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Mary E. Markley
Ursinus College

Marion G. Spangler
Ursinus College

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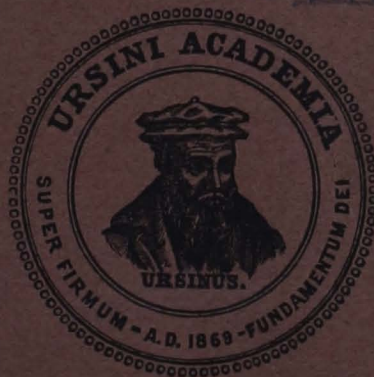
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Ursinus
College
Bulletin

Vol. XVIII - No. 4



JANUARY, 1902


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SCOTTISH SONGS.

Scottish songs form one of the purest types of true lyrics. Both words and music reveal one simple emotion. The perfect harmony into which the poetry and the air blend adds to this singleness and simplicity rare beauty. A genuine Scots song loses much of its charm when sung to a modern English air. Scottish words and music essentially belong together. Both are peculiarly native and their union alone expresses the deep passions and wild emotions of the Scot.

Scottish music, then, must possess some striking originality which renders it so characteristic of this unique people. When we try to find where this originality lies we soon discover that the peculiarity of the music is only the national development of the primitive songs of the Scot. The early forms were merely rapturous outbursts of intense joy, or wild notes of battle. There was no record made of these melodies, but they were passed on from mouth to mouth—sometimes losing some of their old rhythm, sometimes ac-

quiring a new meaning or sentiment. Each clan early formed a song of its own, and the gathering songs became very popular. Thus, from the first, music was fostered in the heart of every Scots lad and lassie so that they unconsciously came to express all their moods in spontaneous melodies and songs.

The most marked characteristic of Scottish airs is the peculiar emotional impression due to the preponderance of minor effects. There is a plaintiveness about them all and much of this "pathos which is akin to melancholy" is produced by the numerous minor intervals in every song. "Auld Lang Syne" has a minor third in each line. The fourth and seventh notes of our diatonic scale are missing in the Scottish scale; hence, many of the intervals cannot but be minor. On this account, even in songs written in a major key, in which we expect a light, joyous movement, we find a mournful touch. "The strain is not one of grief or sadness, it is simply the spirit of the hills, where the very cries of the birds are lonely, bringing down to the social fields of the 'laigh country' the solitariness of mountain life."

The weird effect of the minor intervals is heightened by the peculiar endings of the songs. Very often the last note is the fifth of the scale. Sometimes it is even the fifth of a scale not at all related to the key in which the song is written. The "Birks of Aberfeldy" is in C major, but it ends on the third note of the D minor chord. The change is startling. We hold our breath and wait for another chord to finish the melody

and relieve the tension, but the strange wild tone dies out leaving with us a restless feeling and a mysterious suggestiveness.

Then, too, the movement of Scottish music is very erratic. If the time is fast there are many short, quick notes which throw the accent on an unexpected beat. Burns says, "There is a peculiar rhythm in many of our airs and a necessity for adapting the syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature-notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties." Most of the songs are of this character. They seem to have a "rustic sprightliness" which is brought about by numerous grace notes and notes of small value. Sometimes the note tries to be smooth and flowing; but then long holds of the last note in a few measures prevent any steady regularity. Even when the movement is rapid and bright it is suddenly broken by the intervention of a long sustained note. Thus the rhythm is as impulsive as the Scot himself and expresses his intense and energetic nature.

These peculiar technicalities of Scottish songs are the secret of their strength and character, the true appreciation of which can be gained only by hearing them. Should we study Scottish music from no other point of view than that of musically analyzing its various parts, we should have a poor conception of its depth and beauty. We must let the music touch our hearts; we must give ourselves up to the emotion it suggests.

Many Scottish songs animate our spirits and put us in a joyous, happy mood. Our hearts cannot fail to respond to the patriotic sentiment of "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled." The martial beat of the air alone incites our loyalty. We catch the bacchanalian spirit immediately upon hearing the merry jingle of "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." The old reels and strathspeys vividly bring to mind the lads and lassies dancing on the greensward. The jig-like scratching of the fiddle and the continual drumming of the one bass note of the bagpipe in our ears "puts us in raptures" just as they did Burns. The sprightly rhythm of Duncan Gray is truly a "light horse gallop." It is through these lively airs that we imbibe the Scots joys and humor.

