

SONNETS.

I.—WHEN COMES THE SUMMER.

From out the glooming West through the still eve
Comes one with dusk-warm locks and shining eyes,
And rose-dark cheeks, whose beauty might retrieve
A world where sin with odious virtue vies:
And from the still clear East a maiden sweet,
Whose lissome shape and lilac-kerchief'd hair
And shy, pure eyes, where joy and sadness meet,
Proclaim the spirit of spring, the goddess fair.
And in this garden they join hands and gaze
For one swift silent moment ere they part;
Then Westward passes Spring, the Summer stays
A rose-bush near, where crimson blossoms start.
Night and the roses first glad homage pay;
June and the birds to-morrow own her sway.

II.—MIDSUMMER.

A garden-world of leafy avenues,
A moon-lit sea of swaying branches green,
Uprising scents of flowers and falling dews,
Dusk shadow-spaces, silver isles between:
And over all the magic of the time,
The breathing spell of love and love's sweet hours;
The shimmer there of robes—and hark! the chime
Of happy laughter as from hidden bowers,
Now all the sad earth seems one paradise,
An Eden new-redeemed of lovely souls,
Where if the sunlight glance or the moon rise,
Toward fair perfection a bright planet rolls.
All vanished now the woes of yesterday—
Would that to-morrow's were as far away.

III.—ON A PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

If strength and beauty ever in one face
Were fitly wedded in fair harmony
Of form and spirit, high self-poised and free,
Behold their union, this their dwelling-place:
Here shines th' unconquered soul and here the grace
Ineffable that Greece rose from the sea
To teach men rioting in war's fierce glee—
The radiant consummation of her race.
Austere in mind, he heard the muses sing;
Joy's suitor, duty called him not in vain;
A puritan, he fled on fancy's wing
To pleasure where in pleasure was no stain;
For conscience' sake his life an offering,
He at the least drew splendour from sad pain.

J. H. BROWN.

PENIKESSE AND WOODS HALL.

WAY down at the south-east corner of the State of Massachusetts stands the first marine biological laboratory ever established. Earlier than the celebrated ones at Naples, at Villefranche or at Plymouth, the Penikese laboratory, although deserted, remains as a monument of the foresight and energy of that widely-known naturalist, Louis Agassiz.

The commodious buildings were the gift of a New Yorker. There is a romantic and pathetic story connected with the gift, but the time has not yet come in which to tell it.

The location is just what you would expect from an enthusiast. The place is almost inaccessible—out of the way of every line of cars or boats, regular or irregular. If you reach it at all you must charter a boat or swim to it. The buildings, consisting of laboratories, dining-hall, professors' residence and large barn, are said to have cost \$25,000. The laboratories are shaped exactly like the letter H. Two large rectangular wooden structures, parallel to each other, are laboratories below and dormitories above. These are connected at their middle points by what was once the lecture-room and its gallery.

During that first session, some seventeen years ago, part of the practical work was done on the rocks lying near the beach, in rain occasionally, but generally in sunshine and breeze. One can easily picture forty ardent students, men and women, drawn together from all parts of America, standing round rough tables and earnestly prosecuting their studies under the influence of a teacher so magnetic as Agassiz, and known at that time over all the world.

The Quaker poet has so beautifully described Agassiz's dedicatory prayer that I cannot forbear quoting it:—

On the Isle of Penikese,
Ringed about with sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the master with his school.

Then the master in his place,
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
Lapse of wing and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken,
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to Heaven interpreted.

He never lived to see the laboratory at Penikese fully completed. He died before the beginning of its second summer, and, although its direction fell upon his son Alexander, himself a well-known scientist, the laboratory did not prosper. The impetus given it by its founder carried it on for a year longer, but the enthusiasm—the boundless energy of its director—had passed away, and with them went the future of the laboratory. Penikese,

