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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fifth Volume with the number for October, 1879. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV. JANUARY, 1880. NO. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON, ALFRED B. NICHOLS,
WILLIAM M. HALL, DOREMUS SCUDDER.

TWO TOPICS.

DO not censure me too severely, my would-be critic, if instead of being borne through some region in systematic progress, with the rush and uniform roar so characteristic of our modern times, contrary to your expectation you perceive after a perusal of these few pages that you have been carried along very much after the manner in which our fathers were wont to travel—a slow, onward movement with many stoppings. The shortness of the journey we are about to take together, forbids the possibility of more than two stages, and provided you are an experienced traveler you will not be offended at any remarkable change of scenery between them.

Of late several of our friends have been discoursing to us of the vast strides we make in these college days toward unsettlement of mind and the destruction of old time opinions. I have wondered on occasions what ideas of the four years which are before them, the new comers among us must entertain with reference to the stern and unwelcome thought visitors, who are soon, if we must believe the statements of our able friends, to enter the arena of the brain amphitheatre and drive forth the, as they say, false monsters which have so long held the position of

mental heroes. I fear to such the outlook of the coming years is anything but delightful. Did I wholly believe these disheartening opinions, very little pleasure indeed would I have in looking back upon what is soon to be one of the fairest and brightest spots in the field of retrospection—my college days.

What then, you ask, is my idea of this four years of pleasure and study? I have said pleasure and study. Let me hope that I shall be able to defend this simple word arrangement, though in the inverse order. Doubtless the expressed aim of our presence here has been study in its restricted sense. Incidentally to the attainment of this object has been the greater or less amount of gain, which each one, according to individual taste and character, has received in outside branches. A necessary accompaniment of this general and special gain has been to nearly every one of us the birth into the real world of thought. To some this birth may have resulted in an unsettlement of mind and an upturning of child ideas. Such we cannot refrain from denominating weak or, if this seems too extravagant, singularly unfortunate. To the average man, I believe, it has simply proved an expansion, an enlargement of his mental horizon, the first glance of his short-sighted eyes through the magic glass; the old objects which have been within his view since earliest childhood are closest, nearest, dearest to him but how much more clearly seen, and what a world of unseen wonders are spread before him for his life study. Let the one who feels himself on the verge of giving up his child ideas take heed. He is throwing away one of his purest sources of enjoyment. A sad saying was that of one of the best exponents in our day, of the intensely modern fashion of cutting wholly loose from these early mind associations, when he forced himself to record the conviction, "the great companion is dead." The mental supremacy of the cultured Greek lay in his retention of his mythological traditions, not in their gross forms but in the ennobling transfiguration of them into symbols of the beauties and wonders of nature.

I used above the word pleasure. That the individuals, generalized under the appellation, average man, derive from the course much pleasure of various qualities, at times questionable, though far oftener not so, is a truism, upon the subject of which our harmless but charmingly ludicrous friend, the college sentimentalist, finds his greatest delight in dilating. And it is not to be doubted that in the freedom from restraint, the opportunity of association with wild, young human animals, brimful of spirit and mischief, the contact with a code of morality and honor at once so defective and complete as is that of our community, the character wear and tear, and the strange relations which we bear to one another in our hearty dislikes and in the much abused and sentimentalized yet undoubtedly powerful friendship—all of which characterize this little sphere—there is a substantial gain of enjoyment which every one of us, whatever be our natures, cannot fail to experience. But is this all? By no means. Two sources of pleasure there are to many—I regret that I cannot with correctness say to all. The first of these is no less than the added knowledge, and the glimpse that a college career gives one of what is to be mastered. Poets and men of weak sensibilities delight to sigh over the vast amount of knowledge which it seems to them a hopeless task ever to obtain. And certainly in times of depression a species of despair does often invade our minds, when we compare the little acquired with the great unacquired. And did we believe that our opportunity of gaining knowledge were to be confined to the few moments of the terrestrial seventy years—I trust I do not offend you, my cheerful materialistic friend—good cause, I grant, we should have to feel sorrow in the days when first we caught glimpse of the unexplored regions. The second of these has reference to our own natures, and here, indeed, is the essence of the whole controversy. If we can note in the few past years an increase in the strength and depth of our characters, we are indeed to be counted happy. There is no mirror so searching in its revelations of our own character-failings as the reflections of our-

selves in others. While, then, it is a melancholy task to observe our own defects by a study of our companions, if we accept the conclusions of our study and strive in the right way—and a difficult duty it is to determine it—to further our own character-growth, there can no limit be set to the subjective pleasure to be derived from a contemplation of success, however feeble it may be.

I have endeavored in a few words to answer the question proposed and to justify my opinions. I trust the presentation will not be disheartening to any. The first stage of the journey is completed. Imagining the necessary changes of motor power to have been accomplished, I beg you to hasten a little farther with me.

In my study of the few minds whom chance has brought in my way, I have met with the peculiar individual even here in the world of study, whom in paucity of suitable designation I have been wont to style *the dreamer*. In probability this word conveys to your minds a very unsavory signification; if so, it can only be on account of your unfortunate associations with its primitive. Allow me, then, to premise by desiring you to set aside all prejudice; not to think that the object of our contemplation is a shallow-pated idler, whose head is filled with notions of the difficulty of life and the emptiness of life and the final uselessness of life, and whose time is occupied with lazily dreaming himself into a comatose condition, where the only sign of vitality is a succession of sighs and groanings. On the contrary, imagine to yourself a man of intense activity, of fine talents—for without these the character I am describing is impossible—of theories, if you wish, whose general idea of the importance of character and the dignity of life is a lofty one, a practical man where action is needed, yet, withal, one whose life is lived for a great part in veritable dreamland, whose store of pleasure is never exhausted because he has trained himself to live in a land of mind-pleasure, whose misfortunes, disappointments, and indeed, what is more than this, whose failures even in the realm of character can all with their totality of effects be voluntarily

laid aside, a man, to sum up with, who has labored to create a world into which he can escape, whenever the world of reality distresses him, and you will gain some idea of this personage whom I have denominated the dreamer. How many of such there are I know not. I have said that I have met them, though indeed rarely. Would you inquire my opinion of their character? I will endeavor briefly to state it. That such a constant residence in the region of non-realities is conducive to weakness could hardly be questioned, were it not true that there is implied so much general strength of nature in one capable of thus sequestrating himself that this tendency to weakness is not worthy of consideration. Undoubtedly it would prove disastrous to many, in fact nearly to every one, if such a habit of mind were encouraged, where nature forbids. Those fortunate enough to possess such a temperament, then, are to be deemed strangely gifted. Indeed, it has been my experience to observe that these so-styled dreamers derive a positive strength from the exercise of this peculiar method of abstraction. In general, they are extremely sensitive to pain and so naturally susceptible of pleasure, and in proportion as their power is greater, it is quite worthy of notice that their interest in affairs of practical moment is the keener. Their philosophy has ever seemed to me to unite the advantages of stoicism and epicureanism.

Product of a remarkable age, and far more remarkable as such than the factors, was that wonder of all who have studied him, Richter. Apropos of a question in the statistic list, lately published for the use of the Senior class, are these words of the German: "Of ways for becoming happier (not happy) I could never inquire out more than three. The first, rather an elevated road, is this: to soar away so far above the clouds of life, that you see the whole external world, with its wolf-dens, charnel-houses, and thunder-rods, lying far down beneath you, shrunk into a little child's garden. The second is: simply to sink down into this little garden; and there to nestle yourself so snugly, so homewise, in some furrow, that, in looking

out from your warm lark nest, you likewise can discern no wolf-dens, charnel-houses, or thunder-rods, but only blades and ears, every one of which, for the nest-bird, is a tree, and a sun-screen, and a rain-screen. The third, finally, which I look upon as the hardest and cunningest, is that of alternating between the other two." We are often asked—what is your philosophy of life? Whether we are always able to reply in words, we indicate the answer by the truer language of deeds. Richter has given us his reply and one the truth of which in his instance was fully attested by his life. Does it not convey to your mind some explanation of the character of my friend the dreamer?

VESPERS.

Did you ever watch the shadow
  Of the low-lined mountain crest
Slowly length'ning o'er the meadow
  From the twilight in the west?

Did you ever think about it,
  How 'twould soon cloud all the earth,
And you would emerge from out it
  In a new day's glorious birth?

Has the deep'ning cloud of sadness
  Ever settled on your heart,
But there was a happier gladness
  When the shadow did depart?

In its starry letters never
  Would our heaven its glories tell
If the sun should shine forever,
  If no midnight darkness fell.

E. W.

AN OLD BOOK.

