

of the Scotch and the Irish. It is a vile calumny that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's skull. Some of the brightest Wits have been Irishmen. Most of the jests anent the Scotch have to do with their penuriousness, while those about the Irish are in the form of bulls. A well-meaning Irishman said to a distinguished man on whom he hoped to make a good impression: "Sir, if you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there." Again, an Irishman remarked to another, referring to a third, "You are thin, and I am thin, but he's as thin as the two of us put together."

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Post-Victorian Poetry.

"Addition and subtraction, multiplication and division, such is the task of the critic." Even if the calculation is correctly made, and even if the balances of one age are neatly and satisfactorily closed, who can insure us, in the following age, against the veering of opinion, which shifts like an ever-changing sail on the sea of criticism? What is the blessing of one man is the bane of another. Thus the critics of poetry are guided by no absolutely infallible standard; whereof results the difficulty of censuring Kipling for his want of idealism, or Keats for his dearth of realism.

The critics of poetry must remember the conditions attaching themselves to the poet's heritage. The man of science has a notable advantage over the poet. His inheritance, though of recent date, is an edifice on which the many have laboured persistently and willingly. The poet, on the other hand, really has not the alternative of falling back upon the vast world's store of meter. He must perforce be an individual builder, — an originality itself. Unlike his brother of the sciences who merely adds another stone to the pile of knowledge, the poet, in an altogether different sphere, must grow him up a fresh and tender twig at the roots of the tree of knowledge, deriving sustenance thereof, it is true, but developing only as a separate shoot from the bosom itself of the Earth whence he receives his poetical nature.

But while poetry labours under a disadvantage, its history is far from being at an end. The past lives on in the minds of