SOME WALKS IN PARIS.

Along the Quais.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—There are many good walking tracks in Paris. The free asphaltic breadths of the central boulevards—the Avenue de l'Opera, the new boulevards Malesherbes and Haussmann, the Champs Elysées—are easy to the sole; while the various elegance and curiosity displayed in the artfully disposed shop windows, the curious forms and faces of the foot throng and the moving panorama of the roadway, offer entertainment to the eye and a free lunch for reflection. These, for one who knows how to rightly walk in them, to love and fully use them, are ways of pleasantness profitable to bodily and spiritual health. But—it is a matter of taste and therefore indisputable—I and my shoes, when we have the hours after breakfast to wear away, find nowhere such soul's delight and repose for our feet as along the Quais. It is on the left side where my heart is, for there is the treasure. The beat begins at the Pont Royal. Eastward for a mile and better stretches the broad, smooth sidewalk, with every here and there a bench for repose, and planted on the curbstone side, hedging you in from the gross business traffic and brainless bustle of the roadway, are low-branched plane trees. Beneath the learned shade of this continuous grove, all along the broad parapets of the Quais at convenient elbow height, are laid out the prolonged thousands of authors, their words and works. There they lie, the living and dead of all nations and tongues, in queer, peacefully confused promiscuity, cheek by jowl and mostly back uppermost. There they lie, profane and saintly, preachers and jesters, poets and historians, pamphleteers, romancers, playwrights; divinity dull and scholastic in folio; rollicking Dumas (père), delicate Daudet (Alphonse), clever Zola (the dunghillist), in 12mos.; light current literature eddying around the firm set classics. Food for reflection? Why, it is an endless, outspread banquet, an inexhaustible magazine of canned and broken victuals, spicy and of infinite relish. And withal, if you have hearty appetite, and know how to pick, and luck serves, why, as the Scotchman said of a sheep's head, "there is a fine deal of confused good eating" here for the true bookworm.

The volumes are mostly set on their edges in shallow boxes of about two feet square, so that the wayfarer, if he is not a fool, can read their titles exposed to the sky as he strolls and stops, and readily withdraw this and the other for examination of title page and condition, or brief consultatory reading, transitory paragraph and passage dips, whereby—for he is never interrupted by the dealer in these processes, which are customary on the Quais—his mind has time to calm and make itself up with judgment in respect of purchase or remission to the box. Some dealers may have so few as six or eight boxes, others as many as twenty. In general, each box bears a conspicuous ticket, marked with the common price of its volumes. The head of the series rarely shows a higher cipher than 2.50 or three francs. But some of these merchants do have a special box with a placard flaunting the high devise of *Prix Divers*, various prices, mysterious, questionable. Here you shall be asked so many as four or five, nay, peradventure even more francs for some notable book.

Down from the bellwether three-franc ticket, the prices run through the series with a dying fall to the last box with its ten centimes (two cents) contents of old volumes, shiftless unbound books, primers, pamphlets, dog's ears and dirtiness. Among such I have in my time come upon nuggets; as, for example, this *Oratio habita*, &c.,—that is the Latin discourse spoken in Williamsburg at the university there on the 12th of June, 1782, by Jean Francois Coste, on the occasion of his receiving an honorary degree from "William and Mary." The oratio, printed the next year at Leyden, is enriched with a dedication to *Georgio Washington, Libertatis et Patriæ Armis Parenti.* Dr. Coste was then Surgeon-in-Chief of Rochambeau's expedition, a man of strong virtues and fine acquirements. As first physician of the *Grande Armée* he made the campaigns of Austerlitz, of Jena and of Eylau. This copy of the Williamsburg discourse was given, as is set forth in ten autograph Latin lines on the fly leaf, a testimony of honor and affection to his eminent brother in medicine, Dr. Pariset, on the 23d of July, 1813, between which date and the death on the 6th of July, 1847, Dr. Pariset seems never to have found time for its perusal. It is in beautiful condition, uncut and uncut open. In the very same condition when I bought it was the "History of the Netherlands," bearing on the first blank page of the first volume the name of a venerable member of the Institute and of the French Senate, of equally high rank in literature and political life, and beneath: "With the respectful regards of the author, 11 Dec., 1860. Coming his book is in English. Mr. Motley naturally enough puts his note of gift in the same language, though he must have known his French better than Edward Everett, who, naturally enough in his way, sends a copy of his Life of Washington (with a portrait of Edward instead of a portrait of George facing the title page) with this autograph inscription: "*à M. Guizot, hommage respectueux et amicale de l'auteur, Boston, 30 Oct., 1860,*" which, were the mere grammatical blunder corrected, would still be Boston French, not French French. The Duke of Argyll sticks to English with an odd sticking out of the canny Scot; for at the head of the title page he writes with a free flowing hand: "To Mr. Guizot, with the kind regards of the author, Argyll." Then you read in print: "The Reign of Law by the Duke of Argyll, Fifth and cheaper edition." It should be said, by the way, out of respect to Mr. Guizot, that I bought these last named works at the sale of his library after the statesman's death; and they cost, though not dear, exactly five times the quai prices of the two little volumes of Matthew Arnold, each with its ten lines of prettily phrased gift address to his friend M. Nisard of the Institute.