CONTRARY to all that the axiomatic monotony of a Proverbial Philosophy may have to say about industry, there is some reason for believing that hours of idleness are not always without a good return. The whirligig of fortune seems to say that there are advantages coming from a want of purpose now and then. Who knows but that there may be some virtue after all in occasional aimlessness? Even the emptiness of the juvenile brain of that lad of Dryden's who

> trudged along, unknowing what he sought
> And whistled as he went, for want of thought,

was not without its profit; he was at least obtaining the great acquirement of every healthy boy—a good whistle. It was this excuse I made to myself the other day as I rambled through the library alcoves, scanning in a sort of listless way the titles of the shelved books, and rubbing off on my fingers the dust which long disuse had settled; for I happened on a curious old book, a collection of English college poems, published in the reign of William and Mary. Here, indeed, was something worth finding. What food was this to dream upon! A thought-germ lurks in every feature. Time, as though he grudged us a good-looking outside, has blackened the edges with his dusty fingers and discolored and hardened the once pliant leather of its back. A venerable old age speaks out in every yellow leaf. How many hands have clasped it during all these years? How many eyes have beamed upon its antique letters? Who was the binder who left on the tarnished covering the mark of his carelessness? A cigar and a Sleepy Hollow chair and this little volume; these are the materials for a thousand visions as enchanting as any that flash at the waving of a magician's wand. A queer voyage this waif must have had since the time when it started all fresh and new from the press of "Ber-

nard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys, between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-street." Perhaps some Sizar carried it with him in his musings beside the Cam. Or, it may be, it lay on some dusty shelf at Oriel or Christ's, whence a Charles Lamb might take it down to whisper reverently over its time-worn leaves, "Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that being nothing art everything!"

But a book is not like the other mementos which Time sometimes graciously forgets to destroy. It is not merely a fit subject for an arm-chair reverie of a winter's night. It is more than a something to summon dreams on men and things; it is the perpetuation of thought-life; it is an oracle, whispering to us words of the years that have flown.

This book is not without its personality; every verse within its covers is stamped with the mark of a peculiar age. It is a quaint record of the literary methods of two hundred years ago. It has a dedication to Earl Cranfield. Is there need to say more? It is filled with the fulsome adulation of a period in which men vied with each other in seeing who could cringe the lowest. And so we might with tolerable accuracy guess at the character of the contents before perusing them. For college poetry is not a class of writing independent in itself; its character is moulded by the external poetry of the time. So we are not surprised to discover here that the nobility and beauty of earlier and later poetry are replaced by a looseness of thought which strives to make up for its moral defects in the tawdry gilding of a copied classic style. The subjects do not have the simple and attractive descriptive character which distinguished most of the later Oxford poetry; the theme is usually either passion in some form or dry philosophical discussion. Freedom, both of manner and of thought, is cramped into a stiff imitation of Propertius, Lucan and Horace. In fact, a great number of the poems are translations of classic writers in a narrow Latinic phraseology.

The most fashionable form to use as a dress for the

thought was the pastoral. The love-sick swains are all Philemons and Florelios who play on the oaten reed to Sylvia or Thyrsis or Chloris or some other "relentless fair" of ancient name, bewailing the hardness of the feminine heart in the regular stock laments, and begging with Titanic sighs for the priceless boon of a single look! But the load of false ornament does not conceal all the beauty that lurks beneath. The subjects "On Chloe's Patches" and "On her Mask," are certainly attractive. I cannot help quoting part of the latter fragment; it embodies all the peculiarities of the love-ditty of the time:—

> "Ah! Happy Mask, that often lies
> A Veil o'er Love's blest Paradise,
> There keeps each blooming Sweet that grows,
> The snowy Lilly, purple Rose:
> The sacred Store with Care maintain,
> Which let no vulgar Eyes prophane:
> But when poor *Damon* shall appear
> To charm his Mind, and ease his Care
> Then steal, kind Mask, with Haste away
> And all the blissful Scene display."

Many of the titles are interesting and some are, to a modern taste, amusing. All the partisan invective of this bitter age was on the tongue of the Roman Catholic who wrote, "On the Reprinting Mr. Milton's Prose-Works, with his Poems, written in his Paradise Lost." Two laments of somewhat different character have for their respective subjects, "An Apology to a Lady, who told me I cou'd not love her heartily, because I had lov'd others," and "On the First Fit of the Gout." It is hard to tell from the poems which unfortunate we sympathize with most. The short address "To Celia, who having caught a Bee that had stung her Lip was about to kill it," shows a tenderness rivaled only by Chaucer's dame, who

> "wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
> Caught in a trappe."

"A Song for a Wedding" comes very curiously, it may be purposely, for the idea is an old one, next to an

"Essay on Death." Lastly, we find a topic which might be very successfully treated at Yale, "A Ballad on the Jubilee."

There seems to be a great difference in the maturity of English and American college poetry. The Palestine that came from the same golden pen whose later days traced the glowing words of the Missionary Hymn, shows the same manly power. Wordsworth was only nineteen when he wrote the lines beginning—

> "Glide gently, thus for ever glide
> O Thames! that other bards may see
> As lovely visions by thy side
> As now, fair river! come to me."

In the volume before us most of the efforts are very pretentious, notably a translation of Musæus that draws its weary length through thirty pages. There is a far greater ambitiousness in the English amateur poetry than in our own. There is a reason. The protracted study of the classics which has heretofore been the basis of English education, the forced production of Greek and Latin odes at the preparatory schools, and the system of prize poems at the Universities make the embryo artist perfectly familiar with the usual stock of poetical themes, besides giving him a thorough acquaintance with the mechanical part of poetry. However, it is only fair to say that some of the so-called college poems are not what we believe them to be. While many of them were written in the vicinity of the Universities, the time of their production was long after graduation—like Milton's Hymn on the Nativity and Otway's epilogue here.

"Most poets are very soon forgotten: but not the noblest Shakespeare or Homer of them can be remembered forever;—a day comes when he too is not," says Herr Teufelsdröckh. Of the men who played their part on this miniature stage of letters, there are only two who are known at all to us, and of all the "rhyme and reason" of this volume there are only two pieces that have been preserved to us in other ways than through

this book: Dryden's Ode on the Death of Mr. Purcell and Otway's Epilogue spoken before the Duke of York in 1682. After all, Time is the only true critic of prose and poetry alike; and we cannot say that he has passed an unjust verdict on the writers represented here. It is no trickery of expression nor brilliant decoration of common-place that stands the test of years; it is only transcendent force of thought and imagery combined. In a literary as well as a scientific sense it is only the fittest that can survive. The second-rate specimens of writing that manage to be handed down from one generation to another are only valuable to the antiquary and the historian, and even in this way they are often of less worth than a haber-dasher's bill or an old letter of the same period. The opinion of the Breakfast Table Poet is worth thinking on: "I have made a book or two in my time, and I am making another that perhaps will see the light one of these days. But if I had my life to live over again, I think I should go in for silence." But considering a moment, there is really no argument against writing that is merely passable or even poor. The life of a national literature includes whole periods that leave behind them nothing deserving remembrance; it includes even in its golden age hundreds of individual productions which would be of much greater value as combustibles than as mind-food. But it is only by such steps that what is worth existence is wrought out. And so, perhaps, we ought to be charitable toward this little book which has furnished us an hour's amusement, although it was born in that wretched period which alone of all ages arrogated the privilege of re-writing Shakespeare. Perhaps it was of more value than we think; filled with absurdities and overloaded with pedantry as it is, it had its place in the foundations of our present literature. *A.*

AN INDIAN HERO.

TRUE worth seldom goes unrecognized. That inward yearning after the higher standards of life which, as an ennobling feature, elevates our race far above the common level of created things, is not so frequently realized that we can afford to neglect a great man, though but dimly discernible through the mist of ages, or hidden in the labyrinth of tradition. Especially so, is this true, in the case of the hero. The practical issues of our existence require for a model, not so much the genius of thought as the genius of action. Heroes are guiding stars through whose kindly light our way is made clear: torches lit by the Almighty's hand. Trace the history of the human race back into the remotest ages of the past, and you cannot escape their presence. They are, in fact, the creators of History. In the general, the statesman, the king, mankind has forever found its most cherished ideals. Here too posterity, like the sculptor before his block of marble, discovers the original, whence by the addition of national characteristics are called into life a King Arthur of England, an El Cid of Spain.

