

Frederic William IV. rebuilt in the style of the Middle Ages. Further to the north Koblenz is situated on the left side of the river, just opposite the mountain fortress, Ehrenbreitstein. Here the Rhine receives the Mosel, which meanders from France through a narrow but vine-rich valley.

It is the last navigable tributary of the Rhine; for the Lahn, that enters it just opposite the Mosel, farther down the Rulr and Lippe cannot carry larger ships. After having passed Cöln, celebrated for its Cathedral, the shores of the river become level. This is the case to a greater extent when the Rhine enters the Dutch plain. Here it throws off many branches, is joined by the Maas, coming from France. The old Rhine not having sufficient water to carry it to the sea is lost in the sands near the town of Leyden. The praise of the Rhine was sung in olden times, and a great many songs still speak its glory.

In a Rhinish town printing was invented, and from the Rhine Christianity was spread all over Germany.

Emerson on Newspaper Reading.

"**P**EWSPAPERS have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get THEIR best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is

what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think."

+To a Young Lady-Critic.+

(For "The American Musician.")

"Ah, as I thought, some author is the wrong"—
Oh wretched poet, tremble for your song:
This awful lady-critic of eighteen
Hath doomed thee to oblivion, in her spleen!

That pretty mouth was never made to sneer,—
Relax that academic frown austere.
Sweet girl, that miserable vice of thine
Spoils half thy innate charms, thy charms divine.

Last week you found Beethoven's music
"tame."

You question Wagner's genius, Schubert's
fame.

In Bacon controversies waste your youth,
You style him "quaint" but Shakespeare's
verse "uncouth."

And not a year ago I heard you say
That Rubens' colors "certainly were gay";
That Rembrandt's tone was "really quite too
sombre."

And Turner's best "was nothing but burnt
umber."

Canova was a trifle "cold."

Great Angelo a trifle "bold,"

And some one else a trifle "flat"—

A trifle this, a trifle that.

Think foolish girl, if with thy unformed mind
Thou canst o'erstep where full-grown genius
climbed?

Or with thy feigned stern (but gentle) voice
Cry down the men in whom the world rejoice.

Has Shakespeare given all his mighty brain
To write those superhuman lines in vain?
Beethoven, has he struggled then for naught,
And from infinity no radiance caught?
Did Raffaello and Rembrandt naught achieve?
Nothing but color on their canvas leave?
Is Michael Angelo too deep for thee?
Oh who so blind as those who will not see!

Fault-finding is but precious time misspent,
Fault-finding will but bring you discontent.

Thy mission in this world is nobler far—
Thy affectation drop—thy heart unbar—
Thou mayest a Beatrice be to some unknown
And modern Dante—should the truth be shown.

CLARENCE LUCAS.