remodelling of various institutions of learning, will come to pass in the near future.

There have been recently expressed in England views on Education of a most interesting character. Readers of the September *Century* will recall an article on the subject of Edward Thring and Uppingham School. Mr. Thring, the late head master of one of the large English public schools, was during the latter part of his life an authority on educational matters and though he held some very unorthodox views in the matter, the success of the school to which he devoted his life would at least create the presumption that these views were worth looking into. They may be found in fuller expressions than was possible in the *Century* in a volume of seven "Addresses" recently edited by his daughter. The book has of late been added to the University Library. Not to attempt a full statement of Mr. Thring's ideas, it will be useful to consider some of his fundamental points and these can probably be best exhibited by means of extracts rather than through an abstract.

Here are two of the most important of the propositions laid down by Mr. Thring.

"Every child has to be taught; with its corallary, that no system which fails to meet this necessity is true."

"Education means training for life. Lives not lessons are dealt with; with its corollary that no system which battens on books is true."

These statements are of course made in regard to primary education. But they may be adapted to meet university requirements. Here they are stated in another way.

"Everyone has to be dealt with; racing stables and a crack winner or two will not do."

"Life is to be dealt with, not lessons; or lessons only so far as they inspirit life, enrich it and give it new powers."

It will probably occur to many that there is a good deal of non-

sense in trying to apply notions of this sort to university education. Let us see how they rhyme with Cornell.

In many ways, we must see, the state of things at Cornell is antagonistic to any system built upon the two principles cited. The large number of men gathered together renders it difficult to pay particular attention to all individually, and when all cannot be cared for alike a teacher is hardly to blame in using his best energies in behalf of his brightest and best prepared students. The same cause loosens the tie between teacher and student and renders it almost impossible for the former to convey much beyond a knowledge of books. Certainly four years at Cornell cannot do as much in the way of being a training for life (except in the most practical way) as many would desire. Certainly the weakest have to go to the wall here and the best men and the strongest get the best teaching. As to battening on books and being proud of racing stables, probably examples might be found at Cornell without more trouble than would be experienced at another university.

All this may be quite true and yet may be wholly beside the question from Cornell's point of view. As a matter of fact Cornell undertakes to do a certain work and she does it well. She does not give the world to understand that she will receive everyone that chooses to come and oversee their thorough mental, moral, and physical education. She undertakes to accept those properly prepared, to see that they acquire a well-considered amount of knowledge, to see that they get enough physical exercise to enable their minds to work well, to keep order and decency. What more is a university to do? It is not the business of a university to bring up its students by hand. Probably not. Then, unless we deny Mr. Thring's propositions, it follows that such education as he propounds must be attained before reaching Cornell for it cannot be obtained afterward.

The same answer would have to be made by Harvard, by Yale, by Columbia, and so on. Large universities cannot undertake to do more than is possible. They can assemble large numbers of students and offer them the very best learning in the countries. Only at the large universities are there the foremost men in the various lines, the well equipped laboratories and observatories, the immense and well ordered libraries and all that is absolutely

necessary for the prosecution of the higher branches of learning. But at the same time by the very greatness of the university is rendered necessary the loosening of strict discipline, the removing of the student from close communion with the teacher, the relying on books and not on personality, all of which are hurtful to Education in its broad sense.

Surely at some of the smaller colleges better results are attained. It is true the students do not study with such learned men. But those who have learned most often know least how to teach. They do not have all the magnificent apparatus that goes with the great university. But they have the inspiration caused by close connection with the men who are guiding their work. They do not have the freedom essential to the man who really desires to learn. But they do have careful oversight at a period of life when oversight is not wholly unnecessary. The smaller college can certainly deal with life while the larger one deals with lessons; or it can deal with lessons in so far as they inspirit life, enrich it and give it new powers. Probably Mr. Thring would have preferred to send his son (if he had one) to Williams rather than to Harvard,—particularly just at present.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1887, appeared an exceedingly interesting article on the function of a university by Professor J. R. Seeley. It was the address delivered by him as President of the Midland Institute and bore the title "A Midland University." In discussing the proper ground for any plans looking toward the founding a university at Birmingham, Professor Seeley makes some remarks that are very pertinent in just this place. He says:

"But we do not so fully admit the fundamental assumption that a university exists for the purpose of educating young men. A university is not exactly an educational institution; it is a seat of learning. Young men are there, but others are there who are not young. A university is a community of students of all ages, of men, young or old, devoted to study. It will arrange itself, therefore, as far as possible, so as to meet the needs of young men, but it will not sacrifice every other object to this. In this respect it differs from a school which exists solely and alone for the education of the young, whereas the university exists for study and science, and also for the education of the young.

"Properly speaking a university undertakes to see that every department

of knowledge is cultivated by a competent professor, who expounds clearly and publicly what he has learned by fundamental study and original research. The function is educational so far as the professor is bound clearly and fully to explain what he knows, but not farther than this. If it should so happen that his class-room should be frequented by students ill-prepared or not competent to follow him into the more difficult parts of the subject, the professor is not to sacrifice his subject to the needs of such students. He is not to abandon the higher parts of it, and descend to the level of a teacher of rudiments, because by doing so he may give lectures more immediately useful. This would be right in a school ; it would be wrong in a university. A school exists for the pupils ; a university exists for science and learning.

"For reason a university taken by itself, may be unsatisfactory as a mere educational institution. It may be deficient in elementary teaching for students who are backward, or in the requisite discipline and guidance for students who want self-control."

These views are based upon a consideration of the English system in which the university and the colleges exist simultaneously. They must therefore be somewhat modified when applied to the conditions in our own country in which the two exist often in the same individual, there being not a few universities which are at the same time colleges. The application of these views would probably tend to show that such confusion of identity was inadvisable and atended with bad results.

Probably it would simplify matters if everybody thought with Professor Seeley. The university and the college would have each its particular function. There would not be the constant misapprehension and loss of energy that at present exists. The university would be so constituted as to enable students to pursue best the higher branches of learning. The professors who were giving up their lives to the advancement of their own branches would take up their time in communicating their advance to such as desired to know. They would not have to bother their heads to decide about a man's physical condition or his moral. They would not have to teach, they would give opportunities to such as desired to learn. And the college would see that its men received from it Education. Not mere book battening but such education as would make them see life when they left college as something larger, richer and nobler than it seemed when they entered. And those men who, though not great scholars are born teachers, would

be able to give themselves up to their own work and see their men grow under their influence, untroubled the while by the fact that various professors in various universities were wholly distancing them in their own departments. This would be a great saving.

It may now be worth consideration as to what relation these two bodies thus clearly defined should bear, the one to the other. It may be confidently stated that not all men and women need to pursue the higher branches of learning ; indeed there are but few that are able to do so. On the other hand education in its broad sense is necessary to all true living. The college then has the larger sphere as regards numbers. Clearly also the university postulates the college in one way while the college needs the university in a way quite different. The university needs students who are already well grounded in the commonplaces of learning. The college needs teachers who have been well advanced in their particular lines of work. And the work of the two cannot be synchronous. The college, as being catholic and preparatory, must come first. It would seem from this that the ideal scheme would be for men to go to a college as naturally as to dinner. As for the university, let those continue who wish to ; those who need professional study, those who desire to make names in science, those who wish to learn to teach that they may in a measure repay the debt they owe their Alma Mater. So would the college have its teachers.

For the development of a scheme very like the above the reader will do well to consult President Adams's article alluded to at the beginning of this paper. *Edward Everett Hale, Jr.*

THE STURM UND DRANG MOVEMENT.

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!"

THROUGHOUT Europe during the latter half of the eighteenth century there existed a general spirit of discontent and revolt against the tyranny of conventionality and tradition which threatened all established institutions. This spirit in France found expression in the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire and later in the Encyclopædists who, by their bold speculations

and fearless criticism, directed popular attention to old abuses and hastened the French Revolution with its attendant reforms.

In Germany this dissatisfaction and longing for civic and spiritual freedom led to no immediate political results, but spent itself in the creation of a literature full of an ill-defined impulse toward a freer utterance and toward a culture less formal and less exacting. This "Sturm und Drang" movement or "Period of the Original Geniuses," as it is sometimes called, was the spontaneous protest of a new school of writers who were beginning to feel the dawn of a new intellectual era, against the scholasticism and artificiality which characterized a waning literature.

For some time there had been signs of a re-awakening and a literary revolution. The long period of internal dissension and theological dispute which followed the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, had rendered the growth of a vigorous nationality impossible and whatever of literary taste existed had satisfied itself with feeble imitations of French models. As early, however, as 1740 a coterie of Swiss writers, headed by Bodmer and Breitinger of Zürich, had led a reaction against the narrow taste and pedantic scholarship of the time and succeeded in stirring up a most bitter controversy. The authority of Gottsched, who was at that time the literary oracle and chief representative of French taste in Germany, was directly attacked and it was sought to stimulate a freer development of the intellectual life by the study of English writers and the revival of the mediæval epic and popular ballad. With this view Bodmer translated the "Paradise Lost" of Milton and edited the Niebelungenlied and early lyrics of the Minnesingers. Another work bearing in the same direction and even more liberalizing in its tendencies was accomplished by Winckelmann in his "Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums." This book written in a prose style at once pure and elevated revealed the natural beauty and simplicity of Greek art, and introduced ideas which have exercised an enduring influence. Neither of these efforts, however, were appreciated in their full significance, for the time was not yet ripe for them and the German mind was still too much fettered by the critical canons of the court of Louis XIV. Associated with Bodmer at Zürich in 1750, Klopstock had become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Swiss school. His cul-

ture was derived from English sources and he endeavored to transplant ideas of English freedom into Germany, to kindle a patriotic spirit in the German youth and to arouse it to a consciousness of something better than a servile imitation of foreign models. With this intent the future poet of the Messiah chose his themes from early German history; he sang of the bards and of the heroic deeds of Hermann in resisting the encroachments of the Roman invaders. He was the first whose poetry was essentially German in form and spirit and how well his patriotic dramas and stirring odes succeeded in awakening Germany to a sense of national greatness is well seen in the development of all her later literature.

It is more difficult to summarize the influence of Lessing. In his "Laocoon" he clearly enunciated the permanent principles of art and defined the limitations of poetry and painting in forever fixing the province of each. As a critic he unmasked the pretensions of Voltaire and in his masterly "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" laid bare the defects and artificiality of the French classic dramas, and urged the substitution of less rigorous rules and a greater fidelity to nature. Having attacked existing evils, he did not stop with a statement of abstract principles but followed up his work as censor by embodying them in concrete and tangible forms of his own. The results both in tragedy and comedy were a complete vindication of the principles for which he had contended as a critic, and in "Miss Sara Sampson," "Minna von Barnhelm," "Emilia Galotti" and "Nathan der Weise," Lessing produced examples of originality and simplicity of treatment and introduced methods which laid the foundation of the greatness of the German literature.

These streams of new thought and influence which were directed against French taste and which have been briefly indicated as having had their origin in Bodmer, Klopstock, Winckelmann and Lessing, flooded Germany at a time peculiarly favorable to their further spread and development. The iron despotism of Frederick II and the rigid enforcement of his paternal system of government repressed civil liberty and effectually quenched all political aspiration in his people. The indifference of this monarch to the German language and the entire freedom he granted

the press, in strange contrast to the burdensome restraints elsewhere imposed, had permitted the growth of a bold and independent literature with which his people, debarred from political action, felt their interests closely identified. To this new movement Frederick himself contributed indirectly not a little, by the French radical thinkers, Montesquieu, Diderot and Rousseau whom he introduced and popularized at his court. The last, especially exerted throughout Germany, as elsewhere, a widespread influence and his spirit was caught up by one who transferred his doctrine of the freedom of the individual, with increased emphasis, to literature and exercised in the world of letters a revolutionary influence as important as did Rousseau in the theory of the state. This man was Johann Gottfried Herder, a name less familiar perhaps to most readers than those of Goethe and Schiller, but one to which German culture is as much indebted. His scope was so great that it was impossible for him to become a finished specialist in any single department of literature, his work was valuable in its suggestive and stimulating qualities rather than in the form or content itself, and it is for this reason that he has not lived in the popular heart. Yet among his contemporaries, Herder was an inspiration and intellectual leader; in him the impulses set in motion by Lessing were intensified and he proclaimed poetry to be the primitive and natural form of expression for all mankind. He therefore sought the deepest and truest inspiration in the folk-songs and mediæval ballad. "What we want," says he, "is a poetry in harmony with the voices of all the peoples," and he industriously labored to fulfill this need by collecting the popular songs and poetry of all countries, believing that poetry should be of and for the people, not for a period or school but for all time and all men. It is this feeling which prompted the generous cosmopolitanism which is immanent in his writings. Exclusiveness and narrowness of every kind are deprecated in the strongest terms, and esteeming virtue and morality higher than creed and dogma, and humanity above political divisions or ties of state, Herder desired to inculcate universality in religion and nationality, as well as in poetry.

The germs of many of these ideas were derived from Hamann, a laborious scholar and strange mystic who in the quickening

power and fertility of his writings may well be compared to our own Emerson in many respects. Hamann believed that poetry was a divine revelation and among other novel and startling doctrines he glorified the passions, declaring that therein lay the real power of man. Opposing emotion to reason, poetry to prose, and sentiment to logic, he pointed to Shakespeare as a model, and all in an oracular, fragmentary style which won for him the title of "Magus of the North." Thus the course which Lessing began, Herder and Hamann continued by emancipating literature from all irksome restrictions and by vouchsafing to genius the utmost freedom and even license. As a result of these teachings there was bred a literary nihilism, the advocates of which with the watchwords genius and originality upon their lips, attacked the authority of precedent and sought to impress the stamp of nature upon their own productions by ignoring all rules save that of their own individuality. They hurled defiance at time-honored social and religious dogmas and pedantic scholarship, and vigorously opposed academic rules in literature and prescribed forms in dress, modes of thought and conduct. The ordinary methods of experience and patient industry were cast aside, a royal road to excellence had been found, results were to be achieved at once and all by that magic "genius" which each fancied himself to possess. Goethe writing of this period in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung" says: "The time was yet far distant when it could be affirmed that genius is that power of man which by its deeds and actions gives laws and rules. At this time it was thought to manifest itself only by overstepping existing laws, breaking established rules, and declaring itself above all restraint."

The whole movement may be briefly characterized as having been a reaction against the rationalism of the prevailing philosophy. Contrary to the former precise and measured diction, vehemence of style and vague sentimentality came to be considered marks of genius; and inspired by Klinger's "Sturm und Drang" (which drama gave the name to the entire period) and Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" there sprang up a host of writers whose chief claim to distinction lay in the lawlessness and originality of their productions. No better specimen of their extravagant declamation and passionate tone could be selected perhaps

than the following passage from Klinger's Faust: "Satan towers up to a gigantic height; his eyes glow like thunder-clouds from which the beams of the setting sun are reflected; his breathings are like the sighings of a tempest through chasms, when the crust of the earth is burst open; the earth groans beneath his feet, and his hair, through which a storm is raving, floats around his head like the tail of a threatening comet." In such a style the influence of Macpherson's Ossian is plainly apparent, but it is Ossian deprived of its freshness and natural imagery. Upon the reader of to-day all this hyperbole produces the effect of a labored effort and is hardly less repugnant to a correct taste than the artificiality of the French school which preceded it. But at that time it possessed the charm of innovation, there was about it an air of originality and freedom which at once attracted attention and produced numerous imitators.

The sentimentality, unrest and keen sensitiveness to nature affected by the literary reformers is best illustrated in Goethe's "Leiden des Jungen Werthers" which is a faithful analysis of the curious psychological condition of the time. The plot of the story is simple. The hero is a young enthusiast, impulsive and susceptible, a youth refined and poetic in his tastes but with no settled ambition or definite purpose in life. Having no taste for the ordinary pursuits of business or practical life, he is wont to give himself up to his own musings and the gratification of his dilletante interest in art and literature. Thus occupied he falls in love with the wife of another and it is this passion which Goethe portrays in a fervid style which greatly heightens its romantic interest. The hopelessness of Werther's love, the resulting conflict of emotions and morbid self analysis, the tumult of passion, his weakness, his struggle to overcome it, and his final tragic end and suicide were traced with a delicacy and sympathy of treatment which aroused an emotional excitement throughout Germany which amounted to a craze. "Wertherism" spread like a contagion. An unnatural introspection of self and a painful consciousness of the disparity between the ideal and the real were the most important factors in producing this state, which after all was but a natural result of Rousseau's doctrines pushed to the extreme. Indeed Menzel in his bitter criticism of Goethe, goes so far as to say that Werther is nothing more than a clever

imitation of the Nouvelle Heloise. It may be said that much of this mania and depression was assumed or imaginary, and it is doubtless true that many of the afflicted nursed their fancied ills, and, as a widow may take comfort in the becoming weeds she wears, were happy in their very wretchedness. But on the other hand the well authenticated cases of melancholia, madness and suicide caused by this abnormal indulgence of sentiment and emotion are too numerous to admit a doubt as to the genuineness of the Werther malady.

Fortunately the human heart is naturally too optimistic to long cherish the gloomy and lachrymose, and so it was but to be expected that the more robust minds would soon outgrow these symptoms, which were as truly peculiar to the infancy of authorship as are certain diseases, measles and whooping cough, to childhood. Goethe and Schiller suffered no evil results from their youthful extravagances. The former, with the approach of maturity and the perfection of form which characterized the works of his classic period could not but outgrow the crudities and unrestrained license of this early school, and in his later years even view with disapproval his own Werther. Schiller, sobered by the horrors of the French Revolution, relapsed from the wild attitude of defiance to authority which he at first exhibited, into a monarchical conservative and was even moved to write a defence of Louis XVI. With intellects of less strength and vigor the results in many cases were sadly different and more serious. Bilefeld in a fit of madness flung himself from a window and thus ended a life of unhappiness. Lenz became insane and died at Moscow in obscurity and want. Kaufmann committed suicide, and Merck also perished by his own hand. Count F. L. von Stolberg appeased his thirst for the blood of tyrants in iambics and hexameters, and when the time came that he might have made his boasted patriotism felt for his country's good, he sought an asylum in the Roman church.

Another tendency as dangerous in its moral effects was induced by the restlessness and uncertainty of the time. Perplexed by the half truths of Rousseau and disgusted with the metaphysical refinements of his "Systéme de la Nature" to which they had turned, hoping to find in it some solution to their doubts, the "original geniuses" sought in a life of action and passionate experience a temporary relief from the conflicts which raged within

them. If they could not fathom nature, if they could not interpret her mysteries and from them construct a true philosophy, they might at least live, love and enjoy. From these pernicious results of an abuse of the doctrine of freedom of genius, it might be surmised perhaps that they were skeptical and unorthodox in religion. Such, however, was not the case with any considerable number of them so far at least as outward observances were concerned. Wild and lawless as were their ideas of art and literature, their lives were not less so. With burning hearts and throbbing pulses, a feverish excitement preyed upon these protestants against rule and conventionality, which sought the drama as its natural mode of expression—a drama full of an exuberant vigor too often wasted in tragic reproaches and empty declamation. Such were "Der Aufruhr von Pisa" of Hahn, "Die Kindesmörderin" of Wagner, and the "Ugolino" of Gerstenberg. The best works of the period were Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," Schiller's "Räuber" and "Kabal und Liebe," and the "Julius von Tarent" of Leisewitz.

In the north of Germany the movement assumed a somewhat milder form, in that the genius of its leaders was lyrical rather than dramatic. Favorite themes were the fire-side and domestic affections, the joys of a pastoral life and rural simplicity. A picturesque vista of landscape or a glimpse at the contented ease of a fat burgher and his simple minded hausfrau was sufficient inspiration for this class of poetry, of which Voss's "Luise" is a good example. At Göttingen which was at this time (1772) the principal centre of literary activity, there clustered about the leadership of Boie and Voss a group of kindred spirits with common tastes and sympathies. An organization and poetical club known as the "Hainbund" was formed, the members of which were pledged to promote and protect the cause of religion, virtue, sentiment and innocent wit. The origin of the society is significant as to its real character and purpose. Voss writes that the evening of the formation of the Bund, the night was fair, the moon full and beneath a grove of oaks "wir überliessen uns ganz den Empfindungen der schönen Natur." The founders were besides Voss, the two Millers, Hahn, Hölty and Boie. With their hats encircled with garlands of oak leaves and with joined hands they solemnly danced about in a mystic circle, swearing eternal friend-

ship and fidelity to each other. They were soon joined by Bürger, the poet of "Lenore," the two brothers Stolberg, Wehrs, Ewald and a crowd of lesser geniuses, all enthusiastically devoted to Klopstock and loud in their denunciations of Wieland and the French school. Johann Heinrich Voss was the real soul and inspiration of the Bund. Under his direction they were wont to assemble in the evening twilight beneath the shade of a lonely grove of oaks and there discourse upon Religion, Virtue, Philosophy and Art. Every Sunday evening they met to hear, to comment upon and to criticise each other's verses, and such as were deemed by Boie to be worthy of the honor were engrossed in the Bundesbuch for preservation. Nothing was to be published by any member without the unanimous consent of his colleagues. At their meetings Boie was seated in a great arm chair at the head of the table with the others ranged on either side and one place left vacant in honor of Klopstock. First of all, the health of Klopstock was drunk in reverent silence, then followed toasts to Lessing, Gleim, Gerstenberg and others whom they believed to share or sympathize in their own ideas. Amid the clink of glasses and all standing, the hated names of Wieland and Voltaire were then denounced. "Death to the corruptor of morals, Wieland! Death to Voltaire!" At this juncture the Stolbergs would frequently supplement the curses directed against Wieland by stalking violently about the room, raving and furiously declaiming against popes and kings, and enthusiastically appealing to nature and liberty. The meetings ended with pledges of constant devotion to each other, hysterical sobs and tearful embraces.

If less of an immoral tendency existed here than in the Sturm und Drang group at Strassburg and in the Goethe circle at Weimar, yet it would appear that the members of the Hainbund, in spite of their oath to promote religion and virtue and their prudish objections to Wieland, frequently cast suspicion upon their own attitude as reformers, by indulgence in sensual revels and by the indecent character of certain of their poetry which was published for private circulation. This moral laxity and want of stability, deep-seated convictions and definite purpose prevented the Hainbund from exerting any considerable influence for good, or leaving a distinctive impression upon the life and thought of the time. As a separate organization it really had no *raison d'être*, save the

vague desire to establish a closer intimacy between poetry and life. This bond of union was not strong enough to prevent its early dissolution. So, after a duration of a few years, this society of poets, organized with such high hopes and amid such enthusiasm and theatrical display of sentiment, came to a natural end, its members for the most part never rising above a dull mediocrity in their productions. Like the Romanticists of a later period, much of their best work lay in the excellence of their translations. The faithful renderings of Homer by Voss, and of Aeschylus by the Stolbergs, rather than their original productions, are their chief monuments to fame.

No sketch of this period could be regarded as complete without taking into consideration some account of the pietistic movement and the credulous mysticism of men like Lavater and Jung Stilling. The former is chiefly known by his "Physiognomische Fragmente," a work now not often found except upon the shelves of book collectors. This pretended science of physiognomy was in keeping with the many other contemporary follies and extravagances of the time, and found ready credence and staunch supporters. Even Goethe contributed sketches and assisted in the publication of the "Fragmente." Lavater himself was a fanatic and a thorough though unconscious fraud, deceiving himself with his fancies and whims as much or more than others. His blindness in riding his favorite hobby led him into many palpable absurdities and strange conceits, which have been amusingly satirized by Lichtenberg in a humorous work on the Physiognomy of Tails (Physiognomik der Schwänze). Besides the insight into character derived from his physiognomy, Lavater laid claim to inner spiritual illuminations, and in perfectly good faith declared himself the esteemed confidant of the Almighty and one of Heaven's chosen, possessing the key to the mysteries of the universe. This was pushing mysticism to the verge of insanity, and even the most deluded of his converts could not follow him in this. In another age and country, with more singleness of purpose and less insufferable vanity, Lavater might have exerted the positive influence of a Swedenborg.

Johann Heinrich Jung, or Jung Stilling as he is oftener called did attain to the reputation of a seer. Jung was a man who commands far more one's respect and sympathy than Lavater, for

united with his credulity and superstition there was a loving trustfulness and childlike simplicity and faith which had mingled with it much that was pathetic. These qualities and the singular purity of his personal character are the distinguishing traits of his best known work, "Heinrich Stillings's Jugend." Jung believed that he saw the hand of Providence in the most ordinary affairs of life, and he ever felt the presence of divinity as a safe-guard and protecting influence. A perversion of this mysticism together with the ideas of Hamann and Lavater led the way to an easy credulity and vulgra belief in clairvoyance, animal magnetism and alchemy. Count Cagliostro, Mesmer and less notorious frauds and imposters overran Germany. The search for the philosopher's stone and elixir of life was renewed with an interest and zeal unsurpassed in the days of Geber and Paracelsus. Nor did these follies seize only upon men of ignorance and half culture. Many of the noblest minds of the time were fascinated and led away by them. Thus the eminent naturalist, George Forster, conceived the mad idea of making gold; the theologian Semler sought a medicine which would cure all diseases and prolong life indefinitely; and Bureis a respected physician at Helmstedt devotedly applied himself to the dubious art of converting small diamonds into large ones. Even Goethe enthusiastically gave himself up to the study of astrology and magic with Fräulein von Klettenberg, and abundant traces of her influence appear in the first part of Faust. Along with these practices there existed a mania for the mummery of secret societies, and lodges of Bavarian Illuminati and similar organizations having for their object the promotion of fraternal feeling were established throughout Germany, Holland, France and Italy. It is true that these last manifestations were not directly connected with the revolution of the "original geniuses" but they were influenced by and were in a measure due to it, and some mention of them is necessary to an understanding of the social condition of the age.

As a distinct epoch in literary history the Sturm und Drang may be said to have ended with the publication of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in 1787. The good results of the movement are not to be estimated by the immediate literature to which it gave rise. Its greatest merit lay in enunciating sound principles of

criticism and in stimulating a better national taste by the persistent advocacy of the doctrines of fidelity to nature and of the untrammelled development of genius. The great changes wrought are obvious enough when the literature prior to 1750 is compared with the succeeding era. To the sluggish stream of German thought which had reached its ebb under the depressing influences of French rule, the Storm and Stress impulse came like a gust of fresh air, breaking its stagnating and monotonous surface into a thousand eddying channels and rippling currents of new life and activity. The impetus thus imparted has not ceased. The tide of thought has widened and deepened into a mighty, national literature. *Henry Laurence Shively, '84.*

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

Brown and barren stretch the hillsides ;
  Rustling leaves our feet waylay ;
Branches bare November traces
  On the skies now veiled in gray,
  On horizons pale and gray.

Wild geese weirdly call and clamor,
  As in verging lines they fly,
While on whirring wings the partridge
  Safety seeks in thickets dry,
  Where her bronze hue foes defy.

In the dusky, sombre woodlands,
  Thwarting vistas dull and cold,
Thrown in vivid constellations,
  Gleam the hazel stars of gold,
  Gracious gifts of wealth untold.

Hazel blossoms, brightly glowing
  Through the forests dark and drear,
Seem sweet miracles, bestowing
  Gladness on a dying year ;
  Magic bloom on woods grown sere.

Thus do thoughts of thee, beloved,
Memories that time endears,
Glow athwart the fading vistas
Of the dreary, barren years,
Whispering hope, rebuking tears.

A. H.

A BIT OF TRADITIONAL HISTORY.

THERE is an old town nestling under the shadow of the Catskills, an old sleepy Dutch town, among whose residents there are many quaint and curious stories in lazy circulation which have been handed down from generation to generation. Some of them have, from time to time, been caught up by literary visitors, have had their rough edges smoothed down, and now exist in our literature as little gems. Of these, the best may be found in Washington Irving's works. Many others have never appeared in print, but exist only as a part of the folk-lore. Still others have been roughly told in the local prints, but have never been carried beyond the bounds of the community. It is one of these last that I propose to tell here and, perhaps, some one with skill in story-telling may sometime give the episode a proper setting.

In the old Wiltwyck burying-ground, the dreary place where the dead of Kingston have long been laid to their final rest, an unmarked grave, overgrown with brush and completely neglected, contains the dust of one of the most famous and talented of American artists. If you look in any biographical dictionary or art history for the name of John Vanderlyn, you will find a brief sketch of his life and a notice of his most celebrated paintings. You will learn that he was born at such a place and at such a time; that he studied and painted here and there, and finally died and was buried in his native town. All this you will learn and then never know what a romantic and sad tale the real story of his life is. I heard it from the lips of an old man, who knew the artist during his life, and tell it as I heard it.

One day during the summer of a year so long ago as to be now forgotten, a stranger chanced to be riding through the sleepy little village of Kingston. His horse had the misfortune to cast a shoe,

and the stranger was obliged to leave the animal with the village blacksmith to be shod. Now a strange traveller was an unusual sight in this quiet little place, and attracted much notice. No one was more excited over such an unwonted event than a ragged urchin who was loitering in the smithy when the stranger arrived. He regarded the horse and its owner with wondering eyes, and when the latter had departed for the village inn, he proceeded, with much cunning and dexterity, to draw a charcoal sketch of horse and rider, using the door of the smithy as a canvas. When the stranger returned for his horse, he was at once struck by the truth of the crude lines, and asked who the artist was. The lad acknowledged his authorship, and Burr—for the stranger was Aaron Burr, then United States Senator and a rapidly rising politician—complimented him on his genius and, giving him a slip of paper, told him that if he ever needed help to call at the address written thereon. Aaron Burr then mounted his horse and travelled on, and the village once more dropped to sleep.

Months passed by, and the incident was forgotten by all but the sun-browned boy. Dimly conscious of the great gift which was his, he wished for help and instruction in developing it. No way was open to him. His father was poor, and even had he been able to aid his son, he would rather have apprenticed him to the smith than to have had him making pictures. Remembering the slip of paper, however, the boy determined to make a trial of its value. Gathering together his few belongings, he went to New York and presented himself to Burr. He received a kindly welcome. Burr took him to live under his own roof, bought him books, directed his reading, and finally placed him under the instruction of Gilbert Stewart, at that time the most prominent American artist. Vanderlyn—for John Vanderlyn was the boy's name,—lived in New York with Burr for several years, and the time so spent was the turning-point in his career. The one incident, which, after the original meeting with Burr, most influenced his life, occurred at this time. As Burr was the chief agent in making the artist, so he was likewise in marring the man. But I will speak of that later.

Three years of study in Paris followed the time spent in New York. After a visit home, he returned to Europe, and in com-

pany with Washington Allston sketched in Holland, studied in Rome and wandered about over the Continent. While in Rome, he painted his first great masterpiece, "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," which won the medal at an art competition at Paris. Among the pictures painted with the rich, warm coloring of the French, hung Vanderlyn's "Marius," representing in colors cold, almost harsh, the old Roman, sorrowful but still grim and defiant. It is said that the great Napoleon coming along, halted in front of "Marius," and, delighted with the boldness and genius shown in it, said, "Give the medal to that."

This was his first triumph. Others followed and he became famous and rich. His "Ariadne" is well known, and "The Landing of Columbus" filling one of the panels in the National Capitol, is his work. Years came and went. Business ventures failed. Vanderlyn grew poor, lost faith in mankind, became bitter and cynical. The end came in 1852, when he died, poor and miserable, in a tavern in his native village of Kingston.

It was a sad ending of a brilliant life. John Vanderlyn, the artist, was successful; John Vanderlyn, the man, hopeful and enthusiastic, was crushed at the very beginning. I spoke above of an incident which happened to him while pursuing his early studies in New York. It was a sad affair and truly would explain greater bitterness toward the world than even the poor artist cherished.

Burr's household, at the time of Vanderlyn's advent, was made up of himself, his wife, and a daughter. The latter, Theodosia, was a beautiful and lovable girl, just budding into womanhood. She had been carefully reared and educated under the eye of a parent who was not lacking in culture himself and who worshipped his child. What was more natural than that the youug artist and this charming girl, living under the same roof and engaged in the same studies, should learn to love each other? Theodosia admired the frank and simple ways of the country boy, while his artist nature was irresistibly attracted by her perfect beauty. The time of his studies in New York flew rapidly by, and then came the separation when Vanderlyn went to Europe. His stay abroad was divided between art labors and dreams of Theodosia. Happily, the character of the dreamer does not conflict with that of the artist, else would art have suffered.

It was at this time that the memorable contest in Congress for the presidency arose. Aaron Burr needed firm friends in New York State to secure his success. Theodosia was to be the hostage given for political support. At this juncture came a letter from the absent artist to Theodosia, and was shown by the daughter to the father. In it John Vanderlyn poured out the story of his love to Theodosia and asked her, when time should have brought him name and fortune, to be his wife. Burr scoffed at the letter and persevered in his purpose. Theodosia, ever a dutiful daughter, consented to be sacrificed to secure political support for her father. There came a day, however, when the artist lover was spoken of slightingly to Theodosia by the new suitor. Then there blazed up the fiery Burr spirit in the young girl's breast and she defended John Vanderlyn. The engagement was broken, the political alliance was ended, Aaron Burr lost in the presidential strife, and from that time dates the beginning of the misfortunes which wrecked a public career most brilliantly begun.

Aaron Burr had submitted to his daughter's defence of John Vanderlyn, for he admired the young girl's courage ; but never a word would he hear of the artist as Theodosia's lover. Angry letters came from the absent one to Burr, but the cool, old politician ignored them all. While Vanderlyn was living in this suspense, there came to him a letter written in Theodosia's hand, simply telling him of her betrothal to Joseph Alston, a young Carolinian. This time the father's schemes were successful, Southern aid and support were insured to him, although Alston, an honorable man, little supposed that his wife came to him in the way of trade. Perhaps Theodosia came to love her husband before the sad accident occurred which ended her life. He was worthy of even her love.

Thus was the love and devotion of the poor artist received, and name and fame never served to make John Vanderlyn happy or to recompense him for his loss.

"Young Love flies fast, on wavering wing,
Full fast he flies for woe or weal,
And some do bear his grievous sting
Too deep for any leech to heal."

* * * * * * * * *

The foregoing is the story of John Vanderlyn's life and of his

relations with the Burrs, as it is commonly received in his native place. It seems too bad, at this late day, to prove it a merely fanciful tale, for sad as it is, its tinge of romance renders it one of the most interesting incidents in our traditional history. The great mass of stories and episodes connected with early American history, to which we have from childhood pinned our faith, has been gradually tumbling to pieces before the ruthless efforts of scientific historians, and now even local tales are falling before local skepticism. Some time ago there was found in the loft of an old law office in Kingston, a number of old letters written by Aaron Burr to a prominent local politician. Among them were several which concerned Vanderlyn. While they show that Burr aided Vanderlyn financially, they prove that there was little other connection between the two men. One, written from Philadelphia in 1795, is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I understand that a young Mr. Van DeLyne, who lived a short time with Stewart, the painter, left him for want of means of suitable support. You must persuade him to allow me to remove that objection. If he were personally acquainted with me, he would, I am confident, accept this proposal without hesitation. * * * * From the inquiries I have made concerning him, I have been led to believe that his character and talents are such as may do honor to himself, his friends and his country.

Your affct Servt,

AARON BURR.

P. VAN GAASBEEK.

In another letter Burr wrote:

"I have directed him (Vanderlyn) to draw on J. B. Prevost, because I may not be in New York. He is to live in the house with Stewart. I have settled all necessary arrangements."

These two letters show that the Burr-Vanderlyn incident, as related above, is mostly fiction. They dispose of the meeting at the smithy, and prove that Vanderlyn lived with Stewart and not with Burr. As to Vanderlyn's love for Theodosia Burr, it may or may not have existed. Certainly, there is no evidence to show that Theodosia knew Vanderlyn, except in a general way as a *protegé* of her father's.

The whole incident is interesting only as a pleasant bit of traditional history. *Leonard Callender Crouch.*

BEFORE LUNCH.

A FARCE.

In One Act and Five Scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BASIL WENTWORTH, *a newly fledged doctor.*
MRS. RIDGWAY, *an American widow, mother of Grace.*
GRACE RIDGWAY, *fiancée of Basil Wentworth.*
MADAME, *proprietor of Pension Tremouille.*
A Doorboy. *A Cartman.*

The scene is laid in Paris, in the Pension Tremouille.

SCENE I.

[Mrs. Ridgway's sitting room.—The room is in wild disorder: Paintings, photographs, statuettes, and bric à brac are piled pell-mell on the centre-table, on the chairs and on the floor. Everything in the room shows that the Ridgways are about to leave Paris for good.]

Basil [rising from the sofa, where he and Grace have been sitting, holds out his hand] Well, I must go. I've spent my half-hour after breakfast. Time's up!

[Grace takes his hand; but instead of saying good-bye, she walks out in the hall with him, all the while holding his hand. Once outside they recommence talking.]

Grace. [In a regretful tone.] And you must, must go down to the lab.

Basil. [mimicking Grace's tone.] Yes, I must, must, must! I've a whole new substance, never before seen by any living man, [he makes a spread-eagle gesture,] and I must analyze it and put my results in scientific shape, for publishing. It isn't everyday a man discovers a new *acetal.*

Grace. Oh bother your science and *acetals!* I did so wish to have you help me pack those statuettes. You know how lovely you fixed that one you sent me last Christmas. At any rate, you positively must go and order some big boxes for us. How many do you think we need, four or five?

Basil. There's a carpenter-shop, right near, I'll stop in and order three big cases, *hein* ?—Oh, I forgot ! *Hein* is allowable only in French—and I'll come home early and help.

Grace. Be sure and have them left in the vestibule. The books and other things are so heavy ; it is better to pack them down stairs. Well I suppose you must go ! Good-by— ! Oh your tie isn't straight. Let me—[she fusses over his cravat, then steps back to look at the effect.] Now you look just splend—all right. No, your hat is a little ruffled. Let me rub it with my handkerchief. [As she speaks she takes his hat carefully grasps her handkerchief, and with the deftness of a woman, rubs the silk the wrong way.] Oh sugar !

Basil. My best pot hat ! Oh, Lincoln and Bennett, what would you say, if you saw your chef d'œuvre treated so ! [He takes the hat with one hand ; with the other, the handkerchief, at the same time squeezing Grace's hand.] Just you wait ; I'll brush your hat the wrong way when I have the chance.

Grace. I'm terribly sorry that—

[Basil stops her mouth with a kiss, returns the handkerchief, again squeezing her hand, and before she can take breath is halfway down the first flight of stairs. Grace leans against the ballustrade and looks down.]

Grace. Don't forget the boxes.

Basil. [His voice coming from the landing below.] I shall not. *À tantôt*, that means "so long," you know !

Grace. Sch-sch ! Il est defendu de parler l'argot dans l'escalier.

SCENE II.

[The vestibule of Pension Tremouille : A wide doorway and hall ; on the right, the office. Madame, the mistress of the house, is seated at a desk, writing. The door-boy enters the office.]

Door-boy. If you please madame—

Madame. Hein ?

Door-boy. There's a cartman at the door, who has some boxes for Miss Ridgway, and he says he must leave them in the vestibule, because they'll be too heavy to carry down stairs, when packed full.

Madame. Ah, those English people ! The men stretch their

legs out on the chairs, and the women litter up the vestibule with boxes. [She shakes her head from side to side in disgust and despair.]

Door boy. But Mlle. Ridgway isn't English ; she's American ; she told me so ; and she said I'd better learn English and go to America ; she said she'd teach me.

Madame. Will you shut up about America. It's America in the morning, and America in the afternoon, and when you sleep, I'll bet you dream about America, now don't you ?

Door-boy. Yes, Madame.

Madame. You're a fool !

Door-boy. But she isn't English.

Madame. Well it's the same thing.

[Door-boy shakes his head and looks unconvinced.]

I suppose you must tell the man to bring in the boxes—and just now when it is time for lunch.

Door-boy. But—but—the boxes—are rather funny ones—they—

Madame. Hein ! what !

Door-boy. Won't you please come and see them yourself? [She goes to the door and stands thunderstruck.]

Madame. Three coffins, mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! I've had my house filled with these English for a long time ; but I never saw anything like this ! Oh these English ! they are all stark mad !

Cartman. Good day madame, [points at the boxes] Look at the pretty boxes I've brought ! And here's the gentleman's card. [He reads the card.] "Basil Wentworth, 3 boxes, 2 metres by 50 centimetres, by 50 centimetres, for Mlle. Ridgway, Pension Tremouille."

I suppose one is for the monsieur, one for mademoiselle and—[he scribbles, with a piece of red chalk, Wentworth's name on one and Grace's on another, all the time shaking with laughter.]

Madame. Oh ! what will Madame Ridgway say—oh what will the others say ! They'll all be here in a few minutes and they are so full of jokes. Oh we'll never hear the end of it !

Cartman. Ah-ah. There's a Madame Ridgway ? Oh well, the third one's for her. [He scribbles "Madame Ridgway" in big red letters on the third box, then begins to unload the coffins. He stands them on end in the vestibule, with the names on the out-

side ; then stepping back a few feet, he looks at them with one eye cocked in artistic fashion.] Aren't they pretty ! Ha-haw-haw-he !

SCENE III.

[The vestibule : Door-boy leans against the door in the background, snickering and looking at the coffins. Grace and Mrs. Ridgway come in from a walk.]

Grace. Oh sugar, look at 'em !

Mrs. Ridgway. At what? [then seeing the coffins, she stops horror-stricken and says in an icy tone,] Look at the names ! [Her face becomes white with chagrin and rage.] What impudent scoundrel has played this cruel joke upon us ! I shall have him imprisoned ! I will not stand it ! It is outrageous ! Oh, what will our friends say ! Oh, I shall die of shame ! [She leans on Grace and bites her lips. Then assuming a dictatorial position,] They must be destroyed at once !

Grace. But mamma—but—[a smile spreads over her face.] But I tried to smooth his hat this morning, and I rubbed it the wrong way and—

Mrs. Ridgway. My dear, of what are you thinking? Do you not see those—boxes—such a low joke ! [she raises her hands in helpless exasperation. Then turning to Grace,] And you talk of smoothing Basil's hat. Please do have some logical connection in your thoughts, even about Basil.

Grace. But there is some connection between my thoughts. And I didn't smooth Basil's hat. I—ha-ha-ha—I rubbed it the wrong way, ha-ha-and—

Mrs. Ridgway. Well?

Grace. And when he left, I told him to send some boxes, to pack our books and things in.

Mrs. Ridgway. Well, what has that to do with these—these coffins ?

Grace. Well he, I mean Basil, said he would brush my hat the wrong way sometime.

Mrs. Ridgway. [Heaving a sigh.] Will you, [with imploring tone], can you talk sense?

Grace. Oh mamma you are so angry, you can't see through a joke. And it wouldn't be a bad one, if it had been played on

some one else. Don't you see, Basil wanted to play a joke on me; and I told him to send some boxes; and he has sent three coffins. See? [Grace stops smiling and tries to look severe.] Oh but see if I don't punish him. I'll be mad at him!

Mrs. Ridgway. You couldn't be, if you tried.

Grace. Just wait and see, and I'll tell him I won't marry him, and oh won't he be sorry he did it.

Mrs. Ridgway. I don't believe he sent them. I know Basil Wentworth better! But if he did—! [Mrs. Ridgway goes into the office and finding no one there, she writes a note to madame, asking her to have those hideous boxes removed. She hands the note to the door-boy, and followed by Grace, she sails majestically up the stairway.

SCENE IV.

[The vestibule and doorway. Basil stands in front of the doorway, with watch in hand.]

Basil. Well for once, I am back in time; but didn't I hurry through that analysis! 11.30! At any rate, Grace will be pleased, and that's more important than that cursed *acetal.* The stuff absolutely isn't made out of what I put into it Strange, I wonder what unforseen reaction has taken place. Perhaps there is some water in it—or some tarry substance or—I wonder if those boxes have come! [Basil enters the vestibule; walking toward the stairway, of a sudden he sees the coffins ranged along the wall.] By the seven Gods; but that's funny! Ha-ha, a new joke. I wonder on whom it is this time. Ha-ha-ha, this is the only house in Paris, I'll bet, where there is a new joke every day. *Vive l'Amérique*, as our French friends would say. Ah! there are some names on them. [He slowly puts on his glasses, walks toward the coffins and examines one.] The Dickens! Grace's name! [He looks at the next coffin.] By Venus! my name! [Turns to the third.] Mrs. Ridgway's! [He slowly takes off his glasses, twirls them by the cord, and says in an expressionless tone,] As my friend Artemus Ward, would say, "Well I'll be *durned!*" Three coffins, for Grace, her mother: and me. Who's sent them? [He stops and thinks.] Who could have sent three boxes like—boxes—three boxes—why they are

mine ! I sent them. Ha-ha-ha-he-he-he—oh ! [He pulls a wry face.] Oh, but won't I catch it though—that is if Grace or Mrs. Ridgway have seen them. Perhaps they haven't ; gad, I hope so ! [Puts his hands in his pockets, contracts his brows and tries to think.] Well what am I to do? [He begins to pace the stage, rubbing his hands nervously. Then takes out his handkerchief, crunches it and wipes his forehead. Suddenly he stops walking ; stands a moment, with his handkerchief to his forehead, and appears to be thinking. Slowly his hand lowers and his face assumes the serenity of a Venus victrix. Then a broad smile covers it ; he throws out both hands and exclaims,] The carpenter-shop is near ! I am saved ! [He turns abruptly and leaves the house on a run. After several minutes he returns with a carpenter's saw in his hand. He flourishes it, gives a victorious howl, pulls down the coffins and begins to saw them in halves.]

Tsurr-tsurr, ugh, but it's hard work ! [He lays the saw on the coffins and straightens up.] And the fellows will be here in a few moments, and then won't I be guyed ! Marshall will say in his dry way : " Now Basil, that's what I like to see. Foresight is a splendid thing. Here you are starting in life with a full assortment of necessaries : wife, mother-in-law, doctor's diploma, and coffins for your future patients."

Hang the fellow ! [He sets to work again at the coffins.] Tsurr-tsarrr—one coffin finished ! [He pulls down and begins a second.] Tsurr-tsurr-tsurr—hang the vile thing ! I'll never get through ! [He leans on the saw.] And that R-dropping New Yorker will be here ; and won't he rub his hands with delight ; and won't he guy me ! I can hear him say :—" Ah, family in tight *cihcumstances ?* Going home '*dead fweight*'? *Cheapah ?*"

[Basil grasps the saw with desperation and recommences.] Tsurr,—tsarr [heaves a sigh.] Well there's another done. Oh I shall drop in halves [rubs his back] when half through. [smiles] and I wont have an unsawed coffin handy. Tsurr,—tsurr, crick crack ! [He rubs his back lugubriously.] There's someone coming ! Oh why was I ever born ? It sounds like Archer's step. [Basil stands with saw raised in air, listening.] No, it's no one. But I know what he'll say, in his quiet way. " I tell you what, you Doctors are a lucky lot. You are so much more practical

than we artists. You understand political economy. You give the poor all the inducements possible to be sick. You doctor them for nothing; furnish them with medicines and give them coffins; and in no time at all you have a big clientage. While we—oh, why am I not a doctor! Or have you a new idea; are you going to set up a doctor and undertaker shop combined, with signs on the coffins, 'Haute nouveauté'; Latest styles imported from Paris. [He begins sawing with fury.] Tsurr—tsarr—ah, there, done, I am saved! [He piles the six small boxes against the wall, calls the door boy and sends him to ask Grace to come down in the vestibule. Then noticing the saw in his hand, he starts to hide it under his coat, then to put it behind the boxes. Finally he puts it in the office. He comes out into the vestibule, just as Grace is on the last landing of the stairway. Basil straightens his coat, brushes off some sawdust and tries to look unconcerned.]

SCENE V.

Scene the same: Grace steps down into the hall and Basil advances to meet her.]

Basil. [smiling] Good morning, Grace—

Grace. [interrupting him and with emphasis.] Good morning *Mr. Wentworth.*

Basil. [drawing back: [*aside*] Oh my unlucky stars, she has seen them! At any rate I'll talk to get time to think. [To Grace] G—Grace—G—[he stops a moment] Say, Grace, I heard an awfully funny story this morning, down at the lab.

Grace. [coldly] Yes?

Basil. [Not noticing her coldness, rubs his thigh with his hand and talks fast, to keep up his courage.] Yes it was a real good story. It runs something like this! Mr. Murphy and some of his particular friends were working in a sewer,—[Grace looks at him in astonishment. Basil stops a moment and then repeats.] Yes, in a sewer, when a large stone fell on Mr. Murphy's head and killed him. [Grace begins to be interested.] Well the other gentlemen made up their minds that Mr. Murphy's wife must be informed. So they chose Mr. Mulhooly, a near friend of Mr. Murphy's, to go before and break the news, while they carried the

much lamented Mr. Murphy. Mr. Mulhooly, followed by his friends bearing the corpse of Mr. Murphy, come to Mr. Murphy's door. Mr. Mulhooly raps; and Mrs. Murphy appears. Mr. Mulhooly doffs his hat politely, and asks: "Be you the Widdy Murphy?" "Get along widj yer," she answers; "no yer know I be Mrs. Murphy, bad luck to yer." Mr. Mulhooly delicately wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, and points his thumb over his shoulder at the corpse of Mr. Murphy, saying, "Juhst look at that."

Grace. [With difficulty keeping from laughing,] And what is the name of that charming story?

Basil. "How Mr. Mulhooly broke the news."

Grace. [coldly] And one of those coffins you sent is for Mr. Murphy?

Basil. [Not knowing what to say, stands silent for a moment. Of a sudden the idea of a parody strikes him.] Coffins, what coffins? [He wipes his mouth à la Mr. Mulhooly, points his thumb over his shoulder at the boxes, and says], Jusht look at them.

Grace. Oh Basil, the boxes I asked you to order! But who sent the coffins?

Mrs. Ridgway. [Who has just reached the last landing of the staircase, and has heard Grace's last words.] There, I knew Basil didn't send those coffins. [Hall boy appears with a dinner-bell in hand and rings it.]

Mrs. Ridgway [walking towards Grace and Basil.] Come my children, lunch is ready.

[Basil offers his right arm to Mrs. Ridgway. Grace takes his left and arm in arm the three leave the stage.]

CURTAIN FALLS.

Howard Ames Oppenheim.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

HAVING already had my say in this number of the MAGAZINE it may appear to many that a proper modesty would deter me from again appearing in its pages, for a time at least. I confess that there is sense in this view. But I have at present no desire to put myself forward. My only intention just at present is to call attention for the general benefit of mankind to some things that seem to me rather amusing.

I have been reading the other day Dr. Everett's recent work on Poetry, Comedy, Duty[1] and from the two facts that it belongs in the Philosophical Alcove and that the majority of the University take their Philosophy, as a rule, at second hand from a very able and popular expositor, I have come to the conclusion that there may be many readers of the MAGAZINE who have not seen it.

* * *

I allude particularly to the section on the Philosophy of the Comic. Dr. Everett in this matter has had to work under two disadvantages that are natural to books concerned with his subject matter.

1. Most collections of pieces of Humor are intensely serious.

2. Most discussions of Humor squeeze all the fun out of the subject matter.

Probably in regard to this first point all will agree that there may be too much of a good thing. Dr. Everett remarks the fact in his own case. "I am now," he remarks, "beginning to feel as if a joke were one of the most solemn things in the world." In regard to the second I believe that most persons who have ever tried to analyse the idea of humor will also agree. We seize upon a poor Jest to find out the nature of the humor contained in it, we dissect it, flay it alive, analyse every part of it, and lo, there is no humor in it at all. It has all of it fled away in the process. As well expect to find the soul of a man by flaying, dissecting and analysing.

But also granting that all books on Humor suffer from these

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[1]Poetry, Comedy, and Duty, by C. C. Everett, D.D. Houghton Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

two drawbacks, it will also be agreed I believe that Dr. Everett's work retains as much of the humor and spirit of the subject as possible, so that though it is at times rather serious it is not nearly as serious as can be imagined.

* * *

Indeed when he comes to giving examples, Dr. Everett seems to escape entirely from the usual difficulties of Joke collectors.

His illustrations seem to me to be very funny as well as ever to the point. Whether he tells of the old lady who cried out :

"It takes all sorts to make a world, and I thank God I am not one of them."

Or of the German couplet which he translates,

"Our parson's the good Shepherd of whom the Bible spake,
His flock all soundly sleeping and he alone awake."

Or of the gentleman in *Punch* who shows his friend his library, with the remark :

"Here I can sit and study by the hour together and nobody any the wiser."

In all he seems equally fresh and funny. He remarks :

"One may still do or say seriously what will be turned into joke. Take for instance that line of Tennyson in which, speaking of Geraint, he says

"For now the wine made summer in his blood."

It is not the fault of the poet if it occurs to me in reading that Geraint must have drunk freely, because 'one swallow does not make a summer.'"

And most of us would sympathize with him in the story of "the German professor who was wondering that his lecture room was so empty. Forty or fifty years ago, he says, the room was crowded. It is perfectly inexplicable to him, especially as he reads precisely the same lectures now that he did then." And I add also the following :

"A well-dressed guest going out of a friend's house falls and rolls down the terraces to the mud at their foot. We are amused at the incident, and it is possible that a sense of superiority enters into our amusement. We are upright dignified and clean. We can afford to laugh at this poor fellow scrambling in the dirt. But his friend hearing the noise comes out and cries "What's that?" The fallen guest, hardly yet having reached the soft bed toward which he is plunging, answers, quick as thought,

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly.'"

* * *

The fear of having some impatient reader tinkle a chestnut-bell, compels me to cut short my enumeration of Professor Everett's examples. And on this matter it may with propriety be remarked that it is a good thing that the chestnut-bell has been by this time long a chestnut, and that the habit of alluding to anything well-worn as a chestnut, was an exceedingly bad one. For if we were all of us compelled to say something new every time we opened our mouths we should most of us keep them shut all the time except when forced to open them through the pangs of hunger. For very few persons say things that have not been often said before. Indeed none of the very highest and noblest ideas of which we have any conception are new,—very notably some expressed more than eighteen hundred years ago and frequently repeated since, which have still more power in every direction than any other ideas which have been formulated in speech. To call everything old a chestnut, was a very foolish custom, and must have originated in a senseless desire for novelty which may be taken as a mark of the superficial mind. But to return to Dr. Everett.