But what, in this autograph kind, tickled me more in the catching, and was hugged under my left arm with a richer complexity of the gambler's emotion at high luck and the miser's grateful feel of adding to the pile, was that white-stone-dried day's haul; whereby—let alone an uncut first edition of Carlyle's great vision of the French Revolution—I caught the Countess Guiccioli's copy of Mann's Levant, Sir Egerton Brydges's "Impartial Portrait of Byron," with her pencilled notes and underlinings, and the pretty eighteenth edition of the "Rejected Addresses," with portraits of the brother authors, and this autograph from one of them: "This book was presented to the Countess Guiccioli by one of its authors and her faithful and devoted servant, James Smith." Guiccioli too, if Mrs. Stowe will permit me, was an honest woman, and these books come to public exposure only after the death of the Marquise de Bussy. Along with these was offered a considerable bundle of old notes, maps and charts, all of European countries, evidently the guides and companions of Childe Harold in his pilgrimage, but bearing, so far as I could see by perfunctory turning up of corners and restricted unfoldings, no signature or other visible marks of Byron's hand or usage that would sustain the evidence when torn from this accidental connection. And so I left them.

How or why some shelves of the Coppet Library should have been discharged upon the Quais, let the Duc de Broglie, who is like now to have life-long leisure from political questions, explain, if he feels in the mood. Presently after his doleful downfall the other year from the high public post which, as he held it, was deeper disgrace to his father's descendant than to the ancient Duke, cushioned upon the combined inherited conceit of all the noble Broglies and of the most conceited of all bourgeois, the great up-turned-nosed, great grandpapa, and great citizen-minister Necker (look at his portraits) softly sat and wrote in ruffles, like Buffon (hating the steps and the man), and sent to press "Le Secret du Roi." This was the revelation, with old documents in proof, by an arch-Monarchist of the weak, trickish, mischievous, diplomatizing of Louis XV. against his own Ministers and the light policy of his realm with the underland, underling complicity of an ancestral de Broglie. It is not an intensely entertaining work, though amusing in a heavy sort, as historic testimony borne by an ingenuous Monarchist, the master intriguer of the restoration of Henri Cinq to the throne of the Bourbons, respecting the singularly unroyal, disloyal unfitness of the Count of Chambord's great desire to rule or ruin. A history of the "Decline and Fall of his Grandmama, Mme. de Staël," her books from the shelves of the Coppet Library to the parapet of the Quai Voltaire, would perhaps be more interesting. Anyhow, there they were in abundance three years ago, the very book plates intact, except that in each the word *Broglie* is blotted, though still easily legible through the ink when looked at askance under a strong light. Whether there were possibly two plates, or a partial effacing and relettering on one, I do not well make out. The book plate in this second edition of the "Rejected Addresses, 1812," shows a very faint "Bibliothèque de Coppet," and instantly beneath, in finely distinct blackness, "Bibliothèque" with the blotted de Broglie. My other specimen is a very droll, unequally clever collection of "Posthumous Parodies and Other Pieces, composed by several of our most celebrated poets, but not published in any former edition of their works. London, 1814," with the autograph address, "Mme. la Baronne de Staël Holstein. From her obedient servant, the Author." Here the plate, with its finely engraved armoiries, is beautifully distinct, what you would call a fine proof, with the only letter, Bibliothèque de Broglie.

Habent sua fata libelli. I have not the tail end of an idea as to by whom, when, or apropos of what, that Latin phrase was first uttered. You think, perhaps, that it was writ by Q. Horatius Flaccus, or Juvenal, or some such classical contributor to your Latin grammar? Exactly, as ninety-eight—you thought I was going to say ninety-nine—men of liberal education who have forgotten the quantities they were supposed to have acquired of knowledge in collegiate seats of learning by parents who paid for their places, are quite sure that Horace wrote "*poeta nascitur, non fit,*" and that either Job or the royal psalmist, bating Shakespeare's claim through "King Lear," remarked that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. But what I was going to say when this idle pedantry interrupted, is that this unauthorized *habent sua fata* phrase as spontaneously rises and clothes on the ragedest and least retentive of verbal memories whenever I walk the Quais, as do *E Pluribus Unum, Esto perpetua*, and such classic-like remnants, when our national banner greets the eye, or ready-made meditations on death and immortality when I preliminarily stray into a graveyard. For in this mile-long Campo Santo lie low, coffined in cheap boxes, authors of once such high renown; and thence now and again the amateur resurrectionist unearths another, who, having fallen long ago out of vogue, is now risen again to high repute. Here are authors come to rest from such far strange countries and out-of-the-way places of origin; rusty revolutionary pamphlets and election sermons with New England imprints, that recall your grandfather's garret; volumes privately printed, gift copies of affection and of vanity; books borrowed, stolen, or otherwise casually dropped from the hands of their original possessors.