But before the iconoclastic spirit which the hard, scientific investigation of the day has introduced, these fair conceptions—strange blendings of fancy and reality!—fade away. Rationalism tolerates nothing of the extraordinary. It is a philosophy that would deprive a Shakespeare of his laurel-wreath, a Tell of his patriot's crown. Strengthened by that vapid foppery which, under pretence of experimental knowledge, decries all noble sentiment in the red man, the same skepticism has assailed the history of Lautaro. The romantic appearance of the young Araucanian upon the world's stage, his brief though brilliant career, and the tragedy of his death, form an episode seemingly too fictitious for the sober page of history. To the hasty investigator, moreover, the authorities on the Indian's life and character

may seem not over-trustworthy sources of information. Our knowledge of Lautaro, to a considerable extent, is due to the *Araucana*, an epic, whose author (Alonzo de Ercilla) although enrolled among the ranks of Chili's deadliest foes, betokens by his work a thorough infatuation with his hero. The vivid coloring of epic poetry, rendered more striking since the bard belonged to an emotional Latin race, introduced qualities and actions which, to the critical student of events, appear grotesquely exaggerated. Lautaro was magnified by Ercilla into a Homeric demi-god: his efforts were at times supernatural, his prowess ever invincible. His extreme youthfulness, furthermore, seems utterly incongruous with the intellectual capacity, the moderation, the experience, which marked this embodiment of an ideal savage hero. A stripling, not twenty years of age at the time when he assumed command, yet exemplifying a perfection of manly character that has placed his name among the foremost of his country, what wonder that incredulity should extend even to the bare fact of his existence! Had he been a fully-developed man, educated under the elevating influences of civilization, and its attendant incentives to noble and patriotic action, our reverence might have been less. But in a beardless, savage boy, such a career as his stands unsurpassed in history, and without a parallel. If to this be added the fact that for three years previous to his appearance at Tucapel, he had served in the low capacity of a groom, subject to the taunts and buffets of insolent masters, and had been denied the opportunity of learning his country's military tactics, Lautaro's capacity for war appears the more remarkable. The knowledge of war was with him, either a latent instinct called suddenly into action, or the outgrowth of observation made during his term as a hostage. If the latter—and our judgment inclines towards this opinion—how many are those minds which, if placed under similarly disadvantageous conditions, would be able to grasp and keep in memory for further use the various methods and tactics of civilized warfare presented to view?

In order to fully comprehend Lautaro's genius, and the indomitable spirit which so peculiarly characterized him, it will be necessary to glance at the aspect of affairs in Spanish America. The rich and powerful kingdom of the Aztecs had fallen away before a mere handful of adventurers, almost without a struggle; Peru, the strong rival of Mexico, had yielded up her freedom with even less resistance. The very energies of the nations were paralyzed by the terror which the name of the invader inspired. Far different was the case in Chili. This hardy little realm, which in earlier days had defied the overwhelming legions of the Incas, equally baffled the higher intelligence and superior strength of the Spanish conquerors. Two score years had passed since Pizarro landed on she shores of Peru, and still the tribes of Chili remained unsubdued. Their utter lack of superstitious dread for artillery, upon which as a moral force the invader depended so greatly, coupled with the high standard to which their rude system of warfare had been carried, rendered his task well-nigh hopeless. Mexico and Peru had fallen a prey to internal weakness. Representing, though they did, the civilization of the New World, such was the iron policy of their despotic rulers, that in the hour of need scarcely a sword was found ready to defend its master. Chili, on the other hand, recognized no supreme ruler. Like ancient Greece, the topographical features of the country created a number of states independent of one another, yet bound by common race and language. So marked was the sentiment of liberty among her tribes, that their free, unfettered spirit extended even into their religion. Neither temple nor idol ever arose in honor of a divinity; they worshiped in spirit alone. The government of heaven, said they, is the prototype of ours: we pay no tribute to our own nobles; still less shall we then do homage to the princes of that far-off land. Perceiving the futility of warlike measures against a people so passionately fond of freedom, the conquerors had adopted a "conciliatory" policy. What this was, the annals of every savage race which has

come into contact with civilized man, will show. Vice, in all its alluring forms, was presented to the unhappy aborigines, and the self-styled champions of the Cross enjoyed the gloomy satisfaction of beholding part of a brave and warlike nation sunk into a state of hopeless degradation. Fortunately for the Araucanians, their remoteness from the accursed influence of the invaders kept their moral energy intact. The attempted invasions into their territory were opposed with a vigor which augured ill for the Spanish success. At length, however, the election of an incapable commander-in-chief granted Valdivia the desired opportunity. Fortress after fortress was erected within their dominion, until exasperated at the cowardly caution of their leader, the Indians summoned a general diet, and setting aside the traditional law of non-interference in military affairs, deposed the incompetent officer from command. The Spanish general, rudely awakened from a mistaken sense of security by the news of an extended revolt among the natives, hastily gathered his available forces and marched south to punish the rebels who, confident in their superior numbers, and in the spirit of determination which animated every savage breast, awaited his onslaught over the smoking embers of the memorable fortress of Tucapel. Here as the wavering lines of the Araucanians broke in rout, and the fate of their nation seemed sealed forever, appeared Lautaro. The son of a powerful chief, he had been selected for a hostage while yet a mere boy, and given to the Spaniards. Throughout the battle this youth stood a deeply-interested spectator of the bloody scene, and in the extreme moment of his country's peril, every fear of the cruelty of his Spanish masters, every grateful recollection of their kindness—to both of which he was not a stranger—vanished from his mind: dashing forward from the victors' ranks he rallied the native troops, then swept the invader off the field.

Lautaro's peculiar sphere of action was military life. Possessed to an enormous extent of personal magnetism, even more potent in its influence over the untutored

mind of the savage than on the calm, intelligent judgment of civilized races, the power which he wielded among his countrymen knew no bounds. With his immediate promotion, the reward of his services during the important crisis at Tucapel, came a complete revolution in war-maneuvers. The rude tactics of the New World were exchanged for the military accomplishments of the Old. Before the genius of their new foe, Spain's vaunted chivalry seemed impotent: their terrible horses were captured and turned to use against their former masters, their artillery fell an easy prey to his astuteness. The lapse of a few months beheld a total change in the aspect of Chilian history. Under the masterly command of the young chieftain, a defensive war had been converted into one of aggression, and the Spaniards, driven from the half-conquered territory of Arauco, were already threatened in their most impregnable stronghold, Santiago. In Lautaro were combined an almost reckless daring with the most cautious prudence, the keenest of foresight. The headlong, yet chivalric spirit of his nation which disdained the shelter of walls against an enemy, never could induce him to quit a strategical point. Sorely though his warriors chafed at times under this novel and irksome restraint, they remained notwithstanding ever subservient to his indomitable will. He possessed, in fact, not the shadowy power of a savage chief, but determination's irresistible force when controlled by genius. No failure, however great, was sufficient to destroy the youthful spirit of hope and confidence which was his. As in the opening scene of his career, he checked the fleeing forces of his country, wresting victory from defeat itself, the same rare faculty of turning apparent reverses into successes characterized his efforts throughout. To him the Araucanians looked as a savior in the darkest hour of their nation's struggle. "He rose to his greatest heights in moments when other men despaired." Not even the pusillanimity of the northern tribes, the jealousy of the central Indians, could induce the youthful patriot to relinquish the great effort of his life. His own ideal of his

mission was nothing less than the expulsion of the Spaniards from every foot of Chilian soil, a gigantic undertaking, in the attempted, though unsuccessful execution of which, he displayed a magnanimity that merged every personal consideration in that of his country's welfare and freedom. The defeat of his first two incursions into the conquered land of the invaders was due, not to the prowess of his enemies, but to the force of adverse circumstances—misplaced confidence the cause of the one, strife of factions of the other. Yet undaunted by treachery of friends, unmoved by the cruelty of his enemies, he planned and executed his third and last invasion. Liberty was to be thrust upon the ungrateful, besotted race, for whose sakes he had suffered so much. Spain already trembled for her Chilian dominions, subjugated at the cost of so much bloodshed, when the death of the young Araucanian relieved her of all anxiety. Betrayed by a traitorous native, who conducted the Spaniards to the hidden encampment where his forces had halted in their march northward, Lautaro fell a victim of one of the most disgraceful massacres that ever stained the not-unsullied page of Spanish history. Nothing but the premature sound of the foreign bugle ringing out the charge, saved the Indian army from utter surprise and extermination. While the main portion of his warriors, the lukewarm, cowardly allies of the north, were thus enabled to escape in the dim twilight of that fatal April morning, the faithful band of Araucanians gathering around the fallen body of their beloved chieftain, died to to a man. They asked, they received no quarter. Life to them, without Lautaro, was a void ; his death must needs be attended by the immolation of his every savage follower ! The indiscriminate butchery so ruthlessly purposed by the invaders was, however, not accomplished. Blood flowed freely, but not on the Indian side alone ; for many a haughty Castilian was laid low before the strong arm of the desperate foe.

Thus, in the bud of manhood perished one who, had his life been spared, might have deferred the Spanish con-

quest of Chili a century, and perchance for all time. As it was, the influence of his short-lived career was not lost, but makes itself manifest even in the generation of to-day, which still defies the power of the white man. Three hundred years and more of unremitting warfare has not broken the old, savage spirit of freedom which so distinguished their beloved ideal. The same intense hatred that Lautaro cherished against the Spaniards, characterizes the nation of the present time. An enmity which, reproducing itself intact in each successive generation, has given birth to a mythological belief rivaling in beauty the fables of ancient Greece or Rome. The spirits of the departed Araucanians, in their visits from Elysian fields to their native land, encounter in battle the shades of the conquerors who perished on its soil. In the roaring of the wind is heard the rush of cavalry; thunder represents the roll of drums; and the frequent flashes of lightning reveal to their poetic imagination the death-dealing flames of artillery. Not a storm occurs on the snow-capped Andes, or broad Pacific, that they do not watch with anxious hearts.