But the melancholy tinge is so predominant in some of the songs that they make us sad. The Highlander is a man of deep sympathy and he expresses his tender feelings or griefs through pathetic airs just as readily as he does his gay moods through any "light horse gallop." The tenderness of "Highland Mary" and of "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" is touchingly revealed in sad, sweet music. The pathos of such airs discloses the warm heart of the Scot.

Scottish music, therefore, is highly colored by the personality of the Scotsman and expresses his primary emotions. Burns saw its virtue when he wrote Thomson, "In the sentiment and style of our Scottish airs there is a pastoral simplicity, a something that one may well call the Doric style and dialect of vocal music, to which a dash of our native tongue and manners

is particularly, nay, peculiarly apposite." This adaptability intensifies the individuality of Scottish songs and ranks them among the best of Folk Songs.

MARION G. SPANGLER, 1903.

TWO.

Before me in my cosy room I keep
 Their pictures hung with tenderer hand than boy
 Of sort like I should e'er betray. And yet
 Their faces seem so calm and sweet in their
 Repose, as from the wall they look at me,
 That well I may with something more than cold,
 Appreciative look regard them.

Fondly I gaze

Into the eyes of that sweet woman on
 The left. I would that I could see her now.
 I know the depth of love she holds is not
 For me. But I may look into her eyes
 And find a depth, and feel a radiancy
 That thrills my soul to better thoughts of woman.

Her bosom friend, the woman on the right,
 Appeals unto my heart to banish all
 Its melancholy, and roam with her,
 If chance permit, across green swarded fields
 To yonder grove, and there to sit and talk
 Of happy bygone times.

I cannot see

And feel their presence near. I may within
 A higher life clasp both their hands and feel
 Once more our youthful love and dear companionship.

A CONVENIENT GHOST.

During the early part of the last century superstition was rife among the ignorant mass of pioneer population. Of the new towns then springing up in the fertile valleys of Ohio there were few that were without some object of superstitious fear. In this respect the little town of Fort Seneca was not different from its neighbors.

About ten miles below the fort a large farm lay on the river bank. The house, a big log structure a story and a half high, was thrown up around a huge central chimney, built of brick, and in those primitive days of two-roomed cabins, seemed to hold itself aloof with something akin to splendor. Indeed, some malevolent old saints, unconsciously recurring to heathen doctrines, were of the opinion that an unseemly display of worldly pride had brought upon itself a blight from God. Be that as it may, the fact remains that all the inhabitants of this house were mysteriously massacred by the Indians. Then the next bad night that any one passed the house, it was said that a white figure was seen, flitting from room to room, and that the blood flowing from her heart stained her white dress red. After that, on wild nights when the wind wailed, they said you could hear Tilly Merwin's voice, as she moaned in her agony.

The land lay unfarmed, and the Merwin house was shunned by whites and Indians, alike.

* * * * *

In the early twenties Henry Walker moved, with his family, to Fort Seneca and opened the first dry goods store. With the arrival of the family in the village, came the necessity of finding a suitable house for them. To Mr. Walker, free from superstitious fears, none appealed so favorably as the "haunted" Merwin house. Though somewhat out of repair, due to standing empty, its fine lands, already in a partial state of cultivation, spoke strongly in its favor, while its superior size would lessen appreciably the discomforts of pioneer life.

The few repairs necessary that the house might be tenatable were speedily made, and despite the wagging heads and dire prophecies of the villagers, the Merwin house was once more inhabited.

At first no one from the village dared approach. Gradually, however, after a few weeks had passed and no calamity had befallen the newcomers, the more courageous ones began to make occasional visits, and soon the old superstition was almost forgotten.