It would be difficult to name any historical work of nearly equal bulk published any time between the invention of printing and the date of the first edition of Macaulay's "England," that was read in its time by so large a proportion of the reading public as the "Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens des Deux Indes" of the Abbé Raynal. Indeed, if we consider how much smaller was the reading public in the last quarter of the last century than it is in the last half of this century, we may pretty safely say that the French historical essayist was relatively more widely read in the first thirty years than the English essayist historian has yet been; as we may quite surely say that the Frenchman's voluminous historical pamphlet, with its occasional shrewd and strong passages and generally bright, shallow, pretentious pages, bore with far greater influence the same temperament than Macaulay's Apology for the Whigs has exercised on his. You can hardly go up the Quais to-day or any other day of the year without coming upon a Raynal. The Abbé Barthelmy's "Anacharsis," also flanked by its "Atlas," and Robertson's "History of America" in translation, will be waiting in the neighborhood. They still find buyers at a franc and less a volume; but who does, who can nowadays peruse these some time favorite authors? Here is another curiosity in this regard: I will wager Pope's Homer against Hervey's Meditations that I find a set of each of them and win a week's dinner the stakes while looking for them. Of English authors, next to Pope and sadly meditative Master Hervey, seasonable Thompson, Fielding, Sterne, and Johnson oftenest show their backs. "Tom Jones," "Rasselas," and "The Vicar of Wakefield" are almost as frequent on the parapets as in Oxford street. There must at some time in the last quarter of the last century have been a large importation of the *Spectator*, and of cheap editions of the other moralists and poets, from Queen Anne to George III. A man indifferent to niceties of text and type, of imprint and paper and breadth of margin and such finicalities, thoughtful only of the gray matter of the writer's brain and of its nourishing value to his own, might garner to modest shelves a quite complete body of English belles-lettres of that period.

As for rarities, every old collector will tell you, what all the elder collectors—who had it from their predecessors—were used to tell him: there are no more rare finds nowadays. But it is evident that rarities were never plentiful. My own little path of search runs in the way of English books, authors' gift copies, and books by or about Americans in America. Let alone the enhanced aid to the body's health lent to any bodily exercise by any object for it borrowed from any purpose other than the body's health—Dr. Fordyce Barker, or any other sensible M.D. not in want of clients, will tell you how important that is—let alone, I say, this beneficent rejoicing in your legs, and this cheerful entertainment of sight and passing acquaintance with the outsides of such number and variety of prose writing and rhyming wits, and yet I thankfully testify, and have brought home and can show good fruits in proof, that my search in this peaceful path has been abundantly rewarded. Here and there, and with time to serve, I have plucked and picked something better than 500 volumes and half as many pamphlets in the American kind.

It is only two days gone, at a little after 3 post meridian on this Institute clock, that my glad eyes lighted on this "Vision of Columbus by Joel Barlow, to which is added the Conspiracy of Kings, a poem by the same author." This is our "fifth edition, printed at the English press, 1124 Rue de Vaugirard, 1793." This was published at Paris where the Connecticut schoolmaster, army chaplain, and attorney-at-law was out here as an agent of the Ohio Land Company (of which I have a Qual copy prospectus) and shrewd speculator in assignats. With its author's engraved portrait facing the title page, and its malevolent treatment of Kings in the appendix, it tickles me to shelve this beside the long ago bought first edition of the "Vision," a Hartford book printed by Hudson & Goodwin, 1787, in the boldest pine dead cheap Hartford binding. Then the revered poet was in different mood with royalty, and prefixes to his cantos a dedication in the floridest of prose to Louis XVI., which blooms out at the close: "With the deepest sense of your Majesty's royal munificence to my country, and gracious condescension to myself, I have the honor to be, sire, your Majesty's most humble, most devoted servant, Joel Barlow." There follows at the end of the poem a list of subscribers' names, headed by His Most Christian Majesty, 25 copies. I always like to fancy that mine is one of these. Poor Louis could ill afford the expense. His Excellency George Washington, who was better off, is set down for only 20, and Major-Gen. le Marquis de la Fayette, with a prudence one would not expect, burdens himself with but 10. Rarer than these and in perfect estate of cleanliness and margin and author's autograph, is my well nigh *introuvable* thin quarto quasi "Notice sur la vie et les Ecrits de M. Joel Barlow, Ministre des Etats d'Amérique auprès de S. M. L'Empereur des Français." This was printed in 1813, soon after his Excellency Minister Joel's death and inhumation at Zarnowiec, in Poland, whither he had tracked Napoleon on his disastrous way to Moscow. The writer shows himself a man of culture, and a personal friend of Joel, yet gives long extracts from the "Vision," with painfully faithful translations on the opposing pages. *Habent sua fata libelli.* Those of Joel, as of others of the Connecticut Pleiad, were held to be poetry in their day, not only in their native places by the rude natives, but in Paris by the highest-seated competent judges of that generation. For second instance, note here in its primal beauty of blue-paper cover and uninjured margents (cost 3 sous) the *Epitres en Vers, adressées aux officiers et aux soldats des différentes armées Américaines. Par M. David Humphreys, &c., &c.* The translation is by no less a hand than that of the Marquis de Chastelux, friend of Washington and associate fellow soldier of his aide-de-camp, Col. Humphreys, of the Connecticut Pleiade, and prized correspondent of Voltaire, and member of the French Academy. The translation is accompanied by the original on the opposite pages, and prefaced by a critico-laudatory essay on Col. Humphreys's poetic quality. Next to the Connecticut poet stands John Quincy Adams's "Dermont MacMorrough; or, the Conquest of Ireland," in four cantos, if you please, and, what is quite as wonderful, in the third edition. I tried to read it years ago, with the sincerity of a book lover, the ardor of a patriot, with a long wet evening, a good fire and curiosity to help; but of the Old Man Eloquent's very heavy recitation in respect of Dermot MacMorrough, deceased, I never could get past the seventh stanza of the first canto:

> And give me leave to say that I know best
> My own intentions in the lines I trace;
> Let no man therefore draw aside the screen,
> And say he is any other than I mean.

But there is one good true line on the 103d and last page worth quoting that turns up this instant as I pick by the cover from the floor the just fallen volume:

> My voice, alas! is weak and cannot sing.

Why *didn't* he think of it sooner?

But, speaking of poetry and finds, please you take notice of these "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatly, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatly of Boston, in New England. London: Printed for A. Bell, Bookseller, Aldgate; and Sold by Messrs. Cox & Berry, King street, Boston, 1773." As an example of suavely veiled fiction, or bold (not to say impudent) metaphor, the "Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatly of Boston," of the title page, in place of the bald prose fact in the case; chattel slave of Bostonian Wheatly, is more poetic than any of the following verses of poor Phillis. But there is not where the laugh comes in. I readily exchanged ten sous for the little 12mo., though, alas! the black portrait of poor Phillis had been excised from its original place over against the just quoted title. Now—and this is what makes a man feel that he has not lived in vain—exactly three years later by the clock, overhauling on another scent some portfolios in Mr. Lechevalier's print shop, what do I fall upon but the portrait of Phillis—not a portrait, but the very one portrait that had been cut ruthlessly by some white heathen from my very copy, and on to the remnant edge of whose title-facing leaf it fitted with hermetic exactness!

However should "Witchcraft," a tragedy in five acts, by Cornelius Mathews (Puffer Hopkins), a copy improved by underlinings, interlinings, and erasures, so as to fit that poem for translation to the French stage and Rachel's personation there of the heroine's rôle, and Governor-General-Minister Dix his privately printed translation of the *Dies Iræ*, and books written by and books given by that noble old rough diamond, Count Gurowski, and my great-great revolutionary uncle's portrait, and so many other queernesses have strayed from so many strange distances of place and time down to meet me along the Quais? What work in two pudgy octavos, numbering together 1,080 gray-brown pages, would you guess that the patriotic general reader would call for, and the shrewd Boston publishers, Boyle, Douglass & McDougall, answer by publishing in the war year 1779? Of all books in the world, Chesterfield's Letters! But that Boston, under any conditions, should preserve its sense of department and the proprieties is hardly so queer as that I should find a lovely, clean pair of the volumes on the Quai Malaquais. The second volume, by the way, though of the same year date bears the Newburyport imprint. Here is another book, "printed at Boston for Solomon Cotton, Jr., and sold by him at his bookstore, No. 51 Marlborough street, July, 1796." Its covers embrace a collection of all Gen. Washington's speeches to both Houses of Congress and their answers, plus very numerous addresses to the General and President from municipal authorities, Masonic societies, and other loquacious bodies, and his answers to them, &c. The essential value of this compilation lies in the truth, gratifyingly revealed through its doleful dulness, that the solemn speech of the fathers was, if possible, more verbose and unmeaning than the ceremonial flapdoodle of our own degenerate day.

