

least two dollars and a half per day and steady work to enable the laborers and their families to live in comfort in such a place as Lincoln. This, under existing circumstances, the employers are by no means able to give. Certainly something is wrong. Some remedy must be found, but the problem is not an easy one. Wiser heads are giving it their attention, and to them we leave it.

Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson* is deservedly attracting much attention at present. It has already furnished material for a number of papers, good, bad, and indifferent, as usual, and will undoubtedly be a favorite source of material for magazine writers for some time to come. We have not yet seen the work, but cannot question its excellence, for the verdict is unanimous in its favor, and this is a phenomenon among reviewers. One of these papers merits special mention,—Emerson in New England Thought, in the October number of *The Andover Review*. In the fifteen pages Rev. Ward devotes to this subject he becomes neither dull nor noticeable for a too liberal use of words. He does not attempt to boil down the biography, but confines himself to the consideration of a subject merely suggested by it. For this reason he is interesting and the paper well repays us for the time it requires. We must, however, pass unfavorable comment on two of the sentences. The first is that in which the author mentions Emerson's "didactic teachings." Rev. Ward knows better than to make use of such a combination of words. Surely it is an oversight, yet he should not have permitted it in an article in most respects so well and carefully written. Then we enter our humble protest against this:—

"He is engaged in serious thinking when young men of his age to-day are hardly beyond their base-ball enthusiasms." Several questions immediately arise. Did Emerson, as a youth, take no interest in the pleasures of his companions? Is a young man wholly incapacitated for hard thinking because he enjoys base-ball or other out-door sports; and are the young men of his age to-day very different from the young men of his age any other day? Now we have no means of answering the first of these questions, but it is perfectly natural to suppose that a young man of such vigor of mind would also be vigorous in body, and that his activity would show itself physically as well as mentally. Any college student in the world can say no to the next; and as to the third we shall only say that we are so imaginative as to believe that some place in this earth of ours may possibly yet contain a youth capable of serious thinking. History does not reach back to the time when originated "When I was a boy it was not thus." Possibly it was not thus, but the world has kept right on improving nevertheless.

We sincerely hope it is not a mistake to suppose that the tendency of universal enlightenment and education is toward the approximate attainment, in time, of that condition of thought and action so aptly termed "the happy medium." If all the children of the primal pair would only see the wisdom of a slowness to form opinions, if they would decide to thoroughly investigate a subject of dispute before taking a stand on either side, we might indeed hope for a complete reconciliation in the majority of controversies and a mere difference of opinion in the remaining ones, and this, too, in a generation. But human nature, like Zeus, is hard to cope with. We learn a fact or two relating to a subject and our minds are made up. After that we eagerly search for arguments in support of our view and discover or invent replies to those of an opposite tendency. If this were the truth only where mere matters of speculation are involved it might even

furnish healthful exercise for the mind; but men blinded by prejudice are now wasting their energies in upholding their political dogmas while those over whom they are contending are confined in loathsome prisons, and even starving by the thousand. If these partisans would devote a fraction of their time to giving their respective hobbies a thorough and impartial investigation their labor would be of infinitely greater value. We hope this will come about with increased enlightenment, when men no longer think it unmanly to acknowledge that possibly they may have been mistaken. It may be that the best way to bring about the proper state of feeling is, at least for the present, to give to the partisans some open field, in which each may battle for his chosen side. The lookers-on will reap the benefit, for they will hardly fail, in the end, to separate the true argument from its unsavory dress of spleen. With its many other good works, *The Forum* is furnishing this field. We could hardly wish for better partisan discussions of some of the most prominent concerns of the public weal than the first four articles and "Shall Utah become a State?" in the November number.

Students fully appreciate the value of synoptical aids. They will, therefore, be pleased to learn that Prof. William F. Allen, of the university of Wisconsin, has published in pamphlet form "Outline Studies in the History of Ireland." One who is making a careful study of Ireland, historically or politically will find it of much use in directing one's work. Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Price 10 cents.

We packed a big trunk with his togs and his books,
And we went with him down to the train;
There was Latin and Greek in his merry-wise looks,
And our pride was as great as our pain.

The swift train snatched him away from our sighs,
But we knew he'd come back by and by
With scholarship, honor, medal and prize,
For hope and ambition were high.

They brought him back home, a week and a day—
And the doctor that brought him said, "Hush!"
For the side of his ear had been rasted away,
His eyes they were blacked, and his nose went astray,

Two ribs were stove in, did the doctor man say,
And his legs they were bent in a corkscrewish way.
"Collision!" we shrieked; but he shook his head, "Nay,"
And smiled as he whispered, "Cane rush."
—From Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

No other name in the annals of American literature is more illustrious than that of William Cullen Bryant, the patriot, journalist and citizen of the age. Born and educated while our literature was almost entirely under British domination, he has lived to see it grow up and gain an honorable recognition in the world of letters.

He was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. His father was a well known physician and surgeon, who enjoyed a reputation for literary tastes and wide culture, and who encouraged and guided his son in his early studies and aspirations. His son accordingly commemorated the teachings of the father in a poem entitled, "Hymn to Death." Bryant surpassed even Byron in early poetic development. At the age of nine he composed verses that were not unworthy of his later skill; a year later he wrote and recited in school a poem in blank verse; and at thirteen, he published "The Embargo," a political poetical satire upon the Jeffersonian party of that day. It is asserted that no other poem,