> "The souls of the strangers are there,
> In their garments of darkness they ride thro' the heavens;
> The cloud that so lurid rolls over the hill,
> Is red with their weapons of fire."*

If the tempest speed northward, the joyous cry arises, "Pursue them, friends, pursue them! kill them!" Should it move in a southerly direction, the moan wrung from an anguished soul is heard—"Courage, friends; be firm!"

W. T.

* Southey's "Song of the Araucans."

CASCADE BROOK.

Out thro' little Calpean rocks,
With a rush and a gush it breaks its locks,
Washing out sands in golden grains
To pave its path in the quiet plains;
Leaping o'er pebbles from rock to rock,
And stopping short with a sudden shock,
Bursting in bubbles bright,
Where a cliff frowns sullen athwart its course;
Then,—coiling in all its restless force,
It springs away in a flashing flight
Thro' a channel straight and narrow,
Darting like a winged arrow
Under ferns that arch across it,
Over stones that trip and toss it,
And o'er a jagged precipice,
Plunging down a deep abyss,
Ringing out in echoing tinklings,
Scattering spray in dewy sprinklings,
Where rainbows hang in hues divine
O'er maidenhair and columbine.
Then,—fainting from its flying spring,
It moves in measured murmuring
Of music's mildest melody,
And,—robed in bubbles, babbles by,
Dying down the darkened dell,
Under shadowing evergreen,
Ferny-feathered banks between.
Until we hear its merriment
Sent up on every breezy swell,
With the lone, sweet music blent,
Of aspen's rustle, sighing pine,
And the wood thrush's note divine,
The sweetest song that ever rung
Listening evening woods among.
Silenced by its magic spell
It glides from the forest, dimly dark,
Under the bridge, a triumph arc,
And winds among the meadow flowers,
Or sleeps beneath the willow bowers.

E. W.

A WINTER SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

IT would be hard to find a more dreary landscape than that which the old New England village of F—— presented one winter evening not very long ago. It had been a dismal day—a day "when cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn" and lingered still to lay the weary haggard day to rest. All day long the snow had fallen, but now, just as the grey tints of twilight were fading altogether, the storm had ceased and little gusts of wind began chasing each other through the deserted street and sporting with the snow-flakes, catching them up in little eddies and dashing them with noiseless clatter against the trees and fences. Now and then the door of one of the lifeless looking houses would open and a muffled figure trudge silently up the street to where the Post Office window shed its solitary light across the snow, and join the group of gossiping old farmers who were waiting for their mail within. This evening, however, they had not long to talk over their wood-piles or to discuss the probabilities for to-morrow's weather, before the lumbering old stage came creaking up out of the gloom, and to every one's surprise was found to contain besides the mail-bag and packages of evening papers, a real live passenger. Who could be coming there on such a night as that? And the old heads peered out in open-mouthed wonder. But they need not strain their feeble eyes; as if to satisfy their curiosity, a good-looking young fellow jumped out, asked the Postmaster for a match, lighted a cigarette, and offering one in a familiar way to each of the astonished group, leaped again into the stage—all with an air of careless "sang froid" that marked him at once as a college man. The stage trundled off into the darkness again and old farmer Jones croaked out, "Wal, that was a pritty smart lookin' chap; who d'ye 'spose 'twas?"

"I guess likely it's the chap that's comin' to stay at 'Squire Winthrop's. His wife told Mirandy there was a stoodint comin' up to stay there for the holidays."

As this sage conjecture was from Mr. Woodford, first selectman, it settled the matter at once and with an assenting grunt or two the group relapsed into its wonted social silence. And the guess was right, for by this time the "stoodint" was standing on Squire Winthrop's doorstep, luggage in hand, and feeling very gloomy at the prospect of a week in such a dismal place. Ugh! how cold it was; would no one ever come to the door, and he began struggling with the old brass knocker. But his trouble was saved him, for there was a rustle in the hall, the door flew open and something came with an ecstatic little rush, plump into his arms. He couldn't see much, but he could feel a good deal—a soft cheek against his own, a pair of lips that felt as though they must be deliciously rosy, kissing him violently and two plump arms hugging him with a perfectly enchanting impulsiveness. What on earth could it mean; *he* knew no one in the place. And he could hear, too, between the kisses—"Oh, Frank, it's so good of you—I knew you would come—I almost died up here. But why don't you kiss me, sir?" with mock anger, and the face was drawn away, but the hands still rested on his shoulders.

"Um—ah—I—I'm afraid there's some mistake. I—I wish I was Frank, but—" here, however, he was interrupted by a calamity which I shudder to relate. We have read of Ulysses wrecked on the island of his Calypso; we have been told of heroes rescued from horrible deaths by the arms of their future lady-loves; we have even heard of a heroine gracefully presenting herself to her destined lord accompanied by a dose of umbrella in the right eye, but this catastrophe stands without a parallel in history or fiction. The doorstep was slippery, and just as the blushing maiden drew back in horror from the gay youth that wasn't Frank, her foot slipped and again she fell quite forcibly on his manly arm. He was a well developed young fellow and could undoubtedly have sus-

tained this shock—and even more—and the affair would have been quite conventional and romantic if it had stopped there, but alas! The slippery door-step came again into play, and—well, she was the first to jump up and run into the house choking with laughter, leaving him almost disposed to laugh too, till he picked himself up and saw an old gentleman with a lamp in the doorway looking very sour. Great Heavens! her father! and there was very little laughter about his voice as he stammered out, "Mr. Winthrop, I believe." "That's my name, sir," rather gruffly. "I'm Mr. Sheffield, from New Haven. Your daughter was just going to let me in when I slipped down." "Oh, yes, yes, I see. Come right in; glad to see you, my boy. Blessed if you ain't your father over again; he wrote me you were coming up, but we didn't expect you to-night, though I did expect my nephew up." "Yes, sir, so your daughter said—that is to say, she—she—yes, she said so," with some confusion. But what was the old fellow grinning at? Had he seen the little doorstep episode? Very likely he had, but he only said, "She's not my daughter, though; she's not my daughter, she's my niece," and showed his young guest to his room. "There, make yourself at home; supper ready presently," and he heard the good old soul chuckling to himself down the hall.

The mental process which Mr. Tom Sheffield went through when left alone, would require a George Eliot and husband or a Henry James Jr., to do it justice, but even we cannot afford to let slip such a chance for glory as a bit of real dry thought analysis offers. At first his thoughts were exceedingly complex and hurried, but might be summed up and formulated under the single phrase, "Well, I'll be hanged." Next followed a period of concise reasoning that ran something like this: Here am I, Tom Sheffield, junior from Yale, on a visit to an old friend of my father's whom I have never seen. On the threshold I am met and welcomed affectionately by something purporting to be a niece of the old friend, under the supposition that I am Frank, nephew of the old

friend, and therefore, of course, brother to—something. Finally, I encounter the old friend himself, and am ensconced in this deliciously quaint old bed-room to get ready for supper. What under the circumstances had I better do? Unquestionably go down to supper at once. But the most prominent thing in his mind as he carried out the resolve, was that dark, shadowy little figure on the doorstep. He couldn't help feeling a good deal embarrassed at the prospect of meeting it again, but when he entered the room and a rarely beautiful girl rose to meet him with outstretched hand, a little conscious smile and a lovely blush, every thing else gave way to admiration which he could scarce conceal; and where could this little country girl have got so much grace and ease of manner? Why, they had hardly been a moment together before they were chatting away on the most friendly terms; and then in came the squire and tossed her a letter. "There, Lucy, that's from Frank. I s'pose that'll tell why he didn't come." But why did she look at him with her eyes so full of merriment, at the word, Frank? And how eagerly she read the letter and then crumpled it up with a pout as she finished it and an angry little gesture. "The old goose; he might just as well have come as not."

"It *was* from your brother, then?" "My brother! how do you know it is from my brother?" and she looked at him with an air of arch defiance. "Your uncle told me he was your brother." "Oh, he did, did he, the dear old marplot," the eyes opening wide in surprise that changed to a merry twinkle at the end, and all the evening after she seemed bubbling over with suppressed glee. He could not make it out at all.

When Mr. Tom retired to his room that night he thought he had never passed so delightful an evening in all his life, which was a very great admission for the young gentleman, who was quite a society man, you must know, and like most fellows of his age, thought himself a terrible flirt, and was a good deal of one. And what do you suppose he is thinking of as he lies there in the downy depths of a real old fashioned feather bed, and

watches the pranks of the shadows that the flickering embers cast on the wall? He is laying plans for a campaign against this bonny little country maiden's heart that cannot fail to succeed. But after all, would it not be wrong to deceive such an innocent, charming creature. Oh well, she would get over it in time. All the rest had as far as he knew, and while that comforting thought was still in his brain the shadows on the wall grew still more fantastic and put on all the shapes of fairy land, and the two tall bed-posts at his feet changed into two grim Professors who had conditioned him at the last examination and began to make jeering grimaces at him, while the hobgoblins kept up their horrid dances all around, and then—he was asleep.