The winter came early, and brought with it the usual annoyances from the Indians. One family would be pestered continually by beggars, while another would awake each morning to the contemplation of some new theft. The Walkers found themselves among the former class. As the cold increased, the visits from the Indians grew more and more frequent until at last the nuisance became intolerable, and Mr. Walker determined to be rid of it. He ordered his family to refuse the Indians when they came. For

some time the beggars continued to come as before, but under the repeated failure to obtain anything, grew daily more threatening. Suddenly the visits ceased altogether, and the Walkers fancied themselves rid of the pest. Had they been more accustomed to Indian ways, they would have known it was only the calm before the storm.

About this time Mr. Walker was called away on business. Before leaving he repeated his injunction that the family should refuse the Indians. Beneath a gracious and kindly manner, Henry Walker had an indomitable will that knew no bending. A glance into the face of his eldest daughter, Tabitha, showed that the trait had been reborn in the second generation. In his absence there would be no lack of determination or courage to carry out his commands.

A few days passed uneventfully. The weather was bitter. The river was frozen the entire distance from the house to the village, a solid sheet, and Tabitha, who was an expert skater, spent much time upon it. For weeks they had not seen a single red face, till one evening, as Tabitha was coming from the ice, she saw an Indian lurking near one of the out-sheds. His actions were peculiar. There was a sly wariness in his manner which Tabitha noticed with surprise. Previous to this the Indians had been bold and open in their approach to the house, but this one seemed anxious to avoid notice. At the time she attached small importance to the incident, supposing merely that the Indians, finding it useless to beg, had decided to steal.

This would explain the difference in manner which she observed. Nevertheless, she told her mother what she had seen, and they decided to look with more than usual care after the fastenings of the house that night.

Before moving into the house, Mr. Walker had taken the precaution to strengthen materially its defences. Built of solid rough logs, hewn from the adjoining woodland, its thick walls were impregnable to missiles. The heavy oak doors and shutters were swung from massive iron hinges, which, reaching half way across the panels, were in themselves strong braces. These, however, Mr. Walker had so reinforced with an arrangement of iron bars as to make it virtually impossible to force an entrance from without. In addition, he had provided the house with a series of portholes which, when well manned, made near approach to the house a difficult matter.

The house itself was strong; to-night, however, it was poorly defended,—a woman, a girl, and a couple of small children, pitted against the wiles, strength and cruelty of a score or more of savages.

The night settled cold and dark. In the distance the wolves were howling dismally, but now and again, as Tabitha listened, she fancied she heard another sound as wild and fierce as theirs, but yet distinct and different. Suddenly the silence was broken by a terrific yell, followed by the crash of some heavy object against the oaken door. For a second Tabitha listened, then bounded up the stairs, and crouched by the attic window to discover, if possible, the number of the foe.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she could descry dark figures flitting about the edge of the clearing, but the wood concealed and magnified their numbers. In a daze she heard the report of a musket and the wild yell of the savages, which told her that her mother had opened fire on them from below. Her brain rang, and mechanically she recalled every petty detail she had heard of the Merwin massacre. A flash caught her eye; a small blaze had been started on the edge of the clearing; the Indians were preparing to fire the house;—would her ghost haunt the place, she wondered. The thought came as an inspiration. A moment she hesitated. To stay was certain death to all,—to go, a chance in a thousand.

The wind wailed. A cry of dismay broke from the Indians as a tall, white figure, with blazing eyes of fire, glided from the shadow of the house and stood in the clearing. For a moment they rallied, but the figure again advanced, and with a wild yell of terror they rushed madly into the woods. Standing still in the clearing, the vision waited. The last sound of the Indians died away. At best, this could serve only as a ruse, to gain time. Every sense was strained to the utmost. Neither sight nor hearing betrayed the presence of the foe. The figure turned and walked slowly to the river; then disappeared into the earth.

In the bank of the river the children had discovered a little cave. Once inside, Tabitha laid aside her disguise. It was a simple affair, similar to that which, as a little girl, she had often used on Hallowe'en.

Over a lighted lantern, which was securely fastened to one end of a long pole, she had hastily draped a sheet, in which holes had been cut out to make eyes. Wrapped in the sheet, and holding the lantern high above her head by means of the pole, she had been able to produce the weird effect which had so terrified the savages.

