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In the Engineering News of October 20th may be found an article entitled "Membership in the American Society of Civil Engineers. Percentage of Successful Engineers from the Several Colleges."

This Society admits none to membership who have not attained at least the standing of Chief or Principal Engineer, or a position equally exacting. It is, moreover, a very representative organization, comprising the larger part of the most successful civil engineers, especially in the eastern portion of the country, and the men who are its members have become so because of their high standing among those of their profession.

It would seem, therefore, that a comparison of the percentage of membership from the various engineering colleges would give a reasonable estimate of the relative worth or advancement of these several institutions. This is made by finding the percentage of eligible men from each college, who are members of the Society, and it is found that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology leads all others with the large percentage of 32.2. Rensselaer comes next with 21.5 per cent, and Washington University, St. Louis, third, with 20 per cent. The following is taken from the article in partial comment on the above-mentioned percentages:

"Others may interpret these facts as they will, but no others which we have encountered in the course of this investigation have seemed to us such convincing evidence of the sterling merit of these three institutions for the training of engineers. What the young man, who is not a fool, wants, when he goes to a professional school is to be trained to succeed in his profession; not to get a kind of half knowledge and half training which merely gives him the sheepskin and the shadow without the substance; and it is a perfectly fair (though not precise) gauge of the real merit of a school to determine what proportion of a considerable number of graduates do actually succeed."

The Tech scarcely need make comment on the above. The worth and merit of the Institute, its high and honorable standards, are known and recognized, not only for its civil engineering but for all its various departments of professional work, throughout the educated world. Public appreciation is none the less sweet to us, however, for flattery is never unwelcome, even when it is deserved.

Well done, Ninety-five. You have won your game with the Freshmen. You have played fair and square and shown that you know football as a science. You were
indiscreet perhaps as regards one motto on your transparency for you sacrificed dignity, and certainly added nothing to outside opinion of the Institute, but, as is the way of the world, we will let all that pass in view of your well-earned victory. And well done, Ninety-six also. You died game and resuscitated yourself in a very lively manner for the rush. Ninety-five was surely not in this, and your flag too—that was a whole victory in itself.

And now, Ninety-six, do not allow yourself to lapse into inactivity. There is the Athletic meeting coming with the Class cup to be scored for. Ninety-three and Ninety-five will pile up their usual large number of points, and you, if you do not want to fall into Ninety-four oblivion, you have got to work, and work hard, and immediately.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1892.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:

Will you permit me to call your attention to the very manly and proper action taken by the Cadet Battalion of the Institute at a meeting held on Tuesday, November 1st?

They requested me to inform those members of the Sophomore Class who had acted as the military instructors of the battalion until the close of October, that they had unanimously voted to extend to those gentlemen their sincere thanks for their earnest work and untiring efforts for the good of the present battalion.

In my own behalf, I might add that I am under many obligations to this corps of instructors, and particularly to Messrs. Huxley, Meserve, Kotzschmar, and Blodgett, whose time and inclinations enabled them to remain to the last with the battalion.

Yours, etc.,

H. L. HAWTHORNE,

Lt. U. S. A.
When is the Democratic parade coming? Please order rubber boots with the uniforms, as a precaution.

The Seniors are discussing the advisibility of wearing the cap and gown on Commencement and Class Day.

The many opportunities lately to hear our Institute cheer, have awakened college enthusiasm even among the grinds.

Mr. G-rh-m, '93, will be wearing a new silk hat soon, as the result of his keen foresight of the recent victory and defeat.

The second meeting of the Civil Engineering Society will occur to-night instead of last Thursday, as previously announced.

The Republican Club would be glad to dispose of some of the surplus suits for masquerade and like purposes to any who desire them.

Subscribers, members of the Faculty, etc., not receiving The Tech regularly, should notify the Business Manager at once, that the mistake may be rectified.

The following men were initiated into Hammer and Tongs last Saturday night at the Thorndike: C. R. Boss, '93, R. Sturgis, and C. R. Knapp, '94.

The fourth year Course X. men under Dr. Norton, are required to deliver lectures themselves to the other members of the class. The experience is very novel.

A recent Physics lecture was made entertaining by a novel toy, seemingly an automatic cat-fight; luckily no boots were thrown by the half-awakened Sophs.

