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# THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EDITORS CHOSEN FROM THE SENIOR CLASS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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## VOLUME IV

OCTOBER, 1891—JUNE, 1892

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ITHACA, NEW YORK
1892

A. 41221

PRINTED BY
ANDRUS & CHURCH,
ITHACA, N. Y.

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THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1891. NO. 1.

OLIVER F. EMERSON, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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

## "WHAT DOES, WHAT KNOWS, WHAT IS."

The kingdom of God is within you.—*Luke* XVII, 20, 21.

There is an inmost centre in us all, where truth abides in fulness; and around, wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in, this perfect, clear perception—which is truth. A baffling and perverting carnal mesh blinds it, and makes all error: and, to KNOW, rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without.—*Browning's Paracelsus.*

* * * * * There is but a very small part of us which comes to conciousness in this life, however much we may be educated in the common acceptation of that word, and however extended our outward and our inward experiences may be. Back of our conscious and active powers, is a vast and mysterious domain of unconsciousness—but a domain which is, nevertheless, our true being, and which is unceasingly influencing our conscious and active powers, and more or less determining us to act according to absolute standards, or according to relative and expedient standards.

This being so, it becomes all important, in our education (and I now use the word in its highest sense), that the rectification or adjustment of that which constitutes our true being, should transcend all other aims of education, however important they may be. In comparison with this rectification or adjustment, the stores of knowledge which the acquisitive faculty may heap up, and the sharpening of the intellect, sink into insignificance.

The condition under which our souls silently shape themselves to whatever is, spiritually speaking, most shapely, outside of ourselves, is, that we attain to what Wordsworth calls 'a wise passiveness.' It *is* a thing to be attained to, and a very difficult thing to be attained to, especially in these days of stress and strain, in temporal matters. A *wise* passiveness. The epithet 'wise' means wise in heart; and a wise passiveness I understand to be quite synonymous wish the Christian idea of humility—that is, not a self-depreciation, but, rather, a spontaneous and even unconscious fealty, an unswerving loyalty, to what is spiritually above us. *That* is humility. In the poem in which the phrase occurs ('Expostulation and Reply'), the poet says:

> The eye—it cannot choose but see;
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
> Against, or with our will.
>
> Nor less I deem that there are Powers
> Which of themselves our minds impress;
> That we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.
>
> Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things forever speaking,
> That nothing of itself will come,
> But we must still be seeking?

'The eye, it cannot choose but see;' but it sees according to what we *are;* it is in the service of our essential selves. 'We cannot bid the ear be still;' but it hears according to what we *are;* it is in the service of our essential selves; and according as our essential selves are shapely or unshapely, the eye and the ear report of the shapely or the unshapely.

In that remarkable composition by Robert Browning, entitled 'A Death in the Desert,' which is virtually the great poet's answer to Strauss's mythical theory of interpreting the Gospels, there is attributed to St. John the doctrine of the trinal unity of man, 'How divers *persons*' (the word being used in the sense of parts played), 'how divers persons witness in each man, three souls which make up one soul; first, to-wit, the soul of each and all the bodily parts, seated therein, which works, and is what Does, and has the use of earth, and ends the man downward: but, tending upward for advice, grows into, and again is grown into by the next soul, which, seated in the brain, useth the first with its collected use, and feeleth, thinketh, willeth,—is what Knows: which, duly tending upward in its turn, grows into, and again is grown into by the last soul, that uses both the first, subsisting whether they assist or no, and, constituting man's self, is what Is—and leans upon the former, makes it play, as that played off the first: and, tending up, holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the man upward in that dread point of intercourse, nor needs a place, for it returns to Him. What Does, what Knows, what Is; three souls, one man.'

In Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, Aurora says to Romney: 'life, you've granted me, develops from within. But *innermost of the inmost, most interior of the interne, God claims his own, Divine humanity renewing nature.*'

The rectification or adjustment of 'what Is,' I repeat, should transcend all other aims of education, however important these may be. The acquisition of knowledge is a good thing, the sharpening of the intellect is a good thing, the cultivation of science and philosophy is a good thing; but there is something of infinitely more importance than all these—it is, the rectification, the adjustment, through that mysterious operation we call sympathy, of the unconscious personality, the hidden soul, which cooperates with the active powers, with the conscious intellect, and, as this unconscious personality is rectified or unrectified, determines the active powers, the conscious intellect, for righteousness or unrighteousness.

And this fact needs to be enforced, and will need to be enforced, for a long time yet to come, judging from the present state of the

educational world, namely, that it is only through the 'what Is' that the 'what Does' and the 'what Knows,' can be rectified or adjusted. Attempts at a direct rectification or adjustment of these, must be more or less failures. No *Tractatus de emendatione intellectus* will avail much which ignores the determining power back of the intellect.

That all spirit is mutually attractive, as all matter is mutually attractive, is an ultimate fact, beyond which we cannot go, and which we must accept as a fact. And it is on this fact, that the rectification of 'what Is' must be based. Spirit to spirit. 'As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.'' (Prov. xxvii, 19.) And here we are at the very basal fact of Christianity—a religion which is only incidentally a doctrine—only incidentally addressed to the 'what Knows;' it is, first of all, a religion whose fountain-head is a divine personality in whom all that is spiritually potential in man was realised. And the Church, through the centuries, has been kept alive, not by the letter of the New Testament, for the letter killeth, but by a succession of sanctified spirits, 'the noble Living and the noble Dead,' through whom the Christ spirit has been transmitted, whose 'echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever.'

And I would say by the way, that when individuals or sects, are over tenacious of dogmas, and fight for them, a deficiency of spiritual life is indicated. They have not won their way to the kingdom of the 'what Is.'

When Christ said, 'Follow me,' he addressed the 'what Is,' in human nature. While on earth, he only incidentally addressed the 'what Does' or the 'what Knows.' How little reasoning there is in the New Testament! There can hardly be said to be any. Follow me,—not from an intellectual apprehension of principals involved in my life, but through deep sympathy, through the awakening, vitalizing, actuating power of incarnate Truth; through a response of your spiritual nature to mine; and in, and by, and through that response, your essential life will be brought into harmony with, and carried along by, the spiritual forces of the world, and thus conducted by them to the kingdom of eternal truth within yourselves.

To sharpen the intellect, the 'what Knows,' without rectifying the 'what Is,' is a dangerous thing—dangerous to the individual —dangerous to society. The results of it we see every day, and read of in the newspapers, in the actions of *smart* men of our country—men who can falsify bank accounts, and appropriate large sums of other people's money to their own use; who use high political positions for purely selfish ends, and serve the prince of this world in various ways. These men have had a good education, as it is called; that is, they have been well stuffed in the schools with the small details of this planet. Many of them are graduates of Colleges, who have carried off the most coveted prizes. They have been, perhaps, instructed in the intellectual evidences of Christianity, which are no evidences at all; but we find that all this avails not for righteousness. The cause is not far to seek. The 'what Knows' is almost exculsively exercised in our schools, and the 'self-centered insolence of youth' is fostered thereby.

'We teach and teach
Until, like drumming pedagogues, we lose
The thought that *what* we teach has higher ends
Than being taught and learned.'

Knowledge, whatever may be its extent, and however noble may be its character, does not, of itself, contribute to reverence (which is inseparable from spirituality), to an actuating sense of what is above us. Reverence must come from the 'what Is,' from the essential nature. The intellect, when it has full sweep, is arrogant and self-sufficient—Mephistophelian.

*Being* is teaching, the highest, the only quickening mode of teaching; the only mode which secures that unconscious following of a superior spirit by an inferior spirit—of a kindled soul by an unkindled soul, 'as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, around the globe.' To know, in the ordinary sense, is, of course, important for the teacher. His knowledge of the subject he is teaching should be as thorough as he can make it, well ordered, and perfectly at his command; but *to be* is the prime, the indispensable qualification. The teacher who unites in himself a fulness of intellectual and spiritual vitality, in whom

the 'what Knows' and the 'what Is' work harmoniously together, is an epistle known and read of all his students. The young are quicker to discover such vitality, or the want of it, than adults are. After a recitation or a lecture, they feel their faculties refreshed or dulled, according to the vitality or non-vitality of their teacher. And he may be painfully learned, and yet have an unkindled soul.

Now this ultimate fact of spirit to spirit must be the basal principle of all education worthy of the name, as it is the basal principle of Christianity. It should be operative even in the teaching and the learning of purely abstract subjects. Even mathematics should not be presented in a moral vacuum.

What an inspiring power the personality of the great naturalist, Professor Agassiz, was to his students! Many are the men still living, in whom *he* continues to live, in this world. And they are far superior as naturalists by reason of what he elicited from them of the 'what Is.' He thus brought them into a deeply sympathetic relationship with the animal kingdom—a relationship which is the condition of a sagacious insight.

But I would speak particularly of poetry, as a means of educating the "what Is"—poetry, which Wordsworth has defined as 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.' In poetical study, the basal principle of spirit to spirit must be all-controlling; to it, all other features of the study must be subordinated.

We can know a true poem only so far as we can reproduce it sympathetically within ourselves—in other words, we know it to the extent that our own spirits respond to the spiritual appeal which is made to us. If we apply the insulated intellect to a poem, as is done in the methods called 'thorough'—and they are thorough with a vengeance, giving attention to all things (and some others) except the one thing needful, the result being 'as if one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets, except the scent itself,'—if we apply the insulated intellect to a poem, I say, we get only the definite thought which articulates it. The indefinite spiritual element, which every true poem must have, and which constitutes its real life, as a poem, we can know only when our own spirits respond to it; and then we may be said

to know it more vitally than we know the definite, intellectual element of it; for it is a matter of inward consciousness, and there is nothing more vital and positive than that. The 'what Is' has been reached and called forth. The meaning of the word 'know' needs to be extended. It is too much confined to the conclusions of the discursive understanding. I have often heard it said that we cannot know spirit. Why, really, there is nothing we can know better.

What is regarded as of great, of prime importance, indeed, in literary study, in some of our institutions of learning, especially those which have been most Germanized, namely, the relations of works of genius to their several times and places (mis-called the Philosophy of Literature), is of the least importance, so far as culture, in its truest sense, is concerned. Literature is thus made an altogether intellectual and philosophical study—its true function, namely, to quicken the life of the soul, in other words, to educate the 'what Is,' is quite shut off. An exclusively intellectual attitude is taken toward what is a production of the whole man, as a thinking, emotional, imaginative, moral and religious being; a production which can be adequately responded to only by one in whom these several attributes are, in some degree, active; and literary education should aim after their activity; should aim to bring the student into sympathetic relationship with the permanent and the eternal--with that which is independent of time and place. The student's attention might be incidentally called to the historical relations of the work studied, but only incidentally, so as to avoid giving his mind a set in that direction, and thus shutting him off from a response to the essential, intrinsic character of the work itself. There is danger, too, in presenting literature to young people, in its historical relations, and in philosophizing about it, of turning out cheap and premature philosophers. A work of genius renders us the best service when we assimilate it in its absolute character.

All great works of genius, such as Dante's Divina Commedia, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Spenser's Faerie Queene (remote as it may be considered from the life of its time), Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata, Shakespeare's Dramas, Milton's Paradise Lost, are intimately related to the several times and places in which

they were produced; and it is important to know these relations, in the proper time, namely, when we have attained to the 'years that bring the philosophic mind,' not before. But it is far more important to know the relations of these works to the universal, to the absolute, to the eternal, by virtue of which alone, they continue to live; because, so to know them implies that that which is absolute and eternal within ourselves, the 'what Is,' has been brought into play; a way has been opened out whereby some of the imprisoned splendor of the Hidden Soul has been set free. Mrs. Browning, in her Aurora Leigh, speaks of great poets as 'the only truth-tellers, now left to God,—the only speakers of essential truth, opposed to relative, comparative, and temporal truths; the only holders by His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms; the only teachers who instruct mankind, from just a shadow on a charnel-wall, to find man's veritable stature out, erect, sublime,—the measure of a man, and that's the measure of an angel, says the apostle.'

I have just spoken of the Philosophy of Literature, so-called, as mis-called. The Physiology of Literature would be a better designation. The *mode* in which genius manifests itself, at certain times, in certain places, and under certain circumstances, may be explained to some extent; but the genius itself cannot be explained. Environments stimulate or suppress, they do not and cannot make, genius. According to some cheap philosophies of literature, the age of Elizabeth should have produced a bevy of Shakespeares. It produced one Shakespeare, who, by reason of his spiritual constitution, was nearer to the essential world than were any of his contemporaries. The causes which brought him nearer to the essential world we cannot know. The fourteenth century produced one Chaucer, who still ranks among the greatest of English poets.

Genius is genius. And it makes its appearance in uncivilized as well as in civilized life. It is in the human constitution, all the elements of which *will* assert themselves in individuals, however much these elements may be generally suppressed. The human spirit is a complexly organized, individualized divine force, which in most men is 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' and thereby torpefied; only in a very few does it attain to an abnormal quicken-

ing—such a quickening as leads to a more or less direct perception of truth, which is a characteristic of genius. But there have always been men, in all times and places, and in all conditions of life, whose spiritual sensitiveness has been exceptional—men who have served as beacons to their fellows. It is the spiritual sensitiveness of the few which has moved the mass of mankind forward—the few, endowed with 'the vision and the faculty divine.' 'Where there is no vision, the people perish' (Proverbs xxix, 18).

The exceptional spiritual sensitiveness which characterizes men of genius, makes them more susceptible and responsive to the permanent, the eternal, than are other men. We cannot make a genius by education, in this world. But perhaps every human being, when extricated by physical death, from the 'baffling and perverting carnal mesh,' which blinds the spirit, will, sooner or later, attain to, and surpass, the highest manifestations which have been made of it in this world.

But education should be conducted genius-ward; the 'what Is' should, at least, receive as much consideration as the 'what Knows' or the 'what Does.' This is the condition, the indispensable condition, under which a limited response is secured to the creations of genius. It cannot be secured by an exclusive exercise of the 'what Knows,' in its analytic mode of activity. And I would add, that a sympathetic and, therefore, a synthetic response must, in some measure, be given to a creation of genius, before the analytical faculty has anything to do. We must feel a work of genius, to some extent, inhale its choral atmosphere, before we attempt any intellectual formulation of it; which formulation must necessarily be comparatively limited, because genius, as genius, is transcendental, and therefore outside of the domain of the intellect. The human spirit can be educated only through the concrete and the personal; and these may be said to constitute the vernacular language of genius. But if this language, in our educational systems, be translated into the abstract, into the language of the intellect, so far as it can be, its proper function is defeated. It is more or less shut off from the 'what Is,' and turned into the domain of the 'what Knows.'

A large class of people, in these days, are pleased to have a great concrete creation precipitated and crystallized into a barren

abstraction—a creation which might do something for their souls, if they would take the right attitude toward it, if they would be obedient to its Μετανοεῖτε. If they are told that Browning's 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came' is meant to represent the indomitable pursuit of an ideal, through great and appalling difficulties, they think that a valuable jewel of thought has been revealed to them out of the richly concrete circumstance of the poem. The language of the intellect has become *their* vernacular; and so they must have the vernacular of genius translated into *theirs*, before it means anything to them.

* * * * * * *

Poetry is largely presented to students in our schools, 1. by resolving and filling out its closely-textured and elliptical language into the language of prose; 2. by translating, as far as possible, the concrete into the abstract, and thus bringing the former into a more direct relation with the intellect; and 3. the editorial matter of the text-book is largely devoted to impertinent and obtrusive explanatory notes and to purely gratuitous etymologies. The study of poetry consequently becomes a merely intellectual study —a study of anything and everything, under the sun, except poetry. The 'what Knows' is alone exercised. The education of the unconscious personality, the 'what Is' of the student, is nought.

In studying a poem with a class of students, the purpose being literary culture, in its strict sense (that is, spiritual culture), the aim of the teacher should be to hold the minds of the class up as near as possible, which, at best, may not be very near, to the height of the poet's thought and feeling. He should carefully avoid loosening, so to speak, more than there is need, the close texture of the language; for it is all important that the student should be encouraged to think and feel, as far as he is able, in the idealized language of the higher poetry—'that condensed presentation of thought which leaves a large matter impressed on the mind by a very small number of happily assorted words.' If, for the sake of making it more easily comprehended, this condensed presentation of thought be all resolved and thinned out, by supplying ellipses, expanding metaphors into similes or comparisons, completing *Quos ego's*, etc., etc., the student might as well study plain prose of the loosest texture, so far as his literary culture is con-

cerned. It is only by meeting as directly as possible the elliptical energy of thought intensified by feeling, that the best play of our powers is induced.

It is all important that in early life, concrete standards of poetry be implanted in the mind and feelings—standards in the form of passages from the great Masters of Song, in which spiritualized thought has reached the ultimate limits of expression, the thought and the feeling having taken on forms which are inseparable from themselves. Abstract standards, in estimating poetry, are of but little worth, if, indeed, they are worth anything.

Any one who, when a child, had his memory well stored with passages from the great poets, and who, later, assimilated them, has within himself a standard far more reliable than any abstract standards he may have been taught—a standard which he will more or less spontaneously and unconsciously apply, in his reading of poetry—according as that standard has become a part of himself. The poets whose triumphant expressions he has lovingly assimilated, live in *him*, to some degree.

And how is the best response to the essential life of a poem to be secured by the teacher from the pupil? I answer, by the fullest interpretative vocal rendering of it. On the part of the teacher, two things are indispensable: 1. that he sympathetically assimilate what constitutes the real life of the poem; 2. that he have that vocal cultivation demanded for an effective rendering of what he has assimilated. He may be able to lecture very brilliantly about poetry, even about poetry which he has not taken to himself; he may, indeed, not have read at all what he is lecturing about; his lecture may be wholly the result of a study of the criticism which has gathered around a certain poem, and his students may be charmed with his fine talk and made to feel that they have been introduced in a very pleasant way to the poem on which he has lectured, and that they really know it.

But if the two indispensable conditions I have mentioned—a sympathetic assimilation on his part, and the vocal cultivation demanded for an effective rendition of what he has assimilated, if these indispensable conditions be not met, he has failed in his duty to his students. He may not know, and they may not know, that he has failed in his duty. Lecturing about poetry does not avail

any more, for poetical cultivation, than lecturing about music avails for musical cultivation. Both may be valuable, in the way of giving shape to, or organizing, what has previously been felt, to some extent; but they must not take the place of inward experience.

When the high ideal of vocal culture, presented in Dr. James Rush's 'Philosophy of the Human Voice,' shall have been generally realized, in the educational world, there can then be some hopes entertained of securing the best results of literary study in the schools. A literary examination may then be made to mean something. The student instead of being catechised about the merely intellectual articulation of a poem, the occasion of its composition, its vocabulary, and a thousand other things which it may be quite interesting to know, will be asked to render it, in order to show through his voice, to what extent he has experienced it within himself, responded to and assimilated what the intellect cannot define or formulate.

Again, vocal interpretation is the most effective mode of cultivating in students a susceptibility to form. By form I mean embodiment in its fullest sense—organic form—that unification of matter and manner upon which all the vitality and effectiveness of expressed spiritualized thought depend. Form may be mechanical; it often is; but I speak of form as a manifestation of the plastic spirit of a poem, and for such form, we must go to the great masters. The literary forms of a period are as good evidence of vitality and power (or the want of these) as are the thought and spirituality which they embody, for they are inseparable from that vitality. The wonderful dramatic blank verse of Shakespeare is the expression of great creative energy (without the latter, it could not have been produced); as the rhyming couplet of Pope is the expression of the want of it. It is through organic form that we respond to the moulding spirit; and adequately to voice such form is the most effective mode of securing a response on the part of students, to the moulding spirit—which response must come from the 'what Is'—it cannot come from the 'what Knows' alone.

There is no true estimate among the leaders in the educational world, of what vocal culture, worthy of the name, costs; and the kind of encouragement which it receives from them is in keeping

with their estimate. Vocal culture should begin very early, the earlier the better. It should be one of the first things attended to in the primary schools, and should be continued through all grades of instruction up to and through the University. A system of vocal training might be instituted in the lower schools which would give pupils complete command of the muscles of articulation, extend the compass of the voice, and render it smooth, powerful, and melodious. A power of varied intonation should be especially cultivated. as it is through intonation that the reader's sympathies are conducted, and the hearer's sympathies are secured..

If half the time devoted in the lower schools to the study of modern English Grammar (which is of little or no value as a grammatical discipline), were devoted to a systematic and scientific culivation of the voice, a cultivation, too, conducted with reference to the rendering of the masterpieces of poetical and dramatic literature, as the singing voice is cultivated with reference to the rendering of the masterpieces of music, there would be more valuable results. The reading voice demands at least as much cultivation as the singing voice. Perhaps, in most cases, a five years' judicious training of the singing voice would result in greater excellence than a five years' equally judicious training ot the reading voice. But what a ridiculous contrast is presented by the methods usually employed for the training of the reading voice, and those employed for the training of the singing voice, in a Conservatorio of Music!

One of the best definitions of good reading ever given, is found in the Old Testament, in the 8th chapter and 8th verse of the Book of Nehemiah: 'So they read in the book in the law of God *distinctly*, and *gave the sense*, and *caused them to understand* the reading.'

To read distinctly, to give the sense, to cause to understand, meet all the conditions of effective reading.'

1. *To read distinctly.* 'Words,' says Austin, in his Chironomia, 'should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coin newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight.'

If one whose words are more or less inhuman, were trained to such an enunciation as is described in this passage, he would be morally elevated. His enunciation would strike in.

2. *To give the sense.* The higher literature, it need not be said, is more than thought. It is the product of co-operative soul and intellect; of the 'what Knows' and the 'what Is.' A production of the pure intellect does not belong to the domain of literatnre proper. To read such a production, nothing more is required than *to give the sense;* but in rendering a production interfused with soul, the reader must,

3. *Cause to understand.* The Scriptural use of 'understand' has reference, not to the discursive intellect, but to the understanding *heart*—to a sympathetic appropriation and assimilation of the truth. So the meaning of 'to cause to understand,' is, that the reader must, by his intonation, by the vocal coloring, so to speak, which he gives to thought interfused with soul, induce, in his hearers, a sympathetic response to the soul element. This is, in fact, the all-important thing to be done, in interpretative reading. Thought which is presented in a white light, does not necessarily demand a vocal rendition. A proposition of Euclid could not be enforced by the voice, as there is nothing to be enforced. It is independent, too, of form. It might be expressed in barbarous Latin, which the student might have to interpret with the aid of grammar and dictionary, and the meaning would be the same as it would be if expressed in the most perfect Greek. But spiritualized thought demands organic form, and can be enforced and rendered more apprehensible through a sympathetic intonation of the voice of a reader who has adequately assimilated it. The voice serves as a chorus to call forth, to guide, and to interpret, the sympathies of the hearer.

To read distinctly, to give the sense, to cause to nnderstand, bring into play the three persons of the trinal unity we have been speaking about; to read distinctly belongs to the 'what Does'; to give the sense belongs to the 'what Knows'; to cause to understand (as I have explained it) belongs to the 'what Is'; it is the latter, alone, in the reader, which can effectively reach the 'what Is' in the hearer.

I have often thought, when reading that dramatic description of Christ in the synagogue, in the 4th chapter of Luke, (vv. 16–20), that the impression he made on the congregation, was largely, if not altogether due, to his vocal rendering of the passage he read

from the book of the prophet Esaias (the passage itself must have been familiar to them all).

* * * * * * *

When it is said that 'the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him,' it does not appear that he had yet spoken in his own person. And some of them did not know who he was. It was evidently the effect which his reading had upon them which caused all eyes to be fastened on him. I fancy that an impressive intonation came from the reader's own being—from the spiritual consciousness he had of the deep below deep in the meaning of what he read. That he took what he read, as pertaining to himself, his own explicit statement is recorded: 'And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.'

I have said sufficient, I trust, to indicate what I mean by the education of the 'what Is.' In these days of the almost unlimited monarchy of the 'what Knows,' in our schools, the greatest and most difficult problem to be solved (and I fear that professional educators are most in the way of its solution), is, how to secure a better balancing than now exists of the intellectual and the spiritual man. And when this problem shall have been successfully solved, and the results of its solution shall have become general (and it is within the possibilities of the future that they may), there will then be a civilization more linked with the eternal, because proceeding more from the 'what Is' of the human kingdom, and therefore a more Christian civilization than that in which we are living—a civilization such as the world has never yet known.

—*Hiram Corson.*

## PULPIT ROCK.

Rocks before and
Rocks beneath it,
Towering cliffs on every side,
Murmuring pines and gorgeous sumach
Fern and dogwood hide.

Deep green waters,
Slipping softly,
O'er the time stained edge of stone,
Vanished then the greenness of it
By the breeze upblown.

Back the breezes
Steady cast it,
Like the spreading of a veil,
While the sunlight deftly paints it
In a rainbow pale.

Pulpit rock,
Without a preacher,
What a sermon there you find,
Ever preaching, ever speaking,
Moving heart and moving mind.

All is peace and
Quiet round it,
Save the water's rush and roar;
Churchmen for their creeds may struggle,
It will preach as e'er before.

—*Kennedy Furlong Rubert.*

## WOOD ENGRAVING AS AN ART.

A BLOCK of boxwood, of type height, cut across the grain; a photographic print upon its absolutely smooth surface; the subject of the photograph for study and inspiration while working; a few sharp tools of the best of steel; a sand cushion on which to rest the block; a jeweller's glass; and last and most important an engraver with a trained hand, and a soul sensitive to beauty and full of artistic feeling; these are the essential and almost only requirements necessary for the most exquisite pictures possible in black and white.

Of the illustrative arts, wood-engraving is the only one worked in relief. In both etching and steel, or copper-engraving, the black lines are cut in intaglio; the plates are inked, then carefully

wiped, and with special presses a porous paper is forced down into the cuts, absorbing the ink left in them. In wood engraving, on the contrary, the black lines are left standing, all that is cut away printing white. Therefore wood-cuts can be set up with type and printed on the same page, and of course with the same press. To this principle this art owes its great popularity and its mighty career as an educator of the people.

As compared with etching or steel-engraving, wood-engraving has its own legitimate place in high art, without encroaching upon the realms of the others. Although it has the power of detail peculiar to steel-engraving, and a freedom of movement in a way like etching, yet its own quality is something that belongs to neither of the sister arts. There is a strengh and yet a softness, strong contrasts and yet perfect harmony of tone in a well executed wood-engraving that is a never-failing delight to the artistic eye.

The history of wood-engraving is marvelously interwoven with the history of human progress. During the first century of its existence, this art was the mother of printing, a preacher and a teacher to the masses, and then was caught to the heart of genius and showed divine origin by becoming the expression of highest artistic creation. The centuries since have repeated the tale over and over; and we do not know whether the spirit of the art is the more adorable, when with folded pinions it has walked the earth hand in hand with the lowly, or when with widespread wings it has soared heavenward, the support and companion of genius.

Waiving all discussion of its ancient origin through printing from stamps in Egypt, Babylon and China, wood-engraving really came into existence to meet the new intellectual needs of Europe after the close of the middle ages, and for the first time, became a factor in the world's development in the early part of the fifteenth century. There seems some doubt whether its very first use was in tracts for the dissemination of knowledge regarding the lives of the saints, or as an embellishment of playing cards. We will leave that quarrel and let the famous print of St. Christopher, of 1423, have it out with some contemporaneous queen of hearts, or jack of spades. The subsequent benefit to humanity of the discovery makes us hope the saint will gain the battle, and thus win

another aureole for his crown. The old tracts of which the St. Christopher is one, and the subsequent block-books with their pictures and inscriptions are as intensely interesting as they are deliciously crude. The print from the wood was, in these earlier works, merely in outline, and color was usually applied afterward by hand. This method continued until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the genius of Dürer taught the world what strength and force of expression was possible in mere black and white, and showed color unnecessary and inconsistent in the higher sphere of this art. Albert Dürer was a resident of Nurenburg, that queen city of fine artisanship; he was an engraver, as well as an artist, and was the first to realize the dignity and breadth possible to the new art. Dürer drew with a pen upon a block made smooth lengthwise the grain. The engraving consisted in cutting away the dead wood, *i. e.*, wood not covered by lines, with a knife, thus leaving the original drawing standing in relief. The collossal work, "The Triumphal Gate and car of Maximilian," will ever remain a monument to this first master. Following Dürer, in the first part of the sixteenth century, came another master, Hans Holbein. His life was spent in Basle, at that time a center for advanced thought, as it was a refuge for exiled reformers. Holbein was an artist of great power and dramatic force, and he, like Dürer, lent his hand to the most progressive thought of the time. His great work, the weird and fascinating "Dance of Death," a series of over fifty pictures, has as a strong hold on the imagination of the observer to-day, as when the art he used for its expression was in its infancy.

The latter part of the sixteenth and the first part of the seventeenth century was marked by a decadence in wood-engraving. The taste of the times in all art was for mere fineness and elaboration. Form without meaning had no use for so virile an art as ours, and so it was relegated to the coarsest of work, and very little of that, until the masterful hand of Thomas Bewick placed it upon the throne of its own inalienable kingdom. Bewick was born in London in 1753, and was the first of the artist engravers to give wood-engraving its own natural methods of expression. Hitherto artists, drawing on wood, had used the wood as a white ground, working over it in black lines. Bewick reversed this

process, and treating his background as black, worked on it in white lines, the only true way to treat a relief plate. He made his drawings in wash, as an artist, and interpreted them in line as an engraver ; he thus set the engraver free from the slavery of merely mechanical, fac-simile work. Bewick also conceived the idea of engraving on the end of the grain of the wood, thus rendering a fine line possible, and making the graver the legitimate tool instead of the knife. Bewick was a naturalist and his entire energy was bent upon the production of illustrations in Natutal History. His "British Birds" and "British Quadrupeds" are marvellous for the accuracy and truth depicted in them. There is one engraving of two bird feathers, carelessly lying one across the other, that is a poem in itself, so exquisite is the work and so true the feeling. This picture alone would establish forever the right of Bewick to the claim of genius.

Too soon after Bewick's death, the fine line made possible by working on the end of the grain of the wood became a temptation to engravers ; and wood-engraving entered into a new bondage of servile imitation of copper-plate engraving. There is nothing more pitiful than the results of a great art made an imitator.

Mr. W. J. Linton, an Englishman, who finished his apprenticeship as a wood-engraver in 1834, in London, entered vigorous protest against this bondage, using as his weapon his own free, strong line in interpreting drawings. Later he came to America and preached here the gospel of the divine right of individual interpretation on the part of the engraver. The headlong impetuosity with which our engravers have followed the leading of this gospel has filled with dismay the conservative English soul of Mr. Linton. But he is not the first reformer who has viewed with alarm the ultimate crashing of the boulder which he himself struggled to set rolling down the mountain.

It is eminently fitting that the most democratic of all the arts should reach its highest development in America. It is a fact beyond cavil that American wood-engravers lead the world to-day. Our supremacy in this one art is due to several causes, each hinging more or less upon the other. First, the superb printing and the encouragment given to the art by our leading monthly magazines a few years since. Second, the use of photography in putting

the outline on the block, thus leaving the original for reference and study while working ; a most desirable condition which was of course impossible when the drawing was made upon the block. Third, the development, through these and various other causes, of a school of engravers who are really artists and possessed of a love and devotion to all that is true in art. Many of our engravers are not only designers but also skillful workers in color. A wonderful feeling for color and texture seems to be the point of supremacy in American wood-engraving of to-day, and of yesterday too for that matter ; for thirty years ago Henry Marsh in his engravings for " Harris' Insects Injurious to Vegetation " revealed to a wondering world the possibilities of wood in the exqusite rendering of texture. Any masterpiece in modern wood-engraving will convey a feeling of color almost identical with the painting or scene that it represents. Take for instance a favorite picture of birches ; the softly gleaming tree trunks, against a background of forest, over which hangs a veil of haze shot through here and there with shafts of tender sunlight ;—one instantly sees the place, feels the warm languor of the day, and yields to the dreamy mood of the hour. What more could color do ?

It is often asked what is the effect upon wood-engraving of the process work which is so generally used to-day in our newspapers and magazines. The photo-engraving methods being merely mechanical are much cheaper than wood-engraving, and the cheaper quality of the latter has thus been crowded out. But no process picture has yet been produced that can stand for a moment on its artistic merits beside a good wood-engraving. There is a flatness and lack of spirit in a picture produced from process plates, that palls upon the eye and grows wearisome to the senses. One longs to snatch away the veil that seems to obscure the design and hide the artist. How long our best magazines will indulge in this relapse from an ideal which they themselves have created in the American people remains to be seen. Not for very long, surely, for there is a growing public sentiment here that appreciates and demands what is good in art, and the magazine that meets this demand will come to the front in public estimation. Until photography has gained farther control over color, photo-engraving will find its true place in art in reproducing the pen drawings made by master hands, as true

and beautiful an art as any method could aspire to minister to. Good process work is better than poor wood-engraving; and those papers and magazines in need of cheap pictures are undoubtedly right to use it. It has thus relieved wood-engraving of the incubus of mediocrity and placed it where it belongs among the high arts. Wood-engravers of to-day have a right to demand that their work go before the public in all the delicacy and strength of the Japan paper proofs; a right that the public will appreciate and demand, and be willing to pay for at a time not far distant. The perfect appreciation of a fine engraving comes only through a cultivation that is the result of careful study. A good engraving on the wall of a room, where the eye frequently rests, will prove in time to be the means of true education, an education attained unconsciously.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton in his Graphic Arts, says: "Tone, in wood cutting, depends upon the management of greys, and I cannot but heartily admire the almost unlimited ingenuity with which the Americans vary, not only the tone, but the very quality of these intermediates, getting not one gamut only but several, with the faculty of going from one to another on occasion, as if changing the stops of an organ. Some of their greys are pure and clear, others cloudy; others, 'like veils of thinnest lawn'; others, again, are semi-transparent, like a very light wash of body-color, and whatever may be their quality it is always surprising how steadily a delicate tone is maintained in them. As for texture, these engravers seem to be able to imitate anything that is set before them."

Certain it is that the graver has attained perfect emancipation in America, and will henceforth be used with the freedom of the pencil or the brush. Whether the line cut be short or long, clean or broken, it will be the line best adapted to express the thought of the man who uses it. And whoever tries to put shackles upon the hand of genius, or set limits to a great art will find himself in the deplorable condition of King Canute, when he ordered the in-flowing tide to turn back.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss American masters of wood-engraving. The only way to know them is to study them, and opportunity for this is given to all those in Cor-

nell who are interested in the matter.* We have to-day in our country a constellation of engravers, any one of whom would have been, in another land or in an earlier time, a star of the first magnitude. But each is so masterly in his own style that it remains for the taste of the student to determine who is greatest.

Perhaps America has not as yet produced a Dürer or a Bewick, yet there is work done in this country to-day, that must be a source of astonishment and a dear delight to them if their spirits hover over their successors in the art they loved. And when the great American creative genius shall appear, he will find an untrammeled art at his service, and a goodly company of workers waiting to whom he may be proud to extend the hand of fellowship.

—*Anna Botsford Comstock.*

## THE STORY OF A STRIKE.

AESOP has told this fable: The king of the forest once sent an invitation to all the beasts of the woods, to come and pay him a visit, saying that he was ill and that he desired to see those nearest his heart. The fox alone did not come and when the monarch met him next in the forest, he questioned Reynard as to his non-appearance and received the following answer: "My Lord, following in the path of all those who had gone before, I saw that all the tracks pointed only in one way, and that in the direction of your majesty's dwelling."

"A good location for business or a home will be found at Spring Valley, Bureau county, Illinois. The principal industry of the town is mining. The immense coal fields comprise 40,000 acres, and five large mines are already sunk, which are being developed by the Spring Valley Coal Company. *Two thousand miners will find steady employment.*"

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* The collection of engravers' proofs in room No. 19, White Hall, may be inspected by the public each Wednesday afternoon. For the rest of the term there will also be placed on exhibition in that room a series of books and prints illustrating the development of wood-engraving. This series will include some of the best work of Dürer, Holbein, and Bewick, and of many other less noted of the early engravers.

Into every mining region of the United States and into many of Europe went this and similar announcements. Miners and mine owners alike, heard of the opening of these great coal fields with interest. Many of the latter turned pale with the thought of competition, many of the former turned toward Spring Valley with the thought of homes and steady work.

The town grew wonderfully. Rows of tenement houses, stores with plate glass fronts, churches and manufactories, sprang up with as much rapidity as the crops, which the farmers had sown on the same ground so recently. Land that had sold for $50 an acre was cut up into lots, about as large as strips of court plaster, and sold for fabulous prices. Rents were high and hopes higher. Many hundreds came from neighboring towns, many hundreds came from towns and cities afar off, investing what they had in a home and going in debt to the company for what they could not pay.

All through the years 1885–86 and '87 crowds continued to come to the "Magic City." The population soon numbered 4,500, and was constantly increasing. From Colorado to Pas-de-Calais they came to find "homes and steady employment."

Of the thousands of men engaged in the mines few were saving much of what they earned. The rent, or more often the amount paid on the house and lot, left them barely enough to live on, but the time was coming when the home would be paid for and what if there were not much now.

What a mighty power is capital, men band together and millions on millions controlled as by one master brain. How it out does Aladdin, calling cities into existence, making it possible that hundreds of families should have their own homes, and connecting town, city and sea-board in a network of wires and railroads, making the private home life easy and a great national life possible. This is all the work of capital. "This is business."

But on a certain December afternoon, the miners, who had been called from all parts of the country to enjoy the benefits of "steady employment" and the possibility of earning homes, were informed that shafts Nos. 2 and 3 were to be closed, and that the miners working there were to take away their tools and remain away until further notice. By this act seven hundred men were thrown out of employment. Why the shafts were closed the men never

knew. Why the "steady employment" ceased they were not told.

The men who still had work shared it with those thus thrown out, and three families living on the necessaries of two struggled through the four dreary months of winter. The promise was made by the company, that the suspension should be temporary, and all lived on in hope, if not in health or comfort. A change was hoped for in the spring. It came on Monday, April 29. On that day all the mines were closed. It is this act that has been called the "Strike of Millionaires against Miners." No explanation was given; the millionaires simply struck; struck for lower wages; struck against men who had not been able to save anything against a time of need. They simply stopped work and waited; remained idle and let starvation, sickness, want and misery do the work for them, and the work was well done.

The first store to close was the company's "truck store," where all the miners had been obliged to trade. Through no effeminate soft heartedness did the company intend that their food or clothes should lessen the infernal torments of hunger and ill health.

One by one the stores and shops were closed. One by one chattle mortgage foreclosures were announced. When the work stopped in the mines, so did the means by which hundreds were fed.

No one ever actually saw the "gaunt wolf of starvation;" it is an imaginary figure. But hunger can sometimes look out from the eyes of women and children, and the miners of Spring Valley began to see the look of starvation in the faces of their families, and knew that it must soon give way to the less passionate look of death.

Work must be had, and by hundreds the men left the town. In four weeks after the works shut down it was estimated that two-thirds of the male population had left. And then the long dreary months of waiting. Months when thousands of men, women and children lived on twenty-four cents worth of flour, meal, etc., a week, and this the gift of charity.

The story of one woman is thus told. "She has seven children. Her husband locked out went as far as the coal fields of Missouri to find work. During his absence she felt the hour of her confine-

ment coming on. She sent for the doctor. He refused to come. But the baby came though the doctor would not, and in the hour of supremest trial of womanhood she was alone, unless God were there. As she told me, sitting sick and forlorn in a room in which the furniture and wall paper seemed fairly soaked with misery and malaria, she was shaking with the ague. The baby was a fortnight old but up to that time she had had neither medicine nor a doctor."

It will be best to let Spring Valley tell its own story, and the following are taken from newspapers, reports and letters.

"How can you tell when a family is really in want," was asked of one lady. "There's many ways of telling, although some of these poor people would rather die than let their wants be known. When neighbors see little children of a family hanging about the doors crying silently, hour after hour, they know well enough what's the matter, there's never a bite in that house, you may be sure."

"There is the case of a mother who lost her twin babies for the want of sufficient nourishment to foster them. Being in the poorest circumstances and living off such charity as was given by the relief committee, she had the misery of seeing her babies die of starvation while holding them to her barren breast."

"The fact that the wives and children of miners are dying of starvation, right in the garden of the world and the center of the 'land of the brave and home of the free,' is not a very consoling spectacle for a Christian country to present to the world. Then, when such suffering, destitution and death, are the result of an attempt of coal operators, protected by a tariff of 75 cents a ton on coal, to starve laborers into submission to a reduction of wages, the sight is one that should forever damn the system and the soulless capitalist that it protects."

"As we passed the little cemetery, with a plain stone here and there marking the resting places of those who had lived in better times, I noticed that there were many freshly dug graves, little mounds that told of recent burials, the empty graves yawning for an occupant. These evidences of the lock-out's fearful work told a tale which could not be expressed in words. They told of want of food, medicine, medical care and nourishment."

Father Huntington, of New York, of the order of the Holy Cross, lover of the poor and champion of social justice, visited the mining regions on an errand of mercy. He was greatly moved by what he saw, and gave it eloquent and indignant utterance. In an interview in the Chicago *News*, he said :

"It is bad enough everywhere I went, but it is worse at Spring Valley than elsewhere. But even there the poverty-stricken inhabitants are not like the poor I am used to seeing in New York. There is no whining ; the people show intelligence and pride ; even hunger has not debased their feelings, as one might expect. I am used to scenes of want, but what I saw at Spring Valley was different. It was more pitiful than anything I ever witnessed before. I went among the cottages. They are nice, and are surrounded by pretty lawns and gardens, but the awful poverty within was shocking. . . . Sickness is increasing, and the doctors told me the people were so enfeebled by long privation and anxiety, that an epidemic might break out at any moment. Business is utterly dead.

"There are families where adults and children, grievously sick, are without medical attendance or medicines, because there is no money to pay for them."

And then the eviction notices. The miners who were left having no work, the wives of those who had gone being penniless, could pay no rent nor continue the payments on the houses already partially bought. The company promptly served notices on these helpless families to leave. But while many of these notices were served but few were ever enforced. It is now an open secret that the superintendent refused further to comply with the ruthless orders of the company, sold his stock and left its service.

The women and children suffered most. The notices to vacate might have been spared. Hunger soon issued orders more peremptory than any the sheriff could have used. When the men left and could not at once find work, when the days and weeks lengthened into months of waiting, when the relief committee could give no more aid, the women took their babies in their arms, their children following and went out into the country to beg. They walked along the hot dusty roads, sometimes dressed

in ragged winter cloaks with fur caps on their heads; they went from farm house to farm house, from town to town. Some fainted in the dust and heat, and the children not knowing what to do could simply cry.

It is interesting to turn to what the wives and daughters of the stock-holders were doing in these summer months. At the fashionable resorts, reading, flirting, gossiping and bathing, spending thousands of dollars on luxuries, talking airy nothings and thinking less than they talked. And these other women staggering along, weary, dusty, and almost dying, falling in the road from exhaustion. It is a long way from Illinois to the sea shore, but the distance is short when compared with the difference in position of the wife of the miner and the millionaire.

After a time an offer was made to the miners left at Spring Valley, but the terms offered were so pitiably small that no one thought of blaming them that they were not accepted. At last in October an offer was made, by which at least the men could alleviate the sufferings of their families. When the contract was offered them they signed hastily and without reading, there was no time for this formality, and had there been a clause in it by which they had given themselves soul and body to eternal torment, they would not have known it. This is the "free" contract, and these men the free American workmen.

It is not claimed that the miners of Spring Valley were a community of irreproachable men. I believe that such a community is yet to be found. When the millenium descends upon this earth it will have to work its way a long distance under ground before it finds the miner. His lot above or below ground is not an enjoyable one. It is true that almost nowhere in Illinois did the saloon find such congenial soil. And the doctors art seemed almost to become that of the seamstress. But because men are ignorant, and brutish sometimes, is that any excuse for the enlightened to add to their suffering and make dividends from their sickness, hunger and suffering? For if you would know the reason for this "shut out," the cause for this suffering, there is one all sufficient answer. "It is business." "There's millions in it." All this was done in the sacred name of business, of enterprise. It was simply a money-making scheme.

My excuse for telling the sad story of Spring Valley is simply this. That I question the right of any corporation, firm or individual to bring on their fellow creatures, want, agony and death, simply to make money; that it is criminal for one woman to spend $10,000 for floral decorations for her party, while another woman and her children are starving; that no man has a right to take so much of another's income that he cannot live except in misery; that one child has a right to lace while another is dying for want of flannel; I hold to be self evident truths. In his address to the capitalists of the Spring Valley coal company, Mr. Lloyd said:

"Has the Bourbonism of the "divine right" of buying cheap and selling dear, become so fanatical that you think you have a right to grind up the very bodies of the poor for "six per cent. on the capital,"—watered capital at that? Have your riches and your use of agents to deal with your employes and customers, borne you so far away from the people that you do really not believe that they have hearts that can ache as yours can, bodies that can suffer as yours can? Don't you believe that they love their wives and children as you do yours? that their hearts sink as yours would, when, without warning, they are dispersed, penniless, into strange parts for work, leaving wives and babies behind, perhaps to starve? Don't you believe that want of food weakens their bodies as it would yours—that hope and success and sympathy are as essential to their well-being as to your "finer" natures?

If you don't like to lose one per cent. out of your six per cents., how do you think it makes poor men feel to have you cut off all their income? If you like to take your wives and children with you to the sea-shore or to Europe, how do you think a workman feels when you force him to tramp hundreds of miles away from his family, leaving them to charity, while he hunts for work, as if that, too, were charity? Is it having three good meals a day, that has made you believe that to live on twenty-one cents worth of pork and meal a week is not "starvation"?

Like Reynard we watched the tracks of our fellows as they flocked at the bidding of the tawny colored king. We saw them hastening with eagerness and hope to "steady employment" and a home.

Many of them have gone far from Spring Valley to find work, many laid down their picks for the last time and found rest there. But the human suffering that was the lot of all who went to Spring Valley has yet to be answered for, and these, with other wrongs, must be righted in the near future by means that shall not be personal, nor those of a corporation, but national. There are some demands made upon us as human beings in our relations in business not expressed in the law of supply and demand.

*John Lovejoy Elliott.*

## FAR AWAY LOVE.

Far away love, far away love,
My spirit wings off to thee,
Beating the clouds in the heavens above,
Winging o'er land, winging o'er sea
Far away love, 'tis winging to thee.

Turning from revel, from banquet and song
Yearning, my love, for thee,
Sweeping swift on the storm along,
My soul flies fast with the clouds that flee
Over the continent, love, to thee.

May Time fly as fast with his scythe and glass
Bringing thee, love, to me,
As the hurrying flakes of the snow that pass
Bearing the months on his pinions free,
Bearing thee, far away love, to me.

*Herbert C. Howe.*

## HERE AND THERE.

PERHAPS some one has looked forward to the first "HERE AND THERE" of the new year with special interest, hoping that rambles in the magnificent Library which now graces the campus would have the freshness of new fields and the attractions of new discoveries. And indeed nothing has been more pleasant than these casual walks through the new book stacks, and these discoveries of new nooks wherein to pore lovingly over old volumes, or dive deep into new treasures. Old friends have new charms when seen in new places, and old books have in this new palace of learning gained a certain richness never seen in the dusty alcoves of McGraw Hall. But the MAGAZINE has had a feeling, that even the new library with its handsome distances, and its many conveniences, with its wealth of forgotten and unforgotten lore, had grown too circumscribed for this department. Books are by no means the only good, as shown by the fact that they so often nourish only book worms. And for this reason, as well as many others, that we hope the present volume will develop, this department will no longer be confined to the university or any other library. The new aim will be larger than the old. It will attempt to deal with questions of current interest in the educational world, to note new tendencies, and conserve the good there may be in the old. The department will have one other aim. It will undertake to minister to the literary spirit of the University. It is certainly an unfortunate fact that there is less of this literary spirit at Cornell than at some of the great universities of the country.

* * *

One word first for ourselves. The MAGAZINE has come to stay, and it believes it has a right to stay considering the character of its matter, and the success of former years. If for no other reason, the Cornell monthly deserves its place because of one feature in which it is unique. This is the generous support and assistance which members of the faculty have so freely given. This assistance is seen in the articles that appear in every number from some member of the instructing corps. We are fortunate in being

able to present this month part of an address given by Professor Corson at the commencement exercises of the Ogontz School in June of this year. It is needless to say that this paper is one of striking import, and the MAGAZINE is very fortunate in being able to secure it for its readers. We happen to know that Professor Corson has already been asked by a Boston firm to extend it somewhat as a brochure on Education, and this will no doubt be done in the near future.

* * *

But before leaving the somewhat extensive treatment of books, the HERE AND THERE wishes to call attention to one of special importance to all acquainted with Cornell. Already we begin to hear of the "old" and the "new" Cornell, although the University has little more than passed its majority. Still, it is rare that so young an institution should begin to figure in literature, and in so exceptional a book as the "Mammon of Unrighteousness" by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. It is true the author claims in the preface that he has not had the people of one locality, but of many in mind. But it is equally true that more of scenery and character belongs here in Ithaca and Cornell than in any other other place. This will be seen to be true from the quotations cited.

* * *

The scene of Boyesen's story may be easily guessed from these few lines:

"It was one of the minor geological basins, in the middle of the state of New York, thirty or forty miles long and but a few miles in width. The lake which received the surface water of this basin was also long and narrow; but the creeks, three of which had united at its southern end, were, with their deposits of mud, forming a fertile but malarious delta which was constantly incroaching upon the territory of the lake. It was upon this delta that the town of Torreyville was situated."

Or, if there should be any doubt as to locality, the next passage would remove that possibility entirely. Speaking of Torreyville again, he says: "It looked from a distance as if the whole town, in the effort to escape from the disadvantages of its injured posi-

tion, was 'climbing the hill'; and stately houses of wood, brick, and sandstone, surrounded by pretty garden patches, dotted the green eastern slope, on the crest of which lay the great piles of masonry which collectively constituted the Larkin University. Half way down the slope, a little to the north of the inhabited portion, the white obelisks and broken symbolical columns of the cemetery gleamed among the foliage of elms and chestnuts and maples."

There can be no mistaking this, and there are other confirmations of the significant admission in the preface: "I have used a definite locality which many, no doubt, will recognize." Certainly, no one who has ever traversed Ithaca gorge from end to end will have difficulty in placing at once this famous scene, when Gertrude Larkin "skipped quickly from stone to stone, and reached the winding stair-case which led to the upper rocky terrace. Here the water-fall kept up a perpetual booming as of heavy artillery, and the spray blew in white showers through the tree-tops. The torrent seethed and tossed with despairing contortions in the smooth black cauldron, and plunged at last with hissing noise down over the brown boulders."

* * *

But if it is of interest to notice these references to Ithaca, curiosity is at once piqued to know whether the University comes into the picture, and in what colors it is painted. One would be glad to give a more flattering answer to these questions than is possible from Boyesen's book. The University—some university, at least, figures prominently in the novel, but it is not the University of to-day, and it is difficult to believe that it is a sympathetic picture of the University at any time. How pointed are these references, the following extracts will show. Speaking of the Hon. Obed Larkin it is said, "He had founded the Larkin University, a far-famed co-educational institution, situated on a beautiful hill overlooking the town. He had endowed it with a cool million in cash." * * * What is intended for the completest description of the university is given in a following chapter.

"It was the Trustees of the University who had put down Mr.

Larkin's birthday as a holiday on the calendar, under the name of Founder's Day. * * * The principal ceremony of the day was, however, the founder's Reception, which took place in a large, forlorn, jail-like dormitory, called the Barracks. Here students of both sexes gathered in a great, dreary, imperfectly lighted hall, with bare plastered walls, and dingy white-painted wood-work. [Here, at least, is one description which is saturated with accuracy.] * * * Young men with crude but earnest faces, and in all varieties of costume, walked up, some with a stoop and some with a swagger, to exchange some awkward remarks with the man who regarded himself as their benefactor, and their features showed the relief they felt when the ordeal was well over. A few of them, braving the prejudice which yet existed against co-education, had female students, in prim or helplessly aspiring toilets, loosely attached to their arms, as if they feared contact; while others, glorying in their prejudice, came striding along with village beauties who clung to them with delightful confidence.

A dozen Brazilians, with dark and indolent faces, formed a group near the door, from which the most adventuresome among them made excursions in the direction of the prettiest girls, and again returned to render an acoount of their exploits, which were then discussed with southern gestures and animation. Two small, yellow-faced Japanese, with bristling black hair and bead-like eyes, had been cornered by some resolute female students, and were being subjected to a rigid cross-examination concerning the government and social customs of their native land. A German, two Russians, and a Bulgarian completed the collection of alien tribes, as far as the undergraduates were concerned."

We must make room for one other quotation that shows an intimate knowledge of Cornell affairs. This is a description of the "crew" in the time pictured. A picnic party is out:

"When the 'Varsity eight appeared on their pier, carrying their light paper boat, which with the utmost care they deposited upon the stream. They were dressed in red and white skull caps, sleeveless jerseys and tights. The muscles in their arms and legs swelled magnificently under the sun-burned skin, 'as slopes a brook over a little stone,' and they walked about with a paradisaical immodesty which brought back the golden days of athletic sports in ancient Greece. It was a beautiful spectacle to see them all seated motionless, with oars uplifted, in the frail shell, awaiting the signal of "the stroke," while their inverted images trembled under them with ripples on the stream. And when the sharp and brief command sounded, with what splendid precision they struck the

water, and with what arrowy speed they shot down the Nile and out into the open lake."

* * *

We wish we could say more of the book as a whole than is possible in this short survey. It is clear that Ithaca people, and those who are, or have been connected with the University, are portrayed, and the pictures are not pleasing ones in some cases. One might defy the keenest observer to find in the Hon. Obed Larkin a single trait of character that would account for his generous gift to found a University. It is characteristic of the realistic school to delight in leaving out any quality that may seem to belong to the ideal man, and to emphasize any vulgarities that may be found in the more common type. This will account for the most of the characters in Boyesen's book. His realism has all the blemishes, and little of the genius shown in the work of Howells or James. Still every one connected with Cornell will be interested to see how badly the University may be pictured, how the real purpose of beginnings somewhat crude, no doubt, can be missed, and their whole import mistaken or misinterpreted.

## THE MONTH.

THE Month is a new institution in the MAGAZINE. Its object will be to give in brief the events of the preceding month, so that the alumni and others interested in the life of Cornell may learn of the growth and interests of the University. Our object will be to get as much *multum* into as little *parvo* as possible.

Again have Cornellians flouted in the faces of their opponents the reds and whites of our University, while the blues are furnished by the supporters of those who try to compete with us upon the water.

The Freshmen crew defeated the Columbia Freshmen, who subsequently outrowed the Yale Freshman eight. The University crew also won the race with Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, and at the same time made a world's record at an eight-oared race at three miles, the time being 14 minutes, 27½ seconds.

No change can take place in the University that so strikes the

alumnus as he returns, as the buildings that have been erected on the campus. And none of these changes have been so striking as the last.

The bells now ring from a higher tower. The books rest in safer and more convenient places. And what is best of all the reading room is almost ideal with its light, room, and conveniences.

Whatever may be said as to unfriendly relations of the tower and the main structure, it is to be hoped that they will in time make up the quarrel and be more firmly united.

But the grandeur of the main entrance and the eminent utility of the whole structure makes the new library the most marked feature of the campus.

After all, the most important feature of the campus is the crowd of students that pass and repass along its walks. It is encouraging to note that the number is constantly growing. But the change in numbers is not the most desirable of all improvements. It will be only as from year to year this throng grows, not only in size, but in earnestness, education and refinement that the real growth of the University can be seen.

Lost to sight though to memory dear, are the summer picnics on the campus. We remember tenderly how with inquiry and speculation they sought to gain as much of college education as might be gotten from the outside of a building in one afternoon. If the janitor were taken for the "head man" (the president), the Kappa Alpha Lodge as the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and Sage Chapel as the electric light station, no one was injured and the inquiring minds just as well satisfied, as though they had happened to surmise more correctly.

## EXCHANGES.

IN order that the scope of the MAGAZINE may be less narrow and restricted than heretofore, and that it may have some department of interest to every student and alumnus, various new features have been added this year, one of which is to be an exchange department, which shall contain comments on and clippings from the best college periodicals, giving the reader the best, as far as possible, of what is written for our contemporaries.

At the opening of the college year, a few exchanges have come wandering

in, telling, for the most part, of the phenomenal size of the class of '95, and of the never-before-equalled prospects of Alma Mater, and containing an announcement by the new editorial board, filled with a sense of conscious ability tempered with prudent modesty.

*America*, tho' not of the college world, is one of our most valued and faithful exchanges. Its fearless independence, and its determined fight against practical politics and especially municipal corruption, have endeared it to all the better class of Americans. Its incorporation with the *Graphic*, will not, we hope, change these valuable characteristics. The following is taken from *America:*

### HEAVEN IS LOVE.

A THEOLOGICAL RONDEAU.—BY HARRIET SMEAD.

" Heaven is Love," the good man said,
Bowing reverently his head.
I glanced across at Burt and Molly
Twining wreaths of Christmas holly;
And by the light from their eyes given,
Said, "Surely, surely, Love is Heaven!"
And then, to make my logic even,
" Heaven is Love."

This youthful pair *knew* Love was Heaven,
But then, I fear they n'er had given
Much thought unto the Heaven above,
Until the parson called it " Love,"
Not mystic lore or tangled science,
And it was sweet, their quick compliance,
With his opinion—" Heaven is Love."

It is seldom that we find that down-trodden individual, the Poet, so appreciated as he is in the following lines from the *Vassar Miscellany*. Altho' we have never had the felicity of hearing a real poet sing by the wayside in the hot, close city air, as we dragged our way along the crowded street, we should think the sensation might be one of pleasure—and the sentiment is unexceptionable.

### THE POET.

Since the old world was young, and Homer's song
Filled the dim ages with the sweep and blow
Of poetry, men have not ceased to know
The power divine that makes the poet strong
To conquer the world's might of sin and wrong:

Still women weep, and strong men's voices grow
Full of a feeling they are loth to show,
When some great poet stirs the listening throng.
We drag our way along life's crowded street,
On every side the old, unlovely things,
The pulse of life beats on at fever heat,
The hot, close city air around us clings,
When lo, we stop to rest our weary feet,
For by the way a poet stands and sings.

The following lam-entable pun is to be laid up against the Harvard *Lampoon.*

A NEW VERSION.

The teacher whacked the boy, one day
Who disobeyed the rule,
The scholars did not laugh nor play,
To see that lamm in school.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Story of the Nations: Portugal.* By H. Morse Stephens. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1891.

No more significant or successful attempt has been made in recent years to bring within the scope and comprehenson of the general reader some account of the countries that have attained prominence in the world's history than the late venture of the Putnams in their "Story of the Nations" Series. And especially will this volume on Portugal be welcomed by English readers, for hitherto there has not existed in our language a comprehensive and readable history of that little nation, which many scholars claim to have led the world for a whole century in Arts, Commerce and Literature. Most writers have merged the history of Portugal in that of Spain, by which it has been overshadowed and hidden from the view of the ordinary student; nevertheless, from the beginning of the twelfth century, Portugal has been a distinct nation, both in history and government, and the important position it once held is now recognized by all scholars.

This volume has been well titled the *Story* of Portugal, and the author has constantly kept in mind the distinction between the *story* of a nation and its *history.* The one relates in chronological order the events which, transpiring within a nation, determines its course in the world's progress, and pays little attention to the philosophical relations of the events themselves or others external; the other, using the great facts in a nation's life as its guide, seeks to analyze the motives and aims which antecede these facts, to the end that the spurs or checks to human progress may be made

apparent. To the general, unphilosophic reader, the story will always be the more attractive, and so H. Morse Stephens has made a consecutive narrative of the history of Portugal, leaving the reader to supply the philosophy in most part, for himself. He has limited what he has said, too, pretty closely to Portugal, although many of the influencing events of surrounding nations have been briefly touched upon. It must not be presumed, however, that Mr. Stephens could not have made his history philosophical, or added important lessons from external contemporaneous history if he chose, for he is one of the ablest historical students at Oxford, and has made deeply philosophical examinations of other periods of history; but he recognized the fact that to popularize history it must be popularly written; —that is, its events and episodes must be told in a simple way. Nor can an episodical history serve the purposes of general reading so well as a connected narrative, since it presupposes as a groundwork a somewhat scholarly acquaintance with historic facts, so that the author has done well to avoid this method of treatment too.

The Story of Portugal illustrates well the life history of many nations once leaders in the world's progress, but now known only by the echoes from former ages: First, there is a period in which a nation struggles to free itself from serfdom and bondage; every individual labors unselfishly and nobly, developing that sinew of mind and morals which makes private life and public station pure and trustworthy; Second, there is a period of great prosperity when selfishness and cupidity take their origin, and wealth of individuals increases with the extension of power and influence, the equilibrium of personal freedom being disturbed, luxury, bigotry, and oppression follow in its wake, and the best element of the nation is driven out to strengthen or form a purer government elsewhere; and lastly, the period of decline and decay follows inevitably and swift upon this transgression of divine law. Thus, in brief, may the course of Portugal be drawn, although in recent years it seems to have recovered its former spirit of integrity, and to be entering upon a new era of stability and progress.

The author has hardly touched enough upon the influence of education and religion upon the national life of Portugal; very little is said about either, while these were the factors which, to a very great extent, were shaping the destiny of kindred nations. It is possible, too, that he gives it too important a place among the nations of the world during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but there is some question among scholars upon this point. On the whole, however, the book is a very enjoyable one, and excepting the difficulty of Portuguese nomenology, it may be used very profitably by the ordinary English reader.

*Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*, by Evelyn Abbott. G. P. Pu-t nam's Sons, New York.

One of the first volumes to appear in the new series, Heroes of the Nations, is the one devoted to Pericles, by Evelyn Abbott. The book has one

of the most interesting subjects in the whole series. It deals with the richest and most brilliant period in Athenian history, and the period which most competently represents of the Greek genius; and it has for its "hero" the man to whom was largely due the making of that age, and who embodied in himself the full measure of its culture. The book consists of two parts: the first, the growth of the Athenian Empire and the causes which alienated Athens and Sparta; the second, the government, the society and the culture of Periclean Athens. Mr. Abbott speaks briefly but adequately in the first chapters of the Alcmæonidae, the Pisistratidae and Clisthenes; of the Persian wars with the three great leaders on the Grecian side, Themistocles, Miltiades and Pausanias; of the decadence of Sparta after the Persian wars; of the organization of the Delian League by Aristides and Cimon, to be developed under Pericles into the Athenian Empire; and of the causes of the Peloponesian war from the misunderstanding in the Helot revolt to the battle of Plataea. This takes up the larger part of the book. The last three chapters are the most interesting, giving an account of the Athenian Law-court, the Assembly, the Council, the Generals, the Archons, the Delian League, the Churches and the Allies; of the Art and Literature of the age; and of slavery at Athens, Athenisn women, and the greatness of Pericles.

Mr. Abbott's estimate of Pericles as a statesman differs widely from that of Grote and Curtins. He says in the preface: "It is, so far as I can judge, impossible to deny that he destroyed a form of government under which his city attained to the height of her prosperity, and that he plunged her into a hopeless and demoralizing war. These are not the achievements of a great statesman."

Mr. Abbot holds Pericles responsible for the outbreak of the Peloponesian war, and also charges him with destroying by his policy the possibllity which existed at the time of his power, of forming a Pan-Hellenic union. But in the closing pages he pays a noble tribute to Pericles, ranking him as a hero not only of Athens, but of the world.

The book is very attractive in its material make up, both inside and outside, and is abundantly supplied with illustrations. Mr. Abbot's style of writing has a good deal of historical soberness about it, and is apt to give the impression of coldness to some extent, but it is always clear, and on the whole reliable and worthy of the subject.

To the person already familiar with Greek history, this account of Pericles will, of course, be the telling of an old story. But to the general reading public for whose needs it is designed, the book will be valuable and useful, as giving a view both of the age of Pericles itself, and of the main events in Athenian history leading up to that age.

*The Recent Development of American Industries*, by the class of '91, Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania.

The design of this little work is to present a concise and accurate view of the industrial conditions which we find to-day existing in the United States.

It consists of twelve or thirteen short theses, in which are traced the history and recent development of the most important American industries, together with a brief concluding sketch of the new industrial centers, which are rapidly growing up in the south and west. As an attempt to keep up with the times in economic investigation the book is really valuable. New conditions are constantly requiring new inductions and theories, the data for which must be supplied by new observations. Hence the information brought out by this book, though necessarily somewhat limited in range, will undoubtedly add something to the ground work of facts upon which economic reasoning is based.

*Selections for German Prose Composition*, by Horatio S. White. Allyn & Bacon, Boston.

This little volume ought to be a delight in the hands of any teacher, while in the pupil's hands it can never appear that dull, dry-as-dust thing such books are so often. The "Selections" are all chosen with regard to the interest they have in themselves, as well as for their adaptability to translation into German. This may be illustrated by the first, a description of Heidelberg by Charles Dudley Warner, or "A Beer-Scandal" from Longfellow's Hyperion. Besides following out this unique idea, the book is provided with a copious glossary, a bibliography for teachers, and many helpful notes. It should not fail to find a large constituency in our colleges and schools.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From Allyn & Bacon. Boston.*

Selections for German Prose Composition, by Horatio S. White.

*From John W. Lovell Co. New York.*

The Mammon of Unrighteousness, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson.

*From D. C. Heath & Co. Boston.*

Comparative View of Governments, by John Wenzel.
Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, by Waterman T. Hewett.

*From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.*

Abraham Lincoln, by Carl Schurz.
The Divine Comedy of Dante, by Charles Eliot Norton.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.*

Memoirs of Prince Tallyrand, by Duc de Broglie.
California and Alaska, by Wm. Seward Webb.
The Young Emperor, by Harold Frederic.
Politics and Property, by Slack Worthington.
Theoderic the Goth, by Thomas Hodgkin.
The Corporation Problem, by Wm. W. Cook.
Church and Creed, by R. Heber Newton.
Prince Dusty, by Kirk Monroe.
The Adventures of Three Worthies, by Clinton Ross.
Eothen, by A. W. Kinglake. Knickerbocker Nugget Series.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1891. NO. 2.

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

## A FOURTH OF JULY IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

[NOTE—An apology is due to the readers of the *Magazine* for the unfinished, sketchy character of this so-called "oration." In response to a request to amuse the passengers on the Steamship "Noordland," July 4th, 1891, as we were nearing the end of our voyage in the English Channel on the way to Antwerp, the following speech was prepared hastily and given in an extempore fashion. The author, therefore, begs that he will not be judged by the usual canons of literary form, and that not much will be expected.]

FELLOW CITIZENS AND KINSMEN OF ALL NATIONS:—I happen to be in the place of the orator* of the day, after the example of the colored clergyman who was in the ministry, as he himself explained, because he answered when some one else was "called." The chairman of the day, our friend the judge, who should have been in my stead, looks on the situation with a smile of judical complacency, thinking, how well he is carrying out the maxim of the old common law: *Qui facit per alium facit per se.*

*The first choice of the passengers had been Judge Andrew Kirkpatrick, of New Jersey.

On the planks of this deck—*Consule Planco McKinleyensi*—we may, this 115th anniversary of our Independence, place the people of America on dress parade, and after inspection report upon some of their gains and losses, some of their merits and demerits. No longer is it necessary—as it was in the days when Dickens wrote his "American Notes"—to magnify the advantages of our country in order to soothe a hesitating confidence as to our real standing among nations; for, to-day, we are sufficiently sure of ourselves to admit some short-comings and, through criticism, to reach out for improvement. Our critics may be our best friends. That we now find no treason in admitting that our civilization is far from perfect, may, then, in itself, be regarded as a sign of partial growth and maturity.

It is, perhaps, the fashion of orators on this day to satisfy the natural craving for praise of our institutions; and we are, moreover, a little too fond of celebrating our merely material gains. The glorifying of the military prowess by which Burgoyne and Cornwallis yielded to our yeomen soldiery, we now see to be of far less importance than the outcome of a struggle which made possible, not merely the establishment of another nation, but the differentiation of a new race, with qualities resembling those of our English fathers, yet radically differing from them. The inbreeding of new blood into English stock, the transfer to a new environment, the excitement of new motives to action, the stimulus to effort in new directions, educated a body and mind and character, which naturally became individual and different from that of other groups of men. The American physique is such that a Swiss guide seldom confuses us with the English; the American mind is ingenious, quick, sharp, not very accurate, versatile, but free from English insularity; American character—is far more difficult to analyze, even if there were a type for all our diversified social classes.

Our lack of accuracy in scholarship is probably due to the same circumstances which make it easy, in spite of blunders and mistakes, to obtain economic satisfactions in abundance. The surprising bounty of nature to us has permitted carelessness. Out of this comes our lack of appreciation of finish and form. Our content with a performance less perfect than we are capable of is

seen in an expression common with us: "Oh! that is well enough." Prodigality is the enemy of perfection. The day is not far distant, however, when economic losses will follow closely upon lack of forethought, and when success will necessitate a more careful adjustment of means to end. Our land, our mines, our forests, will not continue, as in the past, to respond so freely to every slightest effort. We must deliberately train ourselves to think more closely and accurately.

It does not follow, of course, that we shall continue to be inaccurate or crude; some of our scholars have already won us distinction. We are changing not only in this, but in other ways. One sunny afternoon, pacing up and down in the shrubbery of an English country house with my hostess, she was amazed to hear me speak of the American as taciturn. To her, Brother Jonathan was the type of the inquisitive questioner who pried out the details of family history from a chance travelling companion. Was she not right? Was I not, also, right? Before our Civil War, when an exchange of ideas was prevented by an absence of easy means of communication across vast distances, inquisitiveness was, undoubtedly, a marked national characteristic. But that is no longer true. The Civil War produced many changes in our forms of national life; in fact, a most interesting chapter might be written concerning the psychological effects on American life and manners of the great military movements from 1861 to 1865. I have no desire to insert here any obstruse digression; but, suffice it to say, the withdrawal of men from remote farms and lumber camps, their movement from the East to the West, from the West to the East, the bringing into contact men of widely different mental training, exchanging new ideas as to methods of cultivation, as to habits of living and as to standards of action—had a far-reaching effect upon our national character. Together with these movements came the introduction, or very marvelous expansion, of the telegraph, the newspaper, and railway transportation. Ideas and fashions went speedily to every corner of the land. Eccentricities and differences in architecture and personal attire began to disappear. The mind found its nutrition in new ways. With what result? One result, at least, is seen in the fact that to-day an American can sit as taciturn and stolid beside his companion in the street car or rail-

way train as if Brother Jonathan had never dwelt in this land. In such ways, the nervous, impressionable Americans are yet being worked upon and modelled into new shapes.

Some of our peculiarities, however, have not only been unchanged by the Civil War, but even strengthened by it. A quality of our people, which has had a phenomenal influence on our economic life, may here be only hinted at. It is suggested to us when we ponder on the lives of men like Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson. The latter, as you may know, came from very humble beginnings, at the cobbler's bench, bearing the name of Jeremiah Coldbath; yet he presided as Vice-president, over the higher branch of our National Legislature. Of such possibilities as these there is, in my opinion, an economic explanation,—one closely connected with our political institutions, and probably lying at the bottom of the great inventiveness of the American people. The social and political conditions under which we live allow to all persons the entire enjoyment of the results of their own exertions. But the moral justification of private property, we all know, is the right to enjoy the results of one's own exertions. Our institutions thus, evidently stimulate the acquisition of property; but they do more than that. They make possible to every man, no matter what his origin, the enjoyment of all the material and social rewards which can be gained by industry, ability and character. No political or social frosts prevent the fruit from following these blossoms. When there opens before the creator of new processes of production the possibility of enjoying for himself and family higher social conditions, he is stimulated, as in no other way, to the accumulation of wealth. The certainty that a successful invention will bring in its train, not merely wealth, but the enjoyment of all the social life which honor and character may win, uninfluenced by custom or tradition, or caste,—is the most powerful incentive to the discovery of new processes which can be devised. There is no possible spur to mental activity equal to the hope of higher social life. So far, then, as this is a peculiarity of our American existence, it must now be clear of what immense importance it is to our economic growth. The trite remark that the way from the shoemaker's bench to the White House is open to every American boy has, thus, its economic justification. It ex-

plains why it is that some hope of great possibilities enters the breast of even the foreigner who comes to our shores. He feels that nothing will interfere with his gaining any position to which mere capacity and character may entitle him ; no castes, no nobility, no class distinctions with hard and fast lines, will diminish the equality of conditions for all who enter the lists. It is this sense which works like leaven in the mind of every worker in our land.

These considerations point out why the Americans are the most inventive people in the world. No fixity of habits binds us to obsolete methods of manufacture, nor to old industrial processes. But this statement, in its full truth, can be said of no other workmen in the world. Its results for us are illimitable. Think of every ingenious article of domestic use in our homes ; and of our mechanical skill displayed in every direction, which is actually changing our methods of living. The railway train of to-day is totally unlike that of twenty years ago ; and our modern transportation system has given us as necessaries what were luxuries a few years ago. It was Eli Whitney who introduced the principle of interchangeability of parts into the manufacture of fire-arms, and now, it is said, an American locomotive can be set up in South Africa without the aid of a steam fitter.