* * *

We are supplied with Theory as well as Practice, with Philosophy as well as Puns. But there is no reason why I should say anything on that part of the book for it would anticipate the pleasure of those who would be interested in Dr. Everett's exposition and those who would not be interested in his statement would skip mine. So I will say nothing of the Philosophy, save that it touches the matter with a daintier hand than do most jest dissectors and really gives added enjoyment to the subject instead of crushing out what pleasure there may have been before.

The Essay closes with a quaint conception. It may amuse our readers:

"I will venture to close this discussion with an apologue which may illustrate this matter, the significance of which will, I trust, excuse the levity of its form. We may in our thought go back to the moment when our ape-like progenitors were becoming human. The generations succeeded each other more rapidly than now; and as the earth was passing hurriedly through changes of temperature, if not structure, each generation may be supposed to have been widely different from that which had preceded. It was a time of transition. There was an ambition such as has not since then existed upon the earth. It was a time of trial. How the foremost individ-

uals of one generation must have differed from those of the last, or even from the less cultivated of their own. Think of the burdens of polite society! Think of great-grandfather Ape refusing to be put into his little bed, and outraging in many ways the delicate and cultivated sensibilities of his descendants. Think of the cases of housekeeping, of servants caught wild in the forest to be initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen! No wonder that all this proved too much for these would-be founders of a new order of life! No wonder that they peaked and pined in the midst of their struggles! But suddenly there echoed a strange sound through the wilderness. Was it a cry of pain? It seemed so. But those features certainly wore no look of suffering. Whenever one of these miserable awkwardnesses of which I spoke occurred, this sound would break forth with its strange but not unpleasing vibrations. The individual who made it seemed refreshed and exhilarated by what was crushing the life out of all others. While they pined he grew fat. His children inherited the habit which began with him, also with it inherited his cheerful strength; and thus, while other families dwindled and pined away, the descendants of the man who laughed alone endured, to form the race of men that laugh."

Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE first numbers of college magazines for the present year, have made their appearance on our table. A critical perusal of their pages suggests wherein the average college publication is ahead of our own. One fact which strikes us forcibly is that contributions to the MAGAZINE from the student body at Cornell are not so frequent as those from the students of most of our rival colleges, to their literary monthlies. For instance, the *Williams Lit.* and *North Carolina University Magazine* receive good support from students outside of the board of editors. On the other hand, the *Nassau Lit* and *Harvard Monthly* are almost entirely products of the editorial brain.

The *Nassau Lit.* for October contains some strong articles. The MacLean Prize Oration on "The Influence of Scientific Thought on Literature" is an excellent production, and gives evidence of originality and careful study of the subject. The author says: "An age which could produce a Hume in philosophy and a Pope in art, was an age ripe for change. The gods of Greece, Pope tells us, are still the gods of poetry. No wonder that poetry was passionless, since the least real feeling would have shattered to fragments such an artificial machinery. The return to sincerity, that

is, the return to truth, in thought and literature, was to come, not through philosophy or art, but through science ; a science at first practical, and finding its incentive in the material betterment of man's condition ; latterly, speculative and carried on for the sake of knowledge itself." Proceeding from this premise, the author traces in part the influence of scientific thought upon literature, showing how beauty alone cannot make poetry appeal to the progressive intellect of the age. True poetry is not soulless. In summing up the author says: "Swinburne sings with exquisite melody the swan-song of dying pagan art. But the spirit of the old Greek poetry—the spirit of beauty—purified of its earthly body, shall never die."

"A Jar of Wine" is well labelled prose-poetry. It seems to be an attempt to fuse Amélie Rives prose and Walt Whitman poetry. The poet-author soars rhapsodically and, in his flight, drops such gems as "rose-and-vine-crowned men," "goat-footed trumpeters," "ivy-circled thyrsi," and "fancy, drawing a sinuous shimmering wake behind its silver keel, sails through the reaches of the past."

"Young Dr. Atherton" is an interesting story of the trials of a young physician who endeavors to establish a practice in a country village. "The Cedar Closet" seem to be the work of a novice who cannot restrain a penchant for poor puns. "Longfellow and American Life" is a well written essay about "the most widely read poet in our country." The verse in this number of the *Lit.* all by the same person, is fair, but highly extravagant in places, as :

> "The calm moonlight whose sadly lingering kiss
> Stirs the sweet songsters in the trees to dream,
> And wakes the water-jets to sobs of bliss,
> The jets that high among the marbles gleam."

The *Harvard Monthly* is almost entirely the work of the board editors. The first article has a well worn subject, "Politics as a Duty and as a Career." There follows a long, technical disquisition in answer to the title "What is a Sonnet?" "The Religious Crisis" at Harvard is discussed at length in an article which can hardly interest readers unacquainted with the circumstances of which the author writes. The *Monthly* contains a charming bit of verse, entitled "In Midsummer :"

Wine-red the dusky maple leaves look down
From yonder mountain peak, beyond the green
Of nature's summer dress, a ruby crown
Upon the forehead of a highland queen.

Ye wine-red leaves, like crimson tongues ye tell
Of summer's death,
When wintry night shall be,
When blade and flower on mountain, plain and fell
Shall hear the whisper of an icy breath
And bow before the Frost King's harsh decree.

Yet, though of sombre days your mute speech tells,
My heart leaps up in glad expectancy,—
O days, a secret joy within me swells,
Not death, but dearest life ye bring to me!

The *Williams Lit.* opens with "About Ruydiez, the Cid," in which some of the most interesting, if not the most authentic, incidents in the history of the favorite Spanish hero are noted. The treatment is straightforward and unpretentious. The author justifies his work in these words: "Spain was a great power once; none more so. Its glory is departed. We knew but little of the real life in those palmiest days, and so the annals of this entertaining chronicle are the more welcome for giving us the vivid picture of a moving spirit." "Père Antoines' Date-palm" relates the beautiful legend of the palm tree which sprang up over the grave of Angelice, and is said to have come from the dead child's heart. The love of Père Antoine for "the plump little blue-eyed nun," is a serious matter related in a vein rather jocular. "A Fortunate Mishap" is an interesting tale, well conceived and fairly presented. "Sea Spray" and "In Casco Bay" are creditable. We clip a sonnet, "Folk Songs:"

Those melodies so sweet that charm our ears
Waft to us heart-breaths of a homely folk—
The lover's plaint, or wanton harmless joke,
The joys of life and love,—of death no fears.
A nations soul is in a nation's song;
No further need we look for country's love,
It breathes that strain wherever it may rove,
In patriotism chanted loud and long.
Sing on! thou band of true-hearts! sing alway

While Liberty and Right through you do gain
An audience 'gainst the tyranny of kings.
No songs like yours, that with a homely strain
Defend the hearth and home of him who sings
His Fatherland and Freedom's royal sway.

From the Thistledown of the *Dartmouth Lit.* we take some verses appropriate "In '88:"

The moon (of course) was shining bright,
Awaking thoughts of love and song.
Beside the garden gate that night
We stood and chatted low and long.

I clasped her hands and whispered low,
"One kiss before we part," I said.
She leaped away, and answered, "No!"
And scornfully tossed high her head.

I turned, but scarce three steps I went,
Before she called, "Twas just in fun,
You silly boy! You *knew* I meant
To give—not *one*, but more than one!

Take them? Well, yes; but some way now
My liking for that girl is done:
These leap years make you feel, somehow,
Your suit's not won, but more than won.

EDITORIAL.

THUS far the MAGAZINE has said nothing for itself editorially; and it may be said of our other college publications, that they have shown no special inclination to say anything for us. It is quite proper, therefore, that we should speak out, and "give a reason for the faith that is in us."

What is our *raison d'etre?* What is to be our field? What our policy?

We assume that at any great University there is need of a literary publication: Whether the alumni and students of Cornell want such a publication remains to be seen. We have entered the field over the corpse of our predecessor, *The Review* (*requiescat in pace*), with some quakings, to be sure, but in the hope of

proving that a proper method of choosing the board of editors, and a little judicious agitation in our field of activity, are all that is needed to insure the success of a literary magazine at Cornell.

* * *

Our field, then, is literature ; but, we hasten to say, literature in its broad sense. We do not propose to confine ourselves to *belles lettres*. We do not care to represent only the departments of Arts, Philosophy and Letters ; we wish to be in the fullest sense a University magazine. Articles of a scientific character, therefore, treated in a popular manner, so as to be of general interest, will be welcomed. The Greek scholar and the zoölogist, the electrician and the student of history will be placed with equal pleasure upon our list of contributors.

We shall endeavor to maintain an Alumni Department, which old Cornellians may read with interest and pleasure ; and we invite Cornell men of by-gone days to contribute often to its columns.

From time to time, too, we shall, in an Exchange Department give our readers a taste of the pabulum which is being served up at other colleges, by other "Lits."

Our "Pegasus in the Parlor" page, as well, will appear only when Pegasus is, to our notion, in good soaring trim.

Finally, we do not aim to present college news, although we hope there may always breathe from our pages a college atmosphere.

* * *

Each issue of MAGAZINE will contain about forty pages of reading matter. That was the original intention, and to that intention we shall hold. We state this because there were some who complained that our November number was smaller than the two which were issued last year. At that time, in the first enthusiasm of a new venture, a great many articles were handed in, in the expectation of immediate publication. At considerable extra expense—not to the subscribers, but to the board—the limits of the MAGAZINE were extended, to satisfy that expectation, and the public did not complain.

We could easily have done the same thing for our first number this year, but two strong considerations deterred us: first, we could not afford it; the subscription price is fixed on the basis of a forty-page issue, and we cannot, without losing money, give fifty. Second, we know the evanescence of first enthusiasms, and doubt very much whether Cornellians are yet ready to keep up a fifty or sixty page magazine.

* * *

We ask two things: contributions and subscriptions. To our alumni we would say: show your loyalty to Cornell by supporting her literary magazine, not only with your purse, but with your pen. Help us make this publication one of which we may be proud. To undergraduates we address the same appeal, adding the reminder that MAGAZINE editors are chosen upon the basis of their contributions.

We think we have a right to ask the financial support of all loyal Cornellians. Our aim is a worthy one. We do not pretend to compete with the great monthlies of the outside world; but we do hope to maintain a publication worthy of the name it bears.

But the success of our venture, we must state, depends not so much upon the board of editors, as upon Cornell men in general. We cannot write the MAGAZINE ourselves; it must be what Cornellians make it.

* * *

The foot-ball season just closed has been satisfactory, and at the same time unsatisfactory, to Cornellians. With no organization at the beginning of the year, with no regular coach until the last few weeks, and with no systematic training, the results obtained are indeed surprising. With all these disadvantages Cornell began this year to play scientific foot-ball. We must, however, admit that the University is far from holding the position it should. It would seem at first sight that from over a thousand students a team might be chosen, which could easily defeat the elevens from colleges having fewer students than our freshman class alone contains. The disadvantage of Cornell, however, lies somewhat in the fact that it gets almost no students

from the eastern preparatory schools. Phillips, Exeter and Andover and other academies furnish the New England colleges with foot-ball players already taught, while at Cornell the majority of players have to learn the game after entering. Grumblers should remember that foot-ball as played in the Intercollegiate Association cannot be learned in one season. Everything considered, this year's eleven has done far better than could have been expected.

It would seem that the thing to do now is immediately to elect the manager and captain for next year, and let the former at once engage a professional coach. If that were done, affairs would be in a way to begin directly in the fall, a training table could be immediately started, and the men would at once go into systematic training under the eye of the coach. Thus the difficulty in getting players out for practice would be largely done away with, and play could commence registration week instead of waiting until the middle of October. One thing must be done next year if nothing else, and that is to defeat Lehigh so badly that there may be no question about the matter, for otherwise it is absolutely certain that the interest in foot-ball among alumni and students will to a great extent die out. Mr. Waterman, the manager, and Mr. Davison, the coach, deserve the hearty thanks of the University for their efforts in behalf of the team in the face of so much that was discouraging, and we can only hope for as good men next year.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

" And eke he can carollës make
Rondeau, balade and virelay."

—GOWER.

Dead Autumn Leaves.

Dead autumn leaves that once were fair,
That felt the springtime's gracious air,
In those dim days the earth was new,
That summer breezes softly blew
With touch of perfume, faint and rare.

But now the trees are gaunt and bare,
O'er silent fields flit here and there,
And forest pathways deeply strew,
Dead autumn leaves.

And so take heed, though youth may wear
Her fairest aspect, and beware ;
What though the sun shine bright for you,
What though the sky above be blue,
You still may gather for your share
Dead autumn leaves. *H. E. M.*

A Political Meeting.

Nov. 5—Quoth he :
" You have heard much of tariff reform ;
Should a tax on a fond lover's kiss
Be paid ?"
Quoth she :
" Would my views on the question conform
With yours, if my doctrine were this—
Free trade ?"

Nov. 6—Quoth he :
" In the list of the candidates sueing
To claim you as bride, may I not gain
Election ?"
Quoth she :
" My vote brings success to your wooing.
'Tis cast for a party that would obtain
Protection." *B. B. B.*

THE

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1839:

LEONARD C. CROUCH, CLAUDE JONES,
FRANK S. FIELDER, HOWARD A. OPPENHEIM,
CHARLES E. TREMAN.

ALLEN C. BALCH, *Business Manager.*

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THE RING AND THE BOOK.

I.

NO more difficult plan for a literary work has ever been chosen than that of Browning's masterpiece, The Ring and the Book. That one should undertake to relate even the most fascinating story ten times in a single volume seems to court failure at the start. But the plan is so wrought out by the skill of the artist that the old story assumes new phases, and retains to the last much of the freshness of each succeeding chapter in a work of fiction. Each narrator, while giving his own version, adds some detail not mentioned by the others, but necessary to a true estimate of the characters. Besides the various interpretations are given with such skill, that the sympathy of the reader is temporarily with each speaker,—a sufficient evidence of the masterly art of the poet.

One other point of structure should not escape notice. The

principle narrators are arranged in three groups. The world's estimate of the case comes first in the stories of Half-Rome, the Other Half-Rome, and Tertium Quid ; then the principal characters, Guido, Coponsacchi, and Pompilia are summoned as witnesses ; and lastly the case is argued by the lawyers on both sides, and the Pope gives the final judgment. The addition of Guido's second part adds interesting facts, but it does not break this arrangement, since it might have been omitted altogether without altering the general plan. The arrangement of each trio of speakers is in the inverse order of prominence, making each division form a climax in force and importance. There are thus in the poem three points of higher interest, the monologues of Tertium Quid, Pompilia, and the Pope, each preceded and the last followed also by the less important portions, if the expression may be admitted in no derogatory sense. Among these parts of high poetic fervor the second, the tale of Pompilia, is preëminent, forming the proper climax of interest midway in the plot.

In addition to the originality of conception shown in the poem, there are the completest examples of the poetic form original with Browning,—the dramatic monologue. The peculiarity of this form is well known to readers of Browning. It allows the revelation of personality in its purest form. Facts of external existence, face and form, name and station, the bearing of body rather than of soul have no necessary place. There is here apparently a limitation of dramatic power. In reality it is but an adaptation of the dramatic, chosen advisedly by Browning, with the evident purpose of presenting that which new times and customs, new accessories of this human life shall not change nor modify. There is from Shakespeare to Browning a movement the reverse of that from the Greek drama to Shakespeare. The placing of thought before form, of reverent hearing before pleasurable seeing that characterized the drama of the Greeks, compared with the matchless stage pieces of Shakespeare, has been revived and carried one step further by Browning, in the dramatic exhibition of mental states—motives of action contending with each other on the stage of a soul's activities. This independence of the pomp of circumstance, the entire disregard of the setting of costumes, and the stereoscopic helps of stage machinery may lessen Browning's influence with certain

minds ; but the purity of the conception that men's characters are more than the clothing with which they adorn themselves, that the intercourse of soul with soul is the highest intercourse, will make anything truly wrought in this conception a possession, not of an age, but of all time.

The motive of the poet in his use of the much told tale is to prove the frailty of human judgments based on mere externals, and the final triumph of truth because of judgment based on motives. The first of these is contained in the words,

> "Learn one lesson hence
> Of many that whatever lives should teach :
> This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
> Our human testimony false, our fame
> And human estimation words and wind."

The second is embodied in the text of a monk, who preaches a sermon on Pompilia's death, "God is true and every man a liar." It is difficult to conceive any more artistic plan more skilfully wrought out to teach this truth. We are presented with nine distinct conceptions of the conduct of three people, Guido, Pompilia, Caponsacchi, not including the partially expressed opinions in the letters of the last part, nor Browning's statement at the beginning. These are natural human judgments based on the same facts, and affected only by that something in the mind's eye of the individual —the intellectual squint,—

> "That instinctive theorizing whence the fact
> Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look."

Out of these diverse judgments, through the agency of the Pope who stands in the place of the Judge of all the earth, the truth is made plain, the crime is punished, and the reward is meted out.

The motive of the poem apart from the peculiar form Browning has given it is two-fold, to show the supremacy of love and its creative power in human life, with the bondage of greed and its destroying power. The first is shown principally in the lives of Pompilia and Caponsacchi, the second in the life of Guido. Pompilia the child leaps to womanhood under this influence at

the crisis of her life, as does Juliet under the influence of her love for Romeo. Caponsacchi exhibits the power of love upon a generous, impressible soul, purposeless until the breath of a lofty conception revivifies it, through the medium of sympathy excited by another's need. This majestic power of love is thrown into sharp contrast, by the blind self-seeking of the malevolent Guido, who is unaffected by love, sympathy, pity, natural affection, or any chivalrous motive. The background of the poem is the world's uncharitableness, set off by here and there a friend of purity and truth. One ray of sunshine, reflected from the strong, serene, sympathetic, godlike countenance of the venerable Pope, whose life is bound to this world with but a thread, lights up the scene making evident Pompilia's purity and Caponsacchi's new purpose in life, and throwing in shadow the dark brutality of the husband, together with the world's cynicism and indifference to wrong.

II.

There is no purer, sweeter, truer woman in all fiction than Pompilia Comparini. She may be rightly placed beside Cordelia, Desdemona, Marguerite, and she is still a type of womanliness. She is a creation of lasting influence. Drawn with the rich, warm sympathy of our modern age for woman's life, she is the best conception of a poet, whose women are delineated with a striking delicacy and perfection of portraiture. Some one may advance the criticism that the characterization is not true to life; that the patient Pompilia on her death-bed, pardoning all those who had wronged her, living but to praise her friend and free him from suspicion, can not be the same as the young girl just blossoming into womanhood, putative daughter of the Comparini. The criticism is natural, but the result of misconception of Browning's method. In the dramatic writing of Browning there is, strictly speaking, no action. Mental states alone are represented. The development of a character day by day is not given, but only the state of mind suited to the special purpose, and always the motive under which the changes took place. In Pompilia we have portrayed not the necessary or the usual, but the possible, the poet's possible perhaps—the ideal.

Let us notice the characterization of Pompilia by those who knew her best. To the sympathetic young man who represents the "Other Half-Rome" she is,

> "Little Pompilia, with the patient brow
> And lamentable smile on those poor lips."

To Bottinius, who has studied the case as a lawyer, she is,

> "A faultless nature in a flawless form,
>
> * * * *
>
> First, infancy, pellucid as a pearl;
> Then, childhood—stone which, dewdrop at the first,
> (An old conjecture) sucks, by dint of gaze,
> Blue from the sky and turns to sapphire so;
> Yet both these gems eclipsed by, last and best,
> Womanliness and wifehood opaline.
>
> * * * *
>
> Such jewels bind conspicuously thy brow.
> Pompilia, infant, child, maid, woman, wife,
> Crown the ideal in our earth at last!"

To Brother Celestine who confesses her she appears:

> "A probationary soul that moves
> From nobleness to nobleness."

She is to Caponsacchi

> "The glory of life, the beauty of the world,
> The splendor of Heaven,"

and

> "The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
> Untenderly."

Last of all the Pope sums up her character in:

" First of the first
Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
Perfect in whiteness."

Nor is this garland of praise ill-deserved. Pompilia is the triumph of patience and unselfishness. Married with a selfish motive on the part of her friends, taken by her husband for the money she would bring, at last cast off by her parents when it seemed to their personal interest so to do, worse then cast off by her husband who sees slipping away the gain for which he married her, her life made miserable by nameless horrors in her own home, thrust back in gratuitous cruelty by the church in which she placed her trust, she is so uncomplaining that her brutal husband exclaims, with consciousness of guilt:

" This self-possession to the uttermost,
How does it differ in aught, save degree,
From the terrible patience of God!"

In all the torture and trial, the temptation and the pain of unlightened despair, she has no thought but so to act that she may please those to whom she is bound by duty. The husband, who would gladly drive her to some disgraceful act, has his malicious intent set at naught by her complete self-renunciation. The villian is mastered by calm, unselfish submission to his every expressed wish, and the final escape from home was in no sense the result of his diabolical schemes. It is only when there is need to preserve her life for another, when there is some one to live for not herself, that she endures all danger of malicious tongues—all peril even of life.

Pompilia is not an assertive character, not complete and well rounded, but she is perfect in self-sacrifice and renunciatory love. Nor is she merely a passive agent under trials she endures. There was activity in her life, but it was subjective mainly. A merely passive soul would have become blunted in perceptions by the cruelty and lack of pity, until all but the life of sense would have gone out either in darkness, or in the lurid glare of insane frenzy. Somehow this child-wife uncultured in mind, untutored by the

hard experience of life, ungifted with genius, unsinning tho' sinned against, strives only for some higher good, confides even more trustingly, sees with a clearer perception of duty, and acquires only beauty of life. We shall not miss the truth if we accept the plain, but magnificently expressed judgment of the Pope:

> "If in purity and patience, if
> In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend
> Safe like the signet stone with the new name
> That saints are known by,—if in right returned
> For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
> If there be any virture, any praise,—
> Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?
> Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me."

There can not be much higher praise than this. It can only be stated in different words, and it would be difficult to find in all fiction a character to whom these words more fittingly apply: "Charity suffereth long and is kind, . . . vaunteth not itself, . . . seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Guido Franceschini has no beauty of body or soul. He is not simply a homely man,

> "A beak-nosed busy-bearded black-haired lord."

He has the stamp on his face that makes the child Pompilia shudder and draw back in terror when she first sees him, that something a pure soul dreads instinctively. This something has a reason not far to seek in Guido's case. He is a man past middle life whose thought has been always for self, to whom greed is inborn, or rather ingrafted by a long course of self seeking. When he enters the church it is not joyously or disinterestedly, but only so far as he may be aided by it. When he leaves it he looks for a wife, who will bring the wealth he has failed to gain from his attendance on a cardinal. After he thinks the money

secure he gives little thought, but to drive from him by cruelty those who brought it. This greed has dried up all milk of human kindness in his nature, and sympathy, benevolence, pity exist no more than love.

Joined with this greed in Guido is that negation cowardice,—impossible of gaining approbation or esteem. Boldness in villainy excites an admiration for power displayed, often confounded with admiration for the thing itself. But Guido has no valor of heart, no daring such as might have won favor in his service at Rome. Wishing the Comparini and his wife out of the way, he has only the instrument of petty annoyances—the coward's weapon—to use. When another man of his time would have taken instant revenge upon the priest found with his wife, he cowers at the vehemence of Pompilia and calls in the law. He slinks home amid the jeers and taunts of his townspeople, and dares not utter a word in self-defense. Finally, when he has committed the murder in a frenzy to which the coward will be sometimes excited, he has no justification of his crime but in complaint of others. He blames the church for his training and his crime. Even the plea of injured honor set up in his defense is broken down by his own spiritless action. The men who torture him despise the wincing craven, and his fellows in crime trust him so little that they plan to take his life and thus ensure their pay.

He has no conception of revenge above brutality. There is no darker picture than his crimes against his wife, in comparison with which the murder is but a drop of ink. His calculating cruelty has few equals in fiction. Contact with Pompilia only shows his villainy more plainly. The effect of her patience is but to exasperate him the more. So inharmonious are the characters of Guido and Pompilia that each acts as a temptation to the other, and while Pompilia puts on new graces bursting from childhood to beautiful womanliness, Guido, because of opposite choices under the stress of the same circumstances, descends farther and farther in the scale of crime.

The typical Italian priest of the 17th century is shadowed not in Caponsacchi but in Paolo. The mind for intrigue, the quick perception of advantage gained or possible, the skill of speech to open or conceal the truth, alacrity in the use of any means how-

ever treacherous to gain his end,—these are possessed by Paolo in full Italian measure. But Caponsacchi is a man of different mold. He would excite the scorn of the other, who would see no reason for such simple and unambitious life. Caponsacchi grew up to take life as it presented itself, lacking other purpose. His first sensitiveness to the meaning of the church vows is easily satisfied by his superior, and he becomes the jolly, ingenuous, fairly faithful, purposeless priest,—not inclined to intrigue nor unwilling for as much as an Italian priest would count harmless. The aimlessness of his life is broken by a sight of Pompilia at the theatre. Her's is the first woman's face that has been more to him than pleasing. There is a something in it he has never met before.

No one can doubt that Caponsacchi loved Pompilia, whose gaze he says,

> "Burnt to my brain, as sunbeam through shut eyes."

Nor can there be much question that this love was a temptation at first. The temptation is mastered only when her evident need of help is responded to by his generous sympathy. The need of her he loves, the opportunity for self-sacrifice of a higher sort than he had given to the church, first puts purpose into Caponsacchi's heart. It calls upon every manly motive, it enlarges his spiritual vision, it is the opportunity of his life. He is no longer a generous and kindly man, he begins the struggle that ends in heroism. I say begins, for Caponsacchi is still a man; he is soldier, not "soldier saint" at a single bound. His first purpose is only to save Pompilia from her husband. He sees no farther, and he retires to Civita somewhat dazed by what looks like the absolute failure of so much generous effort. But the darkness grows clearer as he meditates. The purpose born of love for Pompilia still remains, sanctified by the separation, grown pure by comprehension of the purity of that spotless life, enlarged from love for one to love for humanity. One other link is needed to bind him to the new life, and that is furnished by the murder of Pompilia. The skeptical tendency of the northern mind drags God down to earth. The rich imagination of Italy elevates man to an equality with

God. The elder Roman apotheosized its representative development—the warrior chief. The later Roman crowns his catalogue of saints with its purest type, the virgin mother of God. What the virgin is to the devout worshipper, what Beatrice was to Dante, that Pompilia at her death became to Caponsacchi. His words to the judges

"I do but play with an imagined life,"

show the power of his conception of Pompilia's saintship.

"When exile ends,
I mean to do my duty and live long,"

shows the sincereity of that new purpose to live a truer life, with purer motive and nobler zeal,

"Learning anew the use of soldier-ship,
Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear,
Loyalty to the life's end."

III.

The background of Italian life in the poem is especially interesting, and well worth extended attention. The life of the 17th century is portrayed with a familiarity that shows Browning's complete absorption of the spirit of the time. There are also in the minor characters some well defined types. The burgher family of the Camparini, the priest Paolo, the cardinal patron of Guido, the lawyer Archangelus are all drawn with wonderful distinctness, considering their places in the poem. The relation of the church to the common people and to the government, the position of the landed nobility, the system of court procedure would all make interesting studies from the many hints given by the poet. In sharp contrast with the typical Italian priest, is the best spirit of religious life delineated in the finely executed figure —next in interest to the main personages—Pope Innocent.

Browning's personality is concealed with remarkable care in all

his poems. The words of his men and women may show similarities of diction, but the characters themselves are distinct and clearly defined. In The Ring and the Book it is not until we read the Pope's monologue, that we feel we have at last reached a statement of the complex story, reflecting the poet's own judgment. And while the Pope's personality is perfect in itself, harmonious to the circumstances of his life, with these words of the old man sitting in the twilight and meditating on his final account, harmonize most nearly the poet's own conception of truth. Just as we feel in reading Shakespeare that the poet is to be identified only with a character here and there, but with these truly identified, so we feel that the Pope's monologue is Browning himself speaking to the world.

If this be true some estimate of Browning's self is herein possible. He is broad and catholic in his sympathies. His heart reaches every form of life and sees good, as that is possible, in every station. He is influenced by no conventionality, blinded by no prejudice, hindered by no form of superstition and error from saying that which he thinks true. He possesses what he attributes to Caponsacchi.

> "The chivalry
> That dares the right, and disregards alike
> The yea and nay of the world."

Browning is in harmony with the highest conceptions of a Christian civilization. There is no staggering at faith, no development of the head at the expense of heart, no mincing of evil, no indifference to the world's need, no shirking of responsibility for its uplifting so far as that is possible with him, no demand for insight beyond one's present sphere of action. Browning is prevented from doing present duty by no lack of trust in the Power "that makes for righteousness," which he does not hesitate to call God.

> "All that I do and am
> Comes from the truth, or seen or else surmised,
> Remembered or divined as mere men may."

This is Browning's confidence in the ends aimed at by his poe-

try, as every page of his works evinces, not least also a life devoted to art unassisted by the stimulus of popular applause.

> "Why comes temptation but for man to meet
> And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
> And so be pedastalled in triumph."
>
> "This life is training and a passage."
>
> "And thus eventually godlike . . .
> Enable man to wring from out all pain,
> All pleasure for a common heritage
> To all eternity."

These are expressions of Browning's philosophy of life, thoroughly Christian in their conception and in their teaching. Nor does he clothe his belief with shadowy idealizations as does Tennyson so often, but he is always plain, sincere, outspoken.

It is not possible that Browning should take in this century his proper place among poets. Time's arbitrement must decide that. The hard fate he has met at the hands of his own people, and in his own generation, must first become a thing of the past. It is probable that the predominance of the intellectual element in many of his poems, while it does not detract from his greatness as a poet, will prevent his being a popular one,—a position that he seems not to have courted at any time. Nevertheless the world cannot fail to appreciate more and more the depth of true feeling beneath the comparatively rough exterior of Browning's verse. Best of all it is safe to say his conceptions of truth are lasting. He has won a place—high praise in itself—among the first English poets, and he is to be to more than the thoughtful of his generation a hope and an inspiration.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE AND HIS BOOK.

AMONG the few English books which the literary men of the fourteenth century had in their libraries none were more common than "The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville." And since this book was such a good friend of our revered ancestors, let us examine it and see what kind of a friend it was. The book is a description of some of the countries over which its author had travelled and of some which he had not. The work is naturally divided into two parts; the first part treating of the Holy Land and its approaches in which it adheres to the guide book character, and the second part concerning the lands east of Palestine in which fancy has more play. The first part is founded on the author's own experience and treats of familiar things. The second part is mainly founded on the accounts of other people.

In the Prologue we have a long eloquent description of Palestine, eulogizing it because of its natural advantages, being in the center of the universe, and because of its sacred reminders of Christ. Then Sir John powerfully urges that those Christian kings who are so anxious to fight their neighbors for their selfish ends should go fight the heathen for the Lord and so gain the land which He has left as an inheritance for His children.

His descriptions of Turkey and Egypt are more interesting to modern people than that of Palestine itself where the continual recounting of holy marvels and descriptions of relics becomes monotonous. Next comes the account of Persia and the wonderful empire of Cathay, the land that Columbus thought he was going to find. The Tartars were evidently much the same independent people then that they are now. Equally true and vivid is the account of the Arabs, and Mandeville claims to have had a good chance to learn what a "full foul folk" they were, for he served in a campaign against them.

In his account of peoples in India are several clear descriptions of customs which remain unchanged to the present day. Notable among these is the description of the worship of the Juggernauth idol. Some of Mandeville's extravagant tales, which begin to multiply here, seem to be more or less twisted accounts of real

things. But it is in the "Isles which lie beyond Inde" that one gives up in despair trying to find any rhyme or reason to his wild stories. Sir John seems adroitly to work us up to these stories. He begins quite reasonably and then as he places his accounts farther and farther away he gives us steeper and steeper stories, until at last he takes a leap "thousands of miles beyond" any known land where his stories reach the acme of absurdity. Short, unreasonable, mad and monstrous, he thrusts them upon us in rapid succession until he himself seems to tire of the fun, when he stops with the remark that there are many more such beings as those of which he tells, but he has not space to describe them. These beings are generally presented as races of savages with various kinds of monstrous bodies, each tribe inhabiting an isle by itself.

The reasonable accounts are frequently of anthropological value because of the descriptions of the morals and practices of the savage and barbarous people of that time. Among the best parts of the book is that in which he describes the religions of the Greek church, of the Saracens, of the Hindoos, and of other peoples, comparing them with the Roman religion.

The popularly accepted history of Sir John and his book is as follows: John Mandeville, Knight, was born at St. Albans, England, in about the year thirteen hundred. In his younger days he diligently studied the Bible and afterward applied himself to physics. Somewhere near the year 1327 he departed from England upon his travels. These took him several times to Palestine, also to Turkey and Egypt. He visited Persia, India, and even the far eastern Cathay or China. After thirty-four years he returned to England and wrote his book telling of the countries which he had seen, and also of some which he did not know from personal observation. The work was first written in Latin, then translated into French, and then again into English. German and Italian copies are also found. Finishing his literary work, Mandeville went once more from England, and died at Liege in the year 1372.

This account runs smoothly and seems very probable, but, like so many other very probable things of by-gone times, it has been vigorously attacked by the modern critic. Certain doubt as to

whether there ever was a Sir John Mandeville and in proof of their position say that there is no contemporary account of him and that there are some inconsistencies about his tomb. Some hold that a Dr. Johannes ad Barbam wrote the travels. Stronger reasons than those given would be necessary in order to annihilate the personality of Sir John, for in his own time his book was well known and universally attributed to him. Whether ad Barbam was Sir John or Sir John was ad Barbam; whether they wrote the work together or one wrote it alone, we can not at this late date conclusively prove, though I think Sir John should have the benefit of the doubt.

Mandeville is frequently spoken of as the "father of English prose," but some critics deny that he was an English writer at all and claim that some other person translated his travels into English. Their opinion is founded on some incorrectly translated passages, but to a hasty view, the reasons hardly seem strong enough to overthrow the generally accepted theory.

Then certain others maintain that Mandeville never went beyond Syria and Egypt; but that the account of the countries which lie beyond were taken from the narration of Friar Odoric (1330); that most of the geography and history is from the previous author Hayton; the description of the Tartars from Franciscan John of Paoo Carpini's book, while the account of Prester John, and his country was expanded from that supposed potentate's famous letter; and that many of his natural history stories are direct from Pliny. Even his friends must confess that Mandeville was rather a promiscuous borrower. Little did he ever think how his keen descendants would ferret out all his literary methods to his discredit. But the rules in regard to plagiarism in those early days of literature could not have been very well developed, and we cannot justly try Sir John by our *ex post facto* ideas. Quite likely, as John of Arras confessedly did, he also made use of all the information available concerning the countries of which he wrote. The nature of the work, which is not a book of travels in the modern sense, would tend to justify such procedure. Frequently he mentions that he wrote what he had heard as well as what he gathered from his own experience, and we know from Arras that in those times it was not customary to mention the authors from whom one borrowed.

Many passages in the book itself and its great popularity in contemporary times tend to show that it was a genuine production of Sir John Mandeville. As to how far east he traveled, the fact that in the account of those lands Mandeville borrowed freely from other authors does not prove to my mind that he did not go there himself, and I think there is sufficient contrary evidence to make it most probable that he did go farther east than Syria.

Most people of the present time have an erroneous view of Sir John Mandeville. With them he is considered as the typical lying traveler, an inveterate narrator of monstrous stories drawn from his own imagination. Those who rate him thus, however, can not have thoroughly read his book, but instead have perhaps heard at second hand the story of the big-footed men or of some of the other monsters, and thus has grown up the popular impression concerning him. True it is that much in his book is false but this does not prove him a liar. Mandeville was perfectly well intentioned in what he wrote and we must not forget that most of his actual descriptions, leaving out the irrelevant stories thrown in, are true.

For the most part the tales from which Mandeville's bad reputation has come are from the narrations of what he has heard, not seen, and we can not hold him so completely responsible for them. He himself says that one can not believe all one hears. In one place after relating a story just as he always does, Mandeville startles the reader by saying that he does not believe a word of it. This suggests the question, how many of the stories he did believe himself. He probably put many of them down simply for what they were worth, believing some, disbelieving others, but reserving his judgment on the most of them. Certainly the man, who was independent enough to affirm that the earth was round, in the face of the then popularly accepted idea that it was flat, can not be accused of silly credulity.

Mandeville was no liar. He was a man who, by the advanced ideas which he advocated and by the light which he threw upon foreign parts of the world, played an important part in bringing on the advances in thought and action which broke up the blind ways of the Middle Ages. Columbus himself was inspired by his book. There is not another book, of those times except the Bible,

of which there are as many copies as there are of the Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville.

Necessarily, then, it must have been a book of recognized importance and have exerted a great influence and I can not see how its influence at that time could have been anything but highly beneficial.

Although we should hardly judge so from the title, Mandeville's book contains very little personal experience. It is more like a political geography than a book of travels. Sir John served in the army of the King of Egypt and refused to give up his religion and marry the Egyptian princess. Later he and his company served under the Emperor of Cathay. He drank of the spring of youth and went through the dark and terrible valley. That is about all he tells of his personal adventures though he often speaks of what he has seen. Throughout the book we see the doctor with his eye out for new medicines, the narrator hunting for something interesting to tell, and even the pious man seeking for moral lessons.

In religion, Mandeville was a worthy old fashioned Catholic, ever faithful to the Holy Church, and careful to record the wonderful legends of all the places and persons of her exaggerated traditions, with a credulity which makes the heretical ninteenth century smile. No one wishes to defend these stories. It is enough, to say that Mandeville lived in the fourteenth century and was a good Catholic. His first object in writing his book was to supply a guide book to the Holy Land for the use of pilgrims. To urge Christian kings and rulers to possess the Holy Land by another crusade is also one of his objects. The reason that Christians do not own the Holy Land is, he claims, simply their sins and selfishness. He never loses a chance to incite his fellow Christians to live good lives. Thus, both in his account of the life of Jesus and various saints, and also by showing the superior lives which some heathen people live, he ever urges the Christians to holiness. As usual his stories seldom lack the conspicuous moral. We may suppose that he was pious himself, though his modesty keeps him from saying anything about it except in one place. When he was passing through the enchanted valley, he says he was very devout, more devout than he ever was before or after, for fear of the devils.

Frequently in his treatment of the religious beliefs of heathen nations we find a philosophical and liberal attitude which would do credit to a much later age. Indeed, some of them contain truths which are not even now sufficiently recognized. "And you should understand that of all these diverse folk and of their laws and beliefs that there are none of them but have some reason and understanding though it may be little." That is, some advancement in culture, I suppose. "They have certain articles of our faith and some good points of our belief and they believe in God that formed the world and call him God of Nature. They do not know perfectly for there is no one to teach them but they reason by their natural wit. They have no knowledge of the Holy Ghost but know of the Bible." It is a little startling, however, when he makes some of the heathen defend their heathen customs by good scripture texts. His whole religious attitude in regard to the heathen was perhaps more in accord with the attitude of the Church at that time, than it is with that of the modern churches.

In his scientific speculations, if they are original, Mandeville shows a mind of great acumen. His arguments in favor of the theory that the earth is round, considering the age in which they were written, are especially noticeable. In speculating about why the antipodes did not fall into the sun he seems to have had some vague idea of Newton's law of gravitation. The contemporarary astronomers who believed the earth was round, held that its circumference was about 30,000 miles, but Mandeville on independent calculations of his own puts it at about 20,000 and he was as near right as the authorities.

We are not surprised to find the style of Mandeville's book unformed and awkward, according to our standards. The prologue begins with a sentence two hundred and forty words long and even then it is not complete. The narrative style, however, becomes better though the constant use of the conjunction *and* is very noticeable. The quaintness of the style lends it an attraction. The efficiency with which he depicts a nation is admirable. He understood that the class of men and their customs are the most important things to be told, a fact which some of our modern travelers often forget. The following

extracts in the old fashioned English in which it is published, a little modernized from the original, shows that upon occasion he can be forcible.

Of the Tartars he says: "They are a right foul folk and of evyl kynde. The foulest contrie and the most cursed and the porest that men knowen. And treuly no gode man scholde not duellen in that Contre. For the Lond and Contrie is not worthi Houndes to dwelle inne. It were a gode Countrie to sowen inne Thristelle and Breres and Broom and Thorns; and for no other thing is it not gode."

Before leaving this quaint old book, something must be said of the old wood cuts which so appropriately illustrate it. These mediæval productions are rich and frequently strong, but in most of the artistic qualities they are ridiculously lacking. Perspective is gone mad. There is no delicacy. Beauty of form or face seemed to be unattainable though the artist makes frantic attempts in that line. Expression is not wanting, though it is sometimes hardly fitted for its position. That quality, which in the architecture of the time developed into the picturesque grotesque, is simply ridiculous ugliness in the undeveloped wood engraver's art. One of the most absurd pictures is that of the statue of Alexander the Great, where the Greek conception of an ideal god-man shows in the English copy simply as a naked man on horseback.

After one reads the book one does not blame our ancestors for liking it and indeed even now both for its intrinsic worth and for the pleasure derived from its quaint descriptions, it is a book well worth a place in our own libraries.

Edmund Fowler Brown.

THE LOVES OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THERE is a certain sort of "poetic license" that I have never seen taken account of in works on literary criticism, namely, the poet's license to fall in love a great many more times than other men.

This peculiarity of the poetic genius may be explained in at least two ways: first, the poet ought to fall in love a good deal. We

depend largelv upon him for the faithful portrayal of the ups and downs, the ins and outs, the humors and caprices of love. His richness of expression is usually in direct proportion to his wealth of experience. Passion, therefore, being a great part of his stock in trade, it is clearly his duty to keep himself in material for his songs by falling in love pretty often. Second, he can't help it. For if we start with the proposition that the poet is more intense than other men, and grant the truth of the old proverb that every man is once refused before he finally gets himself a wife, then we are obliged to admit that the poet, being like other men only more so, must be refused a number of times.

Perhaps some day there will be two schools of literary criticism divided upon this question of why poets fall in love so much: a Fatalistic school maintaining that they do it from a necessity of their natures, and an Ethical school, holding that they do it from a sense of duty. But, however we may explain the phenomenon, the *fact* remains, as is shown by lives of Byron, Shelley, Burns, Herrick, Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, and so forth.

Among German poets we think first, in this connection, of the fickle Goethe, falling in love with every attractive woman he met; Goethe, the man of wax, receiving like a piece of plastic clay impressions which effaced each other in quick succession; the man who "moved from one emotion to another," yet "was never inclined to let his passion get the better of him, much as he enjoyed the foam and fury of it and its dainty flavor." Romantic as is the story of Goethe's loves, we yet find in the life of Heinrich Heine two or three love affairs that are even more romantic than those of his great predecessor.

The weirdest of them all was also the earliest. Heine was but sixteen years of age when he yielded to the charms of Josepha, a beautiful Jewess, the niece of an executioner's widow. She was as youthful as himself, yet so developed as to appear four or five years older. Her faultless figure, in tightly clinging dress, looked "like a statue in a wet garment." Years after the passing of this dream of female loveliness, the thought of her put warmth into the poet's pen. In his Memoirs he describes her in glowing terms: "No marble statue could compete with her in beauty, and every one of her movements revealed the rythm of her body,

I might even say the music of her soul. None of the daughters of Niobe had a more finely-cut face. Its color, just as that of her skin in general, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as if they had just pronounced a riddle and were waiting quietly for an answer; while the mouth, with its strongly-curved bow and oblong teeth, white as ivory, seemed to say: you are stupid and never will be able to guess it." He further tells us that her hair was blood-red, and that when it was tied in long locks under her chin, it was as though blood were welling forth from her neck in red streams.

Many a wild old song did "little red Sefchen" sing for young Heine's eager ear alone. One day, while she was chanting a weird *märchen*, they were both overcome by its pathos and fell sobbing into each other's arms, where they remained nearly an hour, mutely but passionately and sympathetically gazing into each other's eyes. Afterwards, Sefchen copied the words of the song for her lover, not in ink, but in her own blood.

All the girl's male relatives were or had been executioners, and there was something eerie and wild about her that well befitted the ghastly calling of her ancestors, as if generations of executioners had united to produce in her a Daughter of the Sword. Her "blood-red hair," her visionary and mysterious thoughts, her scarcely human moods, her dreams of animals (for she never dreamed of human beings), together with the somber shadow of the sword which seemed to brood over her life, all had a dark fascination for Heine.

Once upon a time, Sefchen was telling him of an old sword of her grandfather's, which had been used in a hundred executions and which he had buried, with fantastic ceremonies, at the dead of night; for there was an old legend that a sword which had cut off a hundred heads acquired a lust for slaughter, a thirst for human blood that, like human passions, could only be quieted in the oblivion of the grave. The sword had afterwards been disinterred and hung, an object of dread, in the house of an aunt of Sefchen's, who had the reputation of being a sorceress. Heine was eager to see this terrible weapon, so one day Sefchen came to him brandishing the huge blade, while she sang:

"Say, wish you to hang on the lofty tree,
Or wish you to swin in the dark blue sea,
Or would you kiss the naked sword,
Given us by our Lord?"

"I will kiss the naked sword," sang he in reply, "and I will kiss little red Sefchen." Fearful of harming him with the dire sword, thirsting to drink yet again of human blood, she dared not resist, and suffered the young man's arms "around her fine form and his kiss on her haughty mouth."

Now they were in love in earnest—and that is all. We hear no more about poor little red Sefchen Probably her lover had not the courage to defy the prejudices of society and ally himself with the daughter of an odious executioner. Was she broken-hearted when he left her? Did she find another to soothe her sorrow? We know not. For a moment she formed a factor in the poet's life, and that moment in her own life is immortalized. Then she glides back into the oblivion whence she came.

We must know about this "attachment to Sefchen which threw its blood-red shadows over Heine's young life and thoughts" in order to appreciate the wild and gloomy play of imagination which is the feature of his first published poems, the "Dream Pictures." I will quote from one or two of these youthful lyrics, some snatches which best illustrate this characteristic.*

The poet fancies himself in a lovely garden, bright with the hues of gorgeous flowers and tuneful with the music of birds. In the midst of this garden he sees a maiden washing linen in a marble fountain, singing the while:

"Flow, rippling stream, forever flow,
Wash white my linen as you go."

"For whom is washed this garment white?" asks he.

"Be well prepared!" these words spake she,
"This burial shroud I wash for thee."
Scarce from her lips these words had sped,
When, like thin smoke, the vision fled.

* The extracts from Heine's poems, which appear in these pages, have been kindly translated for this article by Mr. H. E. Millholen.

And again he is standing in a deep, dark wood, when he sees the self-same maiden hewing, with gleaming axe, a knotted oak.

No pause, no rest, blow followed blow,
And all the while she chanted low:
"Iron glitter! iron shine!
And quickly carve an oaken shrine!"

Drawing nearer, he asks, "for whom is meant the coffer there?"

"The time is short," she straightway spake,
"It is thy coffin that I make."

And yet again, he knows not how, the poet encounters the gruesome maid, digging a grave in the midst of a wide and barren heath.

The beauteous maiden toiling so
Thus crooned a couplet, strange and low:
"Here, by my sharp and well-tried spade,
Here shall a deep, wide pit be made."

I nearer drew unto her side;
"What is this pit so deep and wide?
What is the pit that opens there?
I pray thee, tell me, maiden fair."

"Oh, silent be!" she quickly spake.
"It is for thee a grave I make."
And as the lovely maid replied,
The dreadful grave yawned open wide.

Another example of the Sefchen inspiration will be sufficient. In a dream the poet is borne by "the gloomy Sun of Night" into the midst of a brilliant banquet hall:

It was a time of joy and zest,
A wedding feast—gay sat each guest;
But as I spied the bridal pair,
Oh woe! my love was sitting there.

The bridegroom, filling high a beaker of wine,

Gave to the bride ; she, smiling, drained,—
Oh woe ! my blood the glass contained.

An apple, taken by the bride,
She gave her husband at her side ;
He took the knife and cut apart,—
Oh woe ! that was my own sad heart.

And mid the unresisted embraces of the bridegroom,

On her red lips rain kisses free,
Oh woe ! chill Death is kissing me.

His next love affair was less romantic, yet far more important in its bearing on his life and the development of his character. It is the old, old story—an impecunious poet falls in love with a cold, heartless girl with features "faultily faultless, icily regular," who entangles him hopelessly in her net of charms and then casts him off, either because he is poor, or because he has ceased to amuse her, or because she is deterred from marriage by the opposition of her family.

The true name of this "obdurate fair" is carefully withheld by the poet, who addresses her in numerous songs, under as numerous pseudonyms ; but it is now certain that the object of his fruitless passion was none other than his own cousin Amalië Heine, a fair, golden-haired girl, but a year younger than himself. She allowed him to love her for a time, and then jilted him. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing that she was in turn jilted by the next one upon whom her fancy lighted, and after that, took up with the very first man that came along.

Heine was as yet only eighteen years old, and it might have been supposed that this dream of love would fade as the other had done, without making any lasting impression upon him ; but his disappointment had come at a critical period in his life, when he had left home and the sweet companionship of a mother whom he adored. He was in a cold strange place and felt a homesick

yearning for affection. "Love," he says, "I sought in every street; for love I stretched out my hands and begged from door to door." At such a time did this false flirt throw over him the spell of her beauty, and when it pleased her to do so, she cast him aside. His faith in human nature was killed at a blow. From this time forth, the satirist becomes a cynic; from this time forth, we find continually sounded in his poems a note of distrust. A single fragment will show how dead was his faith in the fidelity of humankind:

> Oh, make no pledge, but only kiss,
> I trust no oaths that women make;
> Your words are sweet, but greater bliss
> Is in the kisses that I take.
> That which one has, he can believe;
> Words are meant only to deceive.

There is a vague tradition of still another love experience of the young poet's that is more than half mythical, yet it is thoroughly Heinesque that I would fain believe it true. The story goes that he loved a fair young girl, and thought that she loved him. All at once, she fell sick and (as everyone supposed) died. As she lay calm and still, arrayed for burial, the heart-broken lover was admitted to the room and left alone to take his last sad farewell of the dead. It was a summer night, and the room was lighted only by a taper that flickered as the evening breezes crept in from the open window. Heine approached the bier, and bending over, imprinted a kiss upon the chill brow, when suddenly a gust of wind blew out the candle, and it was dark. He felt a pair of icy arms encircle his neck, and heard his loved one speak; but oh horrors! the name upon her lips was that of another man! Staggering, he groped his way out into the night, and was ever after haunted in his dreams by a ghostly maiden, who would come to his chamber in the dead of night and lie down beside him, twining about his neck her cold, damp arms, while with insatiable lips of ice she sucked his heart's blood out.

But Heine found at last, in a Parisian grisette, one who could love him truly and make him a worthy wife. There would have

been many difficulties in the way of his marrying a woman of his own state in life. He was as yet poor and a wanderer from place to place; and spirited young women and ambitious mammas were no less venal then than now. Once reconciled to the fact that he could not aspire to the hand of a woman who could add intellectual sympathy to other wifely qualities, he resolved to content himself with simple affection; when the problem of wife winning became at once easy of solution.

We imagine our readers smiling at the union of a polished man of letters with an uncultured grisette; yet we may remind them that Goethe wedded his housekeeper, Southey, a dressmaker, Moore a ballet-girl, and they were all happy marriages.

Not only was Heine's marriage with Mathilde Mirat a happy one, but we have every reason to suppose that his love for her was as ardent as though it had not already been once or twice warmed over. In a letter to an intimate friend, he excuses his long silence on the ground that he has been "up to the neck in a love affair," confesses that he "neglects everything," and ends with this remarkable burst: "And that is all I can tell you, for the rosy waves are rushing around me with such power, my brain is still so deafened by the furious scent of flowers, that I am not in a condition to converse reasonably with you."

The woman who had been able to arouse in the cynic's heart this whirlwind of passion was a beautiful brunette, tall, of good figure, and with fine black eyes and hair. Her beauty was a constant delight to him, and her mind was a perfect foil to his own. He was cultured, she was entirely without education; he was witty, she was even obtuse; he was often melancholy, she was invariably cheerful; he had need of a woman's love, she loved him. Moreover, what he calls the "unchangeable changeableness of her humours" was a constant source of pleasant stimulation to him. In writing to his brother in 1843, the poet says: "My wife is a good, natural, cheerful child, as capricious as a French woman can be, and she does not allow me to sink down into that dreamy melancholy for which I have so much talent. For eight years now, I have loved her with a tenderness and passion that border on the fabulous. I have since then enjoyed a frightful quantity of happiness, tortures and bliss in terrible admixture, more than my sensitive nature could endure."

At first Heine made some effort to educate his wife. He sent her to boarding-school for a time, but she showed little taste for learning and he soon saw that she was better left to her own unlettered naturalness. She did not even pretend to read his poems, and would naïvely ask if it were really true that her Henri was a famous poet. "One of her best qualities," said Heine, "is that she knows not one atom of German literature, and has not read a single word of my writings or of that of my friends and enemies." She could not understand him as a poet, a wit, a cynic, so in her presence he laid aside these characters to be the heartiest, the most straightforward, the tenderest of men.

And when, in the last eight years of his life, he was bound down to his "mattrass-grave" by a slow-consuming malady, it was his "Nonotte," as he playfully called his wife, who was the comfort of his weary hours. She could not realize the gravity of the disease which had fastened upon him. Her never failing spirits were contagious. A relapse could not kill her hope, a rally made her radiant. Her irrepressible buoyancy of mind carried him through the darkest days of pain, and helped him forget the tortures of the body. "Only two consolations are left me," he once wrote, "and sit caressingly by my pillow—my French wife and the German muse." "As for Mathilde," says Stigand, "the depth of her love was confided to him alone, and she will remain a mute figure in his history, vocal to him, but silent to the world." And Meissner writes: "She never participated in the evolutions of his spirit, and never knew anything of his battles, but her only life was in him, and she stood faithfully by his side for twenty years."