But I dwell too long among my own small pickings. I pass S. Mather's ingenious "Attempt to show that America must be known to the ancients, by an American Egotistman, pastor of a church in Boston, New England"—Boston, 1773; and the "Discourse addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in the presence of a respectable audience assembled at the Meeting House in Brattle street, in Boston, by James Bowdoin"—Boston, 1780; and a "Sermon preached before his Excellency John Hancock, Esq., the honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Oct. 25, 1780. Being the day of the commencement of the constitution and inauguration of the new Government. By Samuel Cooper, D. D." How those honest old ones did give us our money's worth in the title page; and the six Washington plays, in one of which, beside the Father of his Country, Vazinghton *fils* discourses in Alexandrines; and—but I must stop. Only let me first stop a minute at these two best-filled shelves, tight packed with the writings by, about, or attributed to Benjamin Franklin in English, French, Italian, Swedish, German, Czech, with dates all the way from that of "John Jacob Miller's Remarks," &c., printed and sold by B. Franklin, 1742, to the last French edition of the "Bonhomme Richard," issued in this current year of our Lord. Among the more than thirty other editions of this last-named essay is this one of 1778, with the following inscription in Benjamin's clear handwriting: "A Mademoiselle Brillon la Gadette, de la Part du Bonhomme Richard, Paris, 1778." Brought to the Quai Voltaire, opposite the house where Voltaire died, disbursing for the same moneys to the amount of four sols. These first editions of Keats's "Endymion," Byron's "Marius Faliero," Howel's "Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign," "Hernani," with an inlaid autograph letter of Hugo, "Marion and Manon," with Lauder's autobiography, "The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and Other Poems," with Campbell's, and the remaining contents of this shelf and the next do testify that there are good pickings along the Quais.

After all, the question is not there. Lean over the parapet and ask any one of the passing readers below if it be for the mere fishy spoils of his hook that he sits there damp and happy, vigilant of his line for hours together. No, it is the eternal hope of nibbles, springing from faith in the great truth that there's always fish in the sea, and even in the Seine. Not the bite that must at once be relished—but the bite that is to be, blesses his sport. The pleasure lies in the fishing. C. B. B.

NOTE.—*Habent sua fata libelli*, so often quoted and as confidently credited to Horace, then—he taking an examination—to Juvenal, or Marial, or Persius, was written some time in the second century of our Era by Terentianus Maurus, a colored person probably, African at least the Maurus would imply, like the dramatist Terence. A manuscript of his curious work, "De Literis, Syllabis, Pedibus, Metris," in which the different measures of Latin poetry are defined and illustrated each in verses of the metre in question, as for example, the hexameter verse in hexameter, the iambic in iambics, and so on, was discovered in an Italian library by George Merula, and first printed at Milan in 1497. The last of many subsequent editions is Sachmann's, Berlin, 1858. The whole line from which the above hemistich is wrenched is the 250th of that part of the essay entitled, "Carmen Heroicum," and runs thus:

> *Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.*

The Power of Human Love.

[*What Happened to a New England Town a Hundred Years Ago.*]

From the Independent.

> She was a matron, wise and good;
> He was half-witted, coarse, and rude,
> A lonely outcast in the wood.
>
> Her husband, children, neighbors saw
> Her life without a spot or flaw,
> Rounded by Puritanic law.
>
> To him there came no influence wise,
> Which to our weaknesses suffices,
> No church, school, home, no human ties.
>
> What could there be between the two?
> What could she have with him to do?
> His very name she never knew.
>
> Nothing, if they are right who claim
> Self-happiness man's only aim,
> And Christ a myth, and God a name.
>
> But in the poorest Christian creed
> Lies hid, in love, some immortal seed
> To help a brother in his need.
>
> "We see," men said, "the fellow lurk
> Behind a bush, to steal and shirk.
> The rascal, if he chose, could work.
>
> "Don't give him, Dame, another meal;
> And if he comes our fowls to steal,
> The lazy brute the jail shall feel."
>
> She heard them talk and went her way;
> Said nothing, but at break of day
> Some food laid upon a shelf there lay.
>
> Soon down the lonely road he came,
> Half conscious of the village blame,
> His hunger struggling with his shame.
>
> He stout, he saw the bread and meat,
> Looked quickly up and down the street,
> Seized it, and fled with hasty feet.
>
> Next day again he left the wood,
> And lo! upon the shelf there stood
> Once more a dish of savory food.
>
> And every day he came to find
> His daily loaves, filled his mind,
> Dawned some faint thought that men were kind.
>
> And, though no word between them passed,
> He knew he had a friend at last,
> And sunshine on his path was cast.
>
> With power some shadows to dispel
> To him it was a miracle,
> As though each day from Heaven it fell;
>
> A miracle his soul to move,
> True manna dropping from above;
> For the true Bread from Heaven is Love.

> Unmarked, continuous movements go;
> The Earth's swift flight, Time's steady flow,
> We scarcely feel, or see, or know.
>
> Thus steadfast goodness, moving on
> Without a pause, is scarcely known;
> Yet all men miss it when 'tis gone.
>
> So, in this town there came one day
> A sense of something passed away.
> Some influence, guidance, help, and stay.
>
> And when the people of the place
> Came in and looked upon her face,
> Transfigured by death's solemn grace,
>
> There, with the rest, amazed, they find
> Him, to whom she alone was kind,
> Well clothed and in his proper mind.
>
> And when a curious stranger read
> Her name upon the plate, he said:
> "She lived in Amesbury, we read,
> "But now I'll try to work a bit;
> For if my lazy ways I quit,
> 'Twill please her when she hears of it."
>
> We all through Love our Life receive,
> Since only while we love we live,
> And Life cannot in Death believe.
>
> Thus, to a mind in darkness sealed,
> Love showed the truth from Thought concealed,
> And Immortality revealed.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Progress.