In the open field of international competition with all the countries of the world, these forces just described will work in our favor with great effectiveness. When we break from our mediæval ways of trammeling trade, give our industries free play, furnish them the same equal conditions and the same cheapness of materials of manufacture which are enjoyed by other countries, no nation in the world can compete with our industrial organization and our efficient, ambitious, and intelligent workmen.

At this point, I think I hear you say I have spoken enough already of our material triumphs ; and yet I have had reference much more to the qualities of our people which underlie more than our mere material prosperity. This material prosperity, however, and the ease with which wealth is accumulated have a reflex action, of an evil nature, on our life. We are beginning to care for the lower satisfactions which wealth brings, for ease and for idleness. A means of living which entails hard labor is considered less respectable than a "genteel" occupation. The worship

of wealth is bringing in its train the pursuit of pleasure and the lowering of our standards of morals. The flying bird must exert itself to overcome the resistance of the air, but without this resistance to overcome its motion would be impossible. And yet we think it our aim to create conditions in which we cannot have motion or growth.

The nature of our institutions which make for the increase of wealth may, however, need a further word. The sense of absolute equality, arising from our equal political rights, may lead us into error. Already, by easy logic, our uninstructed socialists argue that, as one man is the equal of another politically, he must be the equal of every other man industrially—an error which permeates almost all socialistic philosophy.

Nor is this the only way in which the idea of equality carries us astray. In a chat with Mr. Longfellow, two or three years before his death, in speaking of the intruders on his privacy, he pointed out that as soon as a person in America becomes well known to the public, every one claims some rights over him ; that he could not then act solely for himself ; and, by way of illustration, he explained that the Americans would feel aggrieved if, like an Englishman, he were to build a high wall about his grounds and shut himself in. In this way, I may hint at the danger we are in of being unable to distinguish between degrees of capacity and character, or of not making the distinctions which are properly due to merit and not to wealth.

*Jam satis loquendi.* I have no thought of further imposing on you. As our thoughts go back across the ocean, we may have some regret, possibly, as we view those ships almost becalmed in recalling how much wind is to-day being wasted at home in oratory ; how many bombs are bursting ; and how many young powder-burnt celebrants will become little black angels ere the day closes. But we can keep our American hearts even here in this channel of the Prince of Baccarat :

"*Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" From the picture galleries and churches, from the Rhine and the Oberland may we bring home something more than did he of whom it it said that, after having dined with the gods, he could afterward remember only the pattern of the table-cloth.

As I close, there comes to me the memory of a poem recited to a body of us as students, by Tom Hughes, while Mr. Lowell was present. The speaker was urging upon us high ideals and examples of heroism, and closed by saying he had never failed to find inspiration in Lowell's poem of Hebe, and quoted it as follows:

"I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

"As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

"Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

"I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp:—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

* * * * * *

"O spendthrift, haste! await the gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

"Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

The lesson of following duty and the higher life regardless of rewards, may well be presented to our country. If we follow our better selves Hebe will, then, sue to pour for us "the cup of honor." If we Americans have but a faint sense of the mighty

possibilities open to our young country we shall set above every thing else the growth of a pure, cheerful, wholesome family life; a care for art and music above coarse attractions; a desire for form and finish instead of crudeness; a political life which is not avoided by the intelligent and conscientious; and, above all, a growth in individual character which which will leaven and inspire our whole national life.

—*J. Laurence Laughlin.*

## THE NEW LIBRARY.

Great thought that in a lofty soul found place,
And now finds voice in miracle of stone:
Not through Catherdral door to books alone
We enter here; for all that Good can trace
On human hearts we come; and, keeping pace
With high endeavor, struggle to atone
For loss elsewhere; for surcease from the moan
Of restlessness; for Peace that shall efface
All littleness, and lift us to the air
Of larger usefulness, and Victory won.
Above all else we seek within thy ken
For that Great Spirit, luminous and rare,
That once again proclaims what can be done
By one who lives to serve his fellow-men.

—*M. M. A.*

## ROSICRUCIAN VENGEANCE.

Of Rosy Cross the stories told
Would make the listener's blood run cold;
Alas, our days are all too few
On which those wondrous tales seem true.

IT was a gala night in the palace of the Duke Rudolfo, of Venice, at the time of the most flourishing condition of the city, when she was known as "The Queen of the Sea," and the sails of her merchantmen were seen in every part of the Mediterranean, and, indeed, wherever traffic was done in ships. The duke was the heir of one of the richest of the great families of the wealthy city. He was the last of his race and, what perhaps lent a greater interest to him in the eyes of all ladies with marriageable daughters, still of the comparatively youthful age of thirty-five, and unmarried.

The Gordini palace was the work of a famous architect, so constructed as to produce the strangest and most pleasing effects. Of these the duke was exceedingly vain, and on this particular occasion had spared no expense in his efforts to amaze the aristocratic guests whom he awaited. From the street there was little to indicate what a scene of brilliancy had been prepared, just a few steps aside; for an exceedingly high wall was built all around the Gordini palace. But if one were of the privileged few who had received invitations to the ducal ball, he might witness scenes rivaling dreams of fairy-land.

As each carriage approached, a massive gate with strange carvings moved, as if by magic, and allowed the carriage to enter, and then as slowly and noiselessly resumed its former position. Those who endeavored to gain a view of the interior from without were, however, much disappointed, for the carriage drive was of labyrinthine construction, while every now and then gates growing gradually of smaller proportions and finer workmanship would glide noiselessly aside to allow the guests to pass and then as noiselessly close, until a light gate constructed all of gold and of marvelously beautiful design suddenly admitted the carriage to a splendid park brilliantly illuminated.

The great wealth of the duke had been lavished in the most extravagant manner. The walks were marvels of gardening, arranged so as to reveal the wealth of the vegetable world in the most striking combinations. Mechanical songsters, the triumphs of ingenious artists, poured forth melodious strains, wonderful statuary peeped from fitting coverts, and fountains artistically arranged gleamed brightly in the lamplight or plashed in cool shady retreats.

There was a fashionable throng at the palace early in the evening, for all Venice was in a state of great excitement over the ball, which all knew would be conducted on a grand scale. Those who could afford it and those who could not made every effort to appear in the utmost magnificence. Splendid jewels sparkled everywhere and bright eyes outshone them. It was a time when fashion permitted the wearing of the most brilliant colors, and the noble, the fair, and the rich had availed themselves of this privilege to produce the most splendid costumes. Silks and satins glistened everywhere. The ladies with their elaborate head dresses and costumes of richest material were rivaled in the gaudiness of their attire by their escorts, who were not yet contented with constituting a sombre background for the splendor of the ladies. According to the custom of the time, all of the gentlemen wore at the left side finely ornamented swords.

Only one of that gay throng was dressed in black, now the evening dress of the civilized world. Yet that one was perhaps of all that assembly the most worthy of remark. This person was dressed in a suit of dark cloth, cut in a becoming style and displaying to the best advantage a noble countenance and a well-moulded form. He was evidently of an Eastern type, but not very dark, with smoothly shaven, commanding features and expressive eyes. There was something peculiar about those eyes,—something strangely fascinating about them which compelled the observer to look again and again, ever baffled in his attempt to fathom the depth of their expression. As well might one strive to pierce the depths of an unfathomable sea, for there was something impenetrable, something infinitely suggestive about them. This individual's whole being was indeed wrapped in mystery. He had come to Venice bearing letters from Count Antonio, an

influential Venetian, then in Constantinople, who was a deadly enemy of Duke Rudolfo. These letters had at once won a warm welcome for the stranger from the aristocrats of the beautiful city. When once he had gained an introduction, he needed no patronage. His commanding presence, his marvelous knowledge and wisdom soon made him a general favorite. No wonder then that he was a guest on this fateful evening.

There was one peculiar circumstance about this stranger, who was known simply as Morgano, the Physician. In one of the halls of the Venetian castle, Count Antonio, to whom we have referred as visiting in the East, and who was known to be addicted to curious studies, a taste for which he had inherited from a grand-uncle, there hung an excellent portrait of a young man in the costume of a former period, which, in the opinion of all who beheld it, might pass for a perfect likeness of Morgano. This portrait was known to have been painted at least a hundred years before the time when the events here narrated occurred, and was said to be that of a learned physician who had visited Antonio's grand-uncle, Rolfo, and imparted to him valuable secrets in chemistry. This Rolfo lived to a great age so that all his generation passed away before him, and, it was said, that to his favorite, Antonio, he had left certain mysterious books in unknown tongues and also this portrait with its remarkable likeness to Morgano. Hence it became noised about that the mysterious physician was a member of that strange and little understood brotherhood of the Rosy Cross.

Morgano had astonished the learned with his great knowledge. On no subject, apparently, could he be approached, on which he was not well informed, whether of literature, history, or science. Questions relating to bygone centuries he would answer without hesitation, in a way that left no doubt as to the truth of his statements. He knew more of Venice than the Venetians. As a physician, he never took a fee, but it was rumored that he was exceedingly rich. He performed marvelous cures, treating the poor as carefully and willingly as the rich, and using for the purpose the simplest herbs. Morgano was a most pleasant and entertaining member of society, for which his vast stores of knowledge so admirably fitted him. On the lawn of the Duke Rudolfo he was

eagerly welcomed and recognition was sought from him by all. He was soon the centre of an interested group, in which, as he approached, an animated discussion was going on.

"Ah," exclaimed one, "here is some one who can help us out of our difficulty. My dear Morgano, we are discussing the nature of that strange plant standing yonder near that large Egyptian palm. Count Molino says it is a native of India, while the Duke Bracciato insists that it comes from Persia. Others of us place it in other parts of the earth, so that we are unable to agree as to what it is or whence it comes. Perchance you can enlighten us."

All turned expectantly toward the newcomer. The latter glanced curiously at the plant, which was indeed a wonderful sight. The leaves were of a greenish blue mottled with red and purple. They were broad at the base and dentated as they grew to a point, and veined throughout with delicate threads of white. But the wonder of all was the flower, which rose on a heavy cane-like stem, a plumy crest of fine crimson of large proportions, from which emanated a pleasant perfume.

"As to the home of this plant, which I do not wonder you find it difficult to determine," Morgano smilingly began, "it would surprise me little were it a product of your own charming city!" Then noticing the general incredulity, he continued:

"Our host is indeed a second Alexander, though perhaps a less dangerous one. Not satisfied with his already large collection of plants, he evidently deems that he has exhausted the wealth of the vegetable world, which the bounty of the Creator has enabled him to gather so profusely about him. Look more closely at this strange creation."

The astonishment was increased, when cooly breaking off a leaf, he revealed the imposition, for the curious plant was an artificial one, cunningly contrived.

The curiosity of the bystanders was barely satisfied, when they were alarmed by a tumult in one of the darker retreats, and presently saw an excited gentleman rush forth, pale and breathless.

"A physician! A physician!" he cried. "Murder has been committed."

"I am a physician," said Morgano. "Tell me what has happened."

The calmness of the speaker reassured the man, a distinguished government official, and he related how he had been impelled by curiosity to enter one of the darker walks, and at an abrupt turn had nearly stumbled over the body of a finely dressed young man, who was lying face downward with a poniard in his back. Whether dead or not, he did not pause to determine. It looked like murder, for the situation of the wound was incompatible with suicide. Before he had ended his story, Morgano had departed in the direction indicated by the frightened man. The countenances of all expressed the greatest consternation and horror. Some of the braver spirits started to follow Morgano, but were met by him returning with a poniard in his hand.

"The duke has indeed prepared wierd entertainment for his guests to-night," he said. "If he has been guilty of no worse crime than this, however, I think he will be forgiven the unnecessary fright he has caused his fair guests. See there is no blood on the steel. The mummery is well contrived, however, and will repay investigation."

Many, thus encouraged, hurried to the scene of the mock murder, where some of the more timid were still frightened by the natural appearance of the outstretched figure.

This ghastly method of entertainment cast a gloomy spell over the minds of many. Even the Princess Lolia, a member of a noble and wealthy family, and distinguished by rare gifts of person and mind as well as by position, who was supposed to have most deeply affected the heart of the duke, could not restrain an exclamation of horror on seeing him.

"My lord," she said, "we terrified women can scarcely find it it in our hearts to forgive you for this fright. You must make reparation."

In his courtliest manner the duke replied:

"I can scarce forgive myself, since I have caused my fair guests fright. I thought, however, that all Italians had an innate taste for the ghastly. You will at least grant me the merit of originality."

"Assuredly it was well contrived for your purpose. The events of this evening will furnish gossip for months," the princess replied.

"That I think should plead for my excuse with the ladies," said the duke. But come, let us enter," and offering his arm, their entrance was the signal for the revelation of new wonders.

At every turn of the palace there were new effects in lights and decorations, and here too the ghastly was not forgotten. One room especially was fitted up with horrible artfulness, a perfect chamber of death, representing a feast of skeletons, their fleshless bones covered with dark robes and yellow light streaming upon them. Dark tapestries were hung upon the walls, and dark curtains draped before the windows. The only other color was furnished by the death-heads, which stood out in startling relief with their grinning white teeth and eyeless sockets. Many, coming suddenly upon this scene, uttered cries of horror and turned away. But the musie soon struck up and all was soon well-nigh forgotten in the merry whirl of the dance, when, suddenly, as the last stroke of twelve died away, a strange thing happened.

All at once the lights in the great palace hall were extinguished, as if by magic, and on the far wall appeared in outlines of fire, a representation of an assassination, which had of late caused great excitement in Venice. A nobleman, an uncle of the duke, from whom he had inherited the bulk of his great wealth, was represented as tracked by a hired assassin. The features of the victim were well portrayed, as he was shown walking along a retired street on a moonlight night, while in the shadow skulked a form with raised arm, the features of the latter not being well marked. Then of a sudden the lights were again turned on, revealing the dancers in every attitude of surprise. They had scarcely time to draw breath, however, before the hall was again darkened and another picture shone on the wall, representing the victim in the agony of death, the assassin standing over him stiletto in hand. Again the hall was illuminated only to reveal greater consternation than before. Then again the lights went out and the purpose of all was revealed. There stood the assassin, whose features were merely conventional, for he was never apprehended, receiving the reward of his dastardly deed from one whom all recognized as the duke's enemy, Count Antonio.

At sight of this pictorial accusation, a murmur arose, for the accused was not without friends among the revelers. There is no

telling to what length the feeling might have gone, had not the commotion been stilled by a commanding voice from the rear of the hall, where stood Morgano, the Physician, with a curious wand in his hand, with one wave of which he instantly extinguished once more the lights, exclaiming:

"This mummery is all a lie, is false as the hollow shows to which we have been treated before. People of Venice, I will show you the truth. See."

Every eye was turned once more to the far end of the hall and there, strange to say, a wierd scene was enacted. First, there came a representation of a little cottage on the estate of Count Antonio, and at the door stood a maiden whom some of those present had formerly admired, as they saw her a favorite servant at the nobleman's castle. She was standing there in a becoming costume and in a graceful poise, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing down a road along which a solitary horseman approached. The panorama represented him as coming nearer and nearer, until there were distinctly outlined the features of Duke Rudolfo. He seemed to gaze fixedly at the maiden, at which she retired in confusion to the interior of the cottage, where she was nursing her sick mother.

The scene changed. It was a dark, stormy night. By bright flashes of lightning a band of horsemen were revealed, stealthily approaching the little cottage. At their head was Duke Rudolfo. Then came the attack, and the duke appeared bearing in his arms the insensible maiden, while his ruthless followers soon silenced the other inmates of the cottage. The next scene was a ghastly one, representing the corpse of the dishonored girl floating on one of the canals of the city.

The tumult was now great. Many ladies fainted. The Princess Lolia glided from the side of the duke, who stood lashed to fury with hand on sword, but did not move or utter a word. He seemed to be under the compulsion of some higher power, as indeed did all those present.

Then again came the voice of the Rosicrucian, "Hold, that is not all."

Then there appeared a duplicate of the last scene the duke had shown, save that his own features were substituted for those of Count Antonio.

Morgano waved his wand once more, and the hall was again brilliantly illuminated, presenting a rare scene for a great artist. Men and women stood in every attitude, and the expressions on the various countenances were strange to behold. There was not a single smile in all that company. But two figures demand our entire attention.

At one end of the long hall stood Duke Rudolfo, his countenance working with fury and yet expressing surprise and guilt. At the other end, stood the impassive physician, stretching forth the forefinger of his right hand toward his host and exclaiming :

"See, there is my proof. I call all the world to witness that that look proves his guilt."

The enraged duke could restrain himself no longer. Drawing his sword, he rushed furiously at his accuser, exclaiming, "It is false. I will prove it so."

Some attempted to restrain him, but on he went with the impetuosity of a madman. Morgano cooly drew his sword and awaited his coming. A frightful duel ensued. The duke was accounted the best swordsman in Venice, but his fury and a certain fear of the dread physician rendered him too excited to profit by his usual skill, while Morgano cleverly parried every thrust and lunge, giving a splendid exhibition of swordsmanship. For some time sword rang on sword. Then, with a rapid movement of the wrist, Morgano parried a furious lunge and, with a lightning cut over his adversary's blade, aimed his thrust so true that the duke fell at his feet a corpse.

The strange being who had thus, in a remarkable duel, slain the host of the evening, cooly wiped his blade, and, as some of the friends of the fallen criminal rushed upon him, waved again his potent wand, and suddenly the hall was darkened once more, and there on the far wall appeared in fiery blood-red letters these words :

FAREWELL, PEOPLE OF VENICE. MY MISSION IS ENDED.

Then the hall was lighted again, but the Rosicrucian, for whom all looked, was not to be fouud. Not one of that company ever gazed upon him again, although travelers brought tales from distant lands of marvelous deeds performed by one whom many thought no other than Morgano.

. . . . . .

Such a terrible series of events naturally enough gave rise to great excitement among the guests of the fallen duke. As if a curse had fallen upon the house, all hurried to leave. The cunningly contrived gates swung open obedient to the law of their action. Soon the last carriage had departed and it was not long before the last servant had followed. Silence reigned in the vast hall and all that was left of humaniy was the fallen duke and the skeleton company which grinned as gaily as when every countenance of the company which filled the hall wore a smile. The splendid feast prepared for the occasion remained untasted, and an evening which had been ushered in with the splendor of festivity ended with the solemn gloom of tragedy. The wish of the duke was fulfilled, though otherwise than he expected, for Venetians never wearied of telling of the Rosicrucian's vengeance.

—*Louis Carl Ehle, '90.*

## TENNYSON AND RUSKIN ON WOMAN.

FEW topics in our day are more frequently and hotly discussed than what is known as "the woman question." We hear all sorts of theories as to woman's place, her education, her nature. It may be interesting, therefore, to compare the views presented by two men, each a genius in his own way and both belonging to a preëminently domestic nation. Tennyson and Ruskin have both written about woman's education, the one in the most musical of poetry, the other in scarcely less poetical prose. In their deference for noble womanhood they are one, nor do their pictures of the ideal woman differ greatly in more than a few points.

Tennyson has woven his theme in and out of a fanciful tale and has thrown over the solution of the question he offers, the glamour of poetic genius, so that it is hard to determine just what the poet means, or to judge how much is the expression of honest opinion, how much sacrificed to the demands of poetic expression. The real and fanciful is constantly mingled. The Princess is no flesh and blood woman but a creature compounded out of the feminine characteristics of the Middle Ages, and the aspirations of the nineteenth century. She cherishes the most exalted aims, longs for

the highest knowledge, but she seeks to fulfill those aims in the most childish and extravagant fashion and her erudition has a theatrical ring. She is a beautiful and majestic figure, but she drives to the verge of despair any one who attempts to deal with her as the representative of her sex. Ruskin has clothed his thought in clear and effective prose. There is no difficulty in grasping his meaning, however little it may coincide with one's own opinion.

The conservative element is represented in the Princess by the old king, the father of the Prince. He sums up the case in the following words :—

> "Man for the field and woman for the hearth,
> Man for the sword and for the needle she ;
> Man with the head and woman with the heart ;
> Man to command and woman to obey."

It cannot be fairly said that these lines represent, in all respects, the author's position. So far from asserting that man is to command and woman to obey, in the latter part of the poem he writes, "In true marriage lies nor equal nor unequal," and the wedded pair are to walk "*yoked* in all exercise of noble end." As for the rest, the very breath of the poem is "woman for the hearth" and "with the heart." Truly, the poet grants that they need more breadth of culture ; he would have them live and learn but when Ida says to the Prince, "This mother is your model," we feel her words are true of the creator of the Prince; his ideal is a woman, "not learned save in gracious household ways." The "iron moods" of the Princess seem to be engendered by too much toiling up the stony paths of learning. Let us now see what Ruskin says. First of all, he heartily agrees with the Poet Laureate as to the impossibility of separating the woman's cause from man's, and he stigmatizes as even more foolishly wrong, the idea that the woman owes her lord a servile obedience and is to be supported altogether by his strength, not her own. The guiding function is the woman's, her power is for rule as the man's is for battle, for invention. She is the presiding genius of the home and Ruskin characterizes the true home very beautifully. The hearth is to him more than the symbol of family life. It is an altar on which burns a sacred flame. The essence

of home is the cheer, comfort and peace which encircles a good woman wherever she may be. The exercise of the same qualities which are useful in the household is her duty in the world lying beyond it. She is to help preserve there the same order and beauty. The care and tenderness are not to be all lavished upon husband and children ; all the wretched and helpless have a place in her heart and a share in her ministrations. Such are two views of woman's sphere. In general, Ruskin's appears the broader. The key-note of The Princess is love, the love of husband and wife. Until this comes to Ida she is cold, stern, unsympathetic ; in love, in domestic life, lies a woman's only happiness, her only chance of complete and harmonious development. But if an affection thus exclusive and limited is so beautiful and sacred a thing, is that love which embraces all the world, which would sacrifice its own happiness and gives without return, to be entirely set aside? Is it less noble for a woman to devote herself to the service of her sisters, to elevate them, to free from intellectual and moral bondage? It is not a question of happiness. Tennyson implies, not that a woman like Ida is less *happy* standing alone and working for others ; but that without the Prince her life is *necessarily* dwarfed and barren, unwarmed by natural human affection, lighted only by a vague enthusiasm for abstract knowledge. While Ruskin always speaks of woman in connection with the home as her natural place, he does not so distinctly bring out the idea that domestic life is the only sphere, in which the distinctively womanly qualities can be of use and reach their best development.

That no education which does not help in the formation of character deserves the name, is a familiar truth. Both Tennyson and Ruskin have emphasized it. Ruskin says a girl's mind should be trained in order to "confirm its natural instincts of justice and refine its natural tact of love, to extend her sympathy, to make use of her quicker insight." In short to deepen and intensify all her best traits, those which she possesses in virtue of her womanhood. Tennyson takes the negative side.

> "Drink deep until the habits of the slave,
> The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
> And slander, die"

What neither seems to have taken any account of is the intellectual hunger which may possess a woman's soul as well as a man's. "I want to *know*" says the woman, and the invariable masculine answer is, "What for?" We speak of the noble curiosity which impels the man of science but, in spite of free acknowledgement of woman's superior claim to that signified by the substantive alone, the addition of the adjective seems to alter the case. Ruskin says: "A woman ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. A man ought to know any science or language thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language or science only so far as it may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasure and those of his best friends." Has a woman, then, no intellectual needs whatever? Tennyson sings in a similar strain:—

> "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.
> What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang,)
> In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
> Come, for Love is of the valley."

It is the old refrain, "What pleasure lives in height?" Perhaps the maid enjoys looking at the view after all, and is not unmoved by the splendor of the hills.

Like many others Ruskin assumes that, while a woman has mental power enough to learn, and learn accurately, anything he thinks desirable, nevertheless this power can be conveniently shut off as soon as the purpose is accomplished for which it was turned on. That a woman who had studied a science down to that point where it plunges into the depths should have any questionings, any desire to see what lies beyond, apparently does not occur to him. That the everlasting Why? should sound in woman's ears seems to him incredible. She has not a very lofty conception of knowledge who considers it a mere means to enable her to sympathize in the pleasures of her husband and his friends. Is it nothing more to a woman than this? Are the eternal laws less impressive, the deep mysteries less fascinating to her than to a man? Has the universe no message for her? It is not reasonable to suppose she can pursue a branch of knowledge with intelligence and

enthusiasm and then calmly retreat, having reached the portal over which is written, "Thus far shalt thou go." The mere fact that it is not necessary to her is not enough.

A man's intellectual labor, is not considered purely a matter of utility. He is interested ; he studies to solve the problems that appeal to him. Then shall we say, as one having authority, to the half of humanity, in whose brains the same questions arise, around whom lies the same wondrous universe, "A woman should know any science or language *only so far?*" And, when it comes to the deepest and most vital of sciences, we learn that "there is one dangerous science for women, that of theology." Women must be the moral guides of mankind, so we are told previously, and now we find that, though they are to uphold the moral law upon earth, into the nature of the law-giver they are not to inquire. That profound humility is fitting in the presence of these fundamental questions no one will deny. Why a woman should be debarred from reverent and intelligent study upon them is less obvious. In one sentence Tennyson strikes what many feel to be the root of the difficulties which prevent the determination of woman's place and education. "You clash them all in one that have as many differences as we" says the Prince. It is the "clashing all in one" of intellectual powers, emotional characteristics, hopes, fears and aims that differ as the east from the west, that involves the whole question in hopeless confusion. Ruskin has common sense on his side when he writes : "Give them the same advantages you give their brothers. Appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them. Teach them also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being." It might be added, Let each one follow out her own tastes and develop her own talents. You might as well try to find a formula for the education of the whole of humanity, with all its varying needs, as for that half to which belong the mothers and wives and sisters.

—*Mary P. Harmon.*

## TO TORQUATUS.

[Translation from Horace, Odes IV, 7.]

Snow is gone, the grass is taking birth ;
To the trees
Come the leaves ;
Change is over all the earth.

Rivers, lessened, flow within their banks ;
Early spring
Joy doth bring,
Nymphs and Graces join their ranks.

Do not hope immortal life to live.
Days go by,
Hours fly,
Changing seasons warnings give.

Zephyrs blow and check bluff winter's cold,
Spring gives place
To summer's grace ;
Autumn next secures its hold.

After Autumn 's lavished all its store,
Winter then
Comes again,
Bringing languor as of yore.

Months go by and reconvert decay.
You and I,
When we die,
Are but severed soul and clay.

Shall we yet another morrow see ?
One more day ?
None can say
All that you enjoy so free

Will escape thy offspring's hands of greed.
When you are dead,
And on your head
Minos judgment has decreed,

Virtue, eloquence, and noble birth
Ne'er will give
That you live
Torquatus, here again on earth.

Nor can gods eternal laws defy,
Or take above
Whom they love,
Though Theseus and Diana try.

*Margaret Otis.*

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

IT was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in October. A cool wind sprang up from the bosom of Lake Erie at the approach of evening, and swept gently over the almost unbroken wilderness of Western New York. It went sighing and whispering in music through the forests, lightly touching the foliage, rocking the treetops, perhaps, yet so softly that one could scarce tell whether they stirred or not. Above, not a cloud darkened the deep blue of the heavens save low in the west, where a black, threatening mass was heaped, foreboding a speedy twilight and a coming storm. For all that, it was as yet an ideal autumn day, though now toward its close a trifle drear and cold. A solitary horseman threaded his way among the stumps and fallen trees, that in the year 1804 plentifully bestrewed the primitive road and rendered traveling excessively tedious and wearisome. Far as it was from fulfilling the mission of a perfect thoroughfare, this was, nevertheless, the great state highway, which, following an old Indian trail, stretched away westward from Albany. In spite of occasional barriers which turned it for a space aside, it kept in the main persistently to its course, and, like a huge serpent, wound resolutely over hill and dale, until after many a day's journey and a final sweep to the south, it reached Buffalo triumphant.

Notwithstanding the wretched condition of the road, the horseman had pushed his steed into a brisk canter, which an inferior animal could hardly have maintained for a dozen rods together. They came on, as though horse and man were but one, crashing through the forest. The dead hush of the sylvan solitudes was desecrated for a time, as the unusual sounds penetrated the hidden recesses and aroused the slumbering echo, that rolled back in solemn response. Now and then, a fox or a raccoon scurried across the road, and disappeared as abruptly as it had come. More rarely, too, a wolf cleared the narrow opening at almost a single bound, and was gone. Of this and all else without, the man was evidently unmindful. His head was bowed, as though in thought. The perspiration poured out upon his sun-burned brow, bathing the shaggy black hair that had fallen recklessly over it. To have brought forth such drops of perspiration in the cool of evening, a vulcan of thought must have been raging within, He bared his throat, removing the heavy muffler, that some fair hand, perhaps, had placed there. It fell fluttering to the ground, unnoticed, until actuated by a sudden impulse, he reined in his horse, alighted, picked up the lost article, and rode on again. For a moment his features brightened as though the light of some radiant thought were forcing its way through the outer gloom; then they relapsed into sombre pensiveness as before. If we may believe the local historian of the time, his countenance was somewhat remarkable, possessing a bold, massive ruggedness, which was generally considered neither handsome nor attractive. His face was kept smooth-shaven, and thus revealed an unduly prominent chin with a cast of mien that impressed the most casual observer with its haughty, defiant expression. "The man's face," says the chronicler, "was as that of a gladiator of the old Roman time, when he entered the arena, confident of success, dauntless in his self-reliance, and bade whoever would come on." The firmly set mouth, the deep lines that lay furrowed in the cheeks and were but the expression of the deeper furrows in the very fibre of his soul, and in fact the whole lower portion of the face betokened a life of full fifty years. But by a peculiar contradiction, the dark hair and the restless activity of the eye that smouldered as with an inexhaustible fire from its cavernous

depths and needed seemingly but a spark to set it all aglow, modified this impression, and bespoke a man younger by a score of years. As for his person in general, his large frame, like that of many a hardy pioneer of that period, was well knit and muscular, slightly exceeding the average.

A pair of saddle bags was thrown across the pommel of the saddle. They contained the scanty mail which passed once a week from Canandaigua to Ft. Niagara by way of Buffalo Creek, and at the end of the same length of time repassed to the east. The horse, which the mail carrier bestrode, was a powerful, though medium-sized animal, remarkable for his staying powers and speed. Life and energy glowed in the conscious eye, and spoke in the proud arch of the neck, and the easy play of the broad, hardened muscles. Large white flecks from sweat dotted the blackness of his coat, showing that the unusual speed was telling on his strength. With great dexterity and intelligence, the animal avoided the inequalities in the road, and with but little urging and slackened rein set his own pace. Now, as a long, unobstructed stretch lay before him, he swung into a full canter ; now, as the way became rough and uneven, he adopted a slower and more careful gait. There were few signs of human habitation along the highway, for as yet but the faintest wave of the advancing civilization had encroached upon the western wilderness. At long intervals a little log cabin with its two or three scanty acres of clearing greeted the traveler's sight, but he rode by these the harder and scarcely returned the salutation of those who had watched his coming for hours and who still kept looking, though the turn in the road had long since concealed him from view. He thundered over the resounding planks of the stout wooden bridge at Tonawanda Creek. Far down the stream, a startled deer paused in her evening draught, lifted her graceful dripping head from the limpid water and sped away to her forest home. The beautiful vision was gone, but little he recked for that. He soon reached the new stone saw mill of Ezra Davis, the first erected in the country. In the eyes of the early settlers it was a noble structure, a harbinger of prosperity. Old Ezra, himself, was giving it a last fond finishing touch, when he descried the horseman, and in his full rich bass, pealed out a hearty "Good day." His words

came back, but it was only the echo of his own voice borne on the wings of the fresh western wind. Only a cloud of dust showed where the carrier had been.

Thus regardless of everything and astonishing many a good settler by his rude indifference, the traveler pressed on. Suddenly, as a gentle incline was reached, his whole manner changed; he raised his head and put himself keenly on the alert. Large trees obstructed his vision, but he looked sharply ahead, and listened if aught could be heard above the dull thud of the hoofs of his horse. At the foot of the slope the road led through a thickly wooded glen where the overarching elms interlocked their aged arms, and at the base of one a tiny spring welled up into a pool of liquid crystal. He dismounted, and approaching the spring looked into the clear, cool depths, where his own face lay mirrored in the reflected emerald of the foliage above. He laved his heated brow, and then overcome by a sense of the silent beauty and majesty of the place, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. A reverie stole over him, his features relaxed for a moment. He shook it off with an effort, and walking about sent a searching glance through every aisle in the forest. Perceiving nothing, he stepped to his horse and had placed one foot in the stirrup, when a light touch on the shoulder made him turn hastily about and throw himself on his guard. A young Indian brave stood calmly before him. In the bold freedom and dignity which distinguish those who love and commune with nature, he seemed as much a part of the woodland scene as the tall elms above them.

"Friend," the warror said in the melodious Iroquois tongue, "I have come."

The horsemen sprang eagerly toward him, and wrung the dusky hand in the ecstacy of his delight at seeing him. Then he drew back a llttle, and answered in a voice of tremendous volume and depth that quivered with passion.

"It must be done, and this is the time for it. I know he is the culprit, though the law will not convict him. The curse of my dead father be upon my head if I do not to-night avenge his murder. So help me God, I have said it."

"A true warrior hides his wrath and does not speak his purpose aloud," the words were distinct yet light as the breath of

the wind, "for the leaves open their little ears and whisper to the breeze which woos them. The birds chatter as they flash along the tops of the trees. Even the tiny brook has its tale, and though it creeps far underground, it babbles and gurgles still."

"Be that as it may," returned the horseman sharply, though in modified tones, "the deed must be done. When the sun is as far below the horizon as it is now above meet me on the edge of his clearing toward the river, where the poplar stands by the roadside. The night is fast coming on and I must hasten on with the mail."

With these words he leaped into the saddle, but wheeling about to leave a parting injunction, he found that the brave had gone. Nothing daunted, he recklessly hurled out the words through the solitudes nntil they rang again. Then he rode on. The black horse refreshed by his short rest, struck into a brisk canter, and in five minutes' time passed into the little settlement of Buffalo Creek. A mere handful of log cabins, a dozen or fifteen perhaps, foreshadowed the great city of to-day. The pioneers, hearing the tramping of horse's feet and then recognizing the mail carrier, rushed, men, women and children, to the tiny postoffice, completely besieging the place.

When the horseman resumed his journey, he turned his course to the west and north. The sun had sunk beneath a dense bank of clouds, the twilight was fast deepening. Below him Lake Erie spread out its vast, troubled waste of waters as far as the eye could see; over it the rising wind blew a strong, steady blast. He could still discern the indistinct and fading outline of the Canadian coast. The fire of a remote camp sent forth a feeble glimmer, almost lost in the distance; from some nearer camp or cabin a dog raised a prolonged howl as dismal as the approaching night. The darkened waves broke on the beach with a melancholy boom. He stopped, for no apparent reason, but as the fancy of a dreamer stays or goes by the decree of some unknown agency. He watched a distant wave; it perhaps seemed to him to be peculiarly symbolical of his own turbulent life. It came on, silent as yet, foam-crested, tossing, tumbling, impelled by a hidden power. It quickened its mad career, it rushed more wildly to its doom, it was almost in. Lashed into fury on the shoals, it groaned, and

with a last concentrated effort, in grand unbroken front, it struck the shore with a fearful cry of agony and dashed up the rocks in a cloud of spray. A cold tremor swept through him.

The road soon became so obstructed by underbrush and uncertain in the gloom, that fast traveling was impossible. Dark, stealthily-moving forms, that he felt sure were wolves or even panthers, crossed the road with annoying frequency. One or two came up so suddenly and near that the frightened horse veered off into a thicket on one side of the way, and then after some confusion plunged back again. Everything was combined to wear on the man's overwrought feelings. All he saw or heard seemed weird and awful. The hurrying waters of the Niagara, which he had now reached, lapped the bank with a doleful rhythm. Never had the wind wailed with such a mournful, human voice. The trees that lined the road on either hand like grim sentinels, and loomed up until their lofty tops were completely wrapped in obscurity, seemed to weigh him down with their huge swaying limbs. It was as if a forest spectre were casting upon him a hideous frown, felt rather than seen. His horse dashed unexpectedly into the water of some unknown stream, attempted to stagger across its strong bed, but missing his footing, went over full on his side. Then, riderless, the animal recovered himself, and struggled to the farther shore, where he stood shivering, whinnying, feeling into the dark water for his lost master. A minute later, the carrier chilled and drenched to the skin, gained the bank, and threw himself into the saddle without a moment's delay. He buttoned his great coat up to the chin, turned up the collar, and drew his belt tighter; but the cold blast cut through his wet garments until it seemed to penetrate body and soul. A weaker spirit would have been shaken, but his grew strong within him. His whole being responded to the touch of opposition. He held the rein with a firmer hand, and pressed hard on the stirrup as if thus he could fortify his purpose. No longer did he hear the plaintive minor in the music of the waves, nor the funereal wail in the voice of the wind. No longer did he feel the great columns of the forest frown upon him from their shadowy height. His determination had possession of his entire self, and he saw and heard nothing save what would aid or deter his journey.

The black horse too, must have caught something of his rider's spirit, or possibly his late mishap smote hard on his 'equine hide, for he took a bolder step and kept the road with more certain foot. In truth, once some thick underbrush and a fallen tree, unseen in the darkness, brought him to his knees, but he rallied gallantly and went on as before.

They made their way thus about three miles north of the Lake to a point nearly opposite the head of Grand Island, when they reached the edge of a clearing marked by a massive poplar that surpassed all its neighbors in circumference and height and overlooked the whole region. Many a legend was connected with the huge tree, for it had stood there for time immemorial, and had been the centre of a fierce Indian conflict, when under its very shadow two great chiefs, after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle of hours, had died, each unconquered. After tying his horse to a sapling, he looked or rather groped about for his ally, the Iroquois brave, and knowing well the red-man's punctuality was astonished not to find him there. He struck a light, glanced at his watch, and was surprised to discover that the hour was earlier than he had supposed. The Indian was not yet due ; he would spend the time in reconnoitering about the house. He strode across the open field, guided by a pale light issuing from a single window, and reached the place without any difficulty. A slight rent in the oiled paper, which was the almost universal substitute among the settlers for glass, gave him a view of the interior. He was so terribly agitated, now that the object of his fury was almost within his grasp, that his hand shook violently as it rested on the sill and his head trembled as though with the palsy. It required all the strength at his command to restrain his passion, or he would have burst through the heavy sash and faced his victim then and there. Some time elapsed before he gained sufficient mastery over himself to look with any degree of composure upon the scene within.

The general features of the apartment were much the same as those of the conventional log cabin, the room some twelve feet square, as rude and humble as could well be imagined. The furniture was too scanty and crude to deserve a name vested with such dignity ; a clumsy oak table, two wooden benches, a bed-

stead of poles in the corner beyond the pondrous door, and by the yawning fireplace a shelf or two, an apology for a cupboard, inclined at such an angle that its meagre contents seemed to defy the law of gravitation. Scarcely anything relieved the bare ugliness of the walls from the floor of split logs to the elm bark roof. And yet, there were certain subtle touches here and there that betokened the deftness of a woman's hand. The carrier could not but feel his passion softened and chastened, he knew not how. A man sat motionless and silent by the table, his head buried in his hands. The carrier concentrated his attention upon him for several minutes as an animal watches the least movement of his prey, but he could not see him stir nor hear him utter the slightest sound. He could not look at the man without inseparably connecting with him the image of his own dead father. His passion rose to a fearful height, but he wrestled with it and thrust it down. A woman knelt by the bedside, sobbing pitifully without restraint, as though her life were crushed and she would sob, sob, until her cries were stifled in the grave. It cut him to the heart to see her weep and hear her moan. He wondered why she did it. That brute had probably injured her in some way; he was capable of doing anything foul and execrable. The candle which lighted the room had crept down in the socket, until just then it expired with one convulsive gasp; but the embers of the log fire threw out a weird and fitful glimmer that was in peculiar harmony with the scene. It played along the rough wall, lingered now and then in some favored nook, and suddenly rested on a small form lying on the bed. It danced in the golden hair that wreathed a pure childish face, so quiet and pale, ashen-pale. The child, a boy of four or five years opened his eyes, they looked so large and radiant in the wavering light, and turned them slowly toward the woman, then toward the man. The father, catching the look, stole to the bedside and knelt by his wife. The little one took the hand of each in his tiny fingers and drew his own and theirs together. He whispered so softly that the unseen observer, listening with bated breath, just heard the words:

"I must go now, for they are waiting and calling me. They run up and down and smile and say 'Come, come,' and I say, 'Just wait one minute please.' Mama do not cry I love you so.

I can't keep the bad wolves and Indians from hurting you any more, but Papa is left. Papa will love you and take care of you. Papa will take care of you, dear—'' the voice faltered for a moment, ''Mama.'' A sweet smile lighted the little face. Some angel, perhaps, had left it there.

Ah, the man in the utter darkness without understood it then. Tears rushed down his furrowed cheeks; he forgot about revenge, the man whom he believed to be his father's murderer, everything but that baby face and the mother weeping over it. His iron resolution, where had it gone? How? Had some cherished memory been recalled, or had the death scene in itself touched his heart and overthrown his passion? History or tradition does not tell, but this is certain that the hardest heart has some small avenue of approach, though dark hidden, and never discovered.

He hurriedly retraced his steps through the clearing to the poplar, where he found the Indian brave awaiting his arrival. ''Friend,'' the carrier said in hushed tones, ''it is all a mistake. The deed can not be done. I would explain, but the brave could not understand his white brother. The Great Spirit made the red man to follow the deer in the chase, to know the language of the forest, to delight in the taking of scalps and the slaughter; but he made the white man to think of something else that the Indian can not know. Farewell.''

The black horse and his rider passed on into the night toward Fort Niagara.

*Carlton E. Ladd.*

## HERE AND THERE.

ALTHOUGH the CORNELL MAGAZINE is now entering upon its fourth year, comparatively little is known by the student body of its aim, its constitution, or of the manner in which its editors are selected. This ignorance is due, perhaps not so much to lack of interest, as to the fact that, owing to its being taken by its constitution entirely out of the domain of class politics, its methods have never been given that publicity which those of our other university publications have received through party strife.

For these reasons it may be well, thus early in the college year, to give the readers of the MAGAZINE a statement of its purposes, and of the method of obtaining editorships.

The MAGAZINE is purely a literary periodical—not a newspaper in any sense of the term. With the exception of "The Month" therefore, no department is devoted to college news. Articles, essays and poems, sufficiently various in their character to be of interest to students of all departments, are published each month, written either by Professors, graduates, or undergraduates of the University. The "Here and There," which is intended to be of an editorial character, conducted in turn by the editors, discusses each month questions and events of interest to the college world generally.

* * *

But the particular didactic point intended in the present editorial, pertains to the election of MAGAZINE editors. It is given here in order that all those eligible may have an opportunity to compete, and may understand the simple conditions.

Editors of the MAGAZINE are elected at the end of the Spring term, from the Junior class, and enter upon their duties at the beginning of the following year. They are elected entirely by competition, that is, upon the merit of their contributions, except that their work in the English departments of the University is taken into consideration; but students from *any department* may be elected.

We print below such portions of the Constitution as relate to the object of the MAGAZINE, and the election of its editors.

ARTICLE II.

The object of the CORNELL MAGAZINE shall be represented by the best thoughts of the Faculty, alumni, and undergraduates.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The Board shall consist of an editor-in-chief, chosen from the Instructors of the University, and six Seniors chosen in the following manner: Two weeks before the close of the spring term preceding the year for which they are to serve, five members of the Board shall be elected at a meeting of a committee composed of four members of the retiring Board, and in-

cluding the editor-in-chief, and three members of the Faculty appointed by the President of the University.

§ 2. These five members shall elect the editor-in-chief and business manager.

§ 3. All vacancies in the Board of Editors shall be filled by the Board at its option.

Thus an election to the MAGAZINE board should be, and is intended to be, one of the highest literary honors of the University, being conducted as it is, entirely upon merit, with no chance for wire-pulling or politics of any description. All students, especially Juniors who wish to be eligible to an election next spring, are earnestly solicited to contribute articles, verses, or essays, directing them to the editor-in-chief, and, if suitable, as many as possible will be published. Those intending to try for an election can not begin contributing too early, for, as a rule, only published matter can be counted.

* * *

The series of Chamber Concerts, so appreciated by all lovers of music, last year, was opened in a most auspicious manner for the present year, in the concert given by Miss Aus der Ohe and Emil Fischer. The thought was suggested, during the evening, how delightful it would be, if some benevolent-minded individual should present the University with a theatre. The idea was not a new one here, but it came with added force as the very limited accomodations and the decided simplicity of the stage were noted. What vistas of opportunities the scheme opens up for the future. A permanent home (and probably an ample endowment) for our regular series of concerts, which would bring the most celebrated musicians of the world before Cornell audiences; a finely appointed stage, upon which original plays would be presented by the "Masque" rivaling those of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard; in the eyes of the Glee Club, a palace where they might at last sing to an Ithaca audience without danger of contracting pneumonia;—a chair of Music, whose abode should be in the building,—but hold: this dream, as beautiful as one of De Quincey's, unnerves one; it is dangerous to dwell longer upon it. But after all, why not? More wonderful things than these, have happened to Cornell University, in its brief existence. At any rate we can hope and wait.

## THE MONTH.

THE many and important changes that the opening year found in the corps of instruction of the University, has been a source of considerable comment during the past month.

For the benefit of alumni of the University we give a complete list of the changes, and of new appointments.

Judge Francis Finch of the New York Court of Appeals, has been elected Dean of the Law School, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Judge Boardman.

Professor Burdick's loss from the Law School is much felt, but the two able instructors substituted, Professor C. E. Hughes, of the New York bar, and Assistant Professor W. A. Finch, of Ithaca, an alumnus, do much to fill his place. The other losses of the University are many, but they are more than counterbalanced by the new men who have been called to every department. Among those who have left us are Professor Kemp, of the Geological Department, called to Columbia College.

Professor A. B. Canaga U. S. N., instructor in Marine Engineering, has returned to the Navy.

Assistant Professor Wing, of the Civil Engineering Department, has gone to the University of Wisconsin. Instructor Vedder of the same department, has left the University to accept another position.

Professor A. W. Smith, Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Marine Construction, has accepted a position in the University of Wisconsin.

Instructor Shepardson, of the Department of Physics holds the position of professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of Minnesota.

Instructor Griffin, of the German Department, last year's Registrar and one of the most popular instructors in the University, has charge of the German Department in the Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

Mr. Baillot, Instructor in French, has taken the Professorship of Romance Languages in Indiana University. Mr. Lapham of the French department, leaves the University to study at Innspruck.

Instructor Marsters, of the department of Geology, has accepted a position in the Indiana University.

Of the new men that have come into the various departments, or have been changed from one department to another, Prof. Bristol takes Mr. Griffin's place as Registrar, with Instructor C. S. Fowler, and D. F. Hoy, R.G., as assistants. Mr. Strunk, of the University of Cincinnati, succeeds Mr. O. L. Elliot in the English department. Mr. Charles H. Thurber, formerly Registrar, succeeds Mr. Baillot. Instructor von Klenze is transferred from the French to the German department. Mr. W. F. Giese, of Harvard, and Mr. L. A. Loiseaux, are Instructors in French. Other new appointments are: A. C. Miller, Ph.D. of the University of California, Associate Professor of Political Economy and Finance; Mr. John M. Barr, of the University of Minnesota, Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering; Mr. J. Francis Williams, late of the United States Geological Survey, Assistant Professor of Geology and Mineralogy; J. W. Jenks, Ph.D. of the Indiana University, Professor of Political and Social Institutions; Mr. F. P. Spalding, Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering; W. F. Durand, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Marine Engineering, and Principal of the Graduate School of Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture; Alfred Emerson, Ph.D., of the Lake Forest University, Ill., Associate Professor of Classical Archæology, and Curator of the Museum of Casts. Besides these, there are the appointments to the New Sage School of Philosophy. Of these, Dr. F. M. Angell is to be Assistant Professor of Psychology; Mr. W. A. Hammond, Ph.D., Leipsic, to be Instructor in Greek Philosophy; Mr. Hammond, of the same University, to be Instructor of Modern Philosophy; Mr. W. F. Willcox, Ph.D., Columbia, Instructor in Logic, and the Rev. Chas. M. Tyler, Yale, '55, who has been pastor of the First Congregational church of Ithaca, is Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion and of Christian Ethics.

Assistant Professor Burr, of the Department of History, has been advanced to the rank of Associate Professor. Assistant Professors Crandall and Church, also of the Department of Civil Engineering, become Associate Professors in that department. Associate Professor Waite has been advanced to the rank of Professor of Mathematics.

# OUR EXCHANGES.

OUR exchanges for October are more than usually full of good things. The several editorial boards seem to have striven to see which could excel in this, the initial number. The vacation has furnished rest and the leisure hours have afforded opportunity for literary work, on the part of the contributors, so that the editors seem to have found no difficulty in selecting a choice table of contents.

Very appropriate, at this time, are the essays, in several of the magazines, on different phases of the life and writings of James Russell Lowell; and it is rather interesting to compare the various opinions expressed. The *Red and Blue*, in the course of an interesting article on "The Biglow Papers in American History," says: "The Biglow Papers stand without a rival as the best metrical presentation of the Yankee character in its thought, dialect, manners, and peculiar combination of rustic coarseness and native wisdom, yet permeated with a fundamental sense of simplicity, beauty, and right." Such a tribute is paid to the unique excellence of the Biglow Papers. The *Yale Lit.* says of Lowell as a writer and as a man: "We find, then, in Lowell a poet of vigorous yet delicate touch, a critic of wonderful insight and breadth of view, and, taken all in all, our foremost man of letters. Nor is this all; aside from his purely literary eminence, he stands for a higher culture, a more perfect citizenship, and as 'an ideal man of the world.'". The *University of Virginia Magazine*, after a short sketch of Lowell's life, expresses this opinion: "His fame as a poet will not, like that of his friend Longfellow, stand the 'international test'—that is, few of his writings, if any, have ever been translated into any other language from the English. But some of Lowell's poetry possesses rare power and philosophical richness." The *Brown Magazine* hits upon one of the main factors of Lowell's greatness when it says: "There is something beyond the mere rhythm of his poetry, the art of his expression, and the achievements of his fine public service to attract the college man. . . . . It is the freshness and genuineness of his young manhood, preserved to the last, when he was not twenty or thirty, but seventy years young, to borrow a phrase of Dr. Holmes. It crops out in his verse everywhere. He kept it through life and offered it to the young of every generation, not so much as a deliberate gift as the unconscious overflow of his deepest being."

Even to enumerate the excellent articles in our October exchanges will be impossible in the limited space of this department. We must content ourseives, then, with giving a mere taste here and there, of a few choicest bits. But, in passing, we must congratulate the *Brown Magazine* on the general excellence of its initial number. A very interesting collection, indeed, does it present of poem, essay, story and descriptive sketch.

An excellent article in the *Amherst Lit.* is the concise little essay on the sonnet. But what is stlll better there appears, by the same writer, in an-

other part of the magazine, a sonnet which is a realization of the principles the writer so well understands. We quote in full:

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A rugged headland in a sea-girt land
Thrusts its vast bulk out from the shelving shore,
And rears its brow serene above the roar
And tumult that beset the nether sand,
The ships that hurry from the surf-beat strand,
Swept on the changeful current's heaving floor,
Now leaves its crags behind, now borne above,
They see it rising near them, stern and grand,
Thus, Landor, does thy fame reach far and wide
Into Arcadia's surging tuneful sea;
And, borne on easy fame or worship blind,
Less sturdy poets leave you far behind,
Strong and severe thy classic lines abide.
Unharmed by cold neglect or enmity.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Abraham Lincoln.* By Carl Schurz. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That Carl Schurz had written upon any subject was enough to assure a charming production, but writing on a subject like that of Abraham Lincoln, we have a little classic.

The sketch is descriptive rather than narrative throughout. Beginning with the log cabin and following Lincoln as boatman, rail-splitter, statesman and President. The chief events of Lincoln's life are mentioned principally as a means of bringing out his relation to other men and to the nation.

The chief characteristic of the book, and that which marks it distinctly from the other studies of the character of our great war president, is the plain, direct method of dealing with the subject. So many who have written of the great man have so covered him with eulogy, tried to excuse his faults and magnify his virtues, that it seems as though they need go but one step further to call his portrait pretty. But as Mr. Schurz himself says, "Lincoln's position in history will not be exalted by man's praise of his virtues and abilities, nor by any concealment of his limitations and faults." What pleases us most of all is to see how well the character usually made somewhat uninteresting by fulsome eulogy, bears the clear light of true criticism. He seems all the greater for seeming more real.

The personality of Lincoln gave him largely his power over the men of his time; the strange mixture of frontiersman and statesman is what, to a

great extent, makes him so attractive to the student of history. This stamp of originality of character and all the charm of the man who was self-schooled and who made his way from the most wretched of cabins to the highest place that the nation could offer, is preserved in the sketch.

It is doubtful if the story of Lincoln's life could be bettered were the most skilfull of artists to attempt improvements. Such at least is the impression after finishing this little volume, giving the life of the man as it really was, and all the facts related by Mr. Schurz.

There could be no better preface to the book than is furnished by the admirable photogravure of Abraham Lincoln, all the beauty in the grandeur and goodness, not in the regularity or classical mold of the features.

*Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.* Edited by Waterman T. Hewett. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This new edition of the favorite German classic, is one which cannot fail to meet with general favor. The work contains in its introduction, a narative of the events in which the plot of the poem has its source, a picture of the historical background which exerted a strong influence on the poet's thoughts and language, and an account of the development and composition of the poem. The notes at the end of the text are more than usually copious. In them the editor has clearly explained the meaning and force of peculiar word arrangements, the etymology and the shaded meanings of words, and all important geographical and historical allusions. Whether, then, it is the desire of the reader to study the poem as a literary work of art, as an illustration of a period in the poet's thought-development, or as a means of acquiring control of the German language, he will find in this edition valuable assistance.

*California and Alaska, and over the Canadian Pacific Railway.* By William Seward Webb. G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York, 1891.

Mr. Webb has attempted in this book to add but little to the large fund of information already given by other chroniclers upon that part of our country over which his accounts extend. He has aimed rather to preserve in book form a record of the daily experiences of himself and his party in their trip through the western part of the country and in Alaskan waters; and the narrative is mainly interesting as a faithful picture of the minute details of the life and experiences of a company of people on such a journey.

Mr. Webb is known to all Americans as a great railroad manager, and it is not to be expected that he can lay any claim to literary ability, further than a truthful narration of events in a trip of this sort. His position enabled him to travel in the most elegant railway equipage, as he himself says in his book, that any similar party has ever enjoyed in this country; and his minute description of this, together with the various courtesies extended the party along the route are entertaining, even if very personal. Mr.

Webb evidently wrote the book for his friends; but yet others who are not so deeply interested in his family affairs may gain something from those parts of the work which describe the country and cities through which the route extended. He tells in his business-like way many things about the history and prosperity of the places through which he passed that will be instructive to all. The book has been expensively prepared; the finest paper has been used, with large, clear type, and the whole is well illustrated. On the whole, literary persons, as well as others, will find it instructive to read this business man's account of what he deems worthy of telling in his excursions through the country.

*Politics and Property*, by Slack Worthington. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book, like many others of late years, is directed against the evils of poverty and excessive accumulation. These evils, Mr. Worthington asserts, are primarily due to the essential differences in the characters of men, but they are frequently aggravated by bad systems of taxation. Since the poor are, and must always be, in proportion to their income, greater spenders than the rich, it follows that any system which taxes expenditure throws a disproportionate burden upon the poor. Hence the tariff system in this country tends constantly to increase the inequalities of wealth. As a means of bringing about the true equalization, Mr. Worthington proposes that the cumulative system of taxation be adopted in place of all others. His plan is to lay a tax of 1 cent per $1,000 on properties worth $1,000, 2 cents per $1,000 on properties worth $2,000, 10 cents per $1,000 on properties worth $10,000, and so on up—the rate per $1,000 being always equal to the $\frac{1}{100000}$th part of the whole amount of the property. The tax on $100,000 would thus be $100, and the tax on $100,000,000 would be $100,000. It is evident that if this system were enforced, no one would be able to accumulate wealth beyond the amount of five or six millions, since the entire income of larger sums would be swallowed up by the tax.

At first sight this looks a little hard; and Mr. Worthington himself admits that cumulative taxation considered absolutely is unjust. But, on the other hand, he argues that the "unearned increment," which usually forms a very important factor in colossal accumulations, really belongs to society, and should be used for its benefit. Furthermore, leaving the "unearned increment" out of account, the system does not appear so very unjust. It does not require the rich to sacrifice any substantial good; it merely calls upon them to give up their greed for the sake of benefiting society. If a man has an income of $50,000, the absorption of $10,000 by the state would deprive him of nothing which is essential to the happiness of a reasonable human being, while the consequent lightening of taxation for the classes below him might (it is claimed) enable a hundred poor laborers to obtain the necessaries of life. Finally, the cumulative system of taxation would at any rate be less unjust than any other system that has been tried, for it places the heaviest burden upon those who are best able to bear it.

It will not do to dogmatize in regard to cumulative taxation without firs seeing the system in actual operation; but we may be allowed to hazard a guess as to its probable results. In the first place the tax would probably be evaded in a hundred ways. Since the tax on property would increase in proportion to the square of its amount, every considerable property owner would find it to his advantage to partition out his estate into small blocks held under different names; and if this apportionment should go on to any great extent, it would be impossible to collect revenue enough to pay the expenses of government. In 1890 the taxable property in the United States amounted to about sixty billion dollars. Suppose that this entire amount were divided into blocks of $100,000 each. Then we should have a total tax of $60,000,000. But the ordinary expenses of the government are fully $300,000,000 per annum, so that there would be a shortage equal to four times the amount collected, which would have to be raised by other means.

But even if we grant that the difficujty of evasion could be overcome, it would still be doubtful whether the laboring classes would derive any lasting advantage from the new system. The remission of the tax would result in cheaper living, population would rise, and wages would fall proportionally. As soon as equilibrium was reached, the laborer would be in the same condition as before, while his employer and the government would share the entire advantage of the change between them. The laborer would still be at the bottom of the heap, with the capitalist and government on top; and there they would remain until some power should teach the laborer that his troubles come chiefly from his own ignorance and improvidence.

Though the book does not seem to offer the final solution to the great problems which are vexing the country, still it furnishes good food for thought. The author devotes considerable space to the discussion of the suffrage question, urging that a property and educational qualification should be enforced. Other minor reforms are also suggested in the course of the work.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.:*

Betty Alden, by Jane G. Austin.
The Land of Lingering Snow, by Frank Bolles.
Columbus, by Justin Winsor.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

The Literary Gems Series, including Lyrics, by Robert Browning.
Speeches on America, by John Bright.
Pre-Raphaelitism, by John Ruskin.
The Ancient Mariner, by S. T. Coleridge.
Education of Children, by M. Montaigne.
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, by Washington Irving.

*From Dodd, Mead & Co.:*

Robert Fulton, by Robert H. Thurston.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1891. No. 3.

OLIVER F. EMERSON, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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

## OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

"IF you have any care for your health or comfort," says a French writer familiar with Southern Italy, "never travel southward from Naples;" and those who venture in that direction far enough to loll away a sunny afternoon under the grand old Greek temples of Pæstum, among the green lizards, realize the justness of his advice, as the evening train hurries them northward again through the malarious mists that rise at nightfall, from desolate pastures where roam herds of half wild buffalo. One may imagine with what vague apprehensions we repeated the formula to each other, one November evening of 1886, as we took the southbound train and sped, not out of this wilderness of the Campagna, but deeper into it. The railroad could not take us far. It came to an end, not a terminus, a few miles south of Pæstum. "When it is put through to Reggio, it will become the thoroughfare to Sicily; but work is slow," as one of its engineers bade us consider, "when ninety per cent. of your hands lie in the hospital with fever all summer."

Our archæological mission required us to penetrate the fastnesses of Lucania, the country whose glory it is to have given the poet Horace and the first sausages to the world. Oh, that eighteen hours climb in the stuffy, ramshackle old stage-coach, into the heart of its mountain ranges! and Oh, the fat woman whose knees were wedged against mine! The road, at least, was superbly built and kept up —Italy holds fast by the Napoleonic tradition in this respect—

and frequently the grade allowed us to get out and walk, with refreshing glimpses down the ravines, now on this side, and now on that. "This is the point," said the driver, with a wave of his whip, "where the banditti used to attack the coach." One of us inquired how long ago. "Oh, ever so long," was the answer, "you know the government cleaned them out in seventy-seven."

At last olive orchards indicated the vicinity of a town, which we presently discovered, perched near the top of a mountain, and walled like a fortress—small wonder. This was Vallo di Lucania, our destination. The fat woman disclosed herself to be the hostess of the "Golden Lion," the best inn in the place; and a splendid inn it was, too, in its way: brick floors, a great smoky kitchen with ham-hung rafters, a ladder of a staircase, iron bedsteads, good Italian cookery, and superior wine at a ridiculously low price. At table, we had the company of a few army and civil service officers, the leader of the municipal band, a talented young musician, and other élite of a county capital. The bandmaster's ideas turned to emigration. He thought of Montevideo as his best objective point, and wanted to know whether we could not give him good introductions. Many a time, subsequently, were we plied, often by the most ignorant peasant, with questions in regard to the ways and means of gaining a livelihood in *our country;* most of the questioners had brothers or cousins already located in South America. It is said that many villages in the poorer parts of southern Italy have sent their whole male population over seas. We did not, however, fall in with any such.

The little life of a place like Vallo goes on with small help, interference, or criticism from abroad. The visit of a single French traveler seven or eight years before was well remembered—whom we easily identified as our colleague in archæology, François Lenormant.

The next day we walked down the valley of the river Silento to the sea, in quest of the ruins of ancient Velia, or Elea, a Greek colony founded on this western shore by the Phocaeans in 543 B. C., and afterwards the home of the Eleatic School of Philosophy. The day was rainy, and the Silento, a mere torrent in its upper course, ran swollen and discolored with red clay; we forded it with difficulty. The Lucanian landscape has a peculiar character,

reminding one of the canvasses of Salvator Rosa, and again of the classical frescos of Preller. The warmth and the plastic lines of the south blend here with the romantic wildness of the north. The oleaster, or wild olive, clings to the crags. Huge oaks cover the great mountain slopes. You tread in goat paths, see knots of black swine scatter from under their beloved acorn trees at your approach, and think of the luscious dark red hams they will make. Lucania has changed neither its aspect nor the manner of its rural life since the days when the active Greek colonists began to crowd the rude native population back from the shore. The historian Polybius has described it: *And they keep great herds of swine which seek their fodder under the shade of the oak forests at the season when their fruit drops thickest. And these same swine are wonderfully instructed; for they are taught to follow the sound of the horn, each herd knowing the note of its own. Thus the swine-herds have no need to follow them about. And this they effect by always sounding a horn at the feeding time of their swine.*

To look at the remains of Velia, one would say that the native tribes in the mountains were never subjugated by the Greek colonists. Its walls extend along the ridge of a rocky eminence, with towers at close intervals. Their shape is that of a letter V, open to the long harbor front, but protruding its point inland like a spur. Bricks of a peculiar shape lie about, with Greek letters stamped on them. While engaged in the exploration of these ruins we were royally entertained by the wealthiest landed proprietor of the region, owner of the stout old Norman ruin Castellamare della Broca, which he has fitted up as a hunting box. He has not, however, taken from it the rascally architectural physiognomy that seems to reflect the spirit of its twelfth century builder, one of the worst freebooters of his freebooting age. This fortress stands at the seaward end of the old walled circuit, where the rock of the Velian citadel falls abruptly off to what was once sea, and now is malarious marsh. The great round tower overhangs the precipice in a dare-devil fashion, exposed to nearly every wind that blows. A Sirocco gale arose outside while our little company, under the old pile's lowest vault, was gaily thrumming the light guitar. Later, it blew great guns. The wind piped dismally through the openings of the machicolated cornice

and battlements overhead, and shook us in our very beds, spite of fourteen-foot stone walls.

We were glad enough to escape from the early snows of Lucania to the milder climate of the Gulf of Tarentum. The winter season is the only time in which it is safe to reside in the unpopulous parts of Lower Italy, and we were to undertake something noteworthy in the way of an excavation of some important ancient site.

We are so much the slaves of that narrow historical tradition which regards the term Ancient History as meaning only the history of Greece and Rome, and the term Greek History, again, as covering little of importance aside from the varying fortunes of Athens and Sparta, that we unconsciously forget the existence of a larger antiquity and of a wider Hellas. Thus we stumble on the remains or the achievements of either with equal surprise. The reading of Pindar, or the rehearsal of the history of ancient art, has a desirably liberating effect; but impressions less immediate than that of sight do not give the mind a jerk strong enough to lift it out of the long accustomed rut. We must perforce visit Egypt, or Syracuse, to realize the density of our ignorance.

There was a peculiar fitness in the direction to Southern Italy of the last exploring expedition sent to the old world by the Archæological Institute of America. The Greeks themselves, who saw in that favored country

> "the sister shore
> Where Greece could largelier be,
> Branching o'er Italy,"—*George Eliot*—

were proud to call it Western or Greater Greece. The name—like that of Greater Britain, just now intruding its foreflavor of colonial federation in England—conveys the idea of which it was the spontaneous expression. Greece could not make the Greek; the Greek made Greece. The colonists that swarmed westward in the eighth century before Christ, carried with them the political institutions and the intensely commercial spirit of the mother country; they left behind them the hampering traditions that controlled its internal and foreign relations. The seed of inherited and transmitted civilization fell in a soil of marvelous fertility.

Industry and rare natural resources, individual energy and strong local patriotism soon built up an empire that lacked only political unity. The temper of its inhabitants favored advance and progress in all things, although it showed a certain natural dependence in art, letters, philosophy, and the other essentials of Hellenic culture. In matters of taste it inclined to the sumptuous. Such a country seemed a providentially provided field, not only for a continuous stream of fortune-seekers and fortune-menders from the mother country, but likewise for its philosophers and artistic virtuosi, and a refuge for its political exiles and its men with a mission of all sorts. In short, Magna Græcia was the America of antiquity. The smallest circumstances seem attuned to an American note. Its women, we are told, were not accustomed to take wine, while the men drank freely. Its innkeepers charged each guest a fixed amount per day, "on the American plan," instead of presenting an itemized account, as was customary in Greece proper.

By the beginning of December, we somehow found ourselves quartered comfortably in a first-class lighthouse, within a stone's throw of the remains of one of the most celebrated temples of Grecian antiquity, that which the people of Croton built to the goddess Juno Lacinia on the jutting promontory that marks the western entrance to the Gulf of Tarentum. A single Doric column, left standing by the destructive centuries on the brink of the cliff, has long been a steering point for all seafarers entering the gulf from the west. By reason of its inaccessibility, it had, until our visit, escaped anything more than careless passing notice by two or three archæologists. Our own micrometric observations made its flat summit, shivered to unsafe narrowness by the lightning of Juno's ungallant husband, my customary perch for a series of laborious days. Sometimes it became necessary for me to manipulate my paraphernalia of plumb-lines and meter sticks, steel tape and wooden rods, profile leads and pasteboard templates while hanging suspended by a rope of the thickness of a little finger, which I used for my ascents and descents of the stone shaft. One circumstance, which enormously facilitated these measurements, I cite as indicative of the topographical character of the Lacinian cape. Seven-eighths of my horizon when at the top of the column was sea line. This, of course, ob-

viated the necessity of resorting to a determination of the horizontal at every stage of our measurements, by the use of mathematical instruments, under circumstances which would have rendered their use well-nigh impossible. My landward view took in the harbor and town of Cotrone, distant a five miles' sail across the bay. The nearer hills stood relieved against the snowy ranges of the Sila, the forest fastness of the Calabrian peninsula, whose cattle pastures were celebrated by Vergil's bucolic muse.

Few travelers in Italy visit Calabria. Until recently the bandit reigned supreme within its borders, fostered by the paternal misgovernment of the Bourbons, dethroned for their country's good in 1860. Many were the stories we heard of the days when picturesque pointed hats and gleaming guns haunted the hollows of every road. If I may trust the account given by them by a soldier who had often heard their bullets whistle about his ears, the highwaymen were not generally distinguished for bravery. On the other hand, they were unequalled for fervid piety and reckless devotion to dress. Many to-day pass their declining years as highly respected citizens of the new Italy, secretly regretting the day of good King Ferdinand. Old Giuseppe, the lighthouse keeper, honest old soul as ever was, agreed with them in this. "Ah, Don Alfredo," he would say to me, "it is these new-fangled railroads that ruin everything. In my day I have seen the best wine sell for one sou a bottle. Now they ship it off by rail to the Piedmontese wholesale dealers, and you get nothing fit to drink for twenty."

It would be a mistake to infer that Calabria is thoroughly modernized. Its inland life is still purely pastoral and agricultural, and its social structure has remained typically feudal. In Baron Berlingieri, with whose courteous permission we excavated the buried portions of the temple situated on his domain, we learned to know and esteem the type of an aristocratic gentleman. He often came out on horseback from Cotrone, accompanied by his sons, to view the progress of our digging. Remembering, perhaps, his father's death by a murderous ball on a similar ride, he always had a gun slung over his shoulder. His sheep had their fold within the sacred enclosure of Juno's sanctuary; his herders and dairymen dwelt at a greater distance from us, and formed a

band quite distinct from the shepherds. Our workmen were recruited among his unemployed tenants. The season was a favorable one for us. There was no trouble in getting any number of hands at thirty cents a day; our best and strongest got forty cents. At these rates they worked from sunrise to sunset, with one hour off for dinner and rest at noon, ten full hours. The poor fellows never rid their simple heads of the notion that our quest was for buried treasure. True, traditions of the almost fabulous wealth of the famous Crotonian Temple, magnified by superstitious legend, had inflamed their untutored imagination. One of the most intelligent, Niccola by name, one day confided to me the true method of getting at the treasure, or as he called it, "the gold of the silver vault." He declared the midnight sacrifice of an unweaned girl baby absolutely essential in order to placate its guardian demon. But my companion, Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, well known as the excavator of Assos, whose infant daughter answered the requirement, obstinately refused to see his obvious duty in the premises. We accordingly failed, just as Niccola had predicted, to line our pockets with the yellow metal. The only treasure it was vouchsafed us to draw from the bowels of the earth consisted of such architectural members and pieces of sculptured marble decoration as will make it possible to reconstruct on paper, or in a solid model, the original form of white-armed Juno's fairest shrine. Could we have hoped to find the bilingual war records left in her keeping by Hannibal on his recall from Italy in 203 B. C., *i. e.*, the bronze tablets on which he had had engraved in both Phoenician and Greek a detailed account of his Italian campaigns, we should have judged a hundred thousand dollars, or fifty times as much money as we actually disposed of, but a paltry expenditure. As it was, we were not satisfied to relinquish the quest until we had uncovered the entire area of the temple, a space measuring fifteen thousand square feet, and dug to bed rock under the lowest layer of its massive stone foundation. Administrative difficulties did not permit the prosecution of our researches to the laying bare of the whole enclosure. This had indeed not been contemplated at the outset, but might have been carried out, with the friendly coöperation of Baron Berlingieri, if the Italian Government had not felt inspired to interpose its veto of any fur-

ther archæological operations at this juncture. Some disappointment, however, was only in keeping with the associations of the spot where the conquered Carthaginian wept tears of rage as he looked his last on the Italy he had possessed for sixteen years.

Our time, during the ten hours of each day spent in digging, was divided between constant oversight of the men and our own drawing or measuring. Each day's work would be reviewed at night, when of course, all corrected delineations were made indoors, as the working drawings were invariably spoiled by handling and dirt. Bad weather only interfered once with the progress of the enterprise, by confining us altogether to the lighthouse for a single day.

Holidays, which the men generally insisted on observing, were by us dedicated to camera work. I can only recall the celebration of one holiday by ourselves during the two months spent at Cape Colonna. This was Christmas day. Early in the morning the lighthouse was visited by a band of carollers, self-recruited among the shepherds and gardeners of the immediate vicinity. Annunziato, one of our own men, was the *zampognere*, and proudly exhibited a set of bagpipes of his own construction. The image of the infant Jesus was set on the table with lighted candles before it and entwined with artificial flowers. With the lighting of the candles, Annunziato began the wildest imaginable prelude in a minor key. The singers took up the strain and sang six stanzas of a charming old Christmas carol with evident fervor. Its theme introduced the divine babe as dancing on the grass in a garden, with Mary looking on and observing in surprise the sprouting of a white lily at every step taken by its pretty feet. Only seventeenth century English could do justice to the simplicity of this dialect song. It was followed by a livelier measure, to which the player advanced on his knees from the door to the edge of the table, with his eyes all the time rigidly fixed on the colored image. The act of adoration over, a very skillful responsive dance by the men concluded the primitive ceremony.