It is pleasant to know that the man whose life was tinged with so much sorrow and pain, whose affections had been entangled successively with executioners' daughters, false flirts and ghostly vampire maidens, had at last a compensation for it all in the love of a true and faithful wife. *Frank Sydney Fielder.*

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

TO college men the question of college expenses is always of interest, and especially is it so now, owing to the recent articles in the *North American Review* on certain phases of life at Harvard. In view of this fact, the following statistics have been gathered together and thrown into a rough form, and, to say the least, are more reliable than the estimates given in the various college catalogues.

A complete account of college expenses should treat the subject historically, as well as from the point of view of the present. The great difference in the cost of putting a boy through college a hundred years ago and to-day is quite wonderful. A college man of the present in looking over the accounts of his great-grandfather is inclined to smile at the absurdly small amount then required to carry one through four years of college life. Even taking into account the increase in money values, the man who lived highest and spent most a century ago used no more money than the man who goes through one of the large colleges in the cheapest sort of way at present. Here is a summary of the expenses of a young man, who lived during colonial times at Nassau Hall:

Clothing,		$43.00
Board,		42.00
College Bills,		20.00
Amusements,		6.00
Rum $3.00; cider and bottles,	$8.00	$11.00
Travelling expenses,		12.00
A horse (part payment)		20.00
Sundries,		11.00
Total,		$165.00

Board cost 80 3-4 cents a week and hickory wood was sold at the rate of $1.62 a cord. It will be noticed that rum and cider did not come under the head of amusements or luxuries, but were reckoned as necessities for a toiler on the road to learning. Under sundries were included such articles as hickory wood and candles. To judge from the amount of travelling expenses, one might suppose that the young man walked most of the way, as his home

was in Boston. Such was not the case, however. He enjoyed all the luxuries of his time on a total of $165 a year. He was considered so wealthy that even President Burr, the head of the college, condescended to borrow £8 of him on one occasion. In short, he was a member of the "fast set."

To come down to this century, the following estimate of expenses is found in a letter of Mr. Longfellow's, dated Feb. 7, 1825: "The only charge is $1.00 per quarter for the use of the library. Room rent is from $30 to $50 per year and board from $2.00 to $3.00 per week. The expenses for one year will not be very great; $184 I suppose to be a fair calculation."

This, however, must have been a very close estimate and would not have enabled Mr. Longfellow to live as freely and fashionably as our friend at Nassau Hall did for $165.

At present, the expenses of a college course, although differing in different colleges, are much greater than formerly. Colleges in general may be divided into city colleges and country colleges, the expenses of students in the former being somewhat greater than in the latter This is partly explained by the higher cost of living in cities and by the presence of many attractions in the shape of theatres, etc., more or less expensive, which smaller places do not have.

The following table is composed of estimates made by undergraduates in the various institutions given and may be considered as fairly trustworthy. They are not the averages of the whole student body, but none of the items are colored to any extent by the personalities of those making the estimates.

The seeming discrepancies may be explained either by the different customs of the different colleges or by the different ideas associated with "least" "moderate" and "liberal" among the different student bodies. The item "sundries" includes washing, books, stationery, etc. Clothing is not taken into account for that item depends entirely on the individual and might be anything on earth. Furniture in the cases of Columbia and Cornell has not been estimated separately, as the rooms are for the most part furnished. Tuition, in all cases, is that of the academic or arts course, the charges for laboratories, work shops, etc., not being reckoned in.

		Tuition.	Room, fuel and light.	Furniture.	Board.	Societies and Subscriptions.	Sundries.	Totals.
Harvard,	Least,	$150	$ 60	$ 30	$150	. . .	$103	$493
	Moderate,	150	100	65	170	50	300	835
	Liberal,	150	115	85	225	80	500	1155
Yale,	Least,	155	29	10	130	. . .	75	399
	Moderate,	155	100	20	200	30	150	655
	Liberal,	155	135	50	270	100	325	1035
Princeton,	Least,	100	35	15	104	. . .	80	334
	Moderate,	100	90	140	152	20	105	607
	Liberal,	100	250	300	342	20	200	1212
Columbia,	Least,	150	75	. . .	148	. . .	85	458
	Moderate,	150	111	. . .	185	35	150	631
	Liberal,	150	370	. .	370	50	300	1240
Amherst,	Least,	110	30	20	100	. . .	60	320
	Moderate,	110	45	30	190	60	100	535
	Liberal,	110	63	70	260	100	200	803
Brown,	Least,	100	21	40	110	. . .	50	321
	Moderate,	100	50	60	160	10	100	480
	Liberal,	100	100	100	200	25	150	675
Cornell,	Least,	75	30	. . .	100	. . .	75	280
	Moderate,	75	75	. . .	140	35	200	525
	Liberal,	75	150	. . .	200	75	400	900

From the table it will be seen that $493 per year is the very least on which a man can go through Harvard and few have ever done it. In the class of '87, consisting of two hundred and fifty students, about fifty lived within $600. Eighty men were found who lived moderately. Seventy men could be classed under the head of liberal, while the remainder of the class lived extravagantly, their expenses running from $1500 to $5000 a year. These men, besides spending more money on the items given above, paid for private tutor, carriage hire, liquors, betting, etc.

Harvard has a number of scholarships with an income of at least $25,000, assigned on the basis, first of scholarship, and second, of character and poverty.

At Yale, according to the estimate, it is possible for a man to get through the year on $399, but, as in the case of Harvard, few, if any, ever do. In general, the expenses at these two institutions, are about the same, though the idea attaching to a moderate expense account differs. Yale devotes the sum of $11,000 a year in the shape of scholarships, to indigent students, the basis of be-

stowal being, first the poverty and, second, the scholarship of the recipient.

Princeton, although situated in a small place, is practically a city college, owing to its nearness to the large cities. In consequence, the expenses partake of the cheapness of the country college and the extravagance of the city college. The item of furniture seems rather out of proportion, but the amounts given refer to the original price paid in the Freshman year. At the end of the four years, the furniture is sold at a discount of about twenty per cent. The amount paid for societies is small, as the fraternity system does not prevail at Princeton, the only societies being those of a literary nature, and several rather exclusive social clubs. Tuition is remitted to worthy students who need it.

Expenses at Columbia are difficult to get at with any exactitude, as the cost for board and lodging in New York may be anything. The estimate given in the table, however, may be considered as a fair calculation. The regular tuition in the academic department is $150. In the School of Mines it is considerably larger and fees and extra charges are levied. There are a number of free scholarships. In the cases of the economical and moderate livers, expenses are about the same as at Yale. The liberal livers spend more for board and lodging at Columbia than those elsewhere.

Amherst may be taken as the typical country college. The estimate in the table makes the least $320, moderate $535 and liberal $803. The latter is a small estimate for the liberal grade which may be said to extend from $800 to $1000. The prices given for "room, fuel and light," are those charged for rooms in the college dormitories. As a matter of fact, a majority of Amherst men room in the town, where a suite costs from $75 to $150 unfurnished. Board ranges from $2.75 to $7.00 a week, the majority paying about $4.00. Some scholarships are given to needy students, mainly those preparing for the ministry. The beneficiary funds of the college are over $180,000.

Brown may be classed with Amherst, though the expenses are somewhat less. As in the case of Amherst, the rooms in college are little used. There are a number of special expenses at Brown, which to us appear strange, among them being a library tax of $5.00, a tax of $4.00 for the Registrar's salary, and a tax of $14 for the heating of recitation rooms and for printing.

The estimate of expenses at Cornell is made up from a number of calculations of representative men in each grade and is free from any taint of personality. What little is spent here on furniture is reckoned in under the head of "sundries," but the amount is slight, as the great majority of students rent furnished rooms. Besides furniture, "sundries" includes books, stationery, washing, and the amount spent on amusements and luxuries. Tuition has been reckoned in in each grade, but no account has been taken of the charges, ranging from $10 to $50, for laboratories and shop work. State scholarships, giving free tuition, are held by over five hundred of the students and besides these there are thirty-six University scholarships, awarded solely on the basis of scholarship.

By contrasting the expenses at Cornell with those at the other institutions given, it will be seen that we occupy a place midway between the large universities, situated in cities, and the smaller country colleges. A man can probably live more cheaply here than in any other of the institutions mentioned in the table. The great majority of Cornell men are moderate livers, spending from $350 to $650.

An interesting account of the subscriptions at the different colleges, the amounts and methods of collection, could be made of the material now at hand. Subscriptions are almost entirely for athletic purposes and are very variable. At Harvard they run from $5.00 to $75 a year. Freshmen, who can afford to, on the average give $45 to the various teams. Succeeding years the amount is less. At Yale, this item is substantially the same. At Princeton athletic subscriptions are not known after Freshman year. Season tickets to the games are a source of revenue, receipts from these and single tickets paying all team expenses. Athletic subscriptions at Amherst run from $10 upwards. At Cornell they are anything below $10, except in a few cases. The average is $5.

Only one more word is necessary. It must be understood that in all colleges there is a class of extravagant livers whose expenses are entirely out of reckoning. There are such men here as elsewhere, but their number is small and their example has no effect upon the moderate class nor does their presence make the atmosphere uncongenial to the poorer students.

Leonard Callendar Crouch.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Recent Discoveries in Ancient Rome.[1]

This book is not only by the author, but of the author. It is a personal narrative. Its choice of material is dictated by the author's personal experience and interest. It is so arranged as to present fully all the author's own favorite opinions, to tell all his achievements, and communicate all his fervors. Dealing with the objective, it is as subjective as a school girl's epistle. Its title means "Ancient Rome by my light on my recent discoveries."

Still we think Professor Lanciani has a perfect right to make such a book, and account it the preëminent charm of this book that there is so much of the first hand about it, and so much of the genuine glow of a goodly personal enthusiasm born of great and worthy personal achievements. One must not expect continual references to the precedent "literature of the subject," in Stanley's Through the Dark Continent.

The book ought to be read by every student of human civilization. It will make Rome real. It will fill up and round out Rome. With the average man the idea of Rome is marvelously plain and empty, arid and colorless. His notion of its life is something set and hard-and-fast, like the pattern of a bed-quilt. Seven hills, six temples, five arches, a very large circus, a somewhat dilapidated forum, and a considerable number of very eminent men, who, when out of town, occupied themselves in planning a very square camp for the tenth legion, and, when in town, listened to many admirable orations having many subjunctives in them.

Even if the person have seen Rome and its monuments, or pictures of them, it may not be much better. To the lay mind ruins do not tell their own story. They may look picturesque, and, if massive, give, as the aqueducts and the Coliseum certainly do, some impression of the power and greatness of the civilizations that created them, but in general we need the eye of the archælogist to fill in the gaps and complete the picture of a van-

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[1] *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries.* By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1888.

ished reality. We must take some large-souled scholar for our guide, let him lead us, and show us how to see.

Lanciani is your guide. While you read his book he becomes on familiar terms with you, chats cheerily with you, gossips with you, points out, compares, describes, dilates, rhapsodizes, and meanwhile Ancient Rome becomes a real city to you. You hear of its six forums nobly designed and adorned, and opening up no less than twenty-five acres of breathing space for its million close-hived inhabitants. A mile of porticoes supported on twelve hundred columns, temples, public buildings and shops surround them. He tells you a great deal about the baths, both small talk and great. He shows you the shops of the fruit-sellers, the jewellers, the perfumers, and the haunts of the pickpockets. You are told about the system of sewers and the great courses of the aqueducts, fourteen of them, the shortest eleven miles in length, the longest fifty-nine. You visit the quays of the Tiber, and at Ostia the Claudian harbor and Trojan's dock with its fringe of warehouses three miles in length. You are taken out over the dreary desolation of the Campagna, and hear of thriving towns, charming villas, and the fever-fate. Lanciani takes you to one place at least, where even the ancient Roman might not enter,—into the guarded precincts of that antetype and forerunner of all the nunneries of Europe, the home of the Vestal Virgins. The chapter (VI) that deals with this subject is the best in the book, the freshest and most interesting. The discovery and exploration of the temple and house of the Vestals at the eastern base of the Palatine, is a recent achievement and was done under Lanciani's own directions. The opening lines of the chapter betray a triumphant enthusiasm that is indeed perfectly justifiable: "After toiling so long over ground searched and pillaged many a time before, with no prospect or hope of surprising discoveries, our perseverance in excavating the Roman forum and its vicinity has at last been splendidly rewarded; the discovery of the Atrium Vestae settles at once all controversy concerning the topography of this famous district of ancient Rome." Similar in tone are the words in which he records the discovery of the bronze figure of the sitting boxer in February, 1885: "I have witnessed, in my long career in the active field of archæology many discoveries; I have experienced

surprise after surprise; I have sometimes and most unexpectedly met with real masterpieces; but I have never felt such an extraordinary impression as the one created by the sight of this magnificent specimen of a semi-barbaric athlete, coming slowly out of the ground, as if awakening from a long repose after his gallant fights." In the closing sentence of his introductory chapter, glorifying his profession in earnest, glowing words, he commends it to the attention and interest of the young students of America. These words addressed so directly to us deserve to be quoted here. "I do not think that the naturalist who discovers a new species of coleoptera, the chemist who discovers a new chemical element, the astronomer who discovers a new asteroid, can feel what the archæologist feels, under the blessed influence of such important and utterly unexpected discoveries." * * * "It is true that the study requires the spirit of enterprise, plenty of means, a subtle mind, and constancy of application. To the young men of America, however, to whom these pages are especially dedicated, these elements have been supplied even more liberally than is the case, perhaps, with other nations. The first movements the present generation has made in the archæological field, such as the exploration of Assos, the contribution to the investigations at Naukratis, the institution of the school at Athens, the establishment of first-class scientific journals, and the like, prove that American students bring to the antiquarian field the same amount of successful enterprise, which has made them take the lead in many other fields of science." May good seed find good ground! Cornell University has just renewed its annual grant of $250 for the maintenance of the American School at Athens, but as yet no Cornell student has appeared to claim his right of tuition there, although the school is now in its seventh year of useful existence.

To the non-professional reader we would suggest, by way of practical advice: begin, in reading, with chapter III, and if a selection must be made, read chapters IV, VI, VIII, X, XI, and conclude with chapter I, but, in any case, do not fail to read therein. *B. I. W.*

A Last Volume From Matthew Arnold.[1]

In some respects this book is more valuable than any one of the eight volumes of collected essays which have up to the present made up Matthew Arnold's Prose Works. Not that there is anything new in it, for it is made up of essays which have all of them been already published and which are already well known to the reading world. It contains Mr. Arnold's Introduction to Ward's English Poets and his separate Introductions to the extracts from Gray and Keats. It contains his Introductions to the volumes containing his own selections from the poetry of Wordsworth and of Byron. It has his article on Shelley written apropos of Professor Dowden's Life, his article on Tolstoï published a year or more ago in the *Fortnightly* and articles on Milton and Amiel both of which had previously been made public.

It will be seen that the articles are all upon literary subjects. Mr. Arnold's remarks upon strictly literary matters were far too few. There are many who regret the energy which he devoted to St. Paul and Protestantism, to Literature and Dogma, and to God and the Bible ; who would have been better pleased had he continued to write and publish such excellent pieces as those "On Translating Homer" and "On the Function of Criticism at the Present Time." "Mr. Arnold," they would say, "should not meddle with Religion. His forte lies in Literature." Without touching on the rather difficult question as to just where comes the dividing line between Religion and Literature, we may easily see that no one could deny the present volume the title of Literary Essays. It is in this respect that this Second Series of Essays in Criticism is more valuable than Mr. Arnold's previous writings. There were doubtless excellent things in the First Series, in the Mixed Essays. But nowhere in his earlier literary writing did Mr. Arnold give the world anything of as much value as his essays on "The Study of Poetry," and on "Wordsworth."

Everybody does not agree with Mr. Arnold as to the question, What is Poetry? and those who do not believe that Mr. Arnold

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[1] *Essays in Criticism: Second Series.* By Matthew Arnold. Macmillan & Co. London and New York. 1888. For sale by Andrus & Church.

knows what poetry is, will not be apt to value his remarks upon the study of poetry nor upon the poetry of Wordsworth. But the same objection applies to Mr. Arnold's earlier writings. To those who do not agree with Mr. Arnold, this volume is as valuable as were his earlier ones. To those who do agree with him it is more valuable. To me it is more valuable. The definitions of poetry given by Mr. Arnold in the two essays noted may not be the correct ones. No one can decide that point. The more important question is, what definition, what understanding of poetry or of anything else is of most help to you or to me? It isn't that we may use words more correctly that people strive to define poetry. People will go right on saying poetry when they mean verse or rhyme or metrical prose. The use of such definitions is that we may gain from them some inkling of the writer's point of view, may make that point of view our own and thus gain in some measure the delight and the profit which the writer has himself received from the work under consideration. For this purpose Mr. Arnold's definitions as found in these two essays are admirable. They make literature one of the noblest studies with which a man can concern himself instead of the diversion of a diletante or the hobby of a pedant. With Mr. Arnold's words on poetry in his mind a man may get some good out of poetry even if he does not (as many would tell us) know at all what this thing called poetry is.

Next in value to these two is the essay on Count Leo Tolstoï. In this essay Mr. Arnold perhaps departs from literature and turns to religion. Certainly this essay has more the flavour of "St. Paul and Protestantism," and "Literature and Dogma," than of Mr. Arnold's other works. The readers of those two works and of those books of Tolstoï's of which Mr. Arnold speaks can well imagine what would be the substance of the essay. Doing away with some superficial points, smoothing down some apparent disagreements, Mr. Arnold shows how like at bottom are his own views and Count Tolstoï's. The essay is perhaps of most value in its tracing out the life of Levine in "Anna Karénina" and showing its development along the lines of "My Confession," and "My Religion."

In the other essays, as a rule, Mr. Arnold according to his

habit selects some cardinal point and insists upon it, leaving other matters to other times and writers. Thus the paper on Gray is an amplification of Wharton's remark that, "He never spoke out;" the paper on Keats is a presentation of one point, Keats' strength of character. But the points are such, and the treatment is such, that from insistence thereon we may gain perhaps more good than from a more discursive essay. "One thing at a time," and so forth.

On the whole this volume is representative of its author in a fuller, more complete way than is any other. Anyone who desires to become acquainted with Arnold will do well to read first this volume and then his "Poems."

E. E. H., Jr.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Holland: In the Story of the Nations. By J. E. Thorold Rogers.

Virgil's Aeneid. The first Six Books. Translated into English Rhyme by Henry Hamilton.

Winter Sketches. By John Codman.

Selections from the Prose Works of Lessing. Edited by Horatio S. White.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

The Critical Period in American History. By John Fiske.

The above will be reviewed in our next number.

EDITORIAL.

THE *Era* of the 18th of this month in some editorial remarks, which we approve though we regret that it should be necessary to utter them, says that "the literary spirit is practically dead at Cornell." We desire also to take some notice of the subject now that the *Era* has opened the matter.

The *Era* remarks that "The MAGAZINE, it is presumed, does not find itself overwhelmed with literary efforts." Such is the case and we bear our contemporary no malice for pointing out the fact. The MAGAZINE was started upon a basis in one respect similar to that upon which the *Era* now is, namely, that editors were to be in some degree elected by the Board. It was assumed

in the case of the MAGAZINE, as in the case of the *Era*, that contributions to the paper would be made the ground for choice. But as the MAGAZINE only issued two numbers before electing a Board for the next year the basis had in that instance to be changed and the present editors were therefore elected largely from other considerations.

But by this time there has been plenty of opportunity for any members of the present Junior Class that desired, to submit articles. In our case as in the case of the *Era* the Junior Class has not submitted articles to any appreciable extent. While we cannot well go to the length of declaring that with no contributions we shall make no elections, we deem it worth while to call attention to the fact.

* * *

The *Era* asks the cause of this literary deadness at Cornell and justly sets aside the idea that it is due to the technical element being too strong. It goes on to remark: "The trouble simply is this, that students who might write do not." This is probably true, yet we might go farther and ask why not. It seems to us that there are at least three reasons. One is that with a course as largely elective as is ours, a man's natural tastes are more apt to find more interesting and more legitimate outlet in his work than is the case under a more restricted curriculum. Another is that in very many cases the students here rate their college work as of much higher importance than do the average students in some other colleges and are therefore more inclined to expend all their energies upon it. A third reason it appears to us, lies in a sort of torpor which broods over the general body of students at Cornell, and exercises a most depressing effect upon all those who desire to do anything out of the "routine and required work." We think that this spirit (or lack of spirit) may have been noted by those who are interested in football, or in baseball, or in track athletics. It is possible that the officers of the various societies for the prosecution of studies outside and beyond the curriculum, may have noticed some such deadness. It is possible that anyone who has had anything to do which has involved the moving of large numbers of the student body, may have felt that there was some inertia which had to be with difficulty overcome. The *Era* has evidently noticed it and so has the MAGAZINE.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

"Did you ever hear any of my verses?"
"No sir; (*aside*) but I am in some fear
I must now." BEN JONSON.

"The Heart's a Lyre."

"The heart's a lyre" the poet sings,
"And love and passion sweep the strings,
And rarely will a lyre be found,
To which no other will respond."

Thus said I to my darling girl,
And she but flung aside the curl
With which I toyed,—a teasing wile,
And followed by a teasing smile.

"Oh, tell me then, my dearest maid,
When I the words of love have said,
What doth that precious heart of thine,
Trembling respond to strains of mine?"

I startled at the answer given;
A little "no" spoiled all my heaven;
But, ah, my heart beat octaves higher,
To hear her add "The heart's a liar."

L. C. E.

A Fallen Idol.

Three years ago when fresh and green I entered
The University, my mind to store,
Methought the entire sum of knowledge centered
To full completeness, in the Sophomore.

Three years have past. This Freshman-like delusion
Gives way to thoughts experience teaches, for
In light of facts, I've come to the conclusion
To thank kind fate that I'm a Soph-no-more.

P. W. V.

THE

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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ALLEN C. BALCH, *Business Manager.*

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THE BLOWING UP OF THE "MARY ROSE."

THE history of the Puritan settlers of New England has always been of the greatest interest to me. I have read their annals and their records and also the narratives of their descendents who have commemorated their exploits. But in such reading there has always come to my mind a species of gap, there has been, not a jarring, but, in some sort, a failure wholly to connect. The historians have given to us the history of those times as history. The writers of journals and records give it to us as every day life. To the one, Winthrop, Dudley, Endicott, are historical characters. To the others they were personal friends. Nowhere, so far as I know, has the complete fusion been made. The historian who would strive to give us the daily life of our Puritan ancestors, (as the novelist has done in the "Scarlet Letter"), would impose on us, I think, an obligation from which we are now unhappily free.

With such ideas in mind I have often tried to present to myself the lives of men too obscure to interest the historians, the details

of incidents too resultless to be of historical importance. I have felt that in so doing I was getting nearer to the heart of the Puritan, seeing him more nearly as I see the people of my own generation. And this surely is what we must always do with an historical epoch to understand it thoroughly. I have felt, with Whittier, that

> "Human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrows and the sin,
> The loves and hopes and fears of old are to our own akin."

And such a notion must be my apology for presenting here the details of an incident of the old times, told, as far as I can find it, in the very words used by those who were on hand when it occurred. It is I think a curious story and one of interest to any one who desires to get nearer the life of the founders of New England.

The inhabitants of Boston, though withdrawn from the rest of the world at their own option and desiring indeed to remain apart from it, were yet, by the nature of the case, compelled often to come in contact with those who were indifferent and even hostile to their ideas and opinions. So we read that when the King's birthday came around and was greeted in Boston with no observance, the shipmasters requested that the flag of England might be displayed. Readers of Winthrop will remember how the governor solved the difficulty. These same ship-captains and sailors, men without sympathy for the Puritan ideals, proved a minor thorn in the sides of those good men. The following incident may be said perhaps to have been some slight comfort to the Puritans for many griefs endured. I take it just as it stands in the in the pages of Winthrop's Journal.

"Being the second day of the week, the Mary Rose, a ship of Bristol, of about 200 tons, her master one Captain [*blank*], lying before Charlton, was blown in pieces with her own powder, being 21 barrels; wherein the judgement of God appeared, for the master and company were many of them profane scoffers at us, and at the ordinances of religion here; so as, our churches keeping a fast for our native country, &c., they kept aboard at their common service, when all the rest of the masters came to our assemblies; likewise the Lord's day following; and a friend of his

going aboard next day and asking him, why he came not on shore to our meetings, his answer was, that he had a family of his own, etc., and they had as good service aboard as we had on shore. Within two hours after this (being about dinner time) the powder took fire (no man knows how) and blew all up, viz., the captain and nine or ten of his men, and some four or five strangers. There was a special providence that there were no more, for many principal men were going aboard at that time, and some were in a boat near the ship, and others were diverted by a sudden shower of rain, and others by other occasions. There was one man saved, being carried up in the scuttle, and so let fall in the same into the water, and being taken up by the ferry boat, near dead, he came to himself the next morning, but could not tell anything of the blowing up of the ship, or how he came there. The rest of the dead bodies were after found, much bruised and broken. Some goods were saved, but the whole loss was estimated at £2,000. A 20s. piece was found sticking in a chip, for there was above £300 in money in her, and 15 tons of lead, and 10 pieces of ordnance, which a year after were taken up and the hull of the ship drawn ashore."

This was certainly an unusual and exciting event. We need not be surprised that the Puritans considered it a special Providence,—a species of retribution for the past sins and offences of divers seafaring men and a warning to many who were still to come. There is much comment thereon in the old Journals and Annals, and much speculation, as a specimen of which take this letter to John Winthrop from John Endicott in Salem,—the same John Endicott who cut the cross out of the English flag one day as the militia carried it through the street.

"Dearest Sir,—Hearing of the remarkable stroak of God's hand uppon the shippe and shippe's companie of Bristol, as also of some Atheisticall passages and hellish profanations of the Sabbaths and deridings of the people and ways of God, I thought good to desire a word or two of you of the truth of what you have heard. Such an extraordinary judgement would be searched into, what God's meaning is in it, both in respect of those whom it concerns more especially in England, as also in regard of ourselves. God will be honoured in all dealings. We have heard

of several ungodly carriadges in that ship, as ffirst in their way overbound they would constantlie jeere at the holie brethren of New England, and some of the marriners would in a scoff ask when they should come to the holie Land? 2. After they lay in the harbour Mr. Norrice sent to the shippe one of our brethren uppon business, and hee heard them say, This is one of the holie brethren, mockinglie and disdainfullie. 3. That when some have been with them aboard to buy necessaries, the shippe men would usually say to some of them that they could not want any thinge, they were full of the Spiritt. 4. That the last Lord's Day, or the Lord's Day before, there were many drinkings aboard with singings and musicke in tymes of publicke exercise. 5. That the last ffast the master or captaine of the shippe, with most of the companie would not goe to the meetings, but read the book of common prayer so often over that one of the companie said he had worne that thread bare, with many such passages. Now if these or the like be true, as I am persuaded some of them are, I think the truth hereof would be made knowen, by some faithfull hand in Bristoll or elsewhere, ffor it is a very remarkable and unusuall stroake. Pardon I pray you my boldness heerin. You shall command mee in any service I can doe. I write the latter because I have some relation that way, and shall therefore be glad to be thoroughly informed of theise things. This being all at present, I leave you with the Lord, desiring myne and my wife's hearty love and service to be remembered to yourself and your yoakefellow, and rest

Yours ever assured

JO. ENDICOTT.

Salem the 28th of the 5th month 1640."

Thomas Lechford, the Boston lawyer, as well, considers the case, but not so much as a special providence, being by no means a friend to the Puritans and their ways, as in the light of a most doleful accident. He notes in the margin of his diary the fact of the explosion and the death of one James Smith. And later he writes a letter to a friend wherein he says:

"And now, Worthy Sir, what news can I write you from us, but such as is heavy and sad in every respect? Yester-

day being the 27th of July, a tall ship riding at anchor before Charlestowne, that brought hither provisions from Bristoll, called the Mary Rose, was (most part) blown up with gunpowder which she had in her for her defence, (and the rest sunke downe immediately,) through some careless rummaging with candle light in the hold: wherein died a brave marriner Captain Davis, with ten others, seamen, and two or three of the country being on boarde. Fourteen others of the ship's company being on shore, through the mercy of God escaped: I never heard such a fearful blow: it shook the house wherein I was being a mile off, as an earthquake. A sad and doleful accident, and much laid to heart by me. This was at one a clocke in the afternoone. God of his mercy grant that we the living may lay it to heart and repent indeed, lest we likewise perish."

Another to take serious thought of this miserable event is Captain Edward Johnson, off at Woburn, where, considering the Wonder Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England, he attends not merely to the planting of the country and the gathering of the churches therein, but also takes note of all Special Providences made manifest throughout the Colony. The brave Captain thought much of this particular matter and put it down some twelve years later in his book, as showing how the rod of God was toward the New Englanders manifested in their maritime affairs, at which place too he set forth his thoughts in some obscure and rugged verse, of which, reader, let this serve as an example.

"Instead of home oppression, they shall now
Thy saints abroad relieve, by sea them send;
No riot shall our Merchantmen allow,
Time in exchange walks, not in Taverns spend;
Godly grief and good purpose comes from Thee,
Lord Christ command, and then to work go we."

And in the margin to show the application, he makes note of the "Mary Rose."

The business had certain other consequences more mercantile than otherwise, of which hints may be gained by such as pore over old books of records, notes and so on. To follow one pro-

ceeding for instance. Here is a transcript of an old deposition which in some way got pasted into the book containing the deeds of the County of Suffolk. I have seen also the original draft of it as it appears in the rather crabbed handwriting of Lechford the lawyer, with whom John Oliver consulted in the matter, who set it down with others of its kind in his notebook. A man feels that he is getting very near the time indeed in studying over that curious handwriting, the rather faded ink, the yellow paper all worn and ragged at the edge, and the broken leather binding of the lawyer's notebook. Here is the deposition, word for word as Mr. John Oliver dictated it to Mr. Lechford two hundred and forty-eight years ago and more.

"Jo. Oliver late of the Cittye of Brestall Merc. and now living in Newberye in New England aged 27 years sworne saith up his oath y^{t} he received a letter from Edward Benett, the purser of the Marye Rose wherein he desired the said Jo. Oliver to come and receive a packe consigned to him by Mr. Simon Lewis of Bristall whereupon this deponent sayth that he went to Boston the next day and went aboard the Marye Rose with a Bigg boat and desired the packe of the sayd Edward Benett but he answered that he could not come to it at present desiring he would come on the morrow before lecture, at w^{ch} time he saith he went aboard with one Thos. Millard's Shalopp earnestly desiringe to have the said packe, to w^{ch} The Ship men made answer they would not deliver it because Mr. Benett was not aboard.

Donat. 17th Sept. 1640, Coram me Simon Broadstreet."

And here is another to the same purport:

"Tho. Millard of Cape Anne in New England fisherman aged about 40 years sworne sayth upon his oath y^{t} before the Shipp Mary Rose was blowen upp he was entreated by Mr. Jo. Oliver of Newberrye in New England to goe wth a shallop wth ye said Jo. Oliver to the same shipp, and then demanded and was very earnest for a packe of goods sent him in the said Shipp to be delivered unto him but some of the Ships Company answered they would not deliver the said packett of goods unto him at that time because Mr. Benett: was not then aboard."

And further in regard to this pack of goods so earnestly demanded is this also:

"Edward Bendall of Boston in New England aged about [ ] years sworne sayth upon his oath that upon the very day the Ship Mary Rose was blowne up in Charles River this deponent in the behalfe of Mr. John Olliver of Newberry in New England was going aboard the said shipp in the morning before the same was blown up to demand and take order to fetch away a certaine packe of goods sent in the said ship to the said John Oliver and by the way this deponent met wth Mr. Dannet one of the merchants of the said shippe coming ashore and told him this deponents errand, whereupon Mr. Dannet sayd that if he had knowne this deponent was to have received it he should have had it before that tyme and therefore at that time bad this deponent trouble himself no further about it the said Mr. Dannet promising that he would at high water or the next tyde send the said packe ashore to this deponent in the long boate of the said ship."

And from the same authority too we may learn that there was on board at the time that the shippe blew up one Thomas James or Jones (for in both ways is his name spelled) a tailor, who had then certain yards of kersey and of bayes belonging to one John Rogers of Agamenticus as is evident from two depositions in the Lechford's manuscript book. He was probably the man carried up in the scuttle and so let fall into the water.

Of this explosion no more now, but take notice here of the result which was curious and very diverting. We may read in the Records of the General Court:

"About the rack: Edward Bendall having order to cleare the ryver of it and if he cleare the harbo^{r}, hee is to have all w^{ch} he can get up; if not, he is to have the one halfe and the country is to have the other halfe. For the clearing of the harbo^{r} he hath liberty till the first of the 8th M, 1642; and he is to give account to the treasurer, from time to time, and to leave the full haulfe, or give good security."

And again,

"Edward Bendall hath liberty to make use of any of the cables, and other things belonging to the worke, as he needeth, alowing hurt of them."

And of this we have a full account in the Journal of that worshipful father, Mr. John Winthrop, as follows:

"The Mary Rose, which had been blown up and sunk with all her ordnance, ballast, much lead, and other goods, was now weighed and brought to shore by the industry and diligence of one Edward Bendall of Boston. The Court gave the owners above a year's time to recover her and free the harbour which was much damnified by her; and they having given her over and never attempting to weigh her, Edward Bendall undertook it upon these terms, viz., if he freed the harbor he should have the whole, otherwise he should half of all recovered. He made two great tubs, bigger than a butt, very tight, and open at one end, upon which were hanged so many weights as would sink it to the ground (600 wt). It was let down, the diver sitting in it, a cord in his hand to give notice when they should draw him up and another cord to show when they should remove it from place to place so he could continue in his tub near half an hour, and fasten ropes to the ordnance, and put the lead, etc., into a net or tub. And when the tub was drawn up, one knocked upon the head of it, and thrust a long pole under water, which the diver laid hold of, and so was drawn up by it; for they might not draw the open end out of water for endangering him, etc."

"There was about £30 put into one of the guns of the Mary Rose, which was known all abroad. The guns being taken up and searched, they pulled out of one of them, a wad of rope yarn. They handled it and found it very heavy, and began to undo it, but being very wet and foul they threw it down; and about 8 or 9 days after, coming to try one of the guns, and finding this wad lying there, they thrust it in after the powder, and shot it off into the channel, but perceived part of it to break and fall short, and the rest fall into the middle of the channel. But the next low water there was taken up several pieces of gold and some silver. This was in a place where people passed daily, and never any found there before that time. Those who found the mony refused to restore it to him who had bought and taken up the wreck. Whereupon he brought his action and the money was adjudged to him."

Such seems to be the end of the story as far as I can trace it in the authorities. If we had time to go farther we could give subsequent events in the life of Mr. Edward Bendall, we could show

how he tried to get his diving bell patented but failed in the effort, we could make plain some bits of his private life and of his business. We should then be introduced to one of the thriving, energetic, business men of Boston. And from him we could go on to others till the whole life of the Colony became a bit plainer to us. But we must now be content, I fear with having heard the last of the "Mary Rose." *Edward E. Hale, Jr.*

THE UNITY OF FAUST.

TO those who can study Goethe's *Faust* with sympathy and appreciation, who can discern the links which compose thro ut a single chain of thought, who can view it intelligently in its entirety, it rises like a vast structure, complete in its magnificent variety, comprehensive in its treatment of every phase of the poet's primary thought, and, above all, most artistically unified. Yet, many scholars, among them Lewes who has contributed largely to the literature in relation to Goethe's life and works, have claimed that there is no immediate connection between the First and Second Parts of *Faust*; that the Second Part has no inner connection; that, as a whole, it is vague and obscure.

This great tragedy has been the study alike of pedantic cavilers and appreciative critics. To the latter class of scholars, we owe the truer and nobler interpretation, that which establishes the unity of *Faust* and, by means of explanations of the entire work through its manifold elements, gives the world a true insight into the motives which guided the poet's pen. Studied in this light, it cannot fail to be obvious that Goethe has produced a masterpiece; a mirror of the ideas naturally held by a man of his intelligence and genius, living in an epoch when speculation in philosophy was so deep and paramount; a poem, profound in its signification, having all its parts essential to ultimate completeness, and presenting a natural evolution from beginning to end.

The poet himself has testified that the framework of the complete tragedy was conceived before the work was begun. It was

a labor of sixty years. Goethe did not force himself into the mood for writing his poem continuously, but the different portions were not produced until he had reached the phase in his own development most auspicious for their production. As Milton awaited a mature development of his poetic gift before attempting his grand epic, so Goethe awaited the unfolding of his power at its best for his special purpose, before writing any particular part of *Faust*. Had he not delayed the completion of his masterpiece for so many years, the poetic unity would be doubtless far more apparent, but would not that more evident connection have been gained at the expense of perfection in the constituent parts?

In the prelude to the First Part, the manager closes with these lines:

> "Thus in our booth's contracted sphere
> The circle of creation will appear,
> And move, as we deliberately impel,
> From Heaven, across the World, to Hell."

When these lines were written, the outline of the Second Part had been determined, and yet they give the course of action of the old legend and of the exploded interpretation, founded on the fiend's "Hither to me" in the First part, nothing being foretold of the course of action in the Second Part: back from Hell, again across the World, to Heaven. Goethe said to Eckerman, in 1827: "People come and ask what idea I have embodied in *Faust*. As if I knew myself and could express it! 'From Heaven, across the World, to Hell'—that might answer, if need were; but it is not an idea, only the course of action." Bayard Taylor infers from this remark that the poet simply intended to keep his secret from the reader. This may be true, as it is doubtful whether Goethe believed at this time that he would ever be able to elaborate the plan as he had conceived it. The plan being unknown to the world, the failure that he may have dreaded, would be also unknown. The course of action, 'From Heaven, across the World, to Hell,' is the natural one for a manager to give when only the First Part of *Faust*, is presented. Why should he mention the course of action in the Second Part when he presents only the First?

While the Manager will not disclose the direction of the plot in

its entirety, it is suggested in the course of the poem. The moral ending is clearly foretold in the Prologue in Heaven:

> "A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
> Has still an instinct of the one true way."

Again, when the famous compact has been made, Mephistopheles promises "The little world and the great, we shall see." In other words, Faust is to experience first all human desires and passions, after which he is to see life in its broader sense, when passion gives way to intellect; and here are represented Society, Government, War and Beneficent Activity. Faust must see both the Microcosm and the Macrocosm, before his knowledge of the life of man shall be complete.

There is an abundant harmony between the two Parts, obscured sometimes, it is true, on account of the fact that they are the products of diverse periods in life. The profound unity is even deepened by the differences, for in their diversities, the Parts are symmetrical. The First Part is more subjective, the Second more objective; the First is more impulsive, the Second more thoughtful; the First is comparatively narrow in scope, a creation for the German stage, while the Second has an unlimited sphere and requires the world, and more, as its stage of action; the First passes from Heaven, through the World, to Hell, and the Second returns therefrom, through the World, to Heaven.

Goethe embodied in *Faust* his views in regard to two vital questions of the day. One was: How can individuality be harmonized with institutions? From the French Revolution men learned that the tyranny of institutions could no longer crush out individual liberty. From the excesses of the Reign of Terror, they learned that institutions are necessary to promote individual security, that the weak may be protected, and the baser element held in control. The great philosopher Kant, had taught that the moral law is absolute and necessary as the foundation of society. In *Faust*, Goethe endeavored to reconcile the apparent contradictions in the different phases of this question, by modulating into poetic harmony, a series of tones which seem, to the pedantic critic, harsh discord. The other great topic embodied in the poem is the idea of evolution. This theory had not yet received much attention in Goethe's time, but the great poet

seized upon it and did much to hasten the day when philosophers should make it a profound study.

The unifying purpose of *Faust*, therefore, to which all its parts are subordinated, is the embodiment of these two ideas. It depicts the harmonizing of individuality with institutionalism; traces the evolution of a representative man from agnosticism to theism. In his evolution from the imperfect condition toward the perfect, man is continually "striving and erring," but since evil is nothing positive, it must finally collapse, when the *ewig-weibliche* element of Divine love leads him toward redemption and perfection.

That this design brings the complexity of *Faust* into unity is evident when its elaboration is traced. In the opening scene, Faust appears, fallen into agnosticism, about to declare that "Life is not worth the living." He decides to end his bitter life by taking poison, but is deterred, at the last moment, by the strains of the Easter Chorus which the clear morning air brings to him. He cannot have faith in religion himself. He is tempted to prostitute his talents, genius, everything, to advance his material and sensual pleasure. At this point, Mephistopheles appears and makes his famous compact with the doctor. Faust is led through the debauchery of Auerbach's Cellar and the Witch's Kitchen, but Mephistopheles cannot induce his servant-master to say to the passing moment, "Stay: thou art so fair!"

The fiend aids Faust in accomplishing the ruin of Gretchen. Here is revolt against the institution of the Family. The treatment by the poet of this revolt, is, in general concrete. After ruining Gretchen and her family, Faust escapes unpunished, not being consigned to Hell, as is Dr. Faustus in the grim humor of the early Faust legends; nor has he yet undergone the regeneration which is to complete his development, and this perfection must be the theme of the Second Part, according to the original design of Goethe. The First Part has served for Mephistopheles to show Faust the Microcosm; the Macrocosm is yet to be explored:—for the guiding fiend has promised at the outset "The little world and the great world we will see" We have seen the revolt against the Family dramatically portrayed. We must still see revolt against State, Art and Religion allegorically symbolized.

In the beginning of the Second Part, the elves symbolize the

healing forces of time and nature which have had a restoring influence on Faust. Then ensues a study of the institution of the State : the scene is laid at the court of the Holy Roman Empire, and closes with the clashing of prince and people, and the conflagration of revolution. Already Faust's experience is broadened. Now his nature is purified and elevated by his search after Helena—the Beautiful. The effects of this purification—Faust's recognition of the Divine in his fellow man and belief that the real essence of the human form is the soul—is shown in the third act, where also is shown the reconciliation of classicism and romanticism in literature.

The fourth act presents to us a loftier, purer, grander Faust, seeking to become a useful citizen in the secular word. He says :

> "This sphere of earthly toil
> Still gives us room for lofty doing.
> Astounding plans e'en now are brewing,
> I feel new strength for bolder toil."

In the fifth act, Faust, has become the builder of public benefit; the industrious worker for his fellow man : the victor over his dread enemy, impatience. As such a man, he is, at last, happy. He finds the moment "so fair" that he would have it linger with him. That moment comes when he formulates a plan for benefitting a great number of people. He dies, but the angels, not Mephistopheles, win his soul. Altruism, never selfishness, can satisfy human nature. The closing scene culminates the drama grandly by disclosing the four ideas of Christianity which have characterized the four epochs in its history.

Thus the Second part is the consummation of the first. Together, they form a complete unity ; alone, either is fragmentary and obscure. The original conception of the work in Goethe's mind was the image of the whole in all its essentials, but undefined, unelaborated and undetermined in its details. Time materialized the original idea ; the healing influences of time and nature acted upon Goethe as well as upon his creation. The great poem is Goethe's monument, conceived as a whole, erected block by block, and bequeathed to the world a magnificent unity.

Claude Jones.

INTERCALARY DAYS.

WHEN Henri Belleville carried home to Belfort, his doctor's diploma, he was one of the few people, whose lot in life, one would be apt to envy. He was the only child in a family that had been noted for generations, for its culture and wealth. He was young, perhaps twenty-five years old, and he was not only loved, but esteemed by his father, as a man of character. With this, he was engaged to a charming girl who loved him, Bertha Durand, the daughter of his nearest neighbor and the sister of his best friend.

Still there were a few unfortunate circumstances in Henri's life. The first was that he had lost his mother while he was very young. The second was that his best friend, the brother of Bertha, was a man without heart and endowed with all the bird of prey qualities which make the successful scoundrel. With all this Jean Durand was a very agreeable companion. He told a good story and could strike off a pretty air on the piano, and he was decorative. It is true he was rather cynical; but there are so many good hearted fellows who affect cynicism, that the real cynics are not discovered.

Henri's life at Belfort was a lazy one, spent in oscillating between his father's and Bertha's house. He did not practice his profession. He did not know why, but he felt as if he brought misfortune with him. He lived lazily, contentedly almost happily; and he might so have continued had he not decided to spend the fall in Paris, with his old student friends.

One day, shortly after his arrival, he was sitting on one of the cane chairs in the Jardin des Tuilleries, in excellent humor. The day was fine, his cigar better than usual and the music of the military band very pleasing. He was looking at the statue of Pericles clothed in a Helmet and a short shirt, and he was thinking of—nothing whatever, when his eyes fell on a young girl and an old man broken down in physique and in spirits, his face yellow, his body thin and weak with suffering, his eyes sunken and hopeless. The father and daughter sat down on one of the free stone benches.

There was something attractive in the despondent old man and the gentle girl who aided him and Henri watched them with sympathetic interest. The next day and the days after he came back to see his little bourgeoise, as he mentally called her. At last he scraped up an acquaintanceship with the father and managed to get a few words from the girl. After a few weeks he was intimate with them. He came regularly to the park and always walked home with them, talking casually and wondering if Mel, as her father called the girl, fitted her solemn little face and great dark eyes, better than Madeleine, her full name. He did not talk to or look at her much ; yet he was undoubtedly losing his head ; and the little bourgeoise had done the same long ago.

Three months after, calling as was his daily custom, Henri found the old man, who had constantly grown worse, on the point of death ; and Mel at his bedside in tears. He said a few consolatory words to the old man ; but finding that he was not recognized, he turned sympathetically to Mel. He tried to nerve her against her loss ; and in a moment of consolatory passion or passionate consolation he took her in his arms—and she staid there.

The new household was started in the Latin Quarter, in a pleasant apartment in the Rue de Medicis, looking down into the Luxembourg garden. It was not a large home ; there were only four rooms. But the air of refinement that pervaded them, from the artist-like divan and palm tree in the center of Henri's study to the gems of painting, which he had moved from his old student quarters, and the cheerfulness and content that Mel brought with her, were certainly rare in the fever pleasures and bitter sufferings of Paris.

Had any friend told Henri a month before he saw Mel for the first time, that he would be embroiled with his father ; that he would insult his fiancée ; forfeit his career for a pretty-faced bourgeoise, with no position, no family and no social experience, he would have laughed his pleasant laugh and said that his friend was crazy. And yet, here he had done all of these things and was as happy as a man lost in love can be.

And Mel, though her face still wore a Madonna seriousness, was she less happy because she looked with gratitude and wonder on her hero husband? For he was a hero to her. Had he not

thrown away position, wealth and a career for her, a poor child whom mischance had marked out for lost? And was he not so bright, so strong, so handsome? She was grateful too in her bourgeoise way, as she puttered over her best sources and marmalades, she seemed to think the amount of pepper or sugar she put in them was the most important thing in the world and only because Henri would say "Really Mel that is the best thing I have ever eaten."

At evening when Henri was free, she played some pretty bits of music to please him; then entirely forgetful of his presence her fingers would run over the board and Henri heard music of which he had dreamed but which none had ever heard in waking moments. He would sit silent and dreamy until she had struck the last note, then he would steal up behind her and flurry the hair on her forehead with a grateful kiss.

Of an unexpected holiday, when some student sent word that he could not come to take his lesson, the two would walk through the park opposite the house to the museum, Henri explaining his views on modern art, criticising this or praising that, while Mel held his arm clingingly and listened to him as to an oracle. Or if the day was pleasant they walked across the Seine to the Louvre, always going first to the familiar seat in front of the statue of Pericles in the Jardin des Tuilleries, and resting there a few minutes to talk of their strange love making. Then they made a passing visit to the Nymph of Fontainebleue and Henri explained how her long legs had an effect on all succeeding French art; or they walked around the Venus of Melos, in its quiet apse, to catch the changing expressions of its living face. Or they stood before Leonardo di Vinci's Tocoude (or Madonna), Henri trying to explain its indescribable charm and Mel calling his attention to the mellow fading colors. The day Henri pointed out to her Botticelli's Madonna, he thought he would never get her to leave the Salle des Sept Maîtres.

When they were out in the open air and the charm was broken, Mel said: "I never went to the Louvre before we were married," and she added, smiling, "at home when we said we were going to the Louvre, that always meant the shops or magazins du Louvre, and we spoke indefinitely of the museum as the 'other

Louvre.'" "We Parisians are a wicked people," Henri answered, "but the greatest sin for which we must answer, is exactly your former one—we never look at the beautiful things around us. At every corner we hear ecstasies in all languages except French. We have grown art-hardened."

Did he ever regret his strange choice? Perhaps, when they went to the theatre and sat in their modest baignoire, dressed in street costume. Perhaps his eyes wandered to the lodges of the first balcony and saw the blaze of jewels and satins and beauty: but his envy lasted only a moment. He knew that happiness was made up of more than a conspicuous seat at the theatre; and that his Mel was as brave and tender a woman, as any there. And was she not as pretty in her bourgeoise way?

And if he did envy his former friends, who had found love lead where their interest lay—there were very few such—he knew that life under no conditions was pleasant in all ways. So he passed the long evenings with music or reading or chatting. Sometimes he played cards when other resources failed and how could he fail to be pleased when he always won?

But the dearest thing of all was the Sunday dinner, looked forward to by Mel as a chance to show her treasures of knowledge. The grate fire was brighter that night, there were four candles on the table instead of two; and the favored pupil in his directory cravat sputtered out his amiable thoughts in droll French. Then jokes came easily as the excellent cooking appeared and disappeared and as the Bordeaux warmed young hearts. Henri forgot to correct his pupil's quaint idioms and poured out the story of his love and happiness, as the girl-wife sat with happy, proud blushes on her face. And I, the pupil, wondered if life really were sweetest to the most careful, the shrewdest, the best prepared for its battles. It seemed at times, as I came down in the cool air and sat before some café looking at the crowd pass, that life was sweetest to those who loved strongest and sacrificed most.

One day there came a storm. Old Mr. Belleville had learned of the marriage and came to his son's room. He abused the innocent wife; he cursed his son; and threatened to ruin them; then he left. Fortunately it was not easy to ruin them. Henri was still apt in languages and he had plenty of pupils. At first he

thought of practicing medicine; but the old dislike was still strong; so he gave his lessons in his comfortable study, his wife continued to cook excellently, and life was really very pleasant. And why should it not be? A pretty wife, a devoted husband, good dinners, comfortable rooms, and just enough money to allow of an occasional night at the theatre, ought to be enough to make any couple happy.

In the calm of this unpretending household Jean Durand dropped one day. He greeted Henri as if nothing had happened to disturb their former relations. He said he had been in Italy; had returned to Belfort, and had found his family and old Mr. Belleville living in friendly relations, notwithstanding the affront Henri had offered his sister. He ended by saying that as for himself he found that friendship was stronger than blood; he was still and always would be Henri's friend.

Belleville welcomed his friend, like a mother returned from the dead. He told Jean that there was a small apartment above his own, which he must take, and as for home life, he must pass it with Mel and himself.

Mel did her best to like her husband's friend; but failed completely. He was too polite to his equals and too contemptuous to his inferiors. His very gracefulness was too feline: it suggested hidden claws. Even when he told a good story there were always at the end a few heartless words that stole all the pleasure from it. Perhaps he spoiled her opinion of him the first day. The three were out for a walk together and a woman with a child in her arms begged a few cents. Jean threw the coppers at her saying: "Poor devil, I suppose she lies; but what's the difference"; while Mel said a few kind words to the woman and put a tiny piece of silver in the child's hands. After this no matter how hard Jean tried to please her she distrusted and feared him.

And then while he was most respectfully attentive to her, he was always drawing Henri away to such and such a race; or to some brilliant mondaine's reception, and she feared, to worse places; for Henri one morning after he had been out all night, murmured in his sleep, something about dishonest play and he would not pay the stakes.

Perhaps it was all right; but it looked differently. Henri went

out a great deal with his friend. A couple of hours later Jean came back, saying he had left Henri playing; and then he would try to console the neglected wife in perhaps too friendly a fashion. Mel feigned content well: she smiled in a superior way and said she did not wish to be consoled; Henri must have some pleasure. Finally she forbid him to come back home before Henri; but with some light sarcastic words about wifely faithfulness, he would return just the same.

All the while that Mel said there was no danger she knew that there was. But what could she do?

Early after dinner she would sit down to the piano and play the pretty nothings which pleased Henri so much, and he would stand by her side and turn the music for her, lost to everything else, till Jean twitted him about Daphne and Chloe. Then the two men would leave together and Henri would not return till late in the morning, Jean coming back at ten or eleven to breathe suspicions against his friend. One night Jean overshot what was allowable and Mel ordered him out with dignity. He tried to retract; but finding nothing would excuse him, he dropped the mask and avowed his hatred of Henri: he pitied the woman who, deserted by her husband would not take the consolation offered her. Were there not other men and could they not love and sacrifice for their loves like the knights of old? Was he not there at her feet offering his heart and life. He spoke well and with apparent passion and he looked handsome as the blood mounted to his face and his eyes expanded with animation; but to the outraged wife he seemed a demon. She was afraid of him; she tried once to order him out; but in her physical weakness she fell back in her chair and could only point to the door. But Jean instead of obeying her approached the hassock lying at her feet, kneeled upon it and seized her nervous fingers.

She threw back his hand, and as if the electric touch had called her reserve forces into play, she rose pale and narrow before him, and her wrath flowed out in sharp biting sentences that stung him like whip strokes on the face.

He sprang up blinded and wild with anger and raised his hand to strike the woman, trembling more with horror than with fear. He heard one word, "Henri!" and felt his hands held behind

him. When he recovered he found himself down in the street, bareheaded and with torn coat, in a drizzling rain.

As for Henri, when once more he reached his wife's side, he found her lying on the floor groaning with pain. He lifted her in his arms: laid her gently on her bed; and for the first time in his life practiced his profession.

That night Mel gave untimely birth to a dead child and died in the giving.

* * * * *

Two years had passed! Henri was at Belfort reconciled with his father. "That woman," as old Mr. Belleville called Mel, being dead the father brought his son back to Belfort. He was then a man of twenty-seven; his eyes sunken and grown larger, his manner calmer and his person, if possible more carefully kept. He had the air of a thinker or a poet. Yet in his calmness and in his large black eyes, one saw a weariness, a satiety, a lassitude far from natural; his ambition and passion and hopes were burnt out.

