

climate, and he seems to thrive in Canada. Indeed, many of us cherish him, and when he produces a little volume of verse full of words that rhyme, and words that do not, we proceed to "puff" him; and, in so doing, are we not the enemies of our country and the destroyers of its literature? For, although one of his kind may appear harmless and insignificant, many of his kind must necessarily vitiate the public taste. It is our evident duty to slay him wherever we may meet him, even if it be in a friend, even if it be in ourselves. The difficulty of that last encounter is the slowness of our recognition. Few men can see themselves until long after they begin to wear spectacles.

It is certain that all who are sincere and—brave will welcome and not decry criticism, let it be directed against whom it may.

Apropos of poetasters, does anyone recall Goldsmith's "New Simile, in the Manner of Swift"? He is enumerating some striking points of resemblance between the "modern scribbling kind" and God Mercurius as pictured "In book the second, page the tenth" of "Tooke's Pantheon." After describing the appearance of the god he continues in this cheerful vein:—

His wand's a modern author's pen;  
The serpents round about it twin'd,  
Denote him of the reptile kind;  
Denote the rage with which he writes,  
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;  
An equal semblance still to keep,  
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.  
This difference only, as the god  
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,  
With his goose-quill, the scribbling elf,  
Instead of others, damns himself.

It is hardly probably that any real genius was ever permanently hurt by criticism. There are many instances of the subsidence of writers of lesser merit. Most notable among them, perhaps, in the history of English literature, are Shadwell and Montgomery. Dryden first pulled Shadwell down from a reputable position and then set him up for all time, in a kind of a literary pillory. Had it not been for this unenviable distinction he would have sunken long ago into obscurity. Of Montgomery was made another terrible example, and, as a matter of fact, he suffered deeply, almost needlessly, under Lord Macaulay's hands. It is said that he implored him not to republish the fatal essay, but to no avail.

One begins to feel more human and more tender in thinking of the refined torture such men must have undergone, and wonder if it might not be possible to be cruel to the fault yet merciful to the man.

But here is something that we have just declared above to be hardly probable: Shelley, in his preface to "Adonais," says: "The savage criticism on his (Keats') 'Endymion,' which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind. The agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgements from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted."

This is a very sad and deplorable thing, and it has no doubt happened more than once.

In asking for a critic, we must also demand that he be fair and just, and generous—as quick to discern the good as the ill—a surgeon, careful, skillful and well equipped.

Having given you so many poor verses, let us repeat for you some that are wonderfully, gloriously beautiful.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.  
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. We decay  
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again.  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure; and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain—  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn  
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou air  
Which like a mourning-veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone—  
Spreading itself where'er that power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,  
Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

—Shelley.

#### EXCHANGES.

Among the pleasures which a position on the staff of a college paper affords, that of reading the work of our newspaper brethren all over the continent is the greatest. Journalism has reached its highest development in America, as we learn from an article in a recent *Lippincott's*. College journalism is no unworthy child of such a parent, and it is the aim of this column to give our readers, in as small a space as possible, some idea of what is going on in the world of collegiate journalism.

The brightest star in the college firmament is the *Harvard Monthly*, a purely literary magazine of high class. In a number issued during vacation there is a very timely article on "Certain Tendencies in Literary Studies." After tracing the growth of literary studies for the past five hundred years, during which time the tendency has been towards study for study's sake alone, the argument concludes: "Furthermore, the whole Renaissance classical theory of literary studies is beginning to be suspected. It is asked whether over-minute investigation of masterpieces leaves the student more inclined himself to creation, freer, less oppressed by his own incapacities,—whether, in brief, it gives him self-confidence and self-mastery. Are the periods of admiration for and painful study of unapproachably excellent works on the whole largely productive? Our main affair is production, creation; that is life; and it is better to create a small and poor thing than merely to admire the greatest and finest work of another. There is a suspicion that those most versed in the beauties of the more splendid works of the human spirit cannot themselves produce. It is as if they had forgotten their true function in the world, and supposed that creation can be done by proxy; can be done in other words, by one age for another, provided only the one have the secret of certain qualities not understood by the other."

The *Red and Blue* from University of Pennsylvania announces in its first number the construction of a number of new buildings. They have under way at present a Biological Institute, a Central Heat and Light Station, both of which we possess, but also another institution which we, in the midst of our Park Hospital complication, have never thought of, viz., a Day Hospital in connection with the veterinary college.