The day had brought glorious weather. I doubt whether a milder winter climate exists in Europe than that of the Gulf of Tarentum. We resolved to devote the greater part of it to a long walk, and chose for our goal Capo di Mezzo, the nearest to our

own of the Iapygian Capes, and some eight or nine miles distant. The distinct view we had of it on clear days had long tempted our curiosity. A lovely walk it was, that balmy Christmas day, following the long swerve of the high shore, up and down the hollows, wide and narrow, that open to the rocky beach. These protected chines are lined with the richest vegetation—perfect thickets of myrtle, tamarisk, and laurel, gigantic wolfbane, and flowers of every kind, grow there in abundance. Such paradisiac coppices, *boschetti*, could not fail to impress minds of poetic temper, especially in Italy, where natural shade is a rarity. The Italian poets, therefore, frequently describe these enchanting vales, oftenest found near a seashore with southern exposure, and the type has passed from Italian literature into our own. The growth of bushes, chiefly thorny myrtle, was thick enough on the level, thickest, however, on the broad and gentle seaward slopes. To our misfortune we left the beaten path for a profitless short cut. In many places, the dense wall of interlaced branches and twigs, by which we soon found ourselves imprisoned, was as impenetrable as that which barred access to the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale. We wriggled helplessly among trunks and roots, sometimes succeeding in climbing out onto a pointed rock into each other's view, only to be swallowed again in the vegetable sea. At last, with scarred faces and torn clothing, we emerged on the sandy beach of the real one, and hailed it with Xenophontean joy. The sand, I remember, was covered with myriads of queer objects that looked more like discarded brown tennis balls of all sizes than anything else. Examination revealed them to be vegetable fibres packed together by the waves, and rolled by them into perfectly spherical shape.

The various aspects of the sea were a constant delight, whether while following the sinuosities of the beach, or when commanding a double prospect of two bays from the elevated tongue of land, marked by one of the watch towers established by King Peter of Aragon against the Barbary pirates. We found on a peninsula close to the promontory the remains of a large Græco-Roman villa, with well preserved drains full of snails ; also a cemented bath, very good to sun oneself in.

An excellent Christmas repast awaited us on our return to the lighthouse. Donna Carme, wife of the chief keeper, had been outdoing herself in the kitchen for several days, and now sat down to enjoy her triumphs with us. Her husband was beside himself with sympathetic excitement. He frisked about, rubbed his hands, broached a flask of red Apulian, toasted the United States of America, and expressed a hope that we would stay at the Cape until March, to help celebrate the killing of the fatted pig. The evening was filled out with improvised music, and sports befitting the season. The lighthouse, with its three keepers' families, by itself contained enough young and old people to make merriment merry; and a couple of young fellows from the neighborhood leaned their guns in a corner of its largest room.

*To be continued.*

## TO MISS AUS DER OHE.

Not by the aid of the magician's art
  You breathed the breath of life in every string,
  Till each seemed born into the world to sing;
For magic can transform, but has no part
In such creation. Only one whose heart
  Is filled with power divine, can ever bring
  Such living music from a lifeless thing,
And to the breathless listener impart
Such ecstacy. The sweet, harmonious flood
  O'er all our senses held triumphant sway,
And rolling onward, throbbing like warm blood
  Within the veins of youth, did sweep away,
All things material, and bore to heaven
Our wondering souls; such power to you is given.

*Arthur Frederick Wines.*

## THE CORNELL COLONY AT PALO ALTO.

THE numerous members of the Stanford Faculty who hail from other colleges than our own Alma Mater, will hardly dispute the above designation as applied to the teaching *personnel* of the new University, for they have presumably been bored to the verge of distraction by the in season and out of season loyalty of the Cornell members, and, in view of the dominating tone, must have long ago surrendered any private enthusiasms of their own. The Registrar confesses that he has told how they do at Cornell until he blushes at the sound of his own voice in that connection. The Librarian's dramatic transports over "Ithaca, my Ithaca," should need no description to the readers of the MAGAZINE. For some time his chief victim was a colleague from Boston, fellow-boarder at the Oak Grove Villa Hotel of Menlo Park, and I smile even now to remember the expression of well-bred resignation which would mantle the face of the latter when these vials of eloquence were opened. The Professor of German, the Professor of Pedagogy, the Professor of Civil Engineering, and the youthful representative of the Greek Department lead the chorus which rises on all occasions in praise of the Foster Mother, and even the President has been detected in the indulgence of a Cornell bias or so. The home college too has graciously shown a certain curious interest in us, as from time to time the Stanford appreciation has manifested itself in golden beckonings across country, and may not be unwilling to lend its august ear for a short half hour to a report of our doings to date.

The first arrival, of the President, the Regristrar, and the Professor of Chemistry, at Palo Alto, took place so long ago as to seem like ancient history. In reality it was somewhere near the first of July, but as one looks backward what a stretch intervenes. The first of July, workmen swarmed through the buildings of the Quadrangle. The boys' dormitory was building, the girls' dormitory barely begun. Alvarado Row, now standing complete with its ten professors' cottages, done and occupied, was then an unbroken stubble field, and the plans for its houses just being drawn. The sun was shining placid and hot out of a metallic blue sky, and dusty Californians were overwhelming the new comers with eulogies upon the climate.

The journey from the East had taken perhaps a week, and during that time an astounding mail had accumulated in the Menlo Park postoffice. Four or five hundred letters demanded instant answers. No offices being ready for occupancy, the library of the Presidential residence, Escondite Cottage, was the first work room, and later an upper room in a small brick building near by was utilized. In three weeks the Registrar's office in the Quadrangle received the President, the Registrar, and the stenographer, who had meantime been imported from Cornell. There toiled the vanguard, feeling no doubt that "*L'Université c'est moi.*" They had six roller top desks standing around, but nothing else to speak of, and they were assisted in their labors by the presence of carpenters tinkering at drawers, putting latches on doors, and interminably rubbing down the wood-work.

Events ripened fast. Ground was broken for the cottages, the Palo Alto Road, leading to the station was being macadamized, concrete pavements were being laid, the Art museum was growing like a mushroom, the dormitories approached completion. Piano agents appeared, desiring to furnish the university with their wares. Book-store agents looked over the ground with a view to establishing branches. Land agents busily boomed the property about Palo Alto, one of them generously offering the Registrar a per cent. on all sales made through his influence. A detective came down to interview the President upon the feasibility of establishing himself upon the campus in anticipation of finding his services needed after the students arrived. Teachers from Maine to Australia were expressing their willingness to be included in the magic fifteen who were to compose the first Faculty, and students "from the kindergarten up" were seeking admission to "Mr. Stanford's School." All California was looking with intense curiosity at the modest nucleus of the long-expected University. Some were grumbling because a complete preparatory system was not to be inaugurated the first year, others were criticising the architecture of the buildings, many were asking skeptically, "Will it really open on the first of October?" and many were hospitably welcoming the Easterners and rejoicing at the impulse the new institution had even then begun to give to the schools of the state.

With August the Faculty began gradually to arrive. Events had moved too fast for them, for having been informed in April that no houses for professors were to be put up at present and that they might find accommodations in the boys' dormitory they had all embraced cordially the notion of boarding a year. When they were informed in July that plans were changed, ten cottages would be built, and the Professors would be expected to live in them, they for the most part wrote back that "My wife and I prefer to board the first year. If we cannot go into the dormitory, we will establish ourselves in Menlo Park or Mayfield."

Accordingly they sold off their furniture and arrived upon the scene with the boarding notion as firmly fixed as ever. Then it was amusing—nay, affecting—to note the change of attitude brought about by contact with the "Inevitable Fact." Landed at Menlo, one day's trial of the nauseating board and flea-ridden rooms of the chief hotel suddenly annihilated the idea of living there. Mayfield hotels were still worse. Boarding-houses did not exist in either village, and no private family could be induced to to take boarders on any terms. The couple would then perhaps explore 'the ranch' and peep longingly into the clustered tents of the workmen. And finally, after a last reassurance from the office that unfortunately they could not go into the dormitory, they would turn toward the Row and picking their reluctant way over adobe, lumber, and débris, proceed to the depressing choice of one of the ten new skeletons for their future home. Why we should all have been so possessed with the idea of a year's boarding might be hard to explain, and now that we have all been gently coerced into the places prepared for us there is probably not a family which does not rejoice to be under a roof of its own.

About this time, when more were coming and the cottages almost completed, shopping trips to San Francisco became the order of the day. At that stage of the proceedings no one had a nurse-maid, so the children had frequently to be left in charge of their learned fathers while the mothers took the early train for the city. Ladies' memorandums were an interesting study, for, in view of the patient gentlemen-nurses left behind, one precious day must be crowded to its utmost capacity, and the articles to be purchased ranged from parlor carpets down to clothespins at four

dozen for "a bit." October first was almost here before the first family took possession of its house, and, while the stars looked in at the curtainless windows, slept on the parlor floor with a sense of vast relief in being at last "at home."

The summer had been interesting, but not always easy. With the cloudless sky always beaming above us we perversely longed for the patter of rain. With palms and cacti galore our souls yearned after grass. With the most perfect dust in existence powdered white over the vegetation, we unreasonably missed our mud. With thirteen flourishing saloons to comfort us and the three hundred other inhabitants of Menlo Park, we still thought regretfully of some trim little elm-shadowed villages of the East. For those who came early the waiting was long. So long we watched the workmen hammering away under the arcades, and wondered if ever the long aisles would resound with more scholastic echoes. So long we endured the stuffy rooms and lamentable food of our boarding-places. So long the half-dozen gentlemen walked daily through the beating sun, the two dusty miles to Palo Alto, and earned by this defiance of California custom the sobriquet of "tramp professors." They carried their lunches in little baskets, and when noon came it was truly interesting to behold this embryonic Faculty eating its dinner. They sat in a picturesque row under the arches, resting themselves upon the low stone wall bounding the arcade. The lunches were dreadful aggregations and quite inadequate in quantity besides. And these poor scholars, founders of a great university, were said to look with envy upon the stenographer, who had a phenomenal land-lady and brought large pieces of frosted cake, and to cast surreptitious glances of unappeased hunger toward the basket of the President, who brought his dinner from his own ménage and ate it contentedly at the point of the jack-knife.

The Professor from Boston used to flee to the city every day or so, ostensibly on business, but in reality,—as he confessed when the Librarian charged him with it—"to get a cup of coffee." This practice nearly got him into trouble, for presently, among bills for university material sent from the city office to the President for auditing, there came one from a city restaurant bearing the simple legend:

"*Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Dr.,*
*To One Terrapin Stew,. . . . . .$1.25.*"

Suspicion at once fastened upon the man who went to the city for coffee, and it was only with difficulty that he was able to clear himself of the charge of carousing upon terrapin stew at the University's expense.

So passed the summer away, and enthusiasts though they were, there might have been in the heart or each one sometimes a secret thought fitly expressed in a brief dialogue I overheard one day. Two were standing on the hotel porch at twilight watching the train across the road getting ready to start for San Francisco. Said one, dejectedly, "Let's get on board and go home," and the other answered with alacrity "Any moment you please!"

But when September arrived and the rest of the faculty began to come in rapidly; when the buildings of the Quadrangle one by one grew silent and completed; when registration day approached, and all work rushed forward to the beginning of the term, such excrescent regret as there was died forgotten, and all interest centered upon the coming opening.

The people of the state were at last convinced that the University meant to begin in earnest on the 1st of October, and they came in force to attend the exercises of that day. Some one reported that "in the early morning the streets of San Jose and Santa Clara were alive with vehicles carrying people to Palo Alto," and, although this has a slightly mythical sound, it is certain that long before the time for beginning the audience was gathering upon 'the ranch.' The horses were tied wherever there was place round about and the visitors pressed into the Quadrangle and took up the seats. Trains ran up to the buildings upon the switch used to bring freight from the railroad, and unloaded guests on the spot. By half past ten when the exercises commenced, the "great, bright Quadrangle" contained something over an acre of humanity—if I may be permitted the expression. The seats in front of the platform were full, back of them hundreds stood up, and those who could find no place within earshot promenaded the arcades and talked.

The sky was at its bluest and the red tile of the low continuous roofs of the buildings glowed against it with a soft brilliance.

Again, below the buff of the stone, the shadowed arcades, the eight banks of greenest foliage rising from the Quadrangle floor, the gay flags and flowers decorating three entrances and on the fourth side the entrance arch transformed into an embowered alcove about the speakers' platform ; the golden California sunshine glinting radiantly over the whole. To right and left of the platform pampas plumes and palms sprang fifteen feet up into the light. Lower down palmettos and delicate bamboo sprays encircled the edge and were themselves encircled by long festoons of grapes hanging in gigantic clusters entirely across. The stars and stripes fell in rich folds at the sides of the alcove. Overhead fluttered banners, while a fringe of drooping eucalyptus seemed to supply the one tender minor tone in the triumphant decorative harmony, turning our eyes and thoughts to the portrait of the boy Leland Stanford which looked down upon us with so serious eyes from the alcove's background.

When Mr. and Mrs. Stanford appeared the university slogan was for the first time heard. Some four hundred students were present, seated together near the platform, and at this moment, after three cheers, they gave down very creditably and with immense enthusiasm, " Wahoo ! Wahoo ! L. S. J. U. ! *Stan*-ford ! " *Then* we felt that the University was born.

The reporters, seated in a body in the little pen under the platform's edge, have given to the world a sufficiently detailed account of the exercises. The cameras perched precariously upon the roofs or mounted on stilts in the midst of the audience, have revealed to a continent the fact that the representative of the Board of Trustees made his address under the shadow of a parasol held by the President ; while the President, when he spoke, was in turn protected by the Professor of Mathematics. Has the public also been told that when the proceedings were over and the favored guests had gone to lunch at the Stanford residence, the crowd sat down in the cool arcades to eat its lunch, and for dessert appropriated the decorative grapes from the deserted rostrum ?

Four hundred students, both domitories full, Alvarado Row almost settled, class-room work begun—so it looked the Monday after the opening day. Four hundred and seventy-five is the number at present. They have had their first little disturbance

at Encina Hall, with an expulsion or so following, and settled down to work.

The month between has been busy and progressive. The boys' gymnasium has gone up, more professors' houses are begun, and Alvarado Row has its sidewalk. With the unexpected number of students the President has renewed his congenial activity in the matter of appointing new instructors. We have begun to make our newspaper reputation. Out of their own rich experience Cornellians will sympathize with our dismay when we discovered taking its unhindered march through the press the amazing statement that "Senator Stanford claimed the right to expel students who do not behave as he thinks they should do, and that 200 boys were recently saved from expulsion only by the intercession of Mrs. Stanford with the infuriated old man." When a western journal takes the trouble to fabricate, it spares no pains to place its product at the top. The fine and generous amplitude of the "200 students," and the exquisite inappropriateness of the wild and woolly adjective applied to the gentlest of men could hardly be equalled in the effete east, and mark the fiction as an indigeneous growth of our adopted soil.

The Quadrangle is busy now with its proper activity. Classrooms are full to overflowing and when the triangle suspended in an archway jangles musically the signal for change, the passing of the students fills the colonnades with a stream of life and motion. Between hours a studious silence reigns, gently broken by the murmur of the lecturer's voice as it sounds through the open window. A student or two crossing the court, a group or two studying under the Arcade's airy shelter accent the scholastic intent. Back and forth from Palo Alto station lumbers Paulsen's, mammoth omnibus, characteristically built to hold forty passengers, and with it runs a smaller vehicle funnily labelled "Stanford's University." Back and forth from the station morning and night from San Jose, from Santa Clara, from Redwood, from San Francisco even, come and go non-resident students.

It would be no wonder if the rumor were true that Alvarado Row has been dubbed by the students "The Decalogue," for up out of the stubble-field rises this row of ten, as yet unsoftened by lawn or shrub or tree, and presenting to Encina at the other edge

of the stubble a front of uncompromising rectitude, perhaps sufficiently suggestive of the moral law. Up and down the new board walk run the children with their red wheel-barrows, shovels, and pails. At meal time from one end of the Row to the other the various Professors may be seen to issue from their various houses bearing pails—wooden pails, granite-ware pails, tin milk pails, any kind of pails—and wending their way to the huge unsightly water-tank which stores the precious yield of an artesian well near one end of the Row. About the same time if you look out of your back door, you will see various of the Faculty ladies picking up chips to start the fire with, or even gathering in wood from the huge wood piles. One day we beheld the Professor of Pedagogy striding off across the open toward Mayfield, and presently back he strode again, bearing in his hand a vermillion buck saw, and was soon thereafter descried attacking his wood-pile with all his characteristic energy. All this pending the advent of servants and considerations of propriety. Pending the advent of the electric light, the flicker of the tallow dip was for some days the only light shed upon the student page at Rable and Encina. The candle is still in vogue in the Row, and as electricity is expected at any moment, a red wood block or a bottle serves every purpose for holding the primitive taper

Perhaps it is the Spirit of the West, perhaps it is the vital breath of the Pacific, coming in to us over the mountains, but whatever it may be, some enchantment has blinded us to the crudities, the drawbacks, the limitations of our state. The giants looming in the path of the pioneer appear but frivolous wind-mills in our eyes. Come not out to us, Oh, doubting Cornellians, thinking to return untouched by the unreasonable enthusiasm. Christmas shall bring you, and the months of spring shall bring you, critical, skeptical, curious, speering after our library, questioning about our funds, and you shall return—if you return at all—chanting as fervently and irrelevantly as we "*Die Luft der Freiheit.*"

—*Ellen Coit Elliott, '82.*

## THEY QUARRELED.

THERE was nothing serious about their quarrel. They knew it themselves and thought it of no importance after they got reconciled. Their quarrel was by no means like one which took place between Arshinoo, the merchant, and Kosushkin, the saloon-keeper. For Arshinoo and Kosushkin quarreled in the market place. They accused each other of cheating people. They enumerated before a crowd the bad things which each other's father and mother, and grandfather, and grandmother had done long, long ago. They prophesied for each other a prompt installment in the city jail and many other things. That quarrel was known to the whole little town, and the peasants carried the story from the market to their village homes. In comparison with that quarrel this one was simply nothing to speak of.

It began like this. Vasily came to Ivan's smithy about five o'clock in the morning, as he was in the habit of doing, to see what kind of nails Ivan was making. To say the truth, this was only a pretext for Vasily to come and to chat with Ivan for a quarter of an hour. For Ivan was a very accurate workman, and you would never find in his pound of nails twenty-nine or thirty nails instead of the required thirty-two or thirty-three.

And Vasily knew perfectly that it was only a waste of time to oversee Ivan, his gossip's, nails. But, you see, that morning Vasily had to scold hard three or four other workmen in the large smithy for inaccuracy. He found them with headaches after yesterday's spree. He duly admonished them, received very energetic replies in clear and exquisitely strong Russian, and he promised a reduction of pay on Saturday. He was quite excited when he entered Ivan's little annex with a single forge. He mechanically took a handful of nails from the ground, counted sixteen pairs put them on the scale—too heavy. He looked askance at Ivan who stopped the blows of his hammer for a moment and kept his eyes on the scales. Then Vasily took off one nail—still too heavy—then another,—then—

Then they quarreled. Vasily threw the nails into the heap

on the ground, spoke of how one may entirely rely upon devils like, etc., very impatiently opened the door, nearly struck his head against the upper beam—the door was very low—and left the door half open, so that the snow was getting in from the outside until Ivan shut it entirely. He got angry himself. Vasily did not listen to him when he said that the scales were not right —indeed they were not—and in an excess of fury he stopped the work, fixed the scales, weighed the nails, found them all right, and got still more furious because Vasily did not wish to listen to him.

What right had Vasily to speak about devils like, etc. ? Ivan was by no means worse than Vasily. Ivan was a nail-maker—so was Vasily, Ivan was a moujik—so was Vasily, Ivan had to work hard for his living—Vasily's case was nearly the same. Only Vasily was the owner of the smithy where Ivan was working, and Vasily was a sort of master for this reason, and also because he was the medium through which the nail iron came to Ivan. But this by no means gave Vasily a right to treat honest people God knows how,—like any drunkard.

It was true that Vasily was a good deal richer than Ivan. Vasily was the owner of three smithies where sixteen nail-makers could work, when there was work. But this wealth only spoiled Vasily. He would never have spoken in that way about devils when he and Ivan began work in a mud hut there, under the hill, fifteen years ago, when both were young and lived like two brothers. But now look how wealth spoils a man. It is perfectly true, as gospel says, that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man and the like,—because of his pride, surely—take Vasily, for example.

Ivan went on recalling the cases when Vasily showed his enormous pride. Until that early morning, Ivan saw he never had a good idea of what sort of a man this Vasily was. You think he is devout, sober, upright, ready to help you when you need, trying to live according to scripture as far as possible in this sinful world. Never mind this. It will give you no idea how heartless he can be to his honest friend and gossip, how he can pay no attention to his just remonstrances—does a man who has got a cross on his neck do like that? It means simply: "I am a master, I don't

want to know, I will reduce the pay on Saturday,"—just like a merchant or some of the gentry, not like our brother moujik. And all this under pretext that the merchant from whom Vasily gets work threatens to stop supplying him with iron in case of inaccuracy.

On Wednesday and Thursday Vasily's voice was heard through the partition between the main smithy and Ivan's annex. Vasily did not enter here—but who cared ?

On the street Vasily pretended not to see Ivan and did not bow to him. "Not a very big bird to raise his beak so high. He is guilty all around, and imagines one would run after him to explain it to him."

On Saturday Ivan felt somewhat uneasy. Vasily said in the smithy that he had to go fishing in the lakes on the opposite side of the river, that he had to stay there right along, that his boy would settle all accounts. The worst part of it was that Vasily said nothing about when he was going to be back, and as during all the week, he did not come into the annex.

There was one side in the relations of Ivan and Vasily to which the former's mind turned the more as the Sunday came nearer. Fifteen years ago in the mud hut, in the intervals between their work, Vasily used to tell Ivan stories from lives of saints. There was nothing in the world which Ivan enjoyed so much. They were of nearly the same age, both just married, both young. But Vasily could read Slavonian, while Ivan could not. Vasily read scriptures and could say about any action whether it was right or not, according to scripture, and how one should act to save his soul from hell. He knew the signs of the approach of Antichrist and many other things which he read from the books borrowed of a psalmist, and which Ivan asked to hear whenever they were at leisure.

Ivan laughed much when Vasily offered to teach him how to read. To begin to learn at the age of twenty, quite an idea, I should say ! But who is his own enemy who does not care to save his own soul ? And Ivan learnt all four dozen or so of Slavonian letters and signs, patiently spelled out with Vasily during long winter Sunday evenings gospels, psalter, etc., and finally came to be able to read himself, how one should live in order to inherit the

kingdom of God, how one should serve God, how to treat his neighbor and many other things as salutary as these.

In the old copy of the New Testament both read and talked over the verse. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Suppose now, that to-morrow morning, about 5 a. m., when Ivan starts for the early morning service, his wife should say from the stove where she sleeps with the children: "Vanya, don't forget the candles—there behind St. Barbara's image on the upper shelf—I bought a pound yesterday—take one to put before the image of the Ascension. . . . . Suppose his old mother should say after this: "Take one more, Vanya, for St. Nicholas; my back ached last Tuesday, and I promised one to him." . . . . . What do you suppose he would do then? Do vou think he could put candles before the images after his quarrel and the bad things he invented about Vasily? And does not the above verse mean that such a man cannot go even to God's temple, much less offer sacrifice? Of course it does; for such explanation Ivan himself argued with Vasily at the time.

On Sunday morning Ivan awoke about 3 o'clock. It was not easy to do what he had in mind, and he turned from side to side in his loft, with an overcoat under him, another over him, and the third under his head for a pillow. "Vanya?" his wife asked cautiously, "asleep?" Then after awhile, "But you don't sleep —what is the matter?" Ivan was afraid of starting too late for the church, he said,—it was windy in the evening and the roads might be all blocked with snow—better to start right along. It would take quite a while to walk a mile of snowy road to the church.

He started at half past three, with penny candles in the sleeve of his sheep skin overcoat. It was thawing, and heavy snow flakes moistened the face of Ivan. He raised his broad collar, turned its ends inside so as to keep the wool from getting wet, and walked slowly up-hill.

He was musing all the time. "Where is he now; there, in his hut on the shore of the lake, or at home?" When Ivan reached

the top of the hill, he turned in the direction of the lake, as if he could see anything at four miles distance through the wet snow which filled the air. "Good time for fishing, such nights."

Ivan did not observe that he stood there rather long. He turned suddenly to his path and did not stop until he was at Vasily's house. After a moment of irresolution he cautiously pressed upon the handle of the gate. It did not give way at once. Ivan pressed more and the clique of the latch against the iron brace made his heart beat faster. He was like a thief stealing into a strange house.

He entered the yard. Before the door he stopped irresolutely again. Then he put his hand timidly on the chain of the door and slightly struck against the thick board. No sound, no answer from the inside. He produced a greater noise and waited long again. Once more—the door of *izba* creaked and Vasily's voice asked sleepily: "Is there anybody—or?"

"Open, gossip, it is me," Ivan answered rather timidly.

"Ah, to the morning service—is it not too early?" Vasily unbolted the door.

Ivan stepped slowly over the high threshold, shut the door, bowed two or three times before the corner with the unseen images and said in a guilty tone of his clear contralto voice:

"Good morning, gossip."

Then Ivan stood for a few moments looking down and crushing his cap in his hands, forgetting to shake off the snow from it and from his overcoat's collar. Ivan looked to his left, at the stove, on the edge of which Vasily's wife lay, then on the floor where Vasily's children slept under a sheep-skin overcoat. Then, like a school boy, Ivan raised his eyes to Vasily's face, who looked still half asleep, and made a step toward him. And as if he had something in his throat—you must not think that Ivan was about to cry, for he was a nail-maker and more than six feet tall—but there was something wrong with his throat when he said in the same contralto voice and in the same guilty tone: "Forgive me, gossip,"— and fell on his knees, taking hold of Vasily's feet in order to prevent him from running away as Ivan well knew he was apt to do.

"Forgive me," he repeated, pressing his face against Vasily's

knees: "surely, it is very easy to do as I did . . but we . . we all are not . . without sin . . and I . . and . . forgive me, for Christ's sake."

Vasily was wide awake now. "Get off . . what do you babble there . . what should I forgive you for?"

"I know . . I say, forgive me for Christ's sake," insisted Ivan.

"What am I to forgive you, I say. Get off, or —" and Vasily made an effort to free his feet from his friend's hands. Then he got impatient and raised his voice. His wife interfered, asking him not to awake the children by his howling. After vain attempts to free his knees, he had to say that he forgave Ivan. When his knees were freed he knelt before Ivan. Then they kissed each other and sat down on the bench like men who shook off a heavy burden from their shoulders and needed to rest.

Neither spoke of excuses. Their excuses were in the tone of their trembling voices, in the warmth of expression.

Of course, their quarrel was the devil's work, and it was very lucky for them that they knew how to read and to get out of satan's net. Though if they had not known it and deemed it necessary to be reconciled before going to the Lord's service, it would hardly be counted as a serious sin on their part; for they knew it not,—and God must take it into consideration—he understands about such things as that.

Maybe, He sent them this trouble intentionally, just to see what they would do,—how was it with Job?

—*Alexis Babine.*

## PHOEBE.

Now o'er Hellenic seas there falls the dusk,
Gray twilight stealeth from her Orient land,
The nodding roses breathe a deep-dewed musk,
The crisping ripples die upon the strand,
The shepherd calleth to his guardian hand
The scattered flock; and from the woodland steal
With nymph and dryad, all the light-heart band
That follow Pan, while now, with whirring wheel,
Athene's owl sweeps forth, and hoots allegiance leal.

Hark! where the joyous flute to woodland flings
The careless happy music of its notes,
The while for jollity a chorus sings
Of frisking satyrs, whose wine-wetted throats
A reeling measure, dancing like the motes
Upon a sunbeam, through the laughing air
Shout forth, and all their merry pleasure floats
In seeming wantonness, now here, now there,
On tossing waves of song, to distant Echo's lair.

Let Phoebe from her Eastern realm arise
And driving forth upon her starlit way
Laugh at the shadow that from each one flies
With long-limbed caper, antic in dismay,
Before her fairy flight of moonbeam ray;
So clasping hands, will trip it on the green,
Shepherd and satyr, in Arcadian play
Till, with the dawn, the Day-orb's mighty mien
Forbiddeth wisdom, and the owl no more is seen.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## THE PASSION PLAY OF OBER AMMERGAU.

IF one is fond of novel experiences and quaint foreign sights, let him wend his way towards the Bavarian Highlands and there find himself in a country with all the surroundings of the Sixteenth Century and all the beauties of a Switzerland of any era. Off the worn path, trodden by thousands of American tourists yearly, this region offers charms to the lover of scenery and strange peasant customs, which the tide of modern civilization and improvement has not yet reached. Cut off as it is, and in a retired corner of the mountains the remarkable customs and usages of ancient days are preserved in a manner which seems all the more wonderful because at the end of every ten years the modern world pushes down the doors of seclusion and rushes in. Why do they come at this particular time? you may ask. What is it, which attracts them? Nothing but one of these queer customs, which has reached the ears of the outer world and been spread

abroad by every one. It is the Passion play of Ober Ammergau —Ober Ammergau, place which becomes dear to all who see you, nestled as you are in your peaceful valley, with your mighty sentinel, the Kofel* keeping watch over you! Modern Mecca to all those who would study the Savior's life! Place of beauty! Place of ever-memorable charms!

Situated in about the center of the Bavarian Highlands or Tirol, the journey from either Munich or Innsbrück is one full of interest and lovely scenery. The railroad stops at Oberau in the valley of the lower Ammer and above, over a high ridge lies Ober Ammergau. To reach it, you, like all others who have gone before you, must adapt yourself to the surroundings and use modes of transportation not so modern. Once over the mountain that cuts off the lower valley of Oberau, a sight greets you the equal of which you had never dreamed. In the foreground, the ancient monastery of Ettal; beyond this, through an opening between the hills, a fertile valley, closed in on every side by mountains; through this the peaceful Ammer winding its way. At the beginning of the valley the Kofel, a mighty peak of solid rock, rises to a lofty height and in the shadow it casts, nestles Ober Ammergau.

Let us, like the other pilgrims, open our "Guide-books" and read:

"Ober Ammergau—A village in the Bavarian Tyrol; inhabitants about 1200. Noted for its Passion play, the last remaining of the religious plays, which were common during the Middle Ages. This play was an outcome of a plague which visited the Bavarian Tyrol in the year sixteen thirty-three. All the towns and villages in the neighborhood had been nearly depopulated, while Ober Ammergau, with a few others, had managed to escape it by strict quarantine. The inhabitants were rejoicing, when suddenly the dreaded plague broke out among them and half the villagers died. At the instigation of the monks of Ettal, the few remaining took an oath, that every ten years a presentation of the Passion should be given, should the village be freed of the plague. The legend says it subsided immediately, and the people of Ober Ammergau holding to their oath, still produce the play."

*The Kofel is a bare rock rising perpendicularly to a height of 2000 feet, at the head of the valley of the Ammer.

Let us turn to the history of the Monastery of Ettal now the residence of a count. The Chapel with its miraculous virgin is of the greatest interest. This wooden virgin, painted, or rather daubed with the gaudiest of colors, is said to have the power of healing any sort of sickness. It was given by an angel to Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria, in Italy, while he was on his return from his coronation at Rome. He placed it here in this secluded monastery, which he built especially for it. An order of Knights, who were to guard it, was instituted and for many years they kept watch faithfully. It has been said that from this, Wagner first conceived the character of Lohengrin, the Knight of the "Holy Grail" in his opera.

But we are entering the village. It is Saturday. The play takes place on the morrow. A mass of travelers, in costumes well known, are crowding the streets, and curious to see everything, hurry along, looking in doorways and jostling by in their excitement. Mingling with these and seeming almost out of place are the natives in the gay costumes of the highlands. The men in their green embroidered coats, knee breeches and knitted leggins, covering their legs from above the ankle only, to below the knee, their gray hats bedecked with black feathers and their ruddy faces, giving a *tout ensemble* which it is more than difficult to describe. At seven, the band composed of the musicians of the village, promenade the streets, which are soon after deserted and silent.

One is awakened at four the following morning, by the booming of cannon and blowing of trumpets. We hasten to the church where the actors are assembled to receive the sacrament before entering what is to them, worship of the most sacred nature. That these people carry on this play because they think it is their duty so to do, is not to be doubted. Their very simplicity, their determination in excluding all those who have tried to use it as a money making affair is enough to prove this, but to see them in their church, to see them in the play, and to see them in their homes, would dispel such an idea from the most skeptical mind.

We wend our way down the narrow streets, past the frescoed houses, past the square with the fountains which supplies the village, through the little lanes bordered by booths filled with mementoes, on to the theater. This is a great enclosure, surrounded

by a high wooden fence, hiding everything from view. Once within, we find a great amphitheater facing an open stage. A few seats at the back are covered, but the mass of the spectators, as well as the actors, are obliged to endure any inclemency of the weather. The stage extends across the entire enclosure, and is divided into two halves, the front, or open stage, and the back or covered stage. At the sides of the open stage are the houses of Pilate and the High-Priest. The back of the stage has, in the center, a covered portion, resembling an ordinary theater, with a proscenium and curtain. To either side of this, the streets of Jerusalem are pictured. In the covered portion, the tableaux and the greater part of the acting take place. In the case of the more important scenes, such as the "Entry into Jerusalem," "The Trial Before Pilate," and the "Way to the Cross," the entire stage is used, including the covered part as well as the open stage and the streets of Jerusalem.

Precisely at eight o'clock, at the boom of a cannon, the village orchestra commences a doleful tune, a hush comes over the multitude and the play begins. The chorus dressed in long white robes advance to the front of the open stage and sing a prelude admonishing the hearer to prepare for and be benefitted by what is to come. The curtain of the theatre rises and a tableau shows The fall in the Garden of Eden. A second shows an allegorical picture of the redemption. The chorus having explained these in song, retire, and the curtain rises again. The entire stage, including the covered portion is seen to represent the city of Jerusalem. From the houses and streets come a multitude, shouting and waving palm branches, the Christ riding on an ass led by St. John and followed by the Disciples, is the central figure. The procession comes to the front of the stage. Meanwhile the scene in the theatre is changed to that of the interior of the Temple. Christ enters, he overturns the tables of the money-changers and drives them out. This scene is a powerful one and it throws a different light on the subject from that generally taken. The High-Priests are angered and justly so. A man unknown to them but who claims great things enters the temple and takes upon himself to drive out men who by long continued custom had come to look on this as their right. Besides he is followed by a multi-

tude of low outcasts, who are as fickle as they are loud in singing his praises. He even claims to be the Son of God, but does not *then* give any outward sign to show or prove it. Here commences the hatred of the High-Priests and it grows as the play proceeds, until they have the power to satisfy it.

The merchants who were driven from the temple, lay their case before the Sanhedrim or Council of the High-Priests. Those who were present at the scene, testify in strong accents against the man who dared assert rights and powers which it seemed to them impossible for him to have. The Sandhedrim determine that he shall be punished, and offer a reward to the man who will betray him. Judas is the keeper of the purse for the little band and, having an eye to the increasing of the hoard, dislikes greatly to see money wasted. He shows this by his remark, when Mary Magdelen breaks the box of precious ointment over the Savior's head: "Why was not this ointment sold and given to the poor?" His character is shown in a better light, in the light not of a villian from the very beginning, but of a carefnl treasure keeper. Knowing this, one of the priests approaches him and offers him the reward if he will betray his master. At first he spurns the idea but by clever talking the priest gradually instills this idea into his mind: "If this master of yours be all powerful, as you say he is, then he can escape whenever he wishes. Your purse will be well filled and your master free again." Thinking it an opportunity to refill the empty purse, and firmly believing in the power of his master to free himself and his readiness to forgive him, Judas consents and goes before the Sanhedrim.

The thread of the story returns to the Christ, and the Last Supper is put forth in such an impressive manner as to make it all the more sacred to those who have seen it. The garden of Gethsemene and the betrayal follow, and the first half of the play is over. It is midday and all rush out to reënforce the mortal man and meditate upon the spiritual. The intermission quickly passes and we find ourselves again intent upon the play. The chorus again appear, and explain in song the tableau from the Old Testament which is supposed to have reference to the coming scene. These tableaux are some of the most beautiful parts of the

play taken from the artistic point of view. The grouping, coloring, and scenery are perfect in all their details and give a picture which cannot fail to make a deep impression. One of the most striking is that of the children of Israel, receiving manna in the wilderness. The stage is filled with men, women and children their arms outstretched to receive the falling manna. The mingling of colors and the grouping are particularly attractive in this tableaux. It is shown before the act representing the Last Supper, the manna being bread from Heaven and corresponding to that of the Holy Supper.

To return to the play. Christ is first lead before Annas, the High-Priest, then before Caiaphas, and as he is dragged around his silent resignation together with his dignity draw one towards him. The patient sufferer is hurried before Pilate and the multitude who before praised him, now, influenced by the priests, scoff and cry "Crucify him." Pilate not wishing to implicate himself in the affair, finds a way to escape judging him, by sending him before Herod, having heard Christ was a Galilean. Herod is a man who cares little for serious affairs, hence when Christ is brought before him he demands amusement, some miracle, "Transform that roll of parchment containing your sentence of death into a serpent. Thou wilt not? Thou can'st not!" he says as Christ answers not, nor even seems to hear. From now on, the scenes become more and more harassing. The acting is remarkable, and it is evident that art is not the secret of this acting, but the fact that the players put all their feeling into it. Nothing else could give such a vivid effect. Christ's trials are rapidly drawing near their end. The chorus appear in black garments and sing a dirge to doleful music. The journey to the cross is well fitted to lead up to the climax. The shouting train come down one of the streets of Jerusalem. Down the one on the opposite side of the stage, Mary, St. John, and a few others are coming, wondering what has become of their Lord. They do not know of his fate and as they turn the corner the fearful sight meets their eyes. A thrill passes through their frames. They grasp the whole situation. The worst has come? This is the most touching and perfect acting of the play. The expression on the face of the Virgin Mary particularly is wonderful, and imparts to the spectators all the feelings passing through her mind.

As the curtain rises on the next scene, Calvary meets the eye. The thieves are already hanging on the crosses, but the large cross to which Jesus is being nailed is still on the ground. The nails are apparently driven through the hands, though in reality they pass between the fingers. As the cross is raised into position, the fearfulness of the punishment strikes one as it never did before. The effect of this picture is a most powerful one, the living crucifix, those in agony at the foot of the cross, and the mocking soldiers. As the scene wears on Christ speaks with the thieves, cries out, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" and gives up the ghost. Then a soldier pierces his side, and as the blood spurts forth an involuntary cry goes up from the spectators, so realistic is it.

The climax is past but yet the mind is kept on the strain, the removal from the cross is no less harrassing than the preceding scenes. The Resurrection and Ascension now mean more to the spectator, he rejoices in the bright ending to the fearful drama. The resigned martyr has been watched as he passes through his torture, but now he is the conqueror, the King. The effect of the preceding acts has not yet worn off and as he leaves the theater and sees night coming on, he finds every one speaking in a hushed voice! Those last few realistic scenes have cast a gloom over all.

The morning comes, a string of vehicles rolls down the valley and we in the line, the most reluctant to leave beauties so many and so rare. As we pass the Kofel the huge bronze cross on the summit catches our eye as it glitters in the sun. Our driver informs us that this cross was struck by lightning during the past year, and that the people, believing this to be a sign from heaven, to show that their oath has been expiated, seriously contemplate giving up the play. Have we then seen this remarkable play for the last time? Shall the doors of seclusion be closed about you for ever more and the last remaining relic of former days perish? What power you still hold, superstitution!

—*J. Alexis Shriver.*

## HERE AND THERE.

ONE of the subjects which one hears most frequently discussed in educated circles to-day is the University Extension movement. In daily papers, in literary magazines, from the pulpit, from the professor's chair, in teachers' associations, in state legislatures, we are coming to hear this subject more and more often mentioned. It is a vital question of the time. To use Secretary Dewey's homely comparison, it is a fad to-day, among the educators of the country, very similar to the popular craze after roller skating a few years ago. It is undoubtedly the most important educational question of the century. So rife is the topic becoming, that perhaps the readers of the MAGAZINE will be interested in hearing something about the object of the movement, the progress made, and the methods employed.

The need of University Extension is very manifest. For twenty or thirty years there has been a progressive separation of the college from the mass of the people. The standard for admission to the colleges has been gradually, but generally raised, so that where formerly but little preparation was needed after leaving the common school, to-day there is required an academic course, generally of four years. There is, thus, a stratum interposed between the college and the public school. The managers of common schools feel that they are educating only the castes that are unfit for higher education. The college, faculty, and student body, is coming to hold an isolated position in society. The object, then, is to bring the university and people into more intimate contact; to make use of the extensive attainments of our college men for the benefit of the people at large; to make the diffusion of learning more general. This will be done only when the managers of the higher institutions direct and control the whole educational machinery of the country. They are in possession of education in its most complete form.

* * *

This need has been felt in England and, in answer to it, the movement toward University Extension was initiated, in 1874, by James Start of Cambridge. During the years intervening between

that time and the present, the movement has been generally adopted and reduced to a practical and effective working system. Since, in America, the conditions are not very different, we may well profit by the systematized result of English experience.

First and most important, as supplying the materials of education are the lectures. These are delivered by itinerant lecturers going out from some general center as Cambridge or Oxford. They are arranged into unit courses usually consisting of twelve lectures.

After each lecture an hour is usually devoted to a conversational discussion of the subject. All who are really desirous of profiting by the instruction remain to this after-meeting which takes the place of the class in the school or college.

Syllabi are prepared and distributed among the hearers of the lectures, these contain a digest of the lectures, together with references for collateral reading on the subject treated.

Besides hearing the lectures and attending the "class," the student is expected each week to hand in to the conductor of the course a paper embodying some of the points learned from the lectures, the "classes," and the collateral reading.

If he so desires, the student may be given examinations at the end of each unit course, and if he passes successfully, may receive a certificate to that effect. These certificates have a definite educational value. A person having completed a specified number of unit courses, is permitted to enter up to his second year's work at Cambridge University.

University extension carried out along these lines, has met with wonderful success in England. Beginning in 1873, with two or three centres of instruction, with not more than two hundred students, in 1889, there were in England and Wales three hundred centres with over forty thousand students enrolled in the classes. Such success is almost phenomenal, showing that the movement must have met a generally felt want. In the words of Provost Pepper: "University Extension formed in England a vast field of intellectual capacity and productiveness which was lying fallow for the want of cultivation and of channels of communication."

* * *

The mistake must not be made of supposing that we owe Uni-

versity Extension in its entirety to English influence. The seed did not come from England. The plant sprang up even earlier in America, but in England it attained a more vigorous, stocky growth. The attempt, now is, to transplant the English variety to American soil.

As far back as 1808, a movement was begun in America along the lines, although not under the name of University Extension. Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale College, in that year, delivered a course of popular lectures on chemistry before a class of ladies and gentlemen in New Haven. In 1828, James Brewster, a leading citizen of New Haven, erected a large building called Franklin Hall for the purpose of disseminating scientific knowledge among people not connected with the college. In following years Professor Silliman delivered courses of popular lectures on chemistry and geology, in Hartford, Lowell, Salem, and Boston with great success. He attracted large audiences and in Boston for one course of lectures, $2,000 was subscribed. It was a practice with him each morning to devote an extra hour for conference with persons wishing to see specimens and to hear additional explanations. He thus anticipated the "class" or conference of the English method. In 1836, he extended his work to New York City. Throughout his life Silliman devoted much of his time and energy to popular instruction. He was the pioneer of University Extension in America.

The American Lyceum system, the origin of which was nearly synchronous with the career of Silliman as a lecturer, is also directed toward the same object as University Extension. Lowell Institute at Boston, Peabody Institute at Baltimore, and others of their kind accomplished a great deal toward the education of the people. The Lyceum system was fostered by such men as Webster, Channing, Everett, Emerson, Parker, Sumner, Phillips, Gough, Beecher, and Curtis.

The Chautauqua Summer Assemblies illustrate another form assumed by the extension idea in America. These assemblies are a combination of the old-fashioned camp-meeting and the lyceum idea of popular lectures. They have accomplished a great deal in stimulating among the people a thirst after higher education. Very near akin are the summer schools which are

becoming so prevalent throughout the country, both independent and connected with the regular college.

In comparatively recent times, a system of outside lectures for Cambridge people was established by Harvard. Johns Hopkins, ever since its foundation, in 1876, has offered courses of popular lectures, as many as twenty in a course, to Baltimore audiences. Printed syllabi and bibliographies are used, showing another anticipation of the English system. It is evident, in the light of all these facts, that University Extension has existed in America in idea if not in name. The movement has assumed various forms, but there has been the same actuating motive in each case.

* * *

Heretofore our efforts have been mainly local in nature. But reports have reached us, from time to time, of the success of our cousins across the water. As by contagion, enthusiasm has spread over the ocean, giving a new impulse to the work in America. Now, it is the endeavor, to establish University Extension on a national scale. This impetus was aided greatly by the visit of Professor Moulton to this country last year. A leader of the movement in England, and a man of electrical influence, he infused all who heard him with zeal for the cause. Himself a fine example of what a lecturer under this system should be, he illustrated, to American audiences, what the system in working order may become.

Again to borrow a comparison from Secretary Dewey, the movement is now in its kindling state. All is roar and flame. Whether the solid fuel will be ignited depends upon the warmth of the zeal of the leaders in the movement.

Although, as yet, no very astonishing results have been accomplished in this country, the feature is very promising. The general office of the American society is situated at Philadelphia. This is planned to be the general organizing centre and parent of all the affiliated societies which are springing up throughout the land. It is not to exercise direct control except in its own immediate vicinity. In Philadelphia the movement has taken the deepest root but societies are springing up very briskly in all quarters. A general western centre has been formed at Chicago. Brown University has formed an affiliated society. The Bow-

doin faculty have prepared courses of popular lectures to be delivered in their vicinity.

The New York legislature, last winter, in appropriating $10,000 for University Extension, took a step in the right direction. This fund is to be employed by the regents of the state in maintaining a central administrative office at Albany. The duty of the central office is to make connections between local centres desiring instruction, and the instructors.

* * *

The difficulties thus far encountered, have been mainly in putting the idea into execution. The trouble is to make the system self-supporting and to secure the right kind of instructors. The first difficulty will probably soon be mastered, but to secure the right kind of teachers will be a matter of time and training. To deliver to a popular audience a pleasing lecture on an instructive theme, demands the most perfect comprehension of the subject. This is rarely attained except in the case of the most eminent specialists, who cannot afford to devote their time to the public. The best solution to the question yet offered seems to be, to choose the instructors from the faculties of the smaller colleges. Instead of having one man as professor of all branches of science, let the colleges have a man for each subject. Let the sum paid by the college to this number of men be the same as that previously paid the one professor, and let the rest of the remuneration be derived from extension work. The advantages in this way will be mutual. The popular audiences will enjoy the privilege of hearing eminent specialists; the college faculty will be improved by having a man for each branch of study; the instructor will have the prestige of the college with which he is connected, and will be benefitted by being enabled to centre his efforts upon some special line of work.

By this scheme the number of instructors required can be partially filled. There will, however, still remain vacancies which must be filled by young men trained for the purpose. Here, then, is a reason why college students should be interested in this "great intellectual missionary movement." In the future there will probably be many openings, throughout the country, for college graduates who desire to go into this field as teachers.

## THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER, to the college world, is preëminently a football month. It has been a football month at Cornell. Now, at the close of the season, we may give a brief resumé of Cornell's work between the goal posts for 1891. The record is almost the exact opposite of that for 1890. Last fall the team gave great promise at the opening of the season, weakened in the middle of the season, but toward the close braced up and made a fine finish. This year, the team began the season with an inglorious victory over Syracuse, 68–0; followed with an inglorious defeat by Bucknell, 0–4. This was the turning point. Stung by this defeat the team began to play with great vim and made a noble record. Seventy-two scores were piled up against Stevens; Lafayette was easily defeated, 30–0, with only ten minutes play in the second half; all old scores were evened up with Lehigh when we defeated their eleven, 24–0. Then came the most glorious DEFEAT Cornell ever *won* when Princeton scored only six points. This was the climax. Michigan, in the first game, was worsted 58–12. On Thanksgiving day by superior *slugging*, the Chicago University Club eleven won, 12–4, and on November 28, the final game of the season was played with Michigan, the score being Cornell 10, U. of M., 0. The record for the season is unquestionably the best ever made by a football team representing Cornell. Captain Johanson and each of the players are to be congratulated on the excellence of the work. Captain Johanson will be at the head of the team again next year and the prospects are very bright for a winning team in 1892.

Arrangements have finally been perfected for an intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson in the month of June. The place has not been definitely determined as yet, but will be either Newburg or Poughkeepsie. Very favorable inducements have been offered by each of these places. The colleges already entered are Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell. Others may join later. It is believed the course will be far superior to that at New London. The railroads on each bank of the river will afford better accommodations in the way of observation trains. The place is easier of access by

rail and the race will no longer be a side show to that of Yale and Harvard. About forty Freshmen have registered as candidates for the Freshman crew. The material from which to select the 'Varsity crew is unusually good. There will probably be eight men who have rowed in the 'Varsity boat before, besides last year's Freshman crew to choose from.

On November 27 and 28, there convened at Barnes Hall probably the most illustrious assembly ever gathered at Ithaca. It was the occasion of the annual session of the University Association of the Middle States and Maryland. Nearly all the colleges in these states were represented either by president or prominent professor. Some very interesting and valuable discussions of educational topics occurred during the session. President Low, of Columbia, was elected president for the coming year.

The Masque entertainments which occurred December 4 and 5, were up to the usual standard of that organization. The proceeds will net a goodly sum for the treasury of the society.

The baseball prospects, for next year, are unusually bright. Most of the old players are back. Burrows has been unanimously chosen captain.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

As might be expected, the Thanksgiving exchanges abound particularly in football news; but they contain also many good articles and poems. In the *Harvard Monthly* we find an excellent essay on "The Place of Mysticism in Modern Life." The following passage will give an idea of its purpose and scope: "As an inspiration to life, as a stimulus to high thought, as a quickener of religion in the world, the place of Mysticism was never greater, its power never more needed. Not until the spiritual nature of man can be reduced to a chemical process, and the conviction of its unity with the world-spirit proved a baseless dream, will this form of thought utterly perish, and the leaf of religion wither and fall to the ground." The November number of the *Brown Magazine* has a very good contribution from the pen of Professor Sears entitled "The Newer English." The object of the article is to call the attention to the character and value of the Romance elements of the English language. "Impressions of Two Novels" is the title of an interesting sketch in the *Yale Lit.* From the *Yale Lit.* we also sketch the following:

TENDER AND COOL IS THE NIGHT.

BY ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

Tender and cool is the night
And the day is sweet,
But the sweetest is where the light
And the darkness meet.

Sweet is the man's glad day
And the maiden's dream,
But sweetest the joined way
Love's votaries deem.

The series of articles in the *Bowdoin Orient* on "The Labrador Expedition" is concluded in the Thanksgiving number. The *Amherst Lit.* contains a well written article entitled "The Short Story Age in Literature," by Clarence D. Wood. "Abyssinia" is the title of an historical serial which appears this month in the *Tuftonian.* The leading article in the *Dartmouth Lit.* is on the subject of "Socialism."

In taking leave of the college exchanges, we copy the following entire from the *Blue and White:*

THEN AND NOW.

On the sands strolling, while inward rolling
The long waves came,
I, looking seaward, heard to the leeward
My Psyche, calling soft my name.

I turned to greet her, and ran to meet her
With open arms.
For who could linger, or fail to fling her
Unnumbered kisses for her charms?

We stood enchanted; the long light slanted
Down from the west,
The dim blue darkled, the near waves sparkled
Then softly, slowly sank to rest.

The Sirens sleeping, their white flocks leaping
In revel high;
No playful gambols, nor reckless rambles
Could lure them from their rock-beds nigh.

Oh, bliss of being! Oh, joy of seeing
In Psyche's eyes
All charms collected, the blue reflected—
The blue of earth and sea and sky!

I drew her near me, and whispered: "Hear me,
And grant consent!
Add one more pleasure, and fill the measure
Of my best cup of heart's content!"

She blushed and faltered, her dear face altered
With look so coy,
That, watching keenly, she seemed so queenly,
I trembled, more with fear than joy.

"Ah, no," she told me, "pray do not hold me,
And ask this boon.
The sun will warm me. Say, what can harm me,
While skies are fair? It is too soon!"

"But, then," I reason, "'tis the spring season
Of hope and love!
When comes foul weather, who will forever
Shelter and cherish you, my dove?"

Anon, she yielded, and while I shielded
Her drooping form,
She whispered slowly, in accents lowly,
"Be thou my covert from the storm!"

On the beach strolling, while inward rolling
The breakers come;
Be wild winds blowing, or calm seas flowing,
Now, hand in hand, we seek our home.

# NEW BOOKS.

*Robert Fulton: His Life and its Results.* By R. H. Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Co.

In this book we find a very admirable treatment of a very interesting subject. Few men have done more for the advancement of science and civilization than Robert Fulton; consequently an account of his life and work from the pen of so competent an author as Dr. Thurston can scarcely fail to be received with universal satisfaction. The book really contains more than its title indicates. The first chapter deals with the invention and gradual development of the steam engine, and is followed by a description of the early experiments in the application of steam to the propulsion of boats. Then comes a lengthy sketch of the life and inventive career of Robert Fulton, and the book is appropriately closed by a chapter on the more recent development and future prospects of steam navigation.

Dr. Thurston's estimate of Fulton is a fair and just one. He shows conclusively that Fulton was not really the inventor of the steamboat, but asserts that he deserves all the fame which has usually been accorded to him, on account of the marvelous ability with which he apprehended and combined the inventions of his predecessors in such a way as to make the future construction of steamboats an assured mechanical and commercial success. The qualities necessary for the accomplishment of this grand result must have been such as fully to justify Dr. Thurston in calling Robert Fulton a "genius of the first magnitude," and in applying to him the titles of "artist, engineer, mechanic, inventor, prophet, and statesman."

This book is a model of its kind, and will undoubtedly have a large circulation. Every one who reads it will feel amply repaid.

*What is Reality? An Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion.* By Francis Howe Johnson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

The question, What is Reality? has been asked many times before Mr. Johnson set it before himself for solution. From Plato down, men have speculated after the Real; and when one age thought they had discovered it, the next would show, with great dexterity, that they had really been groping in the darkness, without aim or end. Philosophy is an investigation after what *is*, as distinguished from what *seems to be*. For the last few centuries the human mind has been striving in this direction, but yet to-day men ask, What is Reality? with as little hope of a satisfactory answer as some inhabitant of the earth a few thousand years ago would have given him. There are almost as many opinions as there are minds speculating upon the subject, and until a very recent date it has been thought the business of philosophy to tear down other men's beliefs rather than to search

after an independent system of progressive philosophic thought. Philosophers, too, have divided themselves into schools, and have refused to acknowledge any truth as lying outside their own system. It has seemed that men have wanted to show the superiority of their own special *school*, rather than make a diligent and impartial search after truth in whatever sphere. There is a tendency now, however, to break away from these restrictions and establish an eclectic system of philosophy, which shall acknowledge truth in any and all schools of thought. Thus Prof. Ladd, of Yale, has recently brought out his "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy," in which he proposes to harmonize the varied philosophic theories into one systematized whole. And now Mr. Johnson seeks himself the same task, to a certain extent. But he purposes to go even farther. He takes up the philosophies of Hegel, Lotze, Fitch, Kant, Spencer, Darwin, and a host of other illustrious geniuses, and attempts to harmonize the essence of them with the philosophy of the Christian religion. It is a great task, and yet in one sense ought not so to be. Truth is truth, whether evidenced by philosophy or religion, and can never be combative with itself. But there is a question if religion does not deal with ultimates which can never be known by intellection, the only process of discovering truth which philosophy will acknowledge. It would be more accurate to say that, so far as philosophy goes, it should be harmonious with the teachings of religion ; and some great mind of scientific habits is needed to establish the analogy. True, there have been many attempts at this, but they have not received very influential acceptance. It is but fair to say, however, that these efforts have been as fruitful as could be expected in these later ages of philosophic unrest and dissatisfaction.

Mr. Johnson's book will particularly recommend itself to those who have no taste for abstract philosophic reasoning, and yet feel the need of something to harmonize the seemingly various paradoxes in modern philosophy. The ordinary reader can easily follow him, and he will certainly bridge many chasms for many inquiring minds. To say that he has shown conclusively what Reality ultimately is, would be very dangerous, now when a philosopher sees that what seems sound to-day is proved to-morrow to be only the form of truth without its substance. He concludes that Reality can not be found by either subjective or objective analysis alone, but by both combined, and this is certainly the view that epistemological thought is now tending to take. Men are beginning to believe that there is a duality in the universe, at least so far as to say that there are objective and subjective elements of one possible unity. Neither the Idealism of Hegel or Fichte, nor the Realism of Herbert Spencer offer a sufficient explanation of our mental life and experience, and much less does the skepticism of Hume harmonize with reason.

Did space permit we would much desire to notice in detail Mr. Johnson's chapters on "The Thing-in-itself;" "From the Microcosm to the Universe;"

"Mechanism Transformed;" "Unity in Multiplicity;" "Creative Intelligence;" "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," and others. But we can only advise the reader to examine them for himself, if he has yet begun to puzzle over the questions they discuss.

*Christopher Columbus.* By Justin Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

No piece of literature in connection with the coming Columbian anniversary is likely to mold to a greater extent the public opinion as to the true work accomplished by the discoverer of the New World. All who reach by their own efforts the familiar source of knowledge and truth, unwilling to content themselves with the reports brought back by travelers thence, earn the title of originality. This is the distinction due to Mr. Winsor for the exhaustive, critical, and scholarly examination which he has made of all possible original sources of information connected with the life and work of Columbus. As the first chapter of the book on the sources of information will show, our author has spared no labor to penetrate through the distracting gloss of the immense mass of imaginative writing on Columbus where the limner's own personality has been projected. The facts thus brought out have been photographed, not idealized, into a picture which gives chiefly the fancy of the artist's mind. Yet, the selection and presentation of the facts are so excellent, that the pages are read and turned over with riveted interest.

The scientific method has been employed throughout and as might be expected the Columbus of the imaginative Irving has been stripped of many idealized qualities. The work is severely iconoclastic. The author has forced the truth into the light, and much of it tells hard upon the character of Columbus. Yet, we are compelled to admit the fair and searching insight of the author and his exclusive desire to seek out the genuine facts. These facts while not disproving that Columbus did a mighty work in discovering land to the Westward, show that here ended his work for good. Mr. Winsor finds him unfaithful to his family, perfidious to his sailors, a poor governor, and a perpetual deceiver, carried away by his monomaniac enthusiasm to get gold and honors. Under the pretense of using the revenue gained for missionary purposes, Columbus fitted his ships with slaves, and finally insured by his harmful influence the extirpation of the native race in the Antilles. "No man," Mr. Winsor writes, "craves more than Columbus to be judged with all the palliations demanded of a difference of his own age and ours. No child of any age ever did less to improve his contemporaries, and few ever did more to prepare the way for such improvements. The age created him and the age left him. There is no more conspicuous example in history of a man showing the path and losing it." . . . "The biographer cannot forget, indeed, that Columbus is a portrait set in the surroundings of his times; but it is equally his duty, at the same time, to judge the paths which he trod by the scale of an eternal nobleness."

But, in spite of all the manifest weaknesses of Columbus, had he been the saintly man that those who have tried to canonize him have made out, he probably would never have pushed the world Westward. One does not hew down a tree with a razor; man is a world exemplar often fitted to be a world advancer.

*A Brief Spanish Grammar.* By A. Hjalmar Edgren. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This grammar of the Spanish language is prepared by Prof. Edgren, of the University of Nebraska, as a ready and sufficient help to the reading of easy Spanish. One special feature of the book consists in the historical introductions that precede the several chapters. These give the relation of the Spanish to the Latin in its noun, adjective, verb-forms, showing what changes have taken place, and how present Spanish forms are to be accounted for. The volume is also supplied with exercises and a concise vocabulary. It is designed for college classes and is to be commended especially for the simplicity of plan, as well as for the scientific accuracy shown throughout.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:*

The Art Teaching of John Ruskin, by W. G. Collingwood.
A Guide to Greek Tragedy, by Lewis Campbell.
The Old Stone House and Other Stories, by Anna Katherine Green.
The Evolution of Life, by Hubbard Winslow Mitchell.
Economic and Industrial Delusions, by Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar.
Memoirs of Tallyrand, IV, by the Duke de Broglie.

*From the Cassier Magazine Co., New York:*

Cassier's Magazine, Vol. I, No. 1, November.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1892. NO. 4.

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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

## OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SOUTHERN ITALY.—II.

IN all weathers, we liked to go to the north side of our rocky peninsula, where the ample enclosing wall of the ancient sanctuary is falling piece by piece, with fragments of the crumbling cliff, into the all-swallowing waves. There we had the now calm and now stormy, but always wonderful Ionian Sea spread out before us; a sea that in the varied illumination by the sun of its changeful phases can run through all the colors of the spectrum, or lie irridescent in the breeze, with rings of purpling blue and indigo forming on a ground of brightest green, as if simulating the spread tail of Lacinian Juno's favorite bird. Her temple, located with a Greek eye for effective situation, was clearly the sanctuary of a maritime people. It was the most prominent object in view of the harbor of Croton and all its approaches. All vessels entering the Gulf of Tarentum from the west, or bound outward, had to pass under its shadow. Nay, the seafarer bound to Tarentum from Greece did not turn his course northward before he espied the white gleam of its marble roof, resplendent in the southern sun. From its surf-beaten height no eye but must look seaward and dwell on the ever changing tints of the loveliest of seas; and then rises before the inward vision a series of historical dissolving views. The five sunken islands that once enlivened the blue off-

ing, emerge dripping from the waves like Rhodes of yore, and the bark of Ulysses glides by to the song of the sirens. Already passing from view, it suddenly seems to reappear. But no; it is a larger boat, propelled by the measured stroke of fifty oars. It bears a band of Achæan colonists, led by a descendant of Hercules—the eighth century founders of Croton. Another and again a larger vessel, plying two banks of oars, a bireme, with a Samian boar's head carved on its prow, lands the man whom a modern sailor's tradition significantly names as the builder of this very temple, the fairy "Palace of King Pythagoras," in which hung the mystic bell, whose mystic toll the fishermen hear coming up from the water on dreamy summer afternoons. Strangely enough, the long drawn flute accompaniment of the measured oar-beat has not ceased with the dropping of the Samians' anchor in the harbor. On the contrary, accelerated time and increased volume have imperceptibly transformed its proceleusmatic measure to that of a spirited Dorian march. One hundred thousand men of Crotonian levy, horse and foot in glittering armor, are taking the field under the command of Milo, the strongest man living, who scorns, himself, to use any weapon but the death-dealing club of Hercules. Two hundred Sybarites and allies will experience the force of

"Croton's shock of marching iron" (*Bulwer*)—

in the Battle of the Traïs (510 B. C.), and wealthy Sybaris, the most sumptuous city of the gulf, will be no more. Another ship, this time a Phoenician galley, brings the supercilious envoys of King Darius of Persia. But exquisitely tricked by a clever Crotonian physician, a new Ulysses, the object of their pursuit, they live to rue their lawless arrogance, enslaved by bandit Iapygian natives in the fastnesses of the Sila. Next, a swift Greek trireme passes rapidly outward. It is Phayllus, he of the longest jump on record, taking his own ship to fight the Mede at Salamis. It is as if half the history of Croton must needs take form in the movements of single vessels, and occasional fleets, past the holy place of its favorite deity. But it is a long cry from Phayllus to Lucius Valerius, the Roman admiral whose flagrant violation of the limit to Rome's maritime encroachments fixed at the Lacinian

headland by her solemn treaties with Tarentum brought on the great Græco-Roman war.

From Croton, too, sailed the fleet that bore the recalled Hannibal back to the native Africa, which he had almost forgotten through long occupation of foreign soil at the head of the Carthaginian legions. Hannibal offered double pay to the Campanian, Bruttian, and Samnite veterans who had formed the kernel of his mercenary troops. But they would not be induced to leave Italy. He thereupon ordered them to stack their arms in preparation for dismissal. He had carefully surrounded them by detachments of those soldiers who were prepared to follow his standards. When the Italiotes were disarmed, he announced to these other troops that each man might select for himself a slave from among the helpless crowd. To his surprise, this announcement was received in deep silence, and the lines remained unbroken. The old soldiers, hardened as they were, were not ready to enslave their companions in arms. The general ordered bands of less scrupulous auxiliaries, the archers from Africa and the Balearic islands, to advance. In obedience to his orders, these barbarians perpetrated the massacre of the defenceless Italiotes to the last man. To the remonstrances of an officer sickened by the carnage, Hannibal coldly observed: "It is not for me to supply the Romans with men like these."

Besides the bilingual chronicle of his Italian campaigns, Hannibal left another curious memorial within the sacred precinct at the Lacinian promontory. The goddess possessed large herds of fine cattle, which had been pastured from time immemorial on the grazing lands belonging to the sanctuary. The natural increase of these animals, being annually disposed of, caused an embarrassing accumulation of treasure in the temple. This had been melted down and the gold cast in the form of a dedicatory column, which stood on the temple floor. While holding the Bruttian peninsula against the Romans, Hannibal, in order to pay his troops and mercenaries, did not hesitate to rob the great Grecian fane. It is related that in order to ascertain whether the renowned gold column were indeed bullion, he had the Semitic caution to sample it by causing a hole to be drilled to its centre, and submitting the dust to an experienced assayer. Thereupon, says the story, the angered goddess threatened him in a dream with the

loss of his other eye; he had lost one years before, through an attack of ophthalmia during his march into Italy. To escape which doom Hannibal not only desisted from the contemplated sacrilege, but ordered the restitution of the gold filings already taken. Needless to say the column had been found to be as solid as its gold was pure; in proof of it, the priests subsequently pointed to the hole. But in memory of his piety and honesty on this occasion, the distinguished Carthaginian had the carefully collected filings cast into the small figure of a cow—one of the favorite symbols of Hera, and presumably also of the Phoenician Goddess Tanith, with whom he identified her—and in this form placed on top of the coveted column. One is reminded of how Alaric the Goth was frightened from sacking the Athenian Acropolis by a similar apparition.

Surviving local legend does not seize on the historic figure of Hannibal. It does busy itself considerably with the philosopher Pythagoras, whose influence was more permanently felt at Croton. His name has become the centre of marvellous tales, in which the Calabrian peasant or sailor formulates his unconscious reminiscence of a vanished civilization and its glories. Even to the ancient mind, Pythagoras was a semi-mythical personage; the middle ages revered him half as a personification, somewhat less distinct than the literary figure of Aristotle, of Pagan science, half as a weird magician, the rival of Virgil and Solomon. Oral tradition has embellished his vague personality with traits borrowed from biblical narrative, and perhaps from other Oriental and Occidental sources. So, of the two temples at Metaponto, the standing one is popularly known as the Table of the Paladins, while the ruined one of earlier date, in its picturesque overthrow, is identified by the peasantry with the hall of the Philistines overturned by Samson. Pythagoras, the apostle of simple living and establisher of a political communism, is to the countryside a ruler of fabulous wealth; the Lacinian temple is his palace, lavishly decorated with gold, and full of precious stones; single columns in it have a separate individuality, like the pillars Jachin and Boaz before the temple of Solomon. And in place of the gradual disintegration of the temple by a long series of spoliations, the legend, more dramatic than reality, invents a sudden engulfment of its fairy palace by the angry sea.

Until the quite recent erection of the lighthouse, the solitary standing column on Cape Nao, also called from it Capo Colonna, was so conspicuous an object as to serve as a sailing point to navigators, just as the temple itself did in antiquity. This circumstance has given the widest circulation, among the seafaring population of Southern Italy, to the poetic folktale which, with all the customary romantic elaboration of marvel and magic, chivalrous emprise and buried treasure, has fastened itself to the name of "King Pythagoras." Long may it cling to a spot that may well have stimulated, as it certainly witnessed, some of the great teacher's earnest conversations with his esoteric circle of disciples. As I walked for the mail from Capo Colonna to Cotrone one sunny morning, along the hard sandy beach, the framework of the story, just as it came from the lips of an old sailor on the occasion of our first visit to the lighthouse, and freshly supplemented by some of our workmen, seemed to beat itself into its natural dress of rhythm and rhyme, forming, in odd stanzas something after this fashion, the skeleton of a ballad or metrical romance for the reader's imagination to fill out as it likes :

Lateen-sail barks from Taranto that steer
  Their course for Reggio or Messina know
Cape Nao light, in doubling which they veer
  Four points to eastward. Should it happen so
    That it be day, the sailor lifts his eyes,
    And tells his treasured story in this wise :

Cape Nao of the columns is its name.
  I say the columns, though we see but one ;
You mark its shattered shaft, and near the same
  The broken wall of ringstones? Known to fame
    Was once that wall, now crumbling ring by ring,*
    As palace of Pythagoras the king !

Columns thrice twelve its marble roof upbore,
  Fashioned, like unto this, of pillared stone ;
Two more—with other tales of days of yore,

*The man referred to the Roman restoration of the walled circuit of the sacred enclosure in which the temple stood. This wall is faced with brick, laid in the diagonal bond known as *opus reticulatum.*

You'll find this in the Bible—stood alone,
Of bronze and silver intricately cast,
And flanked the doorway under which you passed.

Within, between two windows near the door,
The costliest treasure of the palace stood:
A pillar cast of massive gold galore,
Which towns by king Pythagoras subdued
Had paid to Croton, till Pythagoras, awed,
Had set it up to some old heathen god.

And from it hung a bell of beaten gold,
With honeysuckle tendrils all entwined,
Modelled by some artificer of old;
Who so had hung his bell, that any wind
Might swing its clapper to the golden rim;
And all his life that sound delighted him.

But when the palace sank into the waves,
With sharp and sudden clang it also fell
Into the sea this rocky shore that laves,
And bubbled bottomward with muffled knell—
And to this day, fishing with net or troll
Far out at sea, men hear its languid toll.

Cotrone itself is a rather uninteresting town of some 8,000 inhabitants. Like Syracuse, it occupies but a small fraction of its sometime area, the mere citadel, in fact, of ancient Croton. While search is now and then made for graves or similar remains of antiquity, it has never been richly rewarded; it is true that a treasure of gold pieces bearing the effigies of Philip, Alexander, and Ptolemy was accidentally discovered in the bank of the brook Esaro, not many years ago, by a knot of washerwomen at their work, evidently a hoard buried by a wealthy citizen in time of war; for several hundred had been deposited in one earthen pot. Two specimens of these yellow staters lie before me as I write. But the shores of the Gulf of Tarentum are not so populous nowadays that one is not glad to find a busy little centre of population and industry overspreading the jutting little peninsula. The ex-

ports of the district are principally olive-oil, fish, and sulphur. Many of the villagers in the hills whence the last named article is brought, cling to an ancestral Greek idiom. Was not most of southern Italy subject to the Byzantine emperors until well along in the Middle Ages? It was interesting to note the primitive method of shipping the yellow mineral in the cozy little harbor of Cotrone, which is protected by a breakwater largely composed of foundation and pavement blocks from the Heraeum. The same longhorned grey oxen that have drawn the strange triangular carts, with their huge red wheels, all the way from the mines, are made to wade with their load flank-deep into the sea, until the platform of their cart is flush with the gunwale of the boat that is to receive the cargo. Overhead loom the walls of a ferocious fort built by Charles V. This prince is not exactly a popular historical character with the Italians, and the municipality of Cotrone is somewhat proud of having torn down his city walls, replacing them by a pleasant boulevard drive. At one point they still serve as a retaining wall for a terraced garden that is distinctly visible all the way from the cape.

In the centre of the town there is a tasteless cathedral, contemporary, or almost, with St. Peter's in Rome. Its stuccoed walls and pillars conceal many a fine piece of worked stone from the temple over on the Lacinian promontory, which the enterprising Bishop Antonio di Lucifero shamefully plundered for his building material. To-day, the living representative of his lineage, one of the largest landholders hereabouts, exercises the oversight of antiquities in the district of Cotrone; and I must admit that the courtesies shown us by the Marquis and his three talented sons greatly softened the grudge that persons of our calling must still owe to the name of their vandal precursor.

The interior of the fort serves as a prison for malefactors of the worst type, and officers' quarters. The opportunities Cotrone affords for secular diversion are indeed few. The Italian town, north or south, that cannot maintain a small theatre open for at least a portion of the year, that boasts no public garden, no municipal band, and no local newspaper, hardly ranks higher, in its own conceit, than Megara was placed by the biting sarcasm of the Delphic oracle: "Neither third, nor fourth, nor yet twelfth, nor

in any account, nor of any." Nevertheless, even Cotrone has its dramatic season. What was our surprise, one day, to read across the street from the balcony of our inn, the following flaring announcement of its opening performance :

FAUSTO,

OR

THE MISGUIDED INCEPTION, AND FEARFUL OUTCOME
OF THE ABOMINABLE COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL (that is to say Satan)
ENTERED UPON BY THAT CELEBRATED DOCTOR AND MAGICIAN,

Together with the various curious adventures and scenes resulting therefrom, through the agency of the Demon and familiar Spirit

MEFISTOFILE.

This unique spectacle will be performed to-night at seven by an illustrious and in every way excellent company of puppets recently supplied with a new and elegant wardrobe by the foremost artists, and that before the cultivated public of this honored city of Cotrone, for the first and only time.