In the first days after their return Old Mr. Belleville saw nothing changed in his son. He was as young, as good looking—no he was better looking than before; but after a few weeks Belleville saw that something was wrong. Good man that he was, he thought that his son ought to marry and settle down. Without Henri's knowledge, he spoke to Mrs. Durand and she being entirely of his opinion, the former marriage was rearranged. In turn Mrs. Durand found that the time, in which it was forbidden to speak Henri's name, had not destroyed her daughter's love for him. Berthe looked happier now that Henri would return. He had done something horrible, her mother had said; but exactly what, she did not know. But that was past, once more he was to be the old friend, her lover, and she was going to be his wife. She was not entirely happy; for Henri did not come to see her as often as in the old days, and he was so different; but then he was so kind, and so good-looking, and in a mildly expectant state of mind she waited until Henri should claim her again.

Old Mr. Belleville went to the charge like the old soldier he was. He talked of nothing but this marriage. Henri resisted obstinately, saying that after what had passed, it was impossible. "Im-

possible!" Mr. Belleville took up the word, "Impossible, when you have only to nod your head, and every one will be more than pleased! Jean, who stood by you in your hard days, will be overjoyed." [Henri smiled cynically as he thought how well Jean had stood by him.] "Berthe's mother is anxious for this marriage, and she herself will open her arms to you at the first word. The only one 'impossible' is yourself."

Henri resisted until the two families learned of the violent death of Jean in his beloved Italy, then wearied by the constant nagging and careless of the future, he consented.

"At last," answered his father, big with the content of victory, "the intercalary days are ended. I may prepare the marriage corbeille."

Henri was not listening, his thoughts wandered to the Rue de Medicis; unconsciously their key-note escaped his lipes:—"Poor Mel!" Then as he foresaw the colorless life before Berthe and himself, he murmured: "Poor Berthe!"

Howard Ames Oppenheim.

CORNELL'S NEW COURSE IN JOURNALISM.

THE result of Cornell's experiment in teaching journalism has been watched with interest by newspaper men.

Like poets and artists the journalist is fond of thinking that his profession is *sui generis*, that it can not be measured by ordinary standards, and that the newspaper man is born, not made. To many members of the profession, therefore, the idea of teaching journalism in any other place than the newspaper office is absurd on its face—and the face of the idea is all that these persons see. Consequently Cornell University has been the butt of some ridicule and no little sarcasm in its new venture. So far as the writer's observation has extended, however, the quips have been chiefly confined to the country press, whose editors, most of them, have been nourished on the obsolescent dictum that the origin of all good newspaper men is the composing room. Among experienced and representative men on the metropolitan papers, the venture was not believed to be impracticable, and if properly limited

in scope was felt to be a very desirable undertaking. The prospectus announcing the new course in journalism did much to excite interest and to commend the innovation, for it clearly bore the finger marks of a capable and practical journalist. At the same time the impression was given in some quarters that the student who had taken this course would be supposed, by virtue of his university credentials, to be a graduated reporter and an editorial fledgling. The same contempt which journalists of the last generation had for writers who could not set type, exists among newspaper men to-day, perhaps, toward journalists who have not been reporters, and the fancy that the result of Cornell's departure might be, intentionally or unintentionally, to belittle in the minds of the students the importance of the reporter's place in the profession, tended to discredit the undertaking wherever that impression was held. I confess to having had some such fear myself, for as an alumnus I did not wish to see my Alma Mater held in light esteem by an influential class of professional men ; but I am glad to record now, after observation of the new course in actual operation, that neither the instructor nor his students seem to have any idea that their work is at all to supplant the regular experience on the city staff of a newspaper. Indeed, if I may judge from conversation with the students, they are taught quite clearly to appreciate the advantages which the life of the successful reporter has over that of the average editor.

The Cornell experiment is the outgrowth of the increasing demand for well-equipped men in journalism. The modern newspaper, one of the wonders of the generation, requires a higher order of ability than did the newspaper of twenty-five years ago. Its range of service is not limited by the country nor the continent, and its field of treatment includes all things under the sun. Especially is there necessity now for well-educated and clever men in the department of newsgathering. The proportion of college men on the city staffs of papers is constantly increasing, and I am sure I do not err in saying that with the average city editor of New York nowadays the fact that an applicant for a position is not a college graduate counts against him. A good education is as necessary to the success of a reporter as it is to the success of an editor, and the best editor is he who has added to the broad learning to be

had from books the keen sense of observation and the familiarity with everyday affairs which he has learned from close contact as a reporter with all classes of people and all phases of life. This experience with men and affairs, which broadens and develops the journalist, is of course something which cannot be obtained in university halls, and which any attempt to supplant by a college or university curriculum will turn upon the institution the ridicule of the newspaper profession. There is, however, a certain training in methods and tastes, preliminary to this actual experience and aside from the equipment of a general education, which if properly conducted ought to make better newspaper reporters and consequently better editors and better newspapers. It is this training, not now sufficiently furnished by colleges or universities, the demand for which may be properly filled by the establishment of a "course in journalism."

Such training includes first of all the ability to write good English. If college faculties and trustees could have a little experience in putting into shape for publication the vast amount of wretched "copy"—words undecipherable and misspelled, diction abominable, phrases misplaced and ambiguous, sentences involved and unintelligible—which makes up a single day's edition of a metropolitan newspaper, they would be more impressed than they seem to be with the necessity for more thorough instruction in English rhetoric and composition. Not two newspaper reporters out of five in New York write decent "copy," and with the disgraceful manuscript of the other three, editors and copy-readers lose patience and piety. The reporters who have been college students of course make a better showing in this respect than those whose education in books has been less, but even they are woefully deficient. There is no reason why the city room of a newspaper office should be a class room for instruction in the rudiments of composition, and here clearly is a chance for relief in the collegiate course in journalism. The literary training in such a course should be specially adapted to newspaper work, confined probably, apart from the construction of sentences and the choice of words and expressions, to the concise and attractive presentation of facts, the effective report of interviews, the graphic and accurate description of people or events, etc. One or

two years of such instruction in the classroom would not be time misspent to the beginner in any profession, but to beginners in journalism it would be like the clinic to students in medical science.

An equally important field of usefulness for a course in journalism is the instruction as to the personal and ethical features of the profession, for journalism has an ethical side as well as other professions. The instructor must let his pupils know what kind of a profession it is that they expect to enter, what hardships it has, what rewards it gives, what demands it makes, what sacrifices it compels, what temptations it presents and what chances it offers to proper endeavor. He must go further and discuss newspaper tendencies and responsibilities—and this is the ethical side of the profession. Too few of the news gatherers of the large cities see that their profession has any wider scope than the day's assignment by the city editor. The sense for "news" is often so abnormally developed as to crowd out the other senses, and in this emergency the sense of moral responsibility is always the first to be shoved to the wall. Intelligent and observant men are beginning to remark that newspapers no longer possess any influence, and if this is the tendency it is due, more than anything else, to the careless regard which newspaper men themselves have for the responsibilities of their profession. The institution which inculcates some wholesome ideas upon this subject alone into the minds of its students who expect to be journalists will render a great service both to the profession and to the public. Such ideas, and all instruction upon this phase of journalistic training, could be best imparted incidentally through the course, probably the most effective way, and by means of lectures by journalists of reputation.

These, in the writer's opinion, should be the chief features of a university course in journalism, aside from the general instruction in history and political science, physics, languages and so forth, which could be had from the regular courses of the institution. In the main they are the principal features of the course recently established at Cornell. It is an injustice to Professor Smith's class and to the University to call this course a "school" of journalism, as it seems to be designated quite generally. That des-

cription elevates it at once to the dignity of a post-graduate department, like the law school, or a medical school, or a theological school. Neither by intention nor in fact is it anything of the sort. It is merely a class, limited in number, organized with a very capable, wide-awake and energetic newspaper man at its head, who without any pedagogic airs talks to his students about the ways of metropolitan journalism, tells them how the staffs of great newspapers are organized, how news is collected, how it should be presented, how newsgatherers and editors are remunerated, and in short gives them that insight into the profession which every novice ought to have before he decides to go into it, and that knowledge of the collection and presentation of news which, so far as it can be obtained outside a newspaper office, it is to the advantage of every beginner to have. The class meets twice a week, is entirely informal in character, and is limited to seniors and students above sophomore rank who are connected with the university papers. Presumably those who are in the class expect to enter journalism, yet this expectation is not a condition for admission and there is reason for believing that some register merely for the training which the class affords in English composition. This comprises about all there is of the "school" of journalism. To go more into detail one might describe the class exercises,—the assignment of the students as reporters to interview men and to write up public meetings, conventions, court proceedings and athletic contests, the close scrutiny applied to each article's form of expression and manner of presentation and the informal conversation upon all subjects relating to newspaperdom.

In this unpretentions way, therefore, there is nothing ludicrous or impracticable in the teaching of journalism. Divorce from the mind any impression that Cornell is trying the impossible feat of turning out ready-made journalists and one is able to appreciate the nature and aim of the work which Professor Smith has undertaken. As to the success of the work, clearly everything depends upon the teacher. He must be a practical newspaper man, abreast of the times—a man of ideas and with ability to express them. Given these qualities in the teacher and a modest idea on the part of trustees and faculty as to the scope and power of the new course,

and the result of the experiment ought to be satisfactory both to the public and to the profession. Certainly the experiment is worth trying, and if it shall prove successful and should be adopted by other institutions, and the new generation of newspaper men should in consequence have somewhat better and higher ideas of their profession, then Cornell may well claim the gratitude of newspaper writers and newspaper readers for having inaugurated a practical plan for raising the standard of a great profession.

Timothy Shaler Williams.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

To the Cornell Magazine:

ONE who writes from Rome must begin by despairing of conveying that which constitutes the unmatched charm of the city,—the genial attitude of mother earth toward her children. The strife which we of the northern United States have to wage for our lives against nature, with coal and double windows and snow-plough, seems an incredible cheat of memory. Nature has no quarrel with the Roman. She sends him snow and ice, but stops them at the Sabine and Volscian mountains, which form the splendid background of every open eastward view; while in the gardens of the city she lets the orange grow throughout the year. Winter is not a season by itself, but only a short rest. The elm and the poplar lose their leaves, but the ilex keeps its masses of polished green, and there is no month in which open-air roses are not sold in the streets. The new violets appear in abundance in January, and the almond blossoms with the first days of February; and in the coldest day in winter, in which you may possibly see a bit of thin ice by some fountain, the hills and ravines of the Campagna are rich with green tints, and wherever you find a sheltered sunny place, you can fancy yourself in midsummer. And when the midsummer heats have really come, you have only to make a

[1] Thinking that its readers would be pleased to hear from the professors in the University now abroad, the MAGAZINE wrote to Professor Hale and reeeives in return this very interesting letter.

journey of a dozen miles to the southeast to the Alban mountains, to find volcanic scenery of lakes and woods and summits of unrivalled loveliness, and any elevation you please up to three thousand feet; or eighteen miles to the northeast to the Sabine mountains, to find peak on peak of a magnificent limestone chain, and any elevation up to four thousand two hundred feet.

The price which the traveller is popularly supposed to pay for all this is the risk of contracting the "Roman fever." Popular superstition not only in America but here on the spot, conceives of the fever as stalking about, like an over-bold ghost, in the neighborhood of sunrise and sunset, and yet, with curious inconsistency, it believes an open window at night to be a frightful risk. The fact is, that there is still some malaria in the Campagna, and the hours of sunrise and sunset, with their temporary great inequality between the temperatures of the earth and the ground, are the times at which gases most easily rise from marshy or recently disturbed earth. But the thing known as "Roman fever" does not exist. Every part of the world has its typhoid fever, and special local peculiarities of that many-faced disease. But the actual statistics show that there is less typhoid fever in Rome than in Paris or New York, and it is therefore a paradox only in words to say that a New Yorker is in less danger of Roman fever in Rome than in his own home. The very large population of foreign residents here in Rome, constantly recruited in a certain degree by invalids, has a high average of health. The visitor who stays some months comes to learn these facts, and your new-made acquaintance, who in December will leave you abruptly half an hour before sunset, thinks nothing, in January, of paying you a visit at that fatal hour. The truth is, that the only Roman fever which is seriously to be dreaded is the one to which Howells, in his Italian Journeys, describes himself as having fallen a victim,—"the longing that burns one who has once been in Rome to go again,—that will not be cured by all the cool contemptuous things he may think or say of the Eternal City,—that fills him with fond memories of its fascination, and makes it forever desired." The Circe who used to tempt voyagers from the cliffs of Circeü has taken up her home in Rome, and, though she is still half pagan, she has become a beneficent temptress. There

are people here who came thirty years ago to make a visit of a few weeks, and have not yet finished it. And the strange part of it is, that there is no taste, or lack of taste, that is not satisfied here. For the archaeologist, beside the splendid results already accomplished, there are constant excavations going on. For the lover of sculpture and the lover of painting, there are galleries. For a lover of church pageants there are still pageants, though somewhat dimmed since Rome became again the capital of the nation, instead of the seat of the popes. But there are people here who care for none of these things, and yet have succumbed to the intoxication of the Eternal City. For no one can fail to feel the picturesqueness of architecture, of manners and of dress, and the soft glow of air and sky.

It is fortunate, indeed, that the charm is so great, for the city is fast losing one of the features that used to be most striking. When I was here twelve years ago, several of the ruins lay in open country, with goats grazing about them. Even in a large part of the Roman Forum, which had not yet shaken off its old name of the Campo Vaccino, or Cow Field, a cow or a goat might easily be a fellow sight-seer. To-day the Roman Forum is enclosed, and an iron bridge (alas !) is soon to be swung across it to satisfy the great quantity of travel that now has to go around it; while the ruins that used to be approached through grassy fields, now lie in the midst of busy streets. The population has nearly doubled.

The Protestant and the reasonable Catholic, who rejoice in the dawning prosperity of United Italy, must not regret all this, but should rather take pleasure in the greater knowledge of Ancient Rome which has been gained through the cutting of new streets and the digging for the foundations of new houses, and in the astonishing number of works of art, many of them of real value, which the ground and the river have yielded up. At any rate, one should remember that the best part of the ancient city is to be set apart forever as a great national park. Together with these things, too, important schemes for the comfort and health of the inhabitants are being carried out by the government. The worst quarter of the Ghetto, the picturesque home of vice and illness, has been destroyed. The Tiber, which has been even more ready

in modern than in ancient times to invade the city, is being restrained within great walls of stone. The sewage of the city, which now, as two thousand years ago, empties directly into the river, is to be carried twelve miles away on the left bank, and six on the right, before discharging itself into the swift current. The Campagna in the neighborhood of the city is already largely drained. The marshes at Ostia, which are below the level of the sea, are to be drained by pumping engines, which will begin their work upon the first of March. And with all this, a hard-pressed government, forced by the European situation to maintain a costly army and navy at the same time that it builds bridges and railroads and harbors, finds means to keep up the excavations at Pompeii and at Ostia, and to conduct some work of the kind on a smaller scale in Rome itself.

All the public work of excavation, in Rome and its vicinity, is under the immediate supervision of Professor Lanciani, whose illness in America unfortunately prevented the lectures which he was to give at Cornell, but who is now becoming known to Cornell students, it is to be hoped, through his delightful book on Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. He is now excavating in the Forum of Augustus, beginning on the side of the Via Bonella away from the remains of the Temple. A plan may be seen in Professor Middleton's Ancient Rome in 1888, chapter VIII. The temple was vowed by Augustus to Mars the Avenger, before the battle of Philippi, in case he should succeed in defeating the murderers of his adoptive father Caesar. When he came to carry out his vow, he made the temple the central building of a new forum, and, in the colonnades on either side, which formed the approaches where one had entered the enclosure, he placed statues of famous generals who had enlarged the power of Rome, the pedestal of each having an inscription in commemoration of his achievements. The statues are nearly sure to have disappeared long ago, but Professor Lanciani has hoped to find some of the inscriptions still remaining. On tearing down the modern houses, however, certain cuttings that had been made in face of the wall which constituted the back of the forum showed clearly the marks of the high altar and the lines of the roof of a Christian church which must once have stood there, and sadly diminished the hope

of the survival of anything important. Yet enough has been found to justify the pushing of the excavation. After the diggers had got to a depth of about twenty feet from the level of the street, they struck the ancient pavement of the forum, composed of great slabs of fine marbles, pavonazetto, giallo antico, and Africano. Architectural mouldings have also been found, and two splendid fluted shafts of giallo antico, once belonging to the temple or to the colonnade, as well as an inscription which places the partition of Spain one generation earlier than had been supposed. As yet, however, only a fragment of a name has been discovered, out of all the wealth of inscriptions that once stood there.

The excavations at Ostia, which I had the pleasure of seeing the other day with Professor Lanciani, are of great interest and importance, and, from the difficulty of getting to them, are little visited by tourists. Ostia lies on the southern of the two mouths of the Tiber, at a distance of fifteen miles from Rome. One drives to it over the ancient road, which some of your readers will remember as having been taken by Pliny on his way to his Laurentine villa. The city, in its days of prosperity, had a population of eighty thousand, and its importance, as the granary of Rome, was enormous. But a serious earthquake, of which the work is still to be seen, alarmed the inhabitants, and the building of a more convenient harbor to the north, or what is now the northern arm of the river proved its death-blow. The place was finally utterly abandoned and left to die of slow decay, a city without an inhabitant. As you walk over it to-day, where it has not been excavated, you see at the first glance only a hilly country, covered with grass and shrubs, with here and there an abrupt knoll. But as you look more carefully, you discover, on the very surface of the ground, decaying mortar, just ready to turn back into the earth of which it was made, bits of broken brick and marble, and here and there a fragment of pottery. When you look at a section of the hill from one of the excavated streets, you discover that the whole upper soil is simply decayed concrete and stone, and that the solid mass under it, filling up the houses, is only the upper story, or two upper stories, collapsed and dropped into the story below; while the sharper hillocks are found to be only arches of upper stories that have held their own, except upon the sur-

face, which sun and rain and air have turned again to earth. Nothing of the kind, of course can be imagined, as one thinks of an American city. But it must be remembered that the ancient Roman system of building (which the modern one still largely follows) was to build the walls of thick masses of concrete faced with brick, and to carry the upper stories by means of deep arches and vaults, likewise made of the excellent Roman concrete, which becomes harder than many kinds of stone. An excellent specimen is the Pantheon, its walls nearly twenty feet thick and its dome, not as might at first be supposed, a true arch construction with lateral thrust, but a solid cap of concrete, likewise twenty feet thick. It is evident that the total mass of an ordinary house of three stories was very great; and houses with still existing walls and staircases for two stories, and parts of the walls of the third, may still be ascended in Ostia. Herein, in fact, lies one of the peculiar interests of Ostia. Pompeii seems to have had comparatively few houses with second stories, but in Ostia the lower stories were generally appropriated for warehouses and shops, the upper serving for dwelling-places. On the other hand, with a few striking exceptions, interesting paintings have not yet been found at Ostia.

The excavations now going on are unhappily not the first. Under Pius the Sixth, about a hundred years ago, a beginning was made, not, however, in the spirit of research, but for gain. By a strange chance, the diggers happened upon an ancient bric-a-brac shop, and found a considerable number of bronze statuettes, most of which, instead of going to the Pope, were sold underhand, and are now scattered. To-day, such a thing could not happen, and it is a great pity that the bric-a-brac shop did not wait for the time of King Humbert. I mention the incident, however, principally because it shows to what a point the old love of art had sunk at the time of the abandonment of Ostia. Here were these things waiting for any one who would walk in and carry them away, and there were no takers even at that price.

In addition to excavations conducted by the government upon ground which it purchases, others are constantly being carried on upon private ground. A few days ago, for example, a very interesting tomb was discovered, a few miles outside of the Porta S.

Paolo, containing a number of vases, and several coins, the further adventures of one of which are worth chronicling. It was brought to Rome by a peasant woman, and sold for five cents. The purchaser took it to another dealer, who gave him two dollars for it. The new owner saw that he had in it a coin not previously known, and the fact spread abroad, One man offered him eighty dollars for it, which he refused, another a hundred, another a hundred and twenty, until finally an offer of a hundred and fifty dollars proved too much of a temptation.

Side by side with this work of excavation, the manufacture of antiques flourishes, and it is probable that more things are made in a week than are found in a month. A wonderful amount of ingenuity is spent upon the work of deception, and in the purchase of certain classes of things even the expert is obliged to use all his faculties. For instance, the vases which are to be sold as excavated in certain localities are made of the clay of the place, and in many cases from the actual beds which were in use two thousand years ago. In the production of ancient bronze coins, even the domestic cat, which at Cornell so beneficently serves the cause of science, plays the leading rôle. The difficulty was to produce the *patina*, or peculiar color given to bronze by lying in the earth for centuries. It has been discovered by a benefactor of his kind that if a cat be killed, then stuffed with coins and buried in the earth for a year, the peculiar virtues of the animal will produce a *patina* for which one would have to wait from ten to fifteen centuries of the slow processes of unaided nature. The Italians may still occasionally be seen making boards out of logs by the aid of a handsaw, but it cannot be said that they are wholly behind us in inventiveness.

William Gardner Hale.

ROME, Feb. 9, 1889.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Confederation.[1]

Professor Fiske's recent volume gives us a sketch of American history from the treaty of peace to the final adoption of the constitution. This period, the author calls the most critical moment of our whole history, because the union, through the lack of national sentiment among the people and the weakness of the federal government was in constant danger of breaking in pieces. The imminence of this danger any reader of these pages will clearly appreciate. The first chapter treats of the negotiation of peace, the second of events in the separate states, the third of the character of the confederation, the fourth of the drift toward anarchy, the fifth of the reaction toward union, the sixth of the federal convention and the seventh and last of the ratification of the constitution. At the close is a useful bibliographical note giving sources of information and suggestion for further reading. The substance of the whole, the preface tells us, was originally given in a course of lectures delivered in the Old South Meeting House in Boston in 1884 and since repeated elsewhere. The greater part, if not all of it, has appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but it is not on that account less welcome in its present form.

There is little to quarrel with in Professor Fiske's narrative of events. Attention may, however, be called to one or two points. The account of the peace negotiations is based upon Fitzmaurice and de Circourt. In emphasizing the importance of Jay's services, Professor Fiske rather underestimates the influence of Franklin. Jay and Adams no doubt made far better terms than Franklin would have made alone, but without Franklin it might not have been possible at that time to have secured any treaty. The pamphlet of May 24, 1781, advocating a general convention, is attributed to Pelatiah Webster. This statement is the common one and rests upon the authority of Madison. Mr. Bancroft, in his last revision, seems to give sufficient reason for thinking that the pamphlet was

[1] *The Critical Period of American History, 1783–1789.* By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. 1888.

written by William Barton. It was never claimed by Webster, its style is unlike Webster's and like Barton's and, moreover, the bill for printing, which Mr. Bancroft says he has himself seen, was made out against Barton and paid by him. The statement that "of the eighty-five numbers of the *Federalist*, Jay wrote five, Madison twenty-nine and Hamilton fifty-one," is far too positive, notwithstanding the fact that this conclusion has the sanction of so venerable authority as Mr. Bancroft. Upon this much disputed question, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge seems to us to have said the last word.

It now remains to call attention to some of the good things about the book. First, Professor Fiske brings out with great clearness the leading facts of the period, as for example the nature of the revolution and its relation to English politics, the conservative character of the reforms within the states, the bearing of every event upon the union, the compromises of the constitution, etc. Second, the book admirably portrays both sides of every question that comes up for discussion. "The aim of the historian," the writer says, "is to interpret men's actions by the circumstances of their time, in order to judge their motives correctly." For proof of the ability with which this is done, read the summary of the arguments advanced for and against the constitution. Too many writers adopt that view of a question which time has shown to have been right and fail to see that there was ever anything to be said on the other side. Third, the book is very interesting. This is a great point in favor of any work and especially one intended for the general reader. Important as is a knowledge of the history of our own country, few people read the standard authorities. They buy Bancroft and make good resolutions but never get any further. Anyone, who ever gets beyond the newspapers, will enjoy the present volume.

One or two extracts may be added by way of illustration. Of the results of the revolution, Professor Fiske writes that "it was not so much that the American people gained an increase of freedom by their separation from England, as that they kept the freedom they had always enjoyed." Concerning the financial difficulties of the confederation, he says that "in many parts of the country, by 1786, the payment of taxes had come to be regarded

as an amiable eccentricity." The prevalent classicism of the time is illustrated by the naming of towns Ithaca and Syracuse, Corinth and Sparta. The old name of the town on the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of Licking creek, where Cincinnati now stands, was Losantiville, in which L stood for Licking, while *os* signified mouth, *anti* opposite and *ville* town, and the whole read backwards Town-opposite-mouth-of-Licking. "In those days the schoolmaster was abroad in the land after a peculiar fashion." Lack of space forbids further quotation.

Lessing's Prose.[1]

This volume of selections from Lessing's prose constitutes the sixth in the series of German Classics for American Students issued under the editorship of Professor James Morgan Hart. The series has included selections from Goethe's prose (Vol. III), and a volume similarly drawn from the prose works of Schiller (Vol. V.) Professor White's work, therefore, makes the triumvirate complete.

Schiller, in greater degree than either of the other poets, stands forth unmistakably distinct in his *dramatic* masterpieces; and we turn instinctively to that succession of tumultuous dramas to gain our knowledge of the man. But the *Iphigenie* and the *Faust* do not give us a complete view of Goethe, nor does the *Minna*, nor the *Nathan*, even, tell us all of Lessing's story. Of the three great masters of German literature, however, Lessing most demands and needs to be sought for in his prose; hence it is that the student of German literature is to be congratulated on the appearance of this neat and convenient book of prose from the author of the *Laokoon*, and the *Dramaturgie*.

He may congratulate himself as well that the work has been so painstakingly and skillfully accomplished. The editor has been fortunate in his selections; it would be difficult, within the space allotted to bring together a more satisfactory choice of extracts than those herein comprised. The volume contains twenty-three of Lessing's fables, the famous seventeenth *Litteraturbrief* with its

[1] LESSING: *Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe.* Edited with notes by Horatio Stevens White. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Faust fragment, the *Gedanken über die Herrnhuter*, the *Parabel*, well-chosen selections from the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, the first three colloquies of *Ernst* and *Falk*, and twenty-nine selected letters from Lessing's private correspondence. The *Laokoon* is, wisely, left unrepresented. Space does not permit us to characterize these selections further. Lessing appears vividly in all;—the satirist, the critic, the philosopher, the theologian. The "letters" reveal as well the earnest purpose, the tender sympathy, the genial, kindly disposition of the man.

The comments have been admirably arranged; authorities and texts are cited in great detail. The notes, as the editor states, "are not planned to form a complete commentary, but rather to induce the student to read and investigate further by indicating to him the most convenient sources." Each of the extracts given in the text, however, receives an introductory paragraph, concise, but adequate, in the notes. The interpretations and translations have been reduced to a minnimum; helps sufficient, but no crutches, have been supplied. One feature in this connection should not be passed unnoted: this is the running biographical commentary accompanying the notes on the letters. "The selection from Lessing's correspondence is designed to afford a brief autobiographic view of his friendly and family relations." With the aid of a brief chronological table of his life, and another of his works, in addition to the biographical remarks alluded to, the purpose of the editor has been very successfully attained.

The volume, designed as a text-book for class-room use, is something more than a text-book—at least, something more than a mere text-book of German. When the student has read Plato or Sophocles, or Goethe, or Shakespeare,—what of it, unless he has imbibed and assimilated some of that in their writings which attracts and edifies? The use of these writers as mere wielders of words for translating and parsing is a degradation and a sacrilege. The personality of the author is all-important; and the absorption, unconscious though it be, of the truth he has to teach, need not be unprovided for in the effort to supply "mental discipline" for the student mind. We said that one comes to know Schiller in his plays; for every play of Schiller's throbs with the burden he strove to impart; while it is in his prose writings that Lessing is to be

most completely recognized; in the little volume which Professor White has given us, the student, undergraduate, or adult, who wishes to know the great philosophical critic of German literature, and to understand his influence upon the generation who came after, will find a book adapted to their need. It deserves the commendation it has received from prominent German scholars here and there; for, whether in the keen satire of the fables, or in the sharp invective of the controversy with Pastor Goeze; as in the amiable letters to his nearest friends, there is not a page from cover to cover, that is not characteristic of its writer, and does not reveal the personality of Lessing.

A Tour on Horseback.[1]

"Winter Sketches from the Saddle" is a pleasing series of sketches more in newspaper style than of a literary nature. As a whole it is readable though not absorbing, light though not racy. It is the off-hand work, evidently, of a scholarly gentleman.

The author, a schoolmate of Daniel Webster's son and an Amherst man in the days when Henry Ward Beecher was one also, is a shrewd, kindly gentleman, who loves his horse; is interested in Major André, and who hates a high protective tariff. In fact, the capture of Major André and the tariff question appear so often, and often times with such questionable necessity, that one is reminded of Mr. Dick, in David Copperfield, who could talk or write of nothing without turning aside to consider the execution of Charles I.

The book is made up of bits of colonial and revolutionary history, of roadside stories, of descriptions of the present routes, and reminiscences of the old ones, from New York, through Connecticut to Boston, and up the Hudson river valley. It is gossipy, interesting, unfinished. Being sprinkled with anecdotes and pervaded with a mild humor, almost always borrowed from the conversation now generally current, it is a book one will not be apt to lay down until it is finished; but after it is finished, one is not tempted to open a second time the tasteful covers or to look at its

[1] *Winter Sketches from the Saddle.* By John Codman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

well-printed pages. It is the direct offspring of the commonplace book ; and shows that Mr. Codman is an excellent conversationalist if nothing more. "Winter Sketches," we think, though it will serve to pass an entertaining hour, is a book that will have no long life, though while it lasts it will doubtless be a pleasant one.

H. A. O.

THE ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"We should aim to keep the University in organic connection with its alumni. Wherever they may be, they should be made to feel that they have both rights and duties as regards their *Alma Mater*. As regards their *rights*, they should be kept well informed regarding the condition of the University by her reports and more important publications, they should be welcomed at her annual and other festivals, and their opinions, when carefully based and thoughtfully expressed, should have full consideration. As to *duties*, they should be impressed with the idea that they have something to *do* for the University . . .; that they should take large and friendly views in judging of university questions . . .; that they should aim to make the claims of the University known in the various sections of the country where they may live ; and, if successful in the accumulation of wealth, to remember that a university in a great and growing nation will always need additional endowments to keep pace with the advance of the country."—*Andrew D. White.*

The second of the Ten Year Books, edited by George W. Harris, '73, appeared last fall as announced in the June MAGAZINE. It is made up as was described, containing two hundred and fifteen pages divided into a (1) "A list of all the officers of the University from its foundation down to June, 1888," (2) "a list of graduates from 1868 to 1888 inclusive" and (3) "a complete list of the matriculates, including graduates and non-graduates from 1868 to 1888 inclusive."

There have been four thousand seven hundred and sixteen matriculates since 1868 of whom one thousand three hundred and fifty-two or 28.66 per cent. have been graduated. The smallest class was that of 1869 when only eight were graduated and the largest, that of 1888 of one hundred and forty-eight members including those taking advanced degrees. Teaching seems to be the favorite profession with two hundred and forty-six engaged in it, but the lawyers are close behind two hundred and thirty-five strong.

* * *

According to the Ten Year Book of 1878 during the decade

covered by that book, there were two thousand four hundred and three matriculates at Cornell, of whom five hundred and fifty-five were graduated. From 1879 to 1888 inclusive, two thousand three hundred and thirteen were matriculated of which number seven hundred and ninety-seven secured degrees. Thus during the first ten years only 23.09 per cent. of the matriculates were graduated while in the last decade 34.45 per cent. received degrees. This great improvement is due somewhat to the steady increase in the requirements for admission, and while thus getting better prepared students, the University is undoubtedly receiving a smaller number of those who come intending to work their way through college and who in time find themselves obliged to leave before completing their course. It was these who made the entering classes so large during the early days of the University, when an idea was prevalent that a man could work his way through Cornell and lay up money besides. Now however the great majority of the entering classes are financially able to remain through four years and only drop out for some other cause.

* * *

The project of an Alumi Hall which was so much discussed last year has not been dropped, though little has been said about it lately. A committee was appointed at the alumni meeting last June to look into the matter, and they have been working quietly. The absence of ex-President White, one of the chief promoters of the scheme, has retarded the movement somewhat, but he is as much interested in it as ever, as is shown by the following extracts from a letter written by him to one of the committee :

"I have several times, since deciding to pass the winter abroad, tried to draft some plain statement or circular letter to be submitted to the committee, but have constantly found questions arising which seemed to demand personal conference. It is possible that I may yet be able to sketch something of the sort and I shall attempt it, but if still unsuccessful there would seem to be no way other than to wait till we can meet.

"I regret this, for the project of an Alumni or "Cornell Club" Hall grows upon me the more I think of it.

"From every point of view it must, if properly carried out, prove very advantageous to the University, and to the whole body of its graduates. Nothing will do more to bind the two together in a living, vigorous connection."

* * *

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held October 24, 1888, the following ordinance was adopted:

"All graduates of the first degree, in any of the departments of Cornell University and all persons who have been admitted to any degree higher than the first in said University shall be alumni of said University and as such be entitled to vote for alumni trustees under and in pursuance of the provisions contained in chapter 763 of the Laws of New York passed in 1867."

This ordinance was passed under the provisions of the above mentioned act which amended the charter of the University by adding to it the following clause:

"Who shall be deemed the alumni of said University shall be determined by the by-lays of the said University and such prescription shall be made at or before the first annual commencement of the said University and the same shall not be changed except by act of the legislature."

This prerogative of the Board of Trustees was never exercised until last fall as there was no apparent need for so doing, it being tacitly understood that all graduates in any of the four year courses and all taking higher degrees were the alumni of the University. When the Cornell School of Law was established, it became necessary to decide whether or not its graduates should also be alumni. The matter was discussed in the Board of Trustees last year and referred to a committee which reported in June, and after consideration by the Board it was referred back to the committee. They reported the resolution here given last October and it was then adopted, thus making graduates of the Law School alumni of the University, and by the law itself it would seem that this action can only be rescinded by a special act of the legislature.

Much discussion has arisen among the alumni on account of this action of the Board by reason of the fact that the standard of admission to the Law School is lower and the amount of work required is much less than in any of the regular university courses so that a degree of LL.B. does not necessarily represent as high a standard of culture or education as do the other degrees. The majority of the alumni who have expressed any opinion seem to favor either the repeal of the act or the raising of the standard of admission

to the Law School to the level required in other departments and the lengthening of the course of study for such as are not already graduates of some university or college.

* * *

Syracuse, N. Y., with the exception of New York, and one or two other cities, has had the largest number of students in the University of any place in the country. Below is given a partial list of the Cornell alumni now residing in that city with their present occupation :

Walter S. McGregor, lawyer ; William DeLancy Wilson, '71, Episcopal clergyman, S. F. Belknap, '73, lawyer and justice of the peace since 1884 ; Warren Leland, Jr., '73, proprietor of the Leland Hotel ; C. E. Lipe, '73, manufacturer ; Frank H. Hiscock, '75, lawyer, firm of Hiscock, Doheney & Hiscock ; Willis G. McDowell, '76, deputy clerk of Onondaga county, and clerk of the supreme court ; Willard E. Lape, '77, secretary and treasurer of the Porter M'f'g Co. ; Hamilton S. White, '77 ; Forbes Heermans, '78, journalist and author ; Charles B. Everson, '78, hardware merchant ; C. N. Blowers, '79, commercial traveler ; Harriet M. Mills, '79 ; W. B. Breed, '80, physician ; F. B. Gill, '82, lawyer ; A. K. Hiscock, '82, lawyer, firm of Hiscock, Doheney & Hiscock ; F. D. White, '82, lawyer ; C. J. Walch, '84, furniture merchant ; F. D. Cummings, '85, law student ; F. Leon Chrisman, '87, editor and proprietor of a new weekly paper ; Fred. W. Thompson, law student ; Horace White, '87, law student ; A. S. White, '88, Syracuse Business college.

Among those who took but a part of a course in the University, and at present living in Syracuse are the following :

Wing R. Smith, '72, stock raiser, firm of Smith, Powell & Lamb ; James M. Belden, '72, manufacturer ; W. Allen Butler, '73, civil engineer ; W. K. Pierce, '73, firm of Pierce, Butler & Pierce ; Duncan W. Peck, '74, salt manufacturer ; Dennis McCarthy, '75, dry goods merchant ; W. Judson Smith, '78, stock raiser ; Henry E. Miller, '79, lawyer ; Howard G. White, '79, editor of the *Syracuse Standard ;* C. Prosser Ruger, '83, lawyer, firm of Jenney, Marshall, Brooks & Ruger ; H. H. Pease, '84, physician ; J. G. Lynch, '91, student.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

" A very Phoebus, mounted—indeed Sir Benjamin !"
" Oh dear, sir !—trifles—trifles !

SHERIDAN.

Heartless.

We passed beside the little stile
  That marked the place where we must part,
There was a something in her smile
  That made a heaven in my heart.
I raised the hand of white and pearl,
  She did not move or speak a word,
My arm stole round my pretty girl,
  And then I knew I should be heard.

She turned her queenly head aside,
  I knew not if she smiled or frowned.
I said, "Dear girl, wilt be my bride?
  For deeper than can plummet sound
My love for thee is, heartless one."
  She turned and smiled, I knew her mine
Before she spoke: "Heart have I none;
  I'm heartless, for my heart is thine."

L. C. E.

A Foolish Greek.

There's a very good sentence in Phocian,
  That one day I chanced to have met;
It refers to the tender emotion,
  And from it some good we may get.
If we lose her for whom we've a notion,
  He counsels us never to fret;
For "all women are worth our devotion,
  And none of them worth our regret."

G. W. P.

THE

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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PRESIDENT WHITE IN EGYPT.

[The MAGAZINE is glad to be a means whereby the Cornell world may be enabled, after a fashion, to keep the run of those of its members, who from time to time leave us to return laden with spoils from the Old World. Last month the MAGAZINE was pleased to be able to present a letter from Professor Hale in Rome. This month it has the opportunity to offer to its readers some news of President White. The extracts here presented are not, it will be proper to state, from letters written to the MAGAZINE, or with a view to publication, but from private letters to personal friends. It is thought, however, that there can be no impropriety in making them public. All readers will be interested in President White's account of his Egyptian experiences, and probably not least in the interest with which the accomplished historical scholar sees and studies that curious country which owns in its own right more length of historical years than can be traced elsewhere.]

EARLY in the morning of New Year's day we came into the harbor of Alexandria—all a new world to me. Was especially interested in the *humanity* on the dock: all races, colors, and costumes, but generally fine-looking and all good-natured. Then

into town, taking coffee in oriental fashion, driving out to the Great Gardens and Pompey's Pillar and the ruins of the vast "Museum" and "Serapeum," and all the rest of it. Was duly impressed by seeing a camel on his native soil for the first time, as by the many other new and strange experiences. . .

Yesterday we came to Cairo—a pleasant railway ride of four hours—seeing lines of Nile boats, and long files of loaded camels, and men drawing water to irrigate the land, with baskets and the old plough of Scripture times—*and* the donkeys. But the men interested me most, with all their different robes and turbans. The number of them who would have made magnificent Bishops is legion: great sedate, dignified, imperturbable, bearded fellows, walking along the roads or into the station yards as if entering a church chancel. . .

Our new dragoman, Achmet, as he sits on our carriage in his violet silk jacket and baggy trousers, with embroidered vest and fez, or "tarboosh," very grave, kindly, bright, and serviceable, seems perfection both as to matter and manner. Then our driver! This morning we went through the new and splendidly built official quarter, in which are the residences of high functionaries, the best hotels, and the finest shops, and then through the old narrow streets of the old city, every moment showing something intensely interesting. But most interesting to me was our driver. The streets of the old town are narrow and crowded, and the driver's conduct was a revelation apparently of a better world. Instead of swearing and tearing, he kept up, in a grave but penetrating voice, a line of remark as follows: "Beware, O youth!" "Be careful, ye maidens!" "Beware, O young man with the camel!" And they all, solemnly but speedily, took his advice.

You know that, though my churchmanship is "exceeding broad," I am very susceptible to impressive ecclesiastical ceremonial, or to really simple and profound evidences of piety; but I must say that . . . [not] the most deeply impressive services . . . I ever saw had a stronger effect upon me than a sight just as our train slowed up in the fields before entering Cairo. This was a tall Arab—of about forty years, I think—who quietly spread his outer mantle under a great sycamore tree, stood up at his full height, his face toward Mecca, and then brought his hands to his

head, bowed, prayed,—knelt, touched the ground with his head, and repeated reverently his words of worship—doubtless that wonderful first Sura of the Koran, one of the most noble of inspired writings. I kept my eyes upon him through the whole of it, and shall never lose the impression it made on me. . .

Have just returned from making purchases for the Nile voyage: a "Buffalo Bill hat," with a puggaree,—a "Tarboosh"!—a lot of books, including Herodotus and Ebers' novels,—dark spectacles, with wire wings to keep out dust,—checkers, backgammon, cribbage, and dominoes ! ! !—to ease off our minds and keep us from reading in the evening !—etc., etc., etc. . . . The procedure in choosing the headgear is curious. After getting the right size (and it must be dropped on the head with the tassel—not pulled on) it is solemnly "cooked" on a brazen heated dish with another pressed over it, on the big wooden handle of which the shopman kneels; it then comes out in beautiful form, ready for wear. . . . Next to the human beings, the architecture interests me most. I never dreamed that it could be so really beautiful in material and style. Some of the entrances to mosques which I saw this morning, and especially one or two minarets, almost equalled anything in Gothic art in richness of material and beauty of form and detail; and that, for me, is saying a great deal.

. . . . . .

Our steamer has just been tied to the bank, and all made fast for the night—canvas drawn all about us, so as to change the upper deck into a pleasant saloon, which is well lighted, spread with oriental carpets, and with a long table down the middle surrounded by chairs and lounges. . . Our steamer turns out to be a very good one, and the company of twenty-five people very pleasant. Most are English, but there are a few very agreeable Americans. . . . "Fix Pasha," in his Tarboosh and pointed white beard, is the most valuable man on board—knowing more that is worth knowing than any other man on board, so far as Egypt is concerned, and universally liked and respected. . .

Our first stop was on the day of starting, at Bidreshayn, where, immediately after lunch, we were all, except Fix Pasha, put upon donkeys, and started off—the jolliest cavalcade you ever dreamed of—for the pyramids and tombs of Sakkara, among the most

wonderful and beautiful things on the Nile, and only uncovered very recently; also to the pyramid of Unas, or Oonus, which we entered and, after going through a long underground passage, found ourselves beside the sarcophagus of a king who ruled these regions more than three thousand years before Christ, and therefore before the days of Joseph; to the tomb of Ti, lined with the most exquisite carvings, giving evidently the main features of his life in this world, and perhaps his expectations for the next; and to the great Serapeum, where the sacred bulls were deposited, in enormous sarcophagi of granite—also a recent discovery. All these things form part of the vast royal city of Memphis, which played such a great part in the wonderful ancient civilization of Egypt. . .

My donkey driver was "Hassan," and he proved a very good one; but funniest of all was a little driver seven years old, "Mohammed Ali"—a clean, bright little Arab, just about the size and build of Andrew Newbury. He was very vigorous and skillful, and ran the whole ten or twelve miles, laughing and singing and urging on his donkey, "Ginger Pop."

Next day was wholly given to the steamer, passing by several pyramids, and tying up for the night at Bibbeh. Next day, steamer all day to Beni Hassan, where we anchored in the stream, on account of the thievish propensities of the Arab villagers on shore. This morning after breakfast all off again on donkeys for the tombs of Ameni and others, cut in the rocks but very beautifully ornamented. Preparatory to the expedition an embassy of employees of the steamer went ashore with the saddles, etc., to arrange with the natives for donkeys and drivers. Then began a "circus." Every three minutes there would come a pause in the universal yelling and screaming, caused by our steamer employees whacking and thrashing the natives with heavy sticks and chasing them off into the desert—the natives scampering and scattering like so many children, and never making the slightest resistance. I saw venerable Arabs in turbans and long robes thus scampering with the rest. At last we started —I under the charge of donkey-driver "Abdallah"—the funniest company that ever was, in all sorts of dresses and hats and on all sorts of donkeys, the whole village turning out to accompany us,

screaming, singing, and shouting. My own costume would make a sensation in Ithaca—especially on this 12th of January. It consists of white chamois-leather shoes, light tweed coat and trowsers, a striped flannel shirt, blue goggles at sides as well as in front of my eyes,—at my side my glass,—in my pocket a red "Murray,"—and on my head the most amazing structure you ever saw—an enormous pith hat, "*impénétrable au soleil*," looking as if it might weigh fifty pounds, but really lighter than a very thin straw, and made of enormous circumference, in order that the air may circulate upon all sides of my head through the ventilator at the summit, and surrounded by a prodigious brim lined on the under side with green silk. It is for this that I have discarded my "Buffalo Bill" hat. The tombs were intensely interesting, with their sculptures and colored scenes—though these have been badly defaced by Arabs and tourists.

. . . . . .

Yesterday, having breakfasted at 6½, I was off on donkey-back seven miles to the temples of Abydos, of the most interesting period historically and artistically, and was most thoroughly repaid. Very few sculptures are so beautiful in the whole Nile valley, and still fewer so well preserved. It was hard to believe that these works so well preserved in form and color antedate the Israelitish sojourn. To-morrow we hope to visit some recently opened tombs of great interest near Asyoot, and then by Friday to Cairo, though all is very uncertain, as we are at this moment on a sand-bank.

. . . . . .

Our journey ended in a very pleasant mishap. Owing to low water and the great draught of the "Sethi" we stuck on every sand-bank between the First Cataract and Manfaloot, generally waiting anywhere from three to thirty hours on each. Thus we had a delicious cool fresh air, with change of scene from time to time—all the advantages of a Dahabeah—and at the Messrs. Cook's expense. But, alas, after four days of this very pleasant misadventure beyond the time of their contract with us, we came to a bank from which we could not escape. So day before yesterday morning, after breakfast, we formed the most comical procession you ever saw to the railway station of Dayr-Moës, about

three miles distant. First came the camels, with the Saratoga trunks, boxes, bags, and bric-a-brac ; then the owners of the baggage, on the scurviest lot of donkeys ever seen ; and all about us the men and boys and girls of the neighboring village, yelling for "backsheesh"—only kept in order by our steamer steward, who, riding on a little donkey with no saddle, kept the crowd off by flying about and thrashing the intruders with his whip. But after a little the crowd fell off, and we could enjoy the delicious morning air. It is a wonderful restorative. . . . At the station we found a first-class car ready [to bring us back to Cairo.] . . .

The main thing of interest on our way down was the old temple at Abydos—in some respects the most interesting on the Nile. It was built by Rameses II, when a young man, and his portrait, wonderfully preserved, is to be seen in various places on the inner walls, together with the genealogical tables of his ancestors, which he placed there certainly over three thousand years ago. Fortunately neither the Coptic Christians nor the Arabs discovered these sculptures, and they are very nearly as fresh in form and color as when executed in the time of Moses.

Yesterday I went again to the wonderful Boulak Museum (Boulak is the Nile port of Cairo), and there, too, I looked again into the mummied faces of Rameses and his father, Sethi—their expression so well preserved that you can read their characters.

. . . . . .

I went with our whole party to the Great Pyramid, and, after lunching at the hotel there, went to the "King's Chamber," in the centre and then to the summit. It is hard work, but the excitement kept me up. I had two big Arab guides, Ibrahim and Ali, and behind me a sort of supplementary servant carrying a jar of water and lending a hand now and then. Coming down, this latter personage unrolled his turban and tied the long piece of strong white cloth about me and held the ends, so that no harm would come if I happened to stumble. But no accident occurred of any sort. The view from the top is wonderful.

Going into the interior was even more difficult, and much more impressive—though that is saying much. It was hard to realize that the empty royal sarcophagus was placed there long before Abraham and Moses knew anything about Egypt.

The Pyramid being finished, I walked over to the Sphynx, and went down the staircase to the altar between the paws, and then returned to the hotel on a camel.

. . . . . .

Yesterday we took the afternoon for excursions. First to several mosques and through the Bazaar. The old Arabian work in architecture is exquisitely beautiful, especially the decorative part; and the life in the streets of the Bazaar is like a chapter in the Arabian Nights.

Then our dragoman took us to an Arabian wedding. We went with some reluctance, but soon found that the family felt delighted with the honor. We made our way through a long passage, along which on either side sat a brass band, blowing away for dear life. Arriving in the court-yard, we found it covered with awnings and dressed out with flags. The whole male part of the household—father of the bride, bridegroom, *et al.*—brought chairs for us and ordered the inevitable coffee and cigarettes. As the bridegroom spoke French, I did most of the talking with him. He said that brides in Egypt were often very young—which is a fact, their age being frequently fourteen years, and sometimes less. He said that he didn't like the Egyptian customs; for the weddings lasted so long when the parties were rich, and there was so much money spent in feasting. I quite agreed with him —for that was the fifteenth day of his own wedding.

The ladies of our party were all invited to go up to the women's apartments, to see the bride. On arriving there, they found a number of lady friends superbly dressed and bejewelled, and the bride a little young creature terribly scared at it all. They had coffee and cigarettes again—the attendants trying them first with their own mouths before offering them to the guests—and then came the professional dancing-girls to amuse the company.

On our leaving, there was a tremendous amount of salaaming, and we drove to a florist's and sent a superb bouquet to the bride. But, on the way back, we came upon another scene: the funeral of one of the wives of the late Khedive.

First, long lines of soldiers. Next, camels laden with huge boxes of fruit of all sorts, which the mounted servants threw out

to the yelling crowd in the streets. Next, a line of buffalos, which were to be slaughtered at the tomb and the meat to be distributed to the poor. Next, a long line of dervishes—weepers, howlers, etc.—many with Koran in hand, reciting passages loudly, to a sort of chant. Then, the coffin, covered with rich shawls, grouped into a sort of turban at the head, and borne on men's shoulders. Next, long lines of carriages, containing the harem of Ismail (the present Khedive, Tewfik, having but one wife); and lastly, functionaries—altogether, as strange a series of pictures as you can imagine.

. . . . . .

My interest in Egyptian matters does not flag in the least. Years ago, in my student days at Berlin, I became interested in Egypt from reading Schlosser's chapter thereupon and hearing Lepsius' public lectures; but I never realized what a key it all is to the true theory of universal history. Were I to begin again as professor, I would devote more time to the development of civilization among the ancient nations.

I went, the other day, to a session of the "Egyptian Institute," which holds high rank, has its sessions in a palace, and does much good work. One of the papers was upon the Institute founded by Bonaparte at the time of his expedition; but I was surprised to find, on going into their fine library and talking with the officers, that they had never heard of Gillray's caricature upon the institution, including the wonderfully comical "*Siége de la Colonne de Pompée.*" . . .

Shall leave Cairo next week. Undecided as to route. Steamers and hotels are so crowded in the direction of Jerusalem that I may go directly from Alexandria to Athens.

TO A. D. W. IN EGYPT.

THE Nile winds slowly through the desert sands,
By ruined palaces where greatness lies
O'erthrown. The pyramids mount to the skies,
Nor hint their secrets, while the Sphinx still stands,
The riddle of the ages,—from her hands
The gliding centuries fall, and her dim eyes,
Beat by the drifting sands, have seen the rise
And fall of empires through these selfsame lands.
Within the shadow by the centuries cast,
The new world's learning meets the vanished old.
Her gods are dead and Isis sleepeth fast,
Her arts are lost, her glory long since told,
Yet live for him the records of her past,
To whom the scroll of history is unrolled.

Herbert Eugene Millholen.

SOME EARLY COLONIAL MONEY.

THE early colonists of Massachusetts were not of the wealthier classes in the mother country. and they brought with them very little English money. In England itself, the currency was, during our early colonial period, very scarce, and the penalties for carrying it out of the country very severe. Consequently but a small amount of money found its way to New England, and this soon became wholly inadequate to supply the demands of the active and busy Puritan community. The colonists then resorted to all available expedients to remedy this defect; for the lack of a medium of exchange was a serious detriment to the industrial advancement of the growing settlement.

Oddly enough, the first currency of Massachusetts was furnished to the colonists by the native inhabitants of the country. The Indians sought out the periwinkle shells, commonly found on the New England coast, and by working and polishing them, made beads which they strung on fibres of hemp or tendons taken from

the flesh of animals. These strings of beads the natives called *wampon* or *wampom-peage*, and they prized them very highly. The colonists soon learned of the value the Indians placed on this wampum, and endeavored to obtain it for the purpose of exchanging it for skins and other native commodities. From being used in the Indian trade, it went into common use as a measure of value among the colonists themselves; and the Massachusetts court soon made wampum a legal tender, at a certain fixed value. This curious money did not entirely disappear from New England until after the Revolutionary War.

However useful this Indian money was in the domestic trade, it by no means sufficed to meet all the demands of the business of the colony, and the general court made continuous efforts to supply the people with a currency. A law was passed providing that "musket bullets of a full boare shall pass for one farthing apiece," and the produce of the fields was to be taken, for the purposes of exchange, at a fixed value placed on it by the court.

This "barter currency," as the latter form of money was called, was for many years the principal means by which business was transacted. The taxes were paid in corn or other grain at so much a bushel; and cows, hogs, and every conceivable movable article had a certain value fixed on it by the court, and was received in payment for debts of all kinds. This currency was, necessarily, very unstable and inconvenient. It frequently happened that the debtor cancelled his obligation with the leanest cow in his barn, or the worst grain of his crop. The inconveniences arising from the scarcity of money are well illustrated by the following incident,* "being a passage between one of Rowley and his servant. The master being forced to sell a pair of oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him next year. The servant answered he would serve him for more of his cattle. 'But how shall I do,' saith the master, 'when all my cattle are gone?' The servant replied: 'You shall then serve me, and so you may have your cattle again.' "

When the colony had greatly increased in wealth and popula-

* Governor Winthrop's Journal. Vol. II., p. 21.

tion, and its natural resources began to develop, the existing currencies became insufficient to meet the necessities of the growing trade. The colonists had begun to traffic with the Dutch of New Amsterdam, and with the Bermudas, then known as the Sugar Islands; and from these sources they obtained Dutch, Spanish, and Portugese coins. This money did not long remain with them, for they were obliged to ship to England, in payment for goods purchased there, all good money which came into their hands. The plugged, clipped, and counterfeit coins remained at home and were forced into domestic circulation. This policy was attended, however, with disastrous results; and we are told that "much counterfeit coin being brought into the country, and much loss accruing in that respect, it did occasion a stoppage in trade."*

Consequently, in the year 1652, the celebrated Massachusetts Mint was established, with Captain John Hull and Robert Sanderson as mint-masters. The court enacted: that all persons have the liberty to bring to the mint-house all bullion, plate, or Spanish coin, which the mint-master was required to coin into shilling, six-penny, and three-penny pieces. These pieces to be of the same alloy of English sterling money, but to weigh two pence in a shilling less than the shilling of England. The mint-master was allowed to take one shilling out of every twenty for his "pains and labor in melting, refining, and coining."

The mint-house, which was set up in Boston, was by no means an elaborate structure, being but sixteen feet square, ten feet high, and built of wood. Its exact cost is not recorded, but it was probably constructed with characteristic economy. As soon as the preparations for coining were finished, the people brought to their mint-house all the silver they could lay their hands on, and had it made into money. This silver consisted principally of Spanish, Dutch, Portugese and other foreign coins which the people obtained in their trade with the neighboring colonies, and with the West Indies, and which were frequently imported from England. Fifty-four chests of silver, which were captured from the Spaniards, were at one time received; and old silver plate of every description was sent in to the mint.

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* Archaeologia Americana, Vol. III., p. 145. Diary of John Hull.

The money coined at successive periods of the mint's history, showed a constant improvement in design and execution. The first coins made were merely roughly cut circular planchets of silver, of the required weight, with N. E. near the edge on one side and, near the edge on the other, the Roman characters XII, VI, or III, denoting the number of pence in the piece. The rough edges of these pieces afforded excellent facilities for clipping, and some dishonest Puritans must have taken advantage of this, for the Court very soon issued an order to change the form of the coinage. It decreed that: "henceforth all pieces of money coined as aforesaid, shall have a double ring on either side, with this inscription, Massachussetts, and a tree in the center on the one side; and New England and the year of our Lord on the other side." After the passage of this act began the coinage of what has, ever since, been popularly known as "pine tree coins." This name is generally used in so comprehensive a sense, that we are led to believe that all of the coins had the figure of a pine tree on them. This was not the case. In none of the orders of the Court respecting the mint, is there any particular kind of tree designated to be put upon the coins. This matter was probably left entirely to the mint-master, and he experimented by stamping different kinds of trees on the pieces. The last issued was the "pine tree" series; and this, being the most popular and best executed, was finally adopted.

The coins stamped with the figure of a willow-tree were issued immediately after the rough N. E. series. They were very rude in design and imperfect in execution. Next in point of time and also in the matter of excellence, came the oak tree series which was coined for about ten years. These coins are the basis of a popular anecdote of the day, which is undoubtedly founded on fact. The incident is said to have occurred in 1662 when Sir Thomas Temple, who had resided in New England for several years and had returned to England after the Restoration, was sent for by King Charles II who wished to converse with him respecting the condition of the colony of Massachusetts. The King appeared to be greatly dissatisfied with the general course the affairs of the colony had taken; and emphasized the fact that the coining of money by the colonists was an invasion of his prerogative. Sir

Thomas defended the colony as well as he could, and taking some of the Massachusetts money from his pocket, presented it to the King, who upon examining it, asked what kind of a tree that was. Sir Thomas said that it was the Royal Oak; that the Massachussetts people had placed upon their coinage the emblem of the tree which saved his majesty's life. This reply, it is related, put the King into good humor and he called the colonists "a parcel of honest dogs." Many commentors on this story declare that worthy Sir Thomas was guilty of justifiable prevarication in calling the tree an oak tree; that it really was a pine tree. On the other hand, if, as probably was the case, the oak tree series was coined until 1662, then Sir Thomas was not obliged to stretch the truth in order to make his point.

The coins with the emblem of a pine tree stamped on them were first issued in 1662, and continued to be coined until the suspension of the mint. They were of more regular design and better workmanship than either the willow or oak tree coins; and have given their name to the entire coinage. The term "pine tree" shilling seems not to have been used in the early history of the mint, and the pieces were then commonly known as Boston or Bay shillings. Very singularly, all of the pieces of Massachusetts coinage, with one exception, were dated 1652. The two-pence piece, bearing the emblem of a pine tree, was stamped 1662.

Very early in the history of the mint the Court began to think that the mint-masters were getting wealthy too rapidly; and a committee was appointed to treat with Messrs. Hull and Sanderson and endeavor to obtain more favorable terms. Although these gentlemen declined to entertain the propositions of the committee, yet they desired to compromise with the Court and accordingly, they offered a present to the colony of ten pounds in cash. This was indignantly refused by the committee which immediately reported its action to the Court. Upon the reception of this report by the Court, the committee was ordered to accept the ten pounds and to obtain as much more as it could. Subsequent treaties with the mint-masters were attended with better success.

Captain John Hull is said to have become very wealthy from the profits of the mint. We are told that on the marriage of his daughter to Samuel Sewall, afterwards the celebrated Judge Sew-

all, the worthy mint-master caused her to stand on one side of a large scale, and heaped the other side with pine tree shillings until they balanced her weight. These he presented to the bridegroom with the words: "not every wife is worth her weight in silver." It may be interesting to know whether this anecdote has any basis in fact. It was commonly reported in Massachusetts during the early part of the eighteenth century, that Captain Hull's daughter had a dowry of £30,000 in pine tree shillings.* If this were true the story would be spoiled, as the bouncing bride must have weighed, under these circumstances, a little over three tons. Although it is probable that this amount of money referred to the greatly depreciated paper money of that time, yet, as the maiden must even then have weighed over five hundred and sixty pounds, the weight would not be sufficiently reduced for the purposes of the story. There is, however, an entry in Judge Sewall's ledger† at about the time of this wedding, in which his father-in-law is, by his own free will, made debtor to five hundred pounds. In case the weighing incident really took place, and the dowry of the mint-master's daughter was £500 in Massachusetts shillings, the blushing bride needed to weigh only one hundred and three pounds, avoirdupois, in order to balance the shillings on the other side of the scale. This result, however, hardly tallies with the story which tells us that the bride was very plump and buxom, and was in every way one of the most substantial maidens in the hardy Puritan colony. It also appears from the ledger that the money was not paid to the bridegroom on his wedding day. Yet the weighing incident may possibly have taken place; and the knowledge that a large dowry was given with the mint-master's daughter, has but a coloring of fact to a very interesting story.

Captain John Hull was an officer in the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" of Boston; and one of the most prominent citizens in the Colony. He was a shrewd and careful business man, and at the same time an orthodox Puritan. He was possessed of a large property, of which were a number of vessels engaged in the foreign trade; and none of his ships ever left har-

* Gov. Hutchinson. History of Mass., Bay Colony.

† Archaelogia Americana, Vol. III. p. 275.

bor without appropriate religious observances. Of John Sanderson, Hull's "partner in the gainful business of the mint," little appears to be known. Very strangely, he seems to have been almost forgotten and, although the equal of Hull in the Massachusetts mint, Hull's name alone is generally connected with it.

Despite its great benefit to the colony the mint did not continue its work without much opposition. The Commissioners of Trade of Great Britain addressed to the Court, in 1665, a letter which asked that the order establishing the mint be repealed, as the coining of money was a royal prerogative. The order was not repealed, however, and the pine tree shillings were coined in larger quantities than before. In order to conciliate the King, the Court sent him ship loadings of the best commodities produced in the Colony. These peace offerings did not produce the required result; and the opposition of the Commissioners increased in bitterness. In vain did the Colonists ship presents to his majesty year after year; beg his pardon for unwittingly encroaching on his rights, and insist upon the harmlessness of their proceedings. The pressure from the Crown became, at length, so great that, after about thirty years of life, the mint of Massachusetts Bay Colony ceased to exist.

The establishment of a mint was one of the boldest and most important acts of the early settlers of America. It illustrated their capacity for business, their determination to found permanent institutions, and their ability to govern themselves. It may be said to be one of the earliest of those exhibitions of self-reliance, and assertions of the right of self government which culminated in the American Revolution.

Simon Louis Adler.

COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in the course of an address on "The American Newspaper," once said that although there were scattered through the land many persons unable to pay for a newspaper, he had never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one. When he made this assertion he probably had in mind

the *country* newspaper. In regard to that institution the statement is undoubtedly true, and among this large number of competent persons are included all those college undergraduates who are bent on a journalistic career. But, although all these latter, in their own minds, at least, are able to edit a country paper, few, if any, ever try ; and therein lies the cause of the failure of many college men in the newspaper profession.

One of the most fertile subjects for the pen of the old newspaper man ("Who has risen from the case, Sir,") is the collegian in journalism. As surely as college commencements come around each year, the newspapers are full of so-called funny paragraphs at the expense of that individual and it must be confessed that in many cases such attacks are justified. We have seen men hailing from the doors of Alma Mater with sheepskins in one hand and golden opinions of themselves in the other, to enter the field of journalism, to wield the power of the press in the interest of humanity, etc., etc. These men while in college talked of Journalism and Profession of Letters (capitals, always,) wrote poetry and sketches for the college papers and lived in a literary and intellectual atmosphere generally. They read Pendennis and pictured themselves as the hero. They strolled in their dreams through Fleet street with well-known authors, and lived and wrote in a Grub street garret. When they left college to begin their chosen work, they secured positions on the metropolitan press and instead of taking up the editorial pen at once, they were set at police reporting or some other monotonous and routine work under the charge of a grizzled veteran who cut out their fine phrases and, at the same time, rubbed out their mistaken ideas. They soon grew tired and left, disgusted with newspaper work, to fill up the ranks of the band of college men who have failed in journalism.

No doubt there is a call for educated men in the newspaper profession, but college men desiring to enter the profession are apt to fall into the error of thinking that by "journalism" is meant only newspaper work as it is practised on the great dailies in the larger cities and that on such papers they can do the greatest good and make the most money. There is another branch of the profession, however, which perhaps stands in greater need of educated men than even the metropolitan press. This is provincial journalism,

politely called; in other words, the country newspaper. Many college men would smile if they were advised to take up this part of the profession rather than to attach themselves at once to a great newspaper concern. They laugh at the rural editor as a man who runs a sheet consisting of "patent outsides," editorials paid for by the yard and a mass of "locals" picked up anywhere and anyhow, and sneer at him for "continually using his space to tell the world as far as his circulation will permit that he is willing to exchange that space for gooseberries, cordwood, potatoes and other articles." In short, they look down upon the position of a country editor as not worthy of their abilities and as offering no inducements to them. But the advice to enter country journalism, in most cases, is sound. Many would succeed and be useful on the country paper who would fail on the metropolitan; and he who was born a journalist would eventually reach his proper place, no matter where he began.

Journalism, like every other business or profession, is a matter of dollar and cents. Beginners may talk about the pleasures of Bohemia, and say that, like Horace, they will wrap themselves about with the mantle of poverty and live happily, but they soon change when they find that modern Bohemia consists of fourth-rate actors and artists, with a sprinkling of unsuccessful "literary" men, and that poverty has an unpleasant knack of hugging altogether too close without the "mantle." They will then consent to look at journalism from a business point of view. As has been said, it is a matter of dollars and cents, and for the average college man there is more money and satisfaction in country newspaper work than in any other kind. Let us compare the two branches. A young man with ordinary common sense and a college education, obtains a place on a great daily. He is set at some disagreeable routine work, but doing it well, and sticking at it, he advances gradually until, after long years of service, he may be on the editorial staff, or he may be literary or dramatic critic or what not. Now, what may be the advantages of such an employment? He is earning a moderate salary, not large by any means; few journalists grow rich. The work, perhaps, is interesting and he is brought into close connection with all the advanced ideas of his day. He may have a chance to help his fellow men; that is

a common argument. Lastly, when he has reached this round in the ladder he is nearly at the top, and may then step off into permanent literature.

Now, for the reverse. One "who has worn the yoke and escaped from it with feelings of unmixed joy," gives the advice not to take service on the daily press. "At its best it is slavery; more or less honorable, it may be, but slavery it is and must be." The work is laborious. A man on the staff of a large daily paper turns out in the mere fulfillment of his duty an amount of work that would make the name and fame of a lawyer or minister. If he is a special correspondent he is liable to be ordered anywhere on the habitable globe at any time. He may be at a dinner party in New York one day and on his way to Africa the next. Moreover, when one has worked his way up to the top where the alleged room is to be found, instead of taking a flight into permanent literature one is usually content to rely on the paste pot and scissors in the preparation of political leaders. If one has not reached the top, the same grind may continue day after day until finally, after having given mind and body to the elaboration of ideas and arguments which have been potent for good, one must step down and out, known only to a few in the profession and to none outside.

But what are the advantages offered by the country press to the average college man? By the country press is not meant the paper published in the village of Wayback, where the editor combines in himself the functions of devil, journeyman, foreman, reporter and editorial staff, and is completely at the mercy of a few hundred subscribers. Popular opinion is wont to take this kind of a sheet as the typical country newspaper. A good type, however, is a daily published in a town of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. Our college man obtains a place on such a paper. He works hard and with energy and economy after a time obtains a business interest in the paper. While he held his subordinate position his work was quite as laborious and dull as that of his friend on the metropolitan press, but his surroundings were more pleasant and he was enjoying life more. When he reached the top, how much better situated he was than his friend! It is the old case of being first in the little Iberian village rather than second in Rome.

He now directs a paper which, while not having a twentieth part of the circulation of the city paper, exerts a greater proportional influence. His social position is secure and the financial return for his work is all that could be desired. While this career at first sight does not seem as brilliant as the other, in the end just as much good has been accomplished and one is better satisfied with his work.

Moreover, the position of a country editor is not unworthy of the abilities of a college educated man. His work is spread over a much wider field than that of the city journalist and requires a correspondingly wide range of information. He is not confined to one particular branch of the business, but has all under his charge. Not only must he be able to select the news, which will be interesting to his readers, but he must be able to comment intelligently on it. Not only must he have the proverbial "nose for news," but he must be a clear thinker and a good writer. That the country editor employs the so-called "patent outside" is no argument against his abilities. Competition with the metropolitan papers has forced that upon him, and as the matter is well-edited, mechanically good and cheap, there can be no objection to it. Moreover, it leaves him free to devote himself to the gathering of local news and to the preparation of his editorials. The development of local news in country papers has been extraordinary. While it can hardly be said to be an improvement from a literary standpoint, from a business standpoint it has a good defense. The business of a newspaper is to pay its proprietor good interest on his investment. To do this it must contain the news, presented in an attractive way, which the subscriber wants. It seems to be a trait of human nature to enjoy seeing in print something about which it knows everything. When a paper contains the announcement that "Deacon Jones has whitewashed his front fence," or that "Parson Smith was given a donation which was attended by the *èlite* of the neighborhood," it must not be supposed that the editor was charmed by the literary style of the items. He simply recognized the fact that "Deacon Jones" and "the *èlite* of the neighborhood" would like to see those items in print and would support the paper in which they might appear. Hence the growth of "locals." If the college-bred journalist is a reformer, as many

college men are, he can go in and elevate the tone of the press in the matter of local news. That would be something worthy of his abilities.

On its editorial page, too, this country paper must supply the kind of matter demanded. The short, condensed editorial is what the reading public seeks, and its preparation requires an intimate knowledge of history, politics and literature, and great skill in writing.

That country journalism has its unpleasant sides cannot be denied. Many are the trying experiences that the editor must endure. He must be prepared, as an old newspaper man says, to encounter "cranks, bores, self-advertised skin-flints, and otherwise advertised philanthropists, patriots 'who take the paper to help support the thing,' the foreign advertiser in all his brazen integrity, the patent medicine calamity, and many, many other freaks." This same editor goes on to declare, that "the local paper lies so very close to the hearts of the dear people that they are prone, if not studiously checked, to use it as a 'common carry-all,'—a vehicle of their own sweet volition. Everybody is liable to feel at perfect liberty to take a seat 'top of column, next to reading matter,' and ride to their heart's content. Politicians with fences to fix; puff-hunters with petite ribs to tickle; canting reformers with schemes to vamp; sly humbugs with gillies to trap; hucksters with wares to 'huck'; grangers with elongated pumpkins to exhibit; anonymous correspondents with grievances to air; wedders with weddings to vaunt; mourners with two-column death notices of the late lamented, reinforced by resolutions of condolence from half-a-dozen lodges, are but a few of the many representatives who bundle themselves with reckless abandon into the good-natured editor's wagon and ride, ride, ride forever free—that is, if permitted."

In spite of this picture of the seamy side of country newspaper life, the advice to adopt that branch of the profession still holds. Unless a man has extraordinary abilities in the journalistic line, the country newspaper is the place for him. To sum up, the field is worthy of his abilities; the financial return is reasonably good; the life is healthful and pleasant; if successful there, he may enter city journalism with a firmer step, and in the end is much better satisfied with himself and his work.

Leonard Callender Crouch.

SONNET.

THOUGH countless be the forms that beauty takes
Revealing Beauty's self to souls of men,
In only one, the fairest form, she breaks
Through veil of mind and sense, disclosing, then
Alone, her inmost soul. All know the power
Of starry nights, dark threatening clouds or those
Red-flushed and golden-fringed at sunset hour;
Some too admire the rippling brook that flows
Through silent glades or love the chamois' haunts.
One warmly praises with an artist's zeal
The human form, another boldly vaunts
Soft music, or at poets' feet doth kneel.
But I, as rays from Beauty's soul-depths prize
The smiles that leap from lovely woman's eyes.

Courtney Langdon.

THE NAVAL ASPECT OF THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

SAMOA has been called one of Bismarck's pets; and just now the pet is receiving plenty of attention from its grim old master. In 1880, Bismarck threatened to resign if the Reichstag did not pass a certain bill appropriating 10,000,000 marks as a subsidy to the South Sea Trading Company of Samoa. The bill failed to pass, but Bismarck did not resign, nor has he lost his interest in Samoa. England, France, and Spain have also been active during the past decade in appropriating the Pacific islands, until now with the exception of Hawaii, Tonga and Samoa, there is not an independent island in the Pacific Ocean.

The Samoan islands are 5,000 miles from San Francisco, and 2,500 miles from Sydney, Australia, on the direct course. They are also on the course from the American Isthmus to Australia, and from the Isthmus to Southern China. The amount of commerce which passes over these three great ocean routes is very large, and is increasing rapidly. In 1886, the trade of England with Aus-

tralia, China, and Japan, was valued at $274,000,000; and the American trade with the same countries amounted to $64,000,000, a total commerce of $338,000,000 in one year, a large share of which crossed the Pacific Ocean. The problem of protecting this commerce in the case of war, is a very difficult one, on account of the great size of the Pacific Ocean, and the limited coal capacity of war vessels. It is in the solution of this problem that the Samoan islands are so important a factor.

The Pacific Ocean is nearly twice as large as the Atlantic. The distance from New York to Liverpool is only 2,980 nautical miles; but the steam course from San Francisco to Sydney measures 7,500 miles; San Francisco to Yokahoma, 5,000 miles; San Francisco to Hong Kong, 7,000 miles; Panama to Sydney, 7,670 miles. These great distances are no barrier to merchant steamers, whose construction is such that they can carry large quantities of coal. But with war ships the case is entirely different. A battle ship or cruiser must have speed or nothing. But speed means coal, and the question is how to give speed and stability, and yet leave room for large coal bunkers. The speed of a war vessel is reduced by the great breadth of beam which is needed to support the ship's large spread of canvass, and her heavy armanent. Then there must be room for several hundred men, and stores for a long cruise, besides machinery and guns. But these take up valuable space, and add to the weight of the ship. A modern war vessel is also provided with much accessory machinery, such as dynamos and blowers, all of which consume coal.

If this question of coal seems common place and trivial, it may be worth while to hear the opinions of a few great naval authorities on this subject. Captain Colcomb, of the British navy, said that in the year 1878 there was not a British cruiser afloat that could steam 1,500 miles against a trade wind or monsoon. In an address before the London Chamber of Commerce, on June 27, 1888, Admiral Hornby spoke of the protection of English commerce by cruisers, and said that the limit to this protection was coal. At the same meeting, Mr. Thomas Sutherland, M. P. declared that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of English commerce, that the coaling stations should be protected at any cost. In France, M. Gabriel Charmes supports the same view,

and devotes a chapter of his book on naval reform to the question of coal endurance. In America this matter has been presented to us in the form of an object lesson, in the recent departure of our war vessels for Samoa, followed by a solitary sailing vessel, upon whose slow and uncertain voyage the efficiency of our Samoan fleet was dependent.

The following table exhibits the coal endurance of modern representative ships of different classes, in the English, French, German, and United States navies.

	Displacement in tons.	Estimated miles of coal endurance at 10 knots an hour.
ENGLAND.		
Trafalgar, (battle ship),	11,940	5,500
Blake, (cruiser).	9,000	15,000
Five Australian Cruisers,	2,500	8,000
Blanche, (cruiser),	1,580	3,400
FRANCE.		
Brennus, (battle ship),	10,480	4,000
Dupuy De Lôme, (cruiser),	4,162	5,000
Troude, (cruiser),	877	2,400
GERMANY.		
Kaisar, (battle ship),	7,676	3,400
Preussen, "	6,770	2,500
AMERICA.		
Texas, (battle ship),	6,750	8,592
Maine, (cruiser),	6,648	7,000
Newark, "	4,083	10,700
Charleston "	3,730	6,450

Thus it is seen that the best war vessels in the world have a coal endurance which ranges from 2,500 miles to 15,000 miles at a speed of ten knots an hour, with an average of 4,000 or 5,000 miles. But when a ship which can travel only 5,000 miles under normal conditions, starts on a voyage of 7,000 miles across the Pacific, and subject to storms, headwinds and chases, the necessity for harbors and coaling stations is plain.

Other nations have been quick to see the great advantage of owning these Pacific islands. Germany can boast the possession of four groups of islands; France has five groups, besides Cochin-

China and Tonquin ; and the English flag waves over six groups of Pacific islands. American policy, however, has been far different. We have been so wrapped up in our great prosperity at home that we have neglected to provide for the protection of the foreign commerce which we are beginning to acquire. For many years the Hawaiian islands have been almost under an American protectorate, although England bids fair to buy a controlling interest from the natives. Samoa has repeatedly asked for annexation to America, and as an evidence of good faith granted us Pago-Pago, which is one of the best harbors in the South Pacific ; but it was not until Germany took forcible measures to gain control of Samoa, that the value of this harbor dawned upon our government.

It may be possible that the United States will never extend her foreign commerce ; or if we should acquire a foreign trade, it may be that the government can afford to leave it without naval protection ; but this would be a strange contrast to the naval activity of the other great nations. In 1890, England will own 42 fast cruisers ; yet Admiral Hornby urges that 186 cruisers is the least number needed for the protection of English commerce. British authorities now acknowledge that the French navy is equal to the English navy, if not stronger ; and Germany is not far behind. The boasting Americans who pride themselves on our new navy, would do well to compare our half a dozen cruisers with the navies of Europe.

Steam has revolutionized naval warfare. The old squadron fighting has now disappeared ; and even blockades are almost impossible on account of the difficulty of keeping up steam in the blockading fleet. Modern war ships are built for coast defense, or for the protection or destruction of commerce. Cut off England's food supply, and England will be conquered. The same is true to a certain extent, of France and Germany ; and although the resources of the United States render this nation almost independent of the rest of the world, yet the damage which an enemy could inflict upon our commerce would be very great.

If our naval equipment is weak, then we have all the more need of convenient harbors for supplies and repairs. But if Germany pushes us off the Samoan Islands, and if Great Britain controls

the Hawaiian Islands, then where can we go in the Pacific Ocean? Turn where we may, there will be no resting place for us. Imagine the sight of an American man-of-war drifting about in the Pacific, 5,000 miles from home, with no smoke coming out of her stacks—useless for pursuit, and unable to defend herself. Yet this ocean is dotted with islands having safe harbors, belonging to other nations. But coal is a contraband of war, and as we could not buy fuel from neutral powers, our ships would be at the mercy of the enemy. When the Isthmus is opened, the danger will become still greater, and Samoa will be one of the best strategical points in the Pacific.

With our present defenses, England or Germany could concentrate a fleet in the Pacific, using the islands as a base of supplies, and shell our Pacific coast ports long before the great American navy could be sent to the rescue. Shall we protect our coasts and our commerce; or shall we rest secure in that blissful sense of the overwhelming greatness of everything American, cherishing the delusion that if war breaks out, then in some way or other, the Lord will provide? But the Lord helps them that help themselves; and we should lose no time in helping ourselves to a coaling station at Pago-Pago in the Samoan Islands.

Charles Robert Murphy.

MARKED PASSAGES.

I.

IT was sad to be ill on such a bright day; the sparrows were chirping and nest building; a robin here and there disputed a straw with another, the sooner to build it's nest; the tree shadows were slim and so sharply cut that they enlivened the streets instead of dulling them. It was sad to be lifted from the railroad-wagon to a hack even by friends and loving relatives; Joyeuse thought it was cruel. The freshness all around her irritated her; the black wagon was comfortable in comparison with the garish brightness without; she made no complaints however, for she had been accustomed to travelling for years. During the last two she had

lived alone in Münich and Paris, it is true with friends; but yet alone if one did not count her painting. She had gone abroad to study art, and now she was back home because she had overworked. "It was only a case of nervous prostration," the Doctor said, "such as all girls, as nervously built as herself were subject to." She was not ill because her body was weak, but because her nervous organization was over-developed. Joyeuse's face made one think of steel which has been sharpened so much that it has been worn thin and fragile. Her nose, perfectly formed, was too large and too sharp; her eyes too black and large and flashing, too nervous and too far apart; her forehead too broad and open; her lips too thin; her frame so spare that though symmetrical it seemed scraggy. Her speaking showed a pleasing modulation and quality of voice but made one nervous, for it showed that she was carrying on two or even three trains of thought at the same time.

In the hack she would not keep quiet, she could not. Her brother at last threatened to gag her; "she must keep still; till she was well; did she think," he asked, "that he was going to let her develop a case of brain fever. It would not only be horrible it would be ridiculous for him, a doctor, to permit her to chatter like a magpie, when rest meant health and chattering meant fever." So she kept still, though her hands were nervous and would beat a tattoo and her thoughts moved much quicker than her fingers.

The carriage drove up to the old home, at the sight of it her sensitive face flashed red and her eyes had triple sparks in them: her breast warmed but she couldn't speak. Then she saw her aunt at the house door; she forgot all about lectures on avoiding excitement, she forgot that she was ill and had been lifted into the carriage; she rose to her feet jumped out of the hack and ran up the stone steps crying:—"Hurrah, home again," bent forward to kiss her aunt—and fell in a swoon at her feet.

They carried her to her room and put her to bed; for a week she hung between life and death, then she became convalescent; but it seemed to her that she was living in a muffled world. There were no noises in the house and almost none in the street. She felt purified by the quiet; the stillness in the first days was a

pleasing tittilation of her overstrung nerves. But life seemed painfully empty; she was not allowed to read nor to work with her hands, nor to receive calls; so she had a mirror put up on the ceiling over her bed and another just out of the window and so slanted that they reflected the street and the passers-by below. She knew then why all was so quiet. The road was covered with dark red bark in front of her house; that was what first told her that she had been very ill. It made her solemn to think how near she had been to dying: she was kinder afterwards to those around her.

She passed another week looking at the carriages that went past noiseless as phantoms. She began to know who were the neighbors from their passing at morning and night, and who were the people who just happened past once or twice; she tried to fancy what their lives were, why one hurried along and another walked with head bent down. At last she asked (she had wished to many a time before, but each time had not, for some unknown reason) whether Walt had called since she had come home—Walt, her old boy-lover before she had gone abroad to study. She seemed more contented when she found he had called or sent for news almost every day.

At last she was allowed to receive him; it was an occasion to her, a fête day. She was dressed earlier that day and wore a new tea-gown whose delicate yellow became her very well. She didn't look ill either, for her face was just touched with color and her forehead was not too white. She would have been happy to see anyone and was happy especially to see her old friend.

He did not stay long then, for fear that she was too weak to talk much; but he said he was coming again as soon as he could return to the city after finishing some business, and he threatened, smiling the while, that he would have a long talk and a fault-finding one too. He promised to bring her letters with him and to read to her some of the passages which he had marked. These passages, he threatened he would make her retract—at any rate he would try to make her retract them. And then he went away.

II.

A fortnight later Walt had returned. Joyeuse was lying in a large sick chair, under the mirror by which she saw down into the street below. She looked well lying there in a perfectly white simple frock, made of wool, with white silk knobs sprinkled over it. Her habitual look of over-brightness and over-nervous tension, was gone: she looked contented, glad to breathe, glad to live. She was smiling as Walt pulled a small packet of letters from his pocket, delaying him as he was about to commence by saying: "Why re-read my letters? No one thinks the same thing after six months have passed; one's environment changes; one's thoughts change. And besides, re-reading one's own letters after time has passed makes one ashamed; just as you were, don't you remember, when you read your college commencement oration two years after it was delivered. You told me then,—I can see the surprised way in which you said it,—'could ever I have written that rant?' "

"No, Joy," he answered, "this is not the same thing. These letters are fair samples of your artificial philosophy. They contain what you still think you believe. When I read them you will defend and try to justify them. They are part of the basis of what you believe makes you superior to the common run of girls."

"No," she said maliciously, "I will not defend them; I shall not say a word; I shall keep my head closed—if that is possible. You may have the floor and no interruption shall be permitted; this *séance* shall be run on strictly parliamentary rules. I constitute myself Chairman and say: 'The question having been put, Mr. Walter Hammond has the floor.' "

Hammond took the first letter, opened it and began reading a passage, on the margin of which he had made a heavy pencil mark:—

"I have at last put in logical form and made a theory of what self interest forces us all, more or less, to do. It is my new fad; I call it the theory of logical selfishness. It is a solution of one problem of life, i. e., what we shall do and what we shall not do. As its name shows, the key note of it is selfishness, but not blind selfishness; it is logical; it will carry us through the trials of life

and yet conduces to social obligingness. Let me illustrate it by supposing that you are in the sitting room with your sister Jane, she is embroidering on a large hoop frame, you are smoking and reading the evening paper. In the midst of a delicate and difficult part Jane finds that she has left in another room some skeins of silk which she must have; she cannot put down the work without harming what she has already done, so she asks you to go for the silk. You hate to break off in the midst of your editorial, but you see how it will incommode her to get it herself, so you go for the silk. Perhaps you think that your going was unselfish; you are mistaken: it was logical selfishness; you were looking out for your future comfort. For you knew that for this one thing that you do she will do ten for you. On the same plan, there are people too selfish to do a dishonest thing; because they see clearly that one theft discovered will injure them more than an hundred undiscovered will do them good; and they know that in some way or other out of many things done, one at least is sure to be found out. Here is another example, it illustrates the more practical side: Let us suppose you are in your office and John Brown calls to secure a loan. He says he needs the money slightly—not enough to make it pay him to offer a large rate of interest: he offers perfect security, a first mortgage on property worth triple the loan. Let us suppose, too, that your old acquaintance Jones also calls to borrow money. With a distracted air he tells you that unless he gets it he must fail and will be ruined. He pictures to you the misery in which his family will be plunged, he reminds you of your long acquaintanceship, he offers you a high rate of interest, he tells you that with your help he will most probably pull through this crisis, and once through it sees lying open to him almost certain success and fortune. He candidly admits, however, that he has no security to offer. Do you think you would hesitate between the two? You, as every other good business man, would lend your money on security—as indeed you ought to do. Business is the place for common sense, as poetry and love speeches are for sick sentimentality."

Walter stopped; and looking up he saw that Joyeuse's face was red, and her eyes didn't meet his; she was on the point of speaking, but evidently remembering her promise not to speak till the end, she let him begin.

"Do you really believe Joy, that there is nothing in the world but cold calculation and selfishness? No, I know you don't, not any more than I do. Many a time has my father done exactly what you have said I would not do; I have myself followed his example; and we are no better than the rest of business men. Do you really think that people are honest only because it pays to be so? Believe me, I know men who would not be guilty of trickery or of dishonesty, though it would give them the world or save them from final ruin. And as for the social amenities, the bringing of skeins of silk, the treating women courteously and men heartily; believe me, I do not count out the possible good my actions may do me in return, and it's only a low snob who would."

Again Joyeuse was on the point of speaking, but smiled, showing that she remembered her promise, just in time not to break it. Walter read from the second letter:

"I met Mr. Battel a day or two ago, and was so surprised to see his new development. You remember Jack of old times. He used to be so serious, so reserved, we never got below the surface with him. It's true that the surface was very pleasing; but we always felt a something lacking; as if an architect had designed a very beautiful house, which had no entrance, in which none lived, which was only a decoration of the landscape. Well, Jack is now the very reverse; he is a *Bohemian* of the *Murgian* type, a *roué* not yet arrived at the *blasé* stage. He breaks almost every rule of the Decalogue, and with almost no evil results to himself or to others. I wonder sometimes whether that Decalogue isn't just a clever rule of thumb, which is advisable only on account of the constitution of things in this world. Could there not be another world, Mars for instance, in which what was right here would there be wrong, and *vice versa*. Mathematicians have proven that a world might exist in which four dimensions would be possible, although we can conceive of only three. If this is so, why shouldn't there be another world where it would be right to murder and to steal, and where the opposites would be dishonorable? It seems to me there could. If there could, then the Decalogue is only a concise statement of what is expedient ninety-nine cases out of an hundred; it is a set of rules to be followed by ordinary people. But extraordinary people in extraordinary occa-

sions, seeing clearly would pick out the one case where it would be expedient not to follow the rule of thumb. That is by disregarding the Decalogue they would do the expedient thing, that is, the right thing. I do not think that Charlotte Corday did wrong in assassinating Marat, do you? Of course, ordinary people would often mistake one of the ninety-nine cases for the hundredth one, so for them the best thing would be to stick to the rule of thumb."

"If I really thought, Joyeuse, that you believed this nonsense, I should be inexpressibly shocked. But I do not believe that you do. The passage is rank heresy; it denies religion and morality; it would make one, who did not know you, think you entirely lost to all good. Why will you let your pen or your fancies run away with you. If the whole thought were not on its face so preposterous, it would be horrible."

Hammond took up the third letter and read:—

"I have just finished Miss Phelps's Story of Avis and feel immeasurably sorry for poor Avis; how sad it is that a life so full of promise should have been wrecked. And as the world judges she did not marry badly; how horrible her life was, although her husband did nothing that a New York State Court would consider good cause for divorce. I think women are fools to marry. In the unequal agreement, they rush without thought into weariness and suffering both of mind and of body. The main part of them spend their lives in floor scrubbing, washing and bearing children, and floor scrubbing and washing and then a new baby comes. And those who escape the floor scrubbing have mental weariness as disheartening. I shall never marry. A bright girl, interested in something in which it is worth while being interested seems to me like the St. Marguerite of Jules Romain's picture in the Louvre, —a sweet, pure figure who, by her virginity, exercises a wonderful power over the monsters around her."

"How blind you are, Joy, you forget the utter hollowness of life without duties. You forget that, justly or unjustly, a single woman plays a very poor rôle in life. Just look at those whom you know, they none of them have much sweetness or lovableness about them. They have been cheated out of a happier life or have themselves pushed the cup from them. No life is free from pains; that of a bright, cultured woman, loving a husband worthy of her

is perhaps the brightest in this world. It is better than her husband's lot. It is one of lettered ease ; it is free from the struggle for existence ; it is free from the weariness of an idler's life because it is filled with pleasing duties. She choses the people with whom she shall come in contact, she meets them in pleasing environments, clothed in fine linen and throned in a drawing-room where she is a monarch in a kingdom in which her presenee spreads joy."

Hammond scarcely stopped as he opened the last letter, for his last plea was not entirely disinterested.

"You ask me," he read from it, "why I work so assiduously at art, if, as I said in my last letter, 'ease in life' seems to me such 'a great good—perhaps the greatest good.' It is true I am paradoxical—did yon ever see a woman who wasn't, or a man either? I really believe that work is a disagreeable necessity. I don't believe there is any question of duty connected with it. The fact is that most of us are so placed that we can't live without it. If all things came to us as *manna* did to the starving Israelites we would be foolish to make anything—just as foolish as the Hebrews would have been, to have built ovens and ground corn while the heaven-sent food lasted. But unfortunately manna fell for a few days only. Do you think your friends would go down to the office if it were not that they could not live without doing so. They would keep cool and free from dirt. They would sit in the windows of their clubs and homes and watch the sweaty, dusty rabble rush on without. But as they happen to belong to the money hunting rabble themselves, they prate about the dignity of labor and the dishonor of idleness, as heartily and with as much reason, as the gentleman of an hundred year ago did of the dignity of doing nothing and the shame of working. 'Then why do I not follow my own teachings?' Well, because I have a passion for painting, because I am inconsistent, illogical. I love art ; it is my meat, my drink, my religion, my sweetheart. It is my true friend who is so much to me that life without her would be dreary."

"Your logic," Hammond continued as he placed the letters in a pack and then put them in his pocket, "is, as you say, very much at fault ; but not where you think. Work is necessary because without it we would be savage and despicable. But why

argue with you a point which your actions disprove. You not only are inconsistent in the last letter but in all of them. In the first you preach selfishness and you have never lived it and are incapable of living it; in the second you proclaim immorality, and you have and always will be spotless, you are incapable of anything else. In the third you inveigh against marriage, and you are fitted to make the highest sort of a wife, and by the Seven Gods you will be one and mine at that."

Joyeuse's face was red and not with shame or displeasure; she nestled deeper in the chair and looked up in her Lady of Shalott glass, for a moment saying nothing. Of a sudden she raised a little in the chair crying, "Oh, Walt, look!" Hammond walked to her side and looked up at the glass. He saw a couple passing in the street below, evidently a country girl and her lover. Both were young, awkward, and both had a smile of indescribable content on their faces. The girl had a grey veil over her hat; the man held her arm in a protecting way. They looked so uncouthly happy, so pleasingly awkward, that Joyeuse and Walt smiled with sympathetic pleasure. "I suppose," said Joyeuse, "they have each come into town in his own wagon, have met by appointment at the farmers' hotel at the end of our street, and are going to the Methodist minister who lives on the block, to be married." The couple passed out of sight as she finished speaking. Walt sat down on the edge of the chair, his arm leaning on its top, just over Joyeuse's head. "Well," he asked, "What do you think of what I said; am I right or not?" "Oh, stop your squabbling," and, raising her head languidly, she continued, "put your arm under my neck."

Howard Ames Oppenheim.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

THE last time that I had the pleasure of writing in this department of the MAGAZINE, I called the attention of such readers as might have persevered so far through the number as to reach my remarks, to a work upon that very grave and serious subject, Wit and Humor. In talking over afterward various

things in connection with that topic, a friend called to my notice another work on the subject, which seemed to me so interesting in many respects that I have thought best to make some remarks on it. It may be found in one of the presses in the Library, devoted to American Literature, and is about American Humorists. It is written by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A.

* * *

It is, I believe unnecessary to present Mr. Haweis to a Cornell audience. Mr. Haweis is one of those English humorists who have of late amused themselves by playing practical jokes on their American cousins. The delicacy of Mr. Haweis's humor when he was in America was not, as I judge, quite so charming as was that of Dr. E. A. Freeman, the best appreciated of these English humorists to whom I allude. Still there must be quite a number at Cornell who remember him. Mr. Haweis is the author of not a few very excellent works. I am acquainted with only one myself. It is entitled "Pet, or Pastimes and Penalties." The book is the story of a little girl (named Pet) whose life was made up in about equal portions of Pastimes enjoyed by her and of Penalties inflicted as punishment therefor.[1] She died near the end of the book.

One of the best practical jokes of Mr. Haweis consisted in the insertion of this precious production in Routledge's World Library of which he is the editor. By these means this work will go down to posterity alongside of Gulliver's Travels, Goldsmith's Plays, Aesop's Fables, The Essays of Elia, and other works of like nature. That any sane man should conceive the idea of exhibiting himself, so pilloried, to the gaze of all posterity seems to me to have a quaint and grim humor somewhat akin to that of Dean Swift.

* * *

But I did not mean to be so carried away from the subject in hand. This book on American Humorists is very good indeed. That is, a good deal of it is. A good deal is quoted from the works of the Americans under consideration. Mr. Haweis adds some good things of his own. His book is bound in blue cloth

[1] The book should have had as a motto that line of Charles Bandelaire's: "Et votre châtiment naîtra de vos plaisirs."

with a full blown dandelion upon it which some youngster (invisible) is blowing to see whether his mother wants him. The seeds are floating away across the cover. Of this Mr. Haweis remarks :

"I may add that the Dandelion on the cover (*dent de lion*), despoiled of the six floating seeds—one symbolical seed for each of my Humorists—appeared to me to indicate aptly enough the incisive bite, yet vagrant character, of wit.

"Wit often seizes its prey with a truly leonine grip ; yet sometimes it has to wander far in search of an appropriate soil,—in vain do its seedlets fall upon minds without a sense of humor."

It is well (for me at least) that Mr. Haweis explained the mystical meaning of his cover. Even now I have a vague wonder as to whether it would not have been better to have had a chestnut tree on the cover and six chestnuts falling off it. But I believe on the whole there would have been even less point to such a device than to the present.

* * *

Mr. Haweis makes some remarks on Wit and Humor that are very good, although one can't be quite sure that he agrees with him. I quote enough to make clear his position which I think will interest everybody :

"I have read," he says, "long and tiresome essays by HAZLITT and others, explaining the difference between wit and humor.

I have lain awake at night thinking over the difference, and I have come to the conclusion—that there is none.

I hasten to reveal this truth to the world because it has been such a comfort to me.

Humor is the electric atmosphere, wit is the flash. A situation provides the atmospheric humor, and with the culminating point of it comes the flash. . . .

Let me analyze wit. It always involves an exaggeration, a reversal of ideas, a glimpse of the incongruous or the impossible.

When in dreams you see a mouse as big as a house, you are not surprised or amused, because in sleep you lose your sense of comparison ; but a mouse as big as a house, or a blue bottle as big as an ox, in a pantomime is certainly a success. . . .

Now to sum up : Humor is the atmosphere, wit the flash.

Humor lies in the situation, wit in its culminating points.

It is sensible, moral, recreative, and stimulating.

It always involves a shock of some kind, either of exaggeration, reversal of ideas, a sense of the incongruous or impossible.

Its dignity is vindicated, its nature analyzed."

This seems to me to be neatly thought out and nicely expressed. I don't think that everybody would agree with it, but I think that anybody would like to read it.

* * *

The six humorists of whom Mr. Haweis treats in his book (which is by the way a reproduction of a course of lectures) are Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. It will be seen that all are classic humorists. With those extravagant and portentous humorists who flash out upon us from time to time in *Puck*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, *The Detroit Free Press* and other famous papers, Mr. Haweis does not treat. To tell the truth I don't believe that he or anyone else could treat those humorists,—except in the strictly American way. Imagine anyone analyzing the humor of Opper.

Hence Mr. Haweis is very incomplete when he finds out only three main roots to American humor,—the shock between Business and Piety, the contrast between Aboriginal and the Yankee, and the contrast between "the bigness of American nature and the smallness of European nature, or, as for matter of that, Human nature itself outside America." Such may, indeed, be the chords whereon harped the six dandelion seeds which Mr. Haweis is considering. But as to the real main roots of American humor they seem to be more in number than three, and indeed I do not think that Mr. Haweis has discovered any of the real roots of contemporary American humor, though his analysis of the authors in hand is, I believe, just. The main roots of contemporary American humor (unknown to Mr. Haweis, on account of his ignorance of *Puck* and the other periodicals alluded to above) seem to me to be:—

The Joys of Marriage. (Mothers-in-law, etc.)
The Frequency of Drunkenness.
The Seating Onesself upon Tacks.
The Omnivorousness of Goats.
New Jersey (or Brooklyn or Philadelphia.)
And so forth and so on.

* * *

But to return to the Classic Humorist.

Mr. Haweis is I think most happy in his presentation of Lowell. Lowell is one of these few American authors who are alike the favorite of John Bull and Jonathan. Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller are better appreciated in England than in America. Emerson and Whittier are better understood in their own conntry than abroad. But Lowell, with some three or four others, is a favorite with English speaking people on both sides of the water. It was not therefore remarkable that Mr. Haweis should have been very successful in speaking of Lowell. Next to Lowell I think comes his sketch of Artemus Ward, always dear to the English heart as a characteristic embodiment of American humor.

* * *

I shall now give myself the pleasure of transcribing from Mr. Haweis' work specimens from some of the authors discussed by him. It is always a pleasure to transcribe what somebody else thinks funny (provided you think it is yourself), first, because you enjoy it intrinsically and, second, because it is nice to write something that other people will probably like to read.

The following from Lowell, though not especially characteristic, is certainly good. He is giving the contents of a graveyard :—

"There are slave-drivers quietly whipt underground,
There bookbinders done up in boards are fast bound ;
There card-players wait till the last trump be played ;
There all the choice spirits get finally laid.
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth ;
There men without legs get their six feet of earth ;
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case ;
There seekers of office are sure of a place ;
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast ;
There shoemakers quietly 'stick to the last.'"

Let me quote also, as more characteristic, Lowell's definition of speech and speech-making :—

"By the first we make ourselves intelligible—by the second unintelligible."

From Artemus Ward, Mr. Haweis quotes many good things ; I like this about the Shakers :—

"Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world con-

tinues to resolve round on her own axletree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence."

Here is this from Mark Twain :—

"Information stews out of him like otto of roses out of the otter."

This is a remark of Holmes on sincerity :—

"Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks."

Irving and Bret Harte do not offer so many flashes of wit as the others and I fear I have not space to give their best things here.

It is a bad plan to gain one's acquaintance with an author, especially a humorist, at second hand. The people of the present generation are, however, bound, I am afraid, to acquire their knowledge of literature in just this way and such being the case, Mr. Haweis's book is a very excellent book for its particular purpose.

* * *

To change the subject, I was reading the other day that Daniel Dove (known to the readers of Southey's Doctor) used to regret that Pliny had never lived in Worcestershire, or at least visited there, that he might have added to his natural history some descriptions of the limestone wonders of that region. In like manner, I have myself of late regretted that Sir Thomas Brown, the curious and learned author of "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," (which being interpreted is "Widespread Misaprehensions," or words to that effect,) that Sir Thomas Browne, I say, had never been present here at Cornell at about the period that examination papers are being read over. For it appears to me that, curious as are those errors of which he himself disposes, errors yet more strange seem to lurk in the minds of the students of this University, coming to light only at such times as the aforesaid students are forced to sit down for three hours, more or less, and spin from their own brains a variegated web of truth and error which may be submitted for inspection to the Professor of one or another course.

* * *

To give *bona fide* examples of such misapprehensions would be unkind, but I have a substitute for them in the review, which I

read some time since, of a book which must be very amusing, for it gives a large collection of answers to examination papers. Now most people find such answers rather funny (provided that they are not their own) yet I will not quote many, for very probably many of my readers have seen the book or at least the review which appeared in that esteemed print the "Tribune." I venture however, to quote one or two :

"The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration."

"Flour and bacon were two provisions of the Ordinance of 1787."

"The Constitution is 35 years, he shall be a natural born citizen of the United States, he shall have been president of the United States fourteen years prior to taking a seat."

Let me add some misquotations in examinations that are so old that the present generation may not be familiar with them. Here is one :

"Where *waddling* in a pool of blood
The bravest Tuscans lay."

And here another :

"From rock to rock the *elephant*
Leaped with tumultuous bounds."

Here is a third :

"The way was long, the day was cold
The minstrel was *infernal* old."

I quote from memory, but believe the quotations correct in their incorrectness.

* * *

At about this time of the year most of us have the opportunity of purchasing and offering up not a few wedding presents. Apropos of this, I have cut an item out of the *Academy*, which I noted the other day. I have thought, too, that it might be applicable to presents other than wedding and have therefore copied it into my diary at the date of Dec. 20th. It occurs in a report on the Marriage Customs of the New Britain, read in the Anthropological Institute by the Rev. Benjamin Danks. In the New Britain Islands," remarks Mr. Danks, "many presents are given to the bride in public which she is expected to return privately."

That strikes me as being a very worthy custom. The same present, you see, might serve for very many Christmases, birth-

days, and weddings. Would it not be well to acknowledge that we can learn something even from savages and introduce that custom in this country? *Edward E. Hale, Jr.*

THE ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

"We should aim to keep the University in organic connection with its alumni. Wherever they may be, they should be made to feel that they have both rights and duties as regards their *Alma Mater*. As regards their *rights*, they should be kept well informed regarding the condition of the University by her reports and more important publications, they should be welcomed at her annual and other festivals, and their opinions, when carefully based and thoughtfully expressed, should have full consideration. As to *duties*, they should be impressed with the idea that they have something to *do* for the University . . .; that they should take large and friendly views in judging of university questions . . .; that they should aim to make the claims of the University known in the various sections of the country where they may live; and, if successful in the accumulation of wealth, to remember that a university in a great and growing nation will always need additional endowments to keep pace with the advance of the country."—*Andrew D. White.*

The alumni will be interested to learn that ex-President White has presented the library with a very valuable Papyrus found in an Egyptian tomb, and a collection of one hundred and forty photographs illustrating ancient and modern Egyptian art and life, with a collection of recent books on Egypt.

* * *

As far as can be learned the professors of the Law School and the large majority of the alumni have signified a desire that the standard of admission to the School of Law be raised and the course lengthened as soon as may be practicable.

* * *

In consideration of the discussion which has arisen about the making graduates of the Cornell School of Law alumni of the University, the customs in various other colleges are here given. In Yale any one receiving a first degree in any department has the privilege of voting for alumni trustee, and the requirements for admission to the Yale Law School are the same as ours and the course extends over but two years. In Hamilton and Syracuse it is the same. Only those receiving B.A., M.A., or some higher degree are considered worthy in Harvard. In Hobart the custom is the same. Graduates of Columbia have no share in the government of that institution, as is the case in most of the State universities.

* * *

The candidates in the approaching contest for Alumni Trustee are Clarence H. Esty, '76, of Ithaca, and Frank H. Hiscock, '75, of Syracuse. Mr. Esty was the successful Woodford orator in his year. He graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1881, and since graduation from the University has been in active business in the firm of E. S. Esty & Sons, leather manufacturers. Mr. Hiscock is a nephew of Senator Frank Hiscock and is associated with him in the law firm of Hiscock, Doheny & Hiscock. The friends of both candidates are hard at work, and interest in the contest will undoubtedly bring many alumni back to commencement.

* * *

Among alumni who have honored their *Alma Mater* by their literary work is John C. Branner, '82, B.S., Ph.D., state geologist of Arkansas. He has lately published "Geology of Fernando De Noronha," "Notes on the Fauna of the Islands of Fernando de Noronha," "Notes on the Botoendus and their Ornaments." "The Cretaceous and Tertiary Geology of the Sergife Alogoas Basin of Brazil," and the first volume of the Annual Report of the Geological Survey" of Arkansas. This first volume of the last is made up principally of a report by Theo. B. Comstock, '70, and Vol. II will consist to a large extent of R. J. Hill, '70, who is Assistant Professor of Geology in the University of Texas, Chas. E. Taft, '72, F. V. Coville, '87, and Gilbert D. Harris, '87, have also assisted in the survey just mentioned,

* * *

The New York Alumni Association held their ninth annual banquet at Delmonico's, Thursday evening March 27. There were over one hundred ond twenty-five present, including several lady graduates. The name was changed to the "Cornell University Club," and steps toward incorporation were taken. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: John D. Warner, '72, president; G. P. Serviss, 1st vice-president; J. W. Toothby, '73, 2nd vice-president; Asa A. Alling, '83, 3rd vice-president; Chas. H. Johnson, '80, secretary, and Otto M. Eidlitz, '81, treasurer. Executive Committee, Dudley R. Horton, chairman, C. D. Baker, O. M. Eidlitz, C. H. Johnson, M. E. Haviland, I. A. Place, J. T. Sackett, J. D. Warner, F. A. Wright.

PEGASUS IN THE PARLOR.

"I could do better than this if I tried."
"Would it not be well sometimes to try?"

THE SPANISH DUCHESS.

A Bowshot.

The prizes are given, the sports are done,
'Tis near the close of day;
And the arrow's in a quiver,
For the bow is put away.

The party is over, the music has ceased,
'Tis near the dawn of day,
And the maid is in a quiver,
For her beau has gone away.

L. C. E.

Retribution.

It is a sin, some people say,
To go at any time of day,
When feeling in a thirsty way,
And order up a "bier" for one.

They little think how time flies fast,
And when "across the way" they've passed,
For them some one will go at last
And order up a bier for one.

H. M..

THE

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EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1889:

LEONARD C. CROUCH, CLAUDE JONES,
FRANK S. FIELDER, HOWARD A. OPPENHEIM,
CHARLES E. TREMAN.

ALLEN C. BALCH, *Business Manager.*

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A BIT OF REPORTING.

I WAS sitting in the old dingy city room of the New York *Sun* one fine July morning in 1875, wishing for a good assignment that would take me out into the country, away from the bricks and stones of the big, hot city. The city editor walked over to my desk and abruptly asked: "Have you read Longfellow's last poem, 'Morituri Salutamus?'"

I was surprised at the question, for I was rather new on the *Sun* then, and City Editor Bogart had not yet seen fit to honor me with conversation on literary subjects; or, indeed, on any subject not relating to business. I felt pleased that he had at last found me out. "Yes," I said, "it's a fine——"

"Mr. Dana wants you to ask Joaquin Miller what he thinks of it," continued the city editor, without the least apparent desire to know what I thought of the poem. So it was business after all. However, my chagrin was tempered by pleasure at the thought that the chief had chosen me for the duty. The city editor went back to his desk. I followed him.

"Where is Miller?" I asked.

"I don't know," was the answer. "You'll have to find him."

