

some examiner, did not appear at the *viva voce* and so lost his degree.

Having an almost reverential admiration for Coleridge and Wordsworth, it is natural that DeQuincey should go to Grasmere, where his great friends were assembled, and settle down then. Here were Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Kit North. One great charm of De Quincey is that he sheds so much light upon these great men. He knew them early, long, and intimately, so that few could furnish such faithful portraits of them. He tells of Coleridge in his helplessness resulting from the slavery to the opium habit, of Southey, the fastidious man of the world, of Kit North's skill in hunting and of the poet of whom Southey often impatiently remarked "To introduce Wordsworth into a library is like letting a bear loose in a tulip garden." It is probable that the neighbors generally had the same opinion of the great poet's strange traits of character, for it is said that two of these meeting one morning and asking each other if there was anything new, the only news reported was, "Old Wordsworth is broke loose again." De Quincey says that the natives had an almost perfect ignorance of and contempt for literature and literary men, and there may have been a touch of both sentiments in the oft-told story of a son of the soil, who pointed out Wordsworth's dwelling to a visitor, with the remark that "the old 'ooman keeps up the same line of business."

When De Quincey had been settled in Grasmere about a dozen years, his property had been largely dissipated by losses and in calculating generosity, so that he was forced to take to literature to provide for his family. In the spring of 1821 he went to London to seek literary employment. He was now nearly thirty-six years old, and had spent most of his life in study and reading. His knowledge was extensive, and in some departments quite exact; he had a remarkable vigor of imagination combined with great logical power. His first work to be brought out was his "Opium Confessions." This immediately secured for him the reputation of a writer of genius. Its picturesque and musical prose gives it a fascination on a first reading, that few books contain. Quite an interest attaches to it, besides, as a manifestation of genius under abnormal conditions. The critic, however soon discovers Richter's influence upon the style. One says of him, "If what he offers as wit, is not wit, and what he sometimes takes for inspiration too often turns out mere inflation; if he sometimes falls into the mistakes he professes to abhor; and if you often forget what he started to say while he chases down a score of diverging and far fetched suggestions, be patient with him, and, in some divine moment of self-forgetfulness, his genius will get possession of him and show effects of such strange brilliancy and power, as to secure him forever a fixed position of high rank in English letters."

He had naturally an ear sensitive to the fine harmonies in nature and in art. His soul was filled with music. When a mere child, the choral services of the English church had contributed much to arouse in him religious feeling, and at Oxford, his deepest regret was that he belonged to a college that had no organ in its chapel. His "Dream Fugue" shows his unusual musical endowment. Another point in which De Quincey is thought worthy of careful study is his way of making transitions between the most remote objects. If he wishes to turn the subject in hand to anything in heaven or earth he brings in some observation, then another and finally marks out the path connecting the two points. He runs into incessant digressions. For instance, in his account of Oxford, he assembles his friends at the university, in order to get their advice, and without stopping to give them seats, wanders off over a great variety of themes—through eleven pages

—and finally comes back to the impatient collegians again. But often from his digression, De Quincey finds himself so far from his starting point that it is very difficult to get back. He has a spider-like skill of making connections. In extraordinary occasions, he acts more cunningly, as he goes along, he drops hints and suggestions of the intimate connection of each episode, with the principal theme, which while it bewilders the brain of the reader, does not fail to engrave the fundamental truth upon his mind.

* STRAY PICK-UPS.

Put away the little dresses
That the preps used to wear;
They've been thrown from off their ponies;
They have climbed the golden stair.

We have *Hurd* that Fletcher is mashed.

Frank C. Clark visited us on the 7th inst.

W. H. Wagner will Christmas at Red Cloud.

The regents held a meeting week before last.

Miss Lottie Pollard visited these halls last week.

Many of the boys are not going home this vacation.

"I'll go, Professor; I'll see it soon enough, anyhow."

"Manley, what is love?" "Love, Con, love is fleeting."

Miss Jeannette Shedd will probably not be with us next term.

Miss Edith Russell visited friends of the university last week.

Most of the Seniors passed in Pol. Econ. by free use of their spurs.

Chancellor Manatt lost some days of last week on account of sickness.

W. W. Robertson will write his French Revolution theme while resting.

Con Scharmann visited his friends and best girl for a couple of days last week.

T. L. Hall went home before the beginning of the examinations. Poor health the cause.

C. W. Hemory, ex-president of Fairfield college, visited the university one day last week.

We hear that a certain co-ed gives it as her opinion that she can outstare the best masher that ever walked.

J. E. Larkin, once of '87, was showing his bright and smiling phiz around these halls some days ago.

Three of the university boys declare they will wear masques if ever they go it alone to a show again.

A brother of Tutor Hodgman has recently moved to Lincoln and will shortly engage in the practice of dentistry.

Several parties of students will hold watch meetings New Year's eve. We think the custom appropriate and certainly enjoyable.

Don't come down in this office the first day of next term and ask us if the HESPERIAN is out, for we tell you now it will not be.

A well known gentleman who is occasionally seen in this office has a very unique designation for the room in which the faculty meet.

Shedd's club, which has led a somewhat eventful existence at the city poor house for the last three years, will move its celebrated aggregation of paupers up to Fourteenth and R streets next term.