From the Quarrer.

> Steadily, steadily, step by step,
> Up the venturous builders go;
> Carefully placing stone on stone
> Thus the fortlest temples grow.
>
> Patiently, patiently, day by day,
> The artist toils at his task always;
> Touching it here, and finishing it there,
> Giving it ever with infinite care
> A line more soft or a hue more fair;
> Till, little by little, the picture grows,
> And at last the cold, dull canvas glows
> With life and beauty and forms of grace
> That ever more in the world have place.
>
> Thus with the poet, hour after hour
> He listens to catch the fairy chimes
> That ring in his soul; then, with magic power,
> He weaves their melody into his rhymes,
> Slowly, carefully, word by word,
> Line by line, and thought by thought,
> He fashions the golden theme of song—
> And thus are immortal anthems wrought.
>
> Every wise observer knows,
> Every watchful gazer sees
> Nothing grand or beautiful grows,
> Save by gradual, slow growth of years.
> Ye who toil with a purpose high
> And fondly the proud result await,
> Murmur not as the hours go by,
> That the season is long, the harvest is late.
>
> Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
> Builders and artists, and bards sublime,
> Who lived in the past and worked like you,
> Worked and waited a wearisome time.
> Dark and cheerless and long their night,
> Yet they patiently toiled at the task begun,
> Till, lo! thro' the clouds broke that morning light,
> Which shines on the soul when success is won.

Nonsense Verses.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

> 'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
> His wooed his honey bride;
> His umber Ella, rain or shine,
> Was ever by his side.
> But now he does not Kaffir her,
> No love tale does he tell her,
> He'd fain Bedouin something else—
> Alas! poor Arab-Ella.

YANCOE SHEATS.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN EDUCATION.

Scientific Studies at Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard.

We are quite as apt to underrate the extent to which science figures in the curriculum of an English university as we are to overestimate the classical acquirements represented by its simple degree. It is, of course, well known that the study of mathematics has long been invested with supreme and overshadowing importance at Cambridge, and that, to win the highest place, viz., that of senior wrangler, in the mathematical tripos, is the capital distinction of that university. That mathematical attainments have been ranked for some years almost on the same plane with classical proficiency at Oxford, is less generally understood; much less do we appreciate how much attention is now paid at both seats of learning to the whole range of the natural sciences, and how considerable a proportion of the hard-working students now seek academical honors in this field. It may prove interesting and suggestive to compare the amount of work demanded of honor men in mathematics or in physical science at the older English universities, with the maximum exacted of an American student essaying to graduate with credit in the same subjects at Harvard College.

The mathematical tripos examination at Cambridge occupies nine days, the first three being assigned to the more elementary portions of mathematics and natural philosophy, and the fourth to the easier parts of the higher subjects. Only those who have acquitted themselves with special distinction in this preliminary stage are permitted to take part in the further competition, which takes place after an interval of ten days. The subjects offered on the first three days include the following, treated at this time without the differential calculus, and without the methods of analytical geometry: Arithmetic, and the elementary parts of algebra, including quadratic equations, the binomial theorem, and logarithms; the elementary parts of plane trigonometry; of conic sections, treated geometrically, but not excluding the method of orthogonal projections; of statics, so far as to cover the equilibrium of forces acting in one plane, and of parallel forces, the centre of gravity, the mechanical powers and friction; of dynamics, so far as to include uniform, uniformly accelerated, and uniform circular motion, falling bodies, and projectiles *in vacuo*, and cycloidal oscillations; also the first three sections of Newton's Principia, and the elements of hydrostatics, of optics, and of astronomy. Those undergraduates whose performances under this initial ordeal are of merely average merit will be certified as deserving an ordinary B. A. degree, but they are cut off from participating in the final struggle. The topics of examination on the fourth day and last five days are arranged in five divisions, in each of which numerous original problems are propounded. One section of the ground here traversed comprehends analytical geometry, spherical trigonometry, the differential and integral calculus, finite differences, and spherical astronomy; a second section comprises the higher parts of algebra, and of the theory of equations, elliptic functions, the calculus of variations, and the theory of chances; a third division is concerned with the ninth and eleventh sections of Newton's Principia, book I., with lunar and planetary theories, the higher parts of dynamics and Laplace's coefficients, with attractions, the figure of the earth, and precession and nutation; in the fourth division are classed hydrodynamics, physical optics, waves and tides, the vibrations of strings and bars, the theory of elastic solids treated as continuous, and the theory of sound; finally, the fifth division of subjects includes heat, electricity, magnetism, and the expression of arbitrary functions by series, or integrals involving sines or cosines. In each branch and sub-branch of work, the examination at Cambridge is searching and rigorous, and no man who is not proficient in the whole circuit of study can hope to see his name even in the class of senior optimes, much less in the list of wranglers. We may add that after January, 1882, the wranglers will be subjected to a separate trial some six months after the general examination in order to settle the order of precedence among themselves.