CHAPTER II.

In the week that followed, our hero began to put into operation those plans he had made for the capture of Miss Lucy's unsuspecting heart, and found the occupation so entrancing that he forgot all about his dread of the dismal wintry week away out in the country, and well nigh forgot his designs on her affections, too, so taken up was he with the young lady herself. Once or twice indeed it occurred to him that there might be some doubt as to whose heart was getting the worst of it, but he banished the idea when he thought of his former conquests and assured himself that he was getting along admirably. There was no village swain to interfere with him, and he was with her most of the time. Surely, it would have been strange if the little country girl had not yielded to his fascination. He took her to long sleigh-rides over the glistening downs, behind the squire's little mare, and amused her with accounts of his college life and habits. What an eager listener she was and how delightful a companion, and yet how could he reconcile so much grace and culture with a simple country life, such as her's must have been. Sometimes, indeed, she would tell him a

doleful little story of that quiet life of hers up there in the country with the most pathetic gestures, but would always end by seeming so much amused by her own recital that she would go off in a little impulsive laugh and say, "But '*nous avous changé tout celà*,' *now* Monsieur Sheffield, since you have come," with a glance that made him wish he had come for good. Then they went skating together and he had the delight of putting on the dainty little skates and fixing a strap around the prettiest ankle in America. Oh, indeed it was, he could assure you. Once he thought to amuse her with an account of some of his old flirtations, but the laughing face grew grave and she turned her great reproachful eyes on him, "Oh, Mr. Sheffield, how could you; indeed it was wrong; it was cruel of you." He felt like the most abandoned wretch in Christendom. Has he forgotten all about the fact that he is flirting with her all the time? Finally, one glorious night when the great blank moon stared lazily down at her mother orb, they joined a village party and went coasting. If you have ever been coasting you will know what a wealth of meaning there is in the word, but if you haven't, I'm afraid I can give you but a poor idea of it. To start at the top of a long winding country hill, to hear the runners grate slowly on the crisp snow at first, then faster and faster, and your pulses beat quicker and quicker and you catch your breath with excitement, and the air tingles on your cheeks—oh, the exhilaration is sublime—and your arm is half around the girl in front of you; as she turns to whisper something, her head is almost on your shoulder—it *has* to be so—and then you go over a "bumper" and for a moment the whole sled is in the air; a second your pulses cease altogether and a little hand grasps your arm—so tightly; then a jar, and you are flying on again—but what is the use, it is indescribable. Talk about summer evenings and moonlit river banks, or rustic glades with nightingales and turtle doves and rippling waves and—bosh. Give me the pen of an Ovid and I will draw you such a picture of the pleasures of a moonlight winter's evening, that you will

buy a "double ripper" directly and set out at once for the nearest hamlet.

But in this transitory life all things come to an end sooner or later, and before he was aware of it, Mr. Tom's dreaded week in the country was gone and he was over head and ears in love with Miss Lucy. He gave no longer any thought to his design on the young lady's heart; his trouble now was how in the world he was going to stand it away from her.

When he went to bid her good-bye he found her standing with a little handkerchief crumpled up in one hand and her eyes just a trifle red. Perhaps she had a cold; maybe she had been crying; how could he tell? They exchanged one or two sentences that meant nothing, and without looking at each other. He was looking out of the window at the stage just rounding the corner, she at her own hands which hung twitching nervously at the moist handkerchief. Finally, she looks up at him and now there is no mistake; two great tears stand in her eyes, though a frightened smile is on the rest of her face. "When you came here you said—you wished you were Frank," faltering and blushing. "Well, and I did." "Do —do you wish you were Frank now?" He could not resist that. For a second she is in his arms, and look—he is kissing her; but what of that? Had she not kissed him before? And then she was gone out of the room with the little handkerchief at her eyes, and the squire is calling, "Here's the stage, Tom," and a heavy hearted young man it carried away from F——— that afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

One evening about a month after this—it was the evening of the junior promenade—poor Tom was sitting in his room debating whether to go or not. In that month quite a change had come over the poor fellow. He had grown morose and absent-minded, even a little *blasé*, and quite cynical withal. In recitations he would jump up with

a start when called on, and frequently sit down again without a word. He sneered a good deal, quarreled with his chum, read Thackeray some and Voltaire more—in short, had all the orthodox symptoms of a genuine case of tender passion. His sourness was a good deal due to the fact that he had written a letter to Miss Lucy Winthrop which had never been answered. When it was known that Sheffield wasn't going to take a girl to the promenade, everyone opened his eyes in astonishment. "What on earth has got into Tom this term, anyway? He didn't use to be so; he must be going crazy, or else he's in love." "Oh, pshaw! he's not in love. Sheff's not that kind." However, the fact remained that "Sheff" was'nt going to take a lady and was even debating whether to go himself or not, but finally made up his mind and arrayed himself languidly in his dress suit. He wasn't over pleased with the gay, brilliant scene, and stood listlessly looking on till an old bosom friend came up and began talking to him. Before he knew it, almost, Tom had unburdened himself and laid his whole country romance and passion before his friend. He ended with a sigh, "Well, I think I'll go home. I hate dancing and there's not a pretty girl in the room." "*You* hate dancing! Well, you *must* be in love. I'm sorry for you, but as for there being no pretty girls here, that's a slander. Look at that one, for instance, there with Stickney, the senior. She's as lovely a girl as I ever saw or you either. But what on earth is the matter with you?" Tom didn't wait to answer, but was striding across the room to where the girl stood. How on earth came she there? and she had just been dancing—so gracefully, too; and her toilet was exquisite. What could it mean? And then, very coldly, "Good evening, Miss Winthrop; I did'nt know as you would recognize me." But she did recognize him, however, with a charming smile. Then, turning to her partner, "Frank, this is Mr. Sheffield whom I met up in F———. He made my visit very delightful for me, and Mr. Stickney is the 'Frank' you heard so much about, Mr. Sheffield." There was just a trace of mischief, but not a particle of compunction

in her soft eyes as she said it. Poor Tom! His brain was wildly repeating, "Her *visit* in F——— ! he's not her brother! Heavens and earth!" Then she went on with the utmost composure: "Excuse me, Mr. Sheffield, I *must* dance this waltz. Shan't I see you again this evening? If not, I hope you will call on me in New York sometime. I live on Madison avenue—No. —. Oh, Frank, that music is enchanting," and her foot tapped impatiently on the floor. "Good night, Mr. Sheffield," and they whirled away into the dazzling throng, the band kept up its measured din, and no one noticed the grim expression on Tom's face. It was too quick for him altogether. He couldn't conceal his terrible chagrin. Had the girl no heart at all? But what is this that he hears? He starts anew. "By Jove, what a lovely girl Stickney has got. They're engaged, you know. They say it was quite a romantic affair. She was a niece of his aunt's husband. They met at the uncle's house up in F———, last summer. Lovely old country place, you know. In about a week it was all settled." That was enough for Tom. He didn't want to hear any more, but strode angrily out of the room. As he passed the door he turned for a moment and just caught Lucy Winthrop's glance as she whirled past. It was a frightened look she gave him, but full of tenderness. It seemed to say, "Forgive me; I didn't think you would take it so hard." The next moment he had left the throng of dancers with their ribbons and laces, and the swinging measures of the music and stood alone in the cold, silent beauty of the night.

Well, he got over it after a fashion, though he has never been quite the same fellow since; and there are two things which he abhors to this day—the one is an evening party; the other is a country girl. K.

NOTABILIA.

To have judged from the happy looks of friends and college mates on our return would have been to infer that all had enjoyed a most happy three weeks of respite. Even the proverbial homesick gruffness, which for the first fortnight characterized nearly everyone was only a greater proof of the joys we were so loth to have left behind. There has been little change, save perhaps in the hearts of some susceptible upperclassman, whose moodiness toward old friends, whose raptures of delight over the numberless *billets* which the postman, to the intense disgust of his chum, is constantly bringing to his door, and whose sudden addiction to the task which, of all others, he was wont to consider most disagreeable, letter-writing, confirm all who know him in the opinion that the poor fellow has yielded to the blandishments of some fair sorceress. As to this our student home, conservatism has held undisputed sway, and all things are as they were before. The days that are to come promise to be counterparts of their predecessors, and will only add more strength to the bonds which some of us will find rather difficult to part when the next six months shall have rolled away. We trust, the term will be one of quiet pleasure, that is, one to which all will most rejoice to look back.

