

of the Buffalo Philharmonic Society, and Miss Effie Huntington, her sister, as solo *pianiste*.

Miss Effie Huntington made a very favorable impression by her piano solos. Her technique is decidedly good, and she plays with expression and with an intelligent appreciation of her work. She played Rubenstein's "Staccato Etude," a "Melodie" by Moszkowski, and "Widmung," by Schumann, transcribed by Liszt.

The other numbers on the programme were furnished by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson. The former sang, very acceptably, Tosti's "Good-bye," and "Non e ver." Mrs. J. F. Thomson, who was in excellent voice, gave "Rapirei" (Tosti), "Robin Adair," and "Waiting" (Millard). In response to an encore she sang "Within a mile o' Edinboro," in her usual charming manner.

On the whole the concert was one of the most enjoyable given here for some time, and we are glad that a further opportunity of hearing these vocalists again has been secured.

Editor's Table.

A LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

HENRY Wadsworth Longfellow was a student of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, where he graduated in 1825, at the age of twenty-two, and was immediately thereafter appointed to the chair of the newly created department of Modern Languages in that institution. On the 27th of last month, the birthday of the poet, the Bowdoin *Orient*, with excellent taste and commendable enterprise, issued a Longfellow memorial number, unique in design and successful in execution. The issue is made up entirely of letters of reminiscence from the poet's class-mates, students and intimate friends, who contribute many touching and interesting tributes to the memory of Bowdoin's most famous alumnus. His class-mates speak of him as

'a universal favourite in college, from his bright, handsome face, frank and amiable disposition, and his invariably gentlemanly manners. He was conspicuously attentive to all his college duties. He was especially distinguished for the correctness and polish of his themes. . . . There was a frankness about him that won on you at once; he looked you square in the face. His eyes were full of expression, and it seemed as though you could look down into them as into a clear spring. . . . He had no relish for rude sports, but loved to bathe in a little creek on the border of Deering's oaks, and to tramp through the woods at times with a gun, but this last was mostly through the influence of others. He loved much better to lie under a tree and read. . . . If he was a thoughtful, certainly he was not a melancholy boy, and the minor key to which so much of his verse is attuned and that tinge of sadness his countenance wore in later years was due to that first great sorrow that came upon him in Mrs. Longfellow's tragic death, an eclipse in the penumbra of which he ever after walked.'

The following interesting incident is here related for the first time in connection with Longfellow's appointment to the professorship. At the final public examination of his class, which was attended by many distinguished men, he was called upon for a sight translation of one of the odes of Horace. As it happened, the choice fell upon an ode in which the poet had been specially interested and of which he had previously made an elegant translation for his own satisfaction. There chanced to be present at the examination a lover of Horace, the Hon. Benjamin Orr, who was also a trustee of the college. So charmed was Mr. Orr with the grace and beauty of the translation, that, when shortly afterwards the question arose in the Board of Trustees of the establishment of a professorship of modern languages, Mr. Orr strongly advocated its institution and secured the appointment to that position of the youthful translator.

After three years of preparation in Europe for his new duties, we are told by one of his students that

"He entered on his professorship with great enthusiasm and he awakened great enthusiasm in the students. . . . Under the influence of Professor Longfellow, Bowdoin was, I think, the first of our colleges to give a prominent place to these languages in its regular curriculum."

Edward Everett Hale, among other particulars of the personal character of the poet, says that every person who was in want in his city naturally went to Mr. Longfellow, so well known was his generous habit of relieving suffering. Moreover, he was so courteous that he never refused an autograph—answered all letters with his own hand till he died,—and permitted every visitor who wanted to "see the house."

Oliver Wendell Holmes pays the following characteristic and touching tribute to his old friend:—

"His image comes back to all of us who knew and loved him, radiant in the soft, subdued light of 'Resignation,' which he had sweetly taught to

other mourners, strong with the courage of his own ideal, who confronted the trials of this mortal life

"With a heart for any fate."

"So comes before us the image of our dearly beloved Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice falls like a falling star,"

"A voice with a music in it such as our echoes will listen to no more until the ears of this generation are deaf to all earthly melodies."

With grateful acknowledgments to the *Orient* for this peerless number, we reluctantly end our extracts from its columns with the following exquisitely beautiful comparison of Longfellow with the other three of that matchless quartette of American songsters—Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes,

"—all personal friends, long time singing together in different keys. Like the poets of the field and forest, no discordant notes ever vexed the harmony of their anthems.

"Bryant was the staid robin on the tall treetop, with breast illumined by the twilight gleam, singing in plaintive tones the elegy of day.

"Whittier, the timid whippoorwill, throwing his wierd, staccato notes out from the secret shadows of the night.

"Holmes, the joyous bobolink, following us as we walk the lane, from post to post, from bush to bush, till we catch the laughter of his rollicking song.

"Longfellow, the cosmopolitan mocking-bird, master of all languages and tuneful in all keys—warbling and watching for the dawn, and making all nature glad that the morning is coming."

The following books have been added to the Library since the 5th inst.:—

"Parliamentary Procedure." By J. G. Bourinot.

"London's Roll of Fame," etc.

"Aidan, the Apostle of the North." By A. C. Fryer.

"Science." Reports of British and American Associations, 1884.

"Graphic and Analytic Statics." By R. H. Graham.

"Conic Sections." By G. H. Puckle; 5th ed.

"Conic Sections." By Chas. Smith; 2nd ed.

"Cambridge College Examinations in Arithmetic, Algebra," etc. By P. T. F. Gantillon.

"Nathan der Weise." By G. E. Lessing. Ed. Buckheim.

"Schiller's Wallenstein." Ed. Buckheim, 5th ed.

"Gotz von Berlichingen." By J. W. Goethe. Ed. Bull.

"Qualitative Chemical Analysis" Thorpe and Muir, 2nd ed.

"Organic Chemistry." By H. E. Armstrong, 4th ed.

"Aristophanes: Frogs." Ed. Paley.

"Aristophanes: Frogs." Ed. Green. (Pitt Press Series.

"Theocritus: Bion and Moschus." Translated by A. Lang.

"Aristotle's Ethics." Introduction to Books 1-4. By E. Moore.

"Hydraulic Tables." By W. R. Kutter.

Drift.

WHAT does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject. No poetry can have the function of teaching. Poetry or any of the fine arts can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sun teaches, as infancy teaches, namely, by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry.

THOMAS DE. QUINCEY, in the *Essay on Pops*.

SWIFT WINGED.

A swallow poising in the candle-light,

Surprised in confines—whence, where, what unknowing;

Swift through the farther casement taking flight;

This is our life; its measure, coming, going.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN, in *The Current*.

Nothing betrays more complete ignorance of the nature and history of language than the contemptuous manner in which most people talk of dialectic expressions, or the readiness with which these are classed as essentially vulgar and despicable. For it shows that such persons are simply unaware that the literary language of each nation is only one out of many which by some special favour and peculiar fortune has been adopted for general use in preference to its fellows. Nevertheless these