There was no time to lose. The Indians, if they were not already lurking near, might return any moment. Beneath the sheet she had held in one hand her skates. She crept to the mouth of the cave and listened. The fire, which the Indians had kindled, had caught some undergrowth and was throwing a fitful glare over the clearing. As yet, all seemed still.

A second later she glided out upon the ice. The faint click of her skates echoed in the silence. Ten long miles to the village. How many an Indian, lurking on the wooded shore, might descry that flying figure, outlined dark against the ice! Would she ever reach the fort? She clenched her hands and bent forward to escape the wind. Minutes seemed like hours. As yet, no sound from the clearing told of the Indians' return. Her blood froze and she reeled as a hoarse cry sounded above her,—only an owl, but the sound echoed and reechoed in the darkness. Gathering her strength, she pressed on harder. A spark flew; her skate had struck a bit of loose ice, and it spun far out across the river. Far before her through the trees glimmered another spark. It was the night-lamp burning brightly in the watch-room of the fort.

There was a gap in the history of that night which

Tabitha never knew. Hours later, cuddled in wraps, and guarded by a couple of big, bluff soldiers, she came back to consciousness. She had reached the fort with her message, and soldiers had gone, they told her ; then, too tired to move, she fell asleep.

Morning brought the return of the soldiers to the fort. They had reached the house just in time, for the Indians had gathered courage and were returning. The arrival of troops from the village, however, was a surprise they had not counted on. Ten of their number were killed, and part of the others taken captive, while those who escaped were so confident that it was all the work of Tillie Merwin's ghost, that they counselled the removal of their band to another state.

The house was never again attacked, but the experience served to convince Mr. Walker that it was too far removed from assistance. The following spring he leased the farm, and moved to a house near his store in the village.

* * * * *

A hundred years have wrought but little change in the village of Fort Seneca. The crooked streets still ramble off to the fertile fields beyond ; the ripples of the sweet Sandusky kiss each other now as lovingly as then. One change, however, is marked. The Indians are but a fading memory of the past, and the war-whoop, the signal of plunder, rapine and death, is heard no more. The old fort, no longer needed, has crumbled away, but its ruins still guard the river.

LILLIAN C. LUTES, A., 1902.

GLIMPSSES OF CAMP LIFE.

During the late war with Spain many men enlisted in the service of the United States who never saw a battle. Many, indeed, were destined never to get beyond the boundaries of their country. They never learned to know what it meant to face shot and shell and amidst the whizzing of bullets to charge a hidden foe. Yet these men were *probable* heroes and only wanted an opportunity to vindicate themselves.

To the Second Army Corps which was stationed at Camp Alger, belonged the Sixth Pennsylvania. This was the only Pennsylvania regiment in the Second Corps. It was composed mainly of college men, salesmen, clerks and tradesmen. To the Southerners the Sixth was known as "Horse Thieves," "The Molly Maguire Gang," etc. ; to the soldiery, as the "Bloody Sixth" and "Counter-jumpers."

The average old-time Virginian has a sort of instinctive antipathy to all Pennsylvanians. The negroes said it was "Becos' dey shoots harder den de odders." At any rate, this was the only reason ever given. The name "Counter-jumpers" was derived from the fact that many of the "boys" were clerks and salesmen. "The Bloody Sixth" was the name most generally applied and it had quite a different signification. When on drill or on duty, the men of the Sixth were as well behaved as any other soldiers in the service ; but when they were off duty they were full of fun and always ready for a good time generally.

It was the night before the 4th of July, '98, that the boys of the Sixth because of an inadvertent remark by the acting Colonel, left camp and went to Washington to celebrate "The Fourth." About midnight the regimental bugler sounded the "assembly." Every man who was in camp grabbed his canteen, rifle and cartridge belt and fell in. It was a motley array which "right-dressed" that night. The roll was called and the men were ordered to "turn in." Out of a regiment of 1072 men, less than 200, including officers and camp guard, answered the roll call; the rest had "jumped the guard" and had gone to Washington. A troop of New York Cavalry was ordered out to "run down" the fellows and bring them in. The troopers were in anything but a good frame of mind for being roused after midnight to bring in runaways, and handled the culprits rather roughly. The result was frequent fights, sore heads, and several dead horses. All night long and the greater part of the next day, men were brought into camp in squads. They were placed under guard and put to cutting wood, picking stones, or digging out stumps.