Had I known the city editor as well as I afterwards did, I should have seen in his apparent curtness and seeming lack of interest, indications that he thought the assignment one of considerable importance; one calculated to incite a reporter to do his best without any other spur. As it was I said to myself that I'd find the western poet if I had to go to the Sierras for him. A few days before, Mr. Longfellow had read the poem at Bowdoin College at the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825, of which he was a member. It had just been printed in *Harper's Magazine*, and I had a copy in my desk. My first business was to find Mr. Miller. I hadn't the least idea where he was; but I remembered that for several weeks past, poems of his had appeared in the *Independent*.

I walked across the City Hall Park, up two flights of stairs to the editorial rooms of Mr. Bowen's paper, and asked Dr. Ward if he'd tell me where Joaquin Miller was. The genial editor of the *Independent* pulled a letter from a pigeon hole and handed it to me.

"There," said he, with a quizzical smile.

"Where?" said I, after vainly attempting to read the scrawl.

"Can't you read?"

"Not hieroglyphics. Can you?"

"Oh, yes. That's a letter from the man you want, and its dated Newburyport."

"Thank you," said I; and I went home. I packed my grip and took the first Fall River steamboat for Boston; thence ran down to Newburyport. It was a perfect summer morning when I reached the quaint Massachusetts town. I hurried to the leading hotel.

"Is Mr. Miller here?"

"No," said the clerk, "he started this morning for Saratoga."

I ate an excellent dinner; saw all that I could of the charming old place; and started for Saratoga on the first train. I reached there early in the morning; another perfect morning. It was at the height of the season. Three or four days before, the great Intercollegiate race had been rowed by—how many was it? eleven

college crews?—and boating men still thronged the streets and hotels, and college colors still floated. I set out to find my poet. I began with the big hotels. He wasn't at any of them. I went to the little hotels. Not there. I tried the boarding houses. In vain. I hired a carriage and drove out to Moon's, watching every vehicle I passed to see if it had a yellow-bearded man, with long hair and a general, wild-western air. I saw no such man. I interviewed every person I could find who was likely to have ever heard of the poet. No one had seen him at Saratoga.

And so after three days of this sort of thing I went back to the hot city and the dingy office, a disheartened reporter. I had had my assignment that took me into the country; but I had failed. Worse than all, I had failed in the first assignment given to me by the chief. Two weeks later I read in the *Sun* that Joaquin Miller was at Long Branch, and that he "daily mingled his yellow locks with the yellow sand of the beach." I said to the city editor: "I'm going to Long Branch; Miller is there."

"All right," said the city editor.

I shall always remember the ride down to the Branch on the steamboat, for Gen. Grant was on board, and Fred Grant and his young and beautiful wife, and young Buck Grant. I had not seen the General in ten years, and the change from the bronzed soldier of '65 to the fat president of '75, was startling. At the Long Branch station I waited until the presidential party rolled away behind the four-in-hand, and then went to the West End hotel.

"Is Joaquin Miller here?" I asked the clerk.

"Yes. There he is right—no. Well, he was there a minute ago. You'll find him around somewhere."

That was before noon. For twelve weary hours I walked, and sat, and waited, and bothered the clerk, and the bell boys, and the waiters in a feverish desire to set eyes on the man from the far west. At eleven o'clock at night the clerk called to me.

"Mr. Miller is in the little reception room, talking with a lady."

At last! At last! I walked straight into that room. There, talking with the wife of a former minister to France, was the man I had been looking for. I will not say how abruptly I interrupted them; how gracious was the lady; how good natured the poet. I have before me an old copy of the *Sun*, and I'll clip here and

there a paragraph from an article that's in it, and thus, as many a newspaper man has done before, make out my story.

I was in some sort disappointed in the first sight of my quarry. There was nothing of the traditional poet about him, and still less of the newspaper Joaquin Miller. Nothing uncommon in either dress or manner ; no mane of yellow hair rolling over his shoulders ; no red shirt ; no big boots. He looked simply like a quiet gentleman ; like a decidedly American gentleman. There would be no mistaking his nationality whether you met him in Corea or in Colorado, for his face was the refined type of a large class of American faces that are found mainly in the west. He had prominent cheek bones, a large nose, neither Roman nor Grecian, but American, and strong. The lower face was hidden beneath a full, lightish beard. Blue eyes, almost small blue eyes, looked kindly, and above them a high, narrow forehead, made still higher by just the least bit of baldness. The thin, light hair was cut short. On his hands which were small and white, he wore three costly rings. On the forefinger of the left hand was an immense solitary diamond. On the third finger an antique amethyst, and a smaller diamond glowed alone on his right hand. There were diamonds on his bosom, and a massive chain of yellow gold stretched across his vest.

I said, as I handed him my card :

"Mr. Miller, I have been looking for you for two weeks, and am right glad to find you at last."

"Why, my dear boy ! is it possible ? I am very sorry to have put you to all that trouble. What can I do for you ? "

"You can give me your opinion on Longfellow's last poem, 'Morituri Salutamus.' That is my object in coming here to see you."

"You want my opinion of Longfellow ? You want me to criticise his poem ? Good God, boy ! I can't do that ; I wouldn't if I could. The idea of a man of my age, position, and ability sitting in judgment upon Longfellow—one of the grand old gods ! It's impossible. Why do you come to me ? "

"Because, Mr. Miller, the author of 'Poems of the Sierras' is recognized as an original thinker, a man who is not trammelled by

conventionalities of style or of thought; and there are those who think his opinion worth more than that of the critics."

"Well, that's a compliment, and I am glad if any one thinks in that way about me; but, my dear boy, I can't criticise that poem. In the first place, I have not the ability. Do you know, I think I am the most overrated man in the world—by some. Of course I know what pleases me, but my judgment is just as likely to be bad as good. I have not the experience, nor age, nor culture. I have no culture. I don't own a single book—not even a dictionary. Here's my whole kit." And he took from his pocket an old envelope full of papers, a rather dilapidated note book, and a quill pen.

"There are my tools," he continued, "and there is my workshop," pointing to the sky and the sea and the sand.

"To be sure, I know something of Longfellow. I dined with him once, and spent part of the day with him. He treated me very pleasantly indeed. And when I was in England I helped to get up a 'Longfellow Club.' We used to meet every Sunday evening, and after reading a chapter in the Bible, spend the rest of the evening reading Longfellow. In that way we got through 'Hiawatha' and read 'Evangeline' twice. I think 'Evangeline' the finest poem of this age. How breezy, and woody, and watery it is, with all those big trees and the rivers and lakes; and then it's got all those pretty names in it. I like pretty names—and this country is full of them. But there's another reason why I can't criticise Longfellow's poem. The best reason of all—I haven't read it. The fact is, I've been afraid to—afraid that it wouldn't be up to Longfellow's mark. I don't see any reason why these old men couldn't produce something better than they have ever done—something grand. But I don't want to criticise them. They have been working for the last half century, and they have done their work well. Thank God, I haven't the sublime audacity to sit in judgment upon their work. With the Rossettis and Swinburnes I feel at home."

"I wish you would read this poem of Longfellow's, Mr. Miller."

"Have you it with you? Let me see it. Come into the reading room." He commenced:

"Oh, Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

As the young poet of nature read the old poet's salutation to nature, to

Earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town,

his eyes flashed.

"It has the ring of bugles," said he. "It is grand, grand."

He read on. Joaquin Miller is not a good reader. He is indistinct; he almost sings at times; but he brought out the beauties of the poem. It was easy to see what he liked or disliked as he read. The commonplace and personal he slurred over. Classical allusions had no charms for him, and classical names he stumbled over, mispronounced, or omitted entirely. But when the poet turned to nature, in apostrophe or simile, the reader's whole manner changed; sometimes tears filled his eyes, and his lips trembled; again his eyes burned, and his voice rang. At these lines:

The teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze—

"Learning's maze," he repeated, "bad, bad."

Again:

Whose simple lives complete and without flaw.

"That's bad—'without flaw.' Swinburne has such an expression somewhere. It's very bad. But these things are trifles; it's almost profane to speak of them." He gave no reason why they were bad. It was evident that he *felt* they were bad. The apostrophe to youth pleased him, especially the lines:

And with ambitious feet secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

"That's the old fire," said Miller. "It's just like Longfellow—roomy, spacious, boundless. It recalls that line of his :

'The unfenced fields of Paradise.' "

When he read the lines :

The horologe of Time
Strikes the half century with a solemn chime,

he exclaimed with almost childlike enthusiasm : "Oh, what a pretty word—'horologe !' Isn't that a pretty word? Why, it's the Italian word adapted. I never saw it so used before. Isn't it pretty ?"

There were tears in his eyes at these lines :

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon ;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon ;
It is not strength, but weakness.

And he exclaimed, "Ah, dear old fellow, you are not weak—not you." "It is a great big melancholy piece of work," he said, as he finished the poem. "It is sad, sad. But all great things are sad. Great music is sad ; the sea is sad ; extreme joy is akin to sadness. The partition between joy and sorrow is so thin that one can whisper through. This is a grand poem. It is worthy of Longfellow. It is surpassed only by Longfellow. It is as great a poem as could be written on such a theme. I don't know what Mr. Dana thinks of Longfellow, and I don't care. That is what I think of him. But I don't pretend to criticise the poem. You've no idea how he is liked abroad. I found him translated in every country that I visited. In Italy he is well known. In the poorest homes of England you will find a copy of Longfellow. I had a little servant in London—a little girl who kept my room in order. One day I heard her singing as she brought up some coals. She was singing :

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close—

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"The little thing was singing Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith.'"

The story was told with infinite grace and feeling.

"What, must you go?" said he, as I bade the poet good night. "Why, it's only 12 o'clock. Well, good night. I shall be in New York in September, and I shall see you then."

As I read over this old report of that interview with Joaquin Miller, the scene comes back. I see through the open window the moon just rising above the waves of the Atlantic and sending a broad gleam coast-ward. I hear the throb of a Strauss waltz and the dancers' feet; and I hear the voice of the reader. It was a pleasant hour for a hardworking reporter.

Miller has gone back to the land he loved, and under the shadow of Shasta tills his vineyard and trims his vines. Longfellow roams the "unfenced fields of Paradise."

Brainard Gardner Smith.

SOME NOTES ON BOATING[1].

IN looking over some sporting pictures the other evening with a lover of aquatics, we came upon one which seemed to attract him specially. It showed a group of architecturally heavy college buildings at a distance, and had for a central figure a crew which had apparently just returned from a successful trip. My

[1] This article, like that on Football published in the MAGAZINE some months since, owes much to the Badminton Library. The particular volume, to which reference is made later, is that on Boating, by W. B. Woodgate. This volume, like the others in the series, is most excellent and indeed indispensable to lovers of the sport it treats of. In fullness of detail, and in wealth of illustration as well as in careful knowledge of their subject, and true sportsmanlike feeling, these books are unsurpassed. It may be noted that the series is edited by the Duke of Beaufort, who was recently conspicuous in helping entertain Spaulding's American base ball team in London. The Badminton Library is published in this country by Little, Brown and Co., Boston.

friend did not look long at either of these last, however, he simply asked if the small wood-colored building festooned with red and white was the Cornell University boat house. There is enough barbarism in the majority of people to enjoy everything which smacks of strength, pluck and skill, and so it is that strangers in a college town look for the boat house. I remember very well a certain freshman sitting all one afternoon in front of the Ithaca Hotel to see the crew pass by, (he has since stroked in more than one winning race). But rowing men have frequently remarked the small number of strange faces seen at the quarters which fly the red and white. Various reasons are given by students to keep their friends away from that dingy, little, one-story building, which looks more like a sail loft than a rendezvous for athletes. One over-zealous student when hard pressed on this point, facetiously remarked, that it would be a breach of trust and might result in divulging boating secrets. It is a melancholy fact that no other boating college of any pretension has such inferior boating accommodations as Cornell. There are some advantages in this, however, for only the tougher ones will put up with the hardships necessary in dressing and undressing during the cold spring months in quarters where fuel is conspicuous by its absence. This method of elimination is just as accurate as the somewhat sterner one which is sure to follow in short order. This method of culling is peculiar to Cornell, and may have had not a little to do with her successes on the water. Such crews as went to Springfield in '73, and to Saratoga in '75 and '76, will bear out this argument. A Mr. Beaconstreet in reviewing the trail race between Harvard and Yale in 1879, included in his retrospect of great races the one which had thirteen contestants at Saratoga in 1876. Among other things, though lamenting the lack of interest in a race so one-sided as to be won in a minute and thirty seconds, he would exclude all such colleges as the wicked agricultural one in New York State because the students are "work-hardened" and because the English definition ranks them with artisans.

In rowing colleges, early in the spring, you may see little knots of men earnestly discussing whether it is long enough or otherwise, and if it is pulled well through. This, of course, is about the stroke, at one time short and quick, at another very long and dignified,

even stately. So it has wavered between these extremes until theoretical experiments and practical work have reduced it well-nigh to perfection. It is common to hear about the stroke of this college and that college, but they all recognize what a cranberry editor was pleased to call the "get there" stroke. A beginner once asked John Teemer to give him an analysis of the *correct* stroke. With a smile which his friends knew, the ex-champion gave one of his characteristic replies: "Reach well forward, dip your blade so it just covers, pull clean through strong, let your oar flip back quick, and repeat as long as your wind lasts." Now this laconic description of the stroke makes rowing easy enough to be sure, but there are several more essential points, with which Teemer was wise enough not to blanket the young tyro at the start. Sententiousness is a good fault when instructing green men, and it would be a poor enthusiast who could not chink in some of the smaller truths after mastering the principles. To a good waterman, who may never have pulled a sweep before, but knows how to sit a boat by body play from the hips, the refinements are only a question of time. Still these are the beauties of the art and must be given close attention when the time comes. At the beginning of a good stroke the body has traveled far enough forward to make the lower leg vertical, and the back is bent enough so that with straight arms, the middle of the arms are a trifle in front of the knees, and the face forms part of the vertical line. None but new men at the business will grasp the handle of an oar with his fists as if standing at the home plate with a base ball bat. To learn to hold an oar bird-claw style, light and easy, insures freedom of wrist movement and greatly lessens the chance of a cramp. With three feet six inches of oar in-board and eight feet out, it is easy to see that the knees must be disposed of before the oar can be pulled home to the belly. This is easy enough when the back and legs move simultaneously. After the body has reached its perpendicular the knees are found to have scud and squatted, and all there is to be done while the legs keep on their course and the back is moving to an angle of 30°, is to row the stroke home by bringing the elbows close to each side. This is the only time when the elbows can be allowed to bend and the only time when the arms really do any hard work. In fact, an

oarsman's arms are little else than connecting rods with a convenient joint. The recovery is a much mooted point, but without going into a discussion of the question, it seems logical that a slow recovery out of rhythm with the stroke, would "knock a crew to pieces" in a close race quicker than anything else. One of the most ridiculously funny things I ever saw was from a steam launch on the Schuylkill a couple of years ago. A number of us were invited to see a certain eight take a practice spin, using the famous "Bob. Cook" stroke. The savage way in which they pulled their sweeps through the water, followed by a stealthy recovery, in which each one seemed to fear that the man in front of him might know he was sneaking back to position, furnished an exquisitely funny carricature. Mr. Cook happened to be one of the party, and when questioned refused to father any such offspring. There is as much play for individuality in a boat as for styles of marching in a battalion. Who ever saw two men walk precisely alike, yet it is only a question of time for a military company to march in perfect unison. It certainly seems a mistake to try to teach eight, or six, or even four men to become so many machines, of course this may be a very liberal policy and might be unsafe doctrine to give undiluted to a green crew. What possible difference could it make in a pull of four miles whether one and eight had their hands just the same number of inches apart on the loom, or their knees as equally spaced? And yet it might make worlds of difference to the individual. While one feathers most easily with his hand thirty-six inches from the row-lock, another keeps his feather hand an inch nearer or farther. Much more vital is it that these eight backs swing in perfect unison, that eight oars dip at precisely the same moment, are pulled through hard and strong, lifted simultaneously, feathered quickly, and all in perfect rhythm. When a crew has learned to do these three or four things, they will have forgotten there ever was such a thing as bucketing, clipping, feathering underwater and the like, and the beauties will come under the careful watching of a patient coach.

Nothing has changed the character of the stroke and rowing in general, more than the introduction of the sliding seat, which began to be used some twenty years ago. It is almost impossible to

say what brilliant mind really devised what was so soon to revolutionize boat-racing. Back in the fifties and sixties, we read of men who greased their seat and then greased their trousers, thus sliding their way to victory. Many famous oarsmen were known to resort to this for spurting, but the friction was so great they were early exhausted and the longer stroke was found too expensive. The sliding seat is an American contrivance, but English endorsement gave it prominence. Up to the middle of this century boating was, with us, an incipient sport. We do not hear of the Atalanta Boat Club of New York until 1848, nor of the nucleus to what is now a score and more clubs on the Schuylkill until about 1855. Yale and Harvard, the first colleges with us to take up rowing as a serious pastime, did not do so until 1843 and 1844. Though as early as 1857–61, we find such oarsmen as Babcock and Brown experimenting with a movable seat, it did not come into common use for ten years. What was needed was some such regatta as the Henley to give the fillip to it. There is no boating event in the world which ranks with the contest held the latter part of June at Henley-on-Thames, England. The interest and excitement incident to this race is something phenomenal. One writer says that in 1864 when Cambridge was selecting her crew, "the college eights were formed for practice in three divisions of twenty boats each, thus making sixty eight-oared out-rigged cutters, or nearly five hundred oarsmen in practice on the Cam at the same time day by day." The slide came to stay about in this wise. Two English crews came to America in 1871[1] to compete in several regattas. One, which in several races proved itself the faster crew, was captained by a Mr. Chambers, the other by Mr. Taylor. Tay-

[1] "I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon,
They are a sort of post-house, where the fates
Change hours, making history change its tune,
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology."

And in endeavoring to humor this fancy one of my warmest friends has been the book entitled, Boating, by W. B. Woodgate, to which I must refer readers for verification of many dates, facts, and so on, as well as for an accurate description of the various particular points of boat racing and an interesting history thereof.

lor's men rowed in a race against a boat fitted with sliding seats, and seeing the mechanical advantages, had theirs fitted in the same way on their return to England. Taylor wanted to prove his crew the representative men, though they were not. A race was arranged. Taylor practised in secret, kept his machinery covered up and when watched rowed as if on fixed seats. So no one knew of the device until the race started and each man in Taylor's boat began to make his body describe the arcs of an infinite number of concentric circles. It was the slide that won the race. In June of the ensuing year a very fine London Rowing Club four met a four from the Atalanta Club of New York and beat them easily. The testimony of these men induced many to put in slides for the Henley which was close at hand, and this regatta firmly established the utility of the sliding seat.

Though it is an indisputable fact, it is almost incredible that fifty years ago racing boats had six feet in beam and weighed 700 pounds. While the outrigger has taken the place of all this unwieldy bulk in furnishing a purchase for the oar, equally important changes have been going on in training. We hear but little in these days of unnatural sweating, or physicing oarsmen as if they were race-horses just coming in from grass, or keeping them on a meat diet. Good, wholesome vegetables are allowed, for it has been clearly demonstrated that without them the athlete, owing to his active habits, already ripe for this sort of thing, falls heir to numerous boils and an occasional abscess. When Harry Coulter (I believe he was one of the Biglin-Coulter crew that gave the English crew from Tyne the principle of the sliding seat in 1871,) came to Cornell in '73, he introduced his men to hard work at once. Why, it is said that these fellows, after a twelve mile row and nearly as long walk and run in the heat of the day, were put to bed in flannel shirts and sweaters under winter coverlets. Such severe training as this would do very well for seniors who have been leading a life of self indulgence, but is hardly the best thing for college crews whose taste for foot-ball and the like always keeps them in fairly good trim. An oarsman improves his condition by every pound of fat he gets rid of, but too fine training will take away muscular tissue. It is easy to lose in one day what would take three days to feed back again. About ten

years ago an Indian was brought to a poorly garrisoned western fort, charged with theft. The commandant, anxious to give him a chance, was forced into a compromise. The aggrieved were to come in one month without weapons and chase the redskin. He was to have twenty seconds start, and if caught his life was to be the forfeit. Twice a day the Indian practiced, first on short distance, then a little longer, gradually increasing, but *always running at full speed.* This sort of training may be best for the runner, but such practice in a boat would demoralize the best crew that ever stepped on a keel. The purpose of a daily pull of ten or fifteen miles is to improve the wind, also to build up and season the muscles. A stroke at 34 does very well, and can readily be let out to 36 and 38 for part of the distance. Trials should come at regular intervals. Once a week, we might say, is frequent enough, for whoever has rowed a hard heat and has come down the home stretch with swimming eyes and mouth wide open for breath, knows that the last quarter is done on stored up energy. Very good authority says, "trials are not to come within three days of a race, if the men are at all fine."

The 22d day of May, 1875, was a red letter day in the history of boating at Cornell. Fourth position at Springfield with eleven contestants, and fifth among nine at Saratoga, had brought enthusiasm to its lowest ebb. But Captain Ostrom knew himself and knew the men that sat behind him. Against the strongest kind of opposition, this year's coach (1889) was invited to bring down his crew from Union Springs, and he did so. Getting off last, but with a clean sweeping stroke, Ostrom made a stern chase until within half a mile of the finish, then the crews, tugging side by side, awoke from the traveling grand stand such shouts and yells as had never sounded before on the shores of Cayuga. Very gradually the college crew draws ahead, and it is a needless fear that the lighter men, Gardner, Barto and Waterman, will fail at this hard pace. A few moments more and with clear water the 'Varsity wins its first race, the precursor of so many more.

But this and one or two other hotly contested races left unpleasant results. And the idea gains ground that training is all overtraining and that boat racing is little better than slow suicide. And indeed, rowing, like all other good things, has some attendant evils, which most often are the result of too great individual am-

bition, or total unfitness for the sport. As one writer has said, "It is pace that kills and it is condition that enables the athlete to endure the pace." The lungs and heart must be taught gradually to oxygenate and propel the extra amount of blood necessary for this violent exercise. There has always been a popular notion that boat racing is fraught with evil results. To correct this notion, an eminent English doctor, himself an oarsman, has made the most painstaking inquiry into the subject. It might give some idea of his interest in the subject and carefulness in making deductions, to know that he wrote personal letters to 294 university oars who competed in the races between 1829 and 1869. These men were scattered all over the world, but out of the whole number he had replies from 251 ; four more were living but did not respond, thirty-nine were dead. At the risk of being tiresome I will give the cause of their deaths. Eleven died of fever ; nine of consumption ; six from various accidents ; three, heart disease ; two, affection of the brain ; two, inflammatory attacks ; one, general paralysis ; one, calenture ; one, erysipelas ; one, Bright's disease ; one, cancer ; and one of lupus. With a little patience these figures might give some interesting facts, and though somewhat narrow in their scope, show results strongly in favor of this fascinating sport. Taking the fair average of twenty as the rowing age, it is seen that these men in 1869 ranged all the way from twenty to sixty. According to the tables of the Registrar General, 40 per cent. of male deaths occur between the ages of twenty and sixty, but out of these 294 only about 13 per cent. had died. Considering the small ratio of deaths among this number, those which could be directly charged to work in a boat is not alarmingly large. In fact, 115 claimed that they had been greatly benefitted, 162 said they had suffered no injury, while 17 are spoken of as the worse for their experience. The chest of any professional oarsman shows what this kind of work does for the lungs. I remember very well the admiration which Dr. Robert T. Morris expressed when called to the bed of John Teemer to act in the capacity of a specialist. Looking at his chest, which swelled with a symmetrical curve even higher than the chin, Dr. Morris said he had never before seen so fine a physique. In the race between Cornell and Bowdoin at Quinsigamond in 1887, the two boats had almost even bows for

the whole distance, Cornell winning by a single foot. Rowing against a stiff wind, spurt following spurt, and after a hard finish, there was scarcely strength enough in either boat to "hold off" from the causeway. Yet according to the statement of both crews, twenty minutes after crossing the line they felt as well as before the race. *George Lincoln Fielder, '89.*

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Sweet, modest flower, thy worth I know.
Have I not sought thee in the wood,
Where only puffs of spring winds blow,
To break the solitude?

Have I not sought thee—yet for what?
To tear thee rudely from thy place?
No, not for that, I thank God not!
I breathed thy fragrance, felt the trace
Of the Great Artist's finest touch
In thy fair tint. It was not much—
I left thee in thy place.

Howard Barna Crissey.

THE FORTUNES OF AN EARLY QUAKER.

ONE of the vexing problems of history is to account for the Puritan persecution of the Quakers. Whatever can throw any side light upon the events of that time, or upon the mode of thought and the daily life of the people, excites the same interest as a forgotten incident of one's own life recalled by another. Of such a character is the autobiography of the Quaker Thomas Ellwood, Milton's amanuensis and friend. The little work is interesting primarily, perhaps, because of its references to Milton, but, for its own sake, as a picture of the times, there is not one page from first to last which is not well worth reading. Its author possessed considerable local influence in his sect, and was often associated with its national leaders, Burroughs, Fox, and

Penn. Although he was not a man of genius, his style is easy and graphic, and the book is far more readable than many novels of the present day. He tells us quaintly, candidly, and often with unconscious humor, the simple story of his life; he takes us kindly by the arm and leads us to the homes of his Quaker friends, and among those refined and benevolent people we sit down and talk with the familiarity of an old family acquaintance.

Thomas Ellwood was born in Crowell, Buckinghamshire, in 1639. His infancy was spent in London, whither his father moved at the outbreak of the civil war. In London he became the playfellow of a child of about his own age, Gulielma Springett, which acquaintance was destined to mould his whole life and character. Guli Springett was the daughter of Lady Springett, who afterwards became the wife of Isaac Pennington, a wealthy and influential Quaker.

At the fall of Oxford, Ellwood's father returned to Crowell and Tom, with his elder brother, was sent to school at the market town of Thame, three miles away. In comparison with the morbid and melancholy youth of Bunyan, George Fox, and other religious enthusiasts of that time, it is refreshing to read that the boyhood of Ellwood was gay and free and happy. "Strange to think of," he says, afterwards with a pious shudder, but with a touch of humor, "few boys in the school wore out more birch than I." He was soon taken from school, to give his brother a chance to enter Oxford, and studies were forgotten in "such youthful sports as the place afforded." From his account we gather that he was a gay, frank, manly fellow, of clean habits, full of the fire of youth, and of courtly address. One evening his father's coach was attacked by a party of highwaymen, and he relates, with quite evident satisfaction, though, as he says, with a "sort of horror" and only as a "warning to others," how his youthful blood boiled and his ready sword leaped out at his father's command, "Tom disarm them."

Up to this time his story is altogether pleasing. We might take an honest, handsome, English youth of to-day, dress him in the Puritan costume of the seventeenth century, allow his hair to wave gracefully over his shoulders, dangle a light sword at his side, and he would not be altogether different from Tom Ellwood

of 1659. But the spirit of religious zeal, all controlling, melancholy, fanatical, which permeated the society of that period, penetrated at last even to the heart of the gay young English squire. For the next two years we scarcely know whether to admire him or to pity him.

Isaac Pennington had moved from London to Chalfont, fifteen miles from Crowell. There Ellwood, with his father and sister, went to visit them, the youth, undoubtedly, filled with fond recollections of the playmate of his infancy. To their surprise they found them Quakers, "a name we had till then scarce heard of. They had changed, he says, from a 'free, debonair, and courtly behavior to one of strict gravity." Tom "sought and soon found means to cast himself into the company of the daughter," whom he found gathering flowers in the garden. He addressed her with his usual frankness and familiarity, as an old acquaintance, but the pious "gravity of her look and behavior struck such an awe" upon him, that he blushed, stumbled in his conversation, and finally retreated "not without some disorder." He was quite abashed, and departed, naturally "not altogether satisfied with his visit." Nevertheless the sweet, though grave demeanor of the fair Quakeress, and the earnest, homely, exhortation, of the preacher whom he had heard, had touched chords in his heart till then unawakened, and he began to feel "some stirring in his breast, tending to the working of a new creation within him." Ellwood himself, of course, does not attribute to Guli any prompting of his religious nature, but the imagination of the reader naturally supplies the omission. The first steps of his conversion were healthy,—the elevating of common honesty to a lofty life purpose, and the unfolding of a soul, naturally pure, beneath the genial warmth of good thoughts. He attended various meetings, "talked with his minister," and finally decided to cast aside "pride, vanity, superfluity, and all which was naught." It is here that the superficiality and childishness of much of the so-called religious feeling of that century appears. The pride, and vanity, which Ellwood, like his brother Quakers, resolved to cast aside, consisted in, (1) unnecessary lace, ribbons, etc., (2) flattering titles; "which" he said "I was accounted a ready artist in," (3) bending the knee and uncovering the head, (4)

using the plural pronouns in addressing one person, "that senseless way of speaking which has since corrupted the modern languages, and greatly debased the spirits and corrupted the manners of men." Mere trivialities like these were enough to cause a family quarrel which was never reconciled. Appearing before his father one morning with his hat on, the hot-headed old gentleman fell upon his son with his fists, and knocked his hat from his head. Moreover he cut him off from a money allowance and took away his horse. In the same manner Ellwood lost all his hats, one after another, and was compelled to go on foot and bareheaded to the Quaker meetings, often several miles away. The exposure made him sick and he was confined during the whole winter to the house, through lack of a hat. On one occasion (I doubt if the combined genius of Voltaire and Paine and Ingersoll could think of a worse travesty upon religious professions, for it was at morning prayers) his father assaulted him so brutally with a cane that a servant had to interfere. Such things, however, were not so shocking in those times as now. Ellwood's father must have regarded him much as a man of to-day, of wealth, of a proud disposition, and with little sympathy for religious feeling, would look upon a son who persisted in marching with a drum at the head of a bedraggled company of the Salvation Army. The comparison is not very much too strong.

In 1660 Ellwood suffered his first imprisonment. The complaint against him was that he had written a letter to a Quaker preacher, arranging a series of meetings. Some troopers, who were scouring the country after Quakers, arrested him at his home, and brought him into the hall of a neighboring justice, whom he describes as a "jolly man, too much addicted to drinking." In the hall he became an object of curiosity, and a young priest snatched his hat from his head. He refused to take the Oath of Allegiance, whereupon, after much discussion the justices committed him to confinement in Oxford, where he was kept in easy restraint, in the house of the City Marshal, until his father procured his release. He was soon after arrested again, with others, at a meeting at Chalfont, but was never brought to trial.

On one of his many visits at Pennington's during this period, he met his father, who, he says, now treated him very kindly,

wishing to get his signature to a transfer of real estate. Even the Puritans were dwellers in Vanity Fair. It was during his convalescence from a long siege of smallpox that Ellwood began to feel a great desire for learning, which ended in his engagement with Milton. He revealed his desires to his friend Pennington, who, through Dr. Paget, Milton's neighbor and true friend, secured for him the rare privilege of becoming a student of the great poet. Milton kept some young man to read to him "whom in kindness he took to improve his learning." Ellwood's description of Milton portrays a very gentle, beautiful character. He received him courteously, and instructed him kindly "giving all the help and encouragement he could." "Having a curious ear he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not,—and explained the difficult passages."

His studies were interrupted by a long course of illness, and were scarcely begun again before he fell the prey to a general persecution of the Quakers and was imprisoned in Bridewell. The account of this imprisonment gives a very complete picture of the manner in which justice, or rather injustice, was administered at that time. A party of soldiers who were searching the streets and making arrests right and left in the haphazard way, broke in upon a quiet Quaker meeting, at which Ellwood was present, and drove the innocent offenders into the street. "Do you intend a massacre?" Ellwood asked audaciously, "No" was the reply of the commander; "but I intend to have you all hanged by the wholesome laws of the land." They were marched to Bridewell, and retained there two months by arbitrary power without the shadow of a trial or investigation. Being summoned before a court at last and refusing the Oath of Allegiance they were recommitted to Newgate where they were imprisoned in most dismal and unhealthy quarters along with common felons of every degree of degradation.

Upon being finally released, Ellwood lost no time in seeking again the home of his friend Pennington, who had sent him money during his imprisonment. His friend wished him to become tutor to his children, and with some reluctance, he says, he accepted the position. The first years were passed in uninterrupted quiet, but in 1665 the spies of the magistrates arrested several

Quakers in Buckinghamshire for attending a Quaker funeral. Ellwood was of the number and for the offense was confined three months in Aylesbury jail. That year was the year of the great plague in London, and Milton, wishing to escape, desired Ellwood to rent a cottage for him in Chalfont. He secured for him a "pretty box" in Giles Chalfont a mile away, whither the great poet came and spent the summer. He brought with him the manuscript of Paradise Lost, which he gave to his friend to read. Upon returning the book Ellwood suggested to Milton his later work by his question, "What hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" The poet who delighted in Acadian simplicity, or the story teller who wreathed a romance from the musty records of old Salem, might have found a beautiful theme in the life of Chalfont in that year. Gulielma Springett had arrived at a marriageable age. Ellwood must have regarded her with a feeling stronger than that of ordinary friendship; indeed it was whispered through the country side that he was in love with her. He himself admits that he "was not so stupid or divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virture which adorned that excellent dame." Some of the Chalfont gossips said that he intended to run away with her and marry her, some that he had an eye to her fortunes. But he was free from such dishonorable motives. Her suitors were many, and seeing how some had been deceived by her frankness, and innocent simplicity of manner he resolved to shun the rock on which they had been caught, and whatever hopes he may have had were soon dispelled by the appearance of a third party. That summer there come down to Chalfont on business a young Quaker gentleman of noble birth. His Quaker habits could not conceal the courtliness of his bearing, nor did his hatred of "vanity" overcome a suavity and grace of manner, which had been acquired by an education at Oxford, and extensive travel on the continent, moreover his character was suited to his bearing—upright, bold. practical and charitable. He fell in love with Gulielma Springett and after a long courtship married her. Ellwood does not tell of this, but we know it from other sources, for that Quaker gentleman was William Penn, whom history universally honors. So there in Chalfont was Milton the representative Puritan, and William Penn the representa-

tive Quaker, peacefully living side by side, respectively writing poetry and making love, while the followers of both sects were waging a bitter and hateful warfare all around them.

As for Thomas Ellwood, he resignedly submitted to his fate in regard to Gulielma Springett, whom he had loved from infancy. It was long before he began to feel a "judicious affection at work in his breast" towards one Mary Ellis. His account of his courtship is very quaint and amusing. As he was judiciously weighing the thought of marriage, "I felt," says he "a word sweetly arise in me as if I had heard a voice saying go and prevail." He straightway went, "nothing doubting." "After some little time spent in common conversation, feeling my spirit weightily concerned, I solemnly opened my mind to her with respect to the particular business I came about, which I perceived was a great surprise to her. . . I used not many words with her but I felt a divine power go along with the words. . . Neither did I use those vulgar ways of courtship by making frequent and rich presents." Giving her time to consider the matter, he departed "leaving the issue to the Lord."

The Lord smiled upon the honest Quaker's suit, for he says that when he returned, whatever objections she had were "rather stated than urged," and a few weeks later they were married.

Upon the threshold of his married life we may take leave of our friend. He lived many years longer, devoting himself to literary pursuits and religious controversy, and free from persecution which the proclamation of Charles in 1672 had quenched for good. But as the remainder of his life is free from the loves and the imprisonments and the privations of his youth it lacks that slight tinge of quaintness and romance which lends an interest to his early years.

William Porter Chapman, Jr.

A MERCHANT FROM RUHHEIM."

RUHHEIM was peaceful. Ruhheim was curious. It was not strange then that the early risers, who chanced to pass in the vicinity of Widow Amrhine's one bright May morning, should hasten to investigate as to the cause of the terrible uproar which apparently arose from her back yard.

The sight which met the gaze of the adults who leaned leisurely over the hedge, and the eyes of the children who excitedly peeped through it, was not startling enough to warrant the unusual disturbance. A large stout woman was holding a chicken on a block and in the act of striking off its head. A boy some three years old eagerly watched the decapitation, and with keen delight noted the wonderful evolutions of the headless fowl. He clapped his hands, threw up his hat, jumped and skipped, unceasingly and vociferously demanding "noch eins," as though chickens were made exactly for this purpose. A little to one side and near the hedge, stood the widow, in one hand holding the struggling fowl, while with the other she endeavored to soothe a golden-haired little fellow who at the first sight of blood had run and hidden his face in the folds of his mother's dress, sobbing as though his heart would break. The cackle of some twenty remaining fowls added to the tumult, while a large mastiff lent his efforts, in baying and tugging at the cherry tree to which he was chained, causing it to send down a shower of blossoms to mingle with the cloud of feathers which floated upwards. Excitement, within the enclosure at least, ran high.

Father Antonio, the village priest, on his way to celebrate early mass, lingered a moment to satisfy his curosity, and to do what he could to quiet the weeping child. He patted him on the head, pinched his cheek between his two first fingers, all the time taking mental note of this plastic material that might one day furnish a brother in the craft. The howling young son of Satan across the yard, he as calmly doomed to the gallows.

And these two boys of such strangely different natures and characters, were brothers, aye, twins. Philip, named after his father, was weak, timid and dutiful. Emil was sturdy, rough,

mischievous. Their father had been the village shoemaker, Philip Amrhine. His shop had always stood on the corner formed by the "König's Gasse" and the little public square. He had married young a bright thrifty woman somewhat his superior in years and will power. The union had not been blessed by the numerous progeny characteristic of the Amrhines. The frail little shoemaker had always set his heart on a girl, why, no one but the school-master knew. To him he had one time confided that he had always observed that "boys generally took to their mothers, while the girls were apt to be partial to the father." His conjugal experience had not been the happiest.

Years rolled on but the girl never came. So the neighbors counted it fortunate that he had died, when a few months after his demise, the good Frau Amrhine ushered into the world, twin boys. "For surely," they said "this would have broken his heart."

The same wise providence which had taken away the shoemaker, now placed his namesake in the category of those whom "the Gods love," and through the instrumentality of a prolific cherry season, sent him to his fathers. The saintly Philip had but one fault, he persisted in swallowing with their pits the matured fruit of the very blossoms which had showered down on him that eventful May morning, with the result that there remains to the chronicler, only the career of his brother, Emil Amrhine.

Emil's education was that of all Ruhlheim boys. He learned to read, write and "rechnen" and at the regulation period was confirmed. Why he was confirmed he could probably not have told you, other than that he was twelve years old and had mastered his catechism. He was now ready for the world. What was to be done with him?

The widow had long nourished a hope that the boy might become a priest, and Father Antonio, notwithstanding his dire prediction, evinced a desire to undertake his redemption and the shaping of his career. But the mother remembered that the departed shoemaker had one time asserted that, if perchance, nature should ever give to him a son, he should be given in charge of an old schoolmate of his, and become a "Kaufmann." Had the husband still been alive she could probably have bullied him into

a different intention, but as he was dead, ordinary respect demanded that his wish should be complied with. The boy, too, had nursed a peculiar antipathy for all priest-craft.

The Schoolmaster opened negotiations with the father's old school friend in B——, one of the great commercial cities of the Rhine. His consent being gained, the widow turned her property into the money necessary to pay Emil's apprenticeship, and for her future subsistence. The boy went forth into the "Fremd." His week days were devoted strictly to the routine and drudgery of business, his Sundays to long rambles and excursions which lead him down the river, and over the picturesque hills which border it in that vicinity.

Returning from one of these solitary excursions, hurriedly picking his way over a stony declivity, he came to a little mountain stream which, strangely enough, decided his future career. He had often leaped it before, but whether because of his haste, or because the fast setting sun shot its last rays directly in his eyes, he now missed the farther bank, and fell into the bed of the stream some feet below, stunned. Fortunately there was put little water. How long he lay there he did not know. He was first conscious of a dull pain about his head, and of some one stroking his forehead.

He opened his eyes. It was growing dusk. He was so far from home. He must make haste. My, how his bones ached when he stirred and how cool it had grown. Then, for the first time, he noticed a gray haired old man bending over him, regarding him with a kindly anxious look, holding one hand in his, and soothingly stroking back the clotted hair from his brow. Then he saw clinging to the skirt of the old man's coat, a girl somewhat younger than himself. He noted that she had great brown eyes which regarded him with a look, half pity, half horror. With her disengaged hand she held the corner of her little white apron up to her mouth and seemed half inclined to cry.

The hurt was not serious. The old man was the lodge keeper of a neighboring estate, which, though its castle had long been in ruins, was still under cultivation; the little girl was his granddaughter and together they lived in a quaint little lodge very near by. Thither Emil was aided. His head was bandaged; he

was given refreshment; the old man took down his violin and played him a parting song, and with many an "Auf Widersehen,' from both grandfather and child, Emil stepped out into the cool night air and starlight, and trudged homeward, hardly any the worse for his adventure.

Ah! that was a golden time. How the months rolled by. Each week was filled with success, the result of earnest work. Each Sunday was spent at "Eisenheim." The lodge keeper was a violin enthusiast, and played such music as Emil had never heard. He instilled into the boy a love for the instrument and found in him an apt pupil. Together Emil and Friedolin roamed the hills and fields, explored the old castle, and by hidden paths and by-ways, ventured to the river far below.

At evening they sat out on the little porch of the lodge, watched the passing vessels, saw the sun go down and the stars come out, and listened to the grandfather while he now played, and now told the romantic legends and myths of "Father Rhine."

Three years were soon run. Love and Music together are mighty workers. Great was the change they had wrought in Emil Amrhine. Friedolin was almost a woman, and Emil was a "Kaufmann." There had never been a formal declaration of love between them, no celebration of the betrothal, nevertheless, love was there, and there existed a tacit understanding that they should one day be married; and it was with this end in view, that all their plans were laid.

The lodge keeper had an old army friend in Kalamazoo, Michigan, who had emigrated years ago. He was in business, and every now and then came rumors of his vast wealth. To him Emil was to go, become established, prosperous, and then Friedolin was to come out and be his wife. They were both very young, and surely it would be best to wait so short a time.

A few weeks later Emil returned to his native Ruhheim, vested in the double dignity of a "Kaufmann" and one who had seen some of the great world which was known to lie without the confines of Ruhheim.

The mother was not pleased with the change she soon discovered in her son. To her mind he had grown too much like his father. But the good woman mistook reserve for timidity,

love of the beautiful for sentimentality, and a lack of religious fervor for worldliness.

She did not relish the matter of fact manner in which the boy told of his love and plans, but grudgingly assented to his arrangements when she learned that she too was to make the journey when Friedolin did, and enjoy a place of honor in Emil's western home.

Final preparations were soon made. Emil was off. He had already bidden Friedolin good bye, but when the steamer passed "Eisenheim" good fortune permitted him to wave her a last farewell as she stood far up under the castle ruins.

A short delay at the seaboard, an uneventful passage, and one bright spring morning found Emil Amrhine, escaped from the voracious runners of Castle Garden, standing in Battery Park and wondering which of the innumerable "Gasthauser," which line that resort on the North, should shelter him.

One "zum Vater Rhine" seemed most inviting. He ventured in. His reception was most cordial. The sturdy host clapped him on the back, displayed a wonderful knowledge of every Hans, Peter and Jacob in Ruhheim, knew every town and hamlet in Bavaria, and asserted that he still possessed the identical pair of boots which his, Emil's father, the departed shoemaker, had made him.

Emil felt quite at home. After a day of rest and sight seeing, he retired early and awoke in the morning minus his baggage and all his money, but a few dollars concealed about his person. Complaint to the landlord discovered that his cordiality had cooled perceptibly during the night. Pleading had no effect. Threats only provoked the storm of wrath. Overwhelmed he rushed out of doors, not in time however, to escape the derisive jeer which rung in his ears as he drifted with the crowd up Broadway. For a time he took heart. To be sure the small sum he still possessed would not take him to Michigan. But was he not "Kaufmann?" and could he not readily earn the amount required? All that day in vain he sought employment. A heart growing heavy and an awful sense of homesickness possessed him. Wearied he sank down on a bench in one of those squares, where so many a weary one before him had found rest. Everything was strange to him, even the grass and trees seemed different. He would wait till the

stars came out. Again and again he thought over the day's efforts and the bitter, bitter deduction was, that a "Kaufmann without capital in America, degenerates into a common clerk, and that clerks who could not speak English were not in demand." Discouraged, humiliated, he drew away from the crowd and light, and fell asleep under a bunch of shrubbery, where he could escape the surveillance of the police.

When he awoke, the sun was shining in his face, and bells rang merrily on the morning air. It was Easter morning. Leisurely he mingled with the happy throng that sauntered up Fifth Avenue. He wondered where they were going. As he stood and listened there fell on his ears the sound of a Celebrant chanting the familiar Solemn Mass. It was a Catholic church. Impulse led him across the street and into the edifice. In an out of the way corner he drank in the grandeur of the interior, the magnificence of the officiating priests and the many altar boys. How plainly in contrast were those in Ruhheim. And when the great organ pealed forth the "Hymn of Thanksgiving," how its tones seemed to reach down and bear him away as they rose. Looking straight ahead the congregation grew dimmer and dimmer, then faded away; the vaulted ceilings lost their grandeur, and he was conscious only of the sweet familiar Antiphonals as they rose and fell. Never before had they sounded so sweet. By the time the "Te Deum" was reached there had been lifted from his heart that awful feeling of homesickness. With a light heart he stepped out into the sunshine, and felt himself ready for a fresh start.

He turned the corner and walked rapidly down towards the water front. He came to a railroad crossing and waited for a passing train, when lo! a special providence! there written on the car before in great "Latin" letters stood "Michigan." Here was a car going to his very destination. Surely the Holy Mother must have sent it in answer to his prayers The great door stood partly opened. No one was in sight. The train slackened; in an instant he swung himself up, in a moment later a train hand banged the door and Emil was well under way.

A special providence indeed! Three days he was tossed from one end of the car to the other. Three nights the train rattled on and during all this time he subsisted on grains of wheat which

he scraped from the corners of the car. Vainly he clamored at the door, vainly he shouted himself hoarse. The train rolled on, Westward.

It was not until they reached Buffalo that his now feeble moans fell on the acute ears of a Celtic breakman, who when he found the the cause, would have done for the "dammed granehorn" at once, but for the timely intervention of the large-hearted engineer whose inquiries elicited the state of affairs. There followed characteristic generosity. The boy was fed, a warm corner was found in the neighboring round-house, and the morning Emil once more started towards Michigan, this time on foot.

Some two days of this method of travel brought him to a town, some fifty miles West of Buffalo, then the home of my uncle, and into his back yard which joined the property of the L. S. & M. S. R. R.

A farmer had just emptied into the cellar (of a large general county store) a load of potatoes. Emil arrived just at the finish. In shoveling, a half bushel or more had fallen to the ground. Emil had been taught to make himself useful; instinctively he crawled under the wagon to gather the scattered potatoes. A train passed; the horses, unused to the cars, drew back and then forward. Twice the heavy wagon passed over the boy's leg, breaking it in as many places. Kind hands bore him to a place of comfort. A surgeon was called; it would take many months before the leg would be strong. What was to be done? He was a German, a "Landsmann" of my aunt and among strangers; this was sufficient. In he came and was nursed to recovery.

It was about this time that my mother came North to live, and by the time Emil had grown quite strong, the writer (could he have talked) might have boasted a worldly experience of some fourteen months and was entrusted to the care of the unfortunate German, whose story was well known to every child in the village.

A faithful guardian he truly made; indeed, my earliest recollections of him are his pulling me in a baby's cart, and shaking the breath out of a sister some years my senior, who persisted in putting pins on the track when the train was approaching, while her baby brother shrieked his breath away in terror. Later on he was given the care of a horse and delivery wagon, until, becoming familiar

with the language and the ways of the people, he was taken into the store. He had, by this time, become a general favorite, every one knew Emil who worked down at "Browns." From that time forward "Browns" began to experience a revolution. Emil was the acme of thrift, cleanliness and economy. Everything began to take on a neater appearance. The washing of windows no longer created comment; people came miles to see the great change that had been wrought in the old fashioned general store.

Faithfully he worked and strove, and his interest in his youthful protege never waned. He taught me to read and write, and often played on a violin which he had constructed while his leg was mending. On Sundays he took me on long walks told me of the Rhine, of Ruhheim, and most especially, of Friedolin whose picture he had shown me, and parts of whose letters he at times gave me as copies, and eagerly related how, some day she and his mother were coming to B—.

At the end of three years he had superseded every employe in the place and was my uncle's right hand man. Unlimited trust was placed in him. He became prominent in the church, was elected village clerk. He established his credit, was offered capital to invest in business for himself but, faithful to his debt of gratitude, he remained with my uncle.

Mothers with marriageable daughters clearly regarded him with deference; these latter, however, were considerably at sea, since it had somehow become rumored about, that Emil had left his heart at home, and when my uncle substantiated this rumor by building a little cottage joining his own home, all B— was agog with expectancy as to the merits of the coming sweetheart. At last they came, Friedolin and Emil's mother. I do not remember much of my early impressions of Emil's wife, other than she looked so pale and worn, and that she had such great, sad brown eyes.

For a few weeks Emil seemed all happiness, everything seemed to run along merrily as it should. The village gossips were satisfied with Friedolin, even pleased. She, too, seemed to be happy, but even my childish eyes began to see that is was an effort. I remember Emil's mother always regarded her suspiciously and seemed to treat her so coldly and harshly.

Weeks passed, and I noticed that Emil became less happy

and finally, that he never smiled but grew sadder and sadder. I saw very little of Friedolin. I knew not what it all meant When people spoke of her, some looked sad and spoke in whispers, others cast knowing glances and did not endeavor to avoid being heard. Only a few months had passed when they told me that a child had come to Emil's house. Gossips' tongues in B— attained a fearful speed.

Several days lapsed before I saw Emil. I could not understand why he should not be glad. Every one was glad when children came. I would go and see the reason why.

It was late one evening that I ran across the plot of grass which separated our homes, and up the steps which led to the door of the little cottage. I rapped, but, as I did so all sound of my effort was simultaneously drowned out by the loud, harsh voice which I now heard from within. It was the mother.

The door, intended for summer, was of lattice work, and lacked some six inches of reaching the floor. I listened a moment in fright and determining to satisfy my boyish curosity, lay flat on the steps and peered into the room. In one corner, crazed with rage and gesticulating wildly, stood the mother. In front of her beside a large fireplace whose strange light was the only one in the room, sat Emil, his head bowed, silent. Every now and then as her voice grew louder and louder, he would raise his hands and eyes in appealing gesture, lest she disturb some one in an adjoining room towards which he, from time to time, cast agonized glances.

On raged the woman, "he was a dupe, a coward." The voice grew louder, higher, "Not one night longer would she live under the same roof with this hussy," and she fairly screamed forth "that he must choose betwixt them." Emil made one last effort to quiet her. He rose and begged of her to desist. Failing in this he despairingly fell to the floor at her feet, sobbing like a child. Thoroughly terrified I ran away.

In the morning, Emil, his wife and the child were gone. They found a letter which read "Dear Mother; I have chosen. God forgive me if I have done wrong. The house and my effects are yours. Lebe wohl. Thy Emil."

Some years later while yet a boy I made my first visit to the

metropolis under the guidance of a business friend of my uncle's. I had seen the wonderful sight of a Banana Steamer unloading. Tiring even of this novelty I had climbed up on a dray of fruit destined for the warehouse near by. Arrived there, I explored its many floors and way up and off in a corner I discovered, packing and marking bananas to their distant destination, Emil. Eagerly I leaped to his arms and hung about his neck, gaily recounting meanwhile all the wonderful things which filled my mind. Emil resumed his work, and as I chattered on I first noticed how sad and careworn he looked, how old he had grown; then I thought his lips trembled, a tear stole down his face, the hammer fell from his grasp, he dropped to his knees and leaning on the case before him sobbed as though his heart would break. Recovering himself somewhat he told me of what had befallen since the eventful night years since. Unable to face his friends or bear the gossip, he had gone with Friedolin and the child to New York, longing to go home, to "Eisenheim." But Friedolin had grown weaker. For a long time she had been ill. Last night she had died and this very driving of nails was to procure her a decent burial. Emil again broke into sobs. I felt as men are said to feel when they set foot on graves, so carelessly had I intruded myself upon his sorrow.

The next day I went to see him. I had some trouble in finding the great tall tenement and it had grown quite dark when I inquired of the ground floor tenants if Emil lived there. They did not know him, but almost in answer to my question, there floated down the dimly lighted stairway the faint strains of a violin. I recognized them and hastened up the stairs to find their source. Up, up I went until I could go no farther. On the topmost floor I rapped at the door which stood ajar. The music did not cease. A child pattered to the entrance and peered out. I entered. On a bed in the center of the room, about whose head and feet were arranged the prescribed candles, lay the dead Friedolin, not yet ready for burial. Beside her, seated on a chair and leaning over his instrument, sat Emil utterly unconscious of my presence. When I entered the child had hidden behind him but now looked out, and even came toward me as far as the skirt of his coat to which he clung, would permit.

The room was lighted by a large skylight through which streamed the rays of a full moon dimming the feeble light of the funeral candles. On played the father. The child growing accustomed to my presence ventured to come and talk to me. Soon she clambered up on the dead mother's bed, touched gently the closed eyes, and looking toward me said, half crying, "Kein Kindchen in Mama's Augen, mehr." Then came, "Sing Mama, Sing, 'Guter Mond.'" There was no reply. Contentedly the little thing nestled down, lifted its little voice and sung itself to sleep :

"Guter Mond du gehst so stille"
"In den Abendwolken hin."

While the child's sweet tones filled the room, the violinist had softened his notes yet had not ceased playing. Strange music, at times wild and shrill, then calmly, peacefully floating away in almost imperceptible tones. Now it sounded like music that might be made at the "court of death," now, it told a story of running, babbling brooks, of ocean's roar, then, there mingled simple ballads, patriotic bursts, and then the instrument seemed to pour out the player's woes and sorrows, despair sounded in every note. Louder and louder, faster and faster. Suddenly it ceased. A neighboring church bell made the tall building tremble as it struck off the hours, twelve. The violin fell to the floor with a crash. The player fell forward. The child awoke screaming. The neighboring tenants rushed in and found Emil dead.

