

were even absurd ; but his ambition was a noble one, and his conception of Columbia's duty was eminently sound. When he at last retired, in 1887, his work was finished, and the object sought by him so ardently was won. His retirement, indeed, at the time when it occurred was no less fortunate for the college than had been his assumption of the presidency in 1863 ; for of all men he was the most unfitted to carry out the innumerable and minute details involved in the transformation of a great college into a great university. A man of excessive and unreasonable prejudices, often arrogant in manner and always intolerant of opposition, inaccessible except to those who happened to enjoy his personal favour, indifferent to details and despising small things, viewing the student body as something wholly remote from his personal sympathies ; and, moreover, being afflicted with a physical infirmity that made intercourse with him both difficult and uncertain, he lacked absolutely the judicial temperament and the tact that are indispensable to a great administrator. Had he undertaken the task of directing Columbia's evolution into a university, he would have failed, with discredit to himself and disaster to the institution. That task was, indeed, extremely difficult—how difficult only those who stood nearest to it will ever know. To give symmetry and coherence to so unwieldy a congeries of schools and faculties, to introduce system where chaos had ruled before, to co-ordinate and correlate, to abolish incongruity, to plan a simple yet elastic form of government, to reconcile so many conflicting interests and allay so many traditional prejudices, and at the same time to accomplish this so smoothly and so judiciously as not merely to avoid perceptible friction, but to secure the cordial co-operation of all—surely this has been one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of university organisation. Dr. Barnard, however, did his part, and on the whole he did it well ; and it is, indeed, high praise of him to say that his labours made possible the work of his successor.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL ; OR, THE HUMOURISTS. By Washington Irving. Two volumes. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.

The Surrey Edition of this delightful

work is indeed the most sumptuous presentation of *Bracebridge Hall* ever issued. If "Geoffrey Crayon" had foreseen this day he might have been less timid with the "worthy reader," and addressed him with the proper pride born of such splendour of book-making. Now that Washington Irving is accepted as a classic in his own country and out of it, and is universally and perennially read, he must needs be clothed with fine raiment and embellished with ornamental borders for the ready indulgence of those who buy for the glitter and the gloss, but rarely read for the sake of the intrinsic beauty of the work. For those who like their standard authors in fine editions, there could be no more beautiful edition of Irving's works than has been for some years annually produced by the Messrs. Putnam. The present edition sustains the æsthetic taste shown in the presentation of the previous volumes. The coloured borders on every page enclosing the text, printed from new plates, are from designs by Margaret Armstrong, and the photogravure illustrations—there are about thirty of them—are the work of well-known pictorial artists. It ranks among the few very handsome gift-books of the season.

A CHILD-WORLD. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis : The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

"The Child-world—long and long since lost to view—

A Fairy Paradise !—

How always fair it was and fresh and new—
How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes

With treasures of surprise !"

This is the note that is struck by the poet at the outset in his new book of verse, and it is sustained with variations all through the continuous narrative of child and old-home life—laughter and tears, humour and pathos alternating in dialect and serious verse. The "affluent hours" of childhood are made to yield their old enchantments through the mellowed affections and fond imagination of the poet. Tales of the olden times linger lovingly on the lips of the narrators, memories of the long days, with their long thoughts and bright fancies, blossom with romance in the scenes and characters recalled by the poet's magical wand. It is *The Old Homestead* played over again in verse,

issuing from the poet's heart and singing itself into the hearts of the common people. For these poems are for the people. Mr. Riley is a people's poet, thoroughly democratic in his sympathies, simple in his tastes, blowing his clear, liquid notes on a single pipe; but ah! how sensitively the fingers play over it, how the song rises like a fountain jet of joy and falls in a glorious rainbow spray, or wanders down the dark valley, weeping among the willows and grating against the reeds. The heartsome flavour of nature permeates and sweetens the onomatopoeic lines. Listen to this, for instance:

"The liquid, dripping songs of orchard-birds—
The wee bass of the bees,—
With lucent deeps of silence afterward;
The gay, clandestine whisperings of the
breeze
And glad leaves of the trees."

Long after we have forgotten the drollery and fun and quaint pictures in the Hoosier dialect, the lyric note will haunt us, the homely sentiment will remind us, and the memory of our childhood will spring up again when we think of Mr. Riley's *A Child-World*.

"O Child-world: after this world—just as
when
I found you first sufficed
My soulmost need—if I found you again,
With all my childish dream so realised,
I should not be surprised."

CONSTANTINOPLE. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Maria H. Lansdale. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. \$5.00.

VENICE: HER HISTORY, ART, INDUSTRIES, AND MODERN LIFE. By Charles Yriarte. Translated from the French by F. J. Sitwell. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. \$3.00.

A book on Constantinople or Venice lends itself readily to illustration, and in presenting the above two standard works to the public the publishers have made ample and artistic use of their resources. Both books are held in high estimation, and need no recommendation from the reader's point of view. It remains to be said that the fifty full-page photogravure illustrations contributed to each work have been skilfully transferred from choice photographs, procured from reliable leading photographers in Constantinople and Venice. These illustrations have for their subjects the varying types of character

and the various sites and scenes of historic and actual interest to be found there. A map is added to the *Constantinople*, and each work is carefully indexed. Binding, typography, and illustrations are excellent, and deserve to win for these exquisite holiday books the admiration they seek.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Collected and edited by Jennie Thorn Clarke, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

"So far as the writer knows," says Mr. Harris in the short introduction, "this volume is the first of American anthologies devoted wholly to verses produced by Southern writers. There have been collections of the war poetry of the South, and there are others that deal with all forms of Southern literary talent; but the following pages are given over entirely to selections from the writings of those who have made contributions to American verse."

This book presents a very fair collection of poems, which, with a few exceptions, do not reach high lyrical expression. It must be remembered that they are the utterance of a people bred in leisure and pleasure, in a climate that engenders fancy and sentiment rather than ruggedness, strength, or asceticism. A few verses from a poem, by Samuel Henry Dickson, will explain the environment:

"I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay
woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green
oak-tree,—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

"The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

* * * * *

"There the humming-bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

"There the echoes ring through the livelong
day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and
still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-
will."

This type of American, who revels in all the delights of the senses, is entirely opposed to the point of view of the