To vary the monotony of camp life, the men were sometimes required to make "trial marches." During the latter part of July, '98, the Second Brigade, composed of Fourth Missouri, Sixth Pennsylvania and Eighth Illinois regiments, went on a march to Difficult Run, which was about twenty miles distant. It was one of the hottest of the hot days of "Ole Virginny" and until those twenty miles were gone over every man

knew that he had done a day's hard work. The boys were dripping with perspiration and wrung their clothes and hung them up to dry.

The encampment on the Difficult lay in a defile in the mountains. On the one side the slope was gradual, on the other, very abrupt. A crowd of boys from the sixth ascended the steep sides of the bluff and with their lighted candles arranged themselves so as to form the following signs,—6-PA., 4-MO., 8-ILL., and U. S. VOLS. It was a pretty sight but was not to be compared to the bugler's "taps." The notes of the bugle usually appeal to one with a sort of wild charm ; but that night lying encamped on the banks of the swiftly-flowing Difficult, surrounded by hills and mountains, away from the civilization and the habitations of men, as the first note of the bugle sounded upon the damp evening air, that vast concourse of soldiers was hushed into silence ; and as the last sad, sweet cadence of the bugle was borne away on the stilly air of night, there rose from 3000 voices three mighty cheers. "Taps" was sounded three times that night and each time answered by a rousing cheer.

During the mobilization of the army at Camp Alger, the Second Tennessee was assigned to the Second Army Corps. This regiment was one of the last to arrive. They were National Guardsmen and had volunteered in the U. S. service. While encamped in Tennessee, they were under the supervision of the State until mustered into the U. S. service. When they came to Alger, they had been out two months and had received

no pay. Their clothes, which were old National Guard uniforms, were ragged and torn. Their daily allowance of food was three hardtacks without coffee, and for a time they did not receive this. They went around among the rest of the regiments begging for food. The soldiers could not conceive of such a state of affairs and considered them to be imposters. The poor fellows were nearly starved when some of their men determined to try the "Bloody Sixth" from which they had thus far held themselves aloof. The boys upon hearing of their distress and upon investigation finding the facts to be true, fed them. Until the Second Tennessee boys received their proper allowances, the "Bloody Sixth" went on "half rations," and sharing with their comrades of the Second, fed them.

But though "right was worsted," it did not remain so. There came a time when mistakes were righted and the Tennessee boys received their full allowance of rations and three months' back pay. They did not forget the kindness shown them. It was not long afterwards, while the Sixth was drawn up on dress parade, that a regiment of men was seen approaching over the brow of the hill. It was an unusual sight, for the color sergeant preceded the regiment and they bore two flags. The second Tennessee was drawn up on dress parade and the sons of the North and South, whose fathers had been deadly enemies, stood facing each other as if in line of battle. But not in war were they come, theirs was a different mission.

The Colonel of the second stepped forward and recounted the kindness which had been shown his boys ; in appreciation of which and in the name of the Second Tennessee he presented a beautiful silk flag to the "Bloody Sixth." Wild cheers from the Sixth rent the air and when they had subsided, the Major of the color battalion of the Sixth formally accepted the token of kindness and good will. Before he had finished there was a downpour of rain, such as is known only to Southern climates, but this did not dampen the ardor of the boys. When the Major had finished speaking, the Tennessee boys broke into wild cheers. The Pennsylvania boys marched to their quarters and in a drenching rain the Tennessee boys marched entirely around the camp of the Sixth, being greeted at every turn by their comrades from the northern State.

This flag, the token of a particular instance of a united North and South, rests in the armory of the color company of the "Old Bloody Sixth." That glorious ensign of our republic received its baptism or water. We cannot look into the future and determine for ourselves when, in the destiny of this nation, it may be fated to receive its baptism of fire.

'02.