This was dissipation indeed ! We attended and greatly enjoyed the very creditable performance of the marionettes, in the whitewashed warehouse that served them for a play-house. The reserved front seats we occupied sold for two cents each ; the populace behind gained admission at the rate of two cents a head. In view of so moderate a charge, and the nature of the audience, the show was really elaborate and elevated quite beyond expectation. Goethe's great tragedy is said to have been distinctly inspired by an old German puppet show treatment of the same subject. In freely paraphrasing and reproducing whatever portions of Goethe's text suited his purpose, the fat and rubicund impresario of this miniature stage would therefore seem to have exercised, in behalf of his "*eccellente compagnia di fantocchi recentemente vesti*," the perfectly legitimate privilege of reappropriating their own.

But let it be conceded, without reserve, that Cotrone, despite a winter climate quite as mild as that of the much vaunted and neighboring "Ionian" Islands, lacks all the requisites of a health and pleasure resort. Catanzaro, the provincial capital, on the Gulf of Squillace, not very far down the coast, would satisfy

less moderate demands than ours were in this respect. Not to dwell on the obligatory operatic infliction, or on its schools, public library, and museum of natural history and antiquities, and other appliances of a cosmopolitan civilization not quite pronounced enough to drive all the local color, best typified, perhaps, by the peaked Calabrese hat universally worn by the mountaineers, from its streets—and apart from the winter climate it shares with Cotrone—its mountain breezes alone, and the wide landward and seaward prospects it affords, from its perch on one of the last spurs of the Apennines, lend it a peculiar attraction. The vista differs as one happens to glance plainward, over the line of the railroad, to the long curves of the shore and the glistening watery surface beyond, or down the nearer slopes, all overgrown with olive trees and thickets of prickly pears, or catches a glimpse of snow-capped heights through the misty valleys and gorges of the hilly backland. Nor is the promenade wanting. With the exception of the far less cheerful gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, I scarcely know where I have seen a lovelier park than the "*Giardino Publico*" of Catanzaro. And yet it is but the smallest imaginable spare triangle, where the careful tending of human hands has succeeded in crowding the varied verdure of greensward and cactus, of lilac bushes and arbutus trees, of the weeping willow and the cypress, the northern cedar and the subtropical palm, interspersed with an occasional gleam of marble nudities, between the town and the abruptly sheering cliffs that overhang a torrent several hundred feet below. I count it among my good works to have directed at least one appreciative traveler to so attractive a spot, a Sicilian photographer whom a couple of sentimental English ladies (evidently of the peculiar type to which Guy de Maupassant has done justice in "Miss Harriet") had prejudiced against the unoffending town by their wearisome iteration of the ecstatic exclamation "Catanzaro, Catanzaro!"

—*Alfred Emerson.*

## A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

I see the future there before me rise,
  A woman closely veiled from head to feet,
That one may see nor hands nor lips nor eyes,
  Nor e'en discern the moulding of her form.
I know not whether she be foul or fair,
  But hope she's fair. I think she smiles,
And still the lines of frowns are there,
And yet she wears a rainbow in her hair
    And that gives hope.

—*Louis Carl Ehle, '89.*

## IBSEN AND IBSEN-CRITICISM.

THIS, certainly, is our ism-ridden age. The moment a new star is discerned, he must be forced into the category of isms; until one is tempted to cry out, "From all isms and ists, good Lord, deliver us."

Henrik Ibsen is only one of many victims. Some persons imagine that when they have coffined Ibsen in an ism, they have given him his quietus, but greatness is not so easily disposed of. Yet it must be admitted that the 'Ibsenites' have done their prophet much more harm than have the 'Anti-Ibsenites.' Yes, poor Ibsen has been made the idol of the faddists. Upon the altar of his genius, they have offered a ridiculous incense of gush, and have worshipped, "alas, not wisely, but too well!"

If ever a great man had occasion to utter fervently the old prayer, "Heaven deliver me from my friends," surely that man is Ibsen. They have harped upon his so-called "new art-form," his "social theories," and have reduced the so-called "purpose" of his plays to abstract head-lines, until they have done more than his opposers to make him the bugaboo he is in the eyes of so many: "the dour dogmatist, vender of social nostrums in pilule form." In short, they often seem to overlook entirely, in their discussions, that he is a poet. Ought not some importance to be attached to that, too?

As Mr. William Archer, Ibsen's best translator, as well as his most sympathetic and judicious critic, has admirably expressed it: "A graver injustice has been done him of late by those of his English admirers who have set him up as a social prophet, and have sometimes omitted to remember that he is a bit of a poet as well. It is so much easier to import an idea than the flesh and blood, the imagination, the passion, the style in which it is clothed. People have heard so much of the 'gospel according to Ibsen,' that they have come to think of him as a mere hot-gospeller, the Boanerges of some strange social progaganda. As a matter of fact Ibsen has no gospel whatever, in the sense of a systematic body of doctrine. He is not a Schopenhauer, and still less a Comte. There never was a less systematic thinker. Truth is not, in his eyes, one and indivisible; it is many sided, many visaged, almost Protean. It belongs to the irony of fate that the least dogmatic of thinkers, the man who has said of himself, 'I only ask: my call is not to answer,' should figure in the imagination of so many English critics as a dour dogmatist, a vender of social nostrums in pilule form. . . . My position, in short, is that in Ibsen's plays, as in those of any other dramatist who keeps himself within the bounds of his form, we must look not for the axioms and demonstrations of a scientific system, but simply for broken lights of truth refracted through character and circumstances. The playwright who sends on a chorus or a lecturer, unconnected with the dramatic action, to moralize the spectacle and put all the dots on all the i's, may fairly be taken to task for the substance of his 'doctrines.' But that playwright is Dumas, not Ibsen."

"It is so much easier to import an idea than the flesh and blood, the imagination, the passion, the style in which it is clothed." Alas, yes! A lady remarked to me, "I have read the plots of Ibsen's plays; and I have no desire to read the plays themselves." Probably many have been deterred from reading them for the same reason. They should remember Victor Hugo's dictum, "There are in poetry neither good nor bad subjects, only good and bad poets." The subjects of Ibsen's plays may be, often are, painful, but they are handled with a delicacy, strength and poetry that ought to give an *artistic* pleasure.

But some one, doubtless, will exclaim at this point as Alfred Hennequin puts it, "A plot in Ibsen! Shades of the romantic drama, can this be!" And this brings me to the most general misconception of Ibsen, both by his admirers and censors, that relating to his dramatic art, especially on its technical side, and to the oft repeated assertion, that Ibsen is a dogmatist, not a dramatist. First, a word or two to all this nonsense about Ibsen and the new school. Alfred Hennequin, in his article "The Drama of the Future," writes: "In the best of his (Ibsen's) plays, taking into account the differences growing out of the different social environment, his technique is precisely that of all other successful dramatists new or old." He then takes for example the last scene in the Pillars of Society, and continues: "I suppose that Mr. Archer and others who see a new order of things in Ibsen's dramas, shake their heads over this scene and call it poor stuff; they 'hear the machine creaking,' and wish that the dramatist had not gathered up the threads of his plots so carefully. The worst of all is that the 'Indian Girl' did not go to sea, and so Olaf is restored to his father. This is a lamentable state of affairs because it actually gives the play the semblance of a plot! A plot in Ibsen! Shades of the romantic drama, can this be!"

Now, if Prof. Hennequin had taken the same pains in reading Mr. Archer that he has in ridiculing him, he might have been more just. Let Mr. Archer speak for himself: "He (Edward Fuller) brackets together Ibsen and Tolstoï, who have scarcely anything in common—who work in different mediums, by different methods, to different ends; and he treats them as representatives of the school which undervalues what is technically known as 'construction,' and would fain minimize the plot element in drama.

"This may be just enough as regards Tolstoï, whose one play of which I have any knowledge—The Power of Darkness—is of very simple structure. But Ibsen—I do not allege it as a merit, but simply as a fact—is very careful of his plots. He does not work them out quite after the manner of Scribe. His plays, especially the more recent ones, are apt to be simply the catastrophes of dramas which have been slowly developing for years before the curtain rises. But their plots, whether contained within the frame of the picture or not, are very elaborate. Let Mr.

Fuller try to relate the plot of the League of Youth, The Pillars of Society, A Doll's House, An Enemy of the People, The Wild Duck, or the Lady from the Sea, and he will by no means find himself in a position to say, with Canning's Knife-grinder, 'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.' . . . . Let us eliminate Ibsen, then, as being irrelevant to the true issue, which is that of the Complex Play *versus* the Simple Play.

"Ibsen's plays, be they good or bad, certainly belong to the complex order." And in another article, the very one Prof. Hennequin quotes from, Mr. Archer thus expresses himself: "The truth is that, technically, Ibsen is by no means the most modern of playwrights. . . . Ibsen's dramas, in short, no less than Dumas's or Sardou's, are complex structures in which life is very skillfully and elaborately manipulated with a view to the attainment of certain theatrical effects (commonly called situations) and the enforcement of certain ethical or sociological principles. He is not content to reproduce a life simply because he believes it to be true: it must also be dramatically striking and morally significant."

All this discussion of the plot in plays, reminds me of a remark made by Frank Mayo, "What is the plot of a play but its plan?" Surely no one wishes a play without a plan! And what does it matter, after all, whether the plan of a play be simple or complex, provided the treatment be that of an artist and poet?

Granting that "his plays are apt to be simply the catastrophes of dramas which have been slowly developing for years before the curtain rises," Mr. Gosse's claim: "it would really seem as though Ibsen had added a new branch to dramatic literature by inventing the drama of catastrophe," seems to me to be very far-fetched. But, let Mr. Ibsen himself speak the last word. In an interview in the New York *Herald*—it is a rare thing, indeed, to obtain an interview with Ibsen—he is represented as having said: "In the first place I do not consider myself the originator of a new school. If people share my views with reference to the drama and pursue the same purposes as I do, it is most likely a coincidence."

Speaking of Ibsen's vogue in the literary circles, Mr. Edmund Gosse says: "The reason of this general decline of the read play is, as all critics admit, the increased conventionality of the stage,

and if Ibsen has succeeded where others have failed, it is because he is essentially less conventional than others." Certainly Ibsen is essentially unconventional, otherwise he would not be great. What great dramatist ever was *essentially* conventional? That is, of course, if we mean by essentially conventional, unconventional in that which imparts a play its highest life and vitality. Still, it must not be thought he is an anti-constructionist dramatist. Let me quote again from the before-mentioned interview: "Am I at the present time engaged in writing a new work? Well, I have some plans which I hope to execute in the near future, but I have not yet begun to write. I do not set to work until the outlines of the plot are well fixed in my mind. I am not a fast writer; I have written every drama three times before giving the manuscript to the printer. I like to change the details of the construction. I am very particular in this respect. I have often altered large portions of my plays over and over again, till they exactly suited my intentions."

I suppose many Ibsenites have frightened managers away from producing the plays of "their prophet," by their exultant cry that he throws technique to the four winds, an absurd claim considering that Ibsen acquired his technique in the theatre itself. It is well to remind English readers that Ibsen acquired a practical knowledge of stage-technique, having as artistic director of a theatre, staged a variety of plays ranging from Shakespeare to Scribe and Sardou. But an acquaintance with technique does not necessarily produce a dramatist. It is in the revelation, step by step, of a complicated soul-personality like that of Rebecca West, with no use of soliloquy, but just as a soul is revealed, or partly revealed, in life, that Ibsen proves himself a dramatist as well as poet.

In a recent article Mr. Gosse remarks: "As is known, Ibsen, like Euripides, does not present his characters to the public until their fortunes are determined. But the Norwegian tragic poet cannot present a herald to his audience or send Hermes down to tell the story in heroic verse. He has to explain the situations out of the mouths of his characters, and this he has an unrivaled adroitness in doing. We are never conscious of being informed, but as we read on the situation gradually and inevitably becomes patent to us."

In these words Mr. Gosse has answered the question, "Is Ibsen a dramatist?" For what is the prime requisite of the dramatist? Is it not that his characters must be consistent with themselves? That is, do we need to be *told* they are such and such, or do they reveal it inevitably by their words and actions? You can *learn* stage technique. The other is the *inborn* faculty of the *genuine* dramatist.

Still, for this dramatic faculty to attain to its completest usefulness, its fullest life, there must be a knowledge of the exigencies of the stage. That Shakspeare and Molière have proved for all time.

The assertion that Ibsen's plays are interesting reading but are not acting plays, is really very foolish, when you stop to think that they have been successfully played before the most cultivated German audiences. I myself witnessed an admirable performance in German of Ghosts, at Amberg's Theatre, New York, and was surprised to find how much was lost in reading, though I had always felt that Ibsen's plays must be seen to be appreciated. That cultivated audience watched the representation with an intense interest, calling up the curtain seven times after the three acts, and greeting the performance with frequent applause, even bravo's. Do people usually do that sort of thing at plays which are "solely for the closet," "dry dogmatic discussions of scientific problems?"

The truth is, most of our American dramatic critics, like Mr. Lush, are "too fond of Meyerbeer and Scribe, of the mechanic dramatic." They forget that Molière wrote—shall we say tolerably good acting plays—before Scribe. The real difficulty lies in not distinguishing between organic and conventional technique. To the latter the great dramatist is always superior. He knows with Wordsworth that his grandeur must come from his "own divine vitality."

As for the theatrical ingredients, situations, climaxes, et cetera, all are to be found in Ibsen, not only in his early romantic dramas, but also in his social dramas. The fourth act of Pillars of Society and the first act of Ghosts contain two of the greatest situations in the drama, great because they are profoundly human, and because an organic part of their plays. The eminent critic Georg

Brandes says, "In a Doll's House he surpassed the technique of the most celebrated French dramatists." Let us examine this play for a moment. How truly dramatic (and withal, how theatrically effective) is the first entrance of Krogstad! Although prejudiced against Ibsen at the outset, I felt at this point that he was a genuine dramatist. The interview between Mrs. Linden and Nora is handled with wonderful stage craft. The technique is of the most elaborate, complicated character—surely not of the "new school." Nay, it is the old stage device of making the characters disclose, in casual conversation, the data necessary for a full appreciation of the development of the plot; and never has it been managed with more consummate skill. You are, indeed, "not conscious of being informed," but are just listening to two women, old friends who have not met for a long time, unbosoming themselves for "all they are worth."

As for the element of suspense, could a more effective example be asked for than the scene in the second act where Nora dances the tarantella to keep Torvald from opening the letter box! Often as I have read it, it is impossible for me to read it even now without sharing her suffering, her excitement, without feeling the tarantella in my blood. But the entire play fully deserves Brandes' praise.

A word, however, as to Nora's so-called "homily" in the last act, so fiercely denounced as the dogma of a "stuffed doctrinaire." Here the dogmatist gets the better of the dramatist? Does he?

A certain Shakespearian commentator declares that Julia would have deplored the wreck of all she had loved in Proteus, but would never have married him. Indeed? Well, that is exactly what Julias have been doing ever since, and before Shakespeare. It may not be poetic justice, but it is life.

Now, Nora was an exceptional woman, perhaps, but still she was a woman; and she would not have been a woman if she had left Helmer without exercising her special prerogative.

Finally as to the denouement. Whether Nora acted rightly or wrongly in leaving Helmar has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the play as a work of art. The question is, or should be, was her action the inevitable outcome of her personality? It is not within the province of this essay to discuss that. The de-

nouement, certainly, will not satisfy a public craving for "happy endings," but Ibsen is too much of a poet to sacrifice what he deems artistic truth to stage success.

Had he written nothing else but the fourth act of the Enemy of the People, Ibsen would have proved himself a dramatist in every sense of the word. Only a great dramatist, and only one thoroughly familiar with the stage at that, could have produced this stirring scene. A tiro, unfamiliar with the requirements of the stage, or a dogmatist, such as Ibsen has been called, seeking to propound doctrines, would have made Stockmann give vent to his "far reaching truths" in one long monologic harangue, rounded off with true rhetorical finish and flourish, and the male auditors would have nodded, while the women looked at each other's bonnets. An audience will not listen to long, unbroken speeches. Their attention must be allowed play to wander from one character to another. So, Ibsen breaks up Stockmann's harangue by the varied, interrupting cries and opinions of the people. Shakespeare observes the same law in Antony's noted funeral oration. Nor is this purely theatrical. It is an artistic recognition of nature. For crowds of people are not accustomed to let the speaker "have his say" without interrupting him, to have theirs, or to make comments to each other. And how vivid Ibsen has made this entire scene, how individualized the different characters are! How natural are the proceedings of the meeting, the appointment of the chairmen, the balloting, et cetera. Surely the person who can read this act through and still declare that Ibsen has no sense of humor must be devoid of humor himself.

Notwithstanding Mr. Gosse's assertion that it is an "interesting little novelette in dialogue—for it really cannot be called a play;" and that "the story would make an interesting novel; it hardly endures dramatic treatment"—notwithstanding, I say, Mr. Archer is right when he says, "In none of his plays is the technique more exact, the welding of character and incidents more thorough." As a matter of fact, no one of Ibsen's plays shows more thoroughly his knowledge of the stage. A practical stage manager (using the term in its old sense of stage director) on hearing the play read, told me he considered its technique quite perfect. Dramatic unity, a carefully unfolded and consistently de-

veloped plot, carefully wrought up climaxes, bustling action and incident, characters sharply individualized and of great truth and variety, all revolving around a magnificent central figure and dialogue which Mr. Archer thus characterizes (using the word perfect in a relative sense of course) "Its dialogue is perfect—not a word is thrown away, not a word is unduly emphasized, not a word is dull"—what more does Mr. Gosse require to make a play, instead of an "interesting novelette in dialogue," I should like to know.

Granting that when the plot is told, one might perhaps be apt to say, as Mr. Gosse does, "The story would make an interesting novel, it hardly endures dramatic treatment," it is Ibsen's triumph as a dramatist, nay it is *because* he *is* a dramatist, that he takes this seemingly undramatic story and vitalizes it by his own essentially dramatic genius. The before-quoted saying from Goethe, that no *real* circumstance is unpoetic so long as the poet knows how to use it, is as true of the dramatist as of the poet. A genuine dramatist, as distinguished from the made-to-order-Scribe-technique dramatist, will breathe into his material dramatic life, no matter what that material may be. Ibsen has shown this preeminently in this play, especially in the fourth act, where the dogmatist would have been utterly unable to make Stockmann anything other than a sermonizer.

I will grant that the conclusion of the play would have shocked the mechanical technique sense of Scribe; but, here again Ibsen proves himself a true artist. Stockmann would *always* go on making a "new discovery;" and the last lines of the play, far from being dogmatic are a part of Stockmann's very being. It is because Ibsen is too great an artist to be merely theatrically effective at the expense of truth that he has given us the historic Doctor Stockmann after the battle.

The fact is, Ibsen uses theatrical effects when he needs them. He does not first get his technique, then write his play. Let me repeat, Molière was a dramatist before Scribe. If there is no action in Ghosts there is no action in Tartuffe. What our dramatic critics really seem to mean by action is noise or claptrap. The word has a higher significance than is generally given to it. I heard that master stage-director, Frank Mayo, say to his com-

pany, recently, words to this effect: "Critics complain that there is no action in this play (The Athlete). The trouble is, the actors do not reflect enough." If this be true of the admirable ensemble in question, think what it must be of the average company! Yet, you would be astonished at the beneficial result to the play of his endeavors to make the actors think of each other's speeches. Therein lies the whole secret—*the actors do not reflect* enough. Let but the actors reflect properly, and it will be seen how infinite, how exquisite, how absorbing are the *nuances* of the action of character upon character.

The performance of Alabama exemplifies this. In this beautiful play there is little or no action except this action of character upon character. Yet the audience are interested from first to last. Why? Because the people we see are real people, with distinct personalities, acting upon one another and being acted upon. To portray these characters, to make them human beings, not puppets, we must have actors who can "spin things fine." Too much praise, therefore, cannot be awarded to Mr. Palmer's company; but, though it is true, in the hands of ordinary actors the play would have probably failed, it should not cause one laurel to be taken from the wreath due Augustus Thomas. He has given promise of great things in this charming southern idyl. Will that promise be fulfilled? Let us hope so. Meanwhile ought we not to give thanks for this fresh little bud from nature's fields amid all the many sickly blossoms from the theatrical hot-house?

It will be time to say whether or not "we don't want Ibsen," when he has been adequately presented in English on our stage. However, it should be remembered that because a play is not "successful," it does not follow it is not an "acting play." Many are the good acting plays, alas! that have been "Caviare to the general." If Ibsen's plays fail upon our stage when adequately presented, it will not be for lack of artistic dramatic treatment, but because the American public does not wish life treated seriously upon the stage. The American dramatists and actors have so much more to contend with than have the German and French. The theatre-going Frenchman or German asks only to be *interested*. The American must be amused, must have something *restful*. How long, *Oh!* how long, will the American theatre be looked upon as a hospital for tired brains!

Isben, it must be admitted then, is chiefly concerned with the action of character upon character, for he has taken

> "for a worthier stage the soul itself,
> Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
> With all its grand orchestral silences,
> To keep the pauses of the rhythmic sounds."

I have dwelt thus long on the theatrical side of Ibsen's art because that seems to me to be the one in which has been most misunderstood. A few words as to the form of these dramas. One would ever gather from some of his admirers that they believe all dramas of the future should be written in the same form of dialogue as his social dramas—an absurd idea, and one that shows they do not appreciate the fact that Ibsen's form is organic and suited to his present purpose, as that of Peer Gynt was to that play.

When Ibsen was writing the Pillars of Society, Edmund Gosse begged him to write it in verse. The reply was: "There is one point which I must discuss with you. You think my new drama ought to be written in verse, and that it will gain an advantage if it is. Here I must simply contradict you, for the play is developed in the most realistic way possible. The illusion I wish to produce is that of truth itself. I want to produce upon the reader the impression that what he is reading is actually taking place before him. If I were to use verse I should by so doing be stultifying my own intention and the object which I placed before me. The variety of everyday and unimportant characters which I have intentionally introduced into the piece would be effaced (*udviskede*) and blended into one another if I had allowed them all to converse in a rhythmic movement. . . . On the whole my feeling is that literary form ought to be in relation to the amount of ideality which is spread over the representation. My new drama is not indeed a tragedy in the old-world signification of the word, but what I have tried to depict is human beings, and for that reason I have not allowed them to talk the language of the gods."

This, to be sure, is easily capable of misinterpretation. The key to it, like the key to Wordsworth's views on poetry, must be sought in the plays themselves. He who cannot *feel* what Ibsen

meant when Oswald says, "Just think what it is for me to come home and sit at mother's own table," etc., should leave Ibsen alone. He is wasting his time. The play, indeed, seems not to have the remoteness of tragedy in general, but to be so real you cannot resist it. "We can endure the tragedy of the House of Atreus, because it is an old, unhappy, far-off thing; we shriek aloud at the tragedy of the House of Alving, because we feel that in one form or another it is acting itself out at our very doors."

Some persons seem unable to distinguish between simplicity and shallowness. So we hear it said that there is not a line of real literature in Ibsen, (as if real literature sprang from the head and not from the soul!), apparently inferring that because the characters speak strictly as people do in life, the play can sound no depths. The form may be realism, but the soul that gives it life is that of a poet. As Matthew Arnold said of Wordsworth: "His expression may often be called bald . . . but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur." Has not Wordsworth sung how "Verse may build a princely throne on humble truth?"

So "out of the very heart and brain of our daily life" Ibsen has built a tragedy of far-reaching significance and soul stirring pathos. Again, I say, "The *form* may be realism, but the soul that gives it *life* is that of a *poet*. The poet's soul has pierced through the shows of things" into man's heart of hearts, and clothes his vision in realistic garb that man may speak to man.

I do insist that Ibsen is always an artist, never a mere photographer of life, as so many so-called realists are. With him it is always realism of the spirit, never of the letter; in short, the realism of a poet. Could a delicate subject be more delicately handled than in his "Ghosts?" Yet, as Mr. Archer expresses it, "Lately, we come to the assertion that Ibsen is a coarse writer, with a morbid love for using the theatre as a physiological lecture-room. Here again I can only cry out upon the chance which has led to so grotesque a misconception. He has written some twenty plays, of which all, except two, might be read aloud, with only the most trivial omissions, in any young ladies' boarding school from Tobolsk to Tangiers. . . . *Ghosts*, I have not space to consider. If art is forever debarred from entering upon certain do-

mains of human experience, then *Ghosts* is an inartistic work. I can only say, after having read it, seen it on the stage, and translated it, that no other modern play seems to me to fulfill so entirely the Aristotelian ideal of purging the soul by means of terror and pity."

As to the permissibility of using such a subject for art, the saying of Goethe's that no subject is unpoetic so long as the poet knows how to use it, will always be true. I must protest against the idea that the theatre should be confined to representations for the young girls' seminaries. It is no reproach against a play that it is not a work for girls in their teens. Neither is Measure for Measure. Whether a parent wishes his children to see La Tosca or not, is his affair only. However, Milton's distinction between ignorance and innocence still holds good. It really is too absurd to expect Victorien Sardou to write nursery dramas.

To return to Ibsen and his realism. Mr. Wickstead justly remarks: "The significance of the work he now does will never be understood till something is known of the work he has formerly done. If Ibsen is a realist, it is not because he wants the splendour of imagination or the mastery of poetic form to produce a great romantic drama."

It seems to be overlooked by many that Ibsen is the author of Peer Gynt, the "Scandinavian Faust." Or do they think that, because he has ceased to write in verse, he has ceased to be a poet. The *soul* of the poet remains, no matter *what* form he employs. It takes the soul-seeing eye of the poet to make realism real. It does not matter, then, in what school we place him, realism or any other ism, if we remember, with Georg Brandes, that "Ibsen is solely and entirely a poet, and has never wished to be anything but a poet."

—*Robert Owen Meech.*

## OSWEGO.

O deep and broad Oswego, rolling on
With course majestic, to the billowed lake,
Thou dost recall me to my childhood gone
By every ripple that thy flood dost make;
By all thy shouting waves, that, dashing, break
Upon thy rapids; by thy ceaseless roar
Of waterfall, that e'en in dreams did wake
One undertone to all my life of yore,
Till fain I'd be a child again upon thy shore.
Upon thy lowly banks I'd roam once more
To pluck the cowslip from its damp retreat,
Or violets gather strewn thy field-sides o'er,
To lock in triumph or in mock defeat,
Or crimson trilliums from their mossy seat
Beneath the beeches that thy edge o'erhung
To cast them withered, on thy placid sheet
When parting Day, his gorgeous banner flung
Across the mirrored sky, and evening breezes sung.
Then, dipping oar, adown the stream I'd float
And watch the stars peep out above my head,
The ancient bullfrogs croaking to my boat,
While katydids their piping message sped,
And some old dog to Lunar fancies bred,
Bayed in the distance at the rising moon,
And in the silver haze thy wave o'erspread,
Lulled by thy waters with their peaceful croon,
Reach home and haven as I used to, all too soon.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF AN IDEA.

HISTORY is a record of ideas; human progress or regress is the result of them. The lives of nations witness that at any point of their existence some one predominant idea, some great motive-thought, will be found to be hollowing out the nation's sepulchre or rearing its triumphal arch. Oftentimes the determinative events of a people's life are due to the purposes and energy of a single mind and heart, empowered to the noblest action

by the contemplated results of a worthy end. Alfred, Charlemagne, Bismark, Gladstone, by wise counsel and indomitable courage led the way to the construction and maintenance of great empires; Lincoln, Wilberforce, Sumner, Phillips, Laviergie have loosed the shackles from millions of the human race; John of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus, Madame de Staël, Froebel, Horace Mann have blessed mankind for all time by the fruits of their efforts for universal and popular education. John Howard taught the English people to be merciful even to a criminal before the civil law; and Vincent de Paul from his French home moved the world to be charitable to the unfortunate. So time is filled with the records of men who have originated and furthered to success some great idea for the betterment of human conditions, physical and spiritual; and though their work may be quiet and peaceful it is none the less influential in rounding out human progress. The most meritorious deed, though usually the least recognized, labors for the fallen and forgotten, the toilers in life's work-shops, or the victims of passion and sin. Thus many a man has lived to bless Gough and Father Matthew; and the working women of the world will ever rejoice that a Grace Dodge has given her life and fortune for their benefit. Every age sees many true benefactors of the human race like these.

Not many years ago, a devoted friend of humanity originated a movement in this country which has already become an influencing factor in American life. It was calculated especially to minister to the needs of that class of people less favored by fortunate circumstances in life. The "local habitation" of the undertaking was at Fair Point, a beautiful wooded spot on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, in Southwestern New York. Chautauqua is one of the most beautiful of American lakes; it is high above sea-level, and is situated among the hills which form the watershed of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. It had long been famed for its stimulating, healthful climate and its beautiful scenery, and the noble groves which deck its shores afforded a most inviting retreat during the warm months of summer. So thought Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, and John H. Vincent, who had been casting about America to put into operation a new Idea which they had been dreaming over. Dr. Vincent had been a religious teacher for years, but he had also been a student of the

needs of the people of his time, and had thought over the ways to meet these necessities. He believed that there should be opportunities for broader, more unsectarian religious instruction than were then possible; he conceived of a scheme for a more comprehensive, universal system of education by which human life might be dignified and ennobled; which would be attainable by the poor as well as the rich, by the old as the young. So dreaming over these great projects he came to Fair Point about 1874, and opened an "Assembly" in the beautiful grove by the lakeside. The "Assembly" at the outset purposed to be a summer-school devoted in the main to the training of Bible teachers, emphasizing the "week-day forces" in religious culture. Soon a large number of religious teachers and students gathered here, eager for the broad, wholesome training it offered, as for a month or two in the "woods" and by the lakeside.

If the Monticello of history had its sage, so the grove at Fair Point had its wise and trusted counsellor. He saw that the elevation of the race lay as well in a universal secular as religious education; indeed, they should not be divorced at all. But there was no system, or means of secular education in the world then that was by any means universal or comprehensive. True, there were colleges and universities, but only the smallest fraction of the people enjoyed the privileges of these. Nor were the public schools meeting the need at all satisfactorily, for their advantages were available only during a few years of youth; and besides, the instruction in them looked only after the material prosperity of the individval to the exclusion of all higher aims and ends. The problems for the philanthropist then were: How can education be made a matter of a life-time, instead of a few years in youth? How can the vast number who long for spiritual growth, but to whom our present educational systems offer no advantages, be provided for? How can they be given a broader, a more hopeful, a "College" outlook into life? How can religious culture and mental development be made to go hand in hand? The one strengthening and supplementing the other? How can this education be brought into the home, all members of the family circle receiving help and inspiration together? These were vast questions that would require the mind of a philosopher to discover a

solution, and the heart of a philanthropist to carry it into execution.

The "Assembly" afforded a splendid opportunity for the development of a scheme of popular education. Its home was an ideal haven of quiet and rest, a charming studio of nature where one might, in truth "hold communion with her invisible forms." This was the place to bring together eager students and eminent teachers for a portion of the year; those who could not be with teachers longer would receive inspiration to carry on their work alone, and thus the ambitions of a vast number of earnest souls would be realized. If this plan were possible, thousands who were now struggling for an education could get it; and so the "Assembly" proposed to meet the want. It was to be made more than a simply religious gathering, it was to be dedicated to the discovery and exposition of truth in whatever line. It was to be made a university. There were no universities in the strict sense of the term, then in America, for a university originally meant a community, a corporation, a voluntary association of students and professors,—a place where the student could find what he wanted, and could come and go when he chose, getting whatever of good he individually desired. Bologna was a pure democracy, the students and professors working together on common ground. So, too, was Padua, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and Leipsic. Would it not be possible, then, to have such a great democratic university body in these times, and that at Fair Point, the chosen spot of the world for such a community? The gods propitious, it would be so, and it would do more than Oxford or Leipsic did. They only provided for the purely mental culture of their students, but this new university would combine with intellectual trainers the culture of the whole man, his spiritual, social and physical capabilities. It would emphasize that the really useful man is the full, round man, sympathetic with all sides of our varied lives; it would recognize, too, that in the university, as elsewhere, friendly association and mutual dependency are most influential in the formation of a broad, true character, developing that spirit of kindly fellowship which gives what it has and receives what is best for itself. As Browning says;

"The office of ourselves . . . . has been
For the worst of us to say, they so have seen,
For the better—what it was they saw; the best
Impart the gifts of seeing to the rest."

Dr. Vincent and Lewis Miller drew themselves earnestly to their great task. During the first "Assembly," the name Fair Point was changed to "Chautauqua," a word familiar to-day in every part of the world. Eminent teachers from home and abroad were invited to come to this Athens of the New World where students were already beginning to gather in considerable numbers, although no sacred traditions as yet hung around it to lend that subtle air of culture to all its associations. But nevertheless America was ready for this idea, and while some of the wise ones of the world tabooed and laughed at the project, yet keen men saw in it the most potent undertaking of the nineteenth century. Orthodox churchmen looked with suspicion upon the attempts to conbine religious instruction and culture with more worldly pursuits; they could prophesy no success for a plan that would not recognize sectarian limits in religious culture, but these this idea purposed to do. Chautauqua was to be the fusion-ground of all Christian sects, notwithstanding that many good people then saw in this not only a menace to the church in America, but a danger to the Christianity of the world.

"Disappointments come to the brave, but they depart in a day." At the opening of the "Assembly" the notable people of New York, Boston, Chicago, and all the other great cities of the land did not pour into Chautauqua; they were to wise to be led by such ephemeral delusions. But during the second season the tide changed. It was being noised about that the most eminent men and women of the country were being heard in the grove at Chautauqua; President Grant spent several days there addressing the Chautauqua audience, during his visit. This was enough. The world would now listen to what Chautauqua had to say. Scholars and students became intensely interested in the place, and distinguished professors were not wanting as teachers, though at first, together with their pupils, they sought fair learning, some under the friendly trees in the grove, and others in temporary structures, only useful to beat off the rain and storm. The community was at first mostly housed in tents, and the accommodations were very

simple; but as Epictetus said to the Athenians; "It is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." And there were others besides students and teachers turning their attention toward Chautauqua now, for it was known that two continents were being searched over for talent for the Chautauqua platform. Still another very important feature was recommending Chautauqua to the American people; America had its Saratoga, its Bar Harbor, and its Long Branch, but it had no great summer home for a large class of people who wanted one; but who found life at these fashionable places so frivolous and dissipated. There was needed a summer resort where refinement of life, and culture of mind and heart should hold their magic sway, instead of the idle vanity of purely social revelry; a place where friendliness and good-will, and mutual encouragement instead of strife and ambition, should be promoted. And here at Chautauqua was just such a place; nature had done her part well, and now wise and noble men would do the rest. All that was helpful, ennobling and purifying in life would be found here, and all that would be excluded which appealed only to the baser parts of men's natures. Here was to be the religious, the intellectual, the social Mecca of America.

The world knows what Chautauqua has grown to be. The tens of thousands who gather in its shady retreats every year, in departing, carry with them to the uttermost parts of the earth, glowing tidings of this fair spot. Chautauqua stands out before the world for four great innovating characteristics; for the highest and broadest unsectarian religious culture; for great schools and teachers of the sciences of man and nature; for a platform upon which the most eminent living men and women appear; and for a summer home where, with the greatest freedom of out-door life, the refining, cultivating and purifying influences of life are ever exerted. So popular has it become in American life that already over fifty other assemblies, modeled exactly after this, have been organized in different parts ot this and other countries. Thousands of eager students gather there every season to woo from nature her deepest secrets, and from time the choicest gifts of the ages. To Chautauqua come the leaders in every line of human interest, the ablest philosophers, authors, reformers; the best teachers, statesmen, orators; clergyman of renown, college presidents, the finest

musicians, and distinguished persons in every pursuit. It is now felt that one of the best ways to reach the world of thought and action is from the Chautauqua platform, and it has been well said that Chautauqua is the cradle of every great movement for reform. Every great cause has a chance to be heard, whether political, social or religious. The equality of manhood and womanhood is recognized, and such leaders as Frances Willard, Emily Huntington Miller, Grace Dodge, Alice Freeman Palmer, and a host of others, are often heard upon the great question which so vitally concern the condition and progress of woman in this age. The teacher, the farmer, the soldier, the business man, all are represented by the most eminent of their co-workers. Nor are the joyful things of life less cared for. Music has a charmed home there, and no artist is too great to mingle his melodies with the harmony of the woods and the waters at Chautauqua. All wholesome recreations—boating, fishing, athletic games, the gymnasium, archery, and the like, have the greatest freedom, contrary to a rather prevalent feeling that only Sunday school people who eschew sports of all kinds are to be found at Chautauqua.

So Chautauqua stands as a vast power for popular education; the influence of its platform, its schools and its social life is felt throughout the land. But many regularly educated college people look down from their majestic heights upon Chautauqua's schools with amusement: they see in them only a feminine attempt at a "liberal" education which at best must fall far short of the classic culture of the college *régime*. But the purpose of the Chautauqua schools is not understood by those who criticise them. They do not pretend to give an university training, in the proper sense of the term, but they do give direction and encouragement to the work of a great body of American people who cannot spend four years in the university, but who are eager for the "College outlook" into life. These are the teachers, the preachers, the business men and women of the land. They do not seek Chautauqua's schools for the reasons that many ally themselves with the college and university,—for the sport, the fame and the name there is in it; and it is not too much to say that the eager Chautauqua student gains as broad an outlook into life, so far as mental training can give it to him, as does the listless college student, imbibing an education oftentimes because circumstances

force him to. The *fashion* of a regular college training will not forever perpetuate itself in American life. The educated man will be he who *has* some knowledge no matter how he acquired it, rather than he who, following the requirements of custom, has simply pretended to it. Chautauqua has inaugurated a system of education in which, earnestness, endeavor and ability are recognized even though an individual spends but little of his time in lecture halls. Judge Tourgée says that Chautauqua is the most American thing in America, and the most conspicuous feature entitling it to this distinction is its broad, comprehensive scheme of popular education.

But if the Idea was to have the measure of success hoped for it, it must reach people beyond its "local habitation" at Chautauqua, for it was seen that opportunities for education must be carried into the *homes* of the land if many who long for its blessings were to attain them. Many people, old and young alike, are not privileged so that they can leave their homes in pursuit of knowledge during any portion of the year, and it was just this class of persons that the Chautauqua philanthropists were endeavoring to benefit. Hitherto, persons much past youth were thought to be beyond the possibility of further mental culture, and little attention was paid to them. The public schools offered certain privileges to the youth of the land, but they were oftentimes unable to avail themselves of them on account of the necessity of earning a livelihood. But every person, in youth or in later life, poor or rich, has some leisure time in his own home, and now the problem was to employ this leisure in securing that education which could not otherwise be attained. Many obstacles stood in the way of solving this, but the master-mind that had planned the original Chautauqua planned a way also to meet this later difficulty. In 1878 the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" was organized, having as its object to make it possible for a person at his own home to pursue a college course of study. The plan of study was to be outlined by a council of the ablest teachers and counsellors in America, and mutual coöperation of the people of any community was to constitute the method of working. Judicious but thorough examinations, together with the awarding of diplomas at the completion of the work, would be a sufficient stimulus

for eager students, and some compensation for the lack of association with teachers.

To-day, the "C. L. S. C." is known the world over, and if, in the past, some rustics have interpreted the mysterious letters to mean, "Come, Love, Sit Closer," at present few would be thus ignorant of their true significance. It has brightened and cheered many a life that would have been aimless without it, and has bound together countless communities in social as well as intellectual ties. It does not pretend to be a substitute for the college or university, but it benefits those whom they cannot reach. The C. L. S. C. has started many a person on the way of great usefulness in life. President Garfield said that Chautauqua was solving the problem of how to use one's leisure, and even if this were all its beneficial influence can never be measured. It has prepared the public mind for the now popular thought of University Extension which, under the leadership of Mr. R. G. Moulton, of England, owes its inception to the success attained by the C. L. S. C. in all lands and isles of the sea where it has been instituted. The class of '95 embraces one hundred and sixty thousand members, with Dr. H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins, as president, and others of the most distinguished men and women of the country as officers and members. Surely, an educational institution of such breadth as this, cannot fail to be of great significance in American life.

Another very important feature of the Chautauqua work is the instruction by correspondence in the subjects of the regular college curriculum. Here, as in its other departments, Chautauqua arises to aid those who only need direction and encouragement in their work to accomplish a very great deal. Thousands of students throughout this and other lands are receiving instruction by this means in English, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Political Science, and kindred subjects, and it is the testimony of all teachers connected with the work that as thorough scholarship is attained in this way as in the college class-room. Dr. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, says that not six institutions in this country do as good work in political economy as does this Chautauqua correspondence school. Dr. Harper, now president of the new Chicago University, says: "As a general thing, the student of Latin, or Greek, or any other language who has done a given amount of work by correspondence, has learned one-third more about it

than the student who has done the work in the class-room under the best instructor." Similar commendatory words have been spoken of the work in this department, by eminent teachers in various lines of study.

Thus, has the development of the Chautauqua idea marked an epoch in the educational history of this country. No single movement of the nineteenth century has done more for the culture and education of mankind than has the blooming of this bud from the grove at Fair Point. Fortunate, indeed, is he who may spend a portion of his days in the charming life by the lakeside; but more fortunate still are the tens of thousands, who, having felt the helpfulness and encouragement of the Chautauqua work, may say with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"What does Time leave when life is well-nigh spent,
To lap its evenings in a calm content?
Arts, letters, science, these, at least, befriend
Our days brief remnant to its peaceful end—
Peaceful for him who shows the setting sun,
A record worthy of his Lord's 'well done!'"

—*Michael Vincent O'Shea.*

## HERE AND THERE.

PRESIDENT PATTEN spoke truly, when he said, in a recent address, that the Science of Education was yet in its infancy. The ideas that lie at the root of our present educational system have been drawn from almost every conceivable source—from Palestine, from Egypt, from Greece and Rome, from mediæval ecclesiasticism and chivalry, and from a thousand other places and institutions of former days—and by this time, they have become so firmly fixed in the minds of men that it is almost impossible to move or change them. Consequently, though the foundation of a genuine Science of Education was laid far back in the past, and though the progress of this science, especially during the last century, has been attested by a remarkable increase in the number and efficiency of schools, it is nevertheless true that the systems of education which prevail even among the most enlightened nations are still in a crude and undeveloped state. Viewed with reference to present attainments, this fact is certainly

humiliating; but viewed with reference to future possibilities, it is full of encouragement.

* * *

Education has never yet been able to secure the wide sweep which it deserves, and which it must have before it can do the greatest amount of good to mankind. In the first place, the efforts of educators are limited, by common consent, to the periods of childhood and youth. Almost everyone that has not adopted teaching as a profession, considers his education finished at the age of twenty-five or less; and when he has reached that age, he drops his books, and plunges into the mad scramble for money, which forms the chief occupation of this Christian country. In the second place, education, at least in its higher and more valuable forms, is wholly denied to a majority of the community on account of certain disqualifications arising from our social and industrial institutions. Until quite recently a woman could not be educated in the higher schools at all; and even now, a woman's opportunities for getting a complete education are small as compared with those enjoyed by men. The great body of the poor people, also, are, to a considerable extent, deprived of education through sheer inability to comply with conditions imposed, not by nature, but by society.

It is evident, therefore, that the school system, as at present constituted, is radically deficient, inasmuch as its operations are limited both in point of duration and extent. But that is not all. If we should further inquire into the character of the training actually given, we should find that the school system is deficient in this respect also, inasmuch as it fails to develop all the faculties in their due proportion. Intellectuality is the real goal of school training, and receives the lion's share of attention; while the other faculties receive only incidental attention, and, for the most part, are left to grow up wild.

* * *

The world has always taken a one-sided view of education. In the time of Homer, education consisted chiefly in gaining proficiency in athletic sports, and learning the arts of war; at various other periods it has consisted in political or artistic culture, or in the study and practice of the moral virtues; while at the present time, as was remarked above, we lay comparatively little stress

upon physical and moral development, but think that a man, in order to be educated, must have a powerful and well-trained intellect. A still higher conception of education is that its chief function should be to cultivate that side of our nature by which we have communion with God and man. All these different views of education are well enough in their place, but they need to be properly subordinated and organized before they can be used as the basis of a true educational system. Hitherto, men have concentrated their attention and energies upon the attainment of some one of the many aims of education; we must now find a way to combine all the specific aims into a single great, all-comprehensive one, which shall be able to secure the full and harmonious development of all the capabilities of our being.

* * *

Much has been said and written about Ezra Cornell's idea of a university—viz., that it should be an institution where any person could find instruction in any study—and the sentence in which that idea was expressed has been repeated so many times by Cornellians that it is in danger of losing its power and becoming a mere dead form. But if the world ever hopes to get a perfect system of education, Mr. Cornell's ideal must be kept bright; for it is certainly the highest ideal which the intellectual theory of education has ever developed, and perhaps, by a liberal construction of terms, it may be made to form the basis of a system of Universal Education.

No single college or university has yet succeeded in offering instruction in all the studies that might well be placed within the scope of school training. Even Cornell University, though its brief career has been attended by a rapidity and breadth of development truly wonderful, is still far below the ideal of its founder. If a person wanted to learn certain branches of science or philosophy, he could find instruction here; but if he wished to learn music, painting, or sculpture—studies which have more power to bring enjoyment into human life than a great many purely intellectual pursuits—he would have no business at Cornell. Still further: If a person wished to learn the secret of goodness and happiness—the principles of pure religion and social harmony—in a word, the science of right living—where could he go? Certainly

not to Cornell; and not to any other such institution within the knowledge of the MAGAZINE.

* * *

What is a true University? If our understanding of this matter is correct, a true University is not merely a place where certain persons of certain stipulated qualifications can learn to work and study and get knowledge; it is not merely a place where such persons can learn to reason and think; but it is a place where any person of any age, sex, or condition can learn to *live*. A true University should teach music and industry as well as science and literature, social harmony as well as philosophy, and spirituality as well as intellectuality. Its aim should be to produce and maintain the highest and most perfect form of life. Consequently, it should perform all the functions of a church, a home, a school, and a workshop; and, instead of confining its ministrations to the brief space of four or five years, it should continue to instruct and guide its children forever. Any university that does not fulfill these conditions is unworthy of the name.

## THE MONTH.

FOR more than half the time since our last issue, the University has been closed, so that news items have not accumulated very rapidly. The Christmas recess seems to have been enjoyed by *almost* every one, and would have been enjoyed, doubtless, by all, were it not for the fact that the result of the December examations was more than usually disastrous.

On December 18, Damrosch's orchestra, of about sixty pieces, gave a concert in the Gymnasium. The building was completely filled, and the entertainment was fully equal to expectations. This adds another to the list of our obligations to the Chamber Concert Committee.

President Adams attended the recent meeting of the American Historical Association in Washington, and read a paper on Columbus before that body.

During the last month several important faculty changes have been made. Professor W. G. Hale, of Latin, and Professor J. L. Laughlin, of Political Economy, have resigned their respective positions at Cornell, and expect soon to commence work in the

University of Chicago. Mr. Studley, for several years instructor of Mathematics here, has been appointed to a professorship in the Wabash University.

Mr. Emerson, formerly Instructor of English and Editor-in-Chief of the MAGAZINE, has been promoted to the rank of Assistant Professor. In entering upon his new duties, Professor Emerson has withdrawn from his connection with the MAGAZINE, whose readers will remember his editorship as one of unqualified success and advance. The gratitude of all Cornellians is due Professor Emerson for the efforts he has made to maintain, in the literary standard of the MAGAZINE and in its attitude toward University matters, the ideal of progressive excellence that is believed to be held by its supporters.

Professor C. S. Tarr, of Harvard, has been appointed Acting Assistant Professor of Geology, to fill the chair left vacant by the death of Dr. J. F. Williams.

The Gymnasium Annex is at last completed, and has been thrown open for use. It is a large, commodious building, and is well equipped with baths, lockers, offices, and accommodations for the athletic teams. It contains also a running track, and various gymnastic apparatus.

The crew and base ball team are both at work, and the prospects for the coming season look bright.

## EXCHANGES.

College journalism has come to be a permanent feature of college life in this country. All the older institutions now have their own periodicals, most of them weeklies as well as monthlies; and an institution is scarcely founded before its representative publication appears. An example of this last is the *Sequoia*, published bi-weekly by the "associated students" of Leland Stanford Junior University. The number before us is well and carefully prepared, and no more pretentious bi-weekly periodical has appeared in the college world. It has one great advantage in its board of directors, in that its faculty and post-graduates are to be represented. The *Harvard Monthly* is a good literary magazine, but hardly of so high order as one would expect. It may be questioned, however, if the college magazine should be profound instead of general. The *Bowdoin Orient* is very bright and cheery, and possesses one good quality of college journalism, sprightliness combined with good sense. Below are a few very beautiful lines from the *Orient:*

"THE PINES."

Sombre pines, so dark and high,
Outlined against the ashen sky,
Over what are you mourning loud
As you lash the air with your tops so proud?
Do you sorrow over the long lost past
Which into the distance has flown so fast
When Bowdoin was young but 'neath thy shade
The lonely Hawthorne dreamed and strayed?

Cheerful pines, so fragrant and green,
Rising toward the vault serene,
Over what do you whisper low
When the sun sets the western clouds aglow?
Are you murmuring over the famous days
The glory of which still 'round us stays,
When Bowdoin was young but at thy feet
A Longfellow sung his lays so sweet?

The *Yale Lit.* is the most literary of any of the college exchanges that come to our table. The present number has a very good article on "Yale in Revolutionary Times." It also has some good verse, a sample of which we give below:

PORTFOLIO.

December
Across the sky
The gray clouds fly;
A fitful wind goes moaning by.
The orb of night
Its misty light
Throws o'er the distant craggy height.

In measured time,
Some far off chime
Rings out deep, rhythmic and sublime.
The sounds remote
Sweet peace denote,
As through this drowsy vale they float.

Along the shore—
A golden store—
The moon-lit, flashing wavelets pour.
Seen far away,
In shadowy gray
Dim-outlined, lies a wood-girt bay.

The spectral trees
Sigh in the breeze,
Recalling mournful melodies ;
While over all
The snow-flakes fall,
Like flowers on dead Autumn's pall.

A very worthy monthly is the *Southern Collegian*, published at Washington and Lee University. It seems especially pleasant to have this cheery volume from our southern brethren. We append a very pleasant bit of verse from the *Collegian* :

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

As far as eye can reach along the line
That bounds the earth and sky are forms of mist
In endless hue from gold to amethyst
As softly blent as thoughts that intertwine
With memories bright from days of auld land syne.
Afar the hills stand blushing red bekiss'd
By light that lingered long in sacred tryst
Then upward climbed on rungs mist-spun divine.

All things are signs : a world rotates in each
Of us, with changes drawn as well and clear
As aught we see in tinted 'scape or sky ;
The days have been which spoke with color's speech,
And winter days will come with darkness dreer ;
Some days love-lit, unflecked with sob or sigh.

The *Amherst Lit.*, *Brown Magazine*, and *Hamilton Review* have fairly good numbers for December. Here follows a bit of verse on Friendship from the *Amherst Lit.*:

FRIENDSHIP.

More dainty than an insect's fragile wing,
And purer than the light wherewith it glows ;
Fair as the blushing, full-eyed, fragrant rose,
A tender growth, a soft etherial thing,
Yet sturdy as the oak that ring by ring,
Strengthened by might within, puts forth and grows ;
Strong as the line the sailor seaward throws
To which a drowning man may struggling cling.

Friendship, a radiant angel-form serene,
Sheds wide her hallowing influence to shine
Far o'er the flood-brim of Time's weary sea,
Cheering Life's sailors by her gracious mien ;
Gentle yet mighty in her birth divine,
Girt with the strength of Immortality.

# NEW BOOKS.

*Principles of Political Economy.* By Charles Gide, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Montpellier, France. Translated by Edward Percy Jacobson, with an Introduction and Notes by James Bonar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1891.

This excellent general treatise on political economy—the product of one of the foremost, and certainly the most brilliant, of the leaders of the so-called liberal movement in French economic thought, translated by an Englishman, and published in America—is well calculated to remind us of the cosmopolitan character of modern science. Few scientific works could have been found more worthy of this distinction than Professor Gide's Political Economy. Conceived in a thoroughly scientific spirit, with a penetration and breadth of vision more peculiar to the German mind; written with all the graces of exposition especially characteristic of French scientific literature, and exhibiting the keen appreciation of practical consideration more commonly met with in American writers, this book must be received as a welcome accession to economic literature by those large classes of readers who are looking for a safe, pleasant, and stimulating guide-book in helping them to reach sound judgments on economic questions. The book is singularly impartial in tone for an economic treatise. The author has studiously avoided obtruding his individual opinions upon his readers; it has evidently been his aim to stimulate them to independent thought rather than to supply them with ready-made judgments. On what may be called settled questions in political economy, Professor Gide speaks in unequivocal language, but when dealing with controverted questions, his chief concern is to set forth the leading views and theories with completeness and without prejudice, helping the student to balance opposing considerations, but leaving him to form his own opinions. This is the signal merit of the work as a text-book. M. Gide has evidently written with one eye on the teacher, the other on the pupil. He seldom writes as the advocate and never as a dogmatist.

It is not possible within the limits of a brief notice to touch upon all the separate merits of this book or to dwell upon individual points of economic doctrine. In general, it may be said that Professor Gide writes in substantial agreement with the theory and method of the Classical School of Political Economy, although always with independence and freshness, and with such occasional modifications as seem to him to have been rendered necessary by the results of recent investigations. On the theory of value, for instance, his views have more kinship with those of Jevons than with those of Ricardo. Especially suggestive is the author's treatment of the laws that determine the distribution of the produce of industry and his examination of the various schemes for attaining distributive justice.

—*A. C. Miller.*

*Sir Philip Sidney.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This latest volume of the attractive "Heroes of the Nations" series, is from the pen of Fox Bourne, whom philosophical students will remember as the author of the Life of John Locke. In this life of a representative gentleman and hero of the sixteenth century, the author has found abundant materials for an interesting biography, and has acquitted himself well of his task. His acquaintance with the history in detail of those stirring Elizabethan times, in the center of which Sidney's brief manhood was passed, furnishes him with a substantial background on which to portray his chivalrous hero.

It is not an easy question whether Lord Nelson or whether Sir Philip Sidney is to be taken as the national hero and idol of England. Each represents a different age, and one might almost say a different civilization, yet how closely their characters correspond in all that is brave, manly, and noble. Perhaps either could have played the other's part. As it is, their names will surely long be linked as the ideals to Englishmen of the soldier and the sailor.

Sidney was one of those men who, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, preserved to England the traditions of an earlier chivalry. Throughout his life, while he successively appears as student, courtier, poet, diplomat, and soldier, his delicacy of soul, his manly devotion to his fellow-men, his sovereign and his religion, appear at every turn. The customary accounts have represented Sidney's conduct as at least unchivalrous in one matter, the attack on Lady Rich, but Mr. Fox Bourne believes that the whole episode can be explained without discredit to the poet.

The events of Sidney's life are told with considerable fullness: his education at Oxford, where he had for schoolmates Richard Carew, Hakluyt, and William Cambden; his visit to Paris in his eighteenth year, the time of the Bartholomew massacre; his life at the court; his friendship with Edmund Spenser, who inscribed to him the Sheapherd's Calendar as

> "To him that is the president
> Of nobless and of chivalry;"

the writing of the Arcadia, the Apology and the Sonnets; his political interests in Ireland and America and the continent; down to the end of all, the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, in which Sidney received a mortal wound.

The book is interesting; no story of Sir Philip Sidney's life could fail to be; and its typography and illustrations are all that can be desired. To those especially interested in Elizabethan life and events, its appearance will be most welcome.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:*

Sir Philip Sidney, by H. R. Fox Bourne (Heroes of the Nations series).

*From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston:*

Modern French Lyrics, edited by B. L. Bowen.
Victor Hugo's Hernani, edited by John E. Matzke.
Reading and Speaking, by Brainard G. Smith.
The Glory of the Imperfect, by G. H. Palmer.
Italian Composition, by C. H. Grandgent.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1892. NO. 5.

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

## "MORE IMPRESSIONS!" —BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

BEFORE the New World was anything more for me than a brown streak upon the horizon, an American fellow passenger came up to me on deck, ironically asking, "What are *your* impressions of America?" I pointed to the pilot on the bridge and answered "Decidedly unfavorable." Scarcely could a greater contrast be conceived than that between the trim English captain, in his neat suit of navy blue cloth with brass buttons, and the slouching, unshaven American pilot in shapeless hat, loose civilian clothes all be-striped and be-chequered. But when, after an all-too-short three months of travel across this wonderful country, the question meets me again, "What are your Impressions of America?" my tongue is by no means so glib with an answer. The fear of the angels has fallen upon me, and I scarcely dare tread, where I stepped in briskly before. I realize that it is a world, a New World indeed, of which I am asked to speak—not one people or climate or country, but a cosmos of peoples, of climates, of scenes. Besides the vastness of the theme, the popularity of the practice of impression-writing helps to appal me. This country appears to be such an inspiring topic that everyone who has stayed here from

Saturday till Monday, feels bound to record his impressions of the visit. Americans must be tired of seeing themselves described, dissected, analyzed by every would-be psychologist who calls to see them, if indeed they have the curiosity to read the extravagant panegyrics or caricatures which too often do duty in Europe for faithful portraiture. But in truth it is difficult to speak impartially, when one has received little but kindness through the length and breadth of the land, when one is writing under the shadow—or rather in the sunshine—of one of the most interesiing of its new institutions, and has chanced to see much of the show-scenery and some of the less-known beauties under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

Not only have the Americans done their utmost to give me a favorable view of the country, my English friends also conspired to enhance its beauty and interest, quite unwittingly perhaps, by preparing me to expect in the main, not exactly the repulsive, but the trying and disagreeable. Traveling nowadays is an easy matter, but a voyage from England to America is more of an expedition to the Englishman, than a journey from the States to Europe is to an American. The visit to the Old World is considered a necessary climax to the American education, and it is exceptional for an American of any degree of culture, almost for one of mature age, not to have spent some time in Europe and become more familiar with many historical nooks and corners, haunts of Dr. Johnson and Samuel Pepys, than is the average Englishman. The English come to America to seek their fortune, to look after their investments, to visit their friends, and probably "do Niagara" on the way, but the number who come for travel pure and simple, as they flock to Italy, Egypt and even India, is small indeed. Probably my best preparation for the States would have been a careful perusal of Professor Bryce's book on the American Commonwealth, but neglecting that, I took counsel with every one of my friends who had crossed the Atlantic, aud between them they managed to people my Hesperides with dragons. One was sure the climate, with its extremes of temperature and steamy tropical heat, would be too much for me; another told appaling tales of poisonous mosquitoes. A third referred ominously to the fearful fires in New York, and appeared to think an advanced course in

gymnastics desirable before attempting to sojourn in one of the many storied buildings. A fourth had heard the Indians were "out" and seemed anxious lest we should fall into their hands. Others considered traveling in the West hardly worth while on account of forest fires, and some again gave directions for burying one's jewels in the seat cushions when the train should be held up by robbers. One gentleman advised me to take a dose of chloroform at Chicago to rest me till Denver, in order that I might avoid the monotony of crossing the plains, and a lady suggested various quack-specifics for curing "car-sickness." Solicitude was expressed for my supposed artistic susceptibilities which would certainly be exposed to rude shocks from the crudeness of American astheticism; and the carelessness of American housekeepers was alluded to in connection with the rocking-chair, candy-chewing lives the ladies were said to lead. I was not without lessons in the language, which included not only what I must say, but that which I must leave unsaid. Lastly, advice concerning my outfit was abundant, but my informants on this head might be roughly divided into two classes, viz., those who in defiance of McKinley, wished me to take every garment and appliance of comfort (pillows, tea kettles, six shooters, etc.) I possessed, and those who thought a maximum of luxury might easily be distilled from a toothbrush and a geological hammer. But I was not without a trio of friends who smiled upon my project. One of these praised the hospitality of the Americans, especially in the west; another encouraged me by acknowledging the charm of the women and the kindliness of the men, while the third went so far as to say I should never want to return to England—this certainly sounded like the language of hyperbole and metaphor and was only to be explained by the fact that the lady was American herself. Further to confuse one's anticipations of the expedition, conflicting memories arose of the Yankee of Continental hotels, not remarkable for sweet voice and gentle manners, and of beautiful, fascinating ladies, dominating English society, who originally hailed from the States. Nor was the voyage reassuring, our saloon companions were for the most part Americans, and not overwhelmingly attractive, while the two most prominent figures were an Irishman, long resident in the States, who hated America with a

keen and bitter hatred (excepting from his strictures only the railway and hotel systems,) and an American whose discourse to me over the dinner table was a long tirade against English miseries, vices and follies, the ever recurring burthen and most grammatical conclusion of which was, "In England there is something to respect, but nothing to copy."

The arrival in New York kept up the puzzle and paradox. At first glance we seemed to have entered the most open-hearted of countries. On the wharf, evidently quite at home, were negroes, Chinese, Germans, and even Indians. The generous impression was somewhat dispelled by four hours meditation amongst our trunks, while the custom-house officials welcomed to the United States a young bride come to settle in the country, who had been foolish enough to bring her wedding presents with her. Then in the city itself, we found magnificent buildings "finished to the finger-tip," so to speak, with all the latest appliances science and architecture can boast of, beautiful trees waving and dainty fountains playing in every corner, and the roadways in a condition of filth hardly to be conceived by any one who has not visited Italy or America. In many of the streets the only attempt at paving was a rough cobblestoning, but we discovered with relief that up-town matters were better and that Broadway was undergoing alterations, probably of the nature of an improvement. Thus we ventured to anticipate a time when the motion of a street car might not so irresistibly suggest the uneasy sensations common to shipboard, and when the driver's lungs and passengers' ears might be spared the monotony of whistling by means of which a way had to be shrieked through the Indian file of vehicles which monopolized the rails in the centre of the street as the only means of keeping themselves out of the mire and giving their contents a moment's comparative ease. But on our first drive from the quay to the hotel, in a carriage called a "hack," which solemnly reminded us, with its ponderous sobriety and black-clothed coachman, of a funeral coach, we learned to appreciate American carriage springs, and we wondered what would be the fate of a London "growler" (as four-wheeled cabs are popularly styled) amongst the numberless "chuck-holes" of New York. To return to the condition of the roads, of course this is better in some places than in

others, and in some cities, as in Philadelphia, the cobble stones only help to add to the quaint old-fashioned aspect of the town, like some Brudges or Ghent of the Old World. I must confess I looked forward with dread to the monotony of the boasted rectangular blocks and straight streets of American cities. But the charming vistas of Philadelphia, the red brick paving, the marble "stoops," the houses in various colors of brick and stone with jalousies generally of a rich brown hue, blent with the green of the avenues of trees, quite removed any blemish of monotony. Indeed it seemed to me, that in that city at least an exact and happy balance of individual liberty and state control had been arrived at, to judge from the arrangement of the streets. Washington, too, "the city of Versailles griddled on to the city of Philadelphia," as some one puts it, is ineffably beautiful, like a city that has wandered into a park and lost its way there. New York had an indefinable charm, such as one never dreamt of, except in a new city. On that first Sunday evening of my arrival, as I saw it, with a gorgeous sunset flushing the harbor-waters with crimson, across which sea of blood were gliding white pleasure-boats like great pith models of Hindo temples, the blue heaven rapidly deepening to purple as the sunset faded, the stars suddenly flashing out to be answered by the gleam of the electric light amongst the trees and the gaily-colored lights around the harbor, Brooklyn Bridge glimmering the while like a spirit poised in the air, and the huge grain elevators catching the magic of the scene, transformed to vast Egyptian monoliths frowning down upon the daintily dressed streams of happy wanderers basking in the beauty of the summer night, it seemed to me like Paris and Venice mixed. But at less transcendent moments New York appears to Londoners to suffer severely from its elevated railway. We are not fond of the sulphur and brimestone of our underground ways, but we only compel those to endure them who are availing themselves of the advantage of the railway; but the elevated railway with its unsightly piers and staircases and its deafening din must be a constant annoyance to every one who is not deriving any benefit from it. Of course, in Chicago one is impressed by the magic of its mushroom growth, and is willing to allow "Rome was not built in a day," but Chicago was in nineteen years. Yet to me,

there is something unholy about the monstrous buildings, seventeen stories and more, and I hope the day may come when a law shall be passed limiting the height of these modern towers of Babel, as there was in San Gimignano and some of the old Tuscan cities, where the warlike barons used to run up tower-fortresses to overshadow one another. And I shall never get over my disappointment in seeing that grand lake-front given up to the tender mercies of a railway company which sprawls its unsightly track, roll its ungainly engines and puffs its greasy smoke in the face of what should be one of the noblest city fronts in the world. I asked many people how this came to be, and was at last in measure (as far as Chicago conscience is concerned) consoled to hear the railway had been there *first*.

I have mentioned Italy and America together above, and entirely unexpected as it was, was obliged to confess amongst my first impressions how much the one reminded me of the other. In the first place, there is the same untidy, unfinished aspect about many things in both countries, magnificence and solidity side by side with the trifling and temporary, beauty and ugliness in startling contrast. But the cause is different. Italy has had time to wear out, America not time to finish ; in one country we see the ruins of decay, in the other the litter of incompleteness ; Italy is too poor and slow to be tidy, America too rich and busy ; the one looks as if it were at the day after doomsday, the other at the morrow of creation. Many parts of the Rocky mountain scenery reminded me of the Apennines ; some of the plains suggested the Maremma, others Lombardy ; and spots on the Pacific coast carried me back to the Mediterranean. Stranger still, groups of loungers at depots, on quays in some corners of the country (not amongst the Mexicans, so much) bore a striking resemblance even in cast of feature and grace of attitude to the Italian peasantry of similar occasions. Of greater interest still is the comparison of the rivalries of the Italian cities, Genoa and Venice, Pisa, Florence and Siena, with the emulation that has sprung up in the great free cities of the United States, Boston and New York, Philadelphia and Washington, St. Louis and Chicago. Too often it takes the same direction, the *air!* Chicago must have a building with more stories in it than any in New York.

Philadelphia's new tower must be higher than any in the states, saving only the Washington monument, behind which it will lag only a triplet of feet for courtesy's sake. When we reflect what a stimulus this was to art—painting, sculpture, architecture—in Italy, we can only fervently hope that the new rivalry may be a generous one, fired to attain the best ideals.

I am sorry to close my few words about American cities with a deprecatory opinion, but, believe me, it is a cry of pain and sympathy. What a pity it is there is no law compelling factories to consume their own smoke, when the coal used exudes fumes so thick and greasy that they could be cut with a knife and fork almost and served with a spoon. If we used such coal without precaution in London, with our damp climate, our fogs would be nearly as bad as they are accredited with being, and it might really be the case, as I heard an American lady affirm it is, that "the blue sky is not visible from London." It is only the dryness of the air that saves the American cities from days of darkness such as London has never known and a stricter banishment of blue sky.

After speaking of the cities, perhaps I should say something of the country. But the first thing that impressed me was the vastness; immeasurably more vast than the Atlantic, seemed the space between New York and San Francisco. It was impossible to realize at Denver that one was only about half way over the continent, and the country beyond the Rockies sprang like a new Venus out of the sea for me. Not one inch of my journeyings was uninteresting. Even the deserts of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona had their charm in exquisite sunset and sunrise effects, illimitable distances, curious growths of aloe and cacti, and marvellous geological formations. And when I had passed from the zone of mining-fever and real estate excitement in Colorado into the throes of the irrigating passion in California, the waste places became soil fruitful of rose-gardens to the imagination, filling the heart with defiance of Malthusianism and a boundless hope for the future of the down-trodden of mankind. I need say no word of appreciation of the wooded hills of Virginia, like green bosses on the shield of mother earth, of the great forests of the Mississippi shores, of the thickets of sunflower and golden rod in the Missouri

plains, of the grand river canõns and lovely parks of the Rocky mountains, of the old lake basins and new orange gardens of California, of the gorgeously painted rocks of Arizona, of the magnificent lake systems of the north—every one is prepared to enjoy these, but there are still many travellers who, in default of the chloroform recommended by my English friend, play cards all across the plains. Mountaineering in the Rockies is not so interesting as it is in the Alps. We miss the snow and glaciers, and without any exciting climbing it is annoying to get mountain-sickness and bleeding from ears and nose from the dryness of the air alone. The miles and miles of burnt forest in the hollows of the higher ranges made a pathetic sight; it was sad to see this graveyard of trees, some of them sixty and seventy feet in height standing spectral, ash colored and charred, toppling over and carrying others with them in their fall, or torn up by the roots in a recent storm and shattered against their neighbors. Various explanations were given for this scandalous destruction, but the blame was mostly cast upon the Indians.

American institutions are, on the whole, as marvellous as the country, and too big a theme to be treated of here, but I may say just a word about one or two of them. Firstly, one is struck by the scope and adequateness of everything. As a little boy said in comparing Philadelphia with New York, I may say in comparing the United States with England: "There is more room for things." A vast rich territory is before the people, they have but to rise and possess the land. Then, like the dwarf on the giant's shoulders, the new civilization has mounted on the experience of older nations, and profited by their errors and experiments. When the inhabitant of an older country comes here in face of the new ways in education, domestic architecture and mechanical contrivance, he is inclined to moan on behalf of the nations that are hampered with ancestors, heritage and prejudices, and to wish for frame houses that do their best to aid the picturesque by rapidly falling into decay, and readily lend themselves to the flames every twenty years or so, to get out of the way for a new Chicago. The connection and completeness of the educational system, primary, grammar, high and normal schools, linked together with the university as a top-stone; the cleverness of contrivance in the

school-buildings, the weaving of the classes together with the musical interlude and march, the democratic character of the university curriculum, the freedom with which all is open to women as well as to men, exercise an indescribable charm over one who comes fresh from struggles to systematize the chaos of methods and means in England. The Sunday school, church work, temperance and mission work all appear to be well ordered and arranged. It seems as though granted room, fair field and no favor, all sects on an equal basis, these good works must flourish. Philanthropic effort appears to be in some degree adequate. The land is not encumbered with heavy arrears of crime, misery and neglect to be paid off in face of increasing claims.

The sphere of politics alone, to the casual observer, does not seem to be well ordered and arranged. I will confess, too, to some disappointment in the two boasted systems of railways and hotels.

When I turn lastly to the people, what can I say of the marvelous blend of energy, hopefulness and pluck, that plunges into vast schemes and takes up Herculean projects, and more often than not carries them through to a successful issue; of the brilliancy and charm of the American women, of the kindliness and naiveté of American men? This marvelous energy appears to be the joint product of nerves, climate and example. Every one acknowledges the stimulating effect of the climate, and it is hard to resist the contagion of the energy of the people; but one always fears it is a nerve power more than anything else and will wear out its possessor. When it is not the scapegrace of the east that is hurried off west, out of the way, it is the man of nerve and ambition who launches out to make a fortune, and who readily yields to the stimulus of the exhilarating climate, and plunges madly into the race for wealth, to win a place in the land's only aristocracy, the oligarchy. In England a "Yankee millionaire" is considered by no means a hero, scarcely a gentleman—in the abstract, of course, some concrete specimens are excepted, yet the term includes some of the most cultured, polished men of the day, who are members of nature's aristocracy and living arguments in favor of hereditary rank and a leisure class. How such men have gone through and come out of the stock exchanges, or gambling cities of the west,

where men play high for fortune with mines and land instead of cards and counters, is a marvel! But in some cases they have, and managed to retain as well the patient kindliness and almost child-like naiveté and uncousciousness, which in spite of keen wits and feverish ambition, characterizes the American man, east and west, from the rough miner to the merchant prince. Extravagant things have been said in Europe about the American woman, both in her praise and to her discredit, but I think no one can deny, and hardly over-estimate the French vivacity and charm of her manner and her inimitable way of making the best of her knowledge and abilities. To be quite frank, it has not struck me that the standard of personal beauty is particularly high, but the average of "good looks," regular features, bright eyes, without much variety or charm of coloring, seems to me to be a very large one. Without doubt in American society one meets with a far larger number of charming girls than in any other, though there are qualities of thoroughness and depth which distinguish their cousins over the ocean, that are sometimes lacking to the American maiden.

There is little that strikes a foreigner more than the omnipotence and omnipresence of children in America. Americans are all poets and optimists in their attitude to a child. It is beautiful to see what care and interest, not only fathers but *all* men, even *young* men, take of and in the children. Children are everwhere, on steamers, in trains, churches and hotels, always received with respect and waited on with devotion. In certain hotels where a crying child would monopolize the attention of every waiter in the dining hall, I was irresistibly reminded of a wet night, when I was a child on a driving tour through England with my parents, and we were turned away from a country hotel to drive on seven more miles in the rain, because, "Very sorry, sir, but we can't take children, sir!" was the verdict of "mine host." We hear much on the other side, of the bad manners of American servants, but I must confess to an appreciation of the absence of the servile obsequiousness of our English domestics, and acknowledge that though American servants will treat one as an equal, they seem mostly willing to serve one as a friend.