Those whose study was directed to the character of the class that last left these walls, perchance will notice that one singular trait of that so retiring body of men was a respect for the so-styled society class of '74, and that during the winter term of the past year every senior seemed to be doing his utmost to earn for his class a *sobriquet* somewhat similar to that granted to their predecessors of five years. Doubtless it would be excessively delightful to their terpsichorean senses were we to dub them the *famous* society class of '79. If so, let us, in all charity, accord them this title. Yet, even under the shade of this great agnomen, in a modest way the lovers of song and

dance are finding their time most pleasantly occupied. Rumors of germans and assemblies, of parties and informal socials penetrate now and then even to the room of the secluded dig, and have been known to tempt from his sanctum the unsociable bookworm. The Lenten days are but a few weeks off, and what is to be done, all feel must be done quickly. This season of gayety will doubtless prove one more source of the pleasing memories of this the first winter term of the new decade.

THE recent trip of our glee singers, if we are to believe the highly colored report which they have not even yet tired of narrating, calls to mind a practice of the typical Yale man of a few years since. We refer to the custom of infusing into vacations a spice of college life by forming large parties of college men and spending part or all of the holidays in some organized excursion. Even in our time, whisperings have reached us of a summer's tramp in Europe, or a winter's sail to Florida, but the participants have generally been few, and the occasions themselves exceptional. So much has been said of late of the decadence of "old customs" that we refrain from denominating this delightful pastime as such, and prefer to consider it as a practice which has known fluctuations. Certainly, as we listen to some graduate of half a score of years recounting the very enviable experience of his vacation days spent in tramping the Adirondacks or White Mountains with a party of a dozen classmates, or whiled away on some yacht, or swiftly passed in the exciting sport of hunting on the western prairies, we feel sure that the hearty young collegians of those days gained more enjoyment worthy of recollection than has been the case with us. There are doubtless many advantages to to be derived from the now more popular usage of enjoying our holidays either alone or in company with one or two classmates, but these are all of a negative nature, and when offset by the amount of novel experience and of character wear and tear which is implied in a large party of youthful spirits, the balance inclines considerably in

favor of the old practice. The pleasant winter evenings which so greatly stimulate to plan-forming and dreaming of the future, afford the most fitting opportunity for a consideration of the advantages of these old-fashioned trips, and if friendships prosper as they are proverbially reported to do here, we see no reason to prevent the laying out of several of these college excursions for the not very distant summer days. As a *finale* to a most happy course, and preparation for the work before them, a few weeks of such pleasure would be extremely appropriate in the case of those who are looking with rueful faces toward the first of next July.

As a class of individuals there is probably to be found nowhere such a company of self-complacent and self-assured men, entirely at rest as to their ability, and wholly confident of their own superiority as can be seen in a college community, consequently there is perhaps no character soil which is richer or in which there is more opportunity for noxious plants to flourish than that to be met with in our colleges; and indeed, to judge from the extremely busy aspect of our gardeners and trainers, very hard business it is to keep the weeds from entirely overrunning the fertile fields in their charge. In general, it is true that, as far as our Alma Mater is concerned, her sons leave her well entitled to the honored epithet of gentlemen. Here, however, allow our revered patron saint to point out one abuse which of late has crept in, perhaps unconsciously, but which is no less reprehensible. In days gone by, lollings in chapel and want of respect in class and lecture rooms have formed a fruitful source of complaint, but it is to a much more ordinary subject that we would invite only a moment's consideration; it is to what our German friends would term *Der Zahnstocher*. Now, as regards this very useful article, we most heartily deprecate any attempt to banish it from the economy of life, but on the other hand, we most earnestly entreat all to use it in its place. Of late, there seems to have increased the very unpleasant habit of displaying in

a most conspicuous position and in most conspicuous places this homely necessary of life. It is, indeed, not only a great disgrace to every one thoughtless enough to transgress the requirements of good breeding, but a decided slur cast on the reputation of our college, when men appear on street, in recitation hall, in chapel and in the theatre, before friends, and even in the presence of ladies, with the obnoxious little stick protruding from between their lips.

At various times have our weeklies contained statistics with reference to the number of works withdrawn from our college library in comparison with those consulted in the other prominent collegiate institutions, whence it has been noticed that, in proportion to its size, Yale has not occupied a foremost position. The deductions from this fact have generally resulted in some murmurs against the restrictions upon ready access to the library, or in a lament that outside of a few individuals styled as literary, there is little reading done, but these have always seemed to us rather overdrawn conclusions, and far from the truth. We lately embraced an opportunity to gain a few bits of information from the librarian of the Society library which substantiate the ideas we have held on the reading question. Taking the senior class as a medium representative of the ordinary amount of literary work done by a class in four years, we do not find that the so-called high stand or literary men have done the most reading. Out of twenty-four names containing twelve literary men and twelve selected purposely as having done little or no literary work at college, only five of the former had reached the number (one hundred and thirty books) averaged by the twenty-four. Of the five, three at least, have had very good opportunities of obtaining books from private sources—a thing which could be said of only one of the other seven. Of the remaining twelve, the seven who exceeded the number one hundred and thirty did so by an average of over fifty books. From these figures, which we think are not one-sided, it is possible to draw a

conclusion in accordance with our opinion that the bulk of reading is not on the part of those who do the most literary work. Nor indeed, if we leave out of account those whose time has been devoted to athletics, can it be said that reading has been confined to the few, as the general average of the class fully equals that of the few who have edited our papers, and have been recipients of prizes for literary work. In consequence of the acknowledged fact that care, and not amount, is the great requisite in reading, we think it no indication derogatory to the faithfulness of our college in this particular, that at other institutions the libraries are oftener visited.

WHY we do not enjoy the lectures of the course is a question frequently asked and easily answered. Those delivered by one or two instructors are keenly appreciated and hailed with delight. The fault in connection with those whose reception is of an opposite character lies not with the subject matter, not with the student, but solely and wholly with the lecturer. Often have we listened sleepily to an hour's dull prosy talk on a topic of immediate interest and of the greatest moment, and have known that it was in the power of the instructor to have furnished his argument and facts in choice language, sparkling with spiciness and wit. It is no excuse to plead lack of time, as with that we students are not concerned. It is our just due to have presented to us our mental food in a palatable manner. Indeed, the more we reflect upon it, the more we feel it a shame that we should have our hours wasted, in being compelled to listen to that which with a little additional expenditure of time and interest might redound so much to our lasting profit.

PORTFOLIO.

"And beyond that, the Atlantic wide;
All round no soul, no boat, no hail;
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touched with light, one snowy sail."

I often find myself wondering why it is that, in poetry and painting, the presence of some single exception to the order of things has an influence so powerful, although seemingly illogical, in deepening the impression made. Why, in the lines quoted, as the solitude would be more complete, would not the effect on our minds also be more intense, if not even one sail could be descried? Or, to take another instance, how is it that in the first stanza of Bryant's *To a Waterfowl*, the picture of that "figure floating" against the sunset brings such an added consciousness of empty distance? I suppose it is because solitude and the endlessness of space are such vast ideas that we shrink from grasping them directly, and half-unknowingly seek to throw off the burden of the thought upon some concrete, individual object, alone, that it may be lonely; living, that in our imaginations at least, it may *feel* its loneliness. We appreciate by proxy. Is not this the reason that in landscape painting the wilderness has nearly always a suggestion of life; a goat outlined against the sky on the Alpine crag; a bear's retreating form in the gloom of an American forest, or the disconsolate bittern in the marsh? Yet, once in my picture-gallery meanderings, I found a picture, "Solitude," that I would have chosen from all the paintings that covered the walls, and its secret was simply the entire absence of any relieving or living thing. The subject was water; a night sea—lifted in a huge swell and gloomily ruffled by the wind. The heavens were dark, the water was dark; neither boat, nor bird, nor weed, nor floating spar. You could not see a cable's length, but you knew there was no land within a thousand miles. It was "darkness upon the face of the deep." I have viewed many wild scenes, but I do not think I had ever seen perfect solitude pictured until then. How was it?

——Last summer, while driving, I passed one of those old-fashioned red houses which do for our landscape what the

scarlet cloaks of the old peasant women, or, on a smaller scale, the scarlet poppies among the pale gold of the wheat, do for England. Effective as it was through the blossoms and the thick foliage, I knew that it could show in its full splendor only in winter, and when my fair cousin, who is a china-maniac, proposed an expedition thither I meekly acquiesced. I was not disappointed. Through the dull green of its pines, sole sentries from the embowering guard of the summer, the weather-beaten front twinkled a distant welcome which warmed to a hearty glow as the sleigh drew nearer and turned through the big gate to the door. While my cousin disinterred Spode, Crouch, and Lowestoft, I delighted my unfamiliar western eyes with the comparative antiquities of a New England homestead, not the least interesting of which was the host himself. The shrewd native wit of a man who could boast no formal education found full play in stories drawn from a life diversified with no little adventure, while broadened and enriched by intimacies with distinguished men of the last century at home and abroad. There was a fine humor in the conjunction of the homely sharpsightedness of this son of the rougher Western land with the courtly statesmanship of such a man as Lord John Russell, and it lost nothing of its point in the kindly self-satisfaction with which the old gentleman recited how, on his assuring that nobleman that "eddication, sir, eddication," was what England lacked, "Lord John," with a friendly hand on his shoulder, replied, "You corroborate my views, sir, exactly."