The Freshmen afforded the upper classmen quite a little amusement by practicing their class yell upon Rogers steps, a few days before the rush and football game.

The upper classmen supported their favorites in good shape at the class game. Their cheers were heard almost as frequently as those of the participants.

The recent cold snap and snow squall caused many to pull out their great coats. A genuine snowstorm was quite a novel sight to some of the Freshmen from distant States.

Nathan Durfee, '89, and T. W. Sprague, '87, have recently received commissions as Lieutenants (Junior Grade), in Companies F and G respectively, of the Mass. Naval Brigade.

All the '96 men in the rush wore a tin label bearing a miniature rooster and the words "The Winner." This was almost a case of "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

On Monday afternoon, a careful census in Sophomore recitation rooms, resulted as follows: Courses I., II., III., two each; Courses VI., IV., IX., none; Courses V., VII., XII., three each; VIII., X., XI., one each.

Strange what cane rushes and football games may develop.

Mr. Dick-n (great confusion during roll call): "I will please ask the gentlemen to wait until after I begin lecturing before making all this noise."

Class: "Yes, sir."

Evidently the Freshmen thought the cane rush was too close a contest to entitle them to carry canes on the following day. Only one very modest looking stick was seen, and that is said to have mysteriously disappeared.

The Brown football team had improved greatly when Tech. met it the second time. Our team expected an easy victory again, and this assurance nearly lost us the game. The contest was won in the last ten minutes of play.

The "Midnight Electric" may be seen burning in the Junior Architectural department now until half past five every day, as most of the architects are behind on their designs, and "Awarding Day" waits for no man or Co-ed.

Heat Measurements is proving a popular option this term. Professor Holman is includ-
ing this year in the course, some very interesting researches in the heat of combustion. Mr. George Wendell, of last year's class, has charge of the laboratory.

The same old flag gag was worked by the Freshmen, out at the South End grounds. This time, however, instead of greasing the pole, it was wrapped with barbed wire, which even more effectively put a stop to all the high aspirations of their slow rivals.

Professor: "I have now subtracted the logarithms and divided the remainder by the tabular difference. What shall I do with the figure I have obtained?"

Voice: "Annex it to the number."

Professor: "No; next."

Howe, '96: "Put it on the end."

Ninety-six looked very fine in their brand-new red and black sweaters.

"What have we done? What have we done? Ninety five fourteen, Ninety six none."

This was the cry indulged in by the '95 eleven, on their way from the field of battle.

Although a second vote for President of '96 has been cast, there still seems to be some doubt as to the result of the election. A rumor is afloat that the ballots have in some way disappeared, so that no official count can be made; and thus the class bids fair to go on for some time longer with no one to serve in the presidential capacity.

Owing to the miserable weather, the tennis tournament has progressed very slowly. The following additional scores have, however, been made. First round: Wadsworth beat Jackson 2-6, 6-2, 7-5; Horton beat Chapman by default. Ames beat Howland by default. Second round: Lothrop beat Reed 6-1, 6-3. Third round: Ames beat McAlpine by default. Doubles. Preliminary round: Du Pont and Howland beat McAlpine and Rice by default: Wadsworth and Horton beat Davis and Barton by default.

Professor Cross (explaining wave motions by practical application to model): "Now you see a series of small cranks in front which are connected with a mechanism in the rear, and the whole thing operated by a crank." Great commotion in rear of room, at which Professor C. suddenly ceases to turn the machine, and goes on to the next subject.

The title of the new Harvard quarterly is, The Harvard Graduates' Magazine. The mistake made in the first editorial of the last number of The Tech where the word 'Students' was unintentionally inserted, may unfortunately have led to some misconception of the meaning of that article. How the mistake occurred, and was passed over, is a mystery, but they will happen.

On Thursday the Freshmen assembled in Huntington Hall for their weekly lecture in Military Drill. The big clock marked ten minutes after nine, but yet no appearance of Lieut. Hawthorne. At 9.20, a few of the rashier spirits left the room, but it was fully thirty minutes after the hour before the last of the military enthusiasts reluctantly left the room. 'Tis thus we recognize the Freshman, even in disguise.

