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The Loves of the Poets.

 MONG ALL the classes of men, there are none that excite such lively and widespread interest as the class of poets. There is a divinity about their genius which calls for something more than admiration, and places them on a pedestal apart from their fellow-men as temples consecrated to, and inhabited by, the Spirit of Supreme Beauty.

And glancing over the lives of the poets, no period seems so full of interest as those marked by the poets' loves. For a few moments, therefore, I shall call your attention to the stories of the loves of the poets, and it shall be my own fault if you do not agree with me that the imagination never reveled in a more delightful theme.

A talented woman has said: "Of all the heaven-bestowed privileges of the poet, the highest, the dearest, the most enviable, is the power of immortalizing the object of his love; of dividing with her his amaranthine wreath of glory, and repaying the inspiration caught from her eyes with a crown of

everlasting fame." And surely no privilege has been exercised more fully, no bounty has ever been scattered with such prodigal profusion ; never has sweeter incense burned on human altars, nor praise of goddess been hymned in more deathless numbers.

Nor have women been the insensible recipients of their lovers' praise. Is he not richly repaid, if in return for the chaplet of immortality that he wreathes about her brow, she bestows on him the wealth of her affection and dowers him with the priceless felicity of life adorned by woman's love.

But if the lover is unsuccessful, the poet has his reward. His feelings are refined and ennobled, his imagination is crowded with glorious fancies, and the more unattainable may be her beauty, yet loftier do his aspirations soar upon the pinions of his ethereal love. If she gave him ideals of beauty, should they not be consecrated to her ; if she bestowed inspiration upon him, should he not render her a deathless name.

" Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay !"

Many poets have sung their loves in happy phrases and well-turned verse, but because they lacked depths of sincerity and feeling, their *Dulcineas* have been goddesses of a day, only to fall back into nameless oblivion. But let true feeling be combined with true inspiration and the love of the poet carves out a niche for itself, and the loved one is " consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise." No woman has ever been transformed into a divinity but by the spirit of truth and of love.

Perhaps no theme can be suggested richer in materials than the one which I have chosen. From the earliest days of mythic story down to the present, figures and illustrations adorn the pages of history and throng the memory of the least careful reader. In the old days of fable we remember how Orpheus, aided by his silver lyre, penetrated the shades below and almost rescued his Eurydice from Pluto and the

infernal powers. His plaintive strains weave around us a subtle spell, and we halt with the rivers listening to the echoes repeating "Eurydice!"

In later and more classic days, though we cannot sympathize with the passions they express nor fail to regret the sentiment which often inspire them, who can recall the sprightly Horace without thinking of his Lalage—'dulce ridentem * * * dulce loquentem.' Who can think of the passionate Catullus without his Lestria, or Propertius without the sportive Cynthia.

But it is not of these I would speak. Nor yet of the bright days of chivalry, of the Troubadours and their Courts of Love, though among them are many tales of poet's love preserved in monuments of song more lasting than bronze.

In the years when the light was just breaking on the long night of the Dark Ages, there lived one of the grandest figures of history—Dante, the immortal, whose song gave voice to the despairing cry that told of the woe of the world. It is not the poet, however, but the lover that I wish to recall. But, in truth, the two are so intimately blended that he could scarcely have been the one had he not been the other. The story of the love of Dante for Beatrice is too well-known to elaborate. As his was the most passionate, the most intense of any poet's love, so the record which he has inscribed is the most deathless on the scroll of fame. When death seized on beautiful Beatrice, the anguish of his heart seemed scarcely to be endured. For a time he was maddened with grief, finally he says, "I beheld a marvellous vision which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily, which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman." He then began to write the *Divina Comedia*. To her influence we owe that unequalled work of human genius. An appreciative critic says that it

has never entered "into the imagination of any lover, before or since, to raise so mighty, so vast, so enduring, so glorious a monument to the worth and charms of a mistress. Other poets were satisfied if they conferred on the object of their love an immortality on earth. Dante was not content till he had placed his on a throne in the Empyreum, above choirs of angels, in presence of the very fountain of glory; her brow wreathed with eternal beams, and clothed with the ineffable splendors of beatitude, an apotheosis compared to which, all others are earthly and poor indeed.

I would that time sufficed to go over the whole catalogue of lovers, whose love has written their names high up on the arch of fame. I would like to speak of the golden-haired Laura, who gave Petrarch his genius, and the world his songs. I would recall the maddened Tasso, and we might weep together over his wild love for Leonora—the love of the poet for the princess, the longing of the moth for the star. And among our own English poets, we might dwell for a moment on the sad story of the ill-starred Surrey—how he loved the fair Geraldine, and how he sung her praises immortal as himself. We would recall Sydney, "the generous, the gallant, the all-accomplished," he who trod from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers—and died in a dream of glory; and Stella whose mournful fate contrasts so deeply with the brilliant career and spotless glory of her lover that we are reluctant to dwell on her memory.

Who does not remember the Celia of Carew and the Saccharissa of Waller, or the love of the gallant Colonel Lovelace for Lucy Sacheverel, and the Castara of Wm. Habington,

"Fix'd in Love's firmament, no star shall shine
So nobly fair, so purely chaste as thine."

But time will not permit me to continue the enumeration of immortals, I shall stop before we become involved in the maze of modern loves.

I cannot forbear to notice, however, one of the most beautiful of all. The love of the German poet, Klopstock and his

Meta. There is an old story that in the beginning of the world man and woman were created one being. Their two souls—their separate individualities—were welded into one by the force of a pure and perfect love. But such was the felicity of these primitive mortals that the gods looking down from Heaven envied them their perfect bliss and determined to separate those souls who loved so well. Accordingly, in obedience to the decree of Heaven, these mortals were divided, and having been separated by the whole breadth of the universe their souls were doomed to wander in search of peace and rest, but never to find it unless they should meet again their other selves and become again incorporated in that perfect union which hallowed the dawn of the world. Surely if there were any truth in the story we might easily imagine that Klopstock and Meta were of the immortal few whose souls had surmounted all obstacles and been drawn together from the confines of the world by the invincible attraction of predestined love. They both believed that their earthly love was but a simple prelude to the grand harmony of their eternal and indivisible union in heaven, and upon her grave her poet-lover suspended garlands not of earthly treasures but “of flowers gathered in Paradise,” pure and bright, and breathing of their native Eden, which never caught one blighting stain of earth, and though dewed with tears, “tears such as angels shed !”

Love is a species of force. If it is not reciprocated and thus allowed to take its natural course, it manifests itself under some other form of energy. If the poet's raptures are not returned, if he cannot celebrate the delights of successful love, he must do something with the power which has been awakened within him. If he cannot be happy himself he must do something that will give pleasure to others. More than a thousand years ago there lived a noble young Brahmin, who madly loved the most beautiful Princess of India. And although the haughty maiden disdained his suit, he could not root out the wild passion from his heart, feeling

that he must have some outlet for his love, something upon which to lavish the wealth of his devotion, he seized a block of ivory, and for every time she coldly repulsed him he carved a line of the most marvelous beauty, until finally he had fashioned for his race a new God, the Almighty Sira, who is to-day worshipped in the jungles of India. "Thus love does not die, but finds a more worthy object to enrich and to wreath with its glad, bright garlands which never fade and pass away."

Reading of the Lauras, the Geraldines, the Saccharissas and the Thyrzas, it seems scarcely reasonable to suppose that mere women could have inspired such sublime adoration. But were not their names linked with some of the most lasting monuments of human genius, their beauty, their virtues, their joys and sorrows would have been buried with their clay, and lost forever in the dark cave of oblivion. