behind him, 35 min. 24 sec., and Williston third, at 35 min. 24 sec. Next came Brown, Baron, and Rogers of Harvard, a minute later, and then Webster of Tech., Holmes of Harvard, and Warner and Hutchins of Tech., in the order named. These last five riders were detained at the railroad crossing, but made very good time under the circumstances. Harvard wins a pennant which was subscribed for by both clubs, and Greenleaf gets a cup for finishing first. Technology showed up very well, and would undoubtedly have won the race if it had not been for Bradley's fall.

Noticeable Articles.

The Quarterly Review for October makes the mirth-provoking children’s books of the late Edward Lear, the artist, the text for a paper entitled, “Nonsense as a Fine Art.” The writer unconsciously furnishes one more illustration of his subject than he intended, by giving such a very wide definition to the word nonsense, as enables him to introduce “Don Quixote,” the “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “Hudibras,” and sundry other classics as examples of his theme; as if the highest specimens of wit and humor were all to be classified under the head of nonsense. But it serves the hard-pressed reviewer’s turn, for it enables him to crowd his paper with a greater number of illustrations of the kind that formerly passed by the name of “Joe Millers,” and are in the slang of our day entitled “Chestnuts,” than we have lately seen brought together. We do not mention the paper for its critical value, which is naught; though after all that has been written on the subject, there is still room for a good discussion of the true nature of wit and humor. Our present object is to introduce Mr. Lear. Over nearly the whole of the wide realm of real nonsense the Goddess of Dullness reigns supreme; but there is a little corner occupied by a few unique and very funny men, of whom the immortal author of “Alice” and Mr. Lear are the chief. To call “Don Quixote,” one of the profoundest books ever written, nonsense, or Butler’s “Hudibras,” or “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” shows only to what straits the reviewer was driven to make up an article. For nonsense, to be good nonsense, must, like butter, be pure and unadulterated; it must not contain the least particle of meaning. Mr. Lear triumphantly stands this test; nobody can attach any rational meaning to anything he writes, and this is what has given such immense popularity to his “works,” that the collected edition of them in one volume, just issued by Roberts Brothers, is the twenty-eighth! Happy are the children of all ages who get it for a Christmas present! For just as Sydney Smith said that it was one absolutely essential part of a life of study to be sometimes completely idle,—a part, he goes on to say, which is commonly considered to be so decidedly superior to the rest that it often obtains exclusive preference,—so in the midst of the study of so much dull and dreary sense,—mathematical, physical, chemical, politico-economical, and other kinds,—it is refreshing to turn aside and indulge one’s self now and then in a little pure nonsense. Mr. Ruskin did well when, in answer to that nonsensical inquiry about the “hundred best books,” he put at the head of his list Mr. Lear’s “Book of Nonsense.” We are proud to say that our own copy has been read to pieces by self and young friends. We love all those hundred and eleven pages of charming verses beginning, “There was”—and the equally charming illustrations in the style of the famous Bayeux Tapestry:

There was an old man who said, “How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow.”

There was a young lady of Troy,
Whom several large flies did annoy;
Some she killed with a thump,
Some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.

Who can fail to admire the sentimental beauties of the “Owl and the Pussy Cat,” or the boldness of that striking lyric, “The Yonghy Bonghy Bo?”

On the coast of Coromandel,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods,
Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

We mean no disrespect to the late Linnaeus, and Dr. Harris’ “Insects Injurious to Vegetation” is doubtless a useful book, but these great naturalists utterly failed to discover the Barkia Howlaloudia, the Nasticreechia Kroraluppia, the Bassia Palealen-sis, the Shoebootia Utilis, all of which, and many more, are figured in Mr. Lear’s Natural History, though not even yet to be found, we believe, in our biological department.