Mr. F. S. V. Sias, '95, has the design of a proposed Technology pin which he will be glad to show to all those interested in the matter. The pin is similar to one which has been designed for Harvard, Yale, and other colleges, and will sell for the moderate price of one dollar and fifty cents. Mr. Sias will also take the names of all who might care to invest in such an article, in order to determine the feasibility of the project.

A large number of the tennis matches are being defaulted on account of the miserable condition of the courts. Men who are accustomed to play tennis on good courts, surely cannot be blamed for not caring to waste the time to play at the game on these hubbly grounds of ours. Moreover, our really good players do not relish at all the inevitable ex-
hibition of wretched play, which is the condition of all tennis on these courts.

From the Chehalis Nugget we clip the following: “Citizens of Lewis County may feel assured that if I. L. Sjostrom should be elected county surveyor, the office will be filled by a gentleman about whose qualifications there can be no question. Mr. Sjostrom is a graduate of the Boston school of Technology, and for the past two years has held a situation in the engineering corps of the Northern Pacific—a situation that a second-class man could not fill. He takes no special interest in politics, did not seek the nomination, and received it only because he is reputed to be one of the most competent young engineers on the coast.” Boston school of Technology is good, but, as the Lounger says, we are used to it. Mr. Sjostrom graduated in ’88. He is also a candidate for city engineer of Chehalis. Here’s to his future success in politics.

McCarthy did equally well for Brown. Each team saved its goal at a critical point in the first half by holding for four downs.

In the second half Brown played desperately, and got within eight yards of Tech.’s goal, where, however, our fellows held, and received the ball on a fumble. Tech. punted out to the center of the field, whence Brown worked down by good center work and rushing till three yards only lay ahead of Tech.’s goal. Here Tech. held and secured the ball, but was unable to advance. Brown got it back, and forced the ball over for the first touchdown, from which Matteson kicked the goal. Score: Brown, 6; Tech., 0.

Tech. here showed that same determination that counted for so much against Amherst, and Brown’s line went to pieces before our steady assaults, while Dearborn and Rockwell made brilliant gains around the ends. Rockwell made a touchdown in short order, and then kicked the goal,—tying the score.

Little time was lost by Tech. in securing the ball for some more work of the same class; and shortly before time was called, Brown vainly trying to hold, Dearborn made the second touchdown for Tech. Rockwell failed at the try for goal, and time was called almost immediately after.

We find a mistake in some reports of the game, notably that of our contemporary, the Brown Herald, in failing to record Tech.’s second touchdown. A little inquiry will show the authors of the tale of a tie game their error.

The teams lined up as follows: Tech.—rushers, P. Thomas, Curtis (Johnson), Taintor, Manahan, Gilman, Cushing, Green; quarter back, J. Thomas; half backs, Rockwell, Dearborn; full back, Andrews (Curtis). Brown—rushers, Dennison, Chamberlin (Casey, J.), Call, Smith, Hastings, Nott, Casey, E.; quarter back, Matteson; half backs, Straight (Weeks), McCarthy; full back, Green.

Referee, Mr. Greene; Umpires, Messrs. Aldrich and Matteson.
THE Sophomores and Freshmen met on the South End Grounds Monday, November 7th, to play the annual class football game. The enterprising Freshmen were on the ground early, and the red and black, so gallantly upheld by '92 in years gone by, once more waved proudly to the breeze, contemptuously looking down on the green-eyed Sophs. Both classes turned out in good numbers, and there was much yelling and tooting of horns throughout the contest.

Ninety-five took the ball when time was called, at 3:15, and at once forced matters, gaining quickly to the 10-yard line of their opponents. Here '96 made a stand, and then, with much holding and offside play, and some good solid hard work on both sides, the ball was borne back and forth until, after twenty-five minutes, it was down again in nearly the same spot. Then '95 took a brace in offensive work, and Batchelder scored the first touchdown. The ball was punted out, and Sias kicked a good goal. Score, '95, 6; '96, 0. Time was called soon after.

Lawson, who had broken a finger, was replaced by Hayward at the beginning of the second half. Ninety-six started with the ball, but soon lost it on four downs, and then '95 slowly but surely carried it up the field for a touchdown. Sias failed at goal, and the score was 10-0.

