

the locomotive's whistle does not startle the drinking deer on a misty morn. These places present unrivalled attractions for the artist, while farther down, the manifold surgings and leapings of the river's falls would delight a painter's eye, and be a fit haunt for the unscared Dryad of the woods. W. P. Lett considered that nothing could surpass the wildness and grandeur of this river and its shores, and that nothing could be more picturesque and beautiful than the mountains, valleys and lakes of this region.

The dark background is interspersed here and there with the gayer, lighter tints of the trees, with promise of greater beauty in the autumn, when the lips of the frost-king shall have kissed them into scarlet and gold; and beyond, the slanting rays of the setting sun are gilding the lighter feathery fringe of the fading hills, while farther down the vista the view is inter-

cepted by the mellow tints of the surrounding fields.

And now having bestowed my modicum of praise, I must end. What can be seen by a cursory inspection cannot fail to enlarge the horizon of the beholder, and to impress him alike with his own insignificance, and with the wonderful achievements of human ingenuity in rearing such structures. In purity of art, manliness of conception, beauty of outline and nobility of detail, the work of the architects is entitled to the very greatest praise which architecture can receive. They can justly claim the words of the poet;—"A monarch they crowned thee long ago on a throne of rock."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

M. B. TRAINOR, '98.



OCTOBER.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple hued astors still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the schumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