There is one London institution that is not exactly represented

in the States, and that is the policeman as gazetteer and directory of the streets, and guide, philosopher and friend to every wanderer in the city. The counterpart of the London policeman reigns here in another sphere ; he is the railway conductor, whose knowledge of the country is more to be marveled at in that his area is larger and he does not have to navigate for himself. Not only is he willing to give information about rivers, mountains, lakes by the way, he is anxious to do anything and everything that may conduce to the happiness and comfort of his clients. He will break the laws of his line and risk the necks of his favorites by not merely allowing them to "*stand* on the platform when the train is in motion," but by carrying out seat cushions and making them luxuriously comfortable to enjoy the scenery. He is full of the incidents and perils of the road, robbers, wash-outs, collisions, dramatically narrated on the very spot where the adventure occurred, with a sly intention of blanching the hair of the nervous amongst his hearers. He is more prompt than a time card in his information about trains, and will telegraph to other friendly conductors to hold trains that favored passengers may make their connections duly. But once provoke our conductor's ire, and his vengeance is swift and sure,—the air brake is on, the train stopped, you are seized by the coat collar and flung off into outer darkness, even if it be the last train on a drenching night. This last is not hearsay, I saw it happen, and to this day fondly hope the light-hearted youth who caused this dramatic incident to be enacted, ran behind, scrambled on to the back car, and hid for the rest of the journey. Doubtless he did, he was an American and not deficient in spirits and energy.

The self-respecting attitude of the working classes in the States fills with boundless hope the heart of one accustomed to the abject hopelessness of the poor of London. It is apparently the result of abundant work, good wages, free education, and I would suggest, also of the presence of the colored races. Your workingman does not feel himself to belong to the lowest class, there is some one to whom (rightly or wrongly) he can fancy himself superior, while at the same time the quiet industry and thrift of these very people is an inspiration to diligence in the rivalry.

I have said that this country reminds me of Italy. It is trying to be French. The nations of Europe have had in turn their stage

of French influence, between their emergence from barbarism and their attainment of their own place and individuality. Russia is escaping from this now, and it is no longer true as it once was, that folk in St. Petersburg put up their umbrellas when it rains in Paris. But it was a surprise to find this magic extending across the Atlantic, and to have to acknowledge the predominance of French manners, fashions, art and literature so far away. The influence is undoubtedly good for a time, as a refining power first, as a provocative of patriotism in the rebound at last. And America is peculiarly susceptible to it, from the vivacity of her people, and their intense realism. But we cannot help hoping and believing that the sway is of an transitory nature, that this nation is only using French methods to develop its own inherent genius, and that the day will come, if it be not already dawning, when a second Renaissance may revivify thought, a Renaissance which shall be not so much the product of old learning brought to light as the shaping of the sane intuition of a hale, free people, whose heel like Achilles's is in touch with the earth, while their heads are uplifting towards the heavens.

—*Annie J. Gregory.*

## MY LOVE.

Like rain-pools over Autumn leaves,
  My sweet Love's eyes to me;
Like sunlight over golden sheaves
  Her wind-blown tresses free.
Like snow upon the mountain's face
  The whiteness of her throat;
Her movements of the subtle grace
  Of lilies all afloat.
Her voice is sweet as silver bells
  O'er sheets of moon-lit snow;
Her mouth, a full ripe flower, where dwells
  The sunset's crimson glow.
Her soul is tender as blue skies
  A Southern day above;
While in her heart all priceless lies
  The Diamond of her love.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## EARLY CORNELL.

IS there then a newer Cornell, Mr. Editor, that you ask me to write of the old? In days agone, when we youngsters laid the foundations of the buildings and the collections with our hands as we toiled with our brains, Cornell was *young*, and those who came athirst to quaff from the newly gushing spring of erudition, never dreamed but that Alma Mater was and ever would be the veritable "fountain of perpetual youth." Talk to any one of the long list of those who tramped through storm and mud and snow where now your pathway is smooth and your transport easy—ask them if they ever knew an *old* Cornell. Nay, in any reliable book of synonyms you'll surely find recorded as the first most prominent equivalent for *new* the word CORNELL. 'Tis the symbol of youth in education, and grow the revered Mecca never so mighty, never so aged, never so venerable, she will always be young in sentiment, young in sympathy and in energy. Look ye, at those out in the world, planting her banner on the outward wall, glorying in her greatness and building anew each year on her grand models—do they look old? Do years and grey hairs conflict with error, many mistakes and some victories, do these make old those who carry with them through all, even to the remotest bounds of earth, that clear, ringing chime which sent them forth from "neath the arches of Cornell" with the ever present purpose to "Ring out the old—ring in the new; Ring out the false—ring in the true?"

Here, my brothers, is the keynote of the life of those who have gone out from the several portals where ye now delve, to think and to act in the bustling, jostling world. I have been privileged to meet them of all types in many climes. The first one has yet to greet me who does not trace to his career at Cornell some spark of animation, of incentive to nobler endeavor. And you have with you as inspirers of zeal, many of those who in the earlier days, gave us that spur to work which came from merely observing their own tireless labors in the search for truth. Think not that their precepts and examples were the least of the influences which made the early history of the university an unexampled victory.

Little can you of to-day imagine through what paths have come the marvelous attainments of the present Cornell. You have buildings, laboratories, collections, libraries, withal an equipment and a wealth of facilties which would make our paraphernalia seem garb of poverty by comparison, and yet in spite of your numbers and your admirable advantages you cannot show more zeal or more valiant men than those who set your example and made the only traditions Alma Mater possesses.

Thus the early Cornell and the Cornell of to-day are one and inseparable—yet there is a difference which, you will pardon me for saying, places us upon a footing distinct from that you will have when you are confidingly sent to follow us into the eddies of active life. We went forth alone to battle. There were no brother Cornellians then to grasp our hands and bid God speed, but many in the path who would gladly have seen us falter and who gloried in our short comings. The ensign of Cornell has made its way by sheer force of will on the part of its earlier color-bearers and not all those who have done yeoman service in the cause have had due recognition in the monumental records. There has been marked out across desert, plain and trackless ocean, through forest and jungle, in busy mart and desolate solitude, a way for later Cornellians to travel and find a fraternal welcome from elder brothers who expect from you greater achievements by reason of the blazed roads prepared for you, and the better advantages the later university has afforded.

I have been asked to give some account of student life in the first years of the university. To do this adequately demands a preliminary statement of the conditions existing in educational matters at the date of the inauguration in 1868. One abreast of the present modern ideas, for not a little of which Cornell precept and practice are directly responsible, cannot realize the lack of freedom and the bitter intolerance of the sectarian schools of that epoch. Patient and far seeing as was the indomitable spirit of our revered founder, the enmity and petty jealousy displayed by certain of these institutions, well-nigh discouraged him at times and made his princely generosity a means of torture to his soul. Without his iron will and the unflagging support of that giant intellect borne by Andrew D. White, together drawing about the

new movement a band of unflinching noblemen as instructors and commanding alike the respect and sympathy of those whose opinions could not be gainsayed—without this fortunate combination working in perfect harmony, there could have been measure of success to the movement which marked the dawn of a new era in education. The failure of the project was devoutly sought by earnest and worthy, but misguided, partisans of the ecclesiastic schools; its speedy extinction was openly and persistently predicted by the secular and religious press in many quarters, not merely in unappreciative language but with all the accompaniments of vituperation, falsehood and malicious misrepresentation. Imputations were put upon Ezra Cornell's motives, such as would have justified him in relinquishing his ideal as too far in advance of an unappreciative world. But his calm dignity and impressive seriousness departed not for an instant, as he quietly met the cruel thrusts with the historic words: "Time will vindicate me."

When Pesident White admitted to Agassiz, one of our university's first and best friends, that the unjust slurs of the enemy were difficult to endure, the wise old savant replied: "Begin to worry when nobody talks about you, not before." And to this day people are talking. President White and the brave men who placed Cornell where she is have made them talk. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," or manly character and worthy deeds of men trained ill or falsely?

One of the most noticeable features of the first student body, numbering some four hundred strong-minded young men thirsting for knowledge, was the absolute faith in the permanence and future growth of the university. The class of 1869, the first graduated, was composed of nine members, every one of whom had left institutions of renown, in good standing, to enroll themselves thus early in their careers among those who believed in the progressive ideas of the new education. All who came to Cornell then, took a risk which they fully understood, and very few indeed could have taken this step without a determined purpose. It is therefore not too much to say that the first few years were characterized by an earnestness which has never been exceeded, if equaled, in

the history of Cornell. This spirit was intensified by a tacit understanding that this was the poor man's opportunity to obtain an education. A few came with the mistaken notion that mental training would be more or less subordinated to manual labor as a means of support. From this class came, eventually, some of the best talent the university has sent out, but others failed to improve the opportunities while lamenting their disappointed hopes. Some were too old to turn readily to routine work, but their experience in life gave them a mature judgment which was respected and their influence is felt to this day in the traditions which now form the unwritten law.

Every attempt to introduce a college custom simply because it was traditional elsewhere was religiously frowned down by the stronger minds, and it very soon became a recognized rule of action that Cornell should be untrammeled by such relics and begin to form a history of her own. Fortunately, the ruling spirits were men of noble purpose and lofty character, men who ruled there by right of worth as they have since taken equivalent rank among men in the great world of thought and action. Those were the days in which were founded the literary societies, the Natural History Society, the Christian Association and other institutions which continue to this day. The writer, then a Junior, had the honor of making the motion in class meeting, which resulted in the establishment of the *Cornell Era*. There were some stormy debates, much ventilation of eloquence and not a little political machination, with as frequent ludicrous endings as occur in outside life through the action of human frailties. But there was rarely a case of trickery or meanness which did not quickly revert upon the perpetrator by the expression of an outraged community sentiment.

The relations existing between professor and student were cordial and fraternal from the start. This is the secret of the prompt and enduring success of the Cornell movement in education. Many of the professors were youthful enough to feel the student pulse, and work in harmony with it to a judicious degree, and a goodly number of the students were old enough to support the dignity and compel the respect due to their instructors had there been danger of breaches of discipline elsewhere. Another aid to the

formation of real friendship among instructors and students came from the mutual endurance of privations and inconveniences. When the University opened there was but one building besides Cascadilla Place (known later as the "Consternation of the Great Bore") in which all the varied function of instruction could be carried on. In this South Building were the Library, Assembly Hall, various laboratories and class rooms, all excepting the Faculty Room, (then in Cascadilla Place,) and the Business Office, (in the Cornell Library Building down town.) Imagine advanced special students in Chemistry crowded into a basement room with beginners, and others of all stages of preparation amid fumes, explosions and disorder. Yet thus we worked and our instructors were but little better provided for. Often they were compelled to conduct investigations at the same desks. But we all learned valuable lessons of patience, charity and working against odds, which may not have been wholly lost in difficult places since.

We lived in Cascadilla or in one wing of the University Building, or in the town; we crossed Cascadilla Creek on a plank, dove down deep into a narrow ravine where now the bridge is, near Professor Prentiss's house, and slipped, slid or stuck in the mud along self-trodden paths, with several fences to climb between Cascadilla and the University. We froze in winter, roasted in summer, went home two or three times a year with malarial complaints, and counted it all but dross that we might draw inspiration from the overflowing fountains that welled from every class room and laboratory.

Rapidly changes ensued. First, the North Building. then the old wooden laboratory which did good service for years, and then the McGraw Building. What must not that noble band of workers be able to do now with all the apparatus and facilities vouchsafed to them by reason of their patient continuance in well doing.

Since those days have come many changes, but through them all there has shone the one dominating idea which animated the unselfish founder, inspired the loyal leader and his well chosen band of zealous chiefs and which has instilled itself into the very marrow of all true Cornellians, expressed in the motto CRESCE!

If there be any peculiarity of Alma Mater which has more than anything else made her master of the situation, it is that which

has clung to her from the start—the inculcation of the principle of adaptation. As the skillful mechanic selects his material with especial reference to the use in view, so does Cornell endeavor to apply men and women to that for which they are best fitted. The old error in education was like that necessary evil of former engineering practice which, from lack of tests, compelled the allowance of wide margins for safety, at the risk of overweighing the structure. Now one may choose his material with reference to the adaptability, thereby utilizing every good quality in its appropriate sphere, just as in the training provided at Cornell. Given a character endowed with a particular bent; there is opportunity for cultivation of talent without detriment to a well rounded result. Thus, while our benign mother admonishes every one of us to *grow*, she encourages us to make the most of our talents without prejudice to anything which is desirable or elevating. Thank God we have not been led to believe that the straight jacket applied to all but a few of our impulses is the correct method of developing character, and that retrogression, repression and casting in a common mold are educational processes. That the world agrees with the Cornell idea is potent from the success which attend the planting of her standard wherever it has gone. The vast growth of the University itself and its prestige to-day are but further proofs of this, for every vital principle of her present creed was born with her. *Cresce! Cresce semper!* This has been the watchword from the first, and grow she must, or she cannot be Cornell. Therefore, however old in years and experience, there can never be an old Cornell. The very name, as I have before remarked, is synomynous with all that is fresh and new in education, if it be worthy of adoption.

—*Theo. B. Comstock, '70.*

## DER SÄMANN.

(From the English of Charles G. D. Roberts).

Am farblos braunen Hügel nacktes Feld,
Vom fleissigen Eggen frisch und tief die Breiten,
Nichts unterbricht die fernen Himmelsweiten,
Nur hier die Tauben flatternd, auf der Flucht
Aus feuchtem Hage, wo sie Korn gesucht,
Nur ferne Thürme, gelb im Abendlicht,—
Der Sämann hier, der unbewusst und schlicht
Die stille Vorthat seines Werks bestellt.

Sein abgemessnes Tritt die Scholle schreitet
Lautlos im weichen Grund. Ob freudenlos
Sein plump Gesicht, wenn seiner Hand entfällt
Das bleiche Korn, das sie ringsum gebreitet,
Den rauhen Landmann macht sein Wirken gross,—
Gottähnlich sorgt er für die Menschenwelt.

—*M. S.*

## A WORD ON REALISM IN FICTION.

AT present, the comparatively few who are interested in literary discussion are earnestly watching the progress of what Edward Pellew terms the "New Battle of the Books"—the adherents of realism warring with those of romanticism. Readers of fiction are beginning to identify themselves with one or other party and although a few papers have been ventured on this subject, as yet the lines between the opposing parties have not been distinctly defined.

At my hand rests that excellent essay by Lester F. Ward, who claims that only a decade ago, the realistic school had its birth in the writings of M. Zola. Nevertheless but a short time since, in an able address given before the Woman's Club of New York, a professor of one of our venerable colleges traced the history of the realistic school back to the fifteenth century in France. At the same time a Fellow of the Historical Society of London, in an essay so belabored as to exhaust any one reckless enough to read it through, traces the roots of this school back to Plato. One

champion disposes of the realists by a turn of his wrist saying, "A backward glance along the line down which realism has come, reveals to our vision not one colossal statue commemorative of creative genius." On the other hand, an able critic of the *Atlantic* says, "Shakspeare was always realistic," and quotes that much-abused sentence of Hamlet's about "holding the mirror up to Nature." On a page of "Une Page d' Amour" in my possession, one of those numskulls who write in books belonging to others, has dashed off, "They see nothing in life but filth and dirt," and as I see it there comes to my mind this sentence delivered at a lecture last spring: "Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Goethe, in short, the great writers of any age, have been writers of the realistic." Truly amid such a mass of conflicting criticism it would seem as though dust had again been raised and blown into the eyes of the combatants. The ground is strewn with the slain reputations of writers of fiction both realistic and romantic.

The difficulty in dealing with this question seems to be the failure of the opponents to come to a settlement upon the terms of definition. The same novelists we find claimed by both parties. It is most unfortunate that the word "idealistic" has come to be used by many as expressive of that which is opposed to real—as being that which is *unreal.* In truth, those writers of fiction commonly called idealists or romanticists or by any other name than realists, depict what is in all conscience more real than does the pen of the most extreme realist. The former bring to us what is always and universally true, and not merely locally and temporarily true. They have not mistaken the "common livery of the age for the garments of the Muses." Which conception of character, think you is truer, and in what sense more real—Othello or Silas Lapham? Whether what we so imperfectly term the "ideal" is expressed in character or in any of the manifestations of genius, we behold it towering above the wrecks upon that changing vastness which we mis-call the "real." Which writer more truly reflects real life—George Eliot or M. Zola?

The first principle of the so-called "realistic school" is the exact reproduction of life. But, as has been well said, "Life is wide; and it is illusive." It cannot be reached by scientific observations jotted in a note book, least of all can the camera or

police report get at it. Observation without imagination can give us only the outward acts of men, not the motives which prompted them. "The simplest act if unexplained in terms of thought and feeling, may be a comedy or a tragedy, most trivial or most pregnant with tremendous purposes." After all, we must certainly admit that conventional life is not real life. What we want is the vital personality breathing behind the mask of custom. Why do most of us prefer a fine portrait of a friend to a photograph. The latter may depict the outward facts more correctly, and yet not be nearly as true as the portrait. The fact is what our friend *is* to *us* and thus the portrait may give with infinitely more truth than the cold, staring photograph. The imagination of the artist has entered into his work and given us that which no camera can catch. Things as they seem—photography, or the most extreme so-called "realism," may give us, but when we wish to find things as they are, we go to art.

In this age of motors, broadcloth and diplomas, the great cry is for "facts." Well, it is convenient to be able to have facts within our reach, but is also well for us when we want a symphony, a poem, or a fine picture to be in such a position that it may reach *us* and lift us for a moment, at least, out of the beaten and dusty path.

Though not in sympathy with the so-called "realistic school," let us for a moment view impartially their position. One critic in speaking of the writers of this school says: "In their eyes the admirers of Scott, Hugo, Goethe, Milton, Dante, and Homer are to be classed with the children who read and believe in Jack the Giant Killer." However little our tastes may accord with the writers of realism, we must admit that this criticism is not only utterly false but silly. In relation to its influence upon us, the realistic novel is to be studied in Russia, France and America. In England we find little of it outside the stories of General Moore. In America the dawn of realism was ushered in with Henry Jame's "American." To-day, almost all novelists are disciples of the realistic school. It is to M. Zola, however, that we look for a formulation of the principles of these writers. It begins with

I. The exclusion of all that is called the "ideal"; all that is not firmly based on the actual life of human beings, all, in short, that is nebulous or didactic.

II. It is to be contemporary.

III. It is to be founded on and limited by actual experience.

IV. It is to reject all empirical modes of awakening sympathy and interest.

In short, it is to place before its readers men and women acting the drama of life as naturally as possible.

In looking over these principles one does not at first detect the weak places. One can understand how, a few years ago, young and enthusiastic writers of clever stories were carried away by the unlimited possibilities supposed to be locked up within the "naturalistic or realistic" novel. To them it was the herald of a new dawn in literature. It was to be the "Revealer and the Avenger." We have seen with what ardor its doctrines were embraced by our own Howells. It is easy now, looking backward over the body of realistic fiction, which has come to us during the last ten years to discover the vulnerable places. It is, doubtless, partly owing to the bitter warring that we have learned at which points the armor is weak. As we have before seen, the aim of its advocates is the exact reproduction of life—the representation of that which cannot be gotten at with a mass of observations and a notebook of a season at Paris, Newport, or Saratoga. All that the most exact observer can do is to portray a small portion of it. The result of the work of the realist is in almost every instance a distortion. Can you truly portray "the vast arch of life" upon the flat page of a book by observing the motions of certain types of character, as those of your society acquaintances, or your weekly washerwoman? What will give you an insight into their emotions if imagination be rejected?

One looking at a rock or stump of trees does not notice the delicate construction of every grass blade and every twig. One receives the impression of the landscape as a whole and a true artist seeks to transfer the vision in its entirety; but it is the elevating force of creative genius which secures immortality for both creator and created. So, also, with the novelist; it is not his business to overwhelm us with a mass of observations upon common-place facts which add nothing to his work. It becomes wearisome listening as he spins out interminably all the small details of the daily life of his characters. We are fully aware that his men and women rise in the morning, make their toilets, eat three

meals a day and spend three-fourths of their time in the routine of life; but does it make the novel one whit more real to fill it with all these tiresome particulars? Indeed, have not our realists as greatly distorted their reflections of life as have those whom they derisively term "idealists?" Has not this exaggeration of the non-essentials under their images been similar to those given by a corner mirror? It is said by those who should know that "the hereditary dullness in perceiving delicate ethical distinctions has given the Anglo-Saxon race a tendency to slur over the differences between man and nature, while among the Latin race the tendency is to exaggerate these discords." If this be true, we can clearly see how the same tendency among realists—that of ringing all possible changes upon the weaknesses and foibles of mankind has, in different countries, had widely different results. The American realistic novel has been given over to insipidity whereas some of the French and Russian novelists have introduced into their works characters whom Ruskin might truly compare with "the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus." Some clever writers of Russian and French novels have been betrayed into the attitude of detectives, ever bringing to light the crimes, poverty and wretchedness which sin has brought into the world. Their dreary pictures filled with "the Rembrandtesque shadows of pain, dirt and obloquy" are offered to us as portraits of "real life."

On the other hand, our American realistic novelists, keeping in mind the fact that society has become far more democratic and the growth in importance of the unexceptional people, have abolished the hero and heroine. The former has given way to the commonplace "beau" while the latter has been supplanted by what has been termed the "kittenish female." Is it true that the dapper society men who saunter through these novels in a vain endeavor to "kill time" and from whom issues a stream of small talk, are more interesting than an Abraham Lincoln? Is the new type of woman (for which we are indebted to Mr. Howells) who is constantly placing herself in ridiculous positions and who in the "Wedding Journey" refuses to be reasonable, to be calm, to be quiet, or in fact do anything but reveal to us "delicious depths of undreamed of absurdity," of greater interest than a Florence Nightingale, an

Ida Lewis, a Grace Darling or a Clara Barton? Is a lofty purpose necessarily sensational? If these superficial, silly people who seem to enjoy little else than whittling in a refined yet cynical manner at all that is lofty, noble or unwritten in the code of "our set," then indeed Mr. McAllister's "Society As I Have Found It" is a true picture. Then, surely, we cannot forbear turning with a tender glance to our childhood days and the happy hours spent over Mrs. Whitney's "real folks." No, we cannot believe that we must all become pessimists in order that we may comply with "the rigid demands of Art." Surely, a habit of looking for disappointing conclusions is not formed naturally but is acquired at the cost of much that is necessary to perfect moral sanity.

Why should we question the method of portrayal if the picture reveals the intensity of love, the nobility of absolute self-surrender, the awfulness of unrelenting vengeance, the sweep of soul-stirring passion or the struggle of a soul after that higher life for which the soul continually pants. The early novelists sacrificed the lesser truths to save the greater—those which are true in every age. It was the truths they portrayed, not the failure to discern other truths that make them victors. It was the reality of their heroes' passions that aroused the sympathy of the reader, not the lack of truth of detail. You call the novels following the Revolution "wildly extravagant." Remember that "to a people who had fought and won a battle of will against a dozen centuries" tremendous force of will, indomitable courage, and persistency of effort seemed factors before whose potency all material circumstances must give way. To them the mild passions of the novel of to-day would have seemed so despicable that the wildest frenzy, the extreme of sentimentality, the most violent weeping appeared far more human. It was because of the reality of the fear and tenor of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines that her absurdities appealed to "the hysterical nerves of the time."

The aim of Art is to quicken spiritual life. To which characters do we then turn, Bartley Hubbard and Broomfield Corey or Amos Barton and Felix Holt? It may be art—this ever portraying woman as a being superficial, consequential and unstable; indeed it may be good of its kind but it certainly is not art of the highest order. George Eliot could dress the doll Celia Chettham but she

also sounded the depths of Dorothea Brooke's sweetly serious soul. It may be pleasant to follow the realist as he observes all the little tricks of manner of his "real woman"—her habit of buttoning her mosquetaires after reaching the street, and of looping a dress while holding a mouthful of pins, but we turn with an immeasurable sigh of relief to Hermione, Portia and Ophelia. Certainly the genius which could *create* a Hester Payne and an Arthur Dimmisdale is greater than that which transferred bodily the Duc de Morny to the pages of the Nabob, or which gave the Felicia Ruys in whom all Paris recognized Sara Bernhardt.

The leaders of realism who have achieved success have done so because of talents kept well in hand, a humor which is in most instances catching, a smooth style and the color of romance still preserved in their writings. Take for example "Numa Roumestan" and "A Woman's Reason"—the productions of two writers who pride themselves upon being realistic. The adventures of the lover upon the Pacific Island and the "passion of the beautiful Parisian girl for the Provençal peasant," are certainly not much removed from the veriest romance. "The Lady of Aristook" is the moonshine of dreams. Balzac won his present position in spite of his faults, not because of them. Indeed, they were so serious as to have shipwrecked utterly a man of much less force.

Looking at this question calmly, let us not regard the so-called realistic or naturalistic school as a fountain-head from which all the streams of literature are to be poisoned but rather as a natural outcome of this "age of facts." Everywhere we look we see the novel ripe for a change. This continued cry of "art for art's sake" marks the last stage of decadence and the approach of the Renaissance. Already the novel-reading public are turning to the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson and Frank R. Stockton. The younger novel writers all seem to be escaping from realism. M. Guy de Manpassant has turned his attention to psychology and M. Hugsmans has become a mystic. In Russia, too, if what we hear is true, "the next step will be toward the mystical and introspective."

"What matter whether you call it Pantheism or Pottheism if the thing be true" asked Carlyle. What matters it if we call it realistic or idealistic so long as the crucible contain the pure gold? We cannot with Oscar Wilde hope that "Some day when we are

all bored to death with the commonplace character of modern fiction, Romance with her trumpet of wonder will return to the land. Out of the sea shall arise Behemoth and the Leviathan and sail around in high pooped galleys," but we may be quite sure that the coming novel will, in some respects at least, be a concession to man's inherent love for mystery and for beauty.

—*Gertrude Anna Rieman.*

## HERE AND THERE.

IN OUR day there is a constantly increasing tendency to discover the fundamental norms upon which any judicious system of education should proceed. With the rapidly growing conception that even the development of the spiritual part of man is dependent upon determinable laws, has come the effort of educational leaders to conform their methods to the workings of those laws. Psychology has established the general fact that one's mental capacities and tendencies are largely due to heredity, past and present enviroment, and so on. Man is determined in all his spiritual operations by the character of the civilization into which he is born and the educational conditions under which he is reared.

* * *

Now educators of the present time are awake to the necessity of recognizing the vital bearing of this truth upon the whole question of education. Educational organizations are rapidly multiplying. Their express purpose is to cultivate and spread a knowledge of those primal laws by which education is promoted or obstructed. Consequently it is coming to be recognized that education properly understood, is a striving toward a visible, tangible goal that is worthy of the mental and moral effort of man. It was once thought that the infant mind could be driven toward the end desired, but we now recognize as futile such efforts to force instead of lead and encourage. Should our primary and secondary educational methods regard the teacher as the principal influencing factor. If he realizes in his own life the ideals which mankind find worthy of emnlation, the veritable influence of his personality will work for righteous ends in the sphere of his activity. Personality is the great educative factor, it was so with

Christ, with Pestalozzi, with Froebre, with Thomas Arnold, with Mark Hopkins. This thought has already produced great improvements in our public school system, and is showing itself somewhat in our higher institutions of learning.

* * *

But one cannot fail to notice the almost entire absence of the recoguition of the *teacher* as against the *professor* or *lecturer* in our colleges and universities. A man is chosen to fill a chair in a university because he has written several books, or has distinguished himself by original research and investigation. Great proficiency in his special department is too often regarded as the sole requisite; of course, by chance he may possess other qualities but it is only a matter of accident, not a calculation. It is not asked whether he is a sympathetic man, whose influence will extend beyond the lecture room. If he meets his handful of students several times a week, even though they seek his recitation room because compelled to, and receives them in the coldest, most formal way, making them ever concious of their inferiority, he is reckoned as having discharged all his responsibilities.

* * *

The question naturally arises, then, whether the university is a place for teachers, or whether the university student is beyond the broadening, elevating influences of a true teacher. Is the professor's or instructor's province simply to give the student such particular knowledge as may be useful for material progress in the special pursuit he has chosen; or should he aim to make him a full, round man, a man of character in sympathy with all sides of our varied lives, and of signal worth as an individual and citizen? Manifestly the latter consideration is not receiving especial attention in our university curriculums. The natural effect is seen in the character of the faculty elections. A student is not encouraged in the belief that he is to receive anything from his professor but the result of his special investigations. Scarcely any thoughtful educator would deny that the ultimate aim of education is to develop all the faculties—the religious, intellectual, social and aesthetic; and yet it is apparent that much of our college and university training to-day looks only after the intellectual and material. Marks, examinations and degrees cover the sphere of activity of our brightest educational institu-

tions. It is maintained that this is all that can properly come within the province of the college or university; that the church and society must give the ethical and religious training, if any at all be had; that the refining and purifying influences of life must of necessity be found in an intellectual atmosphere. It is assumed that the university student is searching for one thing, and one alone—technical intellectuality or manual dexterity. If by this he learns to live any better than he knew how before, if he makes facts a means to the interpretation of life instead of an end in themselves, if he gets these things out of his one-object training all well and good, but if he does not it is just what might be expected.

* * *

This is not a very encouraging view of the work of our universities, but it is just such a one as the ordinary student is liable to come to when he nears the close of his college course. The reason for this oftentimes is his disappointment in the character of professors and instructors whom he looked upon as ideals when he stood without the arena. If a professor fails to show the least interest in his pupil, always "talks down" to him and continually deepens that chasm which is supposed to naturally exist between student and professor; if he takes the liberty of committing certain deeds in his private life which they would call vulgar and debasing, then it is not strange that the student should grow somewhat pessimistic. The student looks to his professor and instructor to lead, encourage, and set a standard; he looks for sympathy and a spirit of helpfulness. There is no way to rise but to have something to aspire to, and the character of a university will uitimately be determined by the character of its instructing body. The university student is moulded by environments as much as he was in his grammar school days, and when he comes in contact with a noble *teacher* whose life he might well emulate, he himself is conscious of greater possibilities for acquiring a true education than the laboratory or lecture room can give. Mark Hopkins on a log was a better teacher for Garfield than many another man with a great name would have been in the midst of the most splendid facilities. Personality is the teacher, whether in the university or out of it, and when this is thoroughly realized we may hope for improvement in university methods of teaching.

## THE MONTH.

THE most conspicuous social season in Cornell life has just passed for this year. It is rare that the Sophomore Cotillion, Junior Concert, and Junior Ball all come in the same week. In addition to this, the numerous fraternity parties, and other social events, made the week an unusually lively one at Cornell.

The recent mass meeting of the students decided to alter the constitution of the *Cornell Era*, so as to give the retiring board the privilege of returning one of their members to the succeeding board. This in substance means that the retiring board will hereafter choose the editor-in-chief for the next year, and it is thought by all to be an advantageous move.

Mrs. Ballington Booth's appearance before the C. U. C. A. in Barnes Hall, January 31, created a most favorable impression on the very large number who heard her. Every one came away feeling that she was a most earnest, brilliant woman, and that the Salvation Army was really doing a great amount of good that the world does not appreciate.

A Graduate Student's Club has been organized in the University. Its purpose is to promote the social welfare of all graduates in the University, and to advance the interests of Alma Mater in every way that may be expedient. The initiation banquet was held Feb. 5th at Deming Hall.

The Senior Class of the Law School have voted to hold Class Day exercises during Commencement week. This is a very worthy departure for the Law School, inasmuch as they are not represented in the regular Class Day exercises.

The second of the campus concert series was given in Barnes Hall, January 22, and was very largely attended. The artists were Mr. Victor Herbert, violoncello, and Frau Marie Ritter-Goetze, soloist.

Instructors Merritt and Hammond have been advanced to the position of Assistant Professors in Physics and in Greek Philosophy respectively. Professor Angell has been offered the position of Professor of Psychology at Stanford, but has consented to remain and continue his work here, as Associate Professor.

Professor E. M. Brown, who, in connection with E. E. Hale, Jr., supplied the vacancy in our University in English Literature and

Philology during Professor Corson's absence in 1880–90, was elected in August, 1890 to succeed Professor Hart in the chair of Modern Languages and English Literature in the University of Cincinnati. About that time he received also the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Göttingen. His dissertation, which constituted part of the requirements for the degree, has just been published, at least the first instalment. This delay is accounted for, partly by the unavoidable slowness of sending and returning proof between Göttingen and Cincinnati, partly by Professor Brandl's absence from Göttingen. The pamphlet is an excellent sample of the thorough *special* study now done in Germany. Its title is: The Language of the Rushworth Gloss to the Gospel of Matthew, Part I, Vowels. In 70 pp. Professor Brown has taken up each vowel, long, short, or diphthong, in every one of its shades of sound, and tabulated every passage in which the word embodying it occurs. The treatment is of course exhaustive of this side of the Rushworth, *i. e.* Mercian dialect. Especially interesting are the conclusions deduced, pp. 79–83, from the data thus collected, with regard to the age of the gloss (pre-Alfredian), and its connections with the other remains of Old Mercian, *e. g.* the Vespasian Psalter, Life of Chad, Charters, Corpus gloss, etc. In view of the now generally accepted theory that Mercian is the direct ancestor of our Modern English, it is evident that the author has made a most important contribution to the history of the language. As to Professor Brown himself we are glad to be able to state that his present position is likely to give him ample opportunity of continuing his work in English Philology. Through the changes recently introduced in the University of Cincinnati, French and German are constituted a separate department in charge of an independent professor, thereby enabling Professor Brown to concentrate his energies upon English. He has already established courses in Anglo Saxon and Early English, and is hopeful of building up very soon a thriving school of English study.

# EXCHANGES.

There is probably no one form of literature attempted in our college periodicals, especially in the monthlies, so frequently as the story. The verse, the sketch, and the description all occupy their proper space but it is never so large a space as that filled by story.

Let us this month instead of taking spasmodic glimpses between the covers of our Exchanges, take a more comprehensible view of the fiction that is published in college magazines.

The authors are almost without exception college students, and it is only with these that we are interested, for those productions contributed by older and more experienced writers are not characteristic of the fiction produced in the university. The writing of these stories, that is the English, is usually the most commendable part, for the student, being probably under instructiou in literary work, has had more drill in regard to form, than in thought and indeed this is as far as instruction can go. Beside, the author at the student age is better able to master words than the real life moving subject which he usually attempts to handle. Often the plot in these stories is extremely good, the central idea well conceived and the action well arranged. What we most feel the lack of is naturalness. After perusing a number of these stories the reader invariably finishes with the feeling, "Some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." For this is just what has happened. When the subject relates to some simple topic and the chief actors are young people the chances are that the production will be good, and there is a chance for naturalness and ease in the treatment. But where suicide, murder and real love are the occupation of the heroes and heroines we invariably feel a lack of reality. It may be that the sketch is interesting, but no one will ever suspect that it was meant to in any way represent the passions and feelings of real people. It seems nearly always as though the author had taken his knowledge of people second hand, that is, had learned what he knows of human nature from what others have written, rather than from any knowledge he had gained by observing men and women. When dialogue is attempted it is pretty sure to be stilted; it may be amusing, but bears no likeness to the conversation of normal, unaffected men and women.

The space allotted to any one article in a college publication is usually so short that it is necessary to make the grand finale follow very close upon the introductory description, often so close that the whole forms quite a striking likeness to a lunch-counter sandwich. If the story is very short it tries to follow the example set by two and three verse poems (?) of having all the point come in a quirk at the end.

It is strange how few of the plots of the stories that appear in our magazines are laid in college. It is certainly the place best known by the average writer of college fiction and college time is not lacking in romance. Of

all the good stories describing college life, and stories whose plots are laid in and about the campus, no one of them has come from an undergraduate. It is true that he cannot expect to produce a classic in that line or in any other, but it is surprising to find how seldom he tries. Then, too, we who are in the life of the university do not appreciate its peculiar features. The association of several hundred human beings not engaged in earning their living, as is the case with all industrial association, and not engaged in fighting, the case of wars and conventions, is certainly unusual. But it seems as though to write of it one must stand off and observe from a distance rather than be in the actual presence of his subject. Here at least is a field in which the author, whose public, like himself, is engaged in study, in sports and in abusing the faculty, can write of those things in which his readers are interested and of which he knows.

In writing as almost in no other branch, is it true that experience is the greatest teacher. The crudeness and roughness of the story that the college boy writes for his college publications will in many cases give place to the naturalness and finish of the stories that he will publish in books, and magazines of wider circulation. As yet the novice is the only material discovered out of which to make the finished and powerful writer.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Reading and Speaking; Familiar Talks to Young Men who would Speak well in Pnblic.* By Brainard G. Smith, Associate Professor of Elocution and Oratory in Cornell University. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This little book which, as is indicated upon the title page, is intended to be a series of familiar talks to young men who would speak well in public, has been awaited with considerable curiosity by all who take an interest in oratory and elocution, and especially by those students who have recently taken courses under Professor Smith. The book is a novel one in many respects, and while it may not supercede the more elaborate works of Mandeville and other masters of elocution in the colleges, it will undoubtedly be very popular with those who with simple, commonsense aid in their study of the requisites of good reading and speaking. It is clearly and simply written, and enlivened with telling anecdotes; the chapters are well arranged in their logical order, beginning with that most important factor, the control of the breath, which Mandeville entirely overlooks. The titles of other chapters are suggestive, as "Faults and how to Cure them;" "Good Articulation and a Natural Manner;" "Physical Earnestness;" and lastly, "Suggestions by Experienced Speakers," which is one of the most valuable chapters in the book. In the list of those who have given their aid to Professor Smith, are Thomas W. Higginson, E. E. Hale, John D. Long, Geo. William Curtis, and others. The style of the author is

informal, at times, almost colloquial, and he seems in his directions to the speaker to place more faith in negative than in positive rules. A list of "dont's" which he includes in his chapter on gesture, shows the knowledge of common faults acquired by many years of teaching, such as "Don't hold the hands as though you had bird-shot in each hollow, and feared that it would roll out." "Don't look where you point, unless you want the audience to look there too," etc. The prevailing characteristics, in short, of this little book, seem to be a clear commonsense in the method of instructions a pleasing scarcity of definitions, and an absence of that perplexing verbiage which makes most text books on elocution, with or without an instructor, "a delusion and a snare."

*Studies in American History.* By Mary Sheldon Barnes, A.B., and Earl Barnes, M.S. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

New York State, as well as most of the other states of the union, has for years been devoting large annual sums for the furtherance of education through the training of good teachers. Normal schools have been established where the general principles of education are taught and teachers are instructed how to teach in the most effective manner. But heretofore the trained teachers have been hampered in their work by the lack of suitable text books through which to carry out their aims. The lack has been particularly manifest in the case of history. This study, while naturally one of the most interesting in the school curriculum, has hitherto been one of the most difficult subjects to teach properly. It is thus in answer to a wide spread demand that the Sheldon-Barnes American History has been prepared.

It is the aim of their book to give the pupil as materials for their work, the *Historical Sources.* Heretofore most text books on American History have been constructed in narrative form. The author, himself, using the historical sources, or worse yet, the narrative of predecessors in his line, presents the students, not a series of facts from which he may draw his own inferences and conclusions, but a warranted account based on the personal subjective opinion of the author. These judgments may be more correct than those of the student would be, though this is not necessarily true, but the objectionable features still remains that the study of such a book is a passive kind of work, exercising only the memory while the study of history, properly conducted, should be valuable in training the judgment and reason. One of the main functions of history should be to train the pupil to a proper performance of his duties as a citizen. But in actual life judgments must be formed from the original *sources.* One cannot always rely upon the opinions of others. To equip the student, then, for the duties of citizenship, the materials must be made as much as possible like the facts and occurrences in real life. A book constructed on this plan, while perhaps a trifle dry for continuous reading, counteracts this objec-

tion by its greater efficiency in training the human faculties. Meeting. as it does, a wide felt want, the Sheldon-Barnes History cannot but be a decided success.

*The Bampton Lectures for the Year 1891.* By Charles Gore. Scribner's.

By the will of the late Rev. John Bampton, a sum of money was bequeathed to Oxford University for the endowment of a course of lectures to be delivered each year at St. Mary's, upon certain specified subjects relating to the Christian faith. These lectures were delivered last year by Mr. Charles Gore, the principal of Pusey House, who chose for his subject "The Incarnation of the Son of God.

The lectures as they appear in book form, are well conceived, and show careful preparation. Mr. Gore starts out by showing that the distinctive characteristic of Christianity is its absolute faith in the person of Jesus, as the incarnate God. He then discusses the character of Jesus in its relation to nature, asserting that Jesus was supernatural only from the point of view of an incomplete nature, just as the moral nature is supernatural with reference to that which is merely physical. In the third and fourth lectures we find a very interesting vindication of the historical grounds upon which the faith of Christianity rests, followed by an attempt to show that the Christ of Scripture was fairly represented, negatively at least, by the dogmatic decision of the early church. Next comes a philosophical analysis of the nature of Christ in his two distinct characters, as the Son of God, and as the Son of Man. The remainder of the course is devoted to the discussion of the authority of Christ and of the moral and spiritual results of the incarnation.

This book will be found valuable and interesting to the general reader, in spite of the fact that it deals largely with articles of faith about which there are many opinions. The modes of presentation and many of the ideas are quite characteristic of the English church, but in general, the intellectual principles of Christianity are well stated.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York :*
Improbable Tales, by Clinton Ross.

*From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston :*
French Fairy Tales, edited by E. S. Joynes.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1892. No. 6.

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The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

## THE BELL OF LA BAUME.

ONE beautiful Saturday evening in June, worn with the whirl of Paris, we were driven away across the plain of Valence to the foot of the mountains where we were to find a retreat for the summer. Awaking the following morning with the Sabbath stillness about us, and the presence of the mountain filling our chamber, we enjoyed to the full that delicious sub-consciousness of happiness felt but not understood, which intervenes between the awakening of the mind and the awakening of the body under such circumstances. And presently upon our ears broke the distant pealing of an early bell, as if to complete the charm.

It was the bell of La Baume; and as I listen to it now with a better comprehension of its language, its tones are eloquent with a story of endurance, of steadfastness, of persecution, even of martyrdom. 'Tis the same bell that summoned Protestant Christians to worship in the ancient temple within the sheltering walls of the chateau, whose chatelain, Jacques Eynard, had been disinherited for his adherence to the Reformation, while his gracious majesty, Louis XIV, still permitted to his Protestant subjects a legal exist-

ence. The old bell rested in mournful silence in the cellar of a neighboring house for the hundred years intervening between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the French Revolution. For twenty-five years more it rang timidly to summon the faithful to worship in the open air; and since 1825 it has again sounded joyfully as of old from the belfry of the new temple* where it had been placed by the hands of the descendants of the very men who had bought it with their scanty means two hundred years before.

"The position of La Baume," says Delacroix, in his statistics of La Drôme, "its difficult access, the possibility of finding easy refuge in the mountains to the eastward, made it, during the religious persecutions, the refuge, first of the Vaudois and afterwards of the Protestants." Six hundred years ago, at least, the seeds of religious liberty had found good soil at La Baume. The Reformation spread quickly from Switzerland into the Dauphiny, and in 1568 the curé of Beaufort, who then included La Baume in his charge, in a report said, "there is not one in this charge who consents to attend mass." In 1579, the châtelaine of La Baume-Cornillane, Catharine de Cornillane, dying, left a will which may still be seen in the cantonal archives and is remarkable for its philanthropic provisions. Among other items it contains one which grants an annual pension of six écus to the pastor of La Baume, and commands that her heir shall always allow the services of the reformed religion to be performed at La Baume. In another clause of her will, this same noble-minded lady gave all her forest to the poor of the parish, who to this day enjoy the right of cutting each one a certain number of bundles of fagots each year.

The ministry was even less over-crowded in those days than now, and it was not until 1639, that the church of La Baume was able to secure a pastor for the meagre support it could offer. Not long after, by strenuous exertions, the church succeeded in raising the funds necessary for procuring a bell. Upon the bell was cast the following inscription: "*Cette cloche a esté faite et payée par ceux de la religion réformée à La Baulme-Cornillane —Année 1647.*

* Protestant churches in France are all called "temples," the word *Église* (church) being employed only for Catholic churches.

But the bell in which those early Christians found so much honest gratification was not long permitted to proclaim its glad tidings in peace. The commissioners charged with the execution of the Edict of Nantes had a falling out in the year 1664, over the question of permitting worship at La Baume, and the matter was referred to the King's Council. After a dignified delay this body on the 21st of August, 1684, and before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, decreed the suppression of the church and the demolition of the temple. M. Muret, a member of the church, having learned of the decree in Valence, with the assistance of two of his neighbors, removed the bell from the belfry during the night, and concealed it in a cellar in his house that was partly filled with lime. The following morning the dragoons arrived from Valence, demolished the temple and furiously demanded the bell, threatening to burn all the Protestants if it was not delivered immediately, and to reserve an especially high temperature for the persons in whose possession it might be found. "And as no one opens his mouth, they set to work to ransack the houses and torture the inhabitants in a thousand different ways, but all is a sheer loss of time. They pass and repass before the cellar which contains the precious object, and after three days of vain search they returned to Valence." The house still stands in which the bell was concealed, and after seeing it, it is easy to realize that a troop of dragoons might have searched three days in vain for its secret. I am sure I might have looked longer than that for the front door. The architectural features of a French hamlet are not logical.

Henceforth the church became a church of the Desert.* Their temple was destroyed, a single bench only having been preserved. The bell remained hidden in the cellar for more than a hundred years. No meeting was again held in the daytime until the day of Pentecost, 1744, and that was attended with great danger. Meetings were generally held by night, in the forest, or in some of the numerons caves in the adjacent mountains. In 1749

* In the history of French Protestantism the period between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Revolution is called the period of the Desert, or simply the Desert, for the reason that during this period the churches were obliged to meet in desert places.

a second attempt was made to hold a meeting by day, but the dragoons arrived too soon, fired upon the assembly, wounding some, took possession of all jewels and valuables, probably no royal plunder, made several arrests, and, failing to capture a minister, put the pastor's robe on one of the young men present and dragged him to Valence pretending he was a minister whom they had captured. In 1754 some thirty heads of families belonging to the congregation were condemned to prison for having had their children baptized by the pastors of the Desert. Nor was the church without other martyrs; the list of those condemned to the galleys or to prison is sufficiently long. The pastors were obliged to lead the lives of hunted fugitives, frequently taking refuge in the caves, and sometimes seeing themselves hanged in effigy. I have had many of the reputed hiding places of the *pasteurs du Désert* pointed out to me. In this hamlet there is an ancient house having on one side a curious tower, in the top of which is a small room, with no opening except skywards, much too low to permit of standing upright, but here more than one hunted pastor is said to have found refuge.

During the period of the Desert, as there were not more than four pastors in all the Dauphiny, their labors were necessarily scattered over a wide field, and visits to a given neighborhood were therefore not very frequent. "As soon as a pastor was in a district the news was spread with the rapidity of lightning but with the greatest caution, and that very evening the people gathered together at the place indicated. This was often a grotto, or some hidden clearing in the forest. The portable pulpit of the Desert was placed at the foot of a tree, or of a rock, and by the flickering light of a torch the pastor consecrated the marriages and baptized the children. . . . The faithful, strengthened by the sacred word, returned to their dwellings by unfrequented paths at a late hour of the night, not without having prayed for the Most Christian Kings, whose soldiers often dispersed their harmless meetings." Still, the fidelity of many remained unshaken, and the records of the priests contain long lists of the names of those who had died without fulfilling the obligations of Catholics, "though exhorted by their curé so to do." There were many burials in unhallowed ground in those days.

It was a joyful day for the faithful congregation of La Baume when in 1789 the outbreak of the Revolution permitted them to release the bell from its long captivity and silence. Many willing hands assisted to suspend it from a walnut tree in a field not far from the site of the ruined temple, and afterwards took turns in ringing it with an energy suited to recompense it for its long silence. In this tree the bell hung for nearly forty years, calling the congregation to meetings in the open air, until in 1825 the present temple was erected, and the faithful people once more had a home. Unfortunately, the bell had not passed unscathed through all its trials, and it no longer sounded with its old-time clearness and brilliancy of tone. But after much effort, the congregation raised the funds necessary for its repair, and in 1880 it was recast under the superintendence of the father of our host. Now each Sabbath its mellow tones summon the great-great-grandchildren to the free worship of the God whom their fathers served in much tribulation and peril. The congregation gathers weekly in the modest little temple to hear that word of life which their fathers went out in the desert to hear, and the successor of the persecuted pastor of the Desert is now an honored and influential member of the community. As I sat in the little chapel one Sabbath morning my eyes turned to the single old bench which represents the demolished temple of the fathers. There came to me then a vivid illumination as to the changes which a single century had wrought. And going home we passed by the residence of the oldest woman in the parish, whose single lifetime more than spans the difference which the French Revolution and the power of God have brought in the religious condition of France.

—*Charles Herbert Thurber.*

## ON THE RIVER.

Out on the river at twilight,
  While the oars dipped softly in,
And the dear old songs were blended
  With the waterfall's distant din ;

While the rounded moon rose slowly
  Over the crested hill,
And silvered a thousand ripples ;
  When mourned the whippoorwill,

Then I lost my heart in the twilight,
  To the maiden with gleaming hair :
Still, under the spell enchanted,
  In my dreams, I wander there.

*—Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## NANCE, A PEACEMAKER.

IT was one of those short October days when the sun seems to shine brightly only for two or three hours in the afternoon, and then to sink slowly to rest in a bed of glorious color. The soft twittering of the birds was already announcing the approach of evening, when "the monarch of day," hastening to mount to his gay-hued chamber in the West, from his quiver dropped a golden beam or two upon the head of a girl who was walking through the brown woods amidst drifts of rustling leaves. These merry, dancing beams did not illumine her face, but seemed to increase its plainess by the very contrast with their brightness. By her side a man walked, a tall, broad-shouldered, fellow, with fine eyes and a determined mouth and chin, but far from being what popular opinion accords handsome.

It was he who said, "You see Nance, I wouldn't 'ave minded if Sue had said she was sorry, but when I told her as folks was a talkin' about her goin' to drive two days in succession with Joe Fox, and he that shif'less that he never earnt a cent, but spends all his father kin scrape and skin off the farm, she up and got

mad. Sez she, 'If you don't like my style, git someone to suit.' Then my blood got hot and I was all riled, and I up and told her I would, and told her a thing or two I'd bin a thinkin,' and then well, never mind, it's all up between us." His chest heaved, but his eyes had a dogged, resolute look, as if he were repeating his vow that "Sue Miller should either say she'd not speak to Joe Fox any more, or else they'd each go their own separate way."

"Yes, John," said Nance, her eyes fastened on the ground as if watching the trail she was making through the dead leaves, "It wasn't right. You'd spoke for Sue and she had oughter stick to you. It don't look good fer a girl what's spoken for to go ridin' around the country with another feller, let alone such a good-fer-nothin' as Joe Fox, and folks is a talkin', and you that good to her, takin' her to ride, and buyin' her things. No, it wasn't right!" and Nance thrust her foot into the leaves, emphatically. They had now arrived at the opening of the woods, to the right of which lay Nance's home, and as John had to take the opposite direction, they stood for a second in solemn conversation, and then parted, she with a light heart, he with a heavy one.

Nance and John had grown up together, on the outskirts of a little Massachusetts village, and being near neighbors were almost as brother and sister. Almost, I say, for when they had reached the years of manhood and womanhood, the feeling had become, at least on Nance's part, something stronger. She had grown to love the great, strong fellow, so kind to children and and animals, so passionately fond of beautiful things. Her first sorrow was caused by her own lack of personal beauty. Not for her own sake did she desire it, but for the charm it would have for John. It was for him that she pinned on the rose-colored ribbon which made her sallow cheek seem less dark; for him she had surreptitiously cut and curled her front hair in imitation of a picture in a fashion book, and in consequence had incurred the wrath and scorn of her hard-working mother; for him she sat far into the night devising frills and ruffles from old bits of lace and muslin. And did John notice them? Yes, but he did not think them donned to please his eye. He only thought that "Nance was gettin' an extry streak of slickin' up," as most girls are wont, when they attain a certain age. He did not connect

her freckled skin and weak blue eyes with the ideal he cherished in his secret heart—an ideal borrowed from certain novels he had taken from the "Free Library." Some day there was to be a girl with brown hair, "touched with gold," brown eyes, and a clear skin ("milk and roses," the book said), to whom he was to give his heart. He had even cut the head of a beautiful girl from a gaily-painted picture, and had laid it between the leaves of his Bible, gazing at it when he read his evening chapter and wondering if he should ever meet such a beautiful creature. To be sure, he was fond of Nance. He had gone to school with her, had brought her the rosiest apples from the cellar, had given her the best seat on his "coaster," had nutted with her, but after all, she was "only Nance."

Yet during the last Spring more than once had he walked to church with her, into the middle of the village, and had eaten his dinner with her at the noon-time recess. More than once had he asked her to go to the evening service, and when they came back through the dim, dewy fields, she recited to him bits of poetry, arduously learned from the columns of the weekly newspaper. There were other girls in and about the village, to be sure, but they did not understand him. They spoke of him as "that great, hulkin' carpenter, always dreamin' and so afraid of girls." But Nance's love had been her teacher. She knew his tender nature, shrinking from that which was coarse and harsh, his high moral courage, his strong will, and, over and above all, his delight in all things beautiful. So, in her own awkward way, she tried to be in sympathy with him.

It had been springtime when she fancied the bond of their friendship was becoming a closer tie; but summer had changed everything. In June, Eliacum Miller, whose farm lay just beyond Jud Fox's, had brought his niece from the distant village of L———. She was an orphan, the charge of Eliacum's brother, a well-to-do grocer, who had, however, failed in his business the month before. As his family was large, it was decided that Sue should make her home with Eliacum, until affairs were tided over. So Sue Miller came, a pretty girl of nineteen, with brown, fluffy hair, and bright eyes, that looked about, much as an inquisitive robin's do. Her cheeks were red, and she was alto-

gether good to look upon. When John saw her first, he gazed upon her as one does on some bit of rare statuary. Her eyes, her hair, her dainty gown, were all a marvel to him. And, strange to say, John pleased the capricious girl. His clear, honest eyes, his strong, straight figure, or his very reverence for her, may have been the reason of it, but, be that as it may, before the summer had gone she was, as the people thereabouts say, "spoke for." Sue had a good voice, and when John saw her on Sunday, brave in her white gown and blue ribbons, singing in the village choir, he felt he was indeed happy, and he murmured, softly, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It was arranged that John should not begin work on their house until early Spring, for he had not quite enough money to pay for it that autumn, and had a horror of mortgaging it. "Better wait, Sue," he said, and when each day she came to meet him, on his return from his shop in the village, they walked along, making plans for their future, like two happy children. When they passed Nance's window, she watched them with jealous eyes, but to no one did she ever speak a word of her disappointed hopes. Only, at night when she went to rest, she lay for hours, her body shaking with uncontrollable sobs.

All went well with the two young lovers until Joe Fox returned. He had been away on a long cruise, upon which he had started as a "stowaway," and now was glad to get back to the paternal farm where he could sit at ease and smoke, never offering to help, but sunning his handsome person on the broad porch, or strolling off to the village in search of less innocent pleasures. It was but natural that he should admire Sue, and when she tripped by, he often joined her, only to be repulsed. One day, however, there was born in Miss Sue's brain a most mischievous fancy. She was tired of John's undemonstrativeness, she wished he were more like other lovers and so she resolved to make him jealous, and thus to force him into an expression of his love. The next time Joe joined her she was most pleasant to him, and so he continued after that to meet her very often, and found her each time very affable. Unfortunately she did not awake the intended jealousy within John's breast, who never doubted but that it was only a passing thought she gave to Joe. Sue became more bold and

drove, not once, but twice with Joe, having been "dared" to it by the handsome idler. She was ashamed to refuse, and confident, now, that she would rouse John from his quietude. In this she succeeded far beyond her expectations, and not noble enough to confess her fault, and blaming John for his censure of her conduct, had goaded him into saying the words which brought about their separation. She believed he would come back to her; he resolved she had been playing with him, and with his great tender heart bruised and hurt, vowed he would not grant forgiveness should she seek it.

The break had occurred just a week before the October day on which he was confiding his sad trouble to Nance, the friend of his childhood. She blamed Sue, she pitied him, and yet in her secret heart there was exultation. She might yet win him back, might show to him how her great love was worth a hundred "frippery" affections like Sue's. How much brighter life seemed, the night after he told her all! She forgot to be cross to the smallest sandy-haired brother (there were a large number of youthful Browns), and going to bed, she lavished kisses and embraces upon the youngest girl, her sleeping bedfellow. The dishes that the "men-folks" left from breakfast, the next morning, seemed fewer, and her mother's scolding voice less sharp.

A few weeks wore on and one bright Sunday morning, in early November, John came over to ask her to walk to "meetin'" with him. With trembling fingers she donned her hat and coat. When they had reached the church, and sat in the pew, it seemed as if her heart must drown the sound of the singing, it beat so loudly. There was Sue, in the choir, apparently as happy as ever; but Nance's keen woman's glance detected shadows beneath her eyes and lines about her mouth, like one who suffers. John sat with downcast eyes during the sermon, never looking in Sue's direction; for him, she was no more. So they went to church each Sunday, and Nance saw that the shadows beneath Sue's eyes were deepening and her roses fading. She heard people say, "that Miller girl was lookin' spindlin'," but she did not care, for did she not have John?

The winter passed away and spring was born. The bird-chorus greeted her coming, flowers decked the earth for her light

feet to dance upon; all nature smiled and was glad. Nance had been to the village on an errand and was hastening home through her favorite woods, when she heard John's step behind her, and she turned to wait for him. He came up, deeply buried in thought, and, after greeting her, walked along silently. "What's the matter, John?" she asked, at length, timidly, "business poor?" "No," he answered, "but I want to ask you something. Will you marry me! I promise I'll be a good husband." She waited a few seconds and then said, softly, "Yes, John; and I'll try to be a good wife." That was their wooing, not a word of love; but Nance could not hope for it. "That'll come after," she said, when she reached home and had gone to her shabby little room to think it all over. But would it come? Well for her that she could not see John's heart where, fight against it as he might, there still was a pretty brown-eyed girl enshrined. Well for her that she did not see him, that very night of their betrothal, sitting for hours, his head buried between his hands and murmuring, "Heaven forgive me, but I love her still."

Nance's conscience was not quite at ease. She knew she had been wrong in so entirely siding with John, and putting the whole blame on Sue. She knew how easy it would have been to make him understand that Sue meant nothing wrong, was always teasing him, and really did love him, as her pale face and dark-circled eyes attested. To such inward pricks, she only muttered, "She made her own bed. She kin lie on it. John is mine—mine!"

It was three or four weeks after John had "spoken" that a new preacher came to the village, an earnest, eloquent young man, who could stir the hearts of the simple people by his fervent appeal. On the Sunday after Thanksgiving he had chosen as his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." He spoke of the man, who, instead of healing with gentle fingers the tiny breach, which existed between two of his friends, widened it into a yawning chasm. He was a traitor, for what more sacred than friendship can one betray? If he did it for selfish motives, then woe to him. Not alone did he bring evil upon those dear to him, but perdition to his own soul, death to his own conscience. It seemed to Nance, as if he were reading her inmost thoughts and telling them aloud to the people.

Was she this wicked creature, he was painting? Had her fingers widened the breach between Sue and John into a yawning chasm? Had she given up her chance to possess the kingdom of Heaven to grasp at more earthly things? She looked at John's bowed head,—how haggard he had grown! She glanced at Sue, the pretty, bright Sue, now so pale and listless. This was her work. Then woe to her! With tightly closed lips and straining eyes she listened to the remainder of the sermon, and at its close, there fell, almost as a benediction upon her thirsting, questioning soul, "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

Monday was always her hardest day, for she had to help with the heavy washing, and it was not until the evening that she found a moment of rest. As soon, however, next day as the shining supper dishes were piled upon the dresser, she stole down through the soft light of the early evening to Farmer Miller's, and asked for Sue.

She waited for nothing to lead up to her speech, when Sue came forward, but broke out, abruptly, "Sue, Sue, it's all wrong—it's all wrong. John don't love me,—he loves you—you, and you've got ter have him. Yer just suited to each other. Yer so pretty, and he loves pretty things. He don't care fer me, 'cept as an old friend. You love him, don't yer, and you know you was wrong. Only you was too proud too tell him, and him, to tell you. Ain't it so?" Sue began to cry, and Nan put her arms around her, saying, "It's so, ain't it? Yer sorry and you'd tell him so, if he gave you the chance, wouldn't you?" Sue said, "Ye-es," and sobbed out a recital of her silly dare and how she "only wanted to make John jealous, and he spoke so mean she didn't think he loved her, and she'd told Joe to go away and never to speak to her again; and oh! she was so miserable!" Nance soothed her at length and promised all should be well, and then went home, where she waited until John came.

"Will you walk down a piece with me, John?" she asked, as she opened the door for him. "Certainly," he said. Then they set off down the road and she managed to keep him interested in conversation, until she had already lifted the latch of Farmer Miller's gate. "Nance, Nance," he cried then, with wonder and anger blended in his voice, "What are you doin'? What are

you comin' here fer?'' ''Come on,'' she said in so commanding a tone that he followed, mutely.

On the porch Sue met them, and she ran to John, crying, ''John, John, it's all wrong! I wasn't right, I'm sorry—and Nance says you don't love her and hadn't oughter marry her—and I'm sorry, John.'' ''She's right, John,'' said Nance, ''she loved you right along—look at them cheeks—and only acted up with Joe to make you jealous; so's she could see how much you cared for her, and he dared her, and girl's dassent be dared. Then you thought long's you had got to be married, you might as well take me, a-lovin' her right along, and too proud to give in. So now just you two make it up.'' John said nothing. What could he say? And Nance slipped away into the gloom and kneeling down beside her bed, she did not think of her empty life, of the lover she had given up, but said over and over, ''Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'' —*Bertha Marion Brock.*

## TO THE DYING STATE.

[Horace, Ode I, 14].

O Ship, new waves will roll you out to sea.
Awake! awake! and bravely make the shore,
For do you not perceive your lee
Is destitute of oar?

Your mast stands shatter'd by the Afric gale;
Your timbers creak, your keel can scarcely brave,
But for the cordage from the sail,
The too presumptuous wave.

The canvas tatter'd hangs, while now there's left
No god you may invoke in this distress,
E'en though you are from Pontus' cleft
Of silvan nobleness,

And proudly boast such race and useless name.
In painted barks a seaman ne'er confides;
Likewise, distrust a worldly fame,—
The sport of faithless tides.

Oh thou,—an object of my tend'rest care,—
A source, of late, for pain and want of ease,
Mayest thou escape the every snare
Of luring Cyclades!

—*Spencer L. Adams.*

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

FIFTEEN years ago the Oneida Community was the object of much popular interest. It was visited annually by thousands of inquisitive sight-seers, and often seemed more like a fashionable summer resort or excursion ground than it did like a quiet home. But in 1879, after an existence of over thirty years, the Community abandoned its social eccentricities, and resolved itself into a purely business corporation. Since then the institution has pursued the even tenor of its way without interruption, and very little has been said or heard about it.

John H. Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1831, and immediately commenced the study of law. Soon afterward, however, his attention was caught by the great revivals which were then in progress, and he was converted to God. He therefore gave up the study of law, and entered the Andover Theological Seminary with the intention of becoming a minister; but subsequently, becoming dissatisfied with the tone of spirituality at Andover, he cut loose from there, and went to Yale. While at the latter place, a few months before his graduation, he was led by the study of the Bible into new views of the Christian religion which altered the whole course of his future life. He became convinced that, if the Bible were true, the Second Coming of Christ, instead of being still future, as is commonly believed, took place more than 1800 years ago at the close of the apostolic age; and consequently that the salvation-from-sin experience of the Primitive Church, rather than the superstition and blindness of its apostate successors, could form the only true standard of Christian attainment. In consequence of these views Mr. Noyes was branded as a crazy Perfectionist and heretic, and his license to preach was challenged. Without wait-

ing to be formally excommunicated, Mr. Noyes promptly resigned his license, and struck out on an independent career.

During the next two or three years Mr. Noyes was engaged in preaching and teaching the gospel of holiness in and about New Haven. At first, his efforts were crowned with success. Great excitement prevailed in the city and college, and the number and character of the converts to Perfectionism were such that the orthodox churches were filled with alarm, and set themselves earnestly to resist the new heresy. But the New Haven converts, though brilliant and apparently sincere, proved faithless. Like the stony-ground hearers in Christ's parable, they received the word with joy, but had no depth of earth ; and when persecutions and temptations arose, immediately they fell away, some returning to the protecting folds from which they had strayed, and others rushing headlong into fanaticism and vice. For months Mr. Noyes labored to avert the catastrophe which he saw was coming, but his arguments, exhortations and reproofs were of no avail. The first epoch of Perfectionism had ended in miserable failure.

Mr. Noyes had now reached the turning-point of his active career. Disgusted by the faithlessness and folly of his former colleagues, he decided that in future he would have less regard for the number of his converts, and more for the quality of their experience. In the fall of 1836, therefore, he returned to his home in Putney, Vermont, and commenced in earnest the patient, constructive policy which characterized the remainder of his life. Instead of attempting to stir up a great revival by means of preaching and ringing testimonies, as he had done at New Haven, he addressed himself to the sober task of building a church stone by stone. Among his relatives and early associates he found a few trusted friends. These he organized into a Bible-school, and began by patient instruction to lead them in the way of truth.

This Bible-school which Mr. Noyes started at Putney in the fall of 1836, was really the beginning of the Oneida Community. The process by which the change from ordinary life to communism was effected can be easily traced. In the first place, the original members of the Bible-school belonged chiefly to Mr. Noyes' own family, so that their relations to each other were already only a step removed from communism. In fact, the School required

only to be endowed with the principles of permanence and growth in order to become a community in the usual sense of the word. This result was brought about by two forces. The first was the spirit of the Day of Pentecost, under the operation of which the members of the Putney School, like the disciples of old, became "of one heart and of one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." The second of these forces was the common enthusiasm for the publication of a free paper. In 1838 the members of the School began to print a free paper called "The Witness," which they intended to be the exponent of their life and thought. The form and title of this paper underwent many changes, but until the year 1876 it was offered without charge to all subscribers, and continued to breathe the spirit and purpose of the Putney school. In order to support "The Witness," the members of the Bible-school gave up their ambition for private wealth, and put their property into a common stock. Later, when "The Witness" was succeeded by "The Perfectionist," the publication fund, though augmented by the individual holdings of all who had joined the School, nevertheless showed signs of failing. Hence, it was evident that one of two things must happen : either the paper must be stopped, or the School must find some means of securing an income. The members of the School chose the latter alternative, and began to unite their efforts in the prosecution of a few simple business pursuits. Thus we see that by the beginning of the year 1846 the Putney School contained all the essential elements of ordinary communism. It was, in fact, a regular Association, and differed in no respect from the Associations of Owen and Fourier, save that its moving force was not the love of money, but religion.

But just at this point the religious force of Mr. Noyes' system came into play in such a manner as to mark out the Putney Association as totally distinct from the other socialistic attempts of the time. Mr. Noyes had devoted much attention to the sexual problem, and as early as 1837 had asserted that when the will of God should be done on earth as it was in heaven, there would be no marriage. Four or five years later, when the Putney School started out on its career of communism, this problem came up

again, and imperatively demanded a solution. After long and prayerful thought, the way out of the difficulty seemed clear. Accordingly in 1846 the members of the Putney Association set aside the institution of marriage, and commenced the application of Christian principles to the control of the sexual relations.

This bold step has, of course, been widely condemned on all sides. At present I will only say that it was taken in a spirit of terrible sincerity and earnestness, as any one who has studied the private history of that time will admit; and moreover, that the advance into sexual freedom was accompanied by the development of a system of mutual criticism, which operated as a powerful check on licentiousness. No secrecy was allowed. The interior character of every member of the Association was constantly exposed to the eyes of all, and was frequently subjected to the process of plain criticism.

The practical adoption of these new principles by the Putney Community aroused a feeling of intense indignation on the part of the citizens of the village. Mass meetings were held, and measures were taken for the immediate extermination of the Community. The regular inquisitorial method was pursued. First the Community press was stopped, then there were threats of arrest and personal violence, and finally on the 26th of November, 1847, the Putney Community was compelled to disband.

But though the Putney Association had yielded to the pressure of persecution, its spirit was by no means dead. And, as the event afterwards proved, at the very moment of the dissolution of the Community at Putney, God was making preparations for its resurrection in another place. In the previous September, before there was any thought of leaving Putney, the constituents of the Community press from various parts of the country had met in convention at Genoa, a town only a few miles from this city, and had discussed the expediency of establishing a communistic Association in Central New York; and so it happened that on the 26th of November, the very day that Mr. Noyes was forced to leave Putney, a junction was made near Oneida, N. Y., between the families of two men who had attended the Genoa Convention. Two months later Mr. Noyes received an invitation to join forces with this infant community, and accordingly during the following

spring and summer nearly all the scattered members of the Putney Community were reunited in the valley of the Oneida Creek. Temporary accommodations were secured, industry commenced, and the paper reappeared. Thus the Oneida Community was launched into existence.

The story of the next two or three years is the story of a hand-to-hand struggle against difficulties and discouragements. The land upon which the Community had settled was rough and uncultivated, the surrounding neighborhood was hostile, and the means of support were few. But the Community went manfully to work, and gradually increased in the favor of God and man. Opposition was overcome by courtesy and uprightness, and the barren wastes were converted into gardens and fertile fields.

In 1851 the Community printing-office burned to the ground, and the paper was obliged to stop. But the delay from this source was short. One of the members of the Association owned a house in Brooklyn where he had formerly resided. Thither the Community press with all its paraphernalia was moved, and thenceforth the work of printing and publishing went on with renewed zeal. The paper increased in size and circulation, broadened in scope, and advanced by rapid steps from a semi-monthly to a tri-weekly issue. The favorite purpose of the Community at this period was the establishment of a Free Daily Press devoted to the sovereignty of Jesus Christ. In order to accomplish this, every nerve and faculty was strained up to the highest pitch, and by the beginning of 1854 success seemed near at hand.

But in the meantime events were in progress at Oneida which defeated temporarily the realization of this scheme, and turned the attention of the Community into another channel. Up to this time the Community had depended for support upon the produce of the soil, the earnings of a saw and grist mill, and the meager returns from two or three manufacturing operations of the simplest kind. Hence it is not surprising that, with all the difficulties incident to pioneer life, and especially with the burden of an expensive printing family at Brooklyn, the means of the Oneida Association at last began to fail. To make matters worse, in June, 1854, the chief financier at Oneida died—the man who had successfully managed the business affairs of the Association dur-

ing the most troublous years of its existence. Under the pressure of these circumstances the Community was aroused to the necessity of laying a solid financial and business foundation upon which to base its future plans. Accordingly at the close of the year the Brooklyn family removed to Oneida, the paper once more became a weekly, and Mr. Noyes began to devote his attention to developing and expanding the industrial resources of the Association. The old industries were reorganized and enlarged, and new ones were established. It was at this period that the Community commenced the manufacture, on the large scale, of steel traps and chains, an industry which has contributed much to the material welfare of the Association, and which has made its name famous in the vast trapping regions of the west, northwest and south. At about the same time the manufacture of silk thread and of silver-plated ware was started, and also the preserving of fruits and vegetables. In all its business activity the aim of the Community was to make labor attractive as well as productive. The much-vexed labor problem was taken up and studied from various points of view, and the attempt was made to bring the industrial life both of men and women into harmony with the great objects of their existence. Thus during the twelve years between 1854 and 1866 the Community was chiefly engaged in working out the theory and practice of inspired labor. At the end of that period the task was in a measure completed, and at the same time the financial condition of the Community had so far improved that the members were able to give more attention to the cultivation of their higher powers. Science and literature then rose to preeminence, and the Community entered upon a period of well-earned prosperity.

During the next seven or eight years the Oneida Community was in its prime. The material needs of the Association were bountifully supplied, the hours of labor were short and pleasant, the high ideals of education and culture occupied the central place in the ambition of all, and the great home was pervaded by a spirit of happiness and peace. But this most desirable state of affairs was not destined to last. At an evil hour the Community was deceived into admitting to membership a number of persons whose aims were foreign to the purposes of the institution—per-

sons who sought not the truth, but the loaves and fishes. As might have been expected, the presence of such elements operated as a poison, and trouble arose at once. If at this crisis the Community had been left to itself, it would have succeeded, perhaps, in ejecting this indigestible material, as it had done in similar cases before. But unfortunately the troubles from within were this time supplemented and aided by still more serious troubles from without. Public opinion was once more rising, and it soon became evident that a storm of indignation and wrath more terrible than ever before was about to burst forth. Ominous rumors were coming in from various quarters, and threats of persecution and violence began to be heard. Things grew blacker and blacker. At last in 1879 the clergy of New York State convened at Syracuse for the purpose of initiating judicial and legislative proceedings against the Oneida Community. In this exigency the members of the Oneida Community decided to yield. For over thirty years they had guided their lives, as they believed, in accordance with Bible truth; and feeling confident that the *principles* upon which they had acted would stand forever, they were willing to relinquish, so long as need be, the *practices* which gave offense. Consequently in June, 1879, the Oneida Community publicly abandoned its former manner of life, and its members assumed the relations and responsibilities of ordinary society. The complete dissolution of the Community soon followed. On the first of January, 1880, the members were incorporated under the laws of the State as a Joint Stock Company, and have since been carrying on the Community business in that capacity.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Oneida Community. I have endeavored merely to give a general idea of its character and aims, since a detailed account of the institution in its several aspects, and especially an attempt to justify its religious and social peculiarities would require more space than I can at present command.