Again '96 took the ball, and with grim determination to score, but the '95 line was too heavy for them, and they soon turned their attention to defensive play, at which they were more successful. For over ten minutes the pigskin was kept in safe territory, but finally Mead punted too low, and Hayward fell on the ball on the 20-yard line. From here '95 made short work of it, and Leber scored the third touchdown. No goal resulted, and the score was 14-0, which it remained until time was called soon after.

The best playing for '95 was done by Thomas, Green, and Hayward, while the backs also did good work. For '96, Mead easily carried off the honors. The management of the game was extremely poor, and the play was seriously impeded by the continual encroachments of the crowd. There was much offside play and individual scrapping, which added to the general slowness of the game, and there was also, as was to be expected, much lack of team play, the backs almost invariably running ahead of their blockers. The game was on the whole, however, a much more interesting contest than usual. R. H. Beattie umpired, while Wardner, of the 'varsity, acted as referee.

The teams lined up as follows: Ninety-five, -- rushers, Lawson (Hayward), Lebosquet, Gilman, Schmitz, Cushing, Newell (capt.), Green; quarter back, Thomas; half backs, Batchelder, Leber; full back, Sias. Ninety-six, -- rushers, Stearns, Smith, Whiting, Manahan, Robinson, Mayo, Saunders; quarter back, Beers; half backs, Howland, Rockwell; full back, Mead.

As usual, the cane rush followed the football game. The Freshmen formed in a compact body near the flagstaff. The Sophomores rushed upon them, and for fifteen long minutes everybody pushed, punched, tore, and yelled, sometimes on top, and more often underneath. The formation was finally broken up, and when time was called and the hands were, with a great deal of difficulty, counted, the result was given as follows: for '95, twenty-one hands; for '96, twenty-six hands.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

"Fair Joan," they call you in the books,
They say a blond thou art;
But how can that be, Miss Orleans,
When you are always D'arc?

A Startling Resemblance.

Mrs. Grubb out-Shylocks Shylock
In a manner quite unique,
For she takes from every boarder,
A pound of flesh each week.

---Brunonian.
THE TECH.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 21. B. A. A.—Members games in Gymnasium.
Nov. 22. Metropole A. C.—Boxing Meeting.
Dec. 5. B. A. A.—Members games in Gymnasium.
Dec. 20. B. A. A.—Boxing Meeting. (This date to be canceled if championships are held.)
Feb. 11. B. A. A.—Annual Handicap Games, Mechanics' Building.
March 3. Annual Interscholastic scratch games

We give above a list of the dates of athletic and sparring meetings to come. As yet there have not been many applications for athletic meetings, but there will be several sets of games during the winter. The First Regiment A. A. will give games in the armory, and other organizations will hold sports in Mechanics', Winslows', or the armory.

The Athletic Club will probably hold a cross-country run some time in the immediate future. It will be open only to members of the M. I. T. A. C., according to a vote recently passed by the Executive Committee, and an entrance fee of twenty-five cents will be charged in order to pay for prizes. One, two, or three cups will be given, according to the number of entries.

Guy Lowell, who won the mile run for Harvard at the Mott Haven games two or three times, and whose record for that distance is 4.32, is taking the two-years' course in Architecture. We hope that before long he will lower the Institute time, $4.44\frac{3}{4}$, made by F. A. Sargent.

The class team race, which was instituted, so to speak, for the first time last fall, will hereafter be one of the annual athletic events at Technology. This year it will probably be given at the open scratch games in Winslow Rink, about the first week in March. As it counts toward the class cup, and as any team race is exciting, the event will surely be a drawing card.

The executive committee of the Athletic Club has been making as thorough a canvass as possible of the Freshman Class. If any member of Ninety-six, who has not been approached by the committee, wishes to join, he should give his name to Ben. Hurd, '96, at once. Every Freshman should join the club, and help his class win the championship cup, as well as try himself to score for the General Merit cup. No one is eligible for this cup unless a member of the M. I. T. A. C.

As the days get colder and shorter, the attendance at the gymnasium grows steadily larger. A still more marked increase will be noticed as soon as the football season is at an end. The Indoor Class Championship promises to be more interesting and exciting than ever before. All of the older athletes either are in training or soon will be, and much new material of good quality is showing up from the Freshman Class.