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COLLEGE NEWS,	-	-	-	-	-	I. M. RAPP, 1903.
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY,	-	-	-	-	-	J. E. STONE, S. T., 1903.
ATHLETICS,	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN LENTZ, 1902.
COLLEGE WORLD,	-	-	-	-	-	J. E. HOYT, 1904.
BUSINESS MANAGER,	-	-	-	-	-	J. LEROY ROTH, 1903.

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March 16, 1895.

There is a lamentable tendency on the part of too many college students to limit their college education to the assimilation of a certain number of facts and the mastery of so many systems of thought. The authority of the text-book or the word of the professor is sufficient proof of the validity of any statement. Studying becomes a mechanical routine. Text-books are perused; note-books are filled. No one doubts; no one questions.

And yet the acquisition of knowledge alone is not the primary or the most important purpose of education. Comparatively few *scholars*—men who become prominent for their knowledge on any particular subject—can be graduated from college every year, but multitudes of *thinkers* can and ought to be developed every year within college walls. Much more important than the knowledge derived from study and lecture is the significance of this knowledge—a significance which can be found only by thought. There is too much stress on learning and acquiring, to the neglect of what Matthew Arnold calls the “delicacy and flexibility of thought.” The college needs thinking students.

The transitoriness of knowledge is an undisputed fact. No sooner have we mastered one subject and passed on to the next than the former becomes dim and finally fades from our minds. Knowledge will disappear. The college student will forget. Yet the learning and the forgetting and the passing on to new and greater objects should leave behind it a power to think. The power of exact, thorough and comprehensive thought makes a student master in college and makes a man master in the world.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'73. The Rev. Franklin F. Bahner, A. M., D. D., is the author of a "Supplemental Catechetical Treatise," issued by the Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia, which has received some very favorable press comments.

'85. The Rev. Titus C. Strock, B. S., Blain, Pa., has received a call from the Tremont, Pa., charge. He will begin pastoral work in his new field of labor February 1.

'87. The Rev. W. A. Korn, A. M., Ph. D., preached his first sermon in his new field of labor at Hellam, Pa., on January 5. The Revs. Geo. S. Sorber, A. M., F. C. Yost, A. B., D. D., and O. P. Schellhamer, A. M., have been appointed a committee to install him.

'87, S. T. After having undergone a number of alterations and improvements, the church at Durham, Pa., was reopened, Sunday, January 1. The Rev. John A. Mertz, A. M., is the progressive pastor.

'92. The Rev. J. Abner Hunsicker, A. B., has accepted a call to the Marion charge at Marion, Ind.

'94. The Rev. H. H. Hartman, A. B., recently closed his third year as pastor of the Woodcock Valley charge, Huntingdon county, Pa. During his pastorate one new church was erected and another extensively repaired.

'94, S. T. The Rev. E. W. Middleton read a paper on "The Place of the Pulpit in the Purification of Politics," on January 6, before the Philadelphia Ministerial Association.

'96, S. T. The congregation at Dayton, O., of which the Rev. Ross F. Wicks is pastor, has completed the erection of a new church. The first services were held in the main auditorium on December 22.

'98. Stanley Casselberry, A. B., is doing graduate work in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. At a recent meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, the Rev. William A. Reimert, A. B., Summit Hill, Pa., was appointed missionary to China. This is the second member of the class of '98 to go as a missionary to the foreign field.

'01. The Oil City Young Men's Christian Association is prospering under the leadership of John Alexander, A. B. 81 names have been added to the roll of membership within the last ten weeks. Increasing interest is also being taken in the Bible and Educational classes. W. H. Klase, a former student of Ursinus, is the instructor in the gymnasium.

'01, S. T. The Rev. Paul E. Keller, A. B., has entered upon his work as pastor of the Reformed church at Nashville, Tenn.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE TUESDAY NIGHT CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Tuesday Night Club was held December 17. A very interesting and instructive meeting was held. The program consisted of reports on current magazines and book news by Miss Marion Spangler and by Mr. A. G. Peters, and two papers, the one a review of "The Right of Way" by Mr. N. D. Bartholomew and the other a discussion of "Pennsylvania German Poetry" by Mr. J. H. Poorman.