as I saw it last August, is a deserted institution on a deserted island, the home of terns and toads. Up to the beginning of this year a few sheep and cattle, tended by one lonely woman-hater, who was both herdsman and caretaker, were its only domesticated occupants. And very carefully the old man guarded the building and its goods. Although a few excursion parties visited the island from time to time every summer, no curiosity hunter was allowed to carry away the more precious relics. But fifteen years of monotonous life proved too great a strain upon the mental resources of the taciturn old janitor. The plaintive cry of sea-gulls, the trilling whistle of toads, the lonesome bleat of sheep, the rush of the wind and the plashing of rain or surf upon the stormy beach were the only sounds he heard, and which his poor dried brain vainly sought to translate into the language of human sympathy. Even communion with brooks and trees was denied him, for there is not a rill of water upon the island, while the early war of extermination between man and the primeval forest had, probably, two hundred years before deprived the place of every vestige of tree or shrub. Is it any wonder that, amid the solitude and monotony of such a life in summer, and the still more monotonous days of winter, surrounded by a treeless waste of snow and ice, reason at last gave way and left the old man a more pitiable sight than the abandoned buildings he had so long and faithfully guarded? Less than a year ago he was transferred to the Taunton lunatic asylum. What does it matter? One who lives at all counts life by heart-beats, and the old woman-hater had probably died years before he became guardian of Penikese.

The present caretaker has certainly not been so faithful. Dr. Watase tells me that a year ago the mottoes which first adorned the laboratories (the work of a Miss Coffin, of Maine) still hung upon the walls. Some of them were singularly appropriate. "Never be afraid to say 'I don't know';" "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle"; "This building is sacred to the study of God's handiwork, do nothing which would be unworthy of it." Within the last six months, these mottoes—most of them done simply in script and tacked upon the walls—have disappeared. All the present caretaker knows about them is that some men came one Sunday and took them away.

The buildings are still in a good state of repair. Piece by piece, however, the furniture has gone, all except one clumsy-looking dissecting table and a few bottles (not reagent). The notes of the last lecture are still upon the blackboard, and the same silent speaker tells us that "Dr. Packard will lecture Friday evening at 8 o'clock." How many, I wonder, of these forty students would now obey the summons, should the old horn again call them to that voiceless lecture hall?

It is interesting to look over the roll call of those early students and professors, and note the names of those upon whom fame has since then smiled. Of Dr. Whitman I shall speak later on. Dr. Brooks, now of the Johns Hopkins University, is well known on both hemispheres. Dr. Wilder's treatise on the cat is one of the solidest pieces of work ever done by an American naturalist. Dr. Packard's text-books are to be found in almost every school and college in the United States and Canada. Dr. Jordan is now president of Stanford University, California. Who does not know his "Manual of Vertebrates," and what amateur archaeologist has not heard of Drs. Putnam and Morse, of Salem? Miss Clapp, of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and Miss Hallowell, of Wellesley, have recently come to the front, and proved their claim to the rank of "honourable mention" among the members of the summer class of 1874.

The island was probably formed ages ago as part of the terminal moraine of a great northern glacier. It is therefore stony and barren in the extreme. Elliptical in shape it stretches north and south some sixty acres in extent, and rises at its centre to about two hundred feet above sea level. I walked half round it—the terns in thousands flying and shrieking over my head, and the lazy toads hopping clumsily out of my way. The sheep hugged the shady side of huge boulders for shelter from the sun, and are evidently ill-cared for, because I counted at least a dozen of their dead bodies rotting on the beach half covered with stones. I suspect they died from thirst, for they could easily have taken shelter from the sun under the small clump of poplars (the growth of recent years) near the Agassiz cottage.

On reassembling to re-embark on the launch a few of our party had collected mementos of our visit. One curiosity-monger had picked up a brass key-tag, with the number 85 stamped upon it. "I would not take ten gold dollars for that," he remarked as he carefully slipped it into his trousers pocket. Two young ladies had each a sick tern which they had picked up upon the beach. A brand new college "professor," fresh off a farm away out west, trailed some long pieces of kelp behind him as he came along the wharf. I had a tern's nest of dried grass with one solitary speckled egg in it. But the large majority had collected nothing. Dr. Watase, of Tokio, Japan, voiced the motive of their visit when he said: "I had heard and read of Penikese, long before I ever dreamt of coming to America." They wandered through the laboratories and numerous dormitories, they strayed along the shore or ascended the hill and enjoyed the cool breeze and charming view. Within a rude enclosure of dark granite stones which faced the south, half-a-dozen sat down and looked around them. Just across the strait in front of them lay Cutty Hunk, an island peopled with fisher folk, while beyond was Gray Head, with its terrace of grey,

red, white and black clay. Eastward lay the wolds of the mainland.