It was during the last summer. Chance found me traveling from M—— to K—— on the Rhine. Wearied and determining to rest at the first place that suited fancy I had stopped en route. Being somewhat familiar with the region, although I had never visited it, I gratified a longing to spend some time mid its romance and beauties. In journeying hither I had noticed a spot which seemingly had all the required charms. An hour's row against the stream, one fair evening, I tied my boat to an overhanging pine and began to ascend towards an old ivy-grown and deserted castle which now stood forth in all the glories of a setting sun.

When I reached the summit of the hill, sunset had already deepened into dusk. Disappointed I threw myself down to rest. Near by a spring bubbled from the earth. A strange freak of

nature had so divided its waters, that part ran down and into the Rhine below ; the other lost itself in a clump of trees just beyond me and flowed whither I knew not.

The air was filled with the hum of insect life and the sound of the "ruhig flüsender" Rhine. The place seemed strangely familiar. Never since chilhood had I experienced such peace, and to add to the feeling there was wafted up to me from the fisherman's village on the opposite shore, snatches of the very song a mother had often crooned to me, I fell asleep.

When I awoke a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. As I counted the strokes and listened to the dying echoes, they seemed to take life again, grow louder and louder until I recognized the sound of a violin. I made sure that I was awake. The moon had risen and though the ruins obscured it, all of the castle's windows poured forth its kindly light and as, perhaps of old, wore a festive look.

The strains proceeded from within its walls. Hurriedly I made my way over the moss covered rocks and threshold. There, in the full moonlight, sat the violinist, an old, bent, gray haired man. Only once before had I heard such music. In an instant it flashed upon me : "This must be the Lodge Keeper of 'Eisenheim.' "

I started from out the shadow to address him. The music stopped for a moment, the musician looked heavenward, a look of joy and contentment o'erspread his wrinkled features, "They are happy now," he murmured, and with the inspiration which the thought seemed to give him, resumed his instrument.

Again I started forward ; I hesitated. Should I destroy his illusion, embitter his last days, tell him all ? or should I leave to him the blessed thought, which he had just voiced ?

Silently I withdrew, made my way to the river, cast off, and lying on the oars, drifted with the stream, out of the shadow of "Eisenheim" and into the moonlight.

Fainter and fainter grew the strains of the violin, and when the sounds died away, the ripple of the water as it played against the side of the boat, seemed to take up the song : "They are happy, they are happy."

Henry Heyl.

BROWNING.

HUMAN at heart-core, Browning, thou dost know
The soul of man in all its various thought,—
To turmoil of its unbelief hast brought
The strong man's help, assurance ; for below
The seeming roughness of thy verse doth show
A heart warm for humanity, and fraught
With burden for the Present, bravely wrought
In scorn of flatterer's praise for high and low.

No morbid melancholy thine, no fear
Of Death or ruin to aught true or good,
No trembling in despair, but firm throughout,
Courageous, resolute, with sight of seer,
The poet's fire, the hero's hardihood,
And manly faith unsullied by a doubt.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Private Life of Emerson.[1]

THIS delightful book, written by the son of the great poet, has for its aim a description of Emerson, "the citizen and villager and householder, the friend and neighbor." Passing lightly over his public life and works, the author takes us into the poet's home and lets us see inner traits and peculiarities, personal habits and characteristics, that reveal themselves only to the intimate friend. Showing, thus, the private side of a great man's life, the book is a valuable addition to our Emerson literature. We cannot refrain from going through it and culling here and there some facts of this private life that seems to us most interesting because least generally known.

We are told that Emerson began writing poetry at ten, that he

[1] *Emerson in Concord.* By E. W. Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

passed through the "silly stage" of all boys, and we are delighted to learn that though other studies were no hardship to him, he was dull in mathematics. His college life was no bed of roses; he lived in the grim, barrack-like dormitories of Harvard in its less luxurious days, and in his Sophomore year was forced to put his pride in his pocket and pay part of his board by waiting on the Juniors' table. The iron rule of his life was, however, sometimes relaxed. He was a member of various convio-literary clubs, and was not above writing an occasional Bacchic song or tasting the wine of good fellowship. It does not surprise us, however, to learn that he found his greatest recreation in omnivorous reading outside the curriculum, and that he earned money by writing essays for those who were more indolent or less gifted than himself. Cornellians who groan over "eight o'clock's," may gather some consolation from knowing that while in college he rose daily at half past four or five o'clock. It is likewise a satisfaction to the student who is not very well "up," to be told that he graduated hardly more than in the upper half of his class and that he was chosen class poet only after seven others had refused the honor. A bashful college graduate of eighteen, he undertook to carry on a young ladies' finishing school in Boston; and a sore trial he found it. The fashionable young ladies loved to make him blush. Knowing him to be a minor, they used to ask him on election day to give them a holiday while he voted.

He had no musical ear, and could not recognize the commonest airs, but he liked singing, though he cared more for the sentiment of the song than for the harmony.

He scarcely ever went into a shop except to pay a bill, yet he was fond of talking with all sorts of people, and in his walks the conversation of the farmer, the fisherman, the stage-driver, the wood-chopper, was ever full of interest for him. It is pleasant to know, too, that he always observed that old-time courtesy of the road, the salutation of the passer-by, even if a stranger. All through the book there grows upon us the feeling that he was always observing, and ever gathering food for reflection in the hours of solitude which he loved so well.

Emerson was not spotlessly innocent of the "gentlemanly vices." He liked, for his own part, and especially recommended

to dyspeptics, an occasional club dinner. He was accustomed to place wine before guests of discreet age, and to enjoy it with them, though seldom going beyond a single glass. He never took wine except in company. He had learned to smoke while in college, but had dropped the habit after graduation. Resuming it, however, in later years he used to smoke very moderately; would enjoy a fraction of a cigar at a time, and then lay it by until another time.

Going into camp once with some friends of the Adirondack club, a club composed of literary men like Lowell, and scientists like Agassiz, he bought a rifle and learned to use it. The fact strikes us as very characteristic, however, that he never shot at any living thing with it.

Mr. Emerson favored dancing and out-door sports, but regarding the house perhaps as a place for reading, he looked with a more jealous eye on in-door games; card playing he always disliked not so much as a result of strict traditions of his youth as from the fact that he thought the time thus spent might be more profitably employed.

Turning to the more serious side of life the book treats of his attitude towards the various questions of his day; slavery, the duties of the citizen, the civil war, politics, religion, etc., and his relations with eminent men like Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing.

Through these and a thousand other glimpses into the daily walk and conversation of the great poet and essayist, and from a multitude of extracts from his private journal, we get an idea of the man Emerson that makes him live and move before us and speak in tones that we can almost hear.

The story is charmingly told in a style, which shows that with Ralph Waldo Emerson all the literary talent of his family did not die. *F. S. F.*

Knickerbocker Nuggets. [1]

G. P. Putnam's Sons have sent us two 16mo. books. Both belong to the Knickerbocker Nugget Series: each fulfills the

[1] G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

promise the name of the series makes: "A diminutive mass of precious metal." One of these is Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," which is too well known and appreciated to need review here; the other is "The Ideals of the Republic." This latter is a compilation of the Inaugural Addresses of Washington and Lincoln, The Farewell Address of Washington, and Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburgh, which was almost a farewell address. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States complete the contents. The book's great merit is not originality: there have been many prints of these stirring words and some compilations in about the same form. This edition commends itself to one by its handiness, its accuracy, the care taken by the compiler in reproducing the *originals*, and not some bad copy of the originals. For example, Washington's Farewell Address is taken from a private reprint made by Mr. James Lenox, of the original copy written by Washington himself, which is now in the Lenox Library, N. Y. and quite difficult of access.

A word about the binding: it is pretty and original; it is a very fitting one for Lockhart's Spanish Ballads or Leigh Hunt's Tales from the Italian Poets; it might be allowable for Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims; all in this series, just as it was entirely proper, though somewhat striking, for Mozart to compose in evening dress; but a pretty binding for Lincoln's solemn expression of the nation's thanksgiving for victory in a crucial moment, or for the American expression of the Rights of Man, or Washington's fears for and hopes of our nation, when it was in *augustae res*, is like a nurse wearing a *décolleté* ball dress while she is dressing wounds. It is bad taste; it is flippant; it is almost mockery. And yet as we should not believe that every dude is without solid worth because overdressed, so we ought not be prejudiced against the value and convenience of this too glittering nugget, on account of its inappropriate binding. *H. A. O.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Physiological Notes on Primary Education and the Study of Language, by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

The Way, The Nature and Means of Revelation, by John F. Weis, M. A., N. A. Houghton Mifflin and Company. Boston and New York.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

THERE are not a few authors who write of nature and her works, whom lovers of nature like to read on rainy days or such times as they are unable to see and enjoy for themselves the great and beautiful world out-of-doors. They differ in one way or another, so that one man likes one and another likes another. I believe that of all such authors as I have read I like best Richard Jeffries. It is now some ten years ago that I first met with two of his books, "The Amateur Poacher" and "The Gamekeeper at Home," and was delighted with them. They had a charm about them which I had never before met with. I read more of his works and conceived a great admiration and love for the man. Of late years there were stray notes in the papers to the effect that Jeffries was living in great poverty and finally there was news that he was dead. Then one began to see posthumous articles in Longman's Magazine. These were published by his widow who was left without due means of support. So one day when I was inspecting the new books in Mr. Harris's room, I came across "The Eulogy of Richard Jeffries" by Walter Besant. I bought the book more through a desire to testify in some way my admiration for the man whose life was its subject than because I desired to read it, for when I have time I prefer to read what Jeffries himself said about the fields, the woods and the rivers rather than what Walter Besant has said about Jeffries.

* * *

I think Jeffries' style is very distinct. Gilbert White was a close observer in a somewhat unadvanced age of the science which

he loved and he sets down what he knows about the Natural History of Selborne with a simplicity that has a charm of its own and also with a sort of inconsequence which is by no means unattractive. Very different is Thoreau. With as great love of Nature, he was by no means so desirous of observing scientific phenomena as of seeing in nature concrete figurings of what it is almost repugnant to call philosophic notions. A more modern scientist quite as observant and as well informed as Gilbert White is Grant Allen. But it seems to me that Grant Allen is perhaps if anything a little too scientific. One almost wishes that he did not know so much science. Somewhat the same feeling do I get also from John Burroughs. Though Burroughs' knowledge is not so much what one would call "science" as it is the result of much loving observation of his many friends everywhere about the woods, fields, and roads. I believe I like better than these Walt Whitman when he writes about nature because he doesn't seem to know everything about whatever he looks at or care to know and yet enjoys seeing it very much. And the impression that one gets from Whitman is of a man who loves nature because he does love her and not because he has dissected her and wants to do so again. This being somewhat my own view, I like (as people always like to read what they themselves think) very much to read about how Walt Whitman sits out doors and just enjoys himself and everything round about him.

* * *

Somewhat different from all these others is Jeffries. Born and and brought up in the country he knows it through and through, not scientifically but lovingly. I say not scientifically because he says that "evolution" (with a little e) "is pure assertion. . . There is no evolution any more than there is design in nature," which statements, I believe to be unscientific, but I say lovingly because he says that he has "entered many woods just for the pleasure of creeping through the brake and the thickets. Destruction in itself was not the motive: it was an overpowering instinct for woods and fields." So the charm of Jeffries is not so much what he tells as it is the way he tells us. His books have for us the atmosphere of some old world great forest, one of those great

forests he so loved to describe, or of some old-fashioned farm house or some far away countryside in England. This is one of the reasons that his books have for us in America a romantic flavour that is absent from most of our own books. It is the fact that it is the same nature which we see and love yet to some extent glorified and idealized by the presence of the unfamiliar and the distant. So it is that we like to hear of hares and stoats, of blackthorn and hawthorn hedges, of poachers and gamekeepers. They are so thoroughly in keeping with what we do know and see and yet (as we have only known them through books, generally novels) they have a charmingly ideal air.

This I think, is one great charm for us Americans in these books, but the greatest pleasure comes probably to Americans as to others in the fact that in describing nature Jeffries is describing really his own life,—the thoughts, acts, circumstances, surroundings and all which have made up his existence since he was first old enough to take delight in the garden, the orchard, the hedge, and the great woods, round about "the ancient farmhouse beautiful to look upon" of Coate Farm where he was born. It is seldom that there exists a man who can both know and feel nature and who can also set down what he knows and feels in such a way that others may learn and sympathize.

* * *

Such is Jeffries position among English writers. It was not for a long time that he found out just what he could do. Like many other men of letters his great desire was to do something which, as it happened, he could not do well,—in his case to write novels. He began a journalistic career, wrote for the newspapers of his own county, Wiltshire, and for twelve years occupied various places on provincial papers. But he desired to be an author or rather an Author. His most laboured efforts were in the direction of romance. When only eighteen he published one novel (in the North Wilts *Herald*), and the next year another, neither of them good if we may believe Mr. Besant, who ought to know a good novel, having written many himself. Later came more serious attempts at fiction, none of them very successful. It was not as a novelist that Jeffries was to become known.

'Tis true, however, as is the way with most men who have anything in them, he found out where his work really lay and having found his vein, he wrote unceasingly till he died, not many years unfortunately. It is these later works of his that whoever knows Jeffries at all, knows and reads.

* * *

It is always best when speaking of an author to give a taste of his quality. That is better than much writing about and around him. I have meant to quote some passages from Jeffries' work ever since beginning to write this article but have always seemed to get off on something else. Here, however, is something that seems to me characteristic, from "The Amateur Poacher" :

"The low, brick parapet of the bridge is overgrown with mosses ; great hedges grow each side, and the willows, long uncut, almost meet in the centre. In one hedge an opening leads to a drinking place for cattle ; peering noislessly over the parapet between the boughs, the coots and moorhens may be seen there feeding by the shore. They have come up from the mere as ducks and teal do in the winter. . . It is pleasant to rest awhile in the shadow of the bushes. The low thud, thud of sculls in the rowlocks of a distant punt travels up the water. By and by a hare comes along, enters on the bridge and almost reaches the gate in the middle before he spies anything suspicious. Such a spot, and, indeed, any gateway, used to be a favorite place to set a net, and then drive the hares towards it with a cur dog that ran silent. . . On the grass lit by the moon the hare looked quite distinct, but the moment the gaze is concentrated up the barrel he becomes a dim object with no defined outline. In shooting on the ground by twilight or the moonbeams, waste no time in endeavoring to aim, but think of the hare's ears—say a couple of feet in front of his tail—and the moment the gun feels steady pull the trigger. The flash and report come together ; there is a dull indescribable sound ahead, as some of the shot strikes home in fen and some drills into the turf, and then a rustling in the grass. The moorhens dive, and the coots scuttle down the brook towards the mere at the flash. While yet the sulphurous smoke lingers, slow to disperse, over the cool, dewy sward, there comes back an echo from the wood behind, then another from the mere, then another and another beyond.

The distant sculls have ceased to work in the rowlocks—those in the punt are listening to the echoes ; most likely they have been fishing for tench in the deep holes under the black shadow of the aspens. (Tench feed in the dark ; if you wish to take a big one wait till it is necessary to fix a piece of white paper on the float.)"

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

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EDWARD E. HALE, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1889:

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FRANK S. FIELDER, HOWARD A. OPPENHEIM,
CHARLES E. TREMAN.

ALLEN C. BALCH, *Business Manager.*

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EXERCISES ON CLASS-DAY, JUNE 20, 1889.

ORATION.

THERE is a picture, in some ancient history, that represents a rough-bearded old man, half-clothed in a tattered cloak, peering about the streets of Athens at midday, and casting the sickly glare of a lantern upon all he meets. It is Diogenes looking for a man.

And yet Athens was full of men. Demosthenes and Aristotle were going about its streets, Plato was writing philosophic works for the ages to read;—but the old Cynic could not find a man, because, blinded by self-conceited pride and by a churlish vanity of virtue, he "lacked that large tolerance of spirit necessary to clear vision." The world is a mirror, which reflects to each the glance he casts upon it. It was not examples of manliness, but sensibility to see them that the Cynic lacked.

Diogenes set himself up as a rebuke to Athenian degeneracy, and as an example of ascetic virtue. His characteristic trait,

however, was an insatiable thirst for notice. An outcast from society—the son of a defaulting banker who had been brought to justice—he suddenly came to scorn the wealth and luxury of his early life; he resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and be ostentatious of his poverty. He shook his rags in the face of men, and railed at them for being proud and self-seeking and dissipated and effeminate; yet I doubt whether the excesses of the first profligate in that profligate city were not paralleled by the "debauchery of pride" that disgraced the apostle of Cynicism.

The story is told that Plato was giving a splendid banquet one night, when Diogenes entered, unbidden, and stamping on the rich carpets, cried out: "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!" whereupon Plato admirably retorted: "With greater pride, O Diogenes." There is a pride that one can be proud of; but that of Diogenes was only a disagreeably obtrusive egoism. Friend and foe alike, great and small, felt the lashings of his bitter tongue. "He despised all men; and told them so."

There are plenty of such people in the world to-day. They do not live in tubs, nor dress in rags, nor go about by day with lanterns; but they are run out of the same mould as Diogenes, they follow the same method, and like him, they put on a good deal of their cynicism. They think it is affective to find fault with all existing institutions: society, literature, government, art, religion. They even sneer at human endeavor and carp at human aspiration. They are the vandals of the world's ideals.

And yet there is a fascination about such persons. Diogenes, in spite of his unwashed tatters and his caustic tongue, had admiring friends and devoted followers. He even became fashionable. At one time he was all the rage in Athens. So now, an affectation of cynicism commands respect and deference. Go into an art gallery and praise all the good pictures, and no one will notice you; but pick flaws in Titian and Rubens and Corot and Meissonier, and immediately men will stand in awe of you, and say, "How much he knows about art!"

Many a newly-fledged college graduate cuts loose from the apron strings of his Alma Mater, and enters life *blasé*. "Seen it all—'flat, stale and unprofitable'—life's a bore." He doesn't feel it you know, but it's the thing to be *blasé*. It makes one appear

wise and experienced, it makes one interesting ;—and so it does, in the eyes of weak minded women and morbid girls.

The cynic of to-day puts under the ban all the great facts, great thoughts, great characters that men love to dwell upon. You must not speak of George Washington or the Declaration of Independence ; you must not speak of Abraham Lincoln or Slavery ; you must not preach self-reliance, perseverance and enthusiasm—they are chestnuts. At a recent Cornell dinner, when one of the speakers dared to quote that noble and oft-repeated, but not too often repeated sentence of Ezra Cornell's, the very cornerstone idea of this University, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study," the tinkle of a chestnut bell was heard. And yet, had not our Founder been inspired by that great thought, we should not be celebrating our Class Day to-day.

There is another type of man, less harmful than the cynic, because less positive, but equally to be avoided, namely the pessimist. He sits weakly by, whines at the existing state of things, and indulges in all sorts of lugubrious reflections. Pleasant impressions, he says, tend to fade from the heart and mind, sad ones alone are indelible. Only shallow people see beauty and find joy. Life does not pay expenses. The balance-sheet is struck between happiness and woe, and the heart, with all its aspirations and desires and wishes, is wretchedly insolvent. Away with such invertebrate philosophy !

Have we anything to set over against snappish cynicism and mournful pessimism ? Yes, enthusiasm. Is it warranted by human experience ? Yes, a thousand times. It is this which has made the Homers and the Miltons, the Galileos and the Newtons of the world. Enthusiam crossed the Rubicon with Cæsar, climbed the Alps with Hannibal, traversed the burning sands of Egypt with Napoleon, explored the trackless ocean with Columbus and Magellan, and ascended the very "highest heaven of inspiration" with the bard of Avon. Enthusiasm is the Creator's kindest gift to man. It is, in the affairs of everyday life, what faith is in religion. It is faith in yourself, faith in your kind, faith in the worthfulness of endeavor.

Twenty years ago, a seamed and jagged hillside, two ill-

equipped buildings and a million acres of worthless western land, were the apparent resources of Cornell University ; but its real endowment lay in the far-seeing faith of its Founder and the enthusiasm of its President. They saw the same inhospitable hill-slopes, the same inadequate buildings, the same poverty of material resource that the pessimist would have seen ; but, looking on beyond, they saw what he could never dream of—the tower-crowned hill, the well-filled coffers, the thronging students of to-day.

My classmates, all this was a practical teaching for us. It does not mean that we must engage in a crusade of benevolence, nor devote our lives to a perpetual mission of charity. But it does mean that we should steer clear of the carping cynic and the clammy, long-faced pessimist, and attack life in a healthy spirit of enthusiasm. We should, to be sure, avoid the dangers of impetuous and undisciplined impulse, but we must also remember that without enthusiasm, no great or enduring good has ever been achieved. Without this Paul would never have gotten beyond his lessons at the feet of Gamaliel ; without this, the great Luther would have laid his shaven crown in the grave, and never struck a single blow for truth. Enthusiasm sent Sir John Franklin to seek the North Pole, and Stanley to explore the secrets of the Dark Continent. It girds the earth with iron bands, and binds with cables the old world and the new. Enthusiasm gleams in the eye of the inventor, and throbs in the brain of the scholar. Its music is heard in the whirring wheels and shooting shuttles of industry—and when flood and fire descend upon the land, its voice speaks in the generous response of the human heart to the wail of human suffering.

Two days more together, a final parting, and we shall separate to pursue our several paths in life. We must decide in what spirit we are to meet it. Which will you be, melancholy Mrs. Gummidge or genial Mark Tapley ; kindly Irving or crusty Carlyle ; Diogenes or Democritus ? Will you sit by with cold hands, and sneer at life or mourn its weariness ; or will you be of those who live, and do ; who staunchly grapple with life, and *solve* the problem of existence ?

Frank Sydney Fielder.

POEM.

FOR many days they wandered, till full fain
To bid farewell to the extended main,
That changing world of shadows interlinked
With mists of morn and twilight indistinct,
In ship that like some thought redeems the age
And saves unto the next its brightest page.

And so she drifted till upon their sight,
With long, low beach and far receding height
Arose an isle, here wearied with the wave,
They sought the shelter that its harbor gave.
Among these tropic seas, lands strange and fair
Had sped behind, but still beyond compare
Was this one spot. Empurpled peaks rose dim
To realms of fairer day or faint did swim
Within a golden haze that hung the while
Above this solitary sea-girt isle.

No dream-compelling lotus isle this land,
Where waves broke ever softly on the strand
And lulled the memory,—no charméd spot
Where duty merged in pleasure, men forgot
The visions of the past, the coming strife,
The grander struggle and the larger life.
For here had nature so combined with art
To touch with higher purpose every heart.
In half dissolvéd showers of silver light
The cataracts leaped down from height to height
Through windings deep and rocks uprearing high,
Where through the latticed leaves scarce gleamed the sky,
Where winds and waters in abysmal shade
A woven melody of music made.

And here the learning of the past survived,
At these deep founts men drank and thus derived
New strength; and so the circling suns went round

Until the final day when, outward bound,
Each sail was spread, each mast and spar was set,
And like some migrant bird that lingers yet
Among the perfumed flowers and southern vines,
Before it wings its flight toward northern pines,
That fair ship lingered yet, as though 'twas thrilled
With each vibration of the warning bell
Half conscious of the ruling fate that willed
And prompted now a last and long farewell.

Thus drift the years, the ever changing years,
Night ever follows dawn, hopes turn to fears.
The shoreless sea of time laps at our feet
Across the dreary waste what words may come,
We bend to hear the message incomplete
Or are the oracles forever dumb?
We stand to-day upon the verge of time,
Comes there no message then with note sublime?

A little waking twixt two dreamless sleeps
There comes to us no answer, no reply,
Eternal silence here its vigil keeps,
Save for the echo of our questioning cry.

They tell us that the world is no more young,
A Samson shorn of strength the age is weak,
No more the knightly deeds with which earth rung,
So turn they say and inspiration seek
In epics of the past by poets sung.

They voice the flight of youth, the morn of life,
The strong, deep faith with which the race was blest,
There is the jar of class, the bitter strife
An ebbing tide of faith,—a vague unrest.

In other days men had the selfsame dream,
A little space the world was passing fair,
And then there came the touch of Lethe's stream,—
Forgotten was the earth and gracious air.

The maiden stands beside the Ganges' wave
And to the sacred tide intrusts a boat
With lighted torch, and if it safely brave
All dangers and beyond her vision float,
So will this omen life's success denote.
Thus down the current of the future years
Each life moves out with all its hopes and fears.
But yet for all the selfsame mystery,
Upon the placid current near at hand,
Or out upon the broad expanse of sea,
It may be on the far and distant strand
Where breakers beat and hollow caverns roar,
The light is quenched and lo! the voyage o'er.

Is this the burden of their sad refrain,
With messengers of hope forever dumb,
To sing a little while in minor strain
Before the shadows and the silence come?

Are we like brutes encaged that beat the bars
Imposed by fate and call life but a dream,
While overhead the softly shining stars
Within the firmament forever gleam?

Is this the sum of all? We answer, nay,
Life is not hedged within a petty span,
For nobler voices call to us to-day,
The future not the past is ours to scan.

Each age is nearer to fruition brought,
The visions dimly outlined through the haze,
The words prophetic by some listener caught,
Become the science of these latter days.

And here the dreams of statesmen find at last
A fair fulfilment in our newer state,—
Democracy, built on the vanished past,
The structure that they labored to create.
And now one hundred years have passed away
And like that plant which yields its final flower,

Cornell, attaining legal age to-day,
Is as the fruit, though reared in hall and tower.

Not thine the greatness by the centuries brought,
Thy torch unlighted through that lengthened spell
When learning flourished, gave no hint to tell
Of all the transformation to be wrought.
No light from other times and no past fraught
With dim traditions in these places dwell.

'Twas said in ancient Rome when night did fall
Upon the armies of the silent dead,
That high in air o'er the beleaguered wall,
The ghosts of slain still battled overhead.
And from the sky there came down strange alarms,
With sounds of strife and clash of spectral arms.

So'over learning's walls there long has raged
The noise of conflict and the air has rung
With sounds of lingering strife by science waged
Against blind Homer's speech and Virgil's tongue.

But here at last all sounds of strife are stilled,
The motto that our fathers chose should be
Of our republic,—this our founder willed
Should show thy aim as well,—equality.

Here art and science meet on common ground,
No fact is small in the eternal plan,
With vision by no vain traditions bound,
The whole great universe is ours to scan.

Here have we pored fair history's storied page,
Have caught the words that ring from age to age
Down through the lengthened corridor of time.
From poet's lyre and the musician's lute,
The songs still echo like a faint heard rhyme,
Their words float to us with a tone sublime,
No voices of the past are wholly mute.

The works that last are not those built by hands,
In the eternal city that still stands
The sepulchre of greatness long since flown,
Among these ruins of the past,—remote,
There is a little mound by grass o'ergrown,
And over this the words the singer wrote
Before the song was silenced, "Here lies one
Whose name was writ in water." Nay, not so,
When future ages have their courses run,
Not arch nor chiselled marble can bestow
The immortality thy song will know.

These were the lives that bore with eager pace
The lighted torch. Their voices speak to-day
When soon the old unto the new gives place,
And we must leave the old familiar way.

The wingéd days will soon be ours no more,
To us in turn the world's high summons calls,
We go the way so often gone before,
And say farewell to Alma Mater's halls.

The tangled seaweeds o'er the corals lie,
But the reef is widened as the builders die.
Then be forgetfulness the doer's lot,
Then be the singer in the song forgot,
And all futurity of time has not
The weight of years to still the trembling strings
In the eternal harmony of things.

Herbert Eugene Millholen.

ESSAY.

NEED FOR A NEW FOURTH OF JULY.

CLASSMATES:

Doubtless you are all familiar with that glorious old war-song in which the refrain is repeated, "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!" How many times has that clarion cry, which in the old time sent regiments on to victory or death, roused in our hearts a thrill of devotion to the old flag, and an exultant pride in the land of our birth, in America which we are so fond of calling the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Has it ever occurred to you that freedom is only a comparative term, that no country on earth, no nation on earth has ever been free? Look at the Puritans in the free country, torturing their witches and heretics! Look at our forefathers of the last century, proudly refusing to drink English tea, that sign of tyranny, and the next instant decreeing the cut of a man's coat and the length of his prayers! Look at the Abolitionists twenty years ago, freeing the negro, and then practically denying him the right of suffrage!

Ah! the bird of freedom need not have peacefully folded his wings and alighted upon our silver dollar, when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The good work was not finished then. He might scream himself hoarse ere the Indian will be allowed to cast his vote at our polls; ere the larger half of our population have a voice in our government; ere the whole world have unrestrained access to our shores. Who calls America free with our politics managed by combination and rings; our merchandise and transportation controlled by pools and speculators; our industries and manufactures at the mercy of Trades Unions?

About these things perhaps there is a little sense of irresponsibility. We are not politicians, you say, we cannot change the laws, we are not railway kings that we can make or mar a corporation at a touch. Strikes will occur, and who can prevent them? The world seems pretty comfortable, on the whole. We are free men in a free country. Things will come out right somehow, let

us enjoy ourselves. Ah! what an amount of faith is engendered by pure laziness! A faith that floats easily along with the current, happily comfortable, selfishly unthoughtful, rather disgusted with anyone who does not find it as pleasant; but let *him* strike a rock, let the injustice and the fraud desolate *his* hearthstone, and what a wail goes up,—a wail that might rend the heavens, but does not avail to change in one iota the law or practice of the land.

A man may writhe and writhe as he will under wrong and oppression, and the gay world goes smiling by, leaving him to be crushed by the relentless wheel of destiny. Generations pass and millions of helpless victims lift up their voices, ere the world hearkens, and discovers that the iron wheel is not controlled wholly by destiny after all. Such struggles are indeed heart-rending. The man seems of so little account, pitted against what one is almost tempted to call "The eternal and immutable nature of things"—so hopeless seems the effort to change anything for which a nation must be awakened for action; but a case in which the man, the individual, is of great account is the voluntary bondage to which we are all more or less subject, and it is a plea against this that I wish to make.

A fact which cannot be denied is the deplorable increase and spread in this country of a certain false conventionality. Conventionality, I say, and yet by the word I mean more than the term ordinarily conveys. I mean all the unwritten laws, social and otherwise, which hamper a man's freedom and which hinder or quite prevent the expression of his individuality or conscience. The question is not one merely of chaperonage or of non-chaperonage. It is not a question of the right or wrong of any particular action prescribed by "they" as proper or improper. It is merely a question of the principle of the system, whether we as thinking human beings are wise in letting somebody else, and that a very vague and shadowy somebody, make our decisions for us; whether we are right in conceding the divine supremacy of the common conscience over the individual conscience; whether we ought through cowardice to allow our opinions to be dictated, our actions influenced, our sympathies repressed by the opinion of others. Strong language, you say, for a trivial thing; yet just because it is seemingly a trivial thing we fear the more to

disobey its dictates. A man, who would delight in shocking the religious world with his free thought, might not dare to express his conviction of the entire propriety and right of some *outré* action, just because somebody has pronounced the stigma—"Oh! it may be all right, but people will talk." The strange thing about it is that the sentence is carried out with the giving of the verdict. To find the people who talk is absolutely impossible, but those who say they will are innumerable. And so all around invisible barriers spring up. Daily the circle of individual freedom grows smaller, until one might almost as well be a puppet jerked by a wire, with an etiquette book for a Psalm of Life.

Whence comes this "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not?" Is it the popular edict of the people? Is our conventionality made up as the grammarians say proper language is, by the best usage of the best people? Is it founded on a basis of right, or what gives it such supreme authority? Just here a difficulty arises, for, with so many of the things which we all do or leave undone, nobody can be found who believes in them, yet we all do them just because they are "the thing." Many others originate with a certain limited set in New York or in some other large city, and still others have their source in the fertile brain of the reporter for the society column of a Sunday newspaper.

Perhaps you think me unjust. Many cases doubtless occur to you in which certain conventional laws are merely the outgrowth of common refinement. Such cases do not belong to my subject for they do not hinder individuality. Refined people will be refined without any laws and unrefined will be unrefined with a thousand laws. But these other instances, which can not be spontaneous because nobody believes in them, how did they come into being as laws universal and exacting? At the very bottom of the whole matter, it seems to me, lies the fatal defect of the American mind, blind copying in the determined attempt to prove ourselves as good as somebody else. To illustrate: Sometime, perhaps long ago, a fond and cautious mother is prevented from accompanying her young daughters on a journey across the ocean; so she finds a dear motherly woman to take charge of them; this woman happens to be married. The years pass, her example is followed, sometimes in the spirit, more often in the letter. It be-

comes one of the unwritten laws and no one knows the cause or reason thereof. Everybody does it because everybody else does. Last summer, upon one of the outgoing ocean steamers, two sober, middle-aged women, still designated as young ladies because of their unmarried state, appealed to a young bride of nineteen for chaperonage on deck, and days, when she remained below, they also were confined to their staterooms for fear people would *talk*. Verily we are but sheep that jump over a fence: the first one jumps over because he sees a particularly juicy tuft of grass, and he eats it; then the rest of us jump over, too; there is no grass for us to eat, but we are in fashion and nobody shall think that we are not just as good as that first sheep.

Well, people may be sheep if they want to, you say, what matters it? It matters a great deal. If it were only a little personal inconvenience now and then in obeying a principle in which we thoroughly believed, it would not matter, nay, it might be good discipline; but to swear allegiance to a false principle, to hamper ourselves in every way by arbitrary conventionalities, is no enviable training for the character. Think of instances in which we are governed, not by convenience, or justice, or anything but an absurd custom. We women of business wear our gowns down to the ground, and waste half our strength trying to walk, and all our temper trying to keep them out of the mud; you men put a high stiff arrangement on your head, about as beautiful as a section of stove pipe, and presently there is "no hair on the top of your head." Our friends are chosen, our opinions colored by what we suppose other people will think. We spend valuable time in calling on a hundred people we don't care anything about, and overlook many whom we would enjoy, and saddest of all we blunt our own perception of right and wrong, oftentimes become uncharitable and severe, by vainly endeavoring to follow some fanciful arbitrary standard. How often has some poor soul despaired and been wrecked because the world was cruel, when perhaps it only dared not be kind!

Ah! when will mankind accept the deliverance from the law, which was offered us nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and take in its place the Gospel of Salvation Unorthodox it may be, but I have always thought of that beautiful promise in St. John as ap-

plying to even these acts of ours, small and trivial though they seem, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." It surely contains the only remedy. Mankind will continue to drag the chain of bondage until he thinks for himself, and decides the right and wrong for himself, and then speaks and acts for himself.

The reform, if reform there is to be, ought to begin in a place like this. Gathered together here, are broad thinking and great hearted men. Freedom is the very atmosphere of the place. Self-government is one of the fundamental ideas of young Cornell, and is as powerfully educative as any of the lectures delivered within her walls. Everything tends to bring out the man and the woman and to make them independent thinking human beings.

Shall we not prove ourselves such, and each one strike a blow against our bonds, bonds which we may not feel, perhaps as very heavy, but which sorely oppress our weaker brother? Life might be so much more true and beautiful if every word and deed were a little part of oneself. All these lectures and sermons and discussions, all this association with the cultivation and learning of the land during these four years, will not have been in vain, if we are the better men and women for them, if we have learned in some small degree how to live and to help others live, not merely become better machines for making a living. For my part I feel like singing a little Te Deum of joy, even though the end of this pleasant chapter has come, because of the great pleasure of having been here at all.

May our Te Deums of to-day swell and burst forth in gladness and good works until, if we should ever meet again, our voices would rise in a grand Hallelujah chorus which should echo and re-echo until the class of '89 is but a memory.

Lizzie Harwood Boynton.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

THIS day we celebrate as marking the step when we leave our college days behind and go forth to pursue an active life in the world. We have looked forward to it for several years, with anticipations of the joy we should feel at successfully completing this stage in our journey of life and at accomplishing the aim with which we came hither. Outwardly it is a day of rejoicing and we try to make it such for our friends and ourselves but in our hearts our joy is strangely mingled with a feeling of sorrow at the thought that our college days are at an end——days which for freedom and pleasure will never be equalled——that the day has come when our warmest associations must be broken, some for but a time but many forever.

We have many causes for rejoicing and have appropriately set aside this day for celebration by exercises, songs, feasting and merriment when we rightly and justly cheer everything dear connected with our class and Alma Mater before bidding adieu to her halls.

We have now an experience and knowledge gained by a four years residence at Cornell and we are now unbiased by over enthusiasm and a lack of knowledge of the rest of the college world as well as the world in general while at the same time no cares of life have dimmed those fond recollections of college days and no great achievements have made our past four years seem an unimportant epoch in our lives. We can therefore now when we have reached this first stage, better than ever pause for reflection and dwell upon the past.

Eighty-Nine is the first fruit of the second epoch in the history of our University, marked by the accession of President Adams to the Presidential Chair. However firm may have been the conviction of the friends of the University that Cornell with foundations so broadly and securely laid by noble benefactors, was destined by natural growth to become the grandest structure of its kind in our land, yet our thoughtful trustees knew that there was yet much to do, that an institution of learning cannot stand still and that men of zeal, courage and wisdom were needed to continue the grand work—men who would make their work a work of

love, who would be the educators of the people in the People's University. Their hopes have been grandly realized in the successor they chose to President White and in the Professors who have been called to Cornell during the past several years.

The position of President Adams when he entered upon his duties here was an exceedingly difficult one as regarded his relations with the student body; for he succeeded a man who was worshipped by the students who knew him. But President Adams has won the admiration and love of all the classes by his firmness and devotion in promoting the interests of Cornell, in perfecting the courses of work already open to students and in broadening the curriculum to fulfill the grand purpose of the founder.

Eighty-Nine, the first class to owe allegiance to him for a full course of four years is grateful to fortune for placing such a man at our head and to him for guiding us so faithfully through our course of work.

At his inaugural address President Adams spoke of the possibilities of enlarging the scope and influence of the University by the extension of our literary courses, by a provision for the education of teachers and by the establishment of aLaw School and a School of Pharmacy and concluding he said: "I see in imagination these courses of study perfected and extended; I contemplate the new departments added and developed. . . . . and as the crowning glory of all I behold a great Library arising to fulfill the provisions of a noble and unthwarted purpose."

We have but to glance about us to see how truly this prophecy has been fulfilled,—yea more than fulfilled—and how marked has been the advance of Cornell in material growth since we first came to know her. New buildings have grown up about us, new departments have been opened and new courses established and—most propitious of all—men have been placed in charge of this work who are not fettered by precedent or bigotry, who are imbued with the spirit of advance and in love with the cause for which they are working.

It is unfortunate that some attempt was not made to have this Commencement celebrated not only by the graduating class but by the whole University,—its trustees, alumni and undergraduates. It is Cornell's Twenty-first Commencement. She has reached

her majority. Though one date may be of no more importance than any other in the history of an institution and though this may be no very significant date in Cornell's history yet it is pleasant to dwell upon certain periods which are attractive as being important divisions in our chronology or as, in this case, being the date which to the young man is of greatest significance. It is the time when he is generally supposed to start out in the world for himself to do the battle of life. A comparison holds with our Alma Mater. She has passed from childhood and is just ready to begin the grand work for which she was founded, and no celebration, however grand and imposing, would have been adequate to mark the wonderful progress which she has made and to express the brilliant prospects she has.

This contemplation of what Cornell now is brings thoughts of what the early commencements must have been, when students of one or two year's residence prepared to leave a University with but two buildings, no equipment, a campus but a rough field—nothing in fact to make a student linger here. There is a great difference between the present graduation and that of twenty years ago ; that was graduating from an experiment instead of graduating from a renowned University ; and yet even under those circumstances there seems no excuse ever, when finding that a diploma does not prove to be an open sesame for everything, and that a college education does not make every path of life smooth, for feeling coldly toward the University and coming to the belief that one has done more for the University by his presence than it has done for him. Let us hope that no member of this class, flushed with success in life will ever feel that he owes none of it to Cornell but rather, for the ability he has later shown, let him be grateful to the University which developed it.

In a short space of time our college has grown until it has become a small world, but along with this growth have come the attendant evils. Once every student felt that he played an important part in college life and owing to the smaller number of students and the narrower range of studies, each realized that all were here for a common purpose. Now we consider ourselves insignificant parts of a vast system and are apt to forget that we are all working for the same end ; our individual acts seem of little

importance and we lose that enthusiasm which was wont to exist.

Those earnest men of the early days often went forth into the world with an activity which ought to put us to shame; an activity in place of which there has been springing up a spirit of indifference which is now one of the evils of a large college. And this evil has been increased by a growth of cliques and habits of exclusiveness which are excused on the grounds that they are inevitable. The fact that in the world the same condition of affairs holds true, that the mass of the people show an indifference against which some of you as leaders may sometimes vainly strive in attempting to accomplish reforms is no excuse for the spirit found here, but is, rather, a strong argument for battling against that indifference in college. There as here men sneer at others more useful and honorable than themselves, because they are not of the same set. There as here the work of men is contemptously disregarded by all but those of their own social position. It is a great evil and its correction ought to begin here. We can now see the errors of our college days and this is one of them. If we have not already battled against indifference, and I think we have not as a class, it is not too late to begin. It will be harder in the great world than it would have been in our little world. Yet it is the duty of college men, who must be leaders of opinion, to struggle against this indifference. Once freed from it, you will take an interest in national affairs and be bettter Americans; you will not let prejudice and party lead you in politics, but will be guided by conviction; you will not let others win all the honors in this world but will strive for them yourselves on the side of right; freed from indifference you will make more faithful alumni and more successful men. Let us, therefore, wherever our varied tastes and pursuits may lead us, earnestly strive to drive this indifference from us and from the citizens of our country and, with all the enthusiasm which springs from a determination to lead an earnest life, let us struggle for all that will redound to the good and honor of ourselves and for all that will promote the interests and glorify the aims of our Alma Mater—our common mother.

Vojta Frank Mashek.

IVY ORATION.

A CLEVER artist has portrayed in vivid colors the figure of a beautiful maiden standing on the banks of the Nile and looking out upon the restless river. The rainy season is at hand bringing with it floods and destruction. For some it means ruin and death; others more favored will reap a harvest because of the increased fertility. Yet in all this harrowing uncertainty hope lights up her countenance.

To-day we are standing upon the banks of our Nile. The rainy season of trial and venture is upon us. Will it bring prosperity or ruin, success or failure. Fortunate are we if through all the eager struggle and weary waiting, hope does not desert us.

After four years of a life endeared to us by inspiring associations, we present ourselves at the bar of University approval. Vain are the genial influences about us; futile are all efforts to seem pleased. The scene is a depressing one, for the shadow of parting is upon us. By these closing acts we emphasize the spirit of good will and fraternity which all feel to exist. It is alike the time for congratulation and condolence. The sign of the one accompanies the note of the other.

As we pause here for a moment to go through with those ceremonies so often enacted before, meaningless perhaps to some, so deeply significant to us, we catch something of the responsibility which confronts us. Resting upon all is a perpetual injunction. Whether by brain or brawn our work is to be done, the obligation is the same. It is to do something in the brief span allotted to us to improve existing conditions, to further progressive reforms. There will be varying degrees of success and failure, varying proportionately, perhaps, to our individual endeavor. For effort is a potential factor. He is culpable who does nothing; not always if he try and fail. When the best possible has been done, he who does it is freed from further responsibility. Examples are not wanting where a student discouraged with the first brush with active forces without gives up in depair, and becomes content not with the best but with the commonplace, when steady, even effort would have meant success. The danger is all the more fatal because subtle. In Perrault's Tale of the Three Wishes, a mortal,

through his own carelessness and want of perseverance, is made to waste a boon, which a supernatural being had granted. Like the poor unfortunate of the Tale not a few have fallen at the threshold of the golden portal of success, because of the lack of a little caution and persistence.

Amid all the strife and clash of conflicting ambitions, we are prone to lose sight of our own individual position, to forget an important law of the material world that a substance pushed by all yields something to each, and that the line of progress is in accordance with the resultant of the different forces. The same law is just as true in the moral as in the physical world. The standard of morality prevailing at any one time is a composite reflection, where each is given his just weight. The broader the field of activity then, the greater the possibilities, the deeper the sense of obligation.

Classmates: Prompted by custom and seconded by our own feeling, we have here planted this last simple memorial of our college life, this monument of our friendship,—for it is a monument. Far better than the sculptured statue fashioned from the lifeless marble, better, too, than the masterpiece perpetuated upon the painter's canvass, does it give expression to our thoughts. And how like the deep inward feeling of which it is the outward symbol. That too, like the ivy, is not cold and dead, but taking root in the deep soil of cherished associations of student life and fostered under the mellow influences of our Alma Mater, it will grow on through the speeding years gaining strength and symmetry with advancing time.

Cornell and Ithaca. About these names will cluster recollections of a life that ends to-day, whose counterpart will never again exist for us. But the memory of it will always remain. The town nestling in the sheltered valley. The University crowning like a beacon the summit of the plateau, belted with majestic gorges and foaming cascades, apart from the rest of the world, and forming by itself an academic city,—all these will ever live in memory's cloisters, kindling with renewed brightness at the mention or thought of our Alma Mater.

As standing now at the entrance to our active life, we peer into the vista of an unknown future, it is with the hope and enthusiasm

born of youth and strength. May the hope never die, the enthusiasm never flag. When in later life, impelled by a sense of loyalty and a longing again to rekindle our younger and perhaps more generous enthusiasms, we lay aside all care and turn our faces towards this Mecca of our early days, may it be with hand as steady, conscience as light, brain as clear, as those which direct us now. The spirit of Cornell is the spirit of freedom. Unfettered by petty restraint, yet feeling the firm and kindly touch of wise authority, we have here been in training for our chosen pursuits. We must now prove our birthright. The world will impartially applaud our success, it stands as ready to censure our defeat.

Grounded upon the stored treasures of the past, we can only win for ourselves position in the future by a successful grapple with the present. May each one of us go forth from this University intrepid, undaunted, with an equipment not lacking symmetry and defective, but full, rounded and complete, as the goddess of mythology sprang full armed from the brain of Jove.

Albert Henry Washburn.

HISTORY.

NO historian has ever had a more inspiring subject than is presented in preparing the history of the class of '89. Most of the other great powers, that have had a shaping influence on the progress of civilization, have stains upon their records, besides which the brightest pages grow dim. The Muse of history, in chronicling the events of Greece, and Rome, and all great nations, whose deeds can never die, has had to dip her pen in blood, as often as in the sunlight, and record defeat, and decay, as often as victory and progress. But the class of '89, which will henceforth be ranked among the foremost of these civilizing forces, has had no stain upon its escutcheon, and has suffered no defeat during its remarkable history. Its career has been one long series of triumphs, and now as it draws to a close, it is eminently fitting, that a brief review of its four years be made, and left as an inspiration, and a model for all future classes. Although, it is not probable that any other class will ever attain the same dizzy heights of greatness, still the ideal can be a stimulus to them all.

The eminence of '89 has been brought into bolder relief by contrast with those poor apologies for classes '88, and '90, between which we have been so unfortunate as to come. Our position has been like that of a lofty mountain, girt about on one side by a swamp, and on the other by a desert. But the miasma of the swamp, and the wind of the desert, have not been able to reach the highlands, where '89 has dwelt.

It is customary for all writers of authentic history to give the authorities, which have aided them in their study. As this history is intended to be a standard work on the life of a great people, no exception will be made. Instead of "cribbing" from the back numbers of the *Sun*, and the *Era*, as has been the time honored custom, only the original sources have been consulted. The diary of Robert Johnson, the literary (?) productions of our realistic novelist, the Ithaca police blotter, the Sage card receiver, Zinckies dead beat account, the proof sheets of a four volume work by our most success politician on "Why I failed to get there," and the minutes of the S. P. C., the C. U. C. A., the Woman's Temperance Association, and the Θ.N.E. have been principal authorities. Modesty forbids the statement, that it has taken rare historical

genius to weave out of these widely different sources a historic unity.

On the 18th of September, 1885, a memorable day in the world's history, the class of '89 descended on the village of Ithaca like a flock of seraphim. By a remarkable coincidence, on the same day the Ithaca police force was increased. The German, and French historians regard this as the reason for the friendly relations, that have always existed between the police department, and the class of '89.

We had scarcely landed in this "vale of tears," before we were attacked by some fierce creatures almost human, bearing a close resemblance to the wood cut pictures of the Chicago anarchists. They were Sophomores, and belonged to the class of '88. An old proverb directs us to speak no ill of the dead. For that reason, I will refrain from lifting the veil of oblivion, that so charitably shrouds the wayward career of this class "To fortune and to fame unknown." In the words of Schiller

> "Never more, never more, may lift from the mirror,
> The veil that lies woven with night and with terror."

The evening after registration, some of our more belligerent members got into a cane rush near the post office. Two innocent Freshmen, who happened to be passing by, were seized by the brave Ithaca police, and deposited in the cooler. The class of '89 had no intention of rushing the combined forces of '88 and the guardians of the law. At the next meeting of the class, cane rushing was denounced as barbarous, and '88 was challenged to a tug-of-war, to decide the physical superiority in a civilized way. For this death blow at an old college institution, the class of '89 has been justly lauded as the leaders in a reform, which, at least in respect to the wearing apparel, and physiognomies of the combatants, deserves to be ranked among the greatest social reforms, that have ever been made.

Who will ever forget the tug-of-war? How irresistible was the "heave." What a howl of despair, and rage, went up from the members of '88, as they saw the rope pulled 27 feet over the line, and the pride, and chivalry of their class covered with dust, and ignominy. Although '89 has had varied experiences, and won many contests, none has been characterized by such excitement, and glory, as that decisive victory over '88.

The next great event in our history was the Freshman banquet. A resolution was passed expressing the sentiment of the class as opposed to the use of wine. The W. T. U. thereupon sent us their regards.

During the banquet week civil war seemed imminent. Our banquet officers were attended by a body guard armed with clubs, and axes, which discouraged any attempt at abduction. At last the eventful night arrived. While we feasted in the banquet hall in perfect security, the howling crowd without sought by the most disreputable means to break up the festivities. Finally, baffled, and disappointed, they invaded our vacant chambers, dipped the bed clothing in water, and scattered confusion around. What was said by the sleepy occupants, when they returned at dawn, can be found in a work on the evils of swearing, to be published soon by H. C. S.

The events of the first year concluded with that fraternal excursion, known as the cremation. '88 and '89 united in a common festivity, put aside all animosities, and beside the burning pyre at Sheldrake buried the bloody hatchet. It was really an affecting sight. Many of those present could have said with Byron,

> "We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
> (razzle) Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
> Reels with its fullness."

The class of '89 came back to the University one year older, one year naughtier, and one year wiser. The process of natural selection, which has saved for graduation the strength, and beauty of the class, had weeded out a large number during that single year. Some had fallen by the wayside, some had been called home on business, some had sore eyes, and some found the thorny path of a freshman too difficult, and took up more congenial work.

But circumstances had changed. '88 had advanced to be Juniors; but, as the natural heirs of their policy was found a multitude of freshmen. They seemed to be as numerous, and about as troublesome, as mosquitoes in August. An attempt was made to organize the unhomogenous and discordant mulitude, and for several weeks the campus was disfigured by notices, bearing the unique inscription, W. Nelson Smith, President pro tem.

'90 was a most aggressive Freshman class. Its members knew more than the ordinary freshman, and the ordinary freshman knows everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath. They seemed to be possessed with a mania for cane-rushing. But this infantile thirst for glory subsided, when the President of the University in his annual address declared that a score or two of them could be commended to some other field of usefulness, and never be missed.

Very different was the reference to the class of '89, "I remember with what manliness the class of last year took hold of the matter or rather determined to leave all matters alone except such as would commend themselves to everybody, and I believed in the course of the year, that class had not forgotten its manliness." No, nor has the class of '89 ever forgotten its manliness.

After waiting a reasonable time for a challenge from '90 to a class contest, and seeing no disposition toward action in that direction, we issued a challenge for a tug of war. This met with no response. It was reported, that the Freshmen were considering the advisability of challenging us to a game of lawn tennis. Finally, it dawned upon their confused intellects, that, although '89 was superior in all things that required "pulling," the members of '90 were great "kickers." The result of this discovery was that we were challenged to a game of foot ball.

The game was delayed until the 30th of October. It was a nobly contested struggle. No knight or no crusader ever fought more heroically than did those twenty-two gladiators, on that muddy arena. For a long time victory fairly hugged '89, and at another time the coy and fickle maiden bestowed her favors on '90. Finally the time expired, leaving the contest a draw.

Preparations were immediately made for another game, which came off three weeks later with the same result. It seemed as if the fates were opposed to a decisive class contest, and the idea was abandoned.

Our Sophomore banquet at Binghamton was a great success. The freshmen made an effort to capture Stern, but it is hardly necessary to state that the astute gentleman proved too much for them.

On the same night that we were feasting in Binghamton, the timorous Freshmen held their banquet in Ithaca. It was assuredly safe, since the valor and the strength of the Sophomore class were

fifty miles away. It is still a disputed question among historians, that if the class of '89 had been in Ithaca on the night of the Freshman banquet, whether it would ever have taken place or not.

The cremation, in the spring, brought the classes together. A treaty of peace was signed, and '89 found in '90 a friend worthy of its friendship, as it had found before a foe worthy of its steel.

'89 was the gayest of Junior classes. The social spirit has always been strong. The three S's, scholarship, strength, and society, have ever characterized it. Like the ideal character of the ancient Greek, it possessed a just equipoise of all, making a perfect symmetry.

In the Junior year, when the drudgery of college work is over, and the studies become more congenial, allowing greater leisure, the Junior could be found on Cayuga's water, in Sage parlors, and in innumerable other retreats, that only a Junior can discover.

The Junior ball was the event of the year. It proved a great success, socially, and financially. One of the college publications, in describing it said, "Cornell has had many Junior balls, but this one will go down to her classic posterity as the ne plus ultra of class events. On Friday evening, beauty and bravery met on the canvassed floor, as they never before have met in the history of Cornell." This concluded the class events of the Junior year. The days glided by, '88 made it's bow, and we reached the proud dignity of Seniors.

The Senior year has seemed the shortest chapter in our history. We have always maintained a becoming dignity and deportment, impressing upon the underclassmen the necessity of good behavior and proper respect.

The Senior election was conducted in spirit of fairness, and passed off without any of the quarrels that have in times past threatened to disrupt Senior classes. Unity of action has always been characteristic of '89. There has been no split, no dissension, but during the whole four years, all its members have worked together for the honor of '89, and the credit of the University.