Mr. Poorman interspersed his comments on the different poems of the Rev. Harbaugh by reading from them in the German. The substance of his paper follows.

The Rev. Henry Harbaugh is the honored exponent of "Dutch" verse. His "Harfe" portrays humble but beautiful scenes from the farm, school and church, and gives an excellent representation of the folk-life of the Pennsylvania Germans.

The distinct strain of meditation and melancholy in "Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick" and the superb tone of revery in "Heemweh" make these selections the most popular of Harbaugh's poems. The keen thrusts at the genteel farmer in "Die Neie Sort D'schentelleit," the marked revolt against city life and the praise for country life in "Busch un Schtedel," and the vivid distinction drawn between church-going in the past and in the present in "Der Kerchegang in Alter Zeit" have endeared these compositions to many.

The simplicity of his language, the wide range of his subjects, his delicate humor and unlimited amount of true emotion have made Harbaugh the fireside poet of the Pennsylvania German.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The music department, under the efficient direction of the Misses Wilson and McCain, has been making perceptible progress. The number of pupils as well as the energy and earnest effort is highly gratifying. It should be obvious to every student, that his or her education should not be regarded as a finished one until a knowledge of music has been acquired. Aside from its practical value, there is perhaps no other accomplishment that can give so much real pleasure to the listener or to the performer. A pupils' recital will be given in Bomberger Memorial Hall on Saturday evening, January 18. The ability of the pupils and the results of their careful training will be in evidence. They will be assisted by both the Chaminade Glee Club and the Mandolin Club.

The Chaminade Glee Club, a chorus of young ladies, students of the College, is an organization worthy of special mention. There are twelve voices in the Club, all well trained, and in perfect harmony with their leader. The Club is open to engagements for concerts, or to assist at evening entertainments.

The Mandolin Club is making flattering progress under the direction of Miss McCain. The members of the Club show commendable interest in their work and great gratification is expressed over their advancement.

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY NOTES.

The West Philadelphia Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has again kindly offered the students the use of the gymnasium at Fortieth Street and Powelton Avenue.

The Rev. Dr. C. R. Blackall is delivering a series of lectures to the students on Modern Sunday-school methods. The series will include six lectures.

Thornton B. Penfield, Interseminary Y. M. C. A. Secretary, visited our institution January 7th. In the evening he delivered an address and extended an invitation to the Association to send several delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Toronto, Canada, in February.

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COLLEGE WORLD.

We are glad to have *The Nassau Literary Magazine* on our exchange list and find the December number fully up to its high standard.

There are many good points about the *Dickinson Literary Monthly*, and it is gotten up in good style. The December number contains some musical verse, which, however, might conform a little more to the laws of versification.

The Comenian has a thoughtful essay entitled "Man's Deeds His Reward."

The literary matter of the *Delaware College Review* is frequently conspicuous for its absence, and the short story in the December number can hardly appeal to the literary instincts of its readers.

"Lincoln as an Historical Character," in the *Syracuse University Herald*, is a strong eulogy of the martyr President.

One of the thoughtful literary essays of the month is, "The Ethical Aim in Adam Bede and Treasure Island," of *The Sibyl*.

THE OPTIMIST.

The air is still ; gray seamless clouds enfold
The sere brown fields, while Earth grows numb with cold,
And not a sound is in the expectant air
As the first scattered flakes drift by, save where

The chickadee

Seeks, glad at heart, for winter's scanty fare.

And when the gale to whirling snow-wraiths rends
The snow that ceaseless, hurrying descends,
The dauntless little bird in black and gray,
Clinging to his short life as best he may,

Sings at his work ;

A cheery optimist, though rough the day.

S. D. MCCOY, *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

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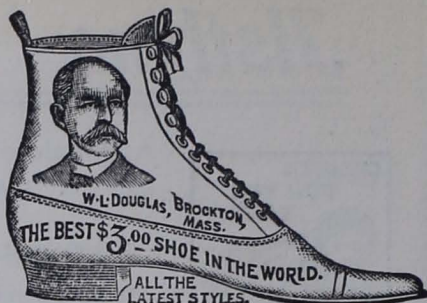
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