As we sat there we could not but speculate as to how that pioneer band of laboratory workers spent their evenings. There was no library, and no daily mails in '74-5. Every Monday the letters and papers came down from New Bedford in a steamer specially chartered for the journey. There were no lamps for night work in the laboratory, and evenings without some recreation must have been almost as wearisome as in an Esquimaux hut. No doubt many incidents must have occurred there, those two summers. The normal temperature of the human body is 98° F., and the average heart-beat 72, but sometimes both fire and pulse bounds upwards with tremendous force. A tree, a cairn, a glimpse of the moon, a waft of wind, the sigh of a wave, the breath of a flower—any trifle may awaken a "special sense" and set every fibre of one's being vibrating like a harp. If this is the effect of inanimate nature upon the human soul, what must have been the result of those duets and choruses away out on the moonlit rocks, or up on the craggy hill? It was simply impossible for forty men and women to be thrown together for two months without some entertainments of tongue and pen. The place must have abounded in *affaires de coeur* as much as on board an Inman liner:—

Here there was laughter of old, there was weeping
Haply of lovers, none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

But here again I am on dangerous ground, and I must leave to the classes of '73 and '74 or their grandchildren the pleasing duty of recording the love episodes of Penikese.

But how these buildings have become completely diverted from their original purpose I cannot understand. A loving regard for the past is a marked characteristic of the American people. In no place is this seen more clearly than in Boston. The condition of the Kings' Chapel, the old State House, the old South Church, and a dozen other points in that city proves this conclusively. These places have touched me as nothing else in America has done, except the heights of Abraham and St. Helen's island. During my fortnight's stay, I never tired of visiting them. The household relics of the early English families, the arms and accoutrements of the colonial soldiery, the firm and dignified protests against tyrannous enactments, the names upon the tombstones, the portraits of these splendid looking men in Harvard memorial hall—all told me more plainly than words could have done, that these people were my people and their God, my God. "These be all good Englishmen," I said to my student friends, "these are my ancestors as well as yours." Nor is Boston the only place in New England which showed me the depth and sincerity of the regard which its people have for the sacred past. From Maine to Pennsylvania, from Massachusetts to Missouri one sees, in the public libraries, monuments and statues that have been erected to the loyal dead, ample evidence of the reverence and veneration in which the worthy past is held to-day by the American people. And it is for this very reason (pardon the impertinence of a rough Northman) that one wonders how much longer the buildings of the first marine laboratory in the world are to be degraded by the midnight orgies of the clam-bake and clog-dance. Surely the old buildings need not crumble into dust before the floral offerings of a grateful and reverent nation are tendered in memory of its pioneer work in biology.

After the whistle sounded I passed through the buildings a second time to bid them "Good-bye." The dripping and gurgling of the aquaria had ceased, and the rooms were all empty; the students gone; the great scientist was dead.

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the Isle of Penikese,
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:

Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But the good in this man never died. It communicated itself to the ardent spirits who flocked around his tables in 1873, hovered lovingly among the bays and keeps of the great New England sea, and a few years later conjured up near its old home a new Penikese to perpetuate under more favourable conditions and more genial influences the traditions and ideals of the naturalist's life. Though Penikese was abandoned, a new laboratory was shortly afterwards established at Annisquam by the Women's Educational Aid Society of Boston. Having demonstrated the need and usefulness of this undertaking by carrying it on for six years, the ladies handed it over to the fostering care of the naturalists of the Eastern United States. After full consideration of the matter these gentlemen determined to locate a new one at Wood's Hall, and to organize it upon an entirely new basis.

They decided to have three distinct departments of work: one for instruction in general biology, one for junior investigators, and one for senior investigators. Their plans have been nobly carried out, through the liberality of prominent Bostonians. The first or lowest department is open to those possessing an elementary knowledge of biology, such as graduates of high schools, normal schools or undergraduates of universities, and who are desirous of acquiring a fuller knowledge of the subject. The second is open to university graduates or specialists who begin