

uscripts and first editions in the library, as well as the shelves of poetry, by names unknown, presented to the poet, and by his heirs to the university.

There is no existing portrait of John Harvard, but D. C. French, the famous Concord sculptor, has made an ideal statue of him, and it was he also who designed the bust of Emerson and two or three others in Memorial Hall. The bust of Longfellow there is a replica of the one in Westminster Abbey.

There are more young men to be seen in Cambridge streets than are commonly observed in the wealthy suburb of a large city during the day, but caps and gowns being conspicuously absent, there is nothing to suggest the university town. Nor is there aught in the Harvard buildings, even where the hand of time upon dull red brick has been aided by creeping vines, that recalls the old grey stone walls of Oxford colleges, where the windows are gay with flower-boxes, and where the bequest of past centuries in the beauty of architecture, within and without, helps one to feel with Charles Lamb: "I seem to inhale learning, walking amid thy foliage, old Oxenford."

There is but one building in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which might not feel from home if suddenly transported to Cambridge, England, and that is the