

being, as Mr. Arnold explains, that the Prince of Wales admires Mary Anderson. Perhaps the hardest thing in the whole article, for an American to bear, is the fate assigned to him because he is not *interesting*.

We would, however, belie one of our most boasted characteristics, were we unable or unwilling to tender Mr. Arnold, even in the face of an adverse criticism, that tribute of praise which his frankness, his scholarly ability and his inestimable services to culture, have so genuinely deserved. The British reviews will indeed seem blank to us without the familiar name of Matthew Arnold.

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A few, at least, of us will be intensely interested in an article on "Alexander Pope," in the May *Scribner*, by Austin Dobson. It gives a very pleasing sketch of his life, supplemented by a dialogue in verse. To those who have made a study of Pope here, the article will present little that is new in the line of an estimate of his work, but it will be found none the less interesting on that account; in fact, it has, for me, an added interest because it corroborates, by another high authority, the impressions we have already received. It is particularly gratifying to observe that in estimating Pope's work Dobson says the "Rape of the Lock" will be read with as much interest one hundred years from now as at present, and that the translations, the "Essay on Man" and the "Essay on Criticism" are relegated to the sphere of the seldom-read works where they belong.

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Bishop Trench's little volume "On the Study of Words," is, to one who has never given the matter any special attention, a perfect revelation of the beauties of the English language. It consists of four lectures, and may be read in an hour—perhaps the most pleasant and profitable hour one will find in a long course of reading. The most prosaic words, under his skillful touches, reveal hidden beauties and give up a history replete with interest. The work is not exhaustive. What it pretends to do is to awaken an interest in our language. Few studies offer such a prompt and easy return for labor expended as Philology, and it has the additional advantage of possessing sufficient breadth to satisfy the most exacting. "On the Study of Words," however, hardly rises to the height of a philological work, but stands rather in the light of a charming introduction to such study.

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Charles Egbert Craddock enjoys the enviable reputation of writing the best short stories that are written just now by any American lady. Her work is largely in dialect and deals with the mountaineers of Tennessee. Some of her work is good, but it seems to me it is not to be compared with the same style of work in Miss Baylor's "Behind the Blue Ridge." There is a painful amount of sameness about her short stories. "Down the Divide" is just on the edge of juvenile fiction. "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" I have not read, because after reading two other volumes I didn't think I was equal to it. "In the Tennessee Mountains" is a collection of short stories varying in quality. One of them I found unendurable. It is possible that the romantic part of my education has been woefully neglected, in which case I am, perhaps, to be pitied more than the average reader of Miss Murfree's stories. The one in question represents two young men, elaborately educated, one for medicine and the other for law, as having given up the fight necessary to the success of a professional young man, and admitting that they were beaten, withdrawing to the mountains of Tennessee, where one of them proposes to eke out a suste-

nance by raising sheep, and the other by what practice in medicine he may pick up. The prospect of two young and educated men giving up the fight for success at twenty-five is entirely foreign to American ideas.

Shortly after their arrival they meet a young mountain girl who was beautiful—but I have not time to describe her; you can find her description in any cheap novel—one of those tender, dreamy creatures whose young budding affection are just ready to flower at the first sight of a suit of tailor made clothes. I wouldn't for the world be skeptical, particularly about the effects of the tailor made clothes, and so since Miss Murfree continually insists that these young ladies, with their finer feelings highly developed, may be found anywhere in the mountains, amid the most uncouth surroundings, and descended from parents who exhibit not the slightest traces of such refinement, and since she does not even add the explanation which gave plausibility to the fairy stories of our childhood—that such children are descended from the nobility and have been exchanged by a wicked nurse—I must believe her implicitly. The youth who had relegated himself to the inspiring profession of sheep raising immediately falls in love with this damsel, idiotically enough, and she falls in love with the doctor, after which she very conveniently dies—and that's one good trait about Miss Murfree's sentimental young ladies, they invariably die young. I have no doubt but that if anyone should go down to Tennessee to find out if such specimens really existed he would find that they had existed but just died.

The closing touch is peculiarly affecting. The young doctor becomes temporarily insane, and upon his recovery writes a treatise on insanity that immediately gained him a great reputation. It's too bad that more lunatics don't write their autobiographies and thus enrich science. There are many things of interest in the life of these isolated mountaineers, and some of them Miss Murfree has succeeded in giving to the world in a very delectable manner; but I fear I shall always be haunted by the sketch of this particular episode.

SKETCHES.

During walks to and from the University, the writer of this sketch has noticed several incidents of interest. Among them was a contest between a red haired man and a golden haired cow, as to which one could trample down the greatest amount of graded lawn plat. Such a cow as this one was possessed of a small devil. The red haired man lacked one of having the necessary number of guardian spirits to keep his temper near the freezing point.

The cow took possession of the lawn. The man came running toward her, yelling like a Comanche Indian. He carried a board from a plank sidewalk, and sought to demolish the cow. The sweet tempered bovine began to turn around. She kept turning. She turned around twice. Then she concluded to leave. She had already trampled down more lawn than an Irishman could grade in two days, but the amount of dirt she disturbed when she started to leave, was enormous.

The man's temper was boiling now. The piece of plank came down on the cow like a piledriver hammer. Then there was fun. The cow started to go home. As is the case with a Junior boy and a Prep girl, the longest way around was the shortest way home for the cow. She started on a gallop. At every jump she ploughed a furrow in the lawn deep enough to bury a brick block. When the cow climbed over the iron fence that inclosed the lawn, and started home, she left desolation and ruin behind her. The man, however,