

ing and speaking. There can be no lack of college eloquence then, and no opposition to entering the State Oratorical contest, while enthusiasm in such work is assured.

OUR University is in luck. Not long since we waxed jubilant over the fact that we were to have a \$50,000 general science hall and that the prospects were good to receive the full appropriation of \$165,000. We did not dream that there was a thing to happen, unheard of in the history of this institution, that of the appropriation from the state funds of money enough for an armory and gymnasium. But so it happened, and so we are to have a magnificent \$20,000 building besides the science hall. To further prove the saying that good fortunes never come singly, we receive, by the terms of the Hatch Bill, \$15,000 annually for experiments and investigations in agriculture, of which \$3,000 the first year and \$750 each subsequent year, may be expended in buildings. Owing to a slight technical flaw we cannot receive this sum until appropriated by the next Congress, yet it must ultimately come, and then more at a time. With such unlooked-for advancement financially, both the faculty and the students must needs make great strides to keep pace. That it shall be done there is no doubt, for with increased facilities both will be able to accomplish much more in shorter time, and thereby widen our college work.

HORTENSE.

Wherinne is shown ye craftinesse of her lover.

Hortense is haughtye, and no smile
 She deignes toe shedde on me
 Although I love her to despaire,
 And serve her faythfullye.
 Each mornynge, when ye Sonne first shines,
 I from my couch doe springe;
 And toe her Lattice windowe then,
 Dew sprinklede flouerets bringe.
 And when she goeth toe ye wode,
 Downe through ye mossie dell,
 And with her lovlie armes doth drawe
 Ye water from ye well,
 I haste to followe afterr her,
 Although she tells me "nay."
 And when I tell my love toe her,
 She not a word will saye.
 * * * * *
 I toke her lytel hande in mine,
 And quoth full softe and lowe:
 "Deare hearte, I must needes saye farewell,
 I toe ye Warres must goe."
 Straightway her face gat deathlie white,
 "O Cyril dear!" quoth she,
 "Nowe pritheo doe notte goe awaye,
 Forsoothe, I,—I love thee." —*Dartmouth.*

BALZAC.

The works of Honore de Balzac are so well known to most readers of fiction and have so often been the subject of literary criticism, that there has remained very little of importance to be said concerning either the man himself or what he has written. With regard to the personal history of Balzac the accounts are necessarily incomplete and unsatisfactory, because his manner of life was such as to throw into obscurity many of the incidents surrounding the early part of his literary career. In a book recently published, entitled "Celebrities of the Century," there is an article devoted to Balzac, in which the writer has given evidence that she has made a profound study of the great novelist's works, and in which she has related many interesting occurrences pertaining to his personal history. This article will be received with no little interest by those who have read any of Balzac's novels, and who have been led to feel a more personal interest in their author.

Balzac was born in Tours in 1799 and died in 1858. He early gave evidence of that wild, restless disposition which unfitted him for going through the ordinary routine of life, and which drove him into scenes and situations where he could indulge his passion for studying the extraordinary problems of human life, and constructing weird combinations of facts which he observed. As has been the case with many a master mind, Balzac's early career was a hard and unhappy one. His wonderful ability was entirely unappreciated by his friends, who could see in the actions of the romantic youth nothing that gave evidence of any remarkable powers of intellect, but much, on the contrary which seemed to them to be but the fruits of a diseased and disordered imagination. As a natural consequence he was left to work and starve in a garret by himself, where, secure in the belief of his own genius, he labored on, unknown and almost forgotten by every one.

It was his habit to shut himself up for months at a time, work day and night on his subject, and through all that time, see no one but his printer. After he had in this way secured enough money to enable him to gratify his curious caprices, he would plunge into the reckless gaiety of Paris, squander his gains on fine clothing, jewelry and pictures, and in this way soon exhaust his resources and be compelled to resort to his pen again to enable him to repeat the same process at some future time. This manner of life could not fail to undermine his health and break down his wonderful constitution. Just at this time he contracted a marriage with a Russian lady who paid all his debts and enabled him to once more assume a position of independence. It had been one of Balzac's favorite dreams to possess a fine house of his own, and thus be able to entertain his friends and live in a state of magnificence in conformity with his expensive tastes. Unfortunately, however, just as he was preparing to pass the rest of his days in ease and comfort, his health gave way, and at the age of fifty-nine he died.

As regards Balzac's novels, it is very difficult to form an accurate judgment, because in most cases one is utterly ignorant of the scenes he depicts, and is entirely unacquainted with the types of character he has drawn. He tells us that he was but the chronicler of his times, that he but made an inventory of the virtues and vices of society. Truly he has done so. Balzac believed that nothing was too obscure, nothing too low down in the scale of existence which could not, and ought not, be made the subject of literary treatment. Consequently we find in his works that microscopic analysis of character, that detailed description of place and event which