

strikes a responsive chord in the breast, and we find ourselves in the simplicity in which the tales are told, a dweller amid the loneliness of the artless, uncultivated inhabitants of the wood-covered mountains of this Southern state. The idiosyncrasies of the mountain character have been as deftly marked as the Creole of Geo. W. Cable, the Southern negro accent of Joel Chandler Harris, or the language of the Californian argonauts of Bret Harte. "Drifting Down Lost Creek," "A Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement" and "The 'Harnt' that walks Chilhowee" are deeper and the work of a more experienced hand than we are accustomed to find among short story-tellers, and the descriptions throughout the whole are perfect. We quote a simple one:

"Lost Creek, sounded some broken minor chords, as it dashed against the rocks on its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming; their fragrance so delicate, yet so pervasive, suggested some exquisite unseen presence—the dryads were surely abroad! The birch trees stretched down their silver branches and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging till they seemed to meet far away in one long, level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven. The pine knots flamed and glistened under the great wash-kettle. A tree-toad was persistently calling for rain, in the dry distance."

Throughout, the book runs an unaffected vein of humor, combining with it touches of description, which often transfer themselves to glimpses of natural scenes and pathetic incidents, but the beauty of the whole lies in the fact that the men and women are real, and appeal to our feelings. The book is something new in the style of American literature, and a valuable addition to it.

"THE LONG VAC."

Visions of the long vacation! Ah! the feeling of elation.

As you bowl down to the station and take tickets for the four Winds of Heaven, as the phrase is, when you mean a fellow pays his Fare to where the restive blaze is wont less fiercely down to pour.

This is all of course provided you of reading not fight shy did,
And are not a poor, misguided, plucked man, coming up again
In October, *renouare* the *dolorem* and must chary
Be of time, as with a wary coach in bondage you remain.

Summer Vac! Ah! dream seductive, swearing that you'd have been plucked if

You'd not by a stroke of luck divine for some king hit the date:
Now to bid a hurried *sale* unto polygon and Palsey
Spectres that have kept you daily apprehensive for your fate.

Sweet to lie in bed till past ten, no more thinking of some last ten
Chapels you'd to make a vast endeavor to put in before
You could get your term allowed, you, no more wondering if they've ploughed you

In that *Æschylus* you vowed you thought would certainly you floor

Sweet the visions of lawn-tennis, or of hammocks with Pendennis,
Or of floating *a la Venice* in a punt on shady stream,
When at ninety p'raps the glass is, moored among the river grasses,
You pronounce that he an ass is, who would of exertion dream.

Life non dolce far niente: visions of iced cup in plenty,
As throughout the four-and-twenty hours you nothing do but laze,
Or upon a cool verandah, think of course of some *Amanda*,
And imagine you could stand a century of aimless days.

Then from this opinion parting, on the usual picnic starting,
With the visions of sweet-hearting which that sort of thing implies,

When, where summer woods environ, with some deftly-booted syren
You serenely talk of Byron, scenery or hazel eyes.

Then, since you are not yet eighty, *otium cum dignitate*
May grow, p'raps a trifle weighty as the season lengthens out,
So you dream of potting plover, being of sport in dreams a lover,
And no end of ground p'raps cover, fishing for delusive trout.

Shun satiety's sad beaches, one *proverbially* preaches,
So, accepting what he teaches, further yet afield you roam,
Or forgetting land and Tuppens, now you dream of yachting suppers
And of hearing through the scuppers, dashing go the yellow foam.

And throughout that summer Vac. oh! what fair visions of tobacco,
Yet the season doesn't lack occasional decided bores:
Sleeping in wet boating flannels, craft becalmed in stifling char-els,
Breaking down of picnic van—ills one in visions quite ignores.

But when the vacation's over, back you come, O festive rover,
And in Academic grove or terrace run to earth again,
Grown perhaps a shade sedater, you'll admit, sooner or later,
To return to *Alma Mater*, you a month before were fain

W. R.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Rev. F. W. Squire, now in Toronto, as curate of St. Mathias' Church, is doing good service for his *Alma Mater* by preparing several candidates for matriculation.

Mr. Jas. H. Cooper, '86, having decided to intersperse his arts programme with appropriate legal selections, has postponed his graduation indefinitely, and has as a consequence ruthlessly torn himself from among us. We lose in him a valuable curator, an enterprising, student and not less an agreeable companion.

UNIVERSITY CONFEDERATION.

Much in the paper has been said,
Some now declare a farce it is,
That all the ink that has been shed
Should bring no neater to a head
The much vexed question of Confed-
eration of the 'Varsities.

Religion, Arts and Science wed
To follow the "three R's." It eas-
ily might seem that one place fed
By Artsman, Tug and Student Med-
ical, should flourish by Confed-
eration of the 'Varsities.

'Twould seem the proper path to tread,
But then of course there are cities
Who've been by local interest led
To take another view instead,
And put a veto on Confed-
eration of the 'Varsities.

The scheme's no doubt *utile sed*
difficile. Yet mar's it ease,
To hear abuses daily shed
By "Onlooker," or "X. Y. Z."
Across the subject of Confed-
eration of the 'Varsities.

A knotty phrase, with pitfalls spread,
If there's a man can parse it, he's
Worthy a Minister of Ed-
ucation's thanks, and merited
Would be his honours for Confed-
eration of the 'Varsities.