

porter here, was a highly sensational and overdrawn communication sent to them by a college student who, evidently, hoped to make a little spending money by it. It is this action on the part of one of our numbers that we would so strongly condemn. If nothing but the truth had been told there could be no blame; but we all know that things trivial enough in themselves were grossly and unduly exaggerated. We sincerely hope that this charge may be untrue. But if it is not, it certainly behooves the college to keep a close watch and to see to it that no such thing shall happen in the future.

The Library.

THAT there is general dissatisfaction with the present system employed in the Library is evident from the opinions expressed in the *Princetonian*, in a Voice published in this number of the LIT., and by the individual opinions audibly expressed in most emphatic terms every day on the campus, and inaudibly within the Library walls. Such universal grumbling cannot be, and we think is not, without just cause and provocation.

Although the change was undoubtedly made with the best of intentions, and with a view to enhancing the utility of the Library, we cannot but pronounce it a signal failure in that respect, and the soundest argument for our opinion is, that we have not found a single student that is satisfied, or even in sympathy with the new arrangement.

The arguments on the negative have all been fully sustained and substantiated elsewhere, and we only have time and space here to ask for a careful reconsideration of the method and the adoption of some system that will give us access to the alcoves.

On a Certain School of English Critics.

WHILE we hear nothing but praise and admiration for Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow and Emerson, amongst our poets, and for Howells and James and Aldrich, amongst our story-tellers, from many English critics, there is still a school in England which has always persisted in ranking Walt Whitman the highest amongst our American poets, and in making light of our modern novelists. To this school belong Dr. Dowden, Mr. W. Rossetti and Robert Buchanan, and even Mr. Swinburne. These gentlemen have received hard blows at the hands of Mr. Bayne, but their persistence is still marked, and must still carry opinion with it in England, and perhaps in America. For in this country we find such a man as Stedman, influenced by them, recanting the beauties of Walt Whitman.

The latest criticism on American authors, by Mr. Buchanan, in the shape of a poem, called "Socrates in Camden," and published in *The Academy* for August 15th, is in point, and will reflect the mind of this school. The poem is commemorative of a visit of Mr. Buchanan to Walt Whitman, at his home in Camden. In it he calls Whitman "Socrates," and ranks him above all American writers; he sneers at Boston and her learning, calls Holmes a man of "learned capers," and Howells and James he terms,

"The sweet man milliners and drapers,"

"A busy pair! how well they patter,
Disposing of their slender matter!"

And farther accuses them of

"Vending the fimsiest of dry goods."

Aldrich is termed a literary fop, while Hermann Melville, a man whose name we have rarely heard mentioned, and a man that Mr. Buchanan himself says he sought for everywhere in New York and could not find or even hear of, he