——One of the duties I imposed on myself recently was to read *The Light of Asia*. A cherished aversion of mine is toward the so-called books of the day: books which some few read, and all talk about. Therefore it was with no little reluctance that I at last devoted an evening to my blue-clad guest. You, my well-read friend, will anticipate the fact that I was charmingly disappointed. The subject matter is of real interest, both for its innate nobleness and for its freshness to the average Occidental mind—at least in so easy and graceful a dress. Buddhism in translations from the Sanskrit or in Emersonian verse comes to one somewhat like the mystic sabre inscriptions to the Caliph Vathek, not only unintelligible, but indefinitely changeable. A familiar garb and address was the first requisite. That the author should adapt these to the

Christian type is not to be wondered at. Nor has his skill been unsuccessful. The Prince Siddârtha lives in the verse as a well realized hero and saint; nor is his sanctity of the impossible physical sort that appeals to none of our sympathies. One feels to the full the renunciation of all earthly delights, and yet is fully conscious of the reward even in the toil of patient endeavor. Not to discuss it from either the historical or theological standpoint, the minor æsthetic effects of the book are very delightful. The opulence of art, rivaling the luxuriant splendor of nature, charms one with a sense of a poetic, if impossible, perfection, and the song of unknown birds, the scent of unfamiliar flowers, the gleam of the high Himalayan snows over the broad uplands lend no slight aid to the whole poetic effect. One longs for the lotus. Still more is this true of the earlier attempts of Mr. Arnold to extend the popular knowledge of Indian literature. His *Indian Song of Songs* is far more purely sensuous; the allegory is quite subordinated to the glow of Eastern imagery, nor do the flow and rhythm of the versification allow us to forget the necessarily absent element of music. Throughout the whole is felt the carefully emphasized recognition that we have an Oriental opera before us. Of the type of the Hebrew Canticles—as the title suggests—it gains a new interest in the possibility of thus comparing parallel treatments of a common subject. But its uppermost attraction will be still its grace of form and sentiment.

——Almost everyone has read Hawthorne's *Note Book* in which the happy thoughts, as they enter his mind, are jotted down to be worked into the plot of some future romance. We have all admired these scintillations of genius, and no one more than my friend Complotiers, who, on reading them, immediately purchased a note-book, and set out with all the ardor of his French ancestors to impale the butterfly thoughts that flitted through his head. Now Comp. has long been celebrated in class and college for his witty and original observations on almost any topic of the times, yet all the importuning of his friends of the *Lit.* Board has failed to extract from him a single piece, although he has a ready interest, and generally is as obliging as any man on the campus. It was this note-book, reluctantly confided to my inspection one evening, that explained to me his unavailing efforts (which he was relating),

and if I betray my friend's failing, it is only because there is hardly a contributor who cannot find a vein of sympathy in his own experience. Hawthorne's notes are all eminently characteristic. Each one is a germ for an artistic, ideal entity; yet even in such embryonic form can Hawthorne's peculiar spirit be as distinctly discerned as in the perfected growth. But Comp. had gathered his brilliant prey from every field and in every mood. Thoughts sparkling, evanescent, yet seldom germinal, had been accumulated from philosophy, science, literature, art, and had been arranged with even less order than a case of butterflies. Each idea stood ready for appropriate use, yet each refused to coalesce with any of its neighbors into a united whole, and from his distressed brow, as he labored with a required composition, I concluded that the rest of his thoughts stood on the same unfriendly terms. But Comp. is not the only writer who is, or has been, bewildered by want of concentration and logic.

——I took a walk with Redwell the other day. I fear he is something of a misanthrope. I imagine to myself that he has just reached the top of the little ascent which is all that the wisdom of two-and-twenty can claim, and mistakes the eminence for something Alpine. I do not, however, say so to Redwell. In truth, his talk has a fleeting flavor which the ordinary undilute milk of human kindness lacks, and while I assure myself that by no possibility can he be in possession of Titbottom's spectacles, he not infrequently stumbles on—and off—a few minor truths. Everybody knows without being told, that the pet *rôle* of your amateur pessimist is mild misogynism—"Because, forsooth, Miss So-and-so has a thick coil of soft brown hair, a clear complexion, and bright eyes, you would consider her opinions a matter of indifference." I pleaded guilty of such a weakness, and remarked that at the last President's reception he had been quite unconscious of his surroundings—apparently through the proximity of precisely such a combination of charms. I think I had him there, for he somewhat hastily called my attention to the peculiar quality of color in the western sky. "I should use a warm umber laid as clearly as possible,"—for he dabbles in color—"but, as you was saying,"—which I was not—"every artistic excellence must, and justly, count as a factor. What I mean is that when one finds the external effect, however agreeable,

unsupplemented by something more than mere society wit, one is inevitably disappointed. Take that very case. Miss —— is, as the phrase goes, charming. Quite so, I admit. Yet I found her ideas of the historical value of the work of the Bellini wholly and lamentably vague. I was at once saddened and instructed. Still I do not say that she was not very agreeable." I consoled myself with the reflection that by the time Redwell had been graduated a year he would not spring such formidable subjects on an unsuspecting society, and that, moreover, among the rest of his P. G. wisdom would come a franker confession of our common susceptibilities as both inevitable and excellent.

——One of the funniest things I know of is the *Journal of Mathematics*, issued by the Johns Hopkins University. I am not impugning the scientific worth of this estimable publication;—Heaven forefend that I should thus rashly adventure myself! I read it along with *Punch* and the rest of the funny papers—including the *Harvard Advocate* when excited concerning foot-ball. I presume I scarcely need to state that I am not a born mathematician. I did not in my infancy, as is told of one great luminary, deduce the formula for the curve described by my swaying cradle-top; nor did I apply the laws of infinite series to determine the matrimonial chances of my nurse, based on the number of cousins she could meet in an afternoon out,—as did another shining light. On the contrary, I have been conditioned in everything from Euclid to Analytics. In truth, it needed the happy exemption of Junior year and the downy Italian optional—how soothing to nerves strained in preparing aids to the memory, artistic, but too often fallacious!—to put me in the happy frame of mind requisite for enjoying this branch of the comic. In my opinion, all it now lacks is a sympathetic illustrator. Even on my sense of the droll the labyrinthine designs composed of all known alphabets sometimes pall. If Nast would only draught some of the graphic effects of the regions where a fourth dimension is epidemic, I think the circulation would vastly increase. Think of a society where one could turn oneself inside out "without stretching or tearing!" That would be an enormous advance on our present methods of information and recreation. If the tendency is toward so glorious a possibility, I will say with Marlowe's Faust:

"Sweet Analytics, thou hast ravished me!"

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

There continues to be difference of opinion as to the status of Yale in the college base ball association, of which the framework was set up by the

Base Ball Convention

At Springfield, Dec. 6. Twelve delegates attended, two each from Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Yale. The constitution formed permits any student to play who has spent the current year in any university department; offers the championship to that college in the association which shall win most games, counting only the first two played by each college with each other; and creates a judiciary committee—one member per college—to fix dates for games and to decide disputes. Townsend of Harvard is president of the association, Stuart of Amherst and Warren of Princeton, vice presidents, J. F. Shepley, '80, of Yale, secretary and treasurer. The

Foot Ball Report

Shows the financial management of the association to have been as satisfactory as the athletic, a surplus of $618.22 remaining above all expenses. Equal success awaited the holiday

Glee Club Trip

To the West and back, between Dec. 27 and Jan. 7. Concerts were given at Chicago, Milwaukee, Racine, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Rochester, Albany and New York, with great satisfaction to the audiences and considerable emolument to the glee club, who have presented $200 of the profits to the boat club. The full number made the trip, as follows: *First Tenor*, W. Jennings, '80, J. F. Merrill, '81, A. B. Lincoln, '81, H. L. Williams, '82, F. B. Kellogg, '83; *Second Tenor*, F. P. Chamberlain, '80, E. W. Knevals, '80, R. A. Bigelow, '81 (business manager), C. H. Lewis, '82; *First Bass*, W. C. Asay, '80, W. F. Hutchison, '80, H. Q. Cleneay, '81, L. C. Hay, '81; *Second Bass*, C. F. Bliss, '80, N. G. Osborn, '80 (president), C. E. Morehouse, '83; *Warbler*, F. P. Chamberlain, '80; *Pianist*, S. C. Metzger, '80. Society gayeties have been continued by certain germans and assemblies, and notably by the second