The most popular events at this coming meeting, are sure to be the dash and hurdle races. Dove, Lawson, and Hurd may be looked for in the finals of the dash, while Hurd ought not to be bothered much in running the hurdle. Andrews and Lord have good chances for second and third respectively. The high jump will of course be won by Heywood, provided that he is in fair condition at the meeting, but it is hard to pick the men who will make the other points. Dearborn could, however, probably win second, if he would train for the event, as he made a
record of 5 feet 4 inches two years ago, this being his first and last attempt at high jumping. Sturgis will win the rope climbing, and Gilman will show up well in the standing broad jump. Parker will be placed in the shot putting, and he may win. In the other events, the fence vault and potato race, it is difficult to predict the probable winners,—the fence vault, because it is handicapped by reach; and the potato race, because this is the first time for many years that it has been an event at a Technology meeting. The struggle for points for the Class cup, will be hotter than ever before.

Do not forget it,—the M. I. T. Class Championship will be contested December 10th, in the gym!

LISTEN, YOUNG MAN.
He that courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he that weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will.

Verses to Order.
(Written before the Springfield Game.)

Come, boys, and fill a jovial cup,
We'll paint the sleepy town!
To-night victorious Crimson's up,
Blue is down.

The Harvard's thought their team would win,
And vowed we'd melt like foam;
They'll have to hock their coats for tin,
Or count the sleepers home.

So let the Cambridge bells be rung,
And light the festive fire,
And let a rousing song be sung,
As rise our spirits higher.

And drink one brimming bumper more
To Harvard's valiant brave;
Long may the dear old color o'er
Our every rival wave!

March of the Tech. Brigade.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All along Boylston Street
Strode the six hundred.

"Forward the Tech. Brigade!
Forward the big parade!"
Into the avenue
Strode the six hundred.

"Forward the Tech. Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the students knew
Johnson had blundered.
Their not to reason why,
Their but to cheer M. I.
T. till their throats were dry.
Up into Dover Street
Strode the six hundred.

Puddles to right of them,
Puddles to left of them,
Puddles in front of them.
Spattered unnumbered;
Cheered at by beau and belle,
Boldly they marched and well.
Down into Adams Square
Strode the six hundred.

Flashed all their torches bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Smashing the Harvards there,
Charging a thousand while
All the Micks wondered.
Stormed at by cops that yell,
While clubs and brickbats fell,
They that had marched so well
Strode back from Adams Square,
Out of the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, what a noise they made!
All the Micks wondered.
Honor the big parade!
Honor the Tech. Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

SOUVENIR.
Johnnie 'smacked' Susie
There by the rose;
The rose was a bud,
And so was Su dear,
But a bit of the rouge
On the top of his nose
Staid there with Johnnie,
As a nice sou-veneer.

—Brunonian.
The Lounger has had no opportunity to offer his condolences to the members of the Republican Club since the election, they having kept themselves conspicuously out of sight, but he feels for them just the same. To think that all those bold assertions that shone out so resplendently on the night of the parade must be called back! But it all points out the wisdom of those who went into the parade to yell for Tech. and not for Harrison. The Lounger was, of course, on the winning side. His reputation being at stake, personal considerations went to the wall, and his prognostications stand justified as usual. But in this his moment of triumph, the Lounger calls upon all to observe that he does not say “I told you so.”

Reflecting upon the result, the Lounger is forced to confess that he sees no promise of those upheavals predicted by the outs while they were in. O'Shaunessy, Hoolihan, and Mulhooly will continue to add lustre to our roll of Government officials, grim forebodings of our political future will occasionally darken the literary horizon, while our courses in History and Political Economy will still point their morals as emphatically as usual.