—*George Wallingford Noyes.*

## THE UNSEEN.

"Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

WHEN Shakespeare wrote these lines he would probably as readily have believed that the "Music of the Spheres" would sometime be audible to human ears, as that the tones of the human voice would ever be heard for the distance of a hundred miles; yet the latter has long been an established fact; who can say that the former may not yet become so?

The intellect of man, undeveloped by education and in a state of nature, is so limited in its operations, that his mental as well as his physical vision is almost entirely obscured. The aboriginal man, although his whole life was a struggle against the fury of the elements and wild beasts, had long occupied the world, ere he could fashion a weapon with which to kill animals; and on his stony couch within some gloomy cavern, he trembled at the anger of his god as manifested in the flashing of the lightning or the roaring of the thunder.

If we go back in the history of the world to the earliest ages, to the cradle of mankind, to the first civilizations that arose in the fertile valleys of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Indus, long before "Babylon the mighty" had been overthrown by the great Cyrus, mythical Troy had been reared by Neptune, or the giant race of Pelops had rolled up the walls of Grecian Mycenae, we shall see that as far back as history or legend gives any account, there has been constant progress in the development of the mind of man, and he has never been without education of a certain kind. Even the most savage tribes have often had their physical senses trained to the highest stage of development.

Thus the Indian who roamed this country long before a white man had even dreamed of its existence, was dependent on the train-

ing and acuteness of his senses for his very means of subsistence. The very signs of the forest were as legible to him as are the printed pages of a book to the educated man of to-day. His well-trained ear could easily distinguish the difference in sound between the snapping of a twig under the moccasined foot of one of his own race, or beneath the paw of a bear; and he could travel for days through the trackless forest, determining his way only by the stars and the moss on the trunks of the trees. But although his physical senses were highly trained, he spoke of the bear as his grand-father, and the stars were to him only gleaming points in an airy void.

But as man emerges from barbarism and the scale of average intelligence is raised, his education is necessarily enlarged, and as his mind is gradually developed, a thirst for additional knowledge is created. When this time has arrived, physical and mental education must go hand in hand, the one the complement of the other, and to the educated intellect must be added the trained eye and ear.

The skillful musician can distinguish in an orchestral performance the tones of every separate instrument, while any one not versed in the art hears only the combined effect of the whole. And so the uneducated man walking abroad sees but a flowery field, or a rocky ledge, while the eye of the botanist or geologist discovers an endless detail of varied plants and herbs, or myriad shapes of rocky formations. The most interesting and beautiful of the works of nature may remain unseen from the fact of its mere commonness in every day life, as well as from the lack of mental and physical education in the beholder.

Yesterdav, the whole landscape was covered with snow, as though with a pure white mantle. How beautiful would its delicate tracery and intricate fretwork have appeared to the inhabitants of some tropic clime, or, if stimulated by the curiosity of the scientist, we had examined a few flakes under the microscope and seen revealed their countless forms, would we have passed it by with a mere casual glance? Or, later, as the warm bright rays of the kindly sun call all nature to renewed life and strength, the budding flowers spring forth and the birds carolling from every bough herald the approach of spring, will not the very commonness of the

recurrence of the ever-changing seasons keep us from fully appreciating the beauty of the scene? Even among the most enlightened of the ancients, the stars were long thought to be only emanations from the earth, rising like *ignes fatui* over marshy places.

He who would read the open book of nature and hope for a glance into the realm of the "Unseen," must have his mind trained to refined distinctions, subtle analyses, and acuteness of thought, and with these acquirements, although he can never hope to appropriate more than a single drop from the great ocean of the "Unseen," yet taking for his motto "*Nil desperandum*" he may comfort himself with the thought that as yet no limits to human discovery have been found and that the more thorough the training, the more of the "Unseen" will be revealed.

Surely the many centuries of the world's history have not been in vain. For man's intellect has been strengthened and his eyes have gradually been opened from age to age to discover more and more of the "Unseen," and to all the discoveries and all the vast literature of the ages the man of to-day is heir, and this rich inheritance is constantly being added to by new discoveries and new writings.

There is no limit to either the desires or the discoveries of the educated man in pursuit of knowledge. He has dived into the unfathomable depth and viewed the gloomy monsters of the deep; he has sailed high in the mighty vault of the heavens and tested the different conditions of the atmosphere; he has gazed upon other worlds through the telescope and pondered on their relative positions and characteristics; he has viewed the molecular world through the misroscope and wondered at the perfect life and development in even the smallest of living creatures. Who can tell what may not yet be accomplished, and what new and wonderful discoveries may not yet be made? For as the six thousand stars visible to the naked eye are to the forty-three millions visible through the largest telescope, or as the forty-three millions discernible by the telescope are to the countless myriads that follow each other eternally in space, so are man's past achievements to what the future may bring forth.

Then happy the man who can commune with the immortal

genius of the illustrious dead as embodied in their greatest works, and after years of patient toil is rewarded by a glance into the "Unseen"—a land more valuable by far than Plutus's mine or all the gems of Ophir. With all his faculties well trained and his mental vision strengthened, what new truths and beauties of nature's secret workings will not be revealed to him as he threads his toilsome way through the primeval forest, climbs the cloud-capped crag, or wanders by the shady brook rippling in sweet-voiced cadence? As the weary deer, hard pressed by the huntsmen, outstrips them and at last rests safe in its mountain home; so may he flee from the trials and cares of active life, seek some secluded glen, and there in the cool, refreshing shade, on the bank of some swift-running stream, bathing his soul in pure delight, read nature's wondrous story.

—*Frederick Delos Monfort.*

## THE LOVERS' OAK.

ON a small island in the middle of a beautiful Canadian lake, is a hollow, charred stump, which has a very romantic story connected with it. I heard the tale from the lips of a half-breed guide, as we sat eating our dinner near the stump in question after a morning's fishing. The stump rose to a height of some fifteen feet above our heads, and had been split by lightning on one side, leaving an opening several feet wide. It was much charred and blackened on the inside, but on the outside some of the bark still remained. The stump was that of a mammoth oak, and such was its extraordinary vitality, that on the summit there was still a scrawny branch covered with green leaves.

The country around the lake had always been inhabited by two tribes of Indians, the Ojebwas and Crees. They had been at peace with each other for many years, but at the time in question there was a most bitter warfare between them. It had arisen from a question about the possession of an unimportant piece of hunting ground. However insignificant was its cause, the quarrel itself was by no means a slight matter. Four bloody battles had already been fought, and many warriors had been slain on both sides.

The chief of the Ojebwas, whose name was Atuncus, was a young man of not more than twenty-three, but though so young he was a very brave warrior. Many attempts had been made to capture him, but they had all been thwarted by his bravery and vigilance. Before this bloody war he had been betrothed to a young maiden of the Crees, whose beauty and cleverness were famous through many tribes. Wama, for this was the maiden's name, was the daughter of a Cree chief, but her father and three brothers had all been killed in a battle with the Chippewas, a few months before. Wama had wished many times that she could join her betrothed, but the warrior who was then chief of the Crees, was also a suitor for her hand, and, suspecting her desire, he kept a close watch upon her.

One warm cloudy evening in June a canoe glided silently away from the east shore of the lake where was the camp of the Ojebwas. In it was the young chief, Atuncus. He paddled, with a quick silent stroke, directly across the lake. As he neared the west shore he proceeded more cautiously. Without the faintest sound, he pushed his canoe into some rushes till it was completely hidden. All was silent for a few moments, and then the long quavering cry of a loon floated forth over the lake, coming from the very place where the canoe had disappeared. A moment passed and then it was answered by the cry of a raccoon from the shore, or, at least, a wonderfully perfect imitation of this animal's cry. Soon, another canoe glided out from the shore and entered the rushes at the same place as the first one. Immediately afterwards the canoe of Atuncus appeared on the other side of the rushes, but it now held two figures instead of one. The slim crouching form in the bow was the maiden, Wama. She had stolen quietly away from the Cree camp and joined her lover at this place which they had agreed upon.

For a few rods the canoe crept along hidden in the shadow of the rushes. As it reached the end of the clump, the moon suddenly came from behind the clouds and rendered it almost as light as day. It made the scene one of wonderful beauty, but it was an ill-fated circumstance for the fugitives. A chorus of frightful yells suddenly burst upon the air, and a few rods away on their left, they say a canoe filled with four Cree warriors.

Wama's absence had been noticed and they had followed her. Alas for these unfortunate lovers now. They both seized paddles and plied them vigorously, but it was of no use, the other canoe gained on them steadily. Atuncus whispered a few words to Wama and ceased paddling as if in despair. The other canoe had approached within a few feet when, like a flash, he raised his tomahawk and sent it crashing through the bottom of the frail craft. At the same instant Wama, by a deft stroke of the paddle, whirled the canoe half round and sent it gliding away in another direction.

A yell of rage burst from the Crees. Their canoe was rapidly filling, but before Atuncus could seize his paddle and put their own canoe out of range, one of the Cree warriors threw a tomahawk with such good aim that it wounded him in the shoulder. They might yet have escaped, but the yells of the Crees had brought more warriors and now four other canoes were rapidly approaching them. Atuncus saw that further resistance was useless as his wound had badly disabled him. He was quickly seized and bound fast in the bottom of a canoe. Wama was placed in another canoe and the whole party proceeded toward the island in the center of the lake.

After landing, Wama was also securely bound and the warriors held a consultation. Atuncus's bravery and cunning were so renowned, that nearly all the Cree braves were in favor of putting him to death immediately for fear that he would escape. They could not, however, let pass so rich an opportunity for amusement as the torturing of a prisoner. Accordingly it was decided to tie him inside an immense hollow stump, which was near by, and there burn him to death. The canoes were sent over to the mainland and soon nearly the whole camp had reached the island to see this horrible spectacle.

Great heaps of dry wood and brush were piled up around the stump. Then Atuncus, firmly bound, was placed inside, and wood placed around him as high as the shoulders. The torch was applied, and the flames crept slowly upward around the doomed man. He remained unmoved through it all. Not by a cry or even a look did he show the torture he was undergoing. At last, his head fell forward on his breast and unconsciousness ended his

sufferings. Just then a low, sobbing cry was heard. A dark figure flew past and was seen for a moment on the edge of a large rock, overhanging the lake. There was a splash. Then all was still. Wama, who had been left alone all this time, had freed herself from her bonds, and had come forward just in time to see the piteous end of her lover. Overcome by the sight, she had taken the shortest way of ending her troubles, and let us hope that they were united in some world where their lives were not so sadly tragical as in this one.

Late in the evening, after the moon had set, I stepped into my canoe and paddled quietly out to the little island. When I was opposite Wama's Rock, I allowed the canoe to drift idly as it would, and I sat a long time thinking over the story of the unfortunate lovers. Suddenly, my heart gave a great thump. Surely I could see a dark figure leaning over the edge of the rock. There too was a gleam of flames through the trees with savage figures flitting about. Did I not hear a splash in the water? But where is my paddle? Ah! I have fallen asleep and dropped it overboard. I seize it just as it is floating out of reach, paddle leisurely back to camp and turn in to dream no more of these ill-fated lovers.

—*George Clarence Perkins.*

## HERE AND THERE.

THE reader will please bear in mind while perusing the following treatise, that wise historians have assigned the dates for the advent of trouble and woman very close together. Had Pandora never meddled with the box, had Eve never stolen the apple, mankind would still be enjoying the garden of Eden unmolested by care, unwearied by toil.

Now, so far from feeling duly penitent for all these misfortunes they have brought upon men, we find women working and elbowing their way among the crowd of men who seek fame and fortune at the bar, in the pulpit, and among the pedagogues, securing and for long periods of time retainiug positions that would be otherwise held by men. Let us look into the annals of the past and learn what has been the history of this branch of creation known as woman.

* * *

We find that it was not always with us as it is now. When record begins it was customary for a man to purchase his wife as he did his horse. (How have things changed, when an American woman can buy whatever she chooses out of the English aristocracy and that at reduced rates). It must be evident that the first step in the wrong direction was taken when this custom of buying and selling was abolished. So long as a woman was treated as an unreasoning commodity, just so long was she likely to be one. Jacob naturally did not regard Leah or Rachel in much different light from the "striped and streaked calves" that he raised so successfully. Among the Jews buying and selling of the female kind was very common, and the performance of Jacob could not have created much comment, for, he being in financial straits, his father-in-law had to take it out in trade.

It is quite likely too that the establishment of monogamy had much to do with the equalization of the position of men and women. The Greeks had many good ideas regarding woman's duty to stay home and make it comfortable for the men. Homer makes Penelope and Nausicaa very obedient and industrious. But in the latter days of Rome we find a sad change; women had obtained a considerable part of the wealth of the empire. And we behold the pitiful spectacle of the rich wife lending money to her poor husband at exorbitant rates of interest. Divorce seems also to have been much more frequent among the women than among the men, for St. Jerome tells us of one woman who was married to her twenty-third husband, she being only his twenty-first wife.

While the influence of Christianity has been great in elevating the moral position of woman. her political and social place has fortunately not been much raised by that influence. In the writings of the fathers, woman is regarded as the door of hell, and the mother of all evils. She should be ashamed of the very thought that she is a woman. It is probable that these teachings have been at the bottom of much very wise and just legislation in regard to the sex. It cannot be denied that during the middle ages the laws on this subject directly inspired by these doctrines placed woman on a lower plane than did the pagan law during the time of the empire. It is asserted by some prejudiced and biased historians that the gift of our Teutonic mothers was purity of morals

and of life and that what we have of purity to-day is largely due to them. But even if this be true the highly pugnacious and unladylike conduct of these same matrons is constantly attested to.

The women of the feudal castle had nice bowers and gardens made for them, and were kept by the laws of society and etiquette within their proper sphere, but as the feudal system was gradually replaced by the civilization we know to-day, as the age of chivalry gradually faded away, the position of woman changed for the worse. The age of advancement has ended her dependence, aud now with resistless stride she marches down upon mankind and claims what she calls her "rights."

* * *

So much for the general history of this tendency to self-assertion and advancement among the weaker sex. What I desire particularly to call attention to is the alarming growth to which the spirit has attained in educational matters.

It must be admitted by all that as a fit preparation to become the helpmate and counselor of man, woman should be raised in as complete and perfect ignorance of him as possible. This much-to-be-desired end, can be best attained by immuring her in a young ladies' boarding school or female seminary, here she will have plenty of time to ruminate on the virtues of the opposite sex and to inculcate proper ideas concerning him, and with no danger that these shall be shattered by existing facts.

But in what painful contrast to this beautful ideal to the facts in the case stand out. We see young women walking the campus, at work in the library, attending recitations, sometimes in the very room with the brothers with whom they have been raised. And it is asserted that these young women frequently take higher standing than their brother, regardless of the great danger that their female minds incur by so doing.

It is much easier to prevent an evil than to cure it, and we glory in the wise and noble stand taken by some of the oldest and richest educational institutions in this country, in not allowing women to enter on equal terms with men. Would that the example of Harvard and Yale had been taken by some of our later institutions. To be sure Harvard has built a "lean to" where women may learn as much as their feeble minds can grasp, but they are not allowed

to pollute the holy of holies with their contaminating presence, and Yale says she has no use for women, they are no good in athletics any way.

A young woman who enters college must know that she endangers her social position. There are many men who feel embarrassed in the presence of a woman who knows the multiplication table, to say nothing of Greek. She must know that she will be called "co-ed." and that she is spending her time in cultivating her intellect when many men will rate her solely on her looks, dress and her papa's income. Let me then in conclusion urge upon university authorities in every quarter to be careful not to allow any further encroachment on that ancient right of man, of having greater facilities for education than woman. In those institutions where they have not gained a hold let them be kept at safe distance, and let not man's superiority be endangered by competition. Where the insidious foe has gained a footing we must be still more cautious. If we cannot be superiors, let us at least be exclusive, and as far as possible snobbish, thus proving that intelligence in woman is not to be countenanced and that co-education is a failure.

## THE MONTH.

THE past few weeks have been comparatively uneventful; the spring examinations and holidays are close at hand, and Cornellians have turned their attention to utilizing the latter part of the term to the best advantage. What occurrences have seemed worthy of special mention, are chronicled below.

Dr. Schurman and ex-President White have started for California, to deliver their lecture-courses as non-resident professors in the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The second number of the *Philosophical Review* has appeared. The promise of the inaugural number is well sustained. The work of the Sage School of Philosophy is represented in numerous reviews and philosophical abstracts.

Following the example of numerous other leading departments, the faculty and graduate students of the school have organized a Philosophical Club, which will pursue advanced study in bi-weekly

meetings. The officers are F. C. French, president; T. W. Taylor, jr., vice-president; R. J. Kellogg, secretary and treasurer; additional members of the executive committee, W. F. Willcox and Ernest Albee. A course of lectures by non-resident specialists is proposed.

The Freshman banquet and the Sage Freshman banquet passed off in an enjoyable manner. The Winter Meets were satisfactory in performance and attendance.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert at Barnes Hall for the benefit of the piano fund. The fourth Chamber Concert was given in the same place on the 11th. The soloists were Signor Galassi and Mme. Camilla Urso. A concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is announced for next term.

## EXCHANGES.

LAST month we discussed in this column the short story as it is seen in our college publications. This month we will take a look at the work of that much be-littled and down-trodden personage, the college poet. While a great deal that he has written is as undoubtedly trash as the effusions published in the daily papers throughout the land, much also is good, and some of it, very good. The slow change that has in the last forty or fifty years come over the character of the prose productions of college men, from deeply abstruse subjects that the writer dimly comprehended, to less ambitious and more appropriate themes, has overtaken in its course the college verse. Where formerly the poetical productions were for the most part of a character to make one lift one's hat in awe—and pass on—the verse of the best college periodicals is now of a much lighter, and consequently of a much more enjoyable vein. College men cannot be expected to be full-fledged philosophers or venerable moralizers, and a Thanatopsis is a very rare production. The lighter styles of verse are, however, far more accessible to the young aspirant for poetic laurels. Here he has a field in which, with but a small outlay of imagination and no deep thought, he may display all the graces of form, all the pretty turns of wit, of which he is capable. The unripe talent which would make but a poor showing in blank verse and ponderous metre, may write "vers de societé" most acceptably.

Whether the long neglected "artificial" forms of Ronsard and Villon owe their revival in this country to the college poets, as has been claimed, or whether *Life* and *The Century* are responsible for their introduction, their appearance was doubtless hailed with a sigh of relief by every reader

of college magazines. And the talent expended on the rondeaus, ballades, and triolets gave back far greater returns than that spent in the old fields. It would scarcely be rash to say that many of the very best specimens of these forms of verse that have been written in this country, have appeared first in college publications.

Not content with the rather restricted variety allowed by these forms, the writers began to branch out into quatrains, five line verses, and fantastic arrangements generally, roaming at will among the thousand combinations of lines and metres that imagination and the characters of the productions could suggest. This gave a pleasing variety to the verses, and when well done and not carried to excess, sometimes produce most "catching" and dainty results. The *Trinity Tablet* has been rather given to verses of this character, and the following is one of the best of those lately printed:

PROB. PHIL.

A miss is as good as a mile;
A kiss twice as good as a smile.
  Not to miss any kiss,
  But to kiss every miss,
Will turn miles
    Into smiles,
And smiles into kisses
    From misses.
For the maiden who'll smile
Is a miss worth the while
Of your walking a mile.
  But the damsel you kiss
  Is worth two of the miss
Who's only as good as a mile.

The sonnet seems to have held its own through all the changes of the last two decades, and scarcely a month passes that at least one does not appear in some college magazine. The various "Lits" seem most addicted to the sonnet as the form of literary dissipation most befitting their solid and dignified position. We present two unusually good ones from the *Amherst Lit.*

THE POETRY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

*Two Sonnets.*

I.

Within this spacious House of Life arise
  What wondrous chambers and what stately halls;
  Where images of light adorn the walls;
And colors, glorious to our eager eyes,
Fill us with rapture and with glad surprise.
  Here sound divine our inmost soul enthralls,
  Or surging music wild and dread appals

Our ravished spirit that all trembling lies.
Each jewelled chamber and each gorgeous room
Gathers its glory and its living fire
More rich and varied than the tropic's bloom,
Flashing, yet sombre as a funeral pyre,
Awful and urgent as the dawn of doom,
All from his genius sun-like, dread and dire.

II.

Beyond the smoke and din of London, here
Rossetti dwelt in the mild Muse's light,
Far from the fierce world-storms whose whirl and flight
Blinded his fellows with their mad career.
Here blithely dwelt his soul in air more clear
Than circles round the mountain's wind-swept height,
In mediaeval splendor and delight.
That shed on him what glory and what cheer.
Here Death and Awe kept state with him ; here dwelt
The gracious forms of Song, Romance and Art ;
And here in rapture and with reverent knee
To mystic worship of Love he gravely knelt,
In song-bowers where sweet voices soothed his heart,
And lute-notes golden murmured liquidly.

For examples of the French artificial forms, there are several rondeaus this month, the best of which, from the Brown *Magazine*, we give below. The triolet which follows, from the *Inlander* (Mich.), is given less on account of particular merit, than as showing that co-education is regarded with more resignation at Ann Arbor than at some other universities.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Oh Harp, of life unchecked, that playest low,
Or wild, or sweet and tremulously slow,
Or shrilling up and out in cadence free
Dost voice the very heart o' the wind to me ;
Tell me the Master who attunes thee so !

Once I had named thy song mere lover's woe,
And thee a yielding maid, who could'st but show
Thy wooer's will, and simple reflex be,
Oh Harp, of life.

But now thy brave, strong melody I know,
That utterest 'gainst the stress of air aglow
With strife, a clear insistent minstrelsy.
What though a tempest, hissing death, strike thee !
Thou ringest as thou art for friend or foe,
Oh Harp of life.

ONE CONSEQUENCE OF CO-EDUCATION.

BEFORE.

Recitation's a bore,
And it's surely vexatious
O'er my note-book to pore;
Recitation's a bore,
So I'll study no more,
For knowledge rapacious;
Recitation's a bore,
And it's surely vexatious.

AFTER.

Recitation's delight,
And it's surely a pleasure:
Her smile is so bright,
Recitation's delight,
For to gain but a sight,
So joy without measure;
Recitation's delight,
And it's surely a pleasure.

The quatrain, and short, pithy verses generally, have always been the *Brunonian's* specialty, and in them it certainly excels. Little need be said about the merit of the Brown verse, for it generally takes the lion's share of every exchange column. Such verses as the following bright specimens seem to make the Exchange Editor's shears itch to clip them.

"'Tis dull without, to-day," said he.
"And why without, pray," answered she.
His head a trifle nearer bent—
"Why, without you, of course I meant."

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?
And gather honey all the day
From every open flower?

"It's largely done by industry,
By hustling round the earth;
And working everything that's green
For all the thing is worth."

"METRICAL."

To meet her is my chief delight:
All care and sorrow take their flight
Whene'er I chance on path or stile
To meet her.

And so in verses gay and bright
In praise of all her charms I write,
My fancies running all the while
To metre.

IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore,
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh! now repeat thyself to me."

We do not wish to be understood as asserting that the solemn, not to say mournful style of verse has entirely departed from the columns of our exchanges. It has not, by any means, and the farther west we go, the more solemn and didactic become the poems; but in the eastern colleges lighter verses have almost entirely taken their place. Here is one, however, from the venerable *Nassau Lit.* that is certainly well written:

THE DIRGE OF YEARS.

"Awful is the dirge of years."—*Beecher.*

Far sadder than solemn anthems,
Far deeper than sighs or tears,
Far grander than ocean's thunder,
Is the awful dirge of years.

The dirge of the days departed,
The song by the ages sung,
The saga that first was chanted,
When the earth and stars were young.

The strnggles of men for duty,
The triumphs that follow strife,
The suffering, sorrow and sadness,
With which the years are rife.

Far sadder than solemn anthems,
Far deeper than sighs or tears,
Far grander than ocean's thunder,
Is the awful dirge of years.

In ending, we clip three poems at random to illustrate our short review of verse-making as it is at present among the colleges and universities.

UNPUBLISHED POEM OF LORD B.

TO A FAIR DAMSEL

Who glanced timidly at him from the opposite side of a Broadway car.

Sweet maid, and dost thou fear my look,
As college students do a book?

Pray gaze on me—be not afraid,
I shall not mind it, gentle maid.
That eye of thine is brighter far
Than rays from Heaven's brightest star.
A sweeter face I ne'er did see;
Pray look again, and gaze on me.
Would I might kiss those dainty lips,
As bee from flower honey sips!
But fate forbids we meet, sweet maid,
So gaze again—be not afraid.

—*Blue and White.*

FOUND ON THE FLY LEAF OF AN OLD BOOK.

I looked up "Philopena" ere I sent
This book to you. On truthfulness intent
I found, in Greek 'twas writ, "loves punishment."

On great queen's birthdays, they most graciously
Send out through their domains a proud decree
That all deep gaolèd suff'rers shall be free.

But on thy birthday, wilt thou sweetly deign,
Since I am free from Philopena's chain,
To bind me to thee as a slave again?

—*The Inlander.*

HEART VS. ART.

Fair lady of the soulful eyes
You're thinking now, as I surmise,
As you look rouud and catch my gaze
Fixed on you, that love's glad amaze
Has touched my heart, and your pink charms
Of dimpled face and rounded arms
Have brought you one admirer more?
Ah, no, for I've been there before
And art admire, but nature love,
Fair lady, so your charms can move
No trace of sweet love in my heart
Though they are fine as works of art.

—*Red and Blue.*

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Spirit of Modern Philosophy. An Essay in the Form of Lectures.* By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., Assistant Professor in Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1892.

This book originated in an attempt of the author to describe to a few friends in a simple and untechnical fashion the answers that modern philosophy has given to some of its chief problems. These lectures were afterwards rewritten and enlarged, and presented to public audiences in Harvard University and elsewhere. In this volume the author has given a final

form to his results, and presents them to the general reading public. He has, however, not confined himself to mere description of the theories of others, but has given in the latter half of the work a confession of his own philosophical faith. He has reached his position of course in dependence upon the history of thought, and asserts that "our best originality, if we ever get any originality, must spring from this very dependence." In his treatment of the various philosophical systems the author does not aim at such fullness of detail or technical accuracy as would be demanded in an ordinary text book on the history of philosophy. He strives to portray each thinker in his historical relations and to determine just what has been of permanent value in his contribution. He goes straight to the heart of the problem that he considers to be of greatest spiritual significance for mankind. Those who are acquainted with Professor Royce's previous writings will recognize how well fitted is his genius for such an undertaking. The pleasing literary style, the extremely happy illustrations, the artistic biographical touches and judicious quotations, all combine to render the historical part of his volume most fascinating.

His own philosophical creed is in the main identical with that which he announced some years ago in his "Religious Aspects of Philosophy," and is in the main that of post-Kantian Idealism. It may be summed up in one sentence: "There is one absolute World-Self; who embraces, and is, all reality; whose consciousness includes and infinitely transcends our own, in whose unity all the laws of nature and all the mysteries of experience must have their solution and their very being (p. 349)."

But Dr. Royce does more than to formulate this postulate, which he may be said to hold in common with all Idealists. In his twelfth lecture, which deals with Physical Law and Freedom, he applies his theory to the problems of cosmology and free agency. His treatment of these questions is original and highly suggestive. The world of space and time, which Professor Royce calls the World of Description, he finds to be under the strict rule of necessity, the world of spiritual facts, on the other hand, which he denominates the World of Appreciation, is not subject to the categories of the external world, but must be known in and through the category of self-consciousness. It is difficult to understand his solution of the problem of freedom. We possess freedom, he seems to say, because our conscious volition is a fragment of the freedom of the World-Will. "As parts of an eternal order, we do not indeed choose this thing or that in time, but help to choose out and out what world this fatal temporal world shall eternally be and have been." This reads like pure mysticism, and seems to guarantee our freedom by merging the finite self into the Infinite.

While it is not to be expected that all readers will agree with Professor Royce's conclusions, they will undoubtedly be delighted with the clearness and freshness of his historical presentation, and with the earnestness and candor of the constructive section of his work.

*Italian Composition.* By C. H. Grandgent. (Heath's Modern Language Series). Boston. Heath & Co., 1891.

All teachers and students of Italian will hail Mr. Grandgent's little book with joy. The Italian grammars by the same author absolutely needed a supplement of this kind, for the complete absence of *simple* sentences for practice make that grammar most unsatisfactory for class purposes, and teachers have felt that in spite of its scholarly qualities no first class results could be obtained with it. Nothing irritates the beginner more than to be fed with theories only. This "Italian Composition" supplies what the "Italian Grammar" lacks. The book is divided into three parts. Part I contains twenty exercises, each of which is made up of a series of English sentences bearing upon the declensions of nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and upon the conjugation of the verbs. Part II is modeled on the principle underlying Mr. Grandgent's books on French composition,—that of furnishing a series of texts in the language into which the student is to translate, and giving English exercises based on these texts. Part III contains fifteen additional English exercises of a more difficult character adapted from W. D. Howells, H. James, H. W. Beecher, and from newspaper articles. To this third part are added a collection of formulas used in letter writing.

The book gives one the impression of being very carefully done; especially Part II, we think, will prove very useful. The method applied there is thoroughly good; it enables the student to learn many idiomatic terms and words with comparative ease and helps him to enter into the spirit of the language. We should like to have seen more sentences in Part I. Precisely the drill in the rudiments of a language is apt to be neglected. If these rudiments are once completely mastered, much inexactness, confusion and lack of confidence are obviated from the start. We doubt strongly whether, for instance, exercises IX and X will enable the student to get a thorough knowledge of that difficult chapter of Italian grammar, the pronoun. It is often believed that such points are acquired later by practice. Some are, no doubt, after a time, but the more difficult ones are apt to cause trouble for years, even when the student thinks he can rely on his knowledge of the fundamental principles.

Some additional notes on pronunciation and a list of irregular verbs are appended to the book. It is a great comfort to the beginner in translating not to have to turn to another book in looking up forms of the irregular verbs.

On the whole, the book ought to give great satisfaction wherever it is used.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From Houghton, Miffin & Co., Boston:*

The Spirit of Modern Philosophy, by Josiah Royce.

*From the Fowler & Wells Co., New York:*

Delsartean Physical Culture.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1892. NO. 7.

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

## AN ANGLO-SAXON PREJUDICE.

TO a student of the theory and history of art who was born to the use of the English tongue, there comes early in his studies a sense of the fact that the literature in English which may be of use to him is comparatively meager. Later perhaps it occurs to him that almost all of the general treatises on the formative arts, especially painting and sculpture, are translations, and soon or late the conviction is forced upon him that the scholars of his own race have for the most part been interested in other themes, and if he wishes to push his studies very far he must turn to other peoples and other tongues. This is a disappointment, and for a time an inconvenience, though one not very difficult to bear when it is remembered that fellow students in other departments of knowledge find it desirable to carry their studies beyond the range of English literature, and that no language covers all the sum of human thought. But there is a phase of the matter to which one is not so easily reconciled; and that is that the meagerness of literature indicates indifference to the theme.

This indifference is manifested in various ways, to the most obvious one of which I have just referred. But there are others which though at first not so noticeable are more significant. Indifference to the formative arts as purely fine art, is, it seems to me, but one phase of a very general misconception of the significance of the fine arts as a whole. It is not, I think, too much to say that with a very large proportion of the Anglo-Saxon race the fine arts are estimated as a pleasant but unnecessary adjunct to civilization. This certainly is the common estimate put upon them, and of far too great a degree is it the estimate, conscious or unconscious, of scholarly and learned persons. Indeed, with some the term Fine Arts is unpleasantly suggestive of over refinement, luxury and degeneration. Usually a person who entertains such an opinion has a very limited and uncertain conception of what the fine arts are. That he should be uncertain as to the meaning of the term is not strange, for its use has varied somewhat with different generations. Originally, it was understood to include all the arts founded upon æsthetic motives, whether they made their appeal through the sense of sound, or sight, or both. This it seems to me is the most reasonable use of the term, though latterly there has been a tendency to restrict its use to the formative arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, etc., or even to the first two of these. But if you ask our acquaintance to whom the fine arts are suggestive of enervation and degeneracy, to define the term, you will usually discover that he has, in his own mind, not only restricted it so as to include no more than painting and sculpture, but that he understands the term to indicate a particular phase of the two arts and that a somewhat effeminate and sensuous one. Having unconsciously perhaps restricted the significance of the term to a form or phase of the art which receives its most complete manifestation in a somewhat degenerate age, it is not strange that he should have reached the conclusion that the one is indicative of the other. Such a person is utterly at sea in his conception of what art is, and of its relation to and significance in human life. Perhaps the person I have assumed is an extreme case, though he is not so uncommon as one might suppose. But there is one respect in which he has a numerous kindred. To him art is an excrescence, something artificial, neither having its life

in the people among which it appears, nor exerting a very marked or controlling influence upon them. And as it is to him so it is to many another, even to many a student of human life and human history.

It would be interesting to follow back the lines of influence and discover, if possible the sources of this misconception, the basis of this one sided view of human life. The problem is, however, an intricate one and not included in our present purpose. But the condition has been upon us in greater or less degree for a long time, not less than two or three hundred years. Literary forms of the fine arts have been best understood and have suffered least. There has always been among English speaking people a strong literary craft, so that though the relations of the fine arts might not be very clearly conceived, it has not been possible that artistic literature should be lost sight of or its significance be entirely underestimated. In the formative arts quite different conditions have existed. Since the decline of Gothic art none of the formative arts have had a development, either in England or other Anglo-Saxon communities, at all corresponding to the general course of civilization. This is especially true of painting and sculpture. Painters and sculptors and their work have to a considerable degree been imported, but indigenous art has been exceedingly slow to take root. In England a change has taken place, and there is to-day a native school of considerable value firmly established. The change is, however, too recent and as yet too limited in its relation to the Anglo-Saxon world to modify very largely the general conception of what art is.

And now what is art? Art is not a mere imitation of some natural form or effect. Art is not a trick to tickle us by its ingenuity. Broadly stated, art may be said to be the expression of an esthetic motive. This is very broad, too broad, perhaps some will think, as it includes the bedecking of an Indian's head with feathers, and the cut of a swell's garments, as well as the master-piece in literature or music; the lofty designs of Michel Angelo and the majestic interior of Santa Sophia. And yet it is well, I think, to consider the matter thus comprehensively that we may the better understand its significance. It enters practically as an activity or as a perception into about every human life. The person who

would not be moved in any way by the beautiful, the sublime, the grotesque, or the ugly, would be considered as verging upon the inhuman; and if there be a tribe or nation in which it has not happened that some of its numbers having perceived these influences have in turn endeavored to produce corresponding effects upon their fellow men, I have not heard of it. Certainly among every civilized or semi-civilized people the endeavor is constantly made, and in numberless ways, to induce esthetic emotions. Art then thus comprehensively considered is as universal as the human race. It is not the peculiar property of civilized man and is not the special accompaniment of degeneracy and decay. It is present with all races in all ages. It is an exponent of the life that produces it and in turn it influences and modifies that life.

These statements, true of art in general, are also true in a modified degree of the formative arts. The South Sea Islander decorates his paddle with taste and skill until it is the joy of all who see it, and the artist of prehistoric times doubtless gained distinction with his pictures of the hairy mammoth drawn on pieces of its own tusks. In our own day the galleries and shops of the picture dealers are filled with the works of skillful painters, while the illustrated paper enters our homes and satisfies or outrages our taste, in either case producing its effect whether we will or no. These arts are here all about us, we cannot get away from them. They influence our lives, we cannot help it if we would. They have been potent influences since the race began, and yet we see them treated as though they had no vital relation to human life.

Not long ago I had occasion to ascertain the exact dates in the life of Hogarth and turned to *Green's History of the English People* as the book nearest at hand likely to give them to me. To my astonishment the name of Hogarth was not there. Now it should be borne in mind that this work is not a political history exclusively or a political and military history. The book, without doubt, attempts to be what its title indicates, a history of the English people and of all the influences that have tended to make them what they are. Looking down the index I found the names of social and religious reformers, poets, writers of hymns, playwrights, novelists and satirists. Curious to see whether any representatives of the non-literary arts were given I looked and failed to find one.

I looked for Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the movement that has given to England a national art—I found—Reynolds Dr., a Puritan, accepted a bishopric; Sir Christopher Wren, who may almost be said to have changed the face of England, who certainly left the mark of his hand upon it for centuries; he was not there, nor could I find the name of a painter, draughtsman, or engraver. The omission of Hogarth seems especially deplorable, not only because he is an interesting figure in the history of painting, but because in his different series of engraved designs he has shown himself to be one of the greatest satirists that has ever lived. These works produced a profound impression so that they were largely copied and pirated. And I doubt if any writer of his time reached a large number of people more effectively than did Hogarth with these engraved plates. I might multiply examples but one more will have to suffice. It is *Buckle's History of Civilization*. Here at any rate, one would have a right to expect that all the elements that affect human life would receive consideration. The author himself leads us to expect it, for in one of the early pages of the introduction he tells us that other men have written history in parts, some the history of politics, some military history, some economic history, some the history of fine arts, etc., but that it is his purpose to write history comprehensively. He then proceeds with his work, so far as I can discover, precisely as though man had no æsthetic nature whatever. He treats of him as a physical being, capable of hunger, pain and suffering. He considers him as an intellectual or spiritual being, having scientific faculties capable of distinguishing between truth and untruth, having also ethical faculties by which he distinguished good from evil. But the whole range of æsthetic faculties is simply omitted.

I have written for the title "An Anglo-Saxon Prejudice," but I trust no one will accuse me of implying that all members of that illustrious race are subject to the prejudice I have endeavored to portray. Many, I know, are not, and their number is apparently increasing. John Ruskin, that somewhat erratic writer on art, has done more, it seems to me, to breach the walls of prejudice than any other man, for whatever may be the value of his judgments in certain cases, he never for a moment loses sight of the intimate relation between art and other elements of civilization,

and he writes words that men must listen to. Other men, such as Hammerton and Professor Norton, are doing effective work for the same cause. Silently, too, artistic productions are exerting an influence. Art schools and departments of art are organizing every where, and it does not seem too much to hope that the Anglo-Saxon estimate of art may sometime be reversed.

It will not do to suppose either that this prejudice is confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. It certainly has been manifested elsewhere. I think, however, that any comparison between our literature and the literatures of the three or four great peoples with which only one would be willing to measure ourselves will easily establish the fact that in attention to and understanding of the fine arts we are far in the rear. Examination of educational systems can only lead to the same conclusion, and I fail to see how it can be maintained that the title is not a just one.

*—H. S. Gutsell.*

## ODE TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

[*Dedicated to Professor Corson*].

### I.

Whene'er in thought, Cornell, I turn to thee,
Thy merry chimes each time prelude the dream,
The vision old of college days which teem
With memories newer days endear to me,
Until I seem to see
The waters of Cayuga in the wake
Of eight-oared shells reflect the sun
Which, setting, biddeth to the lake
Those many-toned farewells which one by one
All into grey tints run;
And I, who love sweet-doing-nought, recline
Mid idle oars and make her slumbers mine,
Only to wake when from a far off tower
The college bells with rising stars combine
To tell me of the hour,

Which hath but little power
To rouse me from a water-dream so dear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

II.

Thus, too, in dreams 'long narrow paths well known
I wander through a rocky gorge astray,
Down shady banks that free me from the sway
Of summer heats and thoughts oppressive grown ;
For oft have I alone
Sought refuge there from noons of mind and heart,
Descending winding stairs cut in a wall
Of layered rock by more than human art,
To listen to the roaring waterfall
Whose mists of spray bathe all
The trees around, and fill the heated air
With spring-time cool, far more than summer's share.
Where oft of old, I linger now once more
To feed my soul on nature's wholesome fare,
Until, the vision o'er,
Above the waters' roar
Faint notes of bells fall on my listening ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

III.

But not alone Cayuga's lake I seek
By night, or Cascadilla's gorge at noon.
Thy gifts are not Cornellia's only boon,
Fair Nature, leaving all beside them weak ;
For from the sluggish creek,—
We called it Rhine,—that lakeward wends its way,
And deep-cut, torrent-worn ravines between,
New Ithaca climbs ever day by day
Unweariedly a hill with verdure green,
A home endeared, I ween,
To all who come its student haunts to know,
And, sharing its ambition come to grow
Unconsciously attached to that fair crown

Of lights upon the hill, which fame bestow,
And nobly earned renown
Upon the aspiring town
That lends with me to bells no listless ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

IV.

Lake, gorges, ay, and town, each their due share
Of memories awake, but most of all,
When chimes I hear, Cornell, do I recall
Thy massive halls, thy drives and gardens fair,
And that pure atmosphere
Which makes thee strong to overcome the claims
Of older rivals to the place of old
By Athens held, however great their names.
Though young in years, oh, be thou free and bold
Gifts thine alone to hold,
That fearing neither past nor years to be,
Thy sons and friends may come in thee to see
A city set upon a lofty hill
Forth-flashing threefold light o'er land and sea
Unweariedly, until,
Prophetic of God's will,
Cornellian words fall on Columbia's ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

V.

A threefold light, I said, for thou must feed,
Columbia's Athens, body, mind and soul,
And threefold make thy foster-children's goal,
If thou wouldst meet the coming age's need,
And shine supreme indeed.
Hence hail, ye athletes all who strive to make
Your nerves and muscles bide each manly test;
Who long have floated on Cayuga's lake
Olympian crews none venture to contest
Nor east, nor south, nor west.
Hail, doubly hail, ye athletes of the mind,

Who wreaths of conquering thought contend to bind
Around your youthful mother's spacious brow.
But trebly hail, ye who, too long outshined
By brawn and brain, Cornell e'en now
With spirit-lore endow,
And words that bell-like reach the spirit's ear.
Sweet chimes, ring on, your merry notes I hear.

—*Courtney Langdon.*

## A STUDY IN GRAY.

SHE was undeniably an old maid—though truly she never dreamed of denying it—and, to human eves, was not lovely to look upon. For worry and trouble, and above all want and over work had pinched and drawn her face and pinched and warped her figure.

All day and every day she sat from gray dawn, before the sun began to redden the patch of murky sky that showed from her tiny attic window (attic, not Attic, nor in any way to be associated with the blue free skies, and blue free bays and bluff free headlands of Greece) from gray dawn till the last purple rays of the sun had faded from the sky she could *not* see from her little east window, and left her to a grayer twilight, sat and stitched painfully at her rough work. Far below her sounded the senseless rumble of the mighty city. Now there was a sudden rush and rattle and roar, and her heart beat a little faster, for she knew the fire engine was dashing to its work, probably some place where other women like her sat wearily through the gray winter days. And again the bells in a far-off church tower—she could just glimpse the peak of it among the roofs—solemnly chimed the truant hours, and she thought of the bells in her own little peaceful country home, and the tears welled up into her eyes. For she thought of many things. How could she help it, silently stitching there alone? She had no friends—sounds odd, doesn't it—no friends to drop in and chat with her, and so she thought of Jennie the next door neighbor's girl, whom she used to play with when mud pies, dolls, and mock housekeeping were in order. She

never went out where the laughing winds could romp with her, nor the jovial sun smile on her, never went out at all till it had grown so dusk she could work no longer. So she thought of the scrambles through the briery woods where she picked the spicy blackberries, and whence she used to come racing home scratched and sunburnt and tousled, just as the cows came jingling their bells up the fragrant lane.

And because she met only with stern faces and sharp words when she carried the result of her patient labor to the employers, she must think of the dear old father and mother who were so tender of her girlhood and of the lover whom she had lost. Lost? Yes, that is it. Dead? No one knows; but lost? Yes, when she fled from the old place it seemed as though the most dread nook in the wide world was the old home where every room was peopled with the shades of the lost and dead. And now—now she could not go back.

No friends, did I say? Ah, but that is a mistake. For she has a most faithful friend, Chirp. To be sure, he's only a pert, rusty, ruffled, little English sparrow, but he is faithful. A hundred times a day he lights on the window sill with a merry flirt of his tail, cocks up an eye at her, wonders why she stays there stitching away in all this fine sunshine, and talks away at her, telling her, bird fashion, to come out for a flight, come out with him. And she looks up and smiles and nods, but never follows his advice, so he gives his tail another flirt and says to himself, "Well, maybe by and by she'll be ready. Good-by." And off he goes. Not quite ready yet, Chirp.

So again he is always on hand to keep her company at meal times, sharing her crumbs and chirping a cheerful defiance of cold and hunger and despair. And then, these cold winter nights, he huddles inside the broken shutter close up against the pane, and gets what warmth he can from the room within. Close friends, Chirp and my old maid.

That was a hard winter, '74. Many an honest man and woman starved unknown to the rest of the world. Our old maid was breathing thankfully as, more weary and pinched and wan than ever, she still sat stitching, in these balmy spring days. And Chirp was coming and going perter than ever, but less rusty, less ruffled.

And to-day he seemed even unusually excited, flirting to and fro, coming and going, till at last fairly flying up against the pane, he drew the old maid's attention. Then he pranced back and forth, started off in little flights, only to come hastily back, chirping and calling in a manner as never this sparrow had done before. And then the old maid saw that he was calling to another sparrow, shyer, that fluttered almost up, but always kept away. At last the other lit just a moment, took a hasty survey of the premises, and off they flew. The old maid could not explain this strange conduct. Stitch, stitch, she sat there working away, all her thoughts bent on Chirp. What was the matter? He had never brought a strange sparrow there before! Presently Chirp appeared with a straw in his beak, then the other sparrow with a bit of yarn. These they arranged inside the broken shutter, then off they flew together.

Then it came over the poor old maid. Even Chirp had no longer a place in his heart for his lonely friend. He and his mate, happy in the bright May sunshine, building their nest,—the old maid leaned her head over on the window sill, and sat bowed with sadness, thinking of the days of old, days full of happy promise—and this the fulfillment! Hot tears wet her thin shriveled hand. The cloth she had been sewing on slipped to the floor. Chirp and his happy little mate, ever less shy, came and went busily, stopping to twitter cheerily, "Take heart, old friend, these are the days when all the world grows young again, and every one is happy;" but she did not heed the tears, nor the fallen work, nor the happy sparrows. She was thinking of the day when Tom slipped the ring on her finger, and, putting his arm around her, said, "Now Maggie, you will always love me, and not give up if I am long gone?" And she had smiled her answer, and neither separation, nor years, nor work, nor want seemed frightful to her.

It all seemed to come up and fade in a moment, yet when she raised her head and looked about her with red eyes, the purple light had already faded from the unseen western sky, the gray dusk had settled upon the city, a million lights twinkled over and under the city roofs, the deep shadows deepened in the bare little room, and Chirp and his tiny mate were just ensconcing themselves with contented, smothered little twitters inside the broken shutter.

She looked with amazed apathy. She had lost to-morrow's dinner. Somehow she did not care. For many a long year the barren seasons had come and gone and still had ever found the brave little old maid stitching away cheerily, hopefully. Now there was a new feeling in her heart. It was despair.

There was a knock at the shaky door. The old maid started—did not answer. In all these long, bare years, there had never come a knock upon her door. But though she could not find her voice to answer, the door slowly opened, and a man stepped in. The gray dusk shrouded his form and features. His head was bowed and gray, and there were many deep wrinkles in his dimly outlined face. "Maggie!" he said. "Oh, Tom!" cried the old maid, "you have come!"

In rainy April Chirp would have been at a loss to explain the strange scene in the old maid's room, but in happy May,—he chirped drowsily to his mate, chuckling happily, bird-fashion and stuck his head back under his wing. For Chirp understood.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## LEOPARDI.

### I.

With what incessant, painful, piteous quest
  The barren heights of Learning have I clomb,
  Seeking to reach some cloud-transcending dome,
Some sunlit summit where my soul might rest!
As in captivity a kingly beast
  Doth lash its tawny sides beflecked with foam
  And ceaselessly its narrow prison roam
Till o'erwrought nature sinks at last to rest,—
So prisoned in the mystery of life
  With yearning eyes between my narrow bars
  To the calm ether and the silent stars
I gaze, and shake my chains in hopeless strife;
    For well I know that in Life's dungeon-keep
    I too, at last, shall sink o'erwrought to sleep.

II.

My soul—frail, new-fledged bird, what momentary
  Maddening hope, what sudden, sense-unseating
  Ecstasy prompted that impassioned beating
Of those weak wings against the brazen sky?
Why did'st thou strive with Nature's blind ordainings,
  Which bade thee on some lone and leafy spray
  Safe-nestling, carol thy melodious lay
Till startled Night reward thy amorous plainings?
What booted it, alas! to soar so high
  To fall more deadly swift to earth again,
  With broken, blood-stained pinions, that in vain
Would tempt a second flight unto that sky,
  Toward which thou gazest still, despite thy pain
Fluttering thy useless wings in agony!

III.

Our souls, within the bars of clayey being,
  Like prisoners talking through a creviced wall,
Deceived, deceiving, unseen and unseeing,
  For union with each other vainly call.
Yet do not haply these convulsive starts
  And gropings in the dark of soul toward soul
Show they are sundered, semi-conscious parts
  Of some divine, completely conscious whole?
Or bound by never-to-be-broken bars,
  Each in its lonely rounds the other greeting,
Like clustering infinitudes of stars
  That circle round each other without meeting,
    Shall each in darksome isolation dwell
    Until outworn or stifled in its cell?

—*William Frederick Giese.*

## A LITERARY GEM.

THE method of literary study as at present pursued is mainly a direct study of the masterpieces in thought and literary workmanship. The aim is, by studying the best, to grasp and assimilate the noble ideas embodied and to learn the secret of accurate and effective expression. A method not so much followed, but which it seems to me, cannot be too strongly urged, is that of historical or comparative study. It is exceedingly interesting to trace the growth of thought-power from one generation to another as shown in the development of a national literature. Each generation has for its material besides the products of its own originality, the fruits of former thought. In the same manner an effective method of expressing thought, once discovered, becomes the property of all subsequent writers. It is interesting, then, while we are enjoying the richness of meaning and depth of thought expressed in the novels of George Eliot or in the "dramatic monologues" of Robert Browning, it is interesting, I say, to compare the writings of earlier times, when there was no such storehouse of thought and knowledge embodied in preceding literature; when the writers had no implements of form and style ready made for use, but were obliged to use instruments of their own forging. These facts should be taken into consideration when we study some of the early monuments of our literature; we should not judge the works as to their intrinsic merits alone, but should take into account the age and circumstances under which they were composed.

Having thus prepared the judgment, I wish to introduce to consideration a poem which is really remarkable considering its time and place. Judged by considerations of time, by artistic style and form, the alliterative poem the "Pearl" is entitled to a high place in the field of letters. The discovery of this jewel is due to the assiduous labor which is being exerted in unearthing the treasures of our early English literature. The "Pearl" was one of the first fruits of these investigations. The Old English Muse seems to have had indeed a charmed life. Only by a slender thread have many of her products been preserved from all-

embracing oblivion. Our jewel has been preserved, along with three sister poems in a single manuscript. The difficulty of the language and the uncouthness of the text for a long time averted attention from the poems. The luster was largely lost in the dust and tarnish of centuries and so great was the ignorance of the real value that it was for a long time supposed that the text contained but one continuous poem. Since the fact has been pointed out that early describers of the manuscript have really confused four distinct poems, the "Pearl" has received increased attention from students of literature. But heretofore the poem has been studied only by specialists; only last year was the poem brought out in a form available to general readers.

The Laureate has celebrated the resurrection of this flower of our early literature in a few beautiful lines:

> "We lost you—for how long a time—
> True Pearl of our poetic prime!
> We found you, and you gleam re-set
> In Britain's lyric coronet."

As to the authorship of the "Pearl" nothing definite can be said. Attempts have been made to connect its authorship with several early writers but there seems to be no evidence supporting anyone in the claim. Suffice it to say, the author of the Pearl is as such bound to hold a high place among English writers.

The theme of the poem is a father's lament over the loss of a dearly beloved child. The father, driven almost to despair, by the loss of his 'pearl without blemish,' voices his feelings in the poem. The poem also has a didactic purpose, to teach resignation to the will of God. The father, in his mourning, visits the grave of his "lost pearl," and amid his sorrows falls asleep. While his body lies entranced on the mound, his spirit is transported into another and more joyous sphere. "His spirit forgets all woe." He is carried into a wonderful country beside a beautiful stream. On the other side, in wondrous adornment, he beholds his lost daughter. The father's heart leaps for joy within him. A discourse ensues in which the mourner is filled now with hope and joy, now with fear and pain. But at length all doubt is dispelled. He sees his daughter fair among the ranks of those

that surround the Lamb. Grief gives away to joy at her happiness and longing is purified into submission to the divine will. This idea of purity and obedience to the will of God pervades the whole work and is that which is intended to be conveyed by the poem. But the "Pearl" is something more than didactive sermonizing; it is a poetic expression of earnest thought and intense feeling. Such, in brief, is the plot of the poem.

Judged from a modern point of view, it is perhaps in many respects dry and uninteresting. The descriptions sometimes become rather wearisome. We feel that in places it might be condensed to advantage. "But, on the other hand, judged from a 14th century standpoint, we notice a striking contrast from all the literature just preceding, leading us to conclude that the 'Pearl' is, in its way, one of the most remarkable poems the world has yet produced."

Let us see some of the ways in which the author of the Pearl deviated from the path of his contemporaries. In the first place his metrical structure was a peculiar one. It must be understood that, at this time there were two main schools of poetry in England. One, comprising most of the poets of the East Midland district with London as a literary centre, derived their inspiration almost wholly from French' influence. Chaucer and his followers were the chief representatives of this class. These poets owed but little to their predecessors in England. Another school, including most of the poets in the West Midland shires where Norman influence had not made itself so prominently felt, adhered closely to the alliterative models of their forefathers. They were the true literary offspring of the Anglian school of poets, of Caedmon and Cynewulf. A third middle class, however, seems to have sprung up, whose aim it was to combine the methods of the two conflicting schools. Laurence Minot's Ballads are examples of this class of writings, combining the old English alliterative rhythm with the measures of French verse. But the most successful examples of a reconciliation of these two verse structures is seen in the 'Pearl.' No other poet so well succeeded as this one in reconciling elements seemingly so inreconcilable.

The structure of the 'Pearl' throughout is complex and artificial and requires a great deal of skill for successful manipulation.

Besides the combination of alliteration and rhyme in verses, the poem is divided into greater symmetrical parts. It is composed of twenty parts, each division, in turn containing five strophes and each strophe consisting of twelve verses. The structure is made still more difficult by the artistic devices which the author has adopted. Each strophe is brought to a finished close by a refrain ringing out the central idea. Then each new strophe resumes the line of thought by a repetition in its initial line of the principal word in the refrain of the strophe preceding.

It would seem as though such an elaborate system were hardly the one adapted for the natural conveyance of strong feelings. Most writers would become so entangled in the intricate structure as to be unable to extricate themselves. The thought and feeling expressed would be dictated entirely by the requirements of the verse. Such does not seem to be the case in the 'Pearl.' The author's mind moves with perfect ease within the artificial limits imposed, and he is at all times master of the situation. In 'In Memoriam' Tennyson alluded to the difficulty in the adequate expression of feeling saying:

> "For words like nature half reveal,
> And half conceal the soul within."

The author of the 'Pearl,' however, has transcended the trammels of his complex system and has succeeded in conveying the most vivid impression of deep, earnest, intense feeling. He has, besides made his language organic to the thought and feeling to be conveyed. Note the effect of the alliteration in his description of the waters motion. What could be more vivid than,

> "Swangeande swete the water con swepe
> Wyth a rownande rourde raykande aryzt."

The very sonnds are conveyed to the ear. Such complete and ready control of so complicated an instrument of expression is in itself a mark of genius.

But there are other evidences of genius contained in this remarkable poem. Here are shown for the first time a real sympathy for nature. In the early stages of human progress, when life is hardly more than a struggle for existence, when nature gives forth but

grudgingly, man looks upon her as a master, more in fear and awe than in love. But when man learns natural law and obtains a mastery over nature, and she, in turn pours forth bounteously of her gifts, then there springs up a sympathy between man and nature. In the early English poem, Beowulf, nature's powers are personified as grim and terrible monsters. This same feeling pervades all the earlier English literature. Everywhere natural forces are looked upon as demons to be overcome. The author of the 'Pearl' is in advance of his times; nowhere, in preceding or contemporary writings, is there exhibited a communion between the heart of man and the soul of nature so intimate as is shown in the 'Pearl' and its sister poems. The descriptions in these poems evidence a careful, loving observation on the part of the author. Observe the following description of his daughter's grave. No earlier English poet has given us so beautiful and sympathetic a picture of nature:

"To that spot that I in speche expoun,
I entred in that erber grene,
In Augoste in a hyz seysoun,
Quen corne is corven wyth crokez kene;
On Huyle ther perle it trendeled doun,
Schadowed this wortez ful schyre and schene
Gilofre, gyngure and gromylyoun,
And pyonys powdered ay by-twene,
Gif hit watz semly on to sene,
A fayr reflayr yet fro hit flot,
Ther wonys that worthyly I wot and wene,
My precious perle wyth-outen spot."

The similes throughout drawn from birds, trees, and such familiar natural objects, are further evidences of his love and appreciation for nature. Note the following instances:

"As stremand sternez quen strothe men slepe
Staren in welkyn in wynter nyzt."

"The dubbement dere of doun and dalez,
Of wod and water and wlonk playnez
Bylde in me blys, abated my balez."

"I stod as stylle as dased quayle."

"Ryzt as the maynful mone con rys,
Er thene the day glem dryve al doun."

But the most interesting feature of the "Pearl" to me is its subjective character. Most of preceding literature had been in the form of narrative and of a peculiar kind of narrative. The minds of men at a low stage of cultivation have the same cravings as those of children. A simple narrative of facts has no attraction for them; it must be colored, tinged with romance, in order to excite their interest. Early English literature was full of romantic stories. Legends, sacred and profane, were multiplied in endless profusion. A writing to appeal to the popular mind must be intensely *objective*. Soliloquies and descriptions of subjective states found no place. What a contrast, then, the writings by the author of the "Pearl." His writings are subjective to such an extent that a conjectural biography has been formed with a very reasonable probability of truth. Not only is the personality of the writer stamped indelibly on the writing; his expression of subjective feeling is most intense. His expression of grief and sorrow in the "Pearl' is exceedingly affecting. He has not, as yet, gained that power of subtle analysis of complex subjective states which marks the master artist, but he made a long stride in advance of his contemporaries.

It is interesting to compare this early "lament" with the greatest of modern elegies, "In Memoriam." The relation is somewhat similar to that of the apple blossom to the ripened fruit. They which are but in germ in "Pearl," in the modern elegy are developed and ripened. In the "Pearl" we read:

"For vch gresse mot grow of graynez dede,
No whete were ellez to wonez wonne,
Of goud vche goude is ay bygonne."

In Tennyson we read the same idea, but expanded, and cast in a new more beautiful form:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Considered on the grounds of intrinsic worth alone, the two poems are not to be compared. But when we consider that Tennyson had behind him a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Wordsworth, where the author of the "Pearl" had a Caedmon, a Cynewulf, a Layamon, we cannot confidently say that Tennyson was the greater genius.

The Pearl is not a long poem and a short time spent in its perusal would convey more information than can the reading of any commentary. Few ways of spending time could afford equal profit and interest. To be sure, the "Pearl" is not a *great* poem in the general scope of the term, but it contains the elements of greatness. In it we see the work of a man who knew how to put language to an artistic use; we see reflected in it a man whose sympathies have been broadened out beyond the interests of self and immediate vicinity, so that they embrace all nature in their compass. As compared with some of the fruits of modern poetic genius, the poem may perhaps seem crude and of little value. The author has not the power of a Tennyson of analyzing a complex spiritual state, nor of a George Eliot of picturing things in accordance with their true relations. Neither has he that intimate sympathy with the very soul of things, which distinguishes our Browning. But compared with the crude ballads and the ruder narrative and didactic poetizings of his contemporaries, the "Pearl" stands out in solitary prominence as a unique work of genius.

—*George H. McKnight.*

## A MOOD.

Streaks of white o'er a ground of blue:
Sparkling waves of a green-gold hue:
  And shadows shifting dreamily.
Glints of light on a sea-bird's wing:
The kiss of the sun on everything:
  And breezes stirring sleepily.

Flashes of sails on the sea's far rim:
Dashes of foam on the sky's blue brim:
  And lines of smoke blown lazily.
Quiver of lids over tired eyes:
Then the melting together of seas and skies:
  Hush: and dreams of eternity.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## CHILDHOOD'S MYTHS AND CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

ALL children are fond of fairy tales, and the same old stories and legends, handed down from generation to generation, give equal delight to every one. "Cinderella and her Glass Slipper" and "Sinbad, the Sailor," are as facinating to the children of to-day as they were to our great grandparents, and Jack, the Giant-killer and the Yellow Dwarf have lost none of their attraction, but are as eagerly read and appreciated as ever.

What exciting times Christmas and New Year are for children with their many customs and superstitions. How firmly they believe in Old Father Christmas, who presides over the Christmas tree and distributes the presents, and in Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve and fills their stockings with all sorts of toys and dainties. How real the Mummers seemed dressed up in all kinds of tinsel finery and ribbons. To our childish eyes they were the veritable heroes, St. George of England, Achilles and Agamemnon of Greece, and Hector of Troy, as they strutted up and down our kitchen with their wooden swords, attended by an extraordinary looking dragon and repeated whilst they fought their mimic battle, an old, lengthy rhyme that had been handed down from father to son for many generations. On Christmas Eve, as the clocks chimed twelve, the Waits commenced singing outside on the lawn. They sang "Christians Awake," "Hark the herald angels sing," and "Angels from the realms of glory," followed by several Christmas carols. Everyone hastened to the windows to listen, for it was customary for all to sit up for the Waits. As the tuneful voices fell sweetly on the ear, our thoughts went out to the Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, and the "Shepherds who watched their flocks by night." After finishing the carols, the singers were invited into the kitchen and regaled with spiced ale and plum cake and cheese. As soon as the sun rose on Christmas morning we were awakened by the "Christmas boys," who are supposed to bring good luck. They crowded into the hall and shouted as loud as they could at the foot of the staircase the following good wishes :

"We wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer,
An apple and a pear, a plum and a cherry,
A cup of good ale to make the heart merry.
God bless the master of the house, the mistress also,
Likewise all the children that round the table go.
We neither come to your house to beg nor to borrow,
But we come to your home to drive away sorrow."

On New Year's day the Wassail boys appeared, decked out in paper roses and strips of every colored ribbon, carrying a large and gaudily decorated bough of holly called the "Wassail bough." They sang the following old ditty :

"Oh a jolly Wassail, to you a jolly Wassail!
Love and joy, come to you, and to our Wassail too.
Pray God bless you and send you a happy New Year."

Twelfth Night was also celebrated with much rejoicing. It was a time of great domestic felicity. The most prominent article on the supper table was a large, rich cake, called the "Twelfth cake." It was beautifully ornamented with sugar flowers and figures of kings, queens, columbines, harlequins, and fairies, In each cake was a bean, a large pea, a gold ring, and a coin of silver. A piece of cake was distributed to each guest, and those who found the bean and pea in their portions were pronounced king and queen of the evening's festivities. The gold ring was supposed to foretell a happy marriage, and the coin a life of celibacy to the receivers. Candlemas day was always a very busy time for children. It was the orthodox day for removing the evergreens with which the house had been decorated for Christmastide. Herrick warns every one on that day to

"Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Bais and Mistletoe,
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall,
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind ;

For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there—maids trust to me—
So many goblins you shall see. ''

During the holidays we reveled in the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights. Aladdin of the lamp, Prince Camaralzaman, the fairy Paribanou, Noureddin Ali, and the five ladies of Bagdad, were our pleasant, intimate friends, and we never tired of Ali Baba and his forty thieves. Then followed the charming and poetical stories of Hans Christian Andersen; how we sympathised with poor Babette in the sad story of the Ice Maiden, and how delighted we were with the different ways in which the four mice made soup out of a sausage skewer. After finishing Andersen's poems in prose, we made ourselves acquainted with the dwarfs and nixies of Germany, the Leprechaun of Ireland, the mischief-loving trolls of Scandinavia, and the peculiar fairy they have in Denmark called "Nick." He is a water wraith and is sometimes seen in the form of an old man sitting on a rock and wringing his hair. The Danes say when any one is drowned that "Nick has taken him away." Then came the Brownie of Scotland, also called in England Robin Goodfellow, and a very good, tawny, little fellow he is, according to the popular superstition. When the family over whom he assumes protection has retired for the night, Robin makes a tour of the house, and uses his fairy skill in various ways for the pleasure and comfort of inmates. The Brownie has a cousin called Hobgoblin, who is a mischievous fairy, and causes as much fear as Robin wins respect. He delights in playing all sorts of tricks and pranks, such as skimming the cream from the milk, turning the beer sour, misleading travelers, and frightening village maidens. We had also a partiality for the Phynnodderee or Hairy-one of the Isle of Man. This fairy was in love with a beautiful Manx maiden. At a grand levee held in Fairyland at the court of the fairy king, in honor of the full moon, Phynnodderee was absent without leave. He preferred to dance with his ladylove in the pretty glen of Rushen. He was, therefore, banished from his home, and outlawed from all the privileges appertaining to a fairy. Fairyland is truly a very pleasant country to roam in, and who can be better

for traveling companions than Puck, "who can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," or Queen Mab with her "waggon spokes made of long spinners legs" and her "waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat?" And where could be found a more hospitable hostess than Titania, Queen of the Fairies, who told her attendants, Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed, to feed her visitor with, "apricots, dewberries, purple grapes, and mulberries." She ordered his bed to be made of "pressed flowers;" the "waxen thighs of the humble-bee to be cropped for night-tapers" and lighted at the "glow worm's eyes" and that while he slept he should be fanned with "butterflies wings."

The most fascinating of all myths to "children of larger growth" is our favorite King Arthur, who owed his birth to magic, and retained through life the character and qualities of an elfin king. Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh chronicler who wrote in the year 1128, describes King Arthur as being as handsome as Apollo, and as brave as Mars. His enchanted sword, named Excalibur, was victorious in every battle or tournament in which it flashed, until the last great fight by the river Camlan, where Arthur was mortally wounded.

We lived for some time near Tintagil Castle, and it did not require much imagination to picture those splendid ruins and the sea and country around, again peopled with the Knights of the Round Table. We read on the shores of Tintagil, Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and cast our eyes on the sea, picturing it as the ancient kingdom of Lyonesse, now submerged beneath the waves. We seemed to behold Queen Guinevere, Lancelot of the Lake, Geraint and Enid, and all the other knights and ladies of the court, as well as the enchanter Merlin, assembled around King Arthur. Sometimes on stormy nights we stood on the high crags, watching the mighty waves rolling in, and imagined we saw the

> "Ship, the shape thereof
> A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
> Bright with a shining people on the decks,"

that bore King Arthur, as a babe from the fairies, to be an heir for Uther of Tintagil, who died the same night. On moonlight

nights we tried to fancy we saw the "dusky barge" with the three queens on deck who came to take Arthur to the valley of Avilion after the "Last Tournament."

Tradition says however that the bones of King Arthur rested in Glastonbury Abbey. In the year 1171, when King Henry II was in Wales, the Welsh harpers made known to him that the body of the hero was buried between the two stone pillars in the churchyard of that abbey. The king on his return informed the abbot, who caused his servants to dig on the spot revealed. When they had dug seven feet deep they found a large stone with a leaden cross fastened to the underneath side, and on it was inscribed: "Hic Jacet Sepultus Inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia." They then dug nine feet deeper and found a great tree made hollow like a trough, and within were bones of a tremendous size, and a large skull with ten wounds. Arthur's wife, Queen Guinevere, was said to have been buried with him, and the skeleton of a woman was found lying by his side. The hair was in perfect preservation until touched, when it fell to dust. The tresses were finely plaited and of a color like gold. The relics were removed and kept within a marble tomb in the treasury of the cathedral until the suppression of the abbey by Henry VIII, when the reformers destroyed them, or scattered them about. The ancient Britons called the marshy flats surrounding Glastonbury by the name of Avalon.

The stones of the once magnificent palace of Tintagil are fast crumbling away, but the legends of the Knights of the Round Table will still remain, for as the old poet wrote:

"From this blest place immortal Arthur sprung,
Whose wond'rous deeds shall be forever sung,
Sweet music to the ear, sweet honey to the tongue."

—*Amie Isabelle Smith.*

## INTO THE HAVEN.

### A TRUE STORY OF A SHIP.

IN one of the many bays on the southern coast of Long Island, jutting inland from the ocean, lie the remains of a once proud vessel. At low tide the rough water-soaked timbers project a short distance above the water. They are a portion of an old wreck which floated at high water through the inlet from the ocean.

As one looks away toward the south there appears a low irregular line of hummocks or mounds covered with coarse grass, in places shutting off the view of the sea. Beyond there is a level stretch of sand, forming the beach on which the tide of the ocean ebbs and flows. In the water, distant about a quarter of a mile, extends a reef nearly parallel to the shore. Often has a luckless vessel during some stormy night found herself hopelessly stranded on this bar. Some have at length been rescued. Others have become firmly fixed, only to be dashed in pieces by the force of the waves. Such was the fate of the "Circassian."

In the year 1856 at Belfast, Ireland, was built a large iron steamer, which now that she has entered her last haven, may truly be said to have "sailed through bloody seas." During the civil war this vessel was captured as a blockade runner, and sold to parties in the north. A short time after she ran ashore on Sable Island, but was gotten off. On a trip to New Orleans she again went ashore, this time at Squan, New Jersey, and again was rescued. She was now made over into a sailing vessel and assigned to a course between Liverpool and New York.

In the winter of '76 the "Circassian," loaded with a general cargo, started from England on her way across the Atlantic. During the voyage the signal of distress appeared from a passing vessel, the "Heath Park." A prompt response was given, and the crew of twelve sailors was soon after taken from the bark, which had sprung a leak during the stormy voyage, and was fast sinking. With her added cargo the "Circassian" proceeded without further adventure until near the end of her journey.

On December 11th, the ship encountered a heavy gale. Night was coming on, accompanied by a heavy snow squall, which rendered it impossible to see more than the length of the vessel. At

about eleven o'clock in the evening, as the crew was making preparations for sounding, the vessel struck on the bar opposite Bridgehampton, Long Island, almost in front of the Life Saving Station. Every effort was made to free the vessel from the reef, but all without avail. The men from the station quickly assembled, but there was little to be done. The heavy sea, which at that vicinity rolls in from the outer bar to the beach in numerous combing breakers, put an end to all hopes of launching a boat. Owing to the darkness, the great distance of the ship from the shore, and the resistance of the gale, the shot line, which has so often successfully served its purpose when other means have failed, was equally ineffectual. It was deemed expedient to wait until morning, when the tide would be lower.

At daybreak the sea was still high but the storm was evidently abating. Meanwhile the ship had been driven somewhat further in, and the tide had ebbed so that the mortar could be placed much nearer the vessel. At the third shot the ball fell on deck, and connection was made with the hawser for the use of the life car. The sea, however, was now considered calm enough for the life-boat, which is much more expeditious. The boat was launched and seven trips successfully made, by which the entire number on board, forty-nine in all, were safely brought ashore.

But the thrice-wrecked ship was destined to a yet more direful experience. The Coast Wrecking Company, under the leadership of the same man who had before successfully drawn the "Circassian" off a reef, was now engaged to save the vessel and cargo. There were also obtained from the neighboring Reservation for assisting in the work, ten Shinnicock Indians, a strong and hardy folk, well adapted to tasks of hardships and endurance. From such as these were chosen many of the seamen, who passed their lives on whaling-ships. These ten were about the only able-bodied men remaining in the tribe, and so close was the bond of union that on them about two hundred depended for subsistence.

The ship lay directly athwart the bar, headed toward the sea. This was a dangerous position, for being of iron and of great length she had a constant tendency to break in two. Large anchors were sunk to seaward, and the immense hawsers which held the ship, aided by the heavy swell and rising tides, tended to

pull the vessel off the bar. For two weeks the work of removing the cargo had gone on, but because of the inclemency of the weather only about one-third had been taken away. Meanwhile the shore had each day been crowded with people from the neighboring towns, who were curious to see the wrecked vessel.

By December 29th, after a strong easterly wind of three days, which was gradually increasing in force, the ship was thought sufficiently lightened to move off at the next rise of the tide, and all connection with the shore was severed. The whole company of thirty-two wreckers remained on board for the final work. During the day, however, the gale increased in violence, accompanied by snow and sleet, while the rising sea foamed and seethed furiously. Considerable anxiety began to be felt for the safety of the vessel, which was seen from the shore to be rolling and pounding heavily on the bar. Darkness came on but the storm did not abate.

At seven o'clock the ship was seen by the watchers on the beach to sink to the level of the water. The mainmast at the same time fell with a crash. This portended the breaking up of the ship, and great alarm now began to prevail. A signal of distress was seen from the shore, and a red Boston light was burnt by the crew of the station to let the men who were clinging to the rigging, know that their peril was understood. Preparations for the rescue now began in earnest. The broad space of sand between the banks and the water, usually bare, was now flooded by the furious sea, which poured in through the open clefts of the hills. This necessitated placing the mortar much further back than ordinarily. After great difficulty a suitable place for work being found, lines were fired to connect the wreck with the beach.