President's Reception

At his residence Monday evening, January 12, on which occasion a pouring rain diminished the attendance and increased

the pleasure. W. Parker, D. W. Richards, C. P. Wurts, '80; W. B. Schofield, '80, S. S. S., were ushers. The following creditable list of

Junior Appointments

Was announced Jan. 14. *Philosophical Orations*—E. E. Aiken, Rutland, Vt.; P. G. Bartlett, Washington, D. C.; R. A. Bigelow, West Brattleboro, Vt.; A. E. Bostwick, Litchfield; W. R. Bridgman, Cleveland, O.; C. W. Holzheimer, Elmira, N. Y.; F. B. Lucas, Poquetannock; A. S. Van de Graaff, Los Angeles, Cal. *High Orations*—L. A. Eliel, Chicago, Ill.; N. T. Guernsey, Dubuque, Iowa; W. B. Hill, New Haven; G. E. Ide, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Leighton, Glenburn, Pa.; I. Thomas, Pottstown, Pa.; A. E. White, New York. *Orations*—O. H. Briggs, Auburn, Me.; J. D. Burrell, Freeport, Ill.; D. A. Carpenter, Afton, N. Y.; C. P. Coffin, Batavia, Ill.; E. E. Hart, Council Bluffs, Iowa; L. B. Hasbrouck, Rondout, N. Y.; C. F. Hill, New Haven; A. B. Lincoln, Willimantic; L. Rolfe, Auburn, Me.; C. B. Schram, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. F. Smith, Colebrook; F. H. Stebbins, Springfield, Mass.; G. M. Wallace, Wallingford; S. L. Whipple, New London, N. H.; H. C. White, New Haven; C. O. Whitmore, Farmington; G. Woolsey, New Haven. *Dissertations*—N. C. Fisher, New York; T. H. Myers, Yonkers, N. Y.; A. H. Ripley, New York; W. B. Sterling, Cleveland, O.; F. H. Tichenor, Parishville, N. Y.; E. L. Twombly, Boston, Mass.; W. R. Walker, Skull Shoals, S. C.; E. Warren, Scranton, Pa. *First Disputes*—B. W. Bacon, Norwich; H. S. Brown, South Norwalk; C. A. S. Dwight, Englewood, N. J.; S. Evarts, New York; F. C. Griswold, Greenfield, Mass.; L. H. Poole, Baltimore, Md.; G. B. Silliman, East Haddam; J. E. Zunts, New Orleans, La. *Second Disputes*—D. N. Barney, Farmington; J. E. Bowen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. C. Coleman, New York; F. D. Helmer, Pike, N. Y.; G. M. Judd, Newtown; F. N. Loomis, Granby; S. P. Patterson, Chicago, Ill.; A. G. Stedman, New York; F. R. Vernon, Brooklyn, N. Y. *First Colloquies*—H. J. Curtiss, Stratford; H. R. Ewing, Pittsburgh, Pa.; R. P. Hallock, Rocky Point, N. Y.; J. R. McKee, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. W. K. Nixon, Chicago, Ill.; T. B. Osborne, New Haven; E. L. Simonds, New Orleans, La.; H. N. Tuttle, Chicago, Ill.; H. T. Walden, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Second Colloquies*—W. J. Brewster, New Haven; J. B. Collins, St. Joseph, Mo.; P. J. Fenn, New Haven; R. C. Hine, Stamford; H. Hitchings, Gravesend, N. Y.; E. S. D. Tompkins, Kinderhook, N. Y.; L. H. White, Richmondville, N. Y. The annual

Election of Lit. Editors

Was conducted by the chairman of the present board on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 21. On the informal ballot 115 votes were cast: A. S. Van de Graaf had 105; P. G. Bartlett, 99; S. Evarts, 98; J. D. Burrell, 86; J. C. Coleman, 78; I. Bromley, 40; J. Leighton, 37; G. E. Ide, 28; G. B. Silliman, 2. Mr. Leighton withdrew his name, and on the formal ballot Sherman Evarts, New York, received 107 votes; Philip G. Bartlett, Washington, D. C., 104; Adrian S. Van de Graaff, Los Angeles, Cal., 102; Joseph D. Burrell, Freeport, Ill., 89; John C. Coleman, New York, 83; I. Bromley, 34; G. E. Ide, 28; G. B. Silliman, 12; J. Leighton, 6. The first five named above having thus received a majority of the 113 votes cast, were declared the choice of the class; and their election being confirmed by the present board, they will be the editors of the next volume of the LIT. The

Second Linonia Lecture

Was delivered Monday evening, Jan. 19, by Professor W. G. Sumner, on "Free Trade."

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Words of Christ. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. New York: American Book Exchange. Cloth, 18mo., 812 pp. Price, $0.50, if by mail 10 cents postage.

Of the merits of the work itself we do not feel called upon to speak; they are well and very favorably known. But we wish to call attention to the enterprise which has produced an edition reducing the price from $8.00 to 50 cents. With substantial cloth binding, good paper, and clear brevier type, it is a marvel of cheapness and deserves the extensive sale that it has received, having already approached the twentieth thousand since its first issue on the first of December last.

Andrew Jackson and the Bank of the United States. Including a History of Paper Money in the United States, and a Discussion of the Currency in some of its Phases. By William L. Royall, of the Richmond, Va., Bar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pamphlet, 65 pp. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

The present is No. XIX. of the valuable "Economic Monographs," published by this reliable house, and is well worth the attention of students of finance.

RECEIVED.

Our Architecture, and its Defects. A Critical Essay: prepared for the association of architects of Washington, D. C., and delivered there December 22, 1879. By John L. Smythmyer, Associate Am. Ins. Architects. Washington, D. C.: C. W. Brown.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

How many new editorial boards of college periodicals, before their entrance on active duty, take the pains to obtain clear, well-defined ideas of what their paper ought to be? And how many, when in actual charge, keep those ideas constantly in view and take the needful steps to have them realized? The numerical answer to the first question would be found to be larger indeed than that to the second, but deplorably small when compared with the whole number of the college press. We argue from what we have seen. Some boards seem to forget that the word "college" preceding the word "paper" has any significance, whereas it introduces a sharp distinction between the character of papers conducted by students and that of the world's press. The topics are vast in number that are forbidden ground to the true college editor, and his entrance on which is a confession either of weakness or of ignorance of what is required of him. It is certainly a natural and, we think, reasonable assumption that, at the age usual to college editors, one world—the college world—would be sufficient to employ their active energies, and that, therefore, it would be unnecessary for them to make requisitions on the world outside or the world to come. But again: having concluded that on the whole they will conduct a *college* paper, some boards seem to forget that their papers are located anywhere in particular, that they are each issued from some one college. In other words, they fail to give to their papers that individuality which it is right to expect that the belonging to a certain college should bestow. Then there are marked differences of character between the college monthly, weekly, and daily. There are topics proper to each that are not proper to the others. There are topics common to them all, that, treated in a certain style and at a certain length in one, should receive different treatment as to length and style from the others. Finally, there is a matter which we think many boards do not take sufficiently into consideration before their issues begin, at least, it does not practically so appear, and that is the general *tone* which they will adopt in conducting their papers, whether or not they will indulge in low abuse of other colleges and the college press, hurl criminations and recriminations, make personal attacks, and glory in editorial pugilism generally. In make-up, too, many of our exchanges lack unity of the whole and proportion and variety in the parts. For instance, we have before us two magazines, the general department of one of which consists of a one-page poem and two prose pieces, respectively twelve and three pages long; the same department of the other has three prose pieces, in length six, thirty-five, and five pages. In the former the longer piece treats of a political subject and the shorter deals with a very uninviting one; in the latter, all three pieces are biographical, with no poetry interspersed. Now, each of the two, in the space given, should have had at least twice the number of articles, one of which at all events should have been a direct emanation from student thought, either treating immediately of, or bearing peculiar reference to student life. We like to read pieces that give decided evidence of the writer and not the subject's having the mastery. We like a story, a bit of travel, an adventure, an experience, well told, into which the spirit of the author enters and betrays the student hand and nature. We don't like to see papers all ballast nor all sail, but with just enough of both.

In addition to our old ones, we have placed two new exchanges upon our list: the *Harvard Register*, which, neat in appearance, very interesting and very valuable for the information that it gives *about* a college, is not properly a college paper; and *The University*, published by the students of the graduate department of Michigan University. We liked the latter for its short, pithy, sensible articles on a variety of subjects.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

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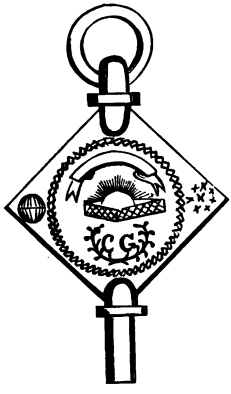

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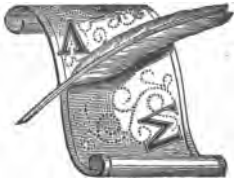

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