

at top, and its weight 443,000 lbs. give an idea of the difficulty of moving it. Mr. Goringe abandoned the methods up to his time adopted in transporting great weights by sea; he did not place the obelisk upon a barge or raft to be towed by a steamer, but placed it on a vessel which had her own motive power, and was large enough to take care of herself in all conditions of weather. To move the shaft to and from the vessel Goringe chose Count Carbure's method of moving heavy weights. The body to be moved is borne along by cannon balls rolling in metal grooves. Carbure first employed this method in transporting the pedestal of Peter the Great from Kalia to St. Petersburg. After a favorable voyage of about five weeks the obelisk arrived off Staten Island, on the 20th of July 1880, and some time after, in the presence of 20,000 spectators was placed upon its pedestal on the spot chosen by Mr. Vanderbilt. There it stands just as it stood for 16 centuries at Heliopolis and 19 centuries at Alexandria.

The key to Egyptian inscriptions was

lost and through the ages they remained a mystery, until in 1822 J. F. Champollion a French *savant* hit upon and revealed their secret to the world. The faces of the New York obelisk are worn or mutilated to such an extent in places as to obliterate part of the hieroglyphics. Sentences enough on it, however, to fill two or three pages of the OWL have been made out and translated by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum. Sentences from obelisks appear to be a mere jumble of words, at first sight, but a persevering study of them and comparison with other records has brought out much valuable historical data.

Reader, when you have the good fortune to be in New York go to see the obelisk. If the sight of that tall granite shaft which has been a witness of the rise and fall of the world's greatest empires does not awaken in you reflections on the shortness of life, and the unimportant part you play in the world you are not accustomed to think often nor seriously of an existence beyond the tombs.

THOS. TETREAU '94.



INDIAN SUMMER.

When summer's verdant beauty flies,
And autumn glows with richer dyes,
A softer charm beyond them lies—

It is the Indian summer.

Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
Bereave of beauty all the trees,
The balmy spring renewal sees
In the sweet Indian summer.

—SAMUEL LOVER.