The vessel was now distant three hundred and eighty yards, and although the effort was resolutely and persistently made, it soon became evident that no shot line would reach her in such a hurricane. Probably the men in the rigging could not have availed themselves of the advantage had the firing been successful. All other means of reaching the wreck were impossible. No one could row a life-boat from the shore, while thousands of tons of water were each moment being hurled upon the beach. In spite of every effort to protect it, the shot line was soaked by

the sleet and spray, covered with the drifting sand, and frozen, thus becoming wholly inefficient.

And now an extraordinary circumstance took place, which gave a feeling of anxiety and alarm to the old seamen on shore. The wind which had been blowing from the northeast, suddenly changed to the southwest and became almost a tornado. It was impossible to look to windward on account of the flying sand. The water now swelled up in conflicting currents and flooded, more than ever, the wreck and also the beach. The roar of the waters, the blowing sand, the bitter cold, and the darkness made the scene indescribable. The change in the direction of the gale necessitated choosing another position for the mortar, which was still continually, though ineffectually fired. Nothing further could be done. There was now only one remaining hope, that the wreck might hold together until daylight, when perhaps some means of rescue might be effected.

The violence of the storm did not cease. At midnight, the tide fell. Lights appeared on the deck, which had been swept clean of everything by the sea. Soon afterward, the men took to the mizzen-rigging. At three, the vessel broke in two, settling down on each side of the bar. The mizzen-mast was seen still erect, and the rigging full of men. But at four o'clock the iron mast was seen slowly careening towards the horizon. For half an hour the powerless watchers on the beach saw it gradually dipping downward. At last, like a mad beast encircling its helpless prey, the raging elements closed round the living mass.

The "Circassian" had entered its haven. But what of the crew? Could anyone reach the shore in those mad waters? It were folly even to hope a thing so unlikely. Yet men ran eagerly along the beach to lend a helping hand were the chance but given. And their hopes were not unrewarded. Soon four men, nearer dead than alive, were dragged from the waves, all fastened to one large piece of cork to which, as their only salvation, they had desperately clung. Although it took hours to restore them to consciousness, they were saved.

But where were the other twenty-eight? The beach, now strewed with wreckage, was searched in vain. Their corpses, which floated to the shore within the next fortnight, told but too

plainly what had been their sad fate. And as from the wreck of the John Milton on Montauk Point in 1854, twenty-three bodies were laid at rest in one grave at East Hampton, so fourteen more were laid in another beside them; while the bodies of the poor Indians were carried back by their weeping friends to the heart-broken people of the Reservation.

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore."

—*Abram A. Halsey.*

## HERE AND THERE.

IT would be difficult to think of a more sincere or less appreciated compliment than that Cornell has received this year in the suddenly developed popularity of her instructing body. Mere reverential admiration would have been graciously and complacently received, but when the appreciation of Cornell's younger sisters began to assume a covetous character of the most substantial and effective type, consternation took the place of gratification. A professor is not without honor except before he has been "called," and there is little doubt but that this sudden "bulling" of the professorial market has had a good effect in enhancing Cornell's appreciation of her valuable body of instructors.

* * *

But what a cyclone it was! No one could tell who would be "called" next. That august assemblage, the Trustees of Cornell University, hurriedly decided that there had better be a "readjustment" of salaries. And there was need of it. Another California gold fever, with the discovery of a mine in Chicago added, seemed to have struck Ithaca. The fact was suddenly recognized that stone structures do not make a university, neither do they keep up its reputation. That tendency to "run to buildings" at the expense of the less visible but more solid evidences of prosperity, which, nearly twenty years ago, drew forth adverse comment from one of our best known professors in his "German Universities" had seemed likely to again blind the eyes of those in

authority to the best interests of the University. That so many of our professors and instructors were called to chairs in other colleges is a high compliment to the judgment with which they were selected. That so many were willing to go cannot be viewed as complimentary either to the positions they occupied while here, or to the University at large.

It is to be hoped that the worst is over, and that the "readjustment" of salaries recently announced is an indication that the policy of the University hereafter will be to render it so advantageous for instructors to remain, that outside offers could not attract them, or in other words to place teachers first, buildings afterward.

All of which leads us to conclude that a university, like a bottle of medicine, is sometimes the better for a little shaking up.

* * *

"University extension" is a word heard often now-a-days, but, notwithstanding the enterprising efforts of the National Board and the State Extension Committee to render every one familiar with its work, comparatively few understand either the significance of the phrase or the manner in which extension work is carried on. Unfortunately the name "university extension" carries with it an inaccurate idea of the purpose of the movement, as it has no necessary connection with universities. Educational extension would be a more self-explanatory phrase, as it aims simply to provide a systematic education of a university grade for adults at home, and is carried on by independent controlling boards in the different states.

* * *

We of Cornell, however, should take a particular interest in this movement, for it was New York that, first of all the states in the world, gave its legislative sanction and support to the university extension system and provided for its official supervision, making it an integral part of the state system of education. By an enactment passed last April, just a year ago, ten thousand dollars was appropriated by the state for the furtherance of university extension, and the Regents of the University of the State of New York were given control of the new departure.

But, though the extension movement is of such recent date in New York and in the United States, it is of longer standing in

England and Scotland, where it has existed for about twenty years. The University of Cambridge has the honor of being its original home, but it was soon taken up by Oxford, and all the other English and Scotch universities gradually followed. It was originally started for the purpose of taking the venerable universities of England out of their rut of mediæval scholasticism, and bringing them more in touch with the go-ahead world of to-day, and at the same time to benefit such business men as had not the time to spare necessary for residence at one of the Universities.

With its adoption in this country, however, came a change in the character of the movement. It left collegiate control entirely, only keeping the moral support and encouragement of the universities, and branched off into wider fields, with the motto, "Education for Everybody, or The University Brought to the Man." Aided by the experience of its predecessors in the the same field, notably the famous Chatauqua Circle, and with a much more comprehensive aim, it has spread in an incredibly short time, into a majority of the states of the Union. While each state is independent, the movement is managed practically alike everywhere, being under the guidance of The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and its practical common-sense theories of organization and management give foundation to the hope that the Extension movement has come to stay.

The method of organization is simple. A number of towns situated near each other, generally form themselves into a "circuit" for the sake of economy, and decide what course or courses of lectures they would prefer and can afford to pay for. The state committee furnishes the lecturers, who may be either college professors, or Extension lecturers (as is largely the case in England) and who receive their fees,—through the state committee—from each town separately. Classes are formed, and work is done *ad libitum* by the different towns, but examinations are made out by the state committee, and certificates and pass-cards are issued by them only. In New York, of course, the Board of Regents takes the place of the state committee.

Thus the system is as compact and yet as flexible as it is possible to make it, and if it receives the popular support throughout the country that is expected, it may have a decided influence on the culture and education of the working classes throughout the

United States. That it will help the colleges, if kept at its present standard, cannot be doubted; for education invariable begets a desire for education, and culture a knowledge of the lack of it. If the result is not seen in the increased attendance of colleges in this generation, it will be seen in the next.

But there is one serious possibility of disaster to be considered, and that is whether the lecture courses, being entirely dependent on popular support for existence, will not inevitably tend toward a greater degree of "popularity" in their character than is consistent with the high standard of instruction which prevails at present. If the standard is lowered, all is lost; if it can be kept up, university extension may solve the problem of universal education.

## THE MONTH.

SINCE our last month's issue another vacation has come and gone, this time the spring vacation, and now that baseball, lacrosse, and tennis are in vogue, the months will show no lack of material for the chronicler.

During the vacation, the University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs made their annual tour in the west. Concerts were given in Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Jackson, Grand Rapids, Chicago and Toledo, and the trip throughout was a thorough success. Receptions and dinners were given the clubs in almost every city, the alumni showing an amount of interest in the success of the organization that is decidedly encouraging. Nothing advertises the University in a more creditable manner than these trips of the glee club, and the authorities have shown a graceful appreciation of this fact in the lengthened leave of absence granted the clubs.

On Saturday, March 12th, the Law Department held an enjoyable banquet at the Clinton House. About one hundred and fifty were present. Toasts were responded to by Professors Hutchins and Collin, and by various undergraduates.

During the vacation, both the "'Varsity" and Freshman Crews got on the water, and have been doing good work. About twelve candidates remain for each, and the struggle for some of the seats will be close.

Owing to lack of financial support the baseball team was unable to take the anticipated trip south, during the vacation. The material this year is unusually fine, and hard work is being done. Field, '91, will, without doubt, reënter the University to catch for the nine.

The usual spring vacation trips under the auspices of the various engineering courses were taken advantage of this year by large numbers of students, and were unusually successful. Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Providence, Boston, and numerous other cities were visited.

## EXCHANGES.

After the example established in the last two numbers of the MAGAZINE, the department of the 'Exchanges' for April will not attempt to give a comprehensive view of the college literary world; its scope will be narrowed to the consideration of a special field of literary effort. A few words then about the essay in the college monthly.

The aim of a college literary journal is, usually, to represent the best literary culture of the institution. In order to accomplish this aim the subjects treated should be those to which the college undergraduate is *specially* adapted. No doubt, at no period of life are a man's imagination and fancy more vigorous and active than during his college days. It is fitting, then, that he should direct his literary activity, to some extent, toward story writing. Stories written at this stage of one's development have a tinge and coloring entirely their own. In the same way no one can doubt but that a college man is adapted to see the humorous side of life. Let him, then, give vent to his literary energy in a vein of humorous verse.

But college days are *preëminently* a period of intellectual development. The bachelor's degree is a certificate to a specified degree of intellectual attainment. It is becoming, then, that the student should attain facility in expressing his ideas, and the literary monthly of his college affords an excellent opportunity for thought-expression in the form of essays.

Unlike story-telling, and verse-making, essay-writing is not distinctly marked into periods according to the age of the writer. There is, no doubt, a difference between a man's tone of thought at twenty and at sixty. There is also, no doubt, a difference in one's manner of expressing the same idea at different periods of his life. But, with all that, an essay is not so distinctly stamped with the age of the writer as is the story or the poem. This eliminates then from the essay those features so distinctive of college verse and story.

In looking through our exchanges for March, we are very favorably impressed with the quality of the essays. The choice of subjects is, as a rule, judicious, and both subject matter and manner of treatment are such as to interest the college world, to which the essays are addressed. The matter is not so much abstract theorizing, as an expression of the opinions and impressions of the author. To be sure, the judgment displayed is not as mature as it will be seen in the production of later years. Neither are the essays such as will become classics in prose. But they do as a rule give a clear and accurate expression of interesting ideas. In some cases the subjects chosen are rather abstruse and not the best adapted for the exhibition of the author's power. But such is not the rule. On the whole, the intellectual side of the college world is well represented in the essays of the March exchanges. The month in the college year, dull in other respects, has stimulated some excellent thought. The general fault of the essays,—their amateurishness,—is to be expected and is easily pardonable.

The *Harvard Monthly* contains a long article on "Oxford," which is especially interesting to the educational world, and a shorter but equally interesting essay on "The Child in Literature." The *Inlander* presents a charming and spicy article on "Impressions of Harvard." The *Brown Magazine* in "Traditions of German Student Societies," gives some interesting information regarding German university life.

But the *Yale Lit.* gives the very best collection of essays of any of our March exchanges. It opens with a paper on "University Influences," which, though dealing with questions somewhat local, has a general interest. Another good essay is "The Friar of St. Marks." The writer gives an excellent picture of the career and character of Savonarola. In one place he says: "To me, Savonarola has always seemed like an earlier Luther in a more primitive age, with fewer followers and a more tragic death; and yet, later and colder ages have cast him aside almost as a knave and impostor. Preacher, reformer, iconoclast,—he sought to break down the extravagant ideas of magnificence and prodigality which have spread abroad in the church and to purify and elevate Christianity to the height of its holy mission. In him the spirit of reform was intuitive, and it only needed time and growth to decide the course of his life."

In a "Literary Pioneer," the place of Fenimore Cooper in literature is explained. The author begins: "The artist or author represents not only himself, but also the people under whose influence he has been brought up. His ability and talents are not due alone to internal circumstances, but also to the intellectual advancement of his contemporaries. He is the fruit of the great national tree, and denotes the condition of his countrymen. The industrial and social state of the country leads his genius in the direction most acceptable to the people, while the man himself is, to a certain extent, made by those with whom he comes in daily contact. They may not have his genius to create, but to appreciate and criticise they fully understand. James Fenimore Cooper was no exception to this rule."

# NEW BOOKS.

*Julius Cæsar, and the Foundation of the New Imperial System.* By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The high character of the series now publishing under the name of "Heroes of the Nations," is well maintained throughout the sixth volume, a sketch of the achievements and character of Cæsar, from a standpoint indicated by the title of the book as given above. The present work attempts to be not so much a detailed biography of its subject as an explanation of his place in the world's history, and the influence upon Roman government of his acts and personality. To quote the preface: "He was not the founder, much less was he the organizer of the Roman Empire; yet his life marks a great change in European history. I have tried to show what this change means, how it was in part the result of pre-existing tendencies, and was due in part to Cæsar's extraordinary force of will and intellect."

In an introductory chapter the previous development of the Roman state, and its condition at the time when Cæsar appeared on the scene, are briefly sketched, after which the body of the volume is occupied with the recital of those stirring and perilous events which made up that most wonderful of careers. The authorities most used have been Cicero and Cæsar himself. The author is inspired with the grandeur of his subject, and the inspiration is one that is easily transmitted to the reader. The most interesting chapter may well be the next to last, "Cæsar's Use of Absolute Power," in which a careful survey is made of Cæsar's public acts, after the close of the Spanish war had left him Dictator and master of Rome.

One feels no hesitation in recommending the present work to all interested in the study of antiquity. Besides its literary and historic excellence, its make-up is most satisfactory, and the maps and illustrations are executed in the best style.

*The Evolution of Life.* By Hubbard Winslow Mitchell, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In the "Evolution of Life," Dr. Mitchell has endeavored to explain in a systematic manner how life has been evolved from the simple cell to the complex organisms in which it manifests itself to-day. In accomplishing this aim he has explained the geological changes which the earth has undergone, and has shown the causal relation of these changes with the development in living organisms. The work begins with a clear exposition of the nebular theory as to the formation of the earth. Then follows an orderly history of the different stages in the earth's development. The various phases of animal and plant life, characteristic of each stage, are described, and the evolution in form and function is explained by reference to the changes in environment.

The discussion of the development in the lower forms is not especially exhaustive. But when we come to the discussion of evolution among the vertebrates, the author's wide knowledge of comparative anatomy is brought into effective play. This is evidently the author's special forte. He writes like one perfectly at home in the subject, and his descriptions of the progressive stages in development are clear and interesting.

If any fault is to be found with the book, it is that in places there is more of theorizing than of proof by inductive observation. In the lower orders of life especially, theorizing on evolution has advanced more rapidly than the discovery of confirmatory facts. It is still a moot question whether or not all changes in organisms are to be explained as due to changes in environment and "survival of the fittest." It has been claimed, and the facts seem to support the claim, that the changes in part at least are due to a power inherent in an order or family at its inception. Just as in the human being in its embryonic state there are forces determining the direction of later growths, so perhaps in a new species, there are inherent forces determining the lines of development. This important amendment, involving careful and protracted study of the lower orders, the author has not apprehended.

On the whole, however, the book is an excellent one. It embodies the results of modern research in a noble science. It is accurate, concise, instructive and *readable*.

*The Industrial and Commercial History of England.* By Thorold Rogers. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is a compilation of lectures on economic subjects, delivered in the year 1888–89, by the late James E. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Science at Oxford. Professor Rogers had intended to revise the lectures before committing them to print, but he had hardly commenced the work when he was overtaken by death. Fortunately his son, Arthur G. Rogers, obtained possession of the manuscripts, and it is to his labor and care that their publication at the present time is due.

The main object of the book is to point out the causes and trace the history of economic progress in England. Professor Rogers starts out by showing that economic progress depends in general upon industrial skill, good government, and those processes which, like sanitation and education, are designed either to prolong or increase the efficiency of labor. He then proceeds to discuss, both historically and economically, the elements which have entered into the industrial and commercial prosperity of England. Under this heading he includes the gradual rise of population, and the development of industry, transit, credit agencies, and the various co-operative schemes of labor and capital. The second part of the book is devoted to a theoretical consideration of the stock questions of Economics, viz. : economic rent, waste, competition, bi-metallism, and the movements of labor.

In the discussion of these questions Professor Rogers shows a decided tendency to disagree with the writers and thinkers of the old school, particularly with Malthus, Ricardo and Mill. The book concludes with a brief history of economic legislation in England since the year 1815.

*Andersen's Bilderbuch ohne Bilder.* Edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago.

The present edition of this delightful classic is designed for the use of the younger class of beginners in German, and their wants are well met by grammatical and miscellaneous notes and a compact vocabulary. Few books could be more likely to arouse the interest of such pupils as the editor had in mind than the ever-popular *Bilderbnch*, whose wide range of scene and allusion can not fail to arouse the curiosity and imagination of any reader. Dr. Bernhardt is doing a great service to the teaching of German by his series of annotated German texts, which furnish teacher and pupil with considerable variety of simple and interesting reading from modern German prose of the best quality. Some fault, however, may well be found with the few illustrations that are scattered through the notes; they are far from being ornaments and can hardly be imagined as making the book more attractive to even the least sensitive of pupils. The best feature of the book is afforded by the explanations that the notes give of the constantly recurring allusions to persons and places, many of which the beginner may be supposed to meet here for the first time.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:*

Julius Cæsar, and the Foundation of the New Imperial System. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A.

The Question of Silver. By Louis R. Ehrich.

The Evolution of Life. By Hubbard Winslow Mitchell, M.D.

The Industrial and Commercial History of England. By Thorold Rogers.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. By Samuel Johnson. ("Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series).

*From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago:*

Andersen's Bilderbuch ohne Bilder. Edited, with English notes and a German-English Vocabulary, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1892. NO. 8.

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The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

## AIMS AND METHODS OF THE COURSES IN RHETORIC AND IN ENGLISH PHILOLOGY.

THE following remarks are offered as a practical help and guidance to those students who wish to avail themselves of the advantages held out by the University. Mere formal statements, such as those printed in the spring Announcement or in the Register, are too meagre to give one an adequate understanding of the positive results aimed at in the several courses, and of the underlying *spirit* of the instruction. The department, as now re-constituted, being the youngest in the University, it seems proper, therefore, to present at some length its claims to recognition and support.

### I. RHETORIC.

The instruction given in this subject falls into two clearly defined sections: *a*, the *required* Rhetoric of the Freshman and Sophomore years; *b*, the *elective* Rhetoric of the Junior and Senior years.

*a*. Of the required Rhetoric it is not quite enough to say that it is purely practical. A study may be practical, viewed from one

side, yet it may be so shaped as to point the way to subsequent study of a higher and general literary value. Such will be found to be the case, I trust, in this section of the department. Freshman Rhetoric, it may be admitted, is purely practical. Being required in all general courses, and in all the technical courses except Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, it brings together not only a large, but a heterogeneous body of students. Nothing can be attempted beyond instruction in the general principles of discourse and practice in the simpler forms of writing. Clearness, accuracy, and propriety are the chief, if not the sole objects of this year's instruction. Since taking charge two years ago I have introduced some slight changes. The amount of text-book work has been reduced. On the other hand students are now required to write short papers in the class-room upon topics prepared at home. This off-hand composition is perhaps the surest test of spelling, paragraphing, and what might be called the mechanical side of the art. Also the amount of essay-writing has been slightly increased. In general more actual instruction and correction are now given in Freshman English than formerly.

Here a word may be said concerning the discontinuance of the former practice of "passing up" required English. That this practice entailed many and grave abuses is a fact which need only be stated, without going into details. In brief, it demoralized the course as a course. After trying several expedients during the past two years, I reached the conclusion, shared by all the instructors, that a radical policy was needed. Special school certificates of proficiency proved themselves to be untrustworthy. Accordingly the Faculty passed at my request the following resolution: "That the privilege of passing up Freshman or Sophomore English be restricted to students admitted to advanced standing, to graduates of State Normal Schools, and to special students." The object of the resolution is to spare the department the necessity of considering and rejecting every September fifty, sixty, or even seventy applications for exemption, based solely upon ordinary school training in composition. Candidates having nothing more to offer than a regents' diploma or a high-school certificate will enter Freshman English as a matter of course. On the other hand the assurance is here given that the resolution will not be

enforced in a way to cause hardship to students of mature attainments and evident literary aptitude.

Sophomore English, although still a required study, differs from Freshman English in many features, and in the future these differences will probably be enhanced. The reduced size of the class and its homogeneousness (Sophomores in Agriculture are the only representatives of the technical courses) make it possible to give to the instruction a distinctively literary turn. Professor Emerson now proposes to make the book work of the year consist in a careful study of the style of Macaulay, De Quincey, and Carlyle (as treated by Minto), with reading of selections from those authors. The essay-writing will be based upon this reading and other collateral reading of a kindred nature. The class will thus be kept in a literary atmosphere and enabled thereby to recognize the characteristics of style. Here it may not be superfluous to interpose a passing disclaimer. However energetically the department may insist upon a student's recognizing and appreciating style, it cannot, at this or indeed at any stage of his progress, insist upon his *acquiring* style. That is a feat quite outside the range of University functions. The essay-writing of the Sophomore year will not differ essentially from that of the Freshman, although it will of course imply more maturity of thought and increased facility of expression. Furthermore it will aim at giving the training needed for the preparation of graduation-theses.

The question of "passing up" Sophomore English must be left for the present in abeyance. After a year's experience of the instruction upon its new basis, the department will be better able to judge how far it can afford to exempt any one from the study. Provisionally I am disposed to say that the only students entitled to exemption are graduates of Normal Schools (and special students of like qualifications) who have been teachers of English for a considerable number of years. Candidates for advanced study from other colleges in which there is no such study, nor any fair equivalent, are not entitled to exemption. It seems to me equitable to regard the Sophomore English as a specific Cornell requirement.

*b.* The Elective Rhetoric of the Junior and Senior years. In treating this section of the study I wish to be as frank as possible.

It is not at all desirable that the classes should be large, but it is desirable that the members should be thoroughly equipped for their work. If Cornell is to be a university in fact as well as in name, it must draw the line somewhere between the general training and special culture. As a matter of fact, the University has drawn this line (in its general courses) at the end of the Sophomore year. The studies of the last two years rest, we all know, practically in the student's choice. May we not deduce from this fact the guiding principle that the student should select such studies only as are suited to him? Or, putting it from the negative side, he should not select studies which are unsuited to him. At any rate, I wish to justify my position in declining to receive into Junior Rhetoric any one who has failed to do well in the preceding years, who has failed to demonstrate that he has a fair measure of literary insight and literary expression. A mere pass is not enough for my needs. It is my hope to make the elective rhetoric a direct training for teachers and representative graduates. Herein, I take it, lies Cornell's mission in each of its departments. I am reasonable, then, in refusing to let their training be hampered by class members who cannot, as the sportsman says, "hold the pace."

Junior Rhetoric will probably remain for a year or two in its present form. That is, it will consist of the critical reading of portions of Professor Garnett's book, with collateral reading. All the writing will be directly connected with the reading. I hope in time to increase the amount of writing. This year's class has certainly written more than last year's. I hope, also, to make the instruction savor less of the text book. But however much it may be improved, Junior Rhetoric ought to remain what it now is substantially, namely, a brief survey of the historic growth of English style and literary opinion.

Senior Rhetoric will be a variable study from year to year. I expect to take up some one period of great literary activity in England, or some one group of authors, as an object of research, and ascertain, as far as possible, the general influences, native or or foreign, at work in shaping literary form. This will be parallel with, but quite distinct from Professor Corson's treatment of English literature. The two lines of study will be found, I trust,

mutually helpful. Furthermore I am desirous of making it possible for members of the class who so desire to increase the amount of study from a minimum of two hours a week to a maximum of four, or perhaps even five. This can be effected, not by meeting the class as a class that number of hours, but by assigning collateral reading and exacting original research.

For 1892–93, the study will be upon the history of literary opinion in England from 1560 to 1660. The class will have an opportunity of estimating at first hand the dispute over the drama and the stage, of tracing the growth of epic and pastoral poetry, and the beginnings, at least, of the novel.

In concluding this part of my paper let me urge the advantages of Junior and Senior Rhetoric upon all Cornellians who have any, even the slightest, expectation of becoming teachers of English. The demand throughout the country for thoroughly trained teachers of English is steadily on the increase. There are more schools, more colleges than ever before, and the standard of instruction is higher. College graduates of undoubted excellence in English may count upon recognition.

## II. ENGLISH PHILOLOGY.

It is not possible to put forth adequately in a few words the aim and method of philological study. All that I shall attempt here is to indicate what the study is and what it is not.

To begin with the negative, the study of English philology does not consist of lectures upon linguistic affinities with illustrative words from Greek, Latin, and German. Not all the popular lectures and popular manuals in existence will make the listener or reader a philologist. In fact, it may be suspected that most of the so-called popular treatises on this subject have done more harm than good.

Philogogy is a positive science. Like other sciences it deals with facts, or data, with principles, and with methods. The aim of philology is to make clear how one speech has grown to be what it is, how it stands related to other modes of speech. English Philology, in particular, is the study of the growth of the English language, in its relations to the other members of

the Teutonic family and to the general Indo-European group. The student of English is to master: 1. The general vowel and consonant system of Teutonic speech. 2. The special system of English, together with its declension and conjugation. 3. The changes that one meets in passing from English to High German, or to Icelandic, Scandinavian, or *vice versa*. 4. The changes in passing from Teutonic to Greek-Latin, or *vice versa*. 5. The reading of enough texts to illustrate the evolution of English from its earliest recorded form (say the seventh century) to the time of Chaucer.

The courses announced in the Register will, I believe, enable any properly qualified student to cover the ground. By "properly qualified," I mean a Junior in the Arts course who has a fair reading knowledge of German. Both Greek and Latin are desirable for the study, although it is possible to make Latin suffice. On the other hand some knowledge of German is indispensable. Philology, it should be remembered, is a peculiarly German science. The best manuals are usually in German; many of the technical terms are of German coinage. Besides, one should always be prepared to illustrate an English word, or sound-process by means of a German parallel. In this connection it may be well to state that the German here needed is not so much the highly refined, somewhat abstruse vocabulary of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, as the homely speech of everyday life. I should be abundantly satisfied if my students were to master the vocabulary and simple syntax of, for instance, Grimm's *Märchen*. Among the so-called classics *Hermann und Dorothea* would best serve the purpose.

The course in English philology cannot be accomplished in less than two years. The first term of the first year is occupied in mastering the outlines of Gothic grammar. In Germany, Gothic is looked upon as the indispensable preliminary to Teutonic philology. The antiquity of its remains and its peculiarly transparent structure give it a unique value. Besides, the study of Gothic will be helpful to members of the classes in Comparative Philology and in Old and Middle High German. The remainder of the first year is taken up with the grammar of Anglo-Saxon (Oldest English) as expounded by Sievers, and with reading a few

texts, prose and verse. The amount of reading is quite small. Thoroughness of grammatical (especially phonetic) training is the chief object, not quantity. Progress in this first year is necessarily slow. The student feels himself to be in a new world. It is not until the close of the year that he begins to see things clearly.

In the second year matters are on a different basis. The student can enter the Anglo-Saxon Seminary, completing and developing to an almost indefinite extent the work of the first year. He can also pursue with Professor Emerson the study of the language after the Norman Conquest. Furthermore he can study Icelandic and Old Saxon. If to those he adds (in the German Department) Old High German, he will have familiarized himself with the Teutonic family of languages in all of its more general features.

The point that I wish to impress more forcibly than any other upon Cornell students who have a vocation for this work is the desirability of beginning it in their Junior year, if possible. Life after graduation is full of uncertainties. Once out in the world and struggling with the great bread-and-butter question, the most studiously disposed will find it hard to make satisfactory arrangements for graduate study. It is safer and better to lay the foundations of one's specialty in one's undergraduate years. The study of English philology need not be in the least burdensome, nor interfere with other liberal research. Let us make a computation. Three hours in Junior year, five in Senior (*i. e.*, three in the Seminary, and two with Professor Emerson) would be a minimum. With this minimum of effort one should acquire at least a clear insight into the composition of the English language, and the ability to discuss and explain grammatical points from the historical-scientific point of view, instead of iterating the mere *ipse dixit* of some eighteenth century empiric like Lindley Murray. The pressing need in our country is of teachers of English grammar who can really explain things, who can assign an origin and a cause to the phenomena of speech. Most of our teachers know little outside of the grammar they may happen to use. It is time that the school study of grammar should be lifted above the present dreary level of mere "cram" and put on a footing with such sciences as physiology and chemistry. And the first step in this elevation consists in the training of teachers.

If to the minimum of eight hours in Philology we add a minimum of four hours in Rhetoric (two hours each year), we will get a total of twelve hours in the two years, or six hours a year. For this amount of study, which is certainly not excessive, we may rightfully expect a well trained young graduate, worthy to represent this department of Cornell, and precisely the kind of school-teacher that Cornell most needs to train candidates for admission. By increasing the amount to fifteen hours, (*i. e.*, putting three more hours into either Rhetoric or Philology), one might almost make of himself an expert in English. At any rate the slight increase of time would yield a very high increase of teaching efficiency.

Each dealer praises his own wares. Each professor thinks his own department the all-important one. Mindful of this trait of human nature, I have tried sedulously to refrain from everything that might savor of self-praise. Most assuredly I do not say that every Cornell undergraduate should try to become a specialist in English. The field of letters and science is already wide, and is growing ever wider. Differentiation, specialization of knowledge is becoming more and more the watchword. It is Cornell's mission to train mathematicians, physicists, physiologists, historians, expounders of the classics. I am merely trying to establish the view that it is no less her mission to train *Anglicists*. If our University is to gain that hold upon the state and country which is her due, it will be through placing her graduates in positions of high pedagogic influence. Scrutinizing carefully the practical workings of the universities of Germany we shall find that the chief usefulness of the general or philosophic faculty is in training high-grade teachers. In this respect the University is indissolubly linked to the Gymnasium and Realschule. It is an undisputed fact that the German high schools would not be what they are but for the University; it is equally indisputable that the University would not be what it is but for the high school demand for teachers trained according to University methods. Furthermore, it is a well established policy that every high school teacher of German should have had some University training in that language. Herein the Germans are wiser than we. Why we can not imitate them, I fail to understand. Our entering classes every year bear fresh witness to the evil that comes of not having thoroughly trained teachers of the mother tongue.

Cornell is now offering to its students generous facilities for the study of English, fully as generous as those offered elsewhere in America. We need fear no comparison with the most favored of our great rivals. It remains to be seen how far the students will avail themselves of these facilities. Shall Cornell become a centre of enlightened and ever advancing scholarly research, a seminary to the entire state? The decision of this question will rest in good measure with the students themselves.

*James Morgan Hart.*

## A CAROLINA GARDEN.

If you'd love a shady spot
Where the garish light comes not,
And where thrushes sing in cedars all the day;
Where the Mocker builds his nest,
And the redbird's crimson crest
Makes within the orange foliage color gay:
If in roses you delight,
Red, and pink, and creamy white,
Or those damask ones whose blood red turns to black;
If your fancies so incline
To the yellow jessamine,
Or to jonquils lying prone upon their back:
If you'd like to sit with book
In a dim and tangled nook,
With a mass of periwinkle at your feet,
And while reading slow along
Catch the rapture of the song
Of the mocking-bird's wild music, fine and sweet:
Then you'd love this garden old
With its blaze of red and gold,
And its wide walks leading under cedar trees;
With its bamboo arbor seat
Where the humming birds all meet,
And the honeysuckle bends with bumble-bees.

Where you catch a distant view
Of the mountains lying blue
Seen o'er meadowlands agolden in the sun :
Hear the nesting ring-dove's moan
Making mellow undertone
Where the pine trees climb the hillsides one by one.
There with finger marking place
Where you'd stopped a moment's space
In the reading of some potent poesy
That the wondrous words might fall
With their charm poetical
On your heart with sweet repeated ecstacy,—
You might sit and dream away
All a golden summer day,
Till the whippoorwills called loud at eventide :
As the meadowlands grew shaded,
And the purple lights were faded
Where they lay in glory on the mountain-side.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## LINES SUGGESTED BY FRANÇOIS MILLET'S ANGELUS.

TWO peasants working in a potato field ! How naturally they stand there in their native simplicity, ruggedness, honesty ! They are not, as in a tableau, posed for the occasion ; no, they have been suddenly revealed to the artist's inner eye, and he in his turn reveals them to the world to be looked at, dwelled upon lovingly, thoughtfully, silently. A moment ago, they were chatting about the world's doings, about the small interests of their native home and village : but heaven's minute dropped into the day's hour ; the Angelus bell reminds them of that other home, that other country where there is no more labor and sorrow, and they drop their work, listen devoutly to its tidings, and join in the celestial salutation.

*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ,*
*Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*
*Mater amata, intemerata,*
*Ora, ora pro nobis.*

Pity him who cannot stand there with them in the mellowed light of the departing day, listening to the soft notes floating over the field from the distant belfry, hushing all else but the beating of those two simple, faithful hearts. Pity him who cannot stand there with them with bowed head and folded hands in silent prayer, forgetful, for the moment, of the world's toil and trouble, and with them long for that peace which passeth all understanding. They have worked while they had the light, and their souls are at peace when the darkness comes over them. Yes, Jean François Millet, that was part of thy message to deliver to the world. Thou hast in thy *Angelus* painted the real indeed: the real, the essential; the non-essential, thou hast left out. Thou hast not aimed at any *technique* subtleties. There is no real warp and woof in the clothing of thy peasants; there are no surprising seams, hems and buttons; no life-like flesh, no eatable potatoes to gaze and wonder at; but there are two souls with bowed heads and folded hands, standing in a field of potatoes, and inviting you to join them. It is not what you see in the picture that recommends it, but what it causes you to feel. Not only a man and woman absorbed in prayer; but prayer, faith, submission, the immortality of the soul realized in art.

Many and clever are the realistic or rather naturalistic pictures of the day; correct, exact representations of some garret in the Latin quarter, or of some Boulevard-studio with its questionably animated model, or inanimate lay-figure; pictures representing every-day life in its multitude of aspects—high life, low life;—poverty-stricken curtains, stiff oriental draperies, ambitious parlors which, as at the rise of the curtain, strike you by their dead perfection—their cataleptoid immobility; no, it is the life of the human soul thou hast endeavored and succeeded in portraying in thy "Angelus." Thou hast not looked out from a Paris window for that, but from the humble casement, of thy plain workroom in thy lowly cottage at Barbison. It is not so much the field—whether of potatoes, turnips or cabbages, in which thy peasant's work, that tempted thy pencil; nor the distant spire of Chailly, which for all thou carest might be an electric tower; but the mysterious beauty and happiness of toil, hardship, privation, monotony when filled with the grace that comes from above. The peasants are but pa-

tiently awaiting the time when the shackles shall fall from their feet, when the mist shall pass from their eyes, and the fog from their throats, and they shall stand face to face with their Maker. They can well afford spending their earthly life in field-toil, sure through their faith of its final transfiguration.

*Gaudete humiles et exsultate pauperes quia vostrum est regnum Dei.*

Truly, the greatness of Millet is as, has well been said, a "*sacrée grandeur*" ! In an age when art and photography have almost joined hands ; when to excel in the imitation of silk, satin, velvet, lace, has become the chief object of art ; when human flesh rivals in truthfulness on the canvass with the superb anatomical charts science glories in ; when there is but one step from the *Jardin de Paris* to the Salon, it is well indeed that a Millet should arise to show us the difference between the art that addresses itself solely to the eye, and the art that speaks to the soul. Let us rejoice that France which has produced a Meissonnier and a Bouguereau, has also given us Jean François Millet.

—*Eugene Rollin Corson, '75.*

## AT MIDNIGHT SAT WE THREE FISHERS.

At midnight sat we three fishers,
  Tom, and old Jones, and I ;
Few lights there were in the village,
  Few stars in the cloudy sky.

Our lines still swayed in the water
  Though the fish had ceased to bite.
We puffed at our pipes in silence
  And dreamed our dreams in the night.

Tom was twenty, and I was twenty,
  And Tom and I were in love.
But not old Jones, for he happened, you see,
  To be seventy year and above.

The bull-frogs croaked in the rushes
  That border the little lake ;
Old Jones took his pipe from betwixt his teeth,
"'Tis just fifty years, I make,

" And sure as I live, that window
Is lighted again to-night.
Did you ever hear the story
Of the drowning of Elsie Wright?"

" Tell on your yarn," cried Tom and I,
"'Tis one we never heard."

" A gentle girl was Elsie.
She had pledged to me her word.

" But I was a wild young fellow,
Her father a stern old man,
And never love's path run rougher.
Than our too true love ran.

" For she was a faithful sweetheart
And a dutiful daughter, too.
She would not break with her lover,
Nor anger her father anew.

" He pledged her hand to another
And set the wedding day;
And Elsie couldn't refuse him,
Nor couldn't run away.

" So the night before the wedding
I sat in my boat just here
Where the lake curves round to the outlet,
And as twelve struck on my ear

" From the church-tower yon in the village
I saw the light go out
That burned till then in her window;
So I put the boat about,

" And rowed in nearer the rushes
To sleep till the break of dawn,
And slept the sleep of the sick at heart
Full to the morrow morn.

" Only just as I dozed for the first time
I woke with a startled heart,
And listened over the water
For the sound that made me start.

" But all was as still as it now is ;
There was only the hoot of an owl,
So I turned again to my slumber,—
Hearing a watch-dog howl.

" I dreamed strange dreams in my slumber
And woke foreboding of ill.
Woke with the gray break of morning
When all was misty and chill.

" But I shook the dew from my shoulders
And shoved my oars into place ;
Then leaned just over the gunwale
To bathe my fevered face.

" My God ! In the stagnant water
There by the side of my boat,
Was the face of my love, my darling,
Rocked by the ripples, afloat.

" She had plunged in the reedy water,
And come with the sluggish tide
Floating down to the outlet
To rest by her lover's side."

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## THE IDEA OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

EDUCATION in America to-day is in a state of chaos. What is the reasonable function of the public school, of the college, of the university ? What relation should the professional and technical schools bear to each of these ? Universities are springing up in a day. Colleges are multiplying their courses. The present demands upon our schools for variety and extent of work would have been a marvel a decade ago. With the phenomenal growth of collegiate work, and with the enormous requirement for a multiplicity of courses there comes an imperative demand for the establishment of more definite limits to the various schools, and for a determination of what each school should reasonably set for its task.

The schools of the present generation stand in a very unique po-

sition. New forces are at work upon them. The achievements of science to-day, in both the theoretical and the practical world, are giving to men's minds a new setting. Forces new to educational thought are readjusting our college ideas. A modern Solomon, in the face of such a tide of new influences, would have exclaimed, "There *are* new things under the Sun." The old educational creeds and methods are passing away. Programs of educational gatherings and pages of educational journals are largely devoted to inquiries concerning the educational values of schools, courses and methods. This decade seems to be a period of educational transition. Science and its method have opened to the efforts of the school room a new world. For four hundred years our colleges have had their eyes upon the past; to-day the future is claiming enthusiastic attention. The laws of the conservation of energy and biological evolution, are creating a very strong and serious craze for the new and fast opening world. The scientific passion is in the ascendant, and an intellectual curiosity of "what next?" is absorbing our efforts and energies. No one seems inclined to doubt the advantage of the swing in this transition from the old to the new mode of educational thought, but is there not some danger of swinging too far? May we not emphasize too strongly the intellectual, the specializing, and the technical tendency of education? Therefore, may we not be led to minimize the weightier matter of true educational doctrine, and to base, consequently, the essential man in his specialty or in his particular life calling? By division of labor in intellectual as in practical industry, men's interests are becoming divided, the man is set off from his fellowmen, and the only excuse for the appearance of this paper is the belief prompting it that our present educational tendencies are separating rather uniting the interests of man. The intellect is rectified and sharpened, while the sentiment is not proportionately adjusted and strengthened. Education should tighten rather than loosen the bonds that hold men together. The interests of men should be fused, though their pursuits be diversified. If men are to-day tending toward separation, toward anarchy, rather than toward union; if men's interest in one another and in social and state institutions, is not what it should be, it is important for us to examine even a hackneyed topic that perchance

we may discover the cause. The fact at any rate exists that there is a decided movement from the culture of the old to the scientific and the technical of the new period.

The end of a college education has generally been said to be liberal culture. This notion is good. For ages men were satisfied with it. But the educational skeptic of to-day asks, what is meant by culture, and when and in what does it become liberal? In this implicit doubt, he is but voicing the spirit of the times. We find ourselves quite willing to listen to a critic who proposes new forms and methods of culture. Educators of this generation are fast coming to see reason in the statement that culture comes as much from the method of the teaching as from the subject matter. Culture is now claimed for the manner of the work as well as for the matter worked upon. Yet there are not a few more conservative, who strictly emphasize certain subjects for particularity in culture. Holding culture to be a kind of practical wisdom and good taste, rather than ability or capacity to do work, they greatly emphasize literatures and histories as necessary subject matter for liberal culture. A cultured man must know the best that has ever been felt, thought, and done, hence he must know literatures and histories.

If a college education is to be liberal, what must it offer? An answer may be made to this question from anyone of these points of view. It may be viewed from the standpoint of knowledge based upon the various branches of human learning, of discipline and development of the persons taught, or of ends given to education from moral philosophy.

A college curriculum may be said to be liberal when it furnishes a good opportunity to get a general knowledge of the elements of the various branches of human learning. For the elements of space, it must give something of geometry; of time and number, something of arithmetic and algebra; of matter, something of chemistry; of motion, something of physics; of life, something of physiology; of mind, something of psychology; of man, something of moral and political science, of histories and literatures. A liberal college course must, therefore, offer an opportunity for study into the elements of all that is. And a man is not liberally educated who has not this general elemental knowledge of all that exists.

Again, a college course may be said to be liberal when it does certain things for its students, when it awakens within them marked qualifications, when it develops, disciplines and harmonizes for them their native powers. Here the subject matter if thought of at all is regarded as a secondary matter, as a means to a higher end, the growth of power. Under this view it is deemed fairer to ask how much a graduate is able to know, than how much he knows. He is looked upon very rightly as a man who has forgotten a good deal.

Certain qualifications withal, the college training must give him. His powers should be developed to a facility in concentration, systematization, retention, expression, and judgment. Success in business, as in scholarship, depends upon his habits of work and thought. He must be habituated to giving himself up thoroughly to the subject, or the business at hand. His judgment should be many sided and experienced, hence he must be able to bring critically to bear the deeds and thoughts of other men and other times upon his problems. He must not only be trained to think and to systematize, but to express himself. Education has a productive, as well as a receptive phase, his powers of expression must therefore be developed. So that if he be led into science to be trained to think, he should also be led into literature to be trained to express his thoughts.

But the true end of a college education is not found complete in either or in both of the foregoing views. Education is more than a knowledge of subject matter, and disciplined and developed power. A college curriculum must train moral character in its students. If conduct can be rightly held to be three-fourth of life, the character building should therefore be looked upon as three-fourths of the purpose in a college course.

A college cannot be said to be liberal in the truest sense of the word that does not furnish means and methods to render its students morally free, benevolent, and interested in the general ideas and institutions of civilization. It is not sufficient to say of a man that he knows certain subjects, even though he may know them well ; nor that he has skill and efficiency in this or that specialty or life calling ; but one may claim the right to inquire, does he subordinate the impulses of his ordinary to his higher and best

self? is he interested in seeing how his special pursuit serves the interests and needs of others? Are his daily tasks met with a devout and energetic feeling of interest for humanity, and how his work fits into the civilizing tendencies of his time?

Through education man's primal duty is to acquire self-control, a thorough going mastery of himself. This culture is manifested in an inner operation that marks off the individual from the immediateness of his surroundings. He has the energy to follow tenaciously and devoutly his own inwrought ideals in the face of pressing passions and present allurements. His ordinary self is subjugated to the dictates of right reason. His own motive has become to use the words of another, "to walk staunchly by the best light he has," "to be strict and sincere with himself" and through this he hopes "to rescue his life from thraldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses, to ennoble it and to make it eternal."

But this ideal cannot be realized in man withdrawn from fellowship with other men. Man must therefore be educated not only among men but to live with men. He must have awakened within him interests for the interests of other men, his will must join and coöperate with the social will. A true education will lead a man into a willing and hearty life service of mankind. He should have not only a permanent and lively interest aroused for his special branch of investigation and life calling, and a power of development in the same, but there should be enkindled a warm and devout enthusiasm for his work in its relation to and aid of the interests and needs of other men. Such a feeling will bind men together rather than separate them. There are motives which should stand as permanent possessions of the liberally educated man, as it has been put by an eminent English critic, such as, "All the love of our neighbors; the impulse towards action, help, and beneficence; the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery; the noble aspiration to have the world better and happier than we found it." These are some of the marks of a truly educated man, and the college curriculums must bear it in mind.

Lastly, a college graduate should have at least a dim vision of how his life efforts are to fit into the general scheme of things, how he is to serve not only men about him, but the institutions,

social and state, his time and age; in a word, to aid civilization. A man's best, strongest and most serious feelings come when he regards his own individual pulse as in time with the heart of things. Life's battles, problems, and perplexities need this real, earnest and abiding feeling. Courage is born with the vision that one's personal plans are identical with the best interests of human kind, with the ideals of civilization. To-day this is too much forgotten. The elements that make heroes are not sufficiently awakened by our system of culture. Men despair too easily, as is seen from lack of business energy and enterprise of college bred men, and also from the number of suicides of the day, especially among the intellectual class. Our manhood may lack in strong and abiding hope. Our times may be pressing too strongly and seriously an extreme of individualism. The watchword of this generation seems to be, "Every man for himself." Are not educated men too ready to quit the wonted habits and haunts of men, to separate themselves from historical institutions, with the vain hope that they might through some such estrangement the better work out their own and the institution's salvation? What we want to-day is union and a fusion rather than separation and a division of interest.

In the foregoing I have aimed to set forth three general forms under which a college education may be viewed. I have chosen rather to give a general tone and color that should accompany all specialization than to define its place and limits. One's special pursuit bears a vital relation to these general forms and because of this, if for no other reason, the specialist should keep himself in the best light concerning them.

It may be of some interest in closing to note how nearly Cornell complies, in ideal, at any rate, with the general forms herein set forth. And it is doubly interesting to suggest this comparison since our wise and beneficent founder was so strongly criticised in the early days of Cornell by Mathew Arnold in his "Culture and Anarchy" after the spirit of the question here raised, whether Cornell does or does not conform to a true conception of culture? The great "monument of munificence," it was claimed, is better "calculated to produce miners, or engineers, or architects," than men of broad and liberal culture and interests. The critic seemed to assume that with these special forms there could not go this general

form. Whatever the development of Cornell has made a matter of history, it was clear to the mind of its earlier benefactors what an ideal University ought to do for its students. At the inauguration of President White, Mr. Cornell said: "I desire that this shall prove to be the beginning of an institution which shall furnish better means for the culture of all men, of every calling, of every aim; which shall make men more truthful, more honest, more virtuous, more noble, more manly; which shall give them higher purposes and more lofty aims, qualifying them to serve their fellowmen better, preparing them to serve society better, training them to be more useful in their relations to the state, and better to comprehend their higher and holier relations to their families and their God. It shall be our aim and our constant effort to make true and Christian men, without dwarfing or paring them down to fit the narrow gauge of any sect." Was ever a gift cast into time embodying a nobler sentiment?

And it is with gratitude that we can observe how its presidents, its trustees, and its munificent benefactors have conformed, in motive at least, to this lofty and liberal spirit of an ideal university. Ex-President White in his last report to the trustees said: "We should aim to meet the recognized necessities of the country, material, intellectual, and moral. As regards the first, we should labor to send out well-trained men in the sciences and arts underlying the great industries; as to the second, to send out men with mental powers well disciplined to do the best work in various professions and public affairs; as to the third, to send out men whose characters have been developed under the best influences that can be brought to bear on them, especially by the presentation of the highest truths, intellectual, moral, and religious." However well or ill she may have followed or departed from her ideal in the selection of apt or inapt teachers, whatever has or has not been her lack of wisdom in the development of departments and in the establishment of kind and extent of optional courses, and however much lack of definiteness there may or may not exist in her actual policies between the true college and university ideas, two of her wisest counselors and most munificent benefactors have mapped out for Cornell University an ideal worthy of the sincerest devotion of a grateful people.

*—Louis Hutchinson Galbreath, '90.*

## BETSEY PATTERSON: A RECOLLECTION.

ALMOST within the grasp of the fast extending limits of the city of Baltimore, may be counted some five or six relics o by-gone days which are connected with events either historic, romantic, or grim enough to make them monuments to go down through ages. It seems strange that such memories will not preserve them, stranger even that people who live within the very shadows of these places often know but little of their history. Yet such is the case. Many are the historic homes already invaded by the advance of the city, many are those not a vestige of which remains to tell of their career, many the old recollection wiped out, many the noted scene forgot!

On a little lane, obscure to a degree, in a region beginning to resound with the hum and clash of the factory, is an old house, deserted and fast going to ruin, but still claiming an air of distinction strong enough to provoke inquiry. About this house clings one of the most romantic stories which ever attracted the sympathy or interest of the world. It is the home of the Pattersons, the spot where the far-famed "Betsey Patterson," the unfortunate wife of Jerome Bonaparte, spent her youth. This house, like all others of its period, was situated in the center of a large tract of land and was at that time somewhat distant from the city. Year by year this area has decreased in size, until now only a few fields immediately around the house remain. It is built on an eminence to the north of the city, commanding a view beyond of the blue Chesapeake, dotted here and there with its fishing craft, and in the foreground a broad expanse of red houses broken here and there by some graceful steeple or dome.

Here William Patterson, the father of Betsey, lived in opulence and kept open house in the fashion of those days. As a boy, he left Ireland and came to Baltimore, where he entered business and rapidly became wealthy. His marriage brought to him all the privileges of Baltimore's aristocratic society, and his wealth, which was exceeded only by that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, gave him a prominent position in the state. Naturally his accomplished and beautiful daughter received homage from every quarter, was courted, flattered and made much of. She is described,

at this time, as being very tall, with dark hair and eyes, and a carriage at the same time queenly and extremely graceful. Unfortunately she was aware of her charms and this together with the fact that her slightest desire was never refused her, produced vanity, haughtiness and self-will. These were so outweighed by her attractive manners, that in early life they went for naught, but it was the seed planted then and afterwards nourished which produced those traits so characteristic of her in latter years.

As we go towards the old mansion by way of the road, we come upon two brick gate-posts which would attract attention by their height alone. They tell the story of the place in a few words, "former grandeur and present dilapidation." The great urns surmounting each are broken and crumbling, the high posts themselves are cracked, and here and there great gaps show only too plainly the workings of time. There is perhaps, nothing which would be called particularly handsome about them, but they aid in increasing that feeling of stateliness which pervades everything. As we pass between them we find ourselves upon a sloping lawn extending to the base of the terraces. These rise step by step to the old mansion, like some welcoming host at the top. Long lines of daffodils, which in their hardier nature have survived, extend across these terraces and by their contrast lighten a little the scene of desolation around us. The house situated at the top is on level ground and is surrounded by a number of old oaks gnarled and dying. It is a typical Maryland manor house, a square brick structure with a small wing at each side; the front, plain, with large windows and a double one in the centre; above this the inevitable gable with its circular window, and of course the slanting roof with its dormers. A porch with Ionic columns is before the arched doorway. Entering through this, we find ourselves in the broad hall. This characteristic portion of a southern house, with its huge fireplace, here seems to have been especially elaborate, for around the streaked and mutilated walls, remains of carved wainscoting and frieze may still be seen and the panelled ceiling though dark with age bears witness to the bygone glory.

In such a room, at a ball in the house of Governor Chase of Maryland, Jerome first met the fair Betsey. He, though hardly

more than a boy, had been fêted continually since his arrival in America; at New York and Philadelphia innumerable balls and entertainments had been given in his honor, and now Baltimore had a chance to offer her hospitality. In the heart of each maiden there came a flutter at the thought of meeting him, but in that of Betsey there came beside this a spark of ambition. She would win Jerome Bonaparte! it was for her an easy task. At this their first meeting as they danced, her long black hair became entantangled in his chain and he laughingly spoke of it as a prophecy of their lives. Again and again they met and the love at first sight grew greater day by day. He spent his time with her, wandering through the well-kept grounds where now we find but desolation. Can we not imagine them, descending the smooth terraces towards the red gate posts, or in the stiff old-fashioned garden, now a wilderness of uncared-for shrubs aud overgrown hedges? It is not difficult, for the whole story seem so like a fairy-tale that the mind can easily picture a scene such as this. At this point it seemed as though the bright dream of Betsey Patterson had suddenly come to an end. Her father, a man noted for his judgment and determination, seeing that this was becoming too serious, thought to break it off by separating the lovers. Betsey was accordingly sent to Virginia to remain until the memory of her should have faded from the mind of the young prince. But the impression was too powerful, and a frequent exchange of letters served to strengthen the attachment as much as the former visits had done. In a month they were engaged, he nineteen, she one year younger. The marriage was to take place at once, but was postponed for two months. In the meantime her father used all his influence to dissuade her from a connection, of which, as he said, he was certain "there can come no good," but she, inheriting his determination and elated by her conquest, only answered, "I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour, than the wife of any other man for life." At last the time rolled by and Betsey found herself "the wife of Jerome Bonaparte" and among the crowned heads of Europe. Married with pomp and ceremony by the Bishop of Maryland, to the brother of the great Napoleon, she felt the eyes of the whole world directed upon her, her dream was complete and she was happy.

The rest of her story is only too well known: the wrath of Napoleon at the news of his brother's marriage, and his refusal to recognize its validity; the trip to Europe, only to find that she was prevented from setting foot on French land; Napoleon's decree annulling the marriage; and finally Jerome's faithlessness and marriage to the Princess of Würtemburg. These came one after the other in such a way as would have crushed any other woman, but Elizabeth Bonaparte had in her a nature as determined as it was ambitious. Vainly did she strive by every means to secure Napoleon's recognition. To no effect did she secure the suit of America's most prominent men. Napoleon was deaf alike to the words of President Jefferson or any other pleading her cause. Baffled in each attempt, she drew the sympathy of all who knew her story; but "Elizabeth Bonaparte asked not for sympathy!" the one object of her life denied her, she could never have happiness.

As we look around us what do we see? an old place, showing distinctly the mark of grandeur—yet a ruin, the decree of desertion is upon it and though the air which it formerly held may still cling firmly about it, it is doomed and time will surely efface it. What simile can we draw? What comparison can we make? A woman gaining a prince and feeling herself raised high above those about her, only to find she cannot hold what she has grasped. The decree of desertion is also upon her, vainly does she strive against it, it is the inevitable. Of her, the memory alone remains, and when a few more years shall have rolled thoughtlessly by, the spot where she made her conquest shall have also become a thing of the past.

—*J. Alexis Shriver.*

## LEONFERT, THE MONK.

I WAS once traveling to Cologne by boat, through a lovely country, cut by the winding Rhine, with grape vines growing on the hilly slopes stretched along its banks. Now and then an old ruin would appear in sight, which we viewed for some lapse of time owing to the slow progress of the boat. Bingen, and its

quaint Mausthurn into which an ancient Burgomeister had been thrown for his tyrannical actions and there devoured by rats, was two or three hours behind us, and the houses of Coblentz were drawing abreast. "Yonder," said a chance acquaintance, in the patronizing way common to those who are giving information to strangers, "is the cathedral of Coblentz. On the other side of the river you see the renowned ruin of Ehrenbreitstein. A short distance further on, you see entering the Rhine a small tributary, upon which is situated Ems, the well known health resort. It is the Lahn, upon which the annual Kaiser Regatta is held, to which his Imperial Majesty always lends his presence, and offers the prizes to the victors. Yonder is another ruin with the usual legend attached to it. But perhaps you might like to hear the legend," he added, and as I nodded in the affirmative, he began :

"In ancient times, so long ago in fact that people have begun to doubt that such a person ever enjoyed existence, yonder ruin was the home of a pious monk by the name of Leonfert. The monastery was the residence of a well known order of monks, who administered to the dying, attended the sick, and gave to the needy. After the day's work was done they assembled in the refectory, where the oldest monk mumbled a few prayers, and then each retired to his cell for the night.

It was on a certain stormy night that after the usual ceremonies of prayer Leonfert had retired and was waiting for sleep. The wind outside howled and groaned, and the rain beat a pitiless tattoo against the walls of the building. When the wind put forth a stronger effort the lightning flashed up and illuminated the surroundings for some distance. Leonfert tossed restlessly on his couch ; it was a night whereon goblins and evil spirits made their presence distinctly felt. Everything was cold and dark, and Leonfert gave his blanket a tug, wrapped himself up to his ears in it, and tried once more to sleep.

There was someting strange in the air. His pulse beat faster than usual, and every nerve in him was quickened.

What was that? His name, he thought. He hearkened again. Nothing ; and then once more the same deep tone. "Leonfert," it seemed to say ; and then louder and more clearly it muttered, "Leonfert, awake, for I am the devil. To every mortal there comes

a time when he wavers between right and wrong. I am now come to tempt you."

Leonfert rubbed his eyes and looked towards the voice. It was indeed the devil, and in his regulation costume—horns, tail, hoofs and all. The monk knew well that there comes a time in every man's life when he is tempted between good and evil, so he was not surprised at this visit.

"I fear not; my character is firm. If I but sin, so may you claim my soul—aye, two souls," answered Leonfert hotly.

"Agreed," replied the devil, before the monk could reflect on the significance of what he had said. "And should you not succumb, then may you claim two souls from my keeping. Let me understand this in red and white, so sign on this paper with blood."

It was a good deed to save two souls from the devil, and although Leonfert did not see how he could pay the whole wager should he lose, yet confident of winning he signed with a drop of his blood the paper handed him, and trusted to himself to originate some scheme of evading the devil, a common occurrence in those days, if the worst should happen. "I warrant I'll have to call on you soon again," said the devil with an ugly grin, as he disappeared. The rain stopped beating, the wind calmed down into a gentle zephyr, and in a soft sleep Leonfert lost all memory of the occurrence.

The next day he was sent to attend the spiritual wants of a dying man. There was no hope for the sick one, and after the last dying gasp, the monk set out on his lonely road back to the monastery.

The road was through woods tinted by the afternoon sun, among which, after the solemn occurrence, Leonfert's heart went out towards all men. A few paces, and he was brought to a stop by the figure of a girl weeping by the pathside. Touched, he stopped and enquired her trouble, she wept at first all the more, but assured by his monachal garb, he finally drew from her that she had lost her mother, her only friend in the world, and that now starvation stared her in the face. Leonfert sat down beside her, and taking her hand in his, spoke soothing words to her, he saw in the deep blue eyes that trouble had been hers; he spoke consolingly, and the time sped on.

From pity springs love. How could it be indifference with such a noble heart as had Leonfert. This man, unused to talking with women, and now gazing into the sweet face of one bowed down with melancholy, aye, holding her hand too, was it strange that he should feel a strange sensation warming up his heart, one that he could not account for? He told her to return to the same spot the next day, when he would bring provisions until work might be found for her.

"Yes," she replied cheerfully, "I will return. After your kindness how can I but promise, yea, swear to do whatever you bid me do.

Leonfert seemed to be struggling to say something that came from his throat reluctantly. "Adieu" he said several times, and then with a final effort, "Adieu, sw— adieu, sweet girl," and as a faint flush diffused itself over the monk's face, he wandered home, wondering why he felt so strangely happy. The poor fellow was but human, after all.

About an hour after he had retired to sleep that night, he fancied he heard his name whispered. It sounded like the voice of last night, he thought. "Leonfert," it said, "Leonfert, awake, it is I, the devil once more. Your soul is mine and one other soul must you bring me besides. You have sinned. You have broken the oath you took on entering the monastery, for you have fallen in love with a woman. Your soul is mine; and should you wonder how you will bring another, behold, I heard your companion swear to do what you bid her do. This oath she is not free from; and you shall require her to give her soul to me. This is the only way you can pay your debt." Poor monk; it suddenly flashed over him that he had lost the wager, and there was no way of evasion, think as hard as he could. The next day he informed his companion of the preceding day, of the unhappy fate that was awaiting them at their deaths. Grief seized them and in less than two weeks both had died of broken hearts.

The villagers round about saw strange sights at night in the cemetery during the next months. They could see, it was reported, in the evening's dimness two ghosts wandering among the tombstones, stopping before newly filled graves, stopping every

new arrival from the land of the living, begging, entreating, it seemed, and then weeping. These spirits were Leonfert and his companion, though this was not known by the villagers. Every new arrival they entreated to change positions, hoping he had led an evil life and the thing would be pleasing to him. It was a weird scene, and the people were frightened even to look in the direction of the cemetery after darkness had set in.

Full liberty is given to unfortunates such as these during the first year after death. Six months had elapsed and there were six left before these two spirits would enter into the active service of the devil, when, at the stroke of twelve in the night, a fresh grave opened and the spirit of a brother monk appeared over the edge. Leonfert rushed up to him, told his sorrowful story, and begged to be advised how to escape his fate. Not one sympathizing look did the brother monk bestow on the pair; he merely said:

"Leonfert, one night, perhaps the same night, the devil offered me the same wager as you have been offered; I have won. Two souls can I claim from the devil. I therefore release you from his clutches."

Just then the devil, who was eavesdropping behind a tombstone, finding himself cheated of his prey, set up a most dismal howl. He put his tail between his legs, the legend says, and ran home cursing with rage. And on stormy nights the people say they hear him howling, even to this day.

"Is the legend supposed to be true?" I asked, as my friend came to the close.

"True? Just as true as any legend around here?" And then he added confidentially: "Why, my great grandfather made it up himself to increase the value of some of his property in the vicinity."

Just then, we drew alongside the wharf, where my friend left the boat to return to his home in Coblentz.

—*Benjamin Nathan.*

## ANCIENT GREEKS AND MODERN AMERICANS.

WHO were the ancient Greeks, and who are the modern Americans? If philology is competent to answer, it must be believed they are children of common ancestors. Both are members of the Aryan family that scattered its descendants over the whole of Europe. Both belong to that race which has been for centuries, and is to-day, the dominating power of the civilized world, standing for all that is highest and best in human progress.

But this, though seeming to say much, is not necessarily of any great assistance in determining comparative individual and race characteristics. The differences everywhere apparent between relatives of even the second and third generation are suggestive enough to prevent ready assertions based upon probable consanguinity.

Considered politically, the ancient Greeks had what seem to Americans paradoxical views—a peculiar intermixture of concern for the individual giving to him great liberty, and of disregard for his individuality, declaring that the individual is entirely subservient to the state. There have been no people who worked harder than the old Greeks at politics, and yet among them office holding was not considered a profession, but an honor and a duty. Thus the burden of the practical teaching of Socrates is first to elevate his fellow citizens, and secondly to get them to feel the necessity of complete obedience to the state. But Greek sympathies could not extend beyond their own petty districts, and the political life of ancient Greece is one of particularism as distinguished from centralization.

Reasons for this are not far to seek, though all the valid considerations that can be adduced do not seem sufficient to account for the lack of political foresight which prevented Greece from becoming a nation. In the abstract, nothing was more dear to every Greek than national pride in himself as a Greek. In the concrete, nothing was more sacred to the Grecian states than their independence of each other. It is well nigh pathetic to see, in the Philippics of Demosthenes, how these principles operate in the last stand of the Greeks against centralization, personified in the barbarian Philip. For, with all his solicitude for the autonomy of

particularistic Greece, Demosthenes was compelled by the logic of events to become among his people the apostle of a new political gospel. He had foresight sufficient to see the advantage, nay the necessity, of a definite political union and policy among the Greeks, if they were to be preserved from humiliation at the hands of those whom they called barbarians.

What could be closer to the development of American national character in this one aspect? The breaking away of our forefathers from the restrictions of their home governments was an assertion of the doctrine of individuality. Their union in defence of their common rights, and later their attempted division, with final union into a strong nation, are analagous to the struggles of the Greeks up to the time of Philip. But along with this analogy is a very essential difference in the thoughts of Greeks and Americans with regard to the individual. The Greeks recognized no other individual than the citizen. On the other hand, the essential basis of the American doctrine of individuality, is the simple ground of personality—existence as a human being—that finds its most familiar expression in the sentence from the pen of Thomas Jefferson: "All men are created free and equal."

Though a Greek prized above all things his liberties and rights as a citizen, he was a despot in his household, having two grades of inferiors—free and slave. When there were already enough children in the house, those born later were exposed to die or to become slaves. So, too, there seems never to have been a question in his mind whether slavery was a moral wrong. It was to him an institution of society having, to be sure, its disagreeable features, but these were simply to be bettered, without abolishing the system.

If there is anything in the life of ancient Greeks that appeals to Americans it is their vivacity, their versatility. In everything they displayed wonderful acuteness and sharpness, assimilating whatever came in their way. Americans have great variety of climate, scenery, and occupation, so that they, too, have the readiest sympathy with all that is bright and good from any source whatsoever. Just as truly it can be said that both peoples have developed idiosyncrasies that are very striking for people of such uniform good sense.

To the Greek mind, genius was no less great because studious and highly wrought with artistic excellence, and thus all their greatest orators were men who were consciously using all their powers to work out polished productions that should bear the unmistakable stamp of thoughtful preparation. To the average American nothing is more repugnant than this. He is unable to modify his admiration for spontaneity by bringing himself to apply the same tests, or give the same meed of praise to a public speaker, that is yet ungrudgingly accorded to a careful artistic sculptor.

In matters of everyday life it would be curious to compare old Greek with American peculiarities. How surprised and gratified the American dude must be to learn that his wishes and tastes were appreciated centuries ago. The dress of an Athenian gentleman was incomplete without a walking stick, and it is recorded that the police arrested as disorderly any who appeared on the streets without canes!

As was to be expected from people of quick sympathies and happy temperaments, Greeks were ever ready to enjoy themselves, laughed at blunders, wept at misfortunes, were tickled at absurdities and awed by solemnity, were amused at knavery and indignant at injustice. They had that keen appreciation of broad humor characteristic of American "funny papers," as their comedies abundantly testify. They had such good taste as to be excellent judges of beauty, even worshipping beauty because they thought it the same thing as goodness. To be a "perfect gentleman" was to be fair and good, in conduct and looks, in character and birth.

Greeks had all the Americans' love and respect for money, but denied themselves the Americans' freedom of occupation to obtain it. Probably because such pursuits were supposed to be methods of deriving unjust profits from others, and besides interfered with aesthetic enjoyments, business life was universally left to slaves and aliens. No self-respecting Greek could become a merchant, though the ban of social odium was later somewhat relaxed in the case of larger wholesale dealers who managed business through slaves. Being thus left free from bread and butter cares, it was inevitable that a taste for city life should be developed. It was

just as agreeable among Greeks as it is now with Americans for the idle fashionable to flock together for enjoyment. Gossip, gymnastics, politics, religion and art in its varied branches were the common subjects of their attention. A Greek went to the forum as a modern man goes "on change." To make the resemblance more complete, unless a man was studious or a politician, his evenings were spent with friends in conversation and music. If he stayed at home, his custom was to go to bed early, while if he was out he often made a night of it.

Notwithstanding their dislike of aliens and of foreign customs, Greeks had almost no exclusiveness in religion. There was great unity in feeling that they themselves were superior to the rest of mankind, but in comparing their gods with others, they seem not to have applied the same tests. In this matter, too, Americans are not unlike the Greeks, for tolerance of religious beliefs is one of their cardinal principles.

Many more examples might be cited tending to show the reasonableness of American fellow feeling for the children of the Homeric land, but enough has been said to make it clear that Americans may fittingly claim sympathetic understanding for the thought of ancient Greeks.

*Clyde Augustus Duniway.*

## HERE AND THERE.

THE MAGAZINE has now nearly completed the fourth year of its existence, and the question naturally arises, is it well fulfilling its mission in the world; does it realize the aims which were present in the minds of its founders? We can hardly, it must be confessed, congratulate ourselves that this is the case. The ideal is yet far from being realized. As was aptly remarked, not long since: "The MAGAZINE is still rather a possibility than a realization." Let us see then, what are the ideals to which a literary monthly should approach and in what respects our MAGAZINE is deficient.

There certainly is plenty of room, especially in a large university, for one periodical exclusively literary in its nature. A literary monthly meets a want felt in every university and should

form an important factor in the literary life of the institution. It is to be expected that original ideas will spring forth, here and there, from the intellectual activity of a thousand or more students, and it is important that the products from such a hive of intellectual industry should find a market for exchange. Such a market is afforded by the literary magazine; each writer contributes thought commodities and receives in profitable exchange the intellectual products of others. Article II, in the constitution of the MAGAZINE reads: "The object of the CORNELL MAGAZINE shall be represented by the best thoughts of the Faculty, alumni, and undergraduates." There is undoubtedly a large and important factor in the purpose of every college magazine to furnish a fit exponent for the thought of all members of the institution, both present and past. But, as it seems to us, its mission has a much wider scope; one of its chief aims should be to cultivate a literary spirit among the undergraduate members of the institution. It should be an important instrument in the education of the students. Such a part it might well play as we shall show.

In the first place suitable expression exerts a powerful influence in developing one's power of thinking. Through this means one's thoughts attain a clearness and definiteness which they would not otherwise attain. Ideas that would otherwise remain in a crude undeveloped state, receive a bright polish and a clear-cut finish which greatly enhances their value. New ideas rush in to take the place of the old. Besides this beneficial effect, there is a stimulus, more than one would imagine, simply in seeing one's writings *in print*. Especially with the beginner, as any writer will testify, it exerts an influence on certain self-regarding feelings, which is very pleasant. One's writings as they appear in print, seem more objective, more apart from self; the writer is thus enabled better to criticise his work and to form a more just estimate of its merits and defects. A moderation of judgment is also cultivated. For the ideas printed over one's signature, one is responsible to the whole reading world. Such publicity may sometimes exert a very salutary influence in checking over impetuous thought. Such are some of the beneficial influences over the literary life of a university which may be exerted by a literary monthly.

But in order to derive the benefit from any exercise one must use it; in order to derive benefit from the literary monthly, one must contribute. As a matter of fact the contributors to the CORNELL MAGAZINE from the undergraduate classes are very meagre in number. The Freshman, Sophomore and Senior classes offer but little, and from the Junior class there is scarcely enough competition to fill the places on the editorial board. The alumni have been quite generous in their contributions, and the Faculty has been very kind in furnishing articles, but the student contributions which should form the body of the MAGAZINE are not so plentiful as they should be. The result is, the tone of the MAGAZINE is set by the articles received from the Alumni and from the Faculty, and the students are afraid of not being able to bring anything up to their standard.

The MAGAZINE is for the students; let the students then enjoy the privileges offered. College life has a tinge and coloring peculiarly its own; let this peculiar quality pervade the matter of the college magazine. Let the exuberant fancy and the ready humor characteristic of college days, give a tone to the college magazine, and it will be enjoyed by a large circle of readers.

* * *

That the class of '92 has determined to leave an athletic memorial will be heard with satisfaction by some, and by many others with discontent. It is eminently fitting that a class whose presence in the University has been attended by so great a boom in all departments of athletics, should leave, in remembrance of its achievements, an athletic memorial. But in close connection with this matter arises the question as to the benefit derived from athletic training. The question as to the desirability of intercollegiate contests springs up. A great deal can be said on both sides.

There is to be noted a very different relation existing between the athletic training and the mental instruction at a college, from what one would expect. From being simply a means of maintaining the body in good condition while the mind is receiving instruction, athletic culture has come to be an end in itself. In the case of almost a majority of those exercising in our gymnasiums and athletic fields, the aim in view is rather glory in some future athletic contest than preparation for better study. The athletic club

house is itself a symptom of this tendency. Its use will be almost confined to members of the various athletic teams and of men of kindred spirit.

But there are other ways of looking at these matters. First from the point of view of practical utility to the university. An athletic victory over some formidable opponent will probably exert more influence in attracting students than would the most imposing of edifices, or the services of the most illustrious scholar in the land.

Again, from the point of view of the student, there are certain propensities, inherent in man at the age of the average college student, which are bound to find vent in one way or another. Not one student in a hundred is able to devote his energy, exclusively, to his books; the majority of students are able to study to better advantage after a little pleasant diversion. How much better, then, that these propensities should be turned in the direction of pure healthful athletic sport than toward vicious ends as might be the case.

But there is a broader and still weightier plea which may be urged in favor of athletic sports. It is based on the distinction between a broad education and simple instruction. It is coming to be more and more generally recognized that book instruction alone constitutes but a small element in a man's education, and that a man whose education consists solely of book learning has but a one-sided development. On this consideration, educators throughout the country are coming to recognize athletics as a very valuable means of education. No doubt there are many cases in which athletics are carried to excess, but the fact remains that, besides the physical exercise which they afford, they develop certain noble and manly attributes in one's nature more effectively than can any other means. It is, then, as essential means in the complete education of the human soul that athletics must make their strongest claims for support and continuance.

