

train as the cars sped over the rails, their rattling seemed to say in a tone of mockery "Where did you get that hat, where did you get that tile?" and when the brakeman appeared to call out stations, it filled him with a dread that in place of a station the awful phrase would be hurled through the train. Several other stops in Western Massachussets, gav. him an idea of the popularity of the tune and convinced him that the people of this section had no design upon his life or his property.

The writer regrets that his article is not more complete. There are many fine specimens of the *genius* hat in the College that he has been unable to describe. They were hid away in trunks and wardrobes upon the first intimation that information was wanted concerning them. We will endeavor however to describe their features in another column, as they reappear in the light of day.

K. D.



THE TENTH MUSE.



ELL may the bard forego his song,
The seer from mountain top descend ;
The Man of News—to him the times belong
And to his mastery bend !
The modern epic, to its unguessed end
Grows under his prosaic pen.
What shall escape his sweeping ken ?
The hamlet's gossip, the great town's uproar,
And all the loud report of men ?
The light tick of his dropping type resounds again.
His to explore
And flash the torch in darkest nooks of earth.
A wizard he : his sheet a magic glass
Wherein the mirrored world doth shine.
And all its diverse energies
In hurrying throngs approach and pass,
Weaving a texture fine
From verge to verge of farthest alien skies,
Till far and foreign are brought near
And myriad threads of destiny intertwine.
And ever to the ear
From this same wizard concave rise
The gusts upblown from every shore and clime;
The multitudinous voices, blent, yet clear,
Of the vast surging earth, the din
Of traffic, the low sough of sighs,
The laughter and the cries
Of many peoples, and the roar of time.
And lo ! Humanity, dismembered, marred
Of visage, comes, looks wondering in
And sees, despite the stain of sin
And features battle-scarred,
And cruel wars endured beneath the sun,
Her face still bears the mould divine,
Her mighty, many-nationed heart is one.

DAVID GRAY.