

Poe has given us a minute description of the composition of the "Raven." One cannot wonder at its remarkable power when you reflect upon the masterly knowledge with which it is constructed; the consummate art with which all the elements that work most powerfully on the human mind are united and blended together to produce the most profound impressions.

But the world will always think that personal experience was the fountain source of all this manifestation of literary skill. In all his other poems the melancholy nature and gloomy forebodings of the poet are conspicuously exhibited. The "Conqueror Worm" reflects the deepest gloom; even in the "Bells" we see that the author forces the merriment with which it begins, for it soon relapses into the old monody and closes amid shrieks and lamentations. Thus we see that in the poems of Poe his own personality and history are strikingly set forth, but to realize this fully we should read them in connection with the record of his life as given by his biographer.

Scattered along the pathway of his brilliant but brief and wayward career, we find the events and circumstances to which his immortal productions owe their origin. Poe himself has told us that he did not believe that a poet composed in a kind of divine frenzy. The reason of his unbelief is manifest. It was never the case with him. Everything he wrote had its impulse in himself; it had already been dramatized in his own being, so that it had acquired to him a fearful reality. He had the inspiration of actual experience ever present with him.

MISS BERTHA GILLILAND.

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"William," she sighed, and he hung upon her words with the grip of a Sophomore upon a Freshman's jersey in the flag scrap, "why am I like a broken locket."

"Ah," he said, "I cannot tell."

"Because, William," she murmured, and her voice had the far away sound of the wind moaning around the fir trees of Lover's Retreat, "I need a clasp."

And then, hang it, the Hibernian Hebe came in to light the lamps.

P., '04.