## THE MONTH.

THE month just passed has been one of busy activity with the Seniors and apparently of pleasant recreation with the other members of the University. A fortunate few had their theses ready to hand in on May 9, while a far larger number are still struggling in their effort to form some *original* ideas.

A great share of the honors for this year have been awarded, as is shown by the happy contented expression on the countenances of many Seniors. It is to be noticed that the competition for every honor this year has been unusually spirited. The successful Woodford orations are said to be the best submitted in twenty years. Six orations, the limit in number, have been selected to be delivered at the contest in June. In Phi Beta Kappa also the competition was unusually strong and twelve members, the limit fixed by the constitution, have been chosen from '92.

The baseball team, which gave great promise in the early part of the season, has been meeting some reverses on its Eastern trip. In the opening series of games played with professional teams, our team made the honorable record of five games won from a total of nine played. But, as usual, when away from home, they have been attended with poor success, and have suffered successive defeats at the hands of Harvard, Yale and Brown, relieved only by the victory over Fordham.

Both crews are doing finely for this part of the year. The Freshman crew will not be so heavy as that of last year, but will be more evenly matched in point of weight. The material of the 'Varsity crew is unusually good and ought to make a good showing in the June race. Hall, of last year's Freshman crew, is stroking in fine style.

The principal trouble this year has been a lack of financial support. This has been decidedly an off year in this respect, and not enough money has been raised to keep the crews at the training table. The announcement that the intercollegiate races this year will be held on Cayuga Lake is a source of much pleasure to all Cornellians, but the fact that the races will necessarily not be rowed until the week following commencement, has aroused much discontent among the students.

The preliminary list of candidates for baccalaureate degrees shows a total of 291 names; exclusive of the Law School, 250. This is an increase in the four-year courses of 70 over last year.

The senior class has decided to leave as a memorial an athletic club house on Percy Field.

The graduate student's club had a highly successful dinner and meeting on the 28th of April. Mr. Ernest Albee, fellow in philosophy, was elected president of the club for the remainder of the year 1892. The chief event of the evening was the reading and discussion of Mr. Galbreath's article on the Idea of a College Education, which appears in this number.

Professor Schurman's final decision not to accept the presidency of the University of California, has caused great satisfaction to all members of the University.

As we are about to go to press the surprising intelligence is received that President Adams has resigned. Full reasons are not yet public, but the resignation is a sad climax to the loss of several prominent professors and will be heard with much sorrow by all lovers of Cornell. Little could be added here to the expression of grief and regret which have already been uttered in all parts of the country, but the MAGAZINE adds its voice as well to the many that have testified to their respect and honor for President Adams in his service to Cornell as an executive officer, as a scholar, and as a man.

## NEW BOOKS.

*A Primer of English Verse, Chiefly in its Æsthetic and Organic Character.* By Hiram Corson, LL.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The important but unpretentious little volume that Professor Corson has just made public, is a neat duodecimo of some two hundred pages, attractive and clear in topography. In appearance it is uniform with the other recent works devoted to the study of English issued by the same publishers.

After one has read the book, and begun in some degree to appreciate the value of its contribution to the æsthetics of versification, the title seems far too modest. The author by no means confines himself to the rudiments of metrical criticism, but goes far beyond this, noticeably in his examination of the stanza, a term that with great insight he applies to the organic verse-group of blank verse, as well as to the quatrain and similar combinations of rhyming lines. Again, there is certainly no more advanced book on the

the subject, to which the present work could serve as an introduction. It is complete in itself.

Simplicity of treatment, and space for more essential matters are secured by the omission of much waste prosodical detail with which former works have uniformly been burdened, often indeed giving nothing else. The art of destroying the meaning and melody of verse by "scanning it aloud," murmuring the odd syllables of the line in a subdued whisper, and bringing out the even syllables with jerky emphasis, that art which we all doubtless learned in our earlier school days, is left for other treatises to teach. In direct opposition to such absurdities, Professor Corson believes that the structure of verse is best appreciated when it is read in the manner dictated by its meaning; that in good verse, the rhythm and the meaning are inseparable. In such verse the metre is organic and essential; this position is sustained by examples from a number of English poets. The subject of the present work is the æsthetics of verse, and in consistency with this subject, the qualities even of the single line are nowhere in it studied without a sense of the context and content.

The fundamental theorem in Professor Corson's treatment of verse is laid down in the opening chapter, where the statement is made that "the principal coefficients of poetic expression . . . . seem to be all due, when they are vital and organic, to the unifying action of feeling or emotion. When strong feeling is in any way objectified, a unifying process sets in. The insulated intellect, in *its* action, tends rather in an opposite direction—that is, in an analytic direction." In other words, the distinction is here drawn between creative and critical thought, and it is in its identification with the former that poetic expression is individualized. The æsthetic and organic sides of versification are constantly kept before the reader. The characteristics of the verse of each poet examined are tested and explained with reference to the spiritual qualities of his work.

With perfect justice, great stress is laid upon the actual sound of verse as read aloud. A line of poetry is not to be regarded as a series of printed symbols, nor merely as an aptly conceived and expressed bit of writing; it is above all a vocal utterance. It is the ear that is addressed and not the eye. With this fact in view, melody and harmony are studied, the former involving an examination of rhythm, the latter of rhyme, assonance and alliteration. The two latter qualities receive here a degree of attention that before this has generally been devoted to rhyme alone.

In the section devoted to accentuation, the notation used is the simplest possible, and can be acquired at a glance. The author believes that only the smallest fraction of the properties of verse can be investigated by an algebraic symbolism, and this part of the subject has been given its proper subordinate place. The old names of iambus and dactyl, to say nothing of the more repellant technicalities of the prosodists who have confounded classical quantity and modern accent, have been abandoned. The result is

that greater prominence is secured to the more essential features of verse, to those inner qualities which make up its true life.

A carefully worked-out section of the book is that devoted to the significance of rhyme and the effects secured by this means. In particular the use of rhyme to emphasize leading words or to withdraw subordinate ideas from prominence is pointed out and explained. In this connection occurs a profound inquiry into the qualities of the Spenserian stanza, the noblest rhymed structure in our language, especially important as being English in its origin and development, and as being a favorite stanza with so many later poets. About one-fourth of the book is occupied with this, and its subtle variety of effect in the hands of Thomson, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Tennyson, each of whom is liberally cited. Other stanzas to which searching analysis is applied are the *Ottava Rima*, and some of those created by Tennyson in his earlier poems: the stanzas of the Palace of Arts, the Two Voices, and the Daisy. To many readers this will be the most stimulating and suggestive chapter in the book, as showing what an aid in the appreciation of poetry is given by a sympathetic study of its rhythmical structure.

Next to this the sonnet and blank verse receive the most elaborate examination of any of the forms discussed. The illustrative passages include all the most marvelous handiwork of the poets since Shakespeare. In addition there are hundreds of references, so that the careful reader is given an amount of material to work with far exceeding what could be brought within the limits of the book itself. The discussion of recent blank verse is suggestive rather than detailed, leaving the opportunity for original study and criticism by the reader. The limits of the volume did not afford room for any detailed study of Browning's verse, but references are given to a number of characteristic passages.

The book is valuable for what it contains, and equally so for what it suggests. The magnificent extent of our English poetic literature, so rich in masterpieces and so universal and all-embracing in its range, will always afford material for the study of the aesthetics of poetic expression. The study of the mechanics of verse has long since been carried to its farthest limit; future investigations in this subject must undoubtedly be along the line in which Professor Corson's volume heralds the advance.

*William Strunk, jr.*

*Christopher Columbus: His Life and His Work.* By President Charles Kendall Adams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This volume is the first in a series entitled, "The Makers of America," to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is written in popular form, and will be read with great interest by many who have usually found such treatises too technical, and too full of long and meaningless names. The whole story of his life and work is told in an easy narrative manner, and the reader is borne along by a lively interest in the straight-forward simple tale.

The volume is peculiarly interesting, in that it sets forth Columbus in a different light from that in which he has been looked at during the past few hundred years. The author states in his preface that he purposes to treat his subject in the spirit of modern scholarship; that is, he will seek truth at whatever hazard. Hitherto the discoverer has been regarded as one whose right to honor and fame dared not be questioned by the historian. Washington Irving, says the author, was responsible for much of the modern feeling which hesitates to undermine old and established customs and beliefs. But the spirit of modern scholarship will not longer give way to this prevalent feeling. So President Adams, comparing critically the best authorities upon the life and work of Columbus, such as The Letters and Journal of Columbus, the history of the time by Las Casas, Bernaldey, Peter Martyr, and others, finds that he cannot attribute to Columbus so much of merit as has heretofore been assigned to him. The author makes no conclusions but such as he thinks can be borne out by so much of fact as can be found upon the subject. Many of his readers will, no doubt, hesitate to accept some of the conclusions he comes to, principally because they have thought otherwise all their lives; but they certainly will feel that the whole has been treated in a scholarly and philosophical spirit, with no motive in view but to get at the truth. It is not too much to say that this volume may create a wholly new attitude of the public mind toward Columbus and his work.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

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

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Knickerbocker Nugget Series.)
A History of Greece. Part II. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D.
The Odes and Epodes of Horace, translated into English Verse with an Introduction and Notes, and Latin Text. By John B. Hague, Ph.D.
Walter Savage Landor: A Critical Study. By Edward Waterman Evans, Jr.
The Test-Pronouncer: A Companion Volume to "7,000 Words often Mispronounced." By William Henry P. Phyfe.

*From Heath & Co., Boston:*

A German Science Reader. By J. Howard Gore, B.S., Ph.D.
Einführung in Goethe's Meisterwerke: Selections from Goethe's Poetical and Prose Works. By Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt.
Exercises in French Composition. By A. C. Kimball.

*From Dodd, Mead & Co., Boston:*

Christopher Columbus. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D. (Makers of America Series.)

*From Ginn & Co., Boston:*

A Primer of English Verse, Chiefly in its Aesthetic and Organic Character. By Hiram Corson, LL.D.

*From Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York:*

Not on Calvary.

THE

# CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1892. NO. 9.

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

## SOME ALPINE EXPERIENCES.

IT was a warm day; as rapidly as the heat and the weight of our knapsacks allowed, we were entering a pleasant valley in the Italian Alps, somewhat to the south of Zermatt. On that day immense gray clouds concealed the mountains from sight and it was only from time to time that through some rift we could behold the white summit of Monte Rosa, seemingly close at hand, but in reality still far distant. Our road was cut out along the mountain side, and like all Swiss roads, was in remarkably good condition. But soon the road disappeared entirely and we were compelled to follow a narrow path, none the less picturesque, but far more abrupt. On one side appeared the valley with its numerous *châlets* scattered about or clustered into groups, and the herds of cattle and mountain goats, which seemed in grazing almost to cling to the cliffs, and which filled the air with the thousand varying sounds of their bells. Below in the depths of the valley flowed a mountain stream, whose murmurings were hardly to be heard at that distance, almost lost in the confused humming of innumerable insects that warned us of the approaching storm. Upon the

rocks at the roadside countless motley lizards, which had been tranquilly basking in the sun, scampered away as we approached. On our right was the mountain itself with its forests of sombre pines, and higher up great masses of snow, just visible at the base of the clouds that hid the summit from view.

Despite the heat we were putting our best foot foremost, for we were anxious to reach Macugnaga that afternoon, in time to make our preparations for the next day. After stopping to rest several times, on which occasions we gave a hitch to our knapsacks and mopped our foreheads vigorously, we at last saw just ahead the end of the valley and a cluster of houses large enough to inform us that we had reached the end of our day's tramp. The "village" in question was no more like a village than some "hotels" we had frequently encountered on our travels deserved the name of hotels, but we knew that we could find there a more or less comfortable shelter, a substantial meal, and guides for the next day's ascent.

As soon as we had rid ourselves of our incumbrances and hunted up the innkeeper, we began to make active preparations for our project. Of course the first thing in order was to supply ourselves with guides. Fortunately for us, we had only a few days before met a most enthusiastic member of the Swiss Alpine Club, who had given us considerable useful information on the subject of the mountain we intended to climb. He also knew the names of several of the guides of the neighborhood and had recommended some two or three of them to us.

As soon as we had furnished him with our names, the proprietor, who filled also the position of porter, made haste to convey information of our needs to one of the guides, who on his way to us picked up another, and a few minutes afterward the two arrived at the inn. Our first glance at them was not very favorable, but following the advice of our friend of the Alpine Club, we began to talk with them and our opinion soon changed. The guides were both little men, hardly coming to our shoulders, and an observer at a distance would have certainly taken us for the guides and them for the travelers, for our costumes were in a state by no means superior to that of theirs. But what they had lost in height, they had somehow made up in breadth and their great

square shoulders seemed capable of supporting without fatigue a good heavy burden. One of the guides spoke only Italian, but the other knew a little German and something of French, and he it was that carried on the negotiations. I must explain here that our negotiations were less on the subject of the price of their services than on the question whether or no we should be able to make the ascent. For every ascent, as well as for vehicles and mules from one place to another, there is a fixed tariff, established either by agreement among the guides or by custom, and the traveler has no choice but to submit.

The storm, which had been brewing all afternoon, now came up, and rain fell in torrents, which for a while caused us the greatest anxiety. Our guide, leaving the room in which the rain had compelled us to take refuge, regarded carefully the flight of the clouds, and returned with the words, "The rain comes from Monte Rosa; it will clear up during the night." I must confess that the prediction did not inspire us with very much confidence, for the rain continued to fall even more violently than before, but in spite of all we continued our preparations. First we were shod. One of the guides, who had some knack at cobbling, or rather who could do a little of almost everything, went to his house and got the nails. These nails had pyramidal heads with sides a good quarter of an inch long. With these he began to decorate the soles of our shoes, which after the operation weighed certainly a pound more per pair. We also had to have sharpened the points of our alpenstocks, which had served us so well during the last month.

When we reached the hotel, we had found there two Americans who were also on their way to Zermatt, but by another road. There are many ways of going from Macugnaga to Zermatt, and the one which they had chosen was much the easier but it was also considerably longer. Indeed it was an amateurish route, of which we did not even deign to think, for a few weeks' experience among the mountains makes one capable of highly interesting excursions. When the two gentlemen learned that we were going to Zermatt and when we had acquainted them with our plans, one of them, a New Yorker, was so taken with them that he asked permission to join our party. As to the other, he was a bit un-

certain. Perhaps his personality, like that of the noble Tartarin, was made up of two; one that said, "Go," and another that said "Stay." The first personality gained the day and he finally decided to make one of the *cortège*. As we had some little baggage to take along, we needed porters. This office was undertaken by some guides of the second class, so to speak, or rather by some apprentices in the art. Our guides themselves had been porters in their time and had thus learned their perilous vocation.

After finishing our preparations and taking our modest supper together, during all which time the conversation centered on the expedition of the next day, we restored our strength by a sleep that the day's fatigue had put us in condition fully to appreciate. Perhaps the beds were not so soft as they might have been, but after having walked thirty miles and breathed the fresh mountain air, one can sleep under almost any conditions, as we all learned later.

We were to start as early as possible, so as to pass the first snows before the sun had had time to soften them, and shortly after midnight an unaccustomed noise roused us from our slumbers. One of the guides had agreed to wake us and it was his voice that we heard in the corridor. We felt as if we had slept scarcely an hour and it was with regret that we arose from our sleep, but as was fitting, the regret lasted but a few minutes and we were soon up, calling to each other from room to room and putting on our traveling clothes. Opening the window, what was my surprise to see that the clouds of the day before had disappeared and that the sky was covered with stars, and the moon, now in its last quarter, shone brightly over the valley, half hidden by a thin haze. We were all soon ready to descend to the "*salle à manger*," where we sat around the table and breakfasted. The scene there was one not easily forgotten. Imagine a large low-ceilinged hall, with furnishings to correspond; a great oak table around which we sat half asleep; the whole illumined by a small smoky lamp, and near at hand our guides, making ready for the start, with their weather-beaten faces lighted up and made almost fantastic by the red flame of the lamp; the ice-axes, the ropes which they were coiling up and hanging around their necks, the porters who were arranging our baggage in the easiest shape for

carrying; the moment had something grave, almost sinister about it. We looked like a robber-band making ready for a night raid. It must be added that we had little appetite; the novelty of the situation took away our hunger, and we ate mainly because we knew it was the proper thing.

Finally all was ready; the provisions being divided between the guides and the porters, we said good-bye to the hotel and set out in silence for the mountain. The light of the moon, which reached us only through the fog, being insufficient, the two guides lighted a dark lantern to lighten our way, and soon our procession left the village and took to a narrow path bordered by rocks and crossed from time to time by some streamlet or cascade. There could be nothing more solemn than that nocturnal progress; it was like the continuation of the scene in the breakfast-room. We marched in silence; each absorbed in the reflections that the tranquillity of the night aroused in him, and had it not been for the cry of the guide in front, who from time to time called out warningly, with an Italian accent, "*Attention!*" one might have believed that we were the mountain spirits proceeding furtively on our way to a witches' meeting. Meanwhile the sun began to rise; the rocks became more frequent and at the same time the vegetation became more scarce; the haze, too, became more transparent, and soon we were entirely above it. At that moment the moon was just disappearing on the Italian side, casting its last rays on the valley, which was entirely concealed by the thick veil on which the mountains round about cast their enormous shadows. The herbage became still more scanty, the little stunted pines had completely disappeared and we were continually meeting with rocks that had rolled down from above. The mountain air lacked none of its freshness, and the day was already heralded by the pale tints which appeared at the horizon; the colors became more and more pronounced, and indicated that the sunrise was not being delayed. In the valley the fog began to dissipate, and the *châlets* reappeared here and there, and in the stables the goats began to awake, and they too were getting ready to start for the mountain. We heard distinctly the sound of their bells, the barking of the dogs, and the horns of the shepherds who were collecting their flocks. Soon the snowy summit

of Monte Rosa, which was plainly in sight, began to receive the first rays of the sun, which colored it with a deep rose, shaded with violet and gold of a richness impossible to describe, revealing perfectly the import of the name, Monte Rosa. The neighboring peaks were also colored, but with tints less pronounced.

Amazed at the magnificence of the landscape we continued to ascend, and soon reached the line at which the snow begins. Here we made our first stop, both to take a little repose and to dispose everything in order before undertaking to cross the snow fields. The guides uncoiled their ropes and began to fasten us together with them, at intervals of thirty feet. One guide led the way, then two of our party; then another guide, two other tourists, a porter, a tourist, and the other porter made up the line. The porters were also provided with ice-picks, and in case of need could fill the office of guides. When everything is in good shape, the knots firm, the caravan moves forward, slowly but surely. The first guide took note of the strength of the snow as well as of its depth, taking to the rocks in places where the snow was recent and one would sink in too deep. Ascent on the snow is relatively easy and seemed much less of a task than we had expected. But soon we had a chance of satisfying our ambitions. Just in front of us extended an almost perpendicular wall of rocks, which at first sight seemed completely to bar our passage. We at first inquired of each other how we should get by and looked everywhere for signs of a passage, or some place less steep. Finally we asked one of the guides what was to be done. "Climb up," he answered, and before we set about surmounting this difficult obstacle, he showed us on the surface of the snow the traces left by the pieces of rocks that fell from the mountain, especially when the sun shone, and he added very coolly: "We must pass by as quickly as possible, to avoid any rocks that might fall." It need not be said that we were in complete accord with him, and after a short rest we started once more. We soon found out that we were not going to climb straight up, which would have been utterly impossible, but that we should ascend diagonally. Then too, we began to realize what strength, what endurance, what skill, are necessary to the guides to pass such obstacles. The first guide crept up along the rocks like a cat, and when he

had succeeded in establishing himself in a position where there was a little standing room, he pulled on the rope to help the next in line, while the other guide employed his axe to hack out steps in the places where the rocks were too slippery to afford a foothold otherwise. One of the mistakes of all tourists, the guide told us later, is that they always attempt to go too fast and so tire themselves to no purpose, instead of husbanding their strength and wind by keeping an easier pace.

After three-quarters of an hour, which seemed unconscionably long, we arrived safe and sound at the top of the rock-wall, whose elevation we now appreciated much better than before. Here we had a few moments of rest. We were not to have our dinner before reaching the summit, but we regaled ourselves here with a few draughts of a somewhat curious mixture of wine and black coffee. This is a beverage which can hardly be said to tickle the palate, but cooled in the snow, it is very good to refresh and sustain the strength. Onr guides had warned us not to eat snow as a refreshment, for a few minutes later the thirst is more troublesome than before, a fact that we had often noticed in our previous trips.

The summit of the mountain seemed to be only a few rods from us, while the village at our feet seemed near enough to hit with a stone, but we knew by experience that this was far from the fact. Before we started again, the guide asked us how long it would take us to reach the summit, and as we saw it so near at hand, our guesses varied between a half-hour and an hour. "Very well," said the guide, "if we shall be up there within two hours, it will be good climbing." This was hard to believe, but we soon felt that it was true, for despite our continued progress, the summit did not seem to get any nearer. Meanwhile, this part of the ascent was not so difficult as that previous, and we no longer had reason to fear the disagreeable sensation that might be caused by a rock of some hundred pounds in weight, falling on our heads from the height of some hundreds of feet. The only disagreeable sensation to which we were subject was that of having our shoes full of snow. The snow was just beginning to soften and we were often up to our knees in it, and in lifting out our feet for the next step a certain quantity of snow would be caught in the upper part of our

shoes, causing us as it melted a feeling of coolness far from pleasant.

A little more than two hours after our first stop, we reached the summit, and from there we could see the northern part of the mountains and the Swiss border. Near the summit was a projecting cliff which sheltered us from the wind, and the caravan took refuge in this cavern, as it were, in which we were to have our dinner. The ropes were removed, the provisions brought out, and we set to our meal with an appetite which made us pronounce most excellent the bread, hard boiled eggs, and cheese, that composed the repast. We ate our dinner and chatted; the conversation was as lively as it could be under the circumstances. The guide that spoke French told us his travels, his chamois hunts and the adventures of tourists that he had conducted before, which for us were doubly interesting at that time. The fact is that the mountaineers, guides or huntsmen, are nearly always very modest, and rarely exaggerate their achievements; often they have to be plied with questions before they can be induced to tell their stories in detail. While here we amused ourselves by pushing over a number of rocks, which rolled and crashed down into the valley, striking great sparks from the sides of the wall of rocks, which they touched here and there in their descent.

Dinner over, we made ready for the descent, which was not at all unwelcome, as the cold was getting very noticeable. Each of us took his place in the line; the ropes were attached again, and the guide recommended us before starting to drink from a little stream which was just beginning to flow in the sunshine, for we should have to descend for more than four hours on a glacier where we should find neither water nor resting-place. The descent was less fatiguing that the ascent had been; in many places however we were compelled to go gently, for steps had to be cut in the ice and a slip of the foot would have been fatal, for which reason we advanced only with the greatest precaution. From time to time we met crevasses, which we had often to pass around before going further. Marching on ice is not so difficult as on snow, for there is nothing to impede one, and we proceeded as rapidly as we could along that immense glacier which seemed like and indeed was a solid river of ice rolling from the mountain to the valley. Near the foot of the Gorner Glacier, as it is called, the

crevasses become more numerous, but without being deeper, for we had passed several of which we could not see the bottom and from which arose a sound of running water that seemed to come from beneath the earth. A number were hidden by the snow. Once it even happened that the guide in front fell into a small crevasse, which lay under the snow, but he got in only up to his waist and soon climbed out. Near the foot of the glacier, the ice is full of stones and earth brought down from above. After passing over this so-called *moraine* we were once more on the solid earth, where we sat down with pleasure to re-attack our provisions, for which our five hours tramp had given us a good appetite. We had been favored with remarkably good weather; since daybreak the sun had not ceased shining, somewhat to the discomfort of our eyes, to which our blue goggles were only an imperfect protection.

The rest of the descent was a mere promenade compared with what lay behind us, and being no longer troubled by the ropes, we could continue in a more sociable manner. Leaving the glacier we passed near the Gorner Grat, a little mountain and easy to climb, from which a number of lady tourists were coming. On our way we met one tourist armed *cap-à-pie* with all the implements necessary for the most arduous ascents; iron shod shoes, ice pick, blue goggles, leather belt, etc. We learned at the hotel that this second Tartarin had been content with little promenades from time to time, and that he generally employed a mule. Poor brute! the intrepid gentleman weighed nearly two hundred pounds. At last we entered the courtyard of the Riffel House, a hotel of some importance and much frequented in season by those who make the ascension of Monte Rosa, of the Breithorn and the other mountains near by. From here we had a fine view of the Matterhorn, the giant of Zermatt, with its outline broken by the clouds playing about its summit. We now left our guides, who returned that same evening and while they went back to Macugnaga, we descended to Zermatt, where we had some trouble to find rooms, the hotels being more than full, and many of the *châlets* being obliged to furnish shelter to the tourists. Now was the time that we began to feel the effects of the sun shining on the snow and ice. The skin of our faces, in spite of copious applications of

cold-cream, began to get as tough as leather, so that we could hardly eat and much less smile. But disregarding this unpleasant result, and the fatigue of the day we did not regret our trouble; on the contrary, we should have asked for nothing better than to repeat the experience if we could have spared time.

—*Louis Auguste Loiseaux.*

## THE STONE CUTTER.

Not as the painter plies with facile hand
The rapid brush, and forms of beauty, grace,—
The fleeting loveliness of sky, the face
Of laughing ocean, stretch of yellow sand
Beside, the river's sedgy course, or grand
Form of some hoary mountain take their place
As if by wizard's power,—not thus you trace,
O cunning carver, forms of fairy-land.

Deftly thy skillful hand and eye intent
Hour after hour, and slowly day by day
Make stubborn stone obey thy patient will,
While by the magic of thy matchless skill
Thou call'st the breathing face to live alway,
Carving thyself a nameless monument.

—*Oliver Farrar Emerson.*

## MYSTICISM IN BALZAC'S LOUIS LAMBERT.

IT has been said that the psychological mysticism in "Louis Lambert" is as deep and inexplicable as the intricate mental wanderings of the old German mystics.

The general significance of "Louis Lambert" shows that its woof is interwoven with a curious union of the old Wisdom-Religion and the principles of Occultism and Esoteric teachings of the Oriental school. In fact the leading theme of "Louis Lambert" is a mind of great intuitional power.

This infusion of subjective creation with life and materialism, powerfully imposes Louis Lambert's personality upon us as we follow him in his career. The author, moreover, does not make the mistake of putting these subjectively infused creations before us without a fitting characteristic garment to clothe them in external appearance. "Louis Lambert" is stamped with the peculiar impressive vitality that Balzac knew so well how to create.

Through this creature evolved from his brain, he endeavors to explain some of the deepest and most perplexing psychological problems. He demonstrates that mind and spirit have an independent existence, that the spiritual predominates over the realm of the Realities. In genuineness, independence and trustworthiness, his theory of volition and intuition shows that much of the philosophy is drawn from the sacred writings of the East and from the Indian philosophers. We search in vain for the tenets of the "Treatise on the Will," so many times referred to in the work.

"Louis Lambert," at best, is but a fragmentary piece, questioning much, answering little, and outlining but faintly a philosophy wonderful in breadth of thought and depth of purpose, which interprets many old truths with many new theories. Perhaps this very incompleteness of the vast temple Balzac would have builded, makes it more impressive. Still the noble proportions with which the author's genius would have clothed it, are to be traced.

"Louis Lambert" is a strong protest against materialism. The materialist is painted as shallow, perverse, misleading. To him who has attained the denial of the will to live,—the whole undertone reads:—"It is not the restless strain of life, the jubilant delight which has keen suffering as its preceding or succeeding condition, in the experience of the man who loves life; but it is a peace that cannot be shaken, a deep rest and inward serenity, a state which we cannot behold without the greatest longing, when it is brought before our eyes or our imagination, because we at once recognize it as that which alone is right, infinitely surpassing everything else; that upon which our better self cries within us, 'the great *Sapere aude!*' Then we feel that every gratification of wishes won from the world is merely like the alms the beggar receives from life to-day that he may hunger again to-morrow; resignation on the contrary, like an inherited estate, frees its owner forever from all care."

The most striking thing in the philosophy of "Louis Lambert" is the unity and relation it bears to the old systems of philosophy and thought. It traces and shows the agreement between these ancient doctrines and the most widely believed and accepted theories of modern science, and shows the fallibility, the incapacity of men of science to propound and explain subjects outside of their immediate lines of research. By no means is modern science exonerated from error and dogmatism, yet recent ages have witnessed a surprising advance in reason, whose categories are not mystical, as some critics have declared. There is no mystery about Balzac, as any one will admit who has thoughtfully followed the great master. And why is this? For this obvious reason: a realist cannot be mystical, and Balzac is, above all, a realist. Whoever will study "Louis Lambert" with painstaking and with a determination and spirit of sympathy, to him will be revealed a wonderful field of speculation. To the average reader the work is puzzling, because the author presupposes a broadness of views in abstruse knowledge and speaks in symbols to such.

A pure and powerful mind, a rare and delicate spirit, is seen working in Louis Lambert's frail body. The fearful drafts made by the brain centres upon his general vitality soon burst the bonds where genius and madness are separated,—or stay! Is it a state of divine ecstacy, an unexplainable, mysterious illumination from the spiritual world revealing to his inner consciousness untranslatable things? Was Louis Lambert mad? That question was the point that Balzac wished to reach in his philosophy. The question will always remain, was that mystical creature, Louis Lambert, mad?

—*Lulu Eloise Hyde, '89.*

## TWILIGHT.

A dull grey sky
O'er which swallows fly ;
And sweeps of meadow parched and dry :
The twitter of birds ;
The lowing of herds :
And a rift in the clouds in the West :
The sough of the winds
In the sun-scorched pines ;
Then the moaning of doves and the owlet's cry :
The echo of wheels
In the mown hay-fields :
And the day with a quiver 's at rest.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## THE SUMMER BOARDER AT BLAIR FARM.

HOW Mary Wright came to be a summer boarder at the Blair's had for some time been a matter of much inquiry among the scattered dwellings of the township of Marlborough. And now it was the subject of an earnest conversation among the very highest circle of society in Marlborough village. It was the great topic at Mrs. Dr. Pillbury's tea-party.

The hostess declared that Mary Wright must be a distant relative of the Blairs, and be paying them a visit. But Mrs. Gregg, the minister's wife, had cast grave doubt upon this theory, by saying that she had never heard of any such kinsfolk of the Blairs, and Mrs. Gregg's memory for these matters was phenomenal, even for Malborough. And then old Mrs. Dale, the postmaster's wife, had settled the matter by saying that only a new-comer in those parts could be in doubt. As for her, she knew that the Blairs had no relatives by the name of Wright. Mrs. Pillbury was born in Marlborough, but her parents had come from Connecticut only a few years before her birth, so she was still and would always be a "new-comer" to the Dales and Greggs and Todds and Dodges and others, whose sturdy Scotch-Irish race

had lived in this identical nook of New Hampshire ever since they settled it, in 1720.

But just here Miss Lobelia Todd lent a new turn to the conversation, which was becoming rather unpleasant for poor Mrs. Pillbury, by saying, "she ain't a visitor there neither, least ways Silas Sanders says he saw her pay James (the illustrious head of the Blair family) he saw her pay James some money, and of course she must have been paying her board."

"Laws-a-me, Miss Todd, you don't say so!" replied Mrs. Gregg, "Well, well, if that's so, I guess that she must be a boarder. But you know that Silas Sanders is dreadful fond of gossip."

"That's so," said Mrs. Pillbury, sipping her tea. She knew it by experience.

"Yes," admitted the fair Lobelia, "Silas does like to tell a good, round story. But I guess this is sure enough so for Sam Dakin says he was on the steps of Mr. Dale's store when the coach drove up with her in, and he heard James Blair call her Miss Wright. Now it stands to reason that if she'd been a relative, or even a friend visiting 'em he'd have called her—"

"Mary," said Mrs. Dale decisively.

"I sh'd think so. Well, well, I didn't think the Blairs would ever get to taking in summer boarders. It's all right for the Langhams, they're new-comers" (Mrs. Pillbury visibly winced), "but the Blairs—! I can't understand it."

"They're poor," said Mrs. Pillbury, "and James is no hand to drive, and the place is all run down. Why they can't keep but five cows now, and they used to have more'n pasture enough for nine in William Blair's time."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gregg, "James ain't so active as his father."

"But I don't see how they ever came to take boarders," said Mrs. Dale.

"There is only one," remarked Mrs. Pillbury. Mrs. Dale did not notice it.

"Strange James never married," said Miss Todd reflectively.

Mrs. Pillbury deftly disguised an inclination to laugh by a cough, and the remark that "her tea was bound to go the wrong way." Miss Todd had been known to have quite a desire to

comfort James in his solitude, (if you can call three sisters and an aunt solitude,) but James had not noticed it.

"P'raps—" said Mrs. Gregg suddenly.

"Well?" said Mrs. Dale calmly, after due pause.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Gregg, hiding her confusion in her tea-cup.

"Now, Lucinda Gregg," said Mrs. Dale severely, "if you have known the Blairs all these years, and think that James Blair would"—she paused sternly, and fortunately the venerable post-master put in his appearance just then to take his wife home, and the reproof was never administered.

If these circumlocutory ladies had asked Miss Mary Wright, they would have saved much conjecture, for she was disposed to avow herself. She was a Massachusetts girl, from Lynn, where all her life she had worked in one of the big factories. But in these days so many foreigners, Irish and others, were coming to work in the mills, that it was no longer high-toned nor even remunerative for American girls to work there. Over and over of late this thought had forced itself on Mary, and as she looked anxiously at her little hoard of savings and thought how long it was since she had added to it and how her health and strength were visibly lessening in the sickly atmosphere of the mill, she heartily wished herself back on the old farm that her parents had left.

She even went out there once on the first holiday she had taken in years, to visit the old place, but the people who lived there were strangers, the old neighbors had moved away, and she was not very pleasantly received.

Then she made the acquaintance of James Blair, who had driven down some loads of hay to sell, and was spending a day or two in the city. They were the only country-hearted people in the boarding house, and they seemed to gravitate together by mysterious affinity.

As James talked, in his slow way of the cows, and the hay, and the poor showing of apples this year, the old homesickness came over Mary Wright, stronger than ever, and unusually communicative, she told the story of her visit to the old home.

"Sho!" said James, "treated ye kind o' shabby, I think. 'Twas too bad, after ye'd been away so long."

Neither spoke for awhile. "I tell ye what," said James, "you come up in the hills and put up with us awhile, and we'll try to make ye think it's the old place. It's the country, anyhow, and the cows and pines and blueberries 'll smell homey." He looked at Mary, then, seeing the question in her eyes. "We'll do it cheap," he said, "food and lodging don't cost anything at all, up our way." He laughed good-naturedly.

"I'll think it over," said Mary Wright. "It's real good of you. But I'm afraid it's a dream that'll never come true. No, I can't afford it, can't afford to lose my time in the mill."

But next summer the city was more intolerable than ever, and Mary Wright looked so pale and thin, that her "boss," an American, with a fellow feeling for her, one day said kindly: "You're looking pretty well tired out. Better take a few days off now, in this hot weather. I'll see it's all right."

And with swift resolution she thanked him, and went home that night to get ready, and to drop a letter to the Blairs to say she was coming.

If she had doubted of her reception, all doubts were gone when James and she drove up to the front gate of the Blair dooryard. There on the ample porch of the old brick mansion sat Aunt Cornelia in her rocking chair, and on the brick walk that led from porch to gate, stood Miss Prosinda, Miss Carilla, and Miss Eliza, all beaming, all waving their aprons as the approaching wagon lumbered up the hill, and fairly taking Mary Wright by storm, bags, boxes, and all, when they stopped at the gate.

The tears came to Mary's eyes, and she hastily looked under the seat for an impossible tenth bandbox. Such good-hearted, whole-souled, home bodies were enough to overcome even matter-of-fact Mary Wright.

From that moment she became part and parcel of the slow, good-natured, easy household, beloved by all, and ready in her turn to embrace, figuratively speaking, the whole plain middle-aged trio of sisters, and doubly to embrace dear old Aunt Cornelia, with her snowy hair and peaceful face.

The pleasure was not all on Mary's side. In the short evenings, while Prosinda read the stories from the weekly paper to Aunt Cornelia, the four younger giddy things drew up about

the black walnut table in the sitting room, and played casino with the time-worn pack of cards, "the ones Grandfather Blair bought in 1812, when he was in the army," James was wont to say fondly.

The playing was not brilliant, I must say, for Mary Wright had not played since she was a girl of thirteen, and Carilla and Eliza were always getting clubs and spades mixed up, and eight spots and ten spots, to say nothing of knaves and kings, and James, finally, was always tired and sleepy after his day's work.

"They allus seemed like as they was awful tickled over it, tho'," said Silas Saunders, which may be taken as approximately true, though Silas was always asleep in his corner by ten minutes after the last cow was milked, like the honest hired man he was.

So the week had fled, and then on earnest solicitation she had stayed another week, and then, sad to relate, Prosinda and Carilla and Eliza all came down with the measles, which had not travelled into those remote districts since they were little girls, which was a long time ago.

And Mary Wright had taken charge of the three patients, and Aunt Cornelia, and the cooking for James and the hired man, without a murmur, and for three weeks she was the mainstay of the house.

All were grateful. If those New Hampshire hill folk lack anything it is not gratitude.

"Prosinda," said Eliza feebly one day, in the due course of convalescence.

"Yes, Eliza?"

"What if James should,—well—"

"Well?"

"If he should marry Mary Wright?"

"He'd do well," said Prosinda, tersely.

"You wouldn't care?" said Eliza. "You're the head of the house, you know."

"No, I'd be glad if he did," said Miss Prosinda simply.

"James is pretty poor," said Carilla regretfully.

"There's enough for one more," replied Prosinda.

It was an evening well along in September. The long haying

was over at last. They had finished their nightly casino. Prosinda had helped Aunt Cornelia up stairs, Carilla had followed, and Eliza had gone out to take the last look at her rising bread. Sanders had gone away when the haying was over.

"You've got to go to-morrow?" said James, with a huge and unconscious sigh.

"Yes," said Mary Wright, "I must get back to the mill. I'm afraid I've lost my place now."

"Do you think so?" said James, pathetically.

It needed no answer, and there was a silence.

"Well, we've played our last casino," said James.

"Yes."

"I'm dreadful glad you came. We've had a good summer of it, with the casino to keep us from being dull of an evening. Seems as if the haying went off better for it."

Mary said nothing.

"I don't know what we'd have done without you neither."

Mary sat wrinkling her apron. "Oh, that was nothing," she said.

"We think 'twas," said James. "We've made pretty good partners, don't you think?" Mary looked at him inquiringly. "We've beat 'em two games to one we've lost."

"Yes," said Mary, "yes, we've made out to win sometimes. Oh, I've had such good times, I hate to go back. It seems like going away from home."

"Can't you stay?" said James.

"Not any longer."

"I didn't mean that," said James. "I want you to stay for good."

Mary wrinkled her apron, and did not look up.

"We *do* make good partners. I want to keep on at it, Mary, will you marry me?"

"Well, I don't know as I could get my place again, if I went back," said she.

Eliza came in the moment after, with a queer look of expectation on her face, and when James said "she's going to stay," Eliza just burst out crying, and threw her arms around the other woman, James got up and went out. Neither men or women often cry in New Hampshire.

It was a little party at Mrs. Gregg's a week or two later, and Mrs. Pillbury was smiling gently over her triumph. "I thought there might something come of it," she said.

"It was foolish for James to marry at his time of life," said Miss Todd.

"Mary Wright's mother's grandmother was a Cochrane, and lived over on Joe's Hill, in the east of the township," said Mrs. Dale solemnly. "It all came to me, of a sudden, yesterday, just as I was taking my cakes out of the oven. She's not a new-comer at all."

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

## THE NEED OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING FOR STUDENTS.

WHEN a young man leaves home to enter upon a college course his life is beaming with the hope of the speedy realization of his highest ideals, and the most fanciful desires of his imagination. These desires and hopes bear the impress of the careful advice of friends and parents, and the young man charged with the good and sacred that has endeared to him his youthful days enters upon a new career. As he looks out upon the course of four years, perhaps the longest time by which he ever limited the future, he says to himself, here is the crisis of my life; in these four years I shall pass through events that will no doubt largely shape my life; if I can acquit myself honorably, yes even creditably, the rest of life's struggles can be made comparatively easy.

He enters college with an air that betokens how thoroughly aware he is of the important step that he has taken, and often shows that he has failed to reckon the cost to himself and the persevering industry by which it is to be attained. But when he has encountered the stern realities of every undergraduate, his flights of fancy are altogether too rapidly displaced by formulas and figures. Not only are new problems of mathematics presented to him, but problems of every kind come before him for solution. He finds that these new problems and thoughts have overthrown his old opinions and ways of thinking and that he has become a different man among new men. His whole life and feelings are

changed. His religious life has not kept pace with the growth of his intellectual being and he looks at his accustomed means of fellowship with God in rather a critical manner. He even questions whether it was possible that he was a participant in such a religious life as that on which he now looks back.

The kindly sympathy of Christian friends he has long since forgotten. He remembers the cold forms of the church, while all the warmth of Christian fellowship has disappeared. The cold stone front of the old church with its doors uninvitingly closed through the week and only opened for a few hours of service, looms up before his mind and there is not a beam of the light of Christian love and self denial that he admits to soften the dark hues in which he has painted the picture. The description may be regarded as applying to a few isolated men but I am sure that they are too numerous to be overlooked, in considering this matter.

In the hurry of college duties and in the severe discipline of the college curriculum, a man learns not to take statements bearing upon religious subjects or upon any subject upon the assertion of another's conviction. His whole course of training has taught him to rely upon his own research, and he aims to be at once the architect and builder of the minutest elements that enter into his character.

He hears so much of the theories and principles of science that he is quite willing to account for every thing upon some hypothesis of science. He forthwith sets himself to finding out on what principle the world and man can be explained, or too often to make the world conform to his preconceived principle of mechanical construction. In his intellectual pursuits he finds that he has made attainments that distinguish him from the average man that he meets. His most easy mistake is to over-estimate his will power and ability. He begins to slacken the restraints that once held his integrity unswerving, and to allow himself questionable sports, and recreations that in his home life he would not have permitted to himself or tolerated in another. It is only by degrees, and before he is aware of it, that his overweening self estimation has gathered up his self control and high sense of honor and has become his destroyer. The ease with which the evil habits

have been adopted in the jolly crowd of "genial" companions has thrown him off his guard and has so deluded him that he has failed to distinguish between intellectual strength and moral integrity. For the intellectual development the college course has made provision, is it not also in the sphere of the college to make provision for the religious and moral training without which any man is incomplete in character?

The whole course of higher learning is planned with reference to the intellect, to its development to its utmost capacity. Does it not often happen that men are forced, in order to meet the unforseen requirements of the institution which they have chosen, to over-exert all their capacities, to sacrifice something of their better selves? Is it not often the case that not only the individuality of the student but even his whole emotional nature is crushed and destroyed in forcing him into an intellectual mould? Has it not been the sad experience of not an inconsiderable number of college men that in getting their preparation for life they have lost much of the very qualities that endeared and made them indispensable to society? And is it not possible that much of this can be traced to the one-sided development that many of our institutions of higher learning furnish, which neglect to inculate in the mind of every student the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. With tremendous force, but sometimes too late, it occurs to men, "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In college, men can yet be trained in life's thoughts and habits. The very purpose for which they go to college makes it easy to reach every side of their nature. They are still unhampered by the greater cares and anxieties and complications of life that await them after graduation. It may be said of men at this stage of life, possibly with as much force as at any time, that they are like molten iron which can be poured into moulds of almost any shape, and when hardened preserves the form of the cast.

But the reason why a college student should receive a religious training are quite as important to the non-college world as to himself. There is a tendency among men of every class in these times to demand it of him. No longer is the religious life of enlightened people in the hands of the priest. Men have not only become

their own keepers but are becoming their brother's keeper. More and more, men are looked upon as individuals rather than in the mass. The one man leaders of large numbers of people are becoming fewer, while the intelligent man is coming to value his own convictions and decisions as of the highest importance in regulating his life and conduct. However, these convictions are largely influenced by the word and life of others. Yet the convictions of the thinking man are not to be reached by the stirring appeal of the moment, but his character is a gradual growth made up of truths tested in life's experience. The religious life that is needed in this age cannot be fostered by the fragmentary discourses of an hour one day in seven. In this day when every line of activity is at its highest presure, religious culture must take its place with other pursuits that occupy the thought of the student and must be interwoven into and become a part of his life.

Out of 23,000 men in 106 of our eastern colleges, there are nearly 12,000 who are not showing the results of any religious culture, but rather the serious need of it. From these men there is a possibility of interesting only one in four in any religious life after they graduate. The life habits of a large number of these men are detrimental to their own welfare and a detriment to others. And if their failure can be traced to any defect in the pervading policy of the schools of higher learning, does not this fact strongly assert itself against such a system.

The position of the college man in exerting a great influence upon others is unique and most powerful. If their lives will set the right example there are others who will follow, and as the ripples that center about the pebble ever widen until they break upon the shore, so might the noble spirit of college men spread over the land till every soul had felt its beneficent influence.

The country demands a strong force to stay the spirit of evil that is showing itself on every side. On the one hand it manifests itself in despondency, and suicide is the result, on the other it appears as the insidious evil aiming at the destruction of the family. A deep spiritual life of strong men ought to be felt in alleviating the condition of the great mass of men known as the laboring class. College men are preëminently adapted to receive the proper religious culture, and on account of their numbers (in this country

it is estimated that one in every two hundred and fifty of the population is a college graduate), the importance of the positions which they hold, and the extraordinary advantages of development which they have had, they are competent to make their lives of the highest benefit in securing the truest ideals of the human race.

—*Thaddeus Clarence Henderson.*

## FRESHLEIGH EXHIBITS HIS ENTERPRISE.

HE looked a trifle seedy as he leaned against the low stone wall at the entrance to the campus, and with careful carelessness allowed his hand to rest in an opening in his Prince Albert where a button once had been; but his open, honest countenance, and his high, intellectual forehead, inspired one with an immediate confidence in his character and antecedents.

"Pardon me, sir," said he to Freshleigh, as the latter came swinging along, bound for a meeting of the Tolstoi Club at Zinck's. "Pardon me if I intrude upon your time, but your appearance impresses me as that of a man who would be the first to recognize a truly great invention, as well as the first to profit by it. Am I wrong?"

Freshleigh assured him that he had merely stated the exact truth in a felicitous manner, and expanded his chest to thirty-two and one-half inches (its utmost limit).

"Yes," continued the stranger, "through no merit of my own, I possess the peculiar faculty of recognizing at a glance, a progressive, enterprising, and acute man, wherever I see him."

Freshleigh assumed the attitude of Napoleon at Saint Helena.

"Seeing as I did these qualities strongly stamped upon your features, I concluded to reveal to you a secret, which, if it is closely guarded, may be of inestimable value to hundreds of downtrodden students, whose naturally brilliant minds are crushed into prosaic mediocrity by a grinding system of *Examinations*. Shall this system be allowed to stamp the individuality out of the flower of our youth? *No*, sir! If we cannot destroy it, we can circumvent it. All is righteous in a good cause. This system has met its Nemesis in—*sympathetic ink*, sir!"

"You don't say so," said Freshleigh, with his accustomed fluency and *savoir dire.*

"Yes, sir. The plan is simple in the extreme. This is the only sympathetic ink known that will fade in less than half an hour, and this was discovered by me. This fades, after being brought out, in *twenty-two seconds.* Therein lies its beauty for our purpose. I will explain the plan of procedure. You obtain beforehand a quantity of the style of paper that is used on examinations. On this, with our sympathetic ink, you copy such formulae, or other information, as you choose. You need not stint yourself as to quantity. Being written in our ink, it is of course, entirely invisible. On the day of the examination, you smuggle the apparently blank paper into the class room without difficulty or danger, only taking care to obtain a seat near a radiator. Even that is unnecessary, as a very slight degree of heat, even the natural heat of the body, will suffice. Upon being placed in proximity to a source of heat, the writing immediately becomes visible, remains so for twenty-two seconds, and then fades again. Any part may, as it were, be raised up from nothingness, at any moment. It is a great invention. Do you realize the wonderful possibilities involved? You do. Well, sir, being in pecuniary straits—in need of funds, so to speak, and having a bottle of this precious fluid with me, I have determined to part with it to some one who would appreciate it, for the paltry sum of five dollars. Urgent considerations alone could bring me to this conclusion. Will you embrace the opportunity, sir, or will you not? This amount should last through your whole university course. Thank you, sir. My intuition is always faultless. I would caution you not to uncork the bottle until you are ready to use it, for it evaporates quickly. Good-day, sir."

And as Freshleigh hurried off with his prize, the stranger remarked gently, "Well, if this ain't the softes' snap yet. Th' 'suppressed literature' gag aint *in* it with this. And water is so dirt cheap around here, too."

—*John Alan Hamilton.*

# ON THE STYLE OF WEBSTER.

## AN ANALYTICAL STUDY.

THE time-worn maxim, "Actions speak louder than words," does not disclose, at first sight, the bearing which it has upon literary criticism. But if one looks deeper into this proverbial half-truth, there is suggested that consideration, which, in judging character, is given to concrete performance rather than to airy pretension. Similarly, in forming an estimate of literary style, which, though usually termed the general manner of writing, is really the expression of an author's individuality as it acts upon language, it is better to use as a basis the peculiarities of thought, diction and expression which mark the writer's works and distinguish them from other productions, rather than *a priori* theories. A careful study of his spoken discourse as it remains in the printed speeches, therefore, has preceded this effort to analyze the style of Daniel Webster.

The six speeches selected as representative of Webster, were chosen so as to exhibit him dealing with a wide range of topics in many different capacities. In the Knapp Murder Trial we see him as a criminal lawyer; in the Dartmouth College Case, as an attorney practicing before the United States Supreme Court: in his speech on the Appointing and Removing Power, as a master of deductive logic; in the Reply to Hayne, as a leader of debate; in the First Bunker Hill oration, as in every sense an orator; and in the address upon The First Settlement of New England, in combination with other capacities, as a philosophical essayist.

If it were proposed to deal with the *merits* of these typical and versatile productions, the conclusion would be easy to predict. Webster's great attainments, his distinction as a lawyer, a statesman and an orator, and the approval which Time seems to have stamped upon his efforts by giving his preserved works a prominent and permanent place in literature, would permit, on our part, of nothing but eulogy. Even as to style, if the perfection of style consists in the complete adaptation of the treatment to the charac-

ter of the theme, and to those for whom the literary work is intended, the study must be prefaced by unqualified praise.

This adaptation seems to be secured, in part, by Webster's admirable technique,—his knowledge of rhetorical devices and logical methods, and his remarkable control over the English language.

Whether he learned these varied tricks of rhetoric from the classic writers, or discovered them in his study of Edmund Burke, (evidently his favorite model), cannot be fully determined from these selections. Perhaps, on the other hand, they were not the result of imitation, but were simply the effect of his general training and natural abilities as an orator. But whatever the source, he certainly displays complete familiarity with all the time-honored dodges and a rare skill in their use. Antithesis, Interrogation, Apostrophe, Personification, Prophecy, Preterition and the Epigram appear time and again with striking effect. Metaphor, Simile, Metonymy and Synecdoche are employed to put ideas in concise form, and the thought is developed and expanded by all the different processes of amplification. The Periodic, Correlative and Iterative sentence-structures witness by their presence the care expended on the work of composition, while the figures of Apophasis and Oxymoron, and occasionally an expression resembling a paradox, add interest and animation to the style.

No less thorough is his mastery of logic and logical method. The speech on the Appointing and Removing Power, and the Dartmouth College Case present particularly fine examples of Webster's constructive abilities in reasoning, his powers of framing a structure into a well proportioned unity and of so strengthening it by broad foundations and surrounding outworks as to render it a fortress impregnable by assault or siege. The Reply to Hayne, and the refutations in the other arguments, exhibit the opposite faculty of destructive logic, the ability to rend the fabric of one's opponents, to demolish their edifice by ponderous, sledge-like blows which reveal every fault, fallacy and inconsistency, and when that is done, even to use their principles and premises for one's own advantage.

Over the third element of technique, Webster displays a similar command. His diction is remarkable both for its variety and

simplicity. Ranging from the almost colloquial plainness of his talk to the jury in the Knapp Trial, to the copious but severe richness of the Bunker Hill speech, it is almost invariably pure, clear, correct and adjusted to the understanding of his hearers. In spite of the occasional flowery manner of the Reply to Hayne, and the technicality of the Supreme Court argument, simplicity remains the most marked characteristic of his diction. A preference for words of Saxon origin is plainly apparent, though not that, but exact equivalence with the sense, precision, as well as propriety, seem to have been Webster's chief end in this regard. Whenever the case requires, expressions of classic etymology are used, and used with no less force, energy and clearness than mark his employment of simpler English. Without circumlocution or grandiloquence, the diction is idiomatic, direct, and usually concise and terse. Many of his phrases, remarkable for their compactness, have obtained almost proverbial currency on that account.

Such was the elementary equipment of the speaker. But before an appreciation of Webster's style is possible, it is necessary to gain a better notion of his more general accomplishments. The broad knowledge of both American and European history displayed in his speeches must be remembered, as well as the rather minute acquaintance with foreign and domestic politics, the deep legal learning, the thorough understanding of human nature and the philosophical character of his mind which secured to him a common basis for nearly all his work. Like other great debaters and orators, Webster preferred to use as a foundation for his structures the simple principles of humanity and the fundamental truths underlying the events and institutions which formed his themes. Nowhere is this more forcibly instanced than in his argument based upon "Common Right" in the Dartmouth College Case, though there is apparent, in nearly all his speeches, a firm reliance upon the maxims of his peculiar political philosophy. The great attainments of the man were also used to equal advantage in argument and illustration, enforcing what he propounded by the convincement of actual examples.

Of a nature similar to what has been termed technique, but characteristics more personal, are his powers of sarcasm and irony, so mightily exerted in the Reply to Hayne; his ability as a con-

troversialist; his reliance upon the imagination of his hearers, witnessed by the frequent understatement of his most striking propositions, and by the way in which he often leaves by far the larger part of the sense to be inferred from his suggestions; his fondness for idealization and ennoblement of the objects of his contemplation, as exemplified in the Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill orations, and the corresponding ability to attach odium and contempt to the objects of his censure.

The last two powers are largely, no doubt, the result of his wonderful use of imagery. In addition to the creative genius which made his speeches artistic and logical unities, presenting the clearly defined outlines of definite form obtained by due proportion and correlation of parts, Webster possessed imagination. That imagination, however, was not exerted in order to add ornament, to merely give a striking habiliment or a fancy dress to the thought. Indeed, it would be extremely unsafe to assert that Webster ever *deliberately* applied embellishment. His was a large mind, a broad understanding, alive to wider and more subtle relations than the average intelligence perceived. It is submitted that much of the concrete and figurative expression which is so prominent a characteristic of these speeches, is the result merely of the detection and pursuit of these relations by means of physical analogies. But whatever its cause, the imagery is usually inseparable from the thought, so thoroughly are idea and expression identified, the one incarnated in the visual form and glowing life of the other. The two formal discourses—we have previously called them demonstrative orations—are particularly rich in the number and variety of the images, although the other speeches show in parts an almost identical beauty and wealth in the concreteness of expression.

Characteristics still more thoroughly personal and in no way related to technicalities, are certain other traits distinguishing the style of Webster. They are, to give only a summary: delicacy, such as in his tribute to Lafayette; apparent modesty, exemplified in each of the speeches; self-control, even under the terrible provocations of Hayne's attack; dignity, self-respect, morality, religious sentiment, patriotism, and that prime essential to any speaker's success, evident sincerity. Besides these is a power and

energy which affect one as the momentum of a great body in motion, an impression increased by the absence of humor, playfulness or lightness in Webster's style. Another trait is the moderation with which he expresses even the strongest feeling and thought. He never loses self-control, never permits unrestrained violence of passion. His movement in debate would best be described as the advance of a tremendous war-engine, perfectly amenable to the cool will which directs the course. Lastly must we observe his respect for the average man and average intellect, his regard for labor and its rights, the adroit use of the methods of preterition and the transcending beauty of his frequent bursts of eloquence, adorned with the richest treasures of a rare imagination, and thrilling with the power of grand and noble sentiment.

A few touches which are peculiarly Websterian should be noted now before we turn to the final characterization. One of them is the favor which he shows to the words "interesting" and "respectable," and the meaning, which, in his strong sentences they are made to bear. "Respectable" ranks between pure and sublime in the adjectives which he bestows upon Washington, and "interesting" is considered sufficiently significant to be applied to the Pilgrim Fathers as they stood on the deck of the May Flower. Another is his familiarity with Shakspere, and the cleverness with which figures, allusions and allegories are drawn from the different plays. The Biblical phraseology which often occurs should also be noted. One of his favorite and best applied devices of amplification is the method of contracting the sense after it has been well expanded into a single expression of its most compendious and striking form, if concrete and paradoxical, so much the better. Such sentences as, "There is no escape from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession," are the results of this striking contraction.

Brought now to the necessity of concisely describing the style of Webster, we are confronted by the serious difficulty of finding adequate expression for its varied peculiarities. In general, however, it may be said that his style is simple, clear, terse and forcible. It is marked by directness, sobriety and power. Occasionally relieved by familiarity, and always natural, it is everywhere dignified, and perfectly adapted to the theme and the audience. Es-

pecially remarkable is the concreteness which gives to the thought the tangible form which comes from association with things, and the momentum with which the argument is borne along. Power, indeed, and energy are two of the most prominent characteristics of his style.

The florid, grandiloquent and verbose do not appear in the style of Daniel Webster. His fair pages are defaced by neither the vulgar, the awkward nor obscure. Such barbarisms could ill bear the scorching light of the self-criticism to which his high ideals compelled him.

Emotional qualities appear rarely, but when an appeal *is* made, the nobility and self-respect of the speaker permit him to address only the better motives of humanity. His skill, however, in picturesque delineation and graphic description, his remarkable command of English and fluency of expression, his own ardor and deep feeling must have given such appeals an extraordinary influence.

The style of the more eloquent passages is intense, concrete and imaginative. Nobility, grandeur, even majesty mark his manner, and frequently the thought assumes a rare beauty which is doubly charming by reason of the simplicity and artistic proportions of its setting.

Everywhere polished, exact and correct, natural and intellectual, as a rule practical, but at times even poetic in the grace and beauty of its imagery, the style of Webster is evidence of the man's refined and accurate taste, his conscientious striving for high intellectual and literary ideals. These ideals, though indirectly expressed are plainly apparent in an admirable passage of the address entitled "The First Settlement of New England."

"The cause of science and literature also imposes upon us an important and delicate trust. . . . . Literature becomes free institutions. It is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion. Just taste is not only an embellishment of society, but it rises almost to the rank of the virtues, and diffuses positive good throughout the whole extent of its influence. There is a connection between right feeling and right principles, and truth in taste is allied with truth in morality.

With nothing in our past history to discourage us, and with something in our present condition and prospects to animate us, let us hope, that, as it is our fortune to live in an age when we may behold a wonderful advancement at the country in all its other great interests, we may see equal progress and success attend the course of letters."

—*Roeliff Morton Breckenridge.*

## HERE AND THERE.

THE recent change in the presidency of our University took place so quickly and quietly, that it caused but a momentary ripple in the minds of the public. One might almost have supposed that the election of a new president was an ordinary affair at Cornell. And yet it is certain that this event is a critical one in the history of the University, and will lead to results of no little importance. The president of a university has a great opportunity to impress his personality upon the institution over which he presides, and consequently a change in the presidency of a university often involves an entire change in its policy and spirit. Witness, for example, the past history of Cornell. During the administration of President White, the University was small and comparatively ill-equipped, and was struggling for a place in the recognition and favor of the world. The great object in those days was to get the University started—to remove the obstructions from its path, and to brace and fortify it so that it would be in no danger of a collapse. But in 1885, when President Adams assumed the executive responsibilities, the University had already obtained a sure foot-hold, and its prospects for the future were bright. Hence the administration of President Adams has been characterized by rapid and steady forward strides, particularly in the direction of increased material equipment, increased facilities for instruction, and increased attendance. Since 1885 the number of students has nearly, if not quite, doubled, and a corresponding increase has been made in the instructing corps. The material equipment of the University has also been greatly extended. Barnes Hall, Lincoln Hall, Morse Hall, the

Library Building, the Law School Building, and the new Gymnasium Annex, have all been erected within the memory of many who are still in college. President Adams appears to have directed the University in this period of material progress with admirable wisdom and skill, and his services will always be remembered with sincere gratitude. We are sorry that the reasons for his resignation were not made public. A knowledge of the differences which have existed between him and the Board of Trustees is essential to a complete understanding of the main events of his administration. But whatever those differences may have been, and whatever may have been the reasons for withholding them from the public, we feel confident that all will concur in the opinion that Cornell owes much to the faithfulness and sagacity of her second president.

In regard to our new president, we sincerely believe that the Board of Trustees could not have made a happier choice. The high qualifications of Dr. Schurman are universally acknowledged. As to his religious character and scholarship, there can be no question; as to his executive ability, his recent success in organizing and directing the Sage School of Philosophy should leave little room for doubt; again, as to his ability to deal with men, and represent the University abroad, there could be but one opinion. The only remaining question is with respect to his business qualifications; and the answer to this may well be left to those who are familiar with that side of his character, or better still, to the test of actual experience.

What is to be the course of Cornell's development under the leadership of Dr. Schurman? It is, of course, impossible to predict with certainty. We cannot but feel, however, that the election of Dr. Schurman to the presidency augurs well for the future of our Alma Mater. It means that the wants and interests of the students will, in the future, as in the past, be provided with a wise and liberal hand, and that the high ideals, toward which the University has ever been striving, will still form the goal of its ambition. Students, alumni, professors, and trustees may well rejoice in view of the coming administration, and unite with Dr. Schurman to make it a period of growth and true development.

* * *

The game of Lacrosse recently played at Percy Field between our home team and the University of Toronto, was a revelation to many in the line of intercollegiate sports. We were impressed, among other things, by the aesthetic qualities of the game. The day was perfect, and the view from the grand stand was charming indeed. All the players were dressed in bright uniforms, Cornell in red and white, and Toronto in blue and white. At the start, the men were arranged in pairs all over the field, a red and a blue together; and the nature of the game is such that, in all the running, scrimmaging and exciting encounters from beginning to end, men of a different color were likely to be seen together in pairs. Then too, the natural colors of the landscape at this season of the year, with their varied harmonies and contrasts, added to the effect. Upon the whole, it was a sight to be remembered—the crowds of spctators; the numerous pairs of red and blue jackcts dotting the grounds, or moving swiftly from goal to goal; the superb green of the field and of the hills and gorges beyond; the soft, clear atmosphere, and the rich brilliancy of the sunlight; all combining to produce a scene of remarkable beauty.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the game is the wonderful manner in which it holds the attention of the spectators. The interest is not allowed to flag for a moment. All is excitement, motion, and suspense from start to finish. In this respect, the game resembles football; the chief difference between the two games being that in football the motion is more violent and rough, while in Lacrosse it is swifter and more varied. Furthermore, the athletic advantages of Lacrosse over many of the common games are apparent to the most casual observer. Agility, strength, speed, endurance and skill are absolutely essential; and the perfection of these qualities, as exhibited in first-class players, is truly marvelous.

It is to be hoped that Lacrosse has come to Cornell to stay. It deserves to be ranked side by side with football and baseball, as one of our regular forms of athletic sport.

* * *

Since we have started on the theme of intercollegiate athleics, and especially since our esteemed contemporaries, the *Sun* and *Era*, have suspended publication for the year, we may perhaps be

pardoned, if we say a few words in regard to rowing. For the sake of our own crews, if for no other reason, we hope that the scheme of a grand international regatta at the World's Fair will not be given up. Naval matters at Cornell are just now suffering a sort of natural reaction, in consequence of the long series of uninterrupted victories, which, during the last six or eight years, have crowned the efforts of our crews. Ever since the famous Saratoga Regatta of 1875, when Cornell won her first great victories, the idea of the innate invincibility of a Cornell crew has been steadily gaining ground ; until now, when for several years no man in college has been able to remember a defeat, and when, on the other hand, we have just received news of a fresh victory on the Passaic, we naturally think that, on the water at least, Cornell is a match for any college or university in the world. This feeling doubtless tends to make us rest on the laurels which we have already won, and so to diminish the probability of continued success. In fact, it is quite likely that the Cornell Navy can be brought again into a healthy, booming state, only by a humiliating defeat, or by the prospect of trying conclusions with new and more powerful crews. The proposed regatta at the World's Fair would give us just the opportunity we want. The prospect of encountering so large a number of worthy opponents would inspire our crews with fresh vigor and determination, and would lead to a revival of interest, if not to a continuation of success, in crew matters.

By the way, what will be the effect of the new electric railroad on Cornell athletics? If it is true that our crews owe something of their superiority to the good lungs and strong muscles acquired in climbing the Ithaca hills, would it not be well to nip the encroachments of effeminacy in the bud, by prohibiting all athletes from using the cars? We would suggest that Mr. Courtney and others, who have the management of athletic teams, give this matter a little consideration, unless they have already done so.

* * *

With the present number, the fourth volume of the MAGAZINE is brought to a close. The Board of Editors have enjoyed their work, and, without laying claim to extraordinary success, are glad to have done a little for the encouragement of thought and

literary effort at Cornell. We sincerely trust that the MAGAZINE will pass into better hands than ours, and that it will steadily gain in popularity and value. As we now lay aside our pens, and turn for the present to other duties, we desire to express the good wishes which we feel for all: for those members of the student body who expect to return, a pleasant and profitable vacation, and a happy resumption of study in the fall; for the graduating class, a successful life; for the professors and instructors, a career of continued usefulness; and for the University, a future of uninterrupted prosperity.

## THE MONTH.

THE most important event which we have to record this month is the election of Dr. Schurman to the presidency of the University. The election was made by a unanimous vote of the Trustees, and causes much satisfaction.

Professor H. S. White, the Dean of the University, has resigned his office, in consequence of the resignation of President Adams, from whom he received his appointment.

The Senior Banquet, held at Journal Hall on the night of May 13, was a partial success. The speeches were good, and the boisterous element, which usually predominates on such occasions, though not wholly repressed, was at least kept within bounds.

On Decoration Day the 'Varsity crew won a race on the Passaic against the New York Athletic Club. It has been definitely settled that the races on Cayuga Lake shall be held before Commencement—the Freshman race on June 8, and the 'Varsity on June 15. A large number of students will doubtless attend.

The baseball team, in its western trip, played games with Oberlin, the Detroit Athletic Club, the Cleveland Athletic Club, and the University of Toronto, and won every game. Unfortunately, the game with Michigan was prevented by a railroad accident. On May 28, the Lacrosse team was defeated at Percy Field by the University of Toronto.

The sixth annual contest for the '86 Memorial Prize in Declamation was held in the Armory May 20. The prize was awarded

to Mr. E. I. White, who delivered a selection entitled "John Bright on the War of the Rebellion."

Work has been begun on the new electric railroad, which is to run between the town, campus, and depots. It is intended to have the road in operation as soon as possible—within a month or two, at the farthest.

The faculty have decided that, in future, no more special mentions shall be awarded for "theses of distinguished excellence."

The *Cornellian* appeared May 31.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Evolution of Christianity.* By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

For the last six years there has not been in America a more famous pulpit than that occupied by Lyman Abbott. Before his preaching became so famous he was well known as a writer, and the little volume bearing the significant title, "The Evolution of Christianity," is ample proof that the ability of its author as a writer is not less, now that his reputation as a speaker has so greatly increased.

There is a spirit of fairness, of toleration pervading the whole work of Dr. Abbott, and this spirit is not wanting in this his last book. There is also the evidence of scholarship that causes the reader to trust as well as admire.

The first chapter dealing with the "Evolution of Religion" fixes the scope and describes the work of the remaining chapters. The next chapter, "The Evolution of the Bible," is perhaps as striking and as scholarly as any in the book. It deals fearlessly, reverently with the book that has for so long been the light to so many weary souls. The author evidently believes that truth in the matter only is safe; that only by knowing the truth can any part of the Bible be preserved for us. Then passing on to the other branches of growth in those matters that relate to religion, Dr. Abbott speaks of the growth of theology, based on both the Old and the New Testament. Then he describes the evolution of the church, of Christian society, of the soul.

The spirit and enthusiasm of the book grows stronger in the later chapters, and the reader finds himself carried away by the greatness of the thought, and the intense earnestness of him who speaks in these pages. We cannot do better than to quote some sentences from the closing chapter:

"Inspiration is the breathing of God on the soul of man; it is as universal as the sea, but reaches its highest manifestation in the prophets of the Hebrew people."

"Revelation is progressive, man growing in the knowledge of God as the veil of ignorance and degradation is taken away."

"Atonement is bringing God and man together."

"Finally, religion is not a creed, long or short, nor a ceremonial, complex or simple, nor a life more or less perfectly conformed to an eternal law; it is the life of God in the soul of man, re-creating the individual through the individual constituting the church, and by the church transforming the human society into a kingdom of God."

We have here a book of the times; one that will arouse religious enthusiasm, while it allays the fear for our fundamental beliefs, and clears away the mists of superstition and misunderstanding.

*Beowulf: An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem.* Translated by John Leslie Hall. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston, 1892.

Professor Hall's translation of Beowulf will be welcomed by students of English as a valuable aid in the study of our early language and literature. The work is an admirable one in many respects.

As the author says in his preface, the "work is addressed to two classes of readers." The student of Anglo-Saxon he hopes to please by a close adherence to the original. This quality, which is an essential attribute of every good translation, is a marked feature of Professor Hall's work. While the English of the translation has a certain cadence, somewhat resembling that of the original, it has most of the virtues of a prose translation. The sense is rendered corresponding to the original line for line, almost with the regularity of an interlinear translation. In the modern rendering of Anglo-Saxon words the translator displays judgment and taste. In all possible cases, in translating, he prefers the word directly descended from the one in the original. But in cases where the modern English word has assumed a new shade of meaning, the translator is prompt to appreciate the change, and generally employs a proper word, preserving the original sense.

The translator aims to please a second class of readers, the *general* students of English literature, by presenting "in modern garb the earliest epic of our race." There is an evanescent something peculiar to every poetic work of art which no translation can adequately convey; but the work in hand will convey to the general reader a tolerably just and complete idea of our early epic. The tone and spirit of Beowulf is admirably preserved by the translator. The very literalness is in keeping with the bold, rugged character of the Anglo-Saxon verse. While possessing the excellency of close adherence to the original, this translation has the added virtue of a certain rhythm, and this rhythm is a very close approximation to that of the Anglo-Saxon's, the effect on the ear made by the translation and by the original is very similar; the alliteration of the original is preserved to quite an extent, and imparts quite a flavor of age. In the selection of words throughout, the translator has aimed to give some of the archaic tone characteristic of Beowulf.

Taken all in all, we may say that Professor Hall's translation fullfils to an unusual degree the requirement of every translation that it should faithfully reproduce both the meaning and spirit of the original. The task in this case was one of more than usual difficulty, but has been admirably performed.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston:*

The Evolution of Christianity. By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

*From D. C. Heath & Co, Boston:*

Business Law; A Manual for Schools and Colleges, and for Every-day Use. By Alonzo R. Weed, LL.D.

Beowulf; An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem. Translated by John Leslie Hall.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

The MAGAZINE will be published during the year 1892–3 by the following Board:

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EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1893.

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VOL. IV. NO. 1.

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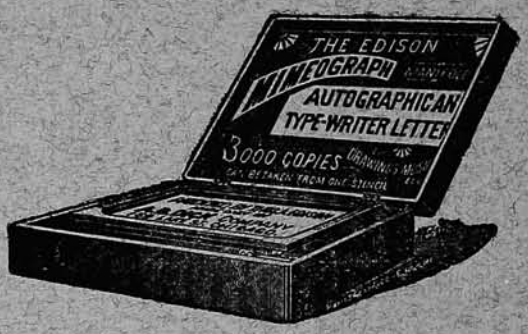


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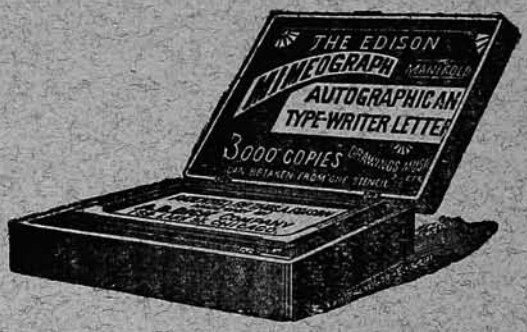


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VOL. IV No. 8

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*MAY, 1892*

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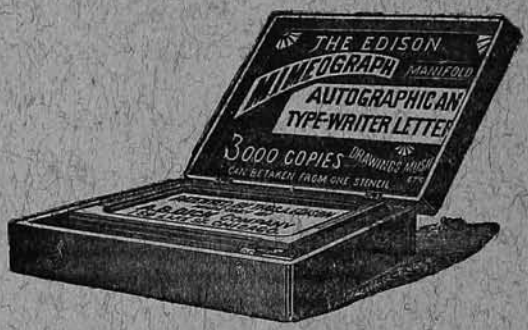


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