blankets, and the fishermen had given them food and shelter. I saw there was nothing helpful I could do, and would but make another mouth to fill, so set out for the nearest place where I could telegraph. Most of my money I had given to the lighthouse keeper and boatmen. It was 90 miles to the nearest railroad, 125 miles to Halifax. The region was desolate, but there were scattering fishing hamlets along the shore, and toward nightfall I overtook two men whom I recognized as fellow-voyagers, and joined forces with them. The people along the road were kind and hospitable, gave us supper, and furnished us with teams.

We reached Liverpool that night, and by driving all the next day rolled into Halifax in a drizzling rain at half past four the following morning. At Halifax the steamship company furnished us with means to get to Boston, and we reached home safe and sound,—but the Merrimack was no more.

GUY KIRKHAM.

Noticeable Articles.

The Quarterly Review for January contains an admirable paper on Cabot's Life of Emerson. It may be had in the Living Age for March 3d for eighteen cents, and every reader of The Tech will do well to buy and study it. One wonders who the English writer can be who has been able to enter so fully into the intellectual life of Boston during the last half century, and who has such a thorough appreciation of the unique greatness of Emerson, while at the same time he is not blind to his defects. "To a large section of cultivated Americans," he says, "the philosopher of Concord appears the most representative figure in their republic of letters, their most imaginative poet, their greatest teacher, their most vigorous and daring thinker, their most original writer. And their verdict is substantially correct. The estimate may appear excessive, but the exaggeration, if such there be, is prompted by true instincts of national gratitude." Then follows a most intelligent sketch of the intellectual history of New England, and of Emerson's relation to it. "His teaching emphatically protested against utilitarian ethics, against material philosophy, against formal religion, against carefully cultured exotics, which choked plants of native growth. Ecclesiastically and politically free, America was still intellectually dependent. Emerson enlarged and illuminated his countrymen's conception of national life, and gave it an impulse and direction which it never lost. His words stirred the blood of his contemporaries like a bugle-call; the movement he promoted had its excesses and extravagances, but it was fresh, indigenous, national. In 1830 America was intellectually a colony of England. Emerson's writings and addresses from 1835 to 1840 were the 'Declaration of Intellectual Independence.'"

But the writer knows very well how to discriminate between Emerson himself and the rabble of his "transcendental" followers. "The movement was one of intellectual emancipation, but it also degenerated into every form of whimsical aberration, into vague schemes of grandiloquent idealism, as well as into the dangerous inanities of spirit-rapping. Abandoning traditions, denying the guidance of history, transcendentalists launched forth into the sea of life with no compass but their own opinions, and no rudder except their instincts. . . . And here, once more, the influence of Emerson proves invaluable. His reputation has suffered by the association of his name with a local movement, from which he really stood aloof. He rebuked alike the fanaticism of the Transcendentalists and the Conservatives. His shrewd, vigorous, and well-balanced judgment gave an every-day meaning to their vague philosophies, and a practical turn to their aspirations; he condensed, concentrated, and vitalized the thin, wandering vapors of their idealism. He saw keenly enough the extravagances and eccentricities of the Della Cruscan, dilettanti, and philosophical dyspeptics who called themselves his followers. His strong common sense repudiated their abstention from the duties of domestic and public life. . . . At the same time he saw the value of this undisciplined enthusiasm, and endeavored to direct it into useful channels."

This is writing to some purpose about Emerson, as the present writer can testify, who grew up in the midst of this "transcendental" movement, and listened to nearly every course of lectures Mr. Emerson ever delivered. Equally good is the way in which this reviewer discriminates between the sound and the unsound parts of Mr. Emerson's