The crowning event of the Senior year was the class banquet. The experiences of that night, from the initiatory walk around to the procession up the hill, are still a matter of recent history.

Robert Johnson, and his cane are in our midst to-day. He seems to comprehend the importance of his office, as class memorial,

and bears with becoming modesty the high honor that has fallen upon him. '89 has been the first class to leave a human memorial, who will proclaim its praises with the eloquence of a Cicero or a Fisher.

Class spirit has always been strong in '89. We are proud of our class, and have sought upon every proper occasion to advance its interests, and maintain its honor. This sentiment has bound the members together in common action, and with a common purpose. Close friendships and delightful associations have been formed, which will continue through life.

Now in a few days all will be over. Each man will go his way in this big world, and all that will remain of the class of '89 will be an honorable name. But whatever may come to pass in future years, the most delightful memories of life will cluster around the events of these four years, and it will be one of the pleasantest retrospections to live over again the time when, ablaze with excitement and ardor we shouted the dear old cry of C. U. C. U. '89.

'89 was the first class to enter Cornell under the administration of President Adams. It has felt the impulse of the new energy infused into the University management, and has grown under the progressing and broadening conditions of the new University epoch. It has seen three buildings rise upon the campus, and preparations made for two more. It has seen the organization of the Law School, the extension of the University courses, and the securing of the ablest professors in their specialties, men with attractive personalities, whom the older institutions have been unable to entice away.

The influence of this policy, and these teachers, has been toward the development of liberal men and women. Upon this hill we have met the representatives of many races, and of many creeds, and have learned to understand what is comprehended in the brotherhood of man. But the greatest acquisition of all has not been mere knowledge, nor even mental discipline, but the wisdom to perform regularly, and well the duties of life, in whatever position, high, or low, we may hereafter be called; to live up to the light that is in us; to fearlessly declare our conviction of the right, and to detest all sham—in a word, to put into practice what has been gained by four years contact with the highest and the noblest things of life.

Frank Edward Wade.

PROPHECY.

I CAN truly say that it was with great hesitation that I assumed the solemn duties that devolve upon a class prophet and especially upon a Senior class prophet. But after living for a term in the midst of the fog and haze which envelop the subject of Thermodynamics I came to the conclusion that the mystery which surround the future could be no worse, and plunged into it with as easy a confidence as the Director shows in approaching the Thermodynamic function.

To properly set forth how splendid that future appeared, however, I feel my power to be entirely inadequate. Even McFarland, Benj. Rich's famous advertisement arrayed in all his glory is as nothing compared to it. I would that I had the eloquence of Washburn, the dignified and elegant diction of Besemer and a voice like the razzle-dazzle chorus down on Aurora St., on a night in June. Then I might rise to the occasion like Drown in an '89 class meeting and make this a truly great prophecy.

Our class has already done much to show her capabilities. Have not our powers of fascination over the fair sex been proved by Dodgson and Tarbell, who came, saw and conquered? Is not Van Trump, one of our number, the originator of that celebrated and comprehensive phrase "Either, neither one or the other or both." We have an author who threatens to eclipse Emile Zola, and to cap the climax, that most famous colored orator of modern times, Robert Johnson, has, like Mr. "Pahkah," been identified with us since we entered.

But our business is not with the glorious past but with the still more glorious future.

In my first ramble into that realm of mystery I found myself here on the campus and it was fit that the first person I saw should be Mashek, our Senior President and Sage Specialist. Unable to tear himself away from the charms of the fair maidens on the hill he had taken the place of the faithful "Jeems" and his cup of happiness was full, when after the attempt to pronounce his first name had dislocated several of their jaws, the Sage damsels gave him the nickname of "Mashie."

There was a new Director of Sibley College—none other than Churchill, who together with B. H. Blood had developed the leg-traction engine to the same "enormously high efficiency" which "the Author" himself attained in the general subjects of steam and gas.

To a little farm not far up the country I found that Nichols had retired disgusted with the world. He swung the scythe and drove the cows to pasture with the same easy grace that made him the ornament of society, but sometimes in his moments of reverie on college days he used to frighten the calves by suddenly yelling, "Oh, what's the matter with Stern?" But the half-expected answering chorus he never heard.

Poor Stern—at another time I saw him in the last stages of consumption, caused by overwork during his last two years at Cornell.

I found Lee Parker filling a high position in his profession attained by the continual exercise of the same marvellous ingenuity which enabled him from a position on the base ball grounds to do his experimental thesis work in the basement of the Physical laboratory; and by the same untiring faithfulness with which he stood at the post to which his class had appointed him—the proud "Pilot of the schooner fleet."

In a country newspaper office down in Pennsylvania I found Claude Jones seated at the editorial desk, on which a large specimen of a new variety of potato did duty as a paper weight. Claude's mighty genius was at work—no—not in evolving a paper on "The Unity of Faust," but in getting up a vivid description of how Mrs. O'Rafferty's cow had been killed by the semi-weekly train.

Oppenheim I saw toiling up those treacherous stairs of sand which lead to the Parisian author's fame but his modest and retiring disposition handicap him and he is outstripped in the race even by his wooden legged rival, Cognac Malheur. The crocodiles in the Jardin des Plantes weep o'er his downfall.

In a Church in California I came across a figure, unknown but strangely familiar—a white haired old man but with a step as firm as Lindquist's when he ascended the hill on the night of the Senior banquet, and evidently as indispensable to the Church as C.

S. Davis is to the proper running of an '89 class meeting. The sexton told me on inquiry "Why that's Deacon Balch, treasurer of the Church and the Business Manager of twenty-six different religious and charitable associations, the most important being the Home for Infants, the Anthony Comstock Club and the Society for the Distribution of Silk Hats and Linen Ulsters to Needy Clergymen." I thanked Heaven that the good seed sown by Phil Lyon and the Virtue Club had born fruit after all.

I found "Hackie" Morris a great success at the head of the reportorial staff of the Laramie City Press. The only set back to his career had been on that day when he reported a great case in a Philadelphia court. The Chief Justice had just put on his skull cap when Hackie in a moment of forgetfulness cried out as of old, "Where did you get that hat, where did you get that style?" Hackie paid $100 for contempt of court and left for Montana next morning.

But I must bring my revelations to a close although the half has not been told. I might go on and tell how I found Charley Treman in Canada a few months after his graduation living on the proceeds of that Easter vacation concert tour which the Glee Club didn't take. I might describe the dignity and honor with which Brewer and Ballantine filled two of our most prominent pulpits or on the contrary, I might speak of that memorable night when I saw that trio of toughs, Stanclift, Baright and Haywood, break all the faro banks in Poker Flat, Colorado. How I found Hoxsie Smith leading the German at Long Branch or saw Waterman in his gilded carriage, the coat of arms a third brush regulant upon a field of thunderbolts. But I weary you—at least some of you—and must lay down my prophet's mantle and retire to private life, but before I go let me say that no success which a member of '89 may have, can be too brilliant and no fame which he may earn can be too great—to fulfill the wishes of the Prophet.

George Leonard Teeple.

SPEECH OF THE PIPE CUSTODIAN OF '89.

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one class to dissolve the fraternal bands that have united it to the others, and to cast itself on the cold, cold world, it has become a time-honored custom at Cornell for each departing class to pass this emblem of peace either *up* or *down* to its successor in Seniorial dignity. One year ago, Eighty-eight, with a Sullivanesque effort that nearly ruined her, managed to reach the pipe up to Eighty-nine ; to-day we must pass it down again.

It is some two years since we laid aside the character of belligerents, and, with much ceremony and several barrels of beer, buried the hatchet and became friends. But to-day as then, with hands empty of a dagger, asserting possession of a heart innocent of guilt, we come together to perform this last office of our college life. On this occasion many doubtless will expect us to shower plaudits on our own career and throw mud on that of the class just below us. But be assured that we will do nothing of the kind. Of the former there is no need and from the latter we refrain.

Class of Ninety, we recognize your great deeds. Like yourselves, we never tire of telling of them. We too, would sing them in "hexameters flowing," but, alas! we are not poets. "Great Calliope, Heaven-born Muse" has been invoked but she does not respond. But Eighty-nine remembers your victories. She knows how you forced the President of the Freshman class through two window curtains and a pane of glass—feet foremost. She knows how the population of that little hamlet, Forest Home, was increased by six willing emigrants from your ranks. Your preëminent virtue has never forsaken you from the time when it appeared in glaring letters in your first class picture. You were never compelled to pass through that unenviable stage, the great characteristic of which is blood. From Freshmen you became not Sophomores but Freshmores. When Eighty-nine could find no Brass Monkey among her own numbers, you came to the rescue and carried off the *palm*. On the question of politics, too, you are especially strong. As a class we always did believe in Protection, and we heartily commend your efforts to promulgate the doctrine. But one word of advice we cannot refrain from giving. You

should be more careful as to how you force it upon your superiors. As a class you have been eminently successful, and there are some to whom Fortune has been especially kind, for example, the "Immortal Thirty-three." They can now graduate with an odd class.

Still in spite of all this, certain fears prey upon us. You have already evinced a strong liking for Auburn, which, if persisted in, will certainly give you trouble. We earnestly advise you to follow our example and stick to the straight and narrow way, though at times, it may be pretty hard hoofing. And when we have departed we fear too, lest you may sink into mere ciphers of humanity with no true men before you to give you worth. And so as Seniors, we have not allowed that tender regard for your welfare, which animated us as Sophomores, to die out. The fairest of all our number we leave behind. With a five dollar cane in one hand and a gold headed umbrella in the other, Robert will be seen next year in his accustomed haunts ; that is, unless he gets a government appointment. With his wonted "mellifluent verbiage" undiminished, he will "spread out before you the awful mysteries of the starry heavens and the great principles of the gem-studded firmament above you." And thus leaving you our memorial to point you Heavenward, and our example to stimulate you to noble deeds here below, Eighty-nine feels that she has performed her duty.

We now consign this pipe, long the object of our tenderest regard and affection, to your charge. May its pacific influence be as potent with you as it has been with preceding classes. May it eliminate from your natures that element of "turbulence," which has caused our worthy President so many sleepless nights. And as you watch over its glowing bowl, may the thoughts of those who have guarded it before you and the remembrances of what they have done, ever inspire you with nobler aims and lead you onward to fortune and fame. Class of Ninety, Eighty-nine wishes you success.

Charles Henry Parshall.

SPEECH OF THE PIPE CUSTODIAN OF '90.

[EXTRACT.]

NO thanks ! we don't smoke ; we are on the crew and Courtney forbids it ; but as this beautiful meerschaum pleads so strongly to be freed from your grasp, I shall accept it and place it under the strong custody of '90. Graceful pipe ! you have had a hard time last year. When our noble ancestors in '88 left this spot, they could not trust '89 with a valuable relic and so, you will remember '89 received a cheap clay pipe. But the class of '78 recognizing that '90 would be the receiver this year, have presented to the Senior class this souvenir. '89 swore by *Jones* that she would carefully cherish you. Yes, fine attention you have had given you. Why, do you know that as soon as '89 secured this keepsake, she rushed off to Librarian Harris and compelled him to lock it up in one of his big glass-cases over there in the library. In fact, '89's Custodian just brought it over from its dingy receptacle and told me to give it back to him after I made my speech. The last thing he said to me before he rose was "to take care of the pipe and return to me as I must get it to its case before six o'clock." Now, I think that is very unlike a great class to be unable to guard its own pipe, and then if I couldn't care for it myself, I should give it to Mr. Gilbert, not to Mr. Harris. If you had it on exhibition at Sage, it would draw daily, as it is, it *draws only* yearly. Well, I am not going to return this either to the Librarian or to the "autocrat of the breakfast tables;" '90 has brawn enough to defend its own and I have been specially directed to keep this token in my own possession, where '90 men (and women too) can see and use their gift.

'89 has been a mediocre class. She has had no distinguishing traits. She is not scholarly, athletic or social. She has left no ifluence on our life and will not be remembered as, for instance, '86 is. She has left no class memorial. The only salvation from utter obloquy was her *Cornellian*. This was for its day a splendid production, but that masterpiece of literary, artistic and book-making skill which '90 issued a week ago has eclipsed its predecessor and is now read and studied by all who wish the latest and highest authority

on Cornell University. In departing from '89 we wish her a little success ; we know she will never do much and it would be ironical to wish her great prosperity. Farewell ! may your future career atone for your backward course.

* * * *

It is refreshing to turn from the old to the new ; from the past to the present ; from the Senior Class of 1889 to that of 1890. At its entrance, our class was the largest that had ever entered an American university or college. '90 has been strong in everything she has undertaken. Her motto is thoroughness and progressiveness. She has made Cornell a football playing University, she has placed her on equal footing with Harvard and Yale in the possession of an eight. She has "boomed" base ball and tennis. '90's Junior Exhibition was superior to any that has preceded and the last success has established the Department of Elocution as one of the main departments of the University.

* * * *

It is the duty of each class in accepting this symbol of peace to receive with it the accumulated traditions of the preceding classes. We have bound together in this bowl all that is great and good and ennobling in the past twenty years of Cornell's existence and when we kindle and pass to our classmates in '90 this symbol of all that is most precious to students. we feel that the responsibility and the glory of being Seniors has been entrusted to worthy souls.

Let the Mahogany and the Light Blue be raised above the Gendarme Blue and Tow and let that progressive spirit of '90 entering into and advancing our intellectual, moral, physical and social institutions be as strong in our last year as they have been in the past three.

I can only repeat in closing the words of '90's historian :

"For perseverance and pluck and energy, '90 is foremost.

"Great her past, still greater her present, her future is boundless.

"Long may our memory cling, and Cornellians ever remember.
The famous names and illustrious record of great Nonaginta."

John Wilson Battin.

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Prizes—Parshall (chairman) Besemer, C. S. Davis, Kerr, Seeber (Prize orator).

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"*Robert's*" *Cane*—Wade (chairman), Ferry, W. F. Clark.

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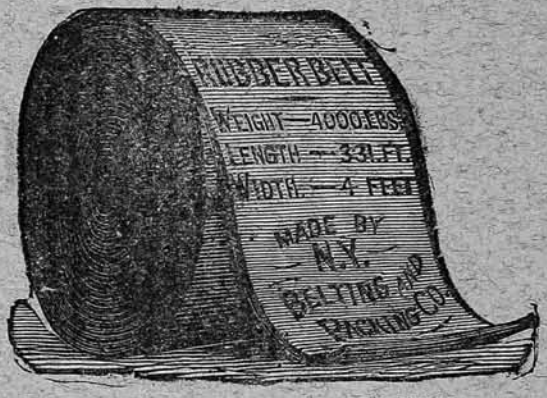

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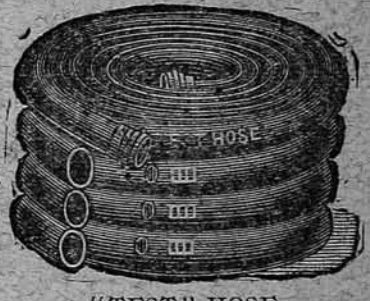

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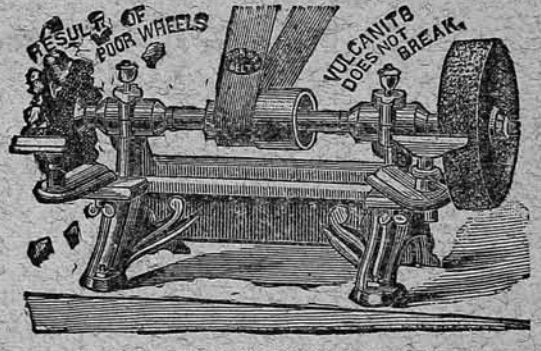

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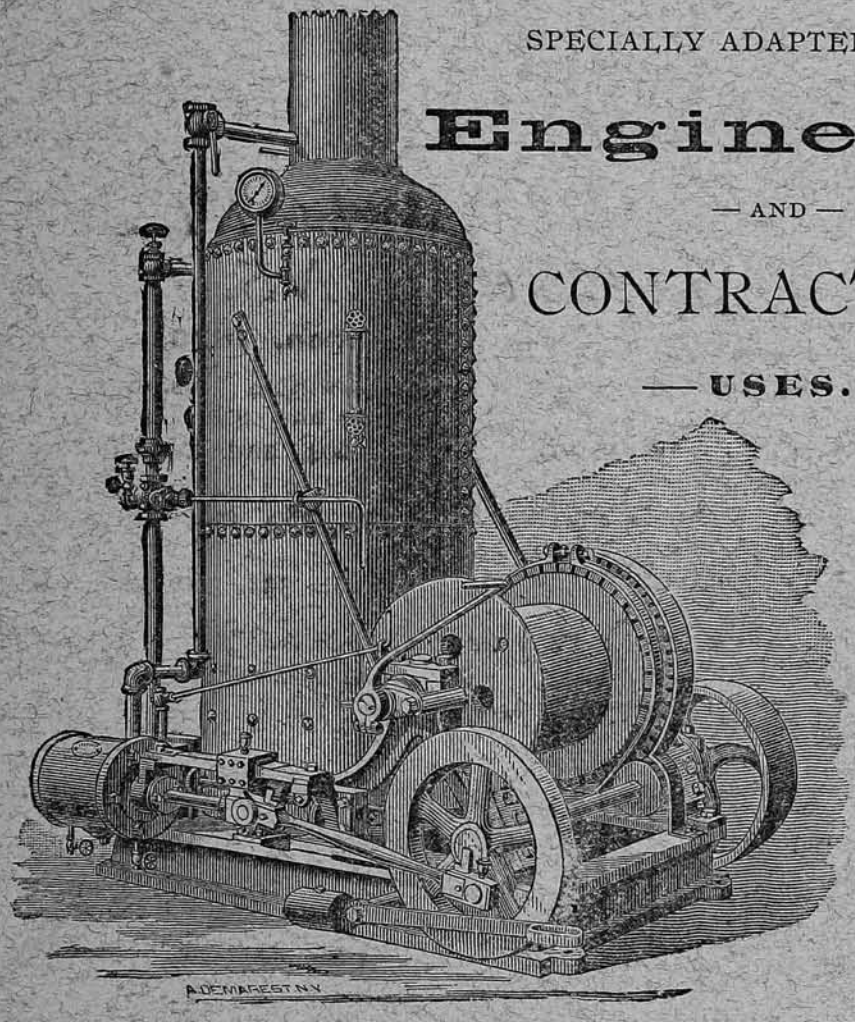

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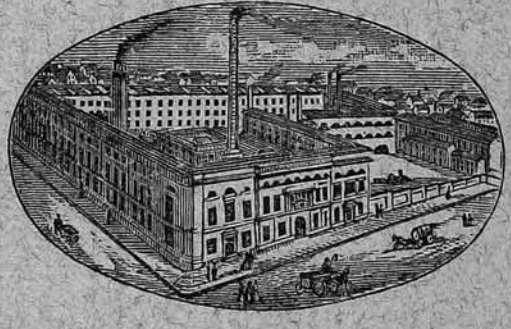

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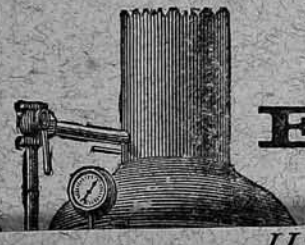

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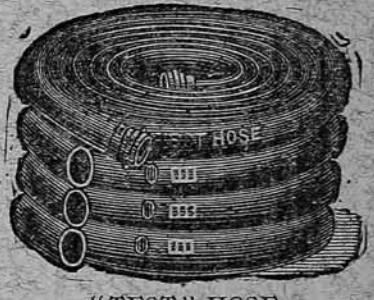

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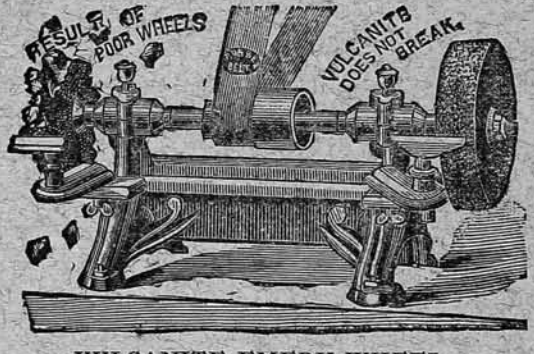

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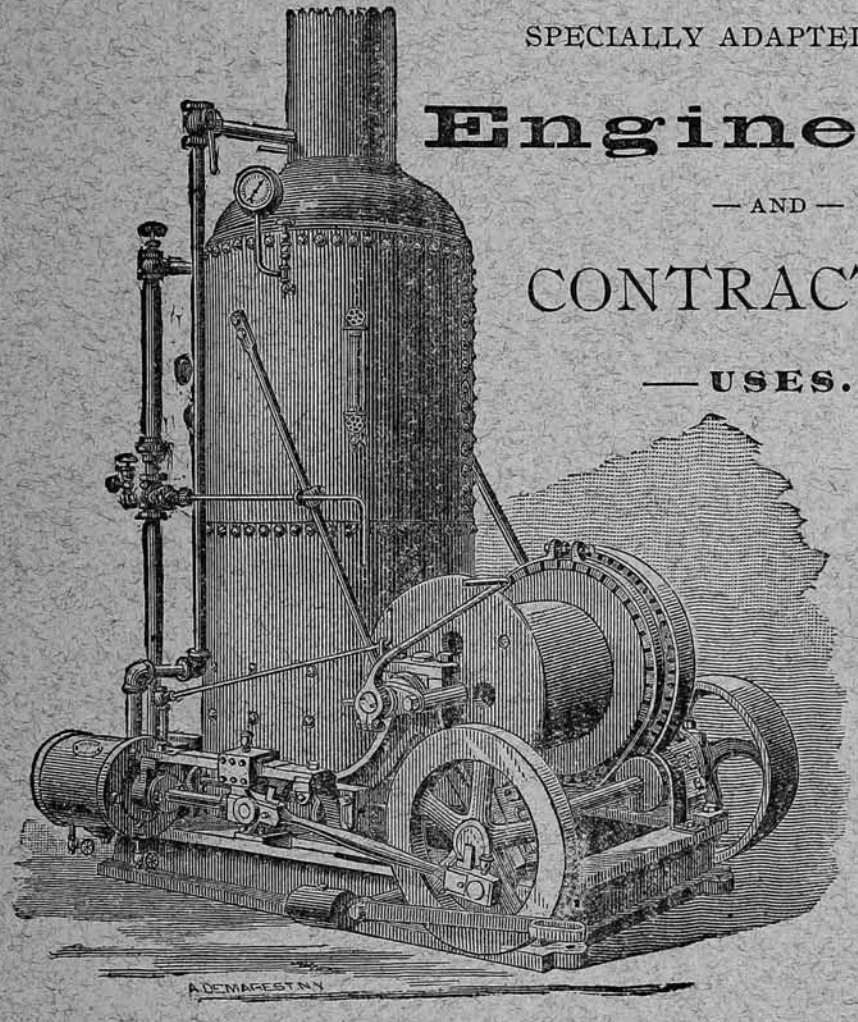

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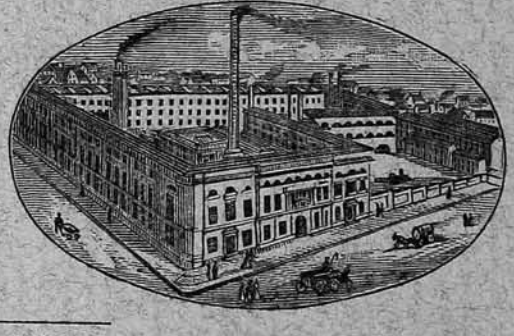

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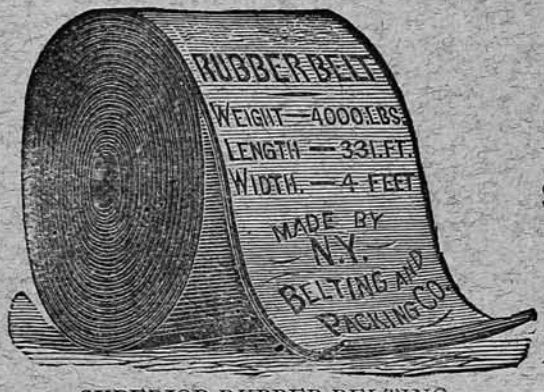

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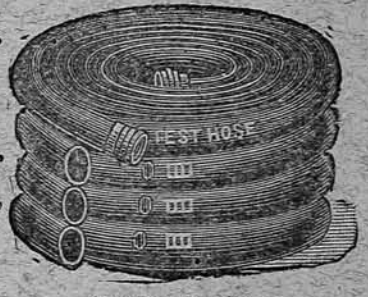

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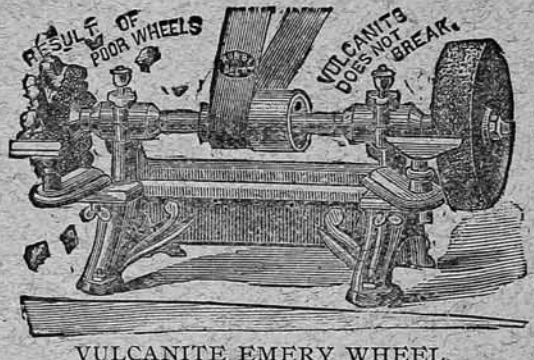

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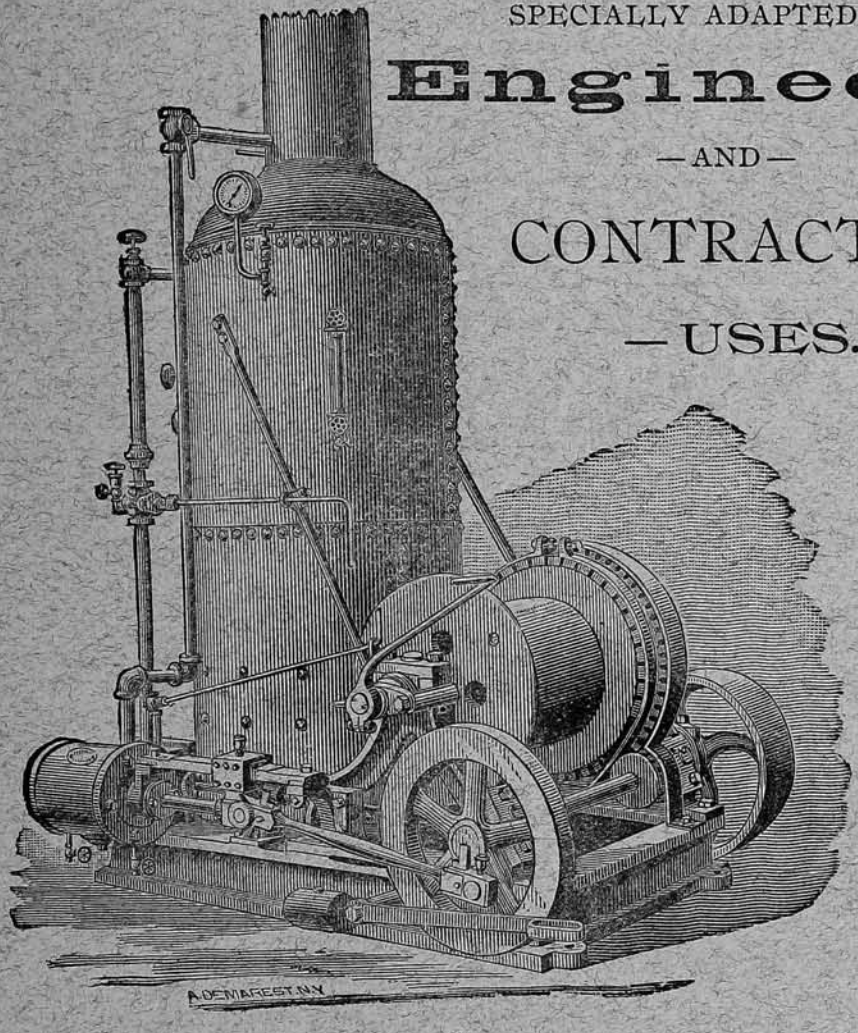

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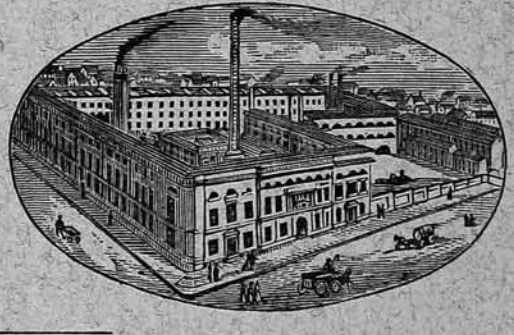

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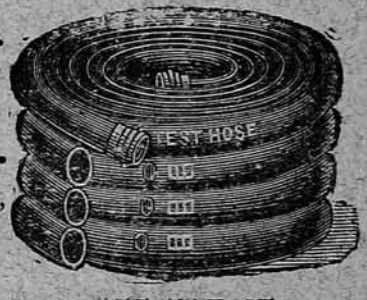

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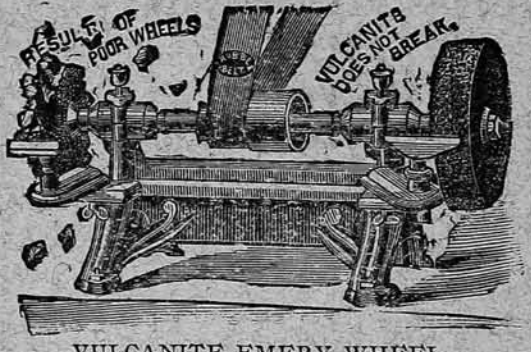

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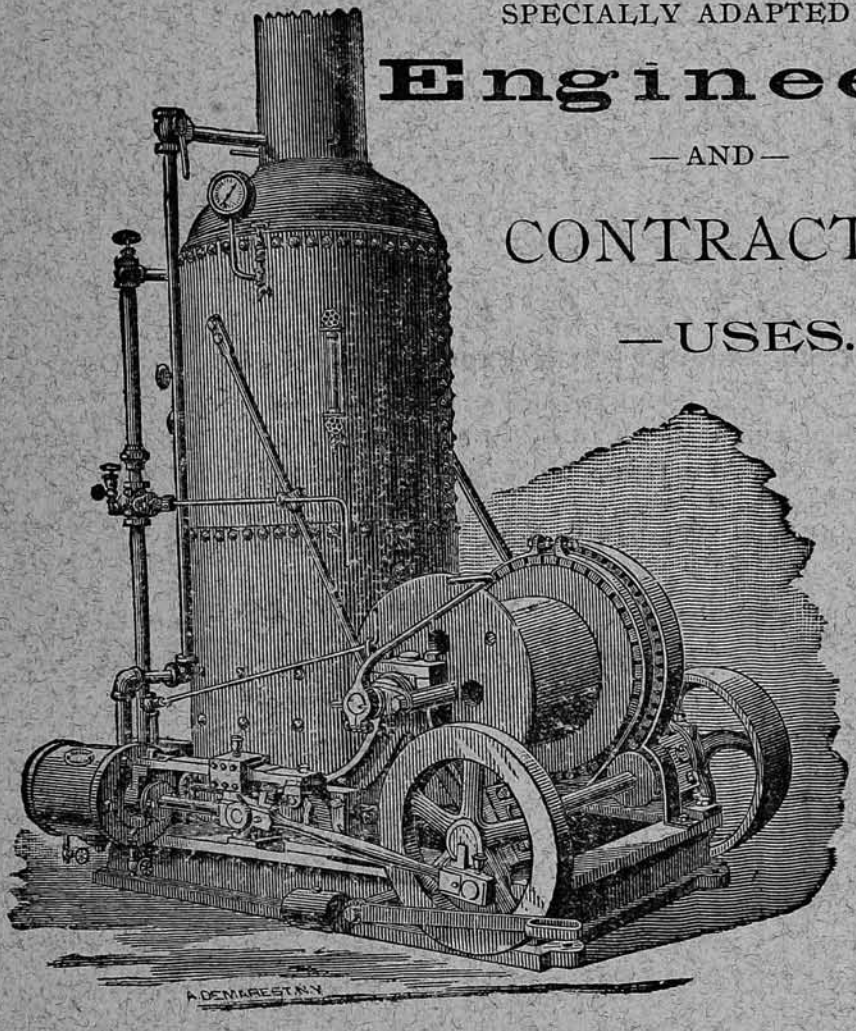

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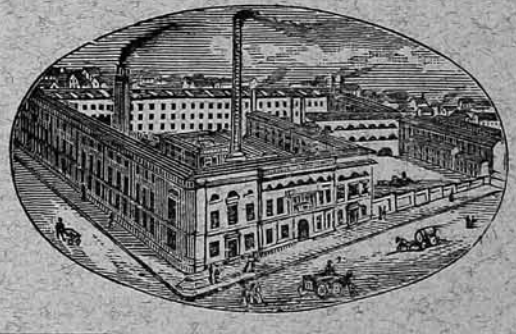

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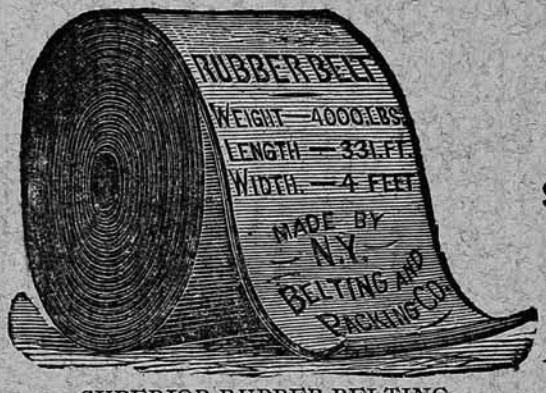

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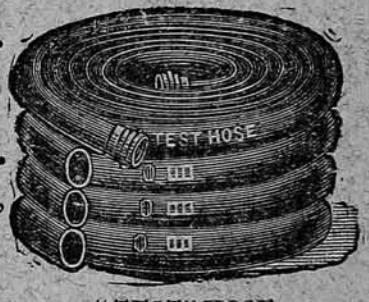

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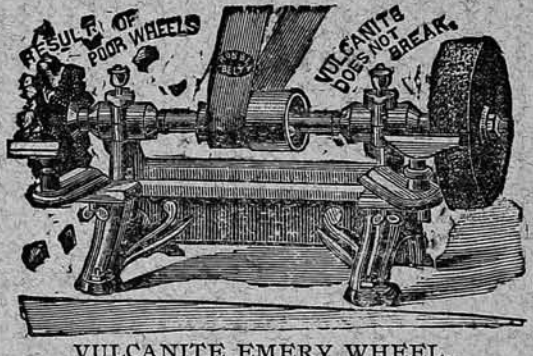

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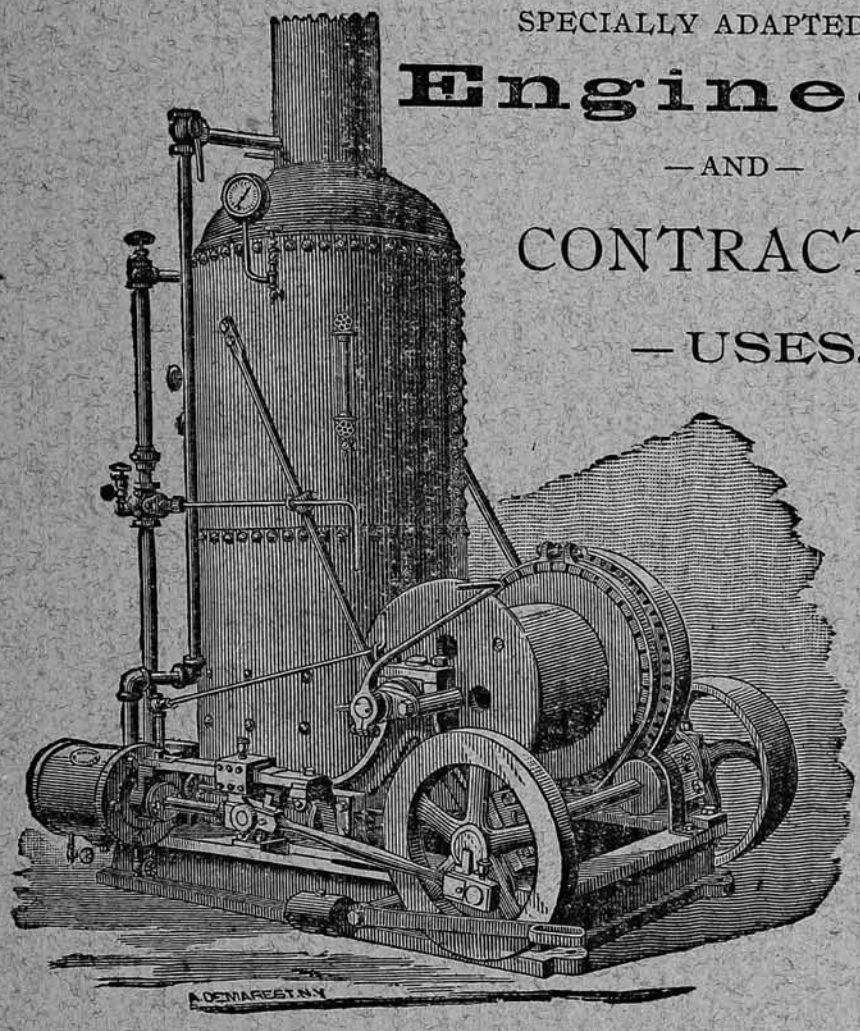

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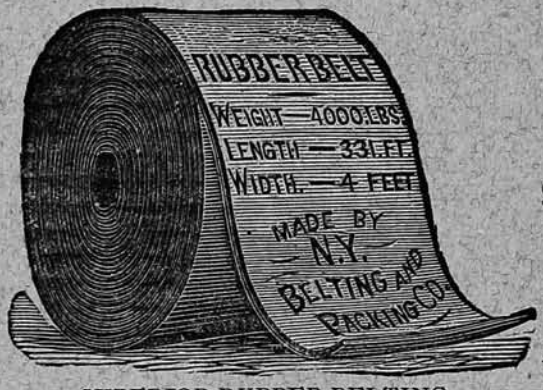

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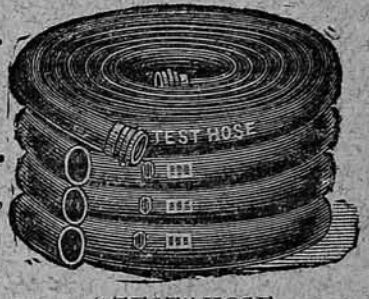

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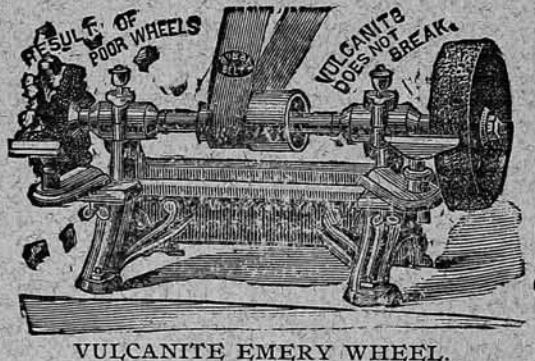

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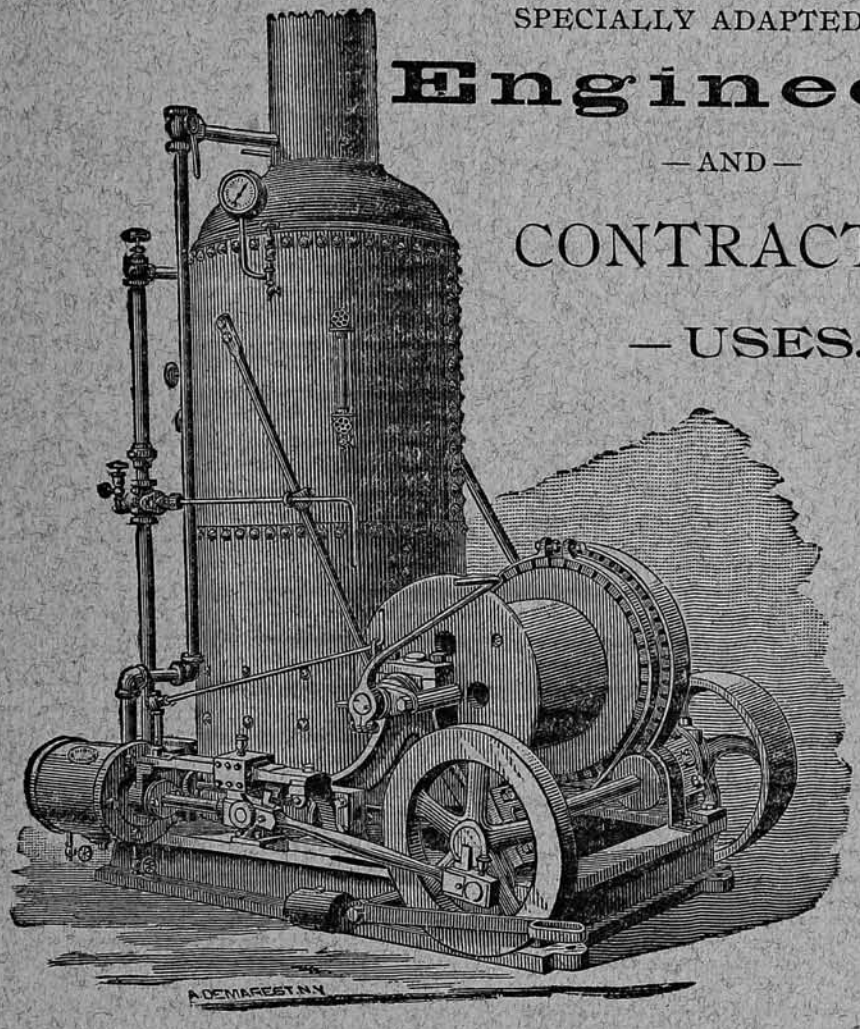

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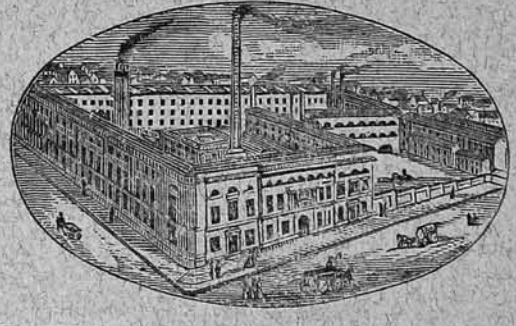

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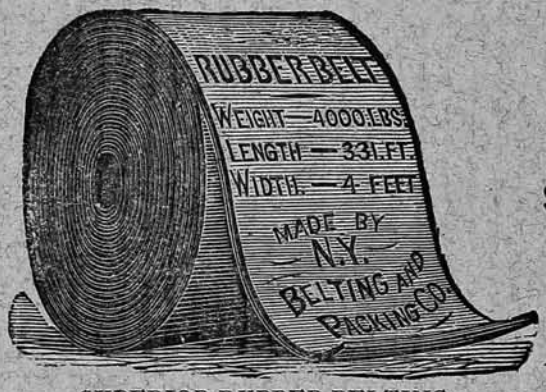

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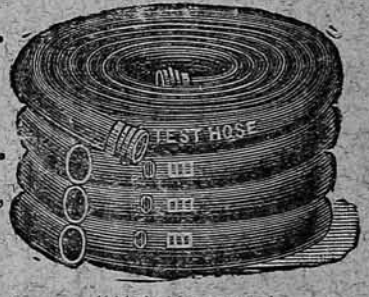

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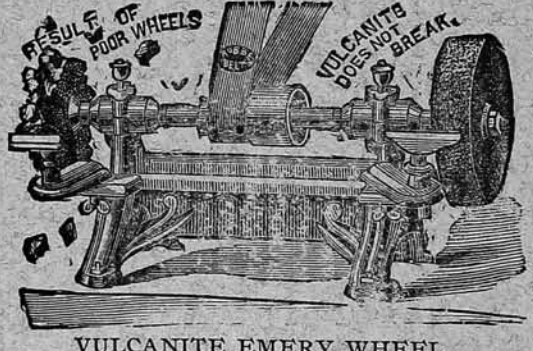

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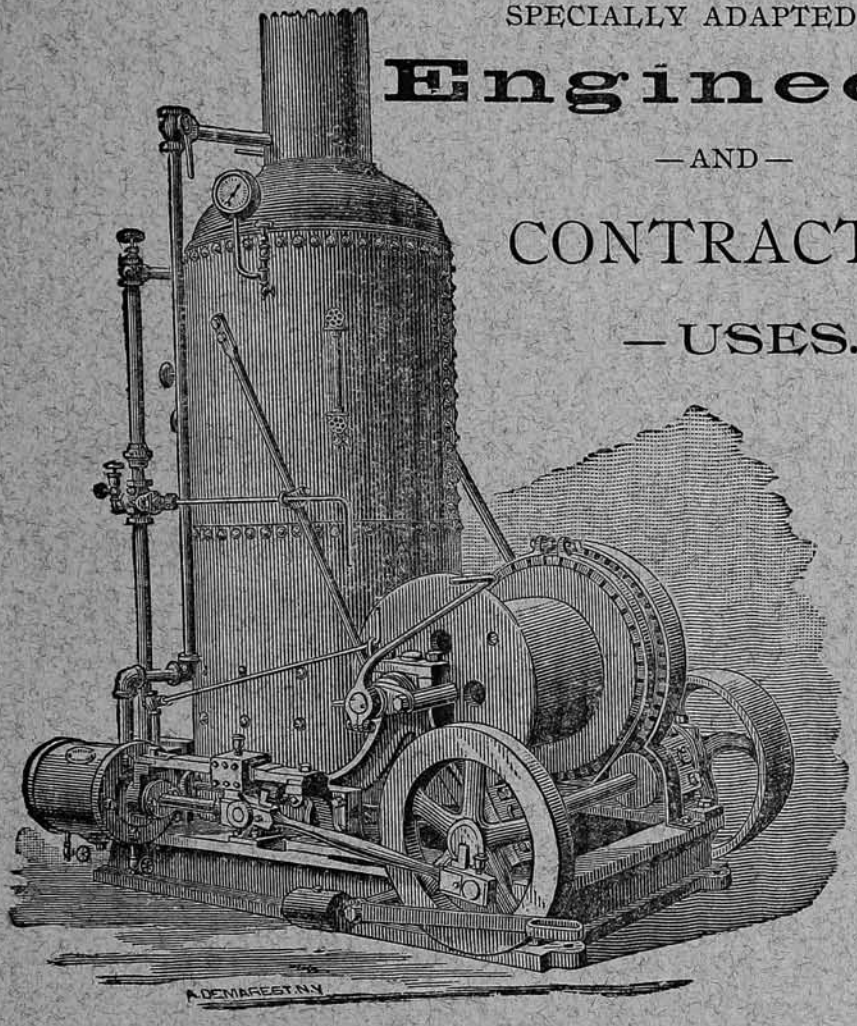

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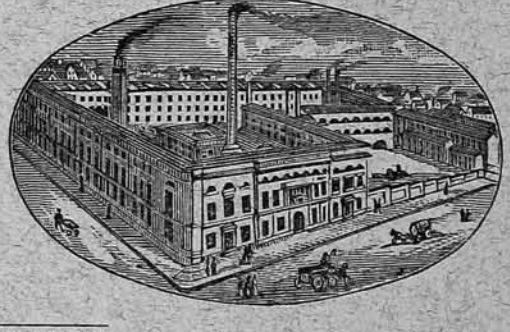

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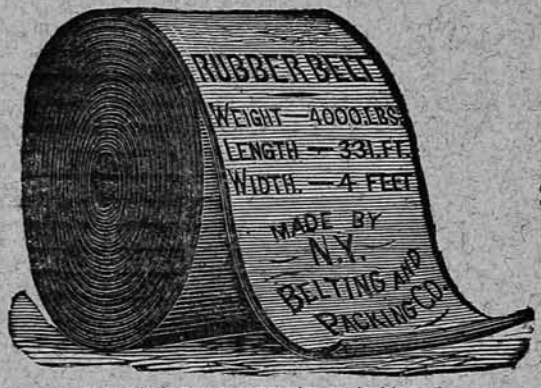

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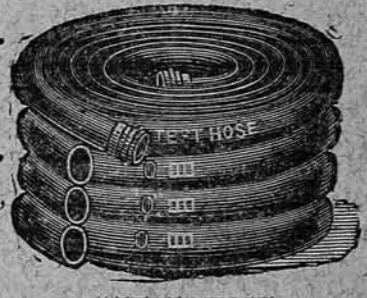

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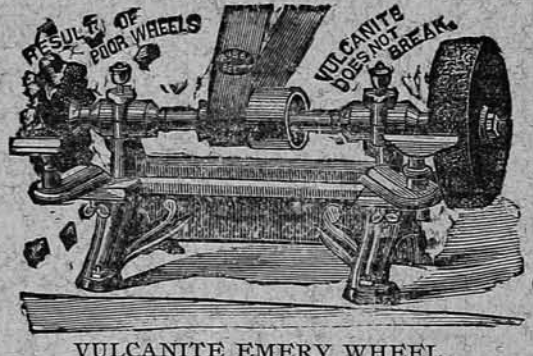

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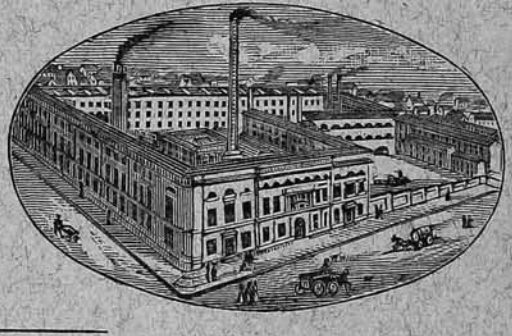

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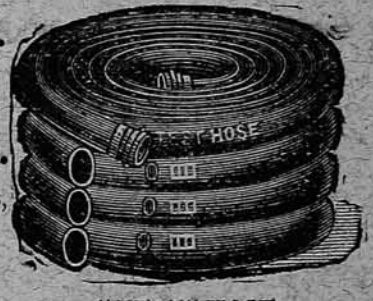

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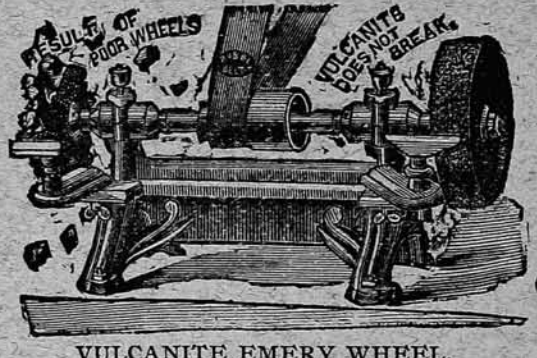

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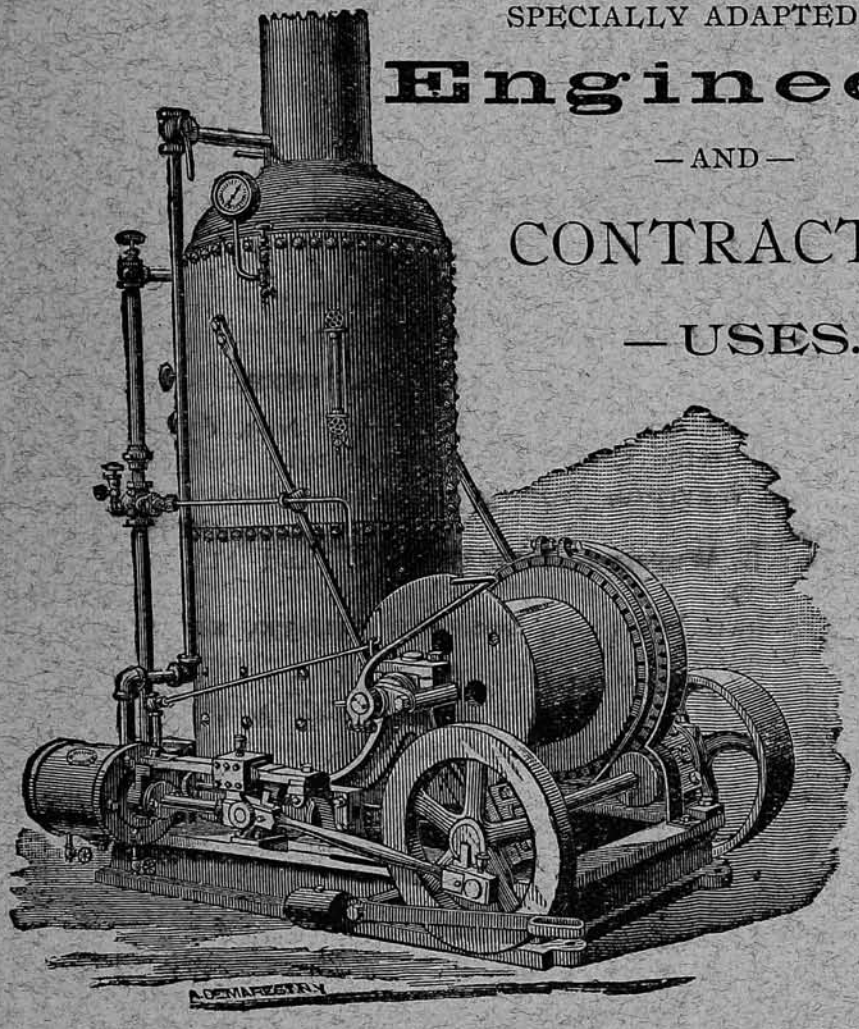

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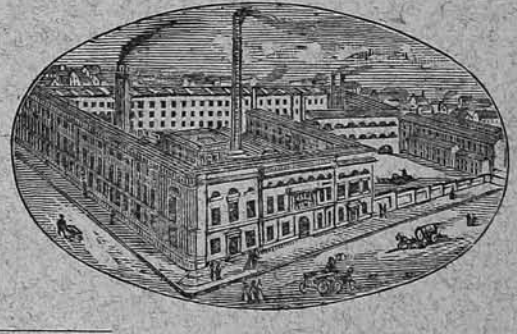

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