And speaking of our courses of instruction, the Lounger is reminded of our professors and the ideas entertained of them by some of us. The Lounger reviews with the amusement that always follows shattered expectations of a gloomy hue, the feelings he used to entertain for the instructors with whom he came into contact in his early days as a philosopher. He had few friends then, and he would never dare count a “Prof.” among them. And yet he has many opportunities to see that his was by no means an isolated case. The professor who is popular with a Freshman Class is a rare specimen, while almost the reverse is true when one consults the grave and reverend Seniors. One reason for the fact is, of course, very simple,—the larger the student body, the less the sympathy between its members and their instructors. But another not so universally recognized reason is, that close acquaintance with most of our instructors greatly changes our original conceptions of their character. Of course there are some specimens above us whom contact with for three or four lifetimes would only render more distasteful to us than now, but we should be thankful that they are few and far between. Respect for the body as a whole restrains the Lounger from any criticism of individuals, though he does regret that any consideration, however great, prevents his expressing the universal opinion of some individuals. It would do them a little good, surely, besides affording immeasurable satisfaction to some odd thousand of us.

All of which homily is to impress upon the under classman, and all undergraduates within reach, the value of personal contact with your instructor. And as an example the Lounger might tell an experience of his own. Long ago he began to take notes from the lectures of a man whom he regarded, in common with the majority of his contemporaries, as a pretty black specimen of the race,—one who had long since lost sight of his own youth, and who, apparently, had only a very meager excuse for living, anyway. As time rolled on, and the notes grew more voluminous while the contemporaries grew fewer, he became conscious of a change in the feelings with which he heard the professor's name mentioned, until now he knows him for what he really is,—a “white man”; and you all know what that means. The Lounger hopes to tell him all this some day, whether his chase after a degree ends satisfactorily for him or for the few he has referred to above. Whatever the result, however, he very gratefully acknowledges the conviction that if that professor drops a black ball into the Faculty box, it will be the Lounger's fault, not his misfortune. Wherefore, reader, heed if you can the teaching of the Lounger's experience, and give the Profs. an honest trial and an honest effort. Most of them will do the same by you; and those that don't can't cut you very deep, after all.

The teacher asked, “And what is space?”

The trembling student said,

“I can not think at present,

But I have it in my head.”

—Collegium Forense.
THE T]E CH.

SUNSET.

A pearly sky,
Dimpled with the snowy bloom
Of cream-white roses
Floating by,
Each soft rolling, till it loses
Lustre in the twilight gloom.

A crimson sky,
Flashing out resplendent gold,
Silver mountains
Piling high,
Sparkling forth celestial fountains
'Gainst the darkness onward rolled.

A dusky sky,
Fringed with slowly dying light,—
Sombrous massing
Driving nigh,
Over eve's last footprint passing;—
Peeps a starbeam from the night.

DECEPTION.

Among her curls with wanton glee
The breezes play caressingly,
Catch up stray locks with cunning grace,
And as she turns aside her face,
Blow them about provokingly.

Then with a smile that's fair to see
She tries, and most coquettishly
To stop the breeze's merry race
Among her curls.

But all in vain, for now one wee,
Small lock escapes, and is still free.
And as I peer beneath the lace
I see, stowed snugly in its place,
A tiny switch put secretly
Among her curls.

DEADLY.

Oh, Jack! the maiden eager cried,
"I'm learning billiard-law,
For pa has just been teaching me
The 'follow,' 'English,' 'draw.'"
"Dost know what 'kissing' is?" I asked,
In accents calm and slow,
And heard the blushing maid reply,
"Well—not in billiards, no!"

DEADLY.

His fingers fly o'er harps unstrung,
His dreams are dreamed, his life is spent;
Another voice is heard among
The paths he loved, the ways he went.
Some other wanderer on the earth,
Singing the songs he loved to tell,
Yet draw their notes not half so well.

What story of a life had he;
Or who among the stranger throng,
Had heard the harpist strike the key,
And sing his own romantic song?
Perchance if one had known the strain,
Or read the cadence of the chords,
A future day might render plain
A story never told in words.

For him, now mute, his faithful lyre
The comrade of his earthly strife,
Once held on every trembling wire,
The story of the minstrel's life.
How often o'er its tuneful strings
He raised his head with eager eye,
And seemed to think of other things,
And faces of a day gone by.
Along the shoreless sea of time,
For him there lay another course;
That might have led to ends sublime,
And turned his weakness into force.

The harp is mute, the minstrel dead,
Apart from every earthly pride;
The sorrows of his song have fled,
The love-notes of his harp have died.
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