

not space here to review the subject matter of the volume, nor is it necessary. It is sufficient to say that after reading this book, the reader probably comes to know Poe better than in any other way. While the few bright spots in his life are given the prominence they deserve there is no attempt to cover his faults with the mantle of his genius; and this we say is well. It is no excuse for Poe's falsehoods, follies and vices that he was among the first writers of his time. Yet we are not sure that Mr. Woodberry has not forgotten to temper his justice with mercy. To us there is much meaning in the fact that, in his earlier years, Poe's times of trouble, were his times of dissipation also, and while we accord to him no more sympathy than to another who falls by the wayside, we must yet not fail to accord him as much. As Mr. Woodberry himself remarks, it were well if some of the passages of Poe's last years could have been kept from the public, but as they were not, we are glad to see the truth based on the firm foundation of his own letters.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the evident painstaking and patient research that go to the making up of this volume. The author has called out the more important of a great mass of correspondence and looked over tedious piles of newspaper and magazine literature to verify publications and dates; and the result is a fitting monument to the labor expended.

In conclusion we quote a part of Mr. Woodbury's final summary of Poe's character and life, fearing that it must be admitted to be true while we hope it is not the whole truth.

"The simple fact is that Poe being highly endowed, well-bred and educated better than his fellows, had more than once, fair opportunities, brilliant prospects and groups of active friends, repeatedly forfeited prosperity and even the homely honor of an honest name.\*\*\*\*\*

He ate opium and drank liquor. \*\*\*\*\*  
He died under circumstances of exceptional ugliness, misery and pity, but not accidentally, for the end and manner of it were clearly near and inevitable."

#### DRIFT.

"For we think it is no sin, sir;  
To take the public in, sir;  
And ease them of their tin, sir;  
To drive dull care away."—*Old song.*

#### "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Melody fills the air. Harmony enchants the ear. The rule of the tyrant winter is at an end. On every side is beauty. The landscape blossoms into fair perfection, and all the prospects charm the delighted eye. The senses are enraptured. All nature claps its hands in a transport of bewildering joy and happiness. The fountains in the parks bubble with untrammelled merriment and from their marble basins, toss silver streams of flashing water to kiss the perfumed atmosphere and the azure dome of heaven. The bloom of the magnolias, the budding splendor of the passion-flower, the feathery fronds of maiden-hair, the emerald jewels of the forest giants, the ecstatic song of flame-throated cardinal birds, the verdure of the daisy-studded meadows, the low, soft murmur of the rippling brook as it winds its flowery course through laughing valleys and lovely plains, all tell us of the

spring—the poets fair Ideal. Ah! Queen of the sylvan dells, monarch of the sun-lit prairies sovereign of this glorious land; to thee all hail! With Nymphs for thy attendants and Dryads for thy hand-maidens, in blissful pageant, enslave the willing earth!

That's the conventional spring, not the Nebraska spring.

#### THE TOWN CLOCK.

The town clock is located in the Masonic Temple: but for all its associations may be immoral and degrading nevertheless does it accomplish a measure of good.

The sermon has become a little tedious and people are just beginning to wonder if "he isn't almost through." Then the bell in the Temple beats twelve. The audience enjoys a relaxation. The entire masculine and a part of the feminine congregation instantly pull out their watches and regulate them. This evolution is performed with a degree of simultaneousness that is unrivaled elsewhere. Possibly the professional combination skaters may equal it in their "marvelous exhibition of, etc."

The girls all love the clock. Conversation is dragging. Both yawn; but "Algernon cannot tear himself away." Then the genial time piece strikes up—"Go—home,—go home,—go—home,—go—home,—go—home,—go!" In the sullen gloom that follows the warning, Algernon goes.

Down town the ten o'clock saloon rule is rigorously enforced. If one stand near the entrance of a fluid restaurant, at about the hour of closing, he will be amused. When the bell begins to toll the knell of many a bumper's hopes, there is a wild rush for the door. Belated individuals pile into the bar-room for their good-night drinks. In the struggling crowd some are almost sure to get left. A scene of dejection is furnished for the curious.

Still another blessing occurs to us. On Friday night when the three societies are discharging their volleys of brilliancy and beauty through the University doors out upon the star-lit night, the spirit of music fills the hearts of the students. The eleven o'clock bell gives a key-note for the songs and one or two simple college melodies can be rendered without any distressing discords.

Who wonders that we love the town clock?

#### THE JUNIOR'S LAMENT.

Walt Whitman,  
She is a flirt.  
She jilted me. I was jilted by her.  
My heart is broken. My heart is fractured. My heart is demolished. My heart is utterly wrecked.  
I am mad. I am angry. I am hot. I am enraged. I am on my ear. I am in a passion. I am furious. I am avage. I am indignant. I am exasperated.  
O! misery! O! woe! O! horror! O! Jupiter! O! thunder!  
I will tell you. I will explain. I will relate. I will reveal the matter. I will confide it to you.  
We went to the oyster parlor. The oyster parlor was gone to by us.

The waiter looked up my account. He searched out my bill. He examined my tick. He viewed my reckoning. He considered my credit.

No oysters!!

Ah the villian! Ah the catiff! Ah the scoundrel!  
Ah the miscreant! Ah the ruffian! Ah the abandoned, hardened, pitiless, merciless reptile!