The field of mathematical labor at Oxford is clearly outlined in this year's calendar. At this university a student may twice obtain honors in mathematics, viz., at moderations, as the intermediate investigation is called, and again at the final examination corresponding to the Cambridge tripos. On the subjects offered at moderations we need not dwell, since they are included in the work called for by the ultimate inquisition. On the latter occasion a candidate is examined in the whole of algebra, in plane and spherical trigonometry, geometry of two and three dimensions, the differential and the integral calculus, finite differences, the calculus of variations, and the theory of chances. So much for pure mathematics; as regards mixed mathematics, the student must exhibit a thorough acquaintance with the mechanics of solid and fluid bodies; with geometrical and physical optics; with the first three sections, and parts of sections nine and eleven of Newton's Principia, Book I., and with astronomy, including the elementary parts of the lunar and planetary theories. A brief survey of these data will demonstrate that the scope of study requisite for the highest honors in mathematics is considerably wider at Cambridge than at Oxford, notwithstanding the growing prestige which of late years has attached to such distinction at the latter place. The conclusion is confirmed by the experience of undergraduates who occasionally migrate at a late period of their career from one university to another. It has been observed that men who had scarcely been accounted more than second rate at Cambridge have secured a first class in mathematics at Oxford, whereas Oxonians reputed mathematicians of high promise have failed to win anything better at the rival seat of learning than the rank of senior optime, or at all events, a low place in the list of wranglers.

Let us now look very briefly at the maximum of mathematical proficiency required of the Harvard undergraduate who elects to continue this branch of study throughout his course, and aims to gain special credit in it. In his freshman year he will have acquired an acquaintance with the whole of algebra, with solid geometry, analytic geometry, including conic sections, and with plane trigonometry. We will now suppose that he is able to compass in the next three years an amount of work equivalent to all that outlined for sophomores, juniors, and seniors in the year 1877-78. He would then have mastered spherical trigonometry and its application to astronomy and navigation, the principles of surveying, the differential and integral calculus, quaternions, the theory of equations including determinants, modern methods in analytic geometry, and finally descriptive geometry and perspective. This measure of accomplishment, chiefly in the domain of pure mathematics, may be supplemented by the elements of mathematical physics, of astronomy, optics, and acoustics. That such a curriculum falls short of the ground traversed in the Cambridge tripos is obvious enough, and it may be affirmed with confidence that the criteria imposed on candidates for mathematical honors are far inferior in point of rigor. On the other hand, we think that both in comprehensiveness and thoroughness the mathematical acquisitions of those Harvard men who elect that field of labor, and graduate with special reputation on that score, will soon be, if they are not now, nearly on a par with the attainments of those Oxonians who obtain a first class in their honor school of mathematics.

It is now rather more than a quarter of a century since a special school of honors in the natural sciences was organized at the English universities. As might have been expected, in view of the greater prominence given to mathematics at Cambridge, the first step was taken there, the example, however, being followed by Oxford two years later, or in 1853. That rather more attention is paid to this line of work, or that, at all events, a larger proportion of students are prompted to undertake it at the former seat of learning, is indicated by the somewhat greater number of names classed in the natural science tripos at Cambridge. Whether the course of study, however, is equally wide and searching, it is difficult to say, owing to the somewhat defective and indefinite data supplied in the calendar last published. It appears that the examination for honors in this department at Cambridge, like that for the mathematical tripos, is in two parts, the first of which occupies three days, and determines whether the candidate shall be merely certified for a B. A. degree, or shall be subjected to further tests. At this preliminary inquiry, which is held in June of every year, the subjects covered are: Chemistry and certain other branches of physics; botany, including vegetable anatomy and physiology; geology, comprehending palæontology and petrology; mineralogy, zoölogy, and comparative anatomy, including human anatomy and physiology. The questions on all these topics are, however, at this stage, of a relatively elementary character, and such as to gauge a knowledge of principles rather than of details. The second and decisive part of the examination for this tripos takes place six months later, and occupies five days or more. Here the papers set take a wider range, and include a larger number of questions on the several themes, some queries having particular reference to the philosophy and history of those subjects. We may add that, while regard is paid to general knowledge and ability, a first class is usually conferred for special proficiency in some one of the following four branches: First, physics, chemistry, and mineralogy; second, botany, including vegetable anatomy, and physiology; third, zoölogy, and comparative anatomy, human anatomy, and physiology; fourth, geology, including palæontology and petrology. The Board of Examiners, we are told, does not think it desirable at present to define the range of the questions to be set in the second part of the examination. It appears, however, that in estimating knowledge of any one subject, account is taken of so much of the others as is cognate or subsidiary to it. Mention is made of the subject, or subjects, for knowledge whereof a student is placed in the first class; and marks are placed, the grounds for them being stated, against the names of men specially distinguished either by general knowledge and ability, or by special proficiency in any one of the four branches before mentioned. We may here note that the number of students who obtained a first class in the natural sciences tripos at Cambridge in 1878 was eleven, while five were rated in the second class, and seven in the third.

All candidates for honors in the School of Natural Science at Oxford are compelled to pass a preliminary examination, which precedes, not by six months, as at Cambridge, but only by seven days, the ultimate and exacting trial. This initial inquest, however, is restricted to the more elementary parts of mechanics and physics, and of chemistry, together with a practical exhibition of familiarity with simple processes in the latter subject at least. In the final honor examination a candidate may offer himself in one or more of the three general subjects of physics, chemistry, and biology. But he is also expected to take in some special subject as supplementary to his main work, and in which he invites exhaustive scrutiny. Such are crystalography and mineralogy; the former as included under the general subjects of physics and chemistry; the latter as belonging under chemistry. And again, palæontology, zoölogy, and botany, as sub-themes under biology. A knowledge of these subjects, based on practical work and original experiment, as well as the knowledge derived from books, is invariably required at the examinations in this school. Thus, candidates who offer themselves in chemistry are subjected to practical tests in the qualitative and quantitative analysis of inorganic substances. So, too, in biology, the student is expected to give evidence of being competent, not merely to verify and describe specimens already prepared for the naked eye or microscopic demonstration, but also to prepare such, or similar specimens, himself. We observe that Jamin's *Cours de Physique* is recommended as the text book on general physics, and that in the list of treatises employed in preparing for the examination in biology, a large proportion are in the German and French languages.

For the purpose of referring the above proofs of proficiency in the natural sciences to some familiar standard, let us contrast them with the amount of work expected from the Harvard student who elects to pursue corresponding lines of study throughout his academic career. During his freshman year he is called upon to make himself conversant with Deschanel's Manual of Natural Philosophy, and to attend twenty-four lectures on elementary chemistry. Thereafter, if he devote himself particularly to physics, he will attend lectures in astronomy, optics, and acoustics, on the undulatory theory of light, electricity and magnetism, the spectroscope and its applications, thermodynamics and thermics, including the applications of heat. He will also have practical exercises in the laboratory, including the use of instruments of precision in testing the laws of mechanics, acoustics, optics, magnetism, and electricity, with an extended course in electrical measurements. If, on the other hand, he chooses to apply himself specially to chemistry, he will undertake with one professor descriptive chemistry, including laboratory work; with another, determinative mineralogy and lithology, including study in the mineral cabinet; with a third, qualitative analysis and chemical philosophy, and with a fourth, quantitative analysis in the laboratory. He may also pursue an advanced course in experimental chemistry, and study at first hand crystalography and the physics of crystals, and likewise the carbon compounds, theoretical and experimental. Finally, if the tastes of the undergraduate lead him in the direction of biology or natural history, he will find himself directed and assisted by no less than eight professors in the several sub-branches of zoölogy, palæontology, comparative anatomy and physiology, entomology and botany, lectures in each case being supplemented by laboratory practice and field work. Moreover, since the term natural history is broader than biology, the student who elects this course will be expected to show acquaintance with physical geography, and with structural and economic geology. As to the relative completeness and minuteness of knowledge demanded in these subjects at Harvard as compared with the English universities, we should not be in a position to pronounce without collating the papers set in the several cases, and marking the kind of answers requisite to elicit the highest commendation. It seems clear, however, that the scope of inquiry embraced at the American college under the three main branches of natural science is quite as extensive as that outlined for candidates in the corresponding honor schools of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Study of History at Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard.

Although the claim of history to rank among the exact sciences has by no means gained the recognition which Buckle demanded, yet a large place is now assigned to it in the higher education. There seems to be a growing conviction that for all readers it satisfies Bolingbroke's definition, viz., philosophy teaching by example, and that especially under Republican or Parliamentary Governments, its study is indispensable, being, as Prof. Seeley has lately pointed out, the true gymnasium and arsenal of the politician. We find the new importance conceded to historical inquiry signally attested by the changes of the past twenty-five years in the academical arrangements of the English universities. We propose to indicate what has been done at Oxford and Cambridge for this branch of learning, and to compare the recent advance of Harvard College in the same direction.

We need not say that due attention has always been paid at Oxford to the history of Greece and Rome, down, at all events, to the description of the Western Roman Empire, in the final examinations for classical honors. To some extent the same assertion might be made of Cambridge, though there less heed was given to the comprehensive survey of ancient life and thought than to technical linguistic proficiency. With mediæval and modern history, on the other hand, the Oxford or Cambridge classman, up to a comparatively late period, was sure to be entirely unacquainted. A species of revolution was effected, however, in 1853, when the Oxford authorities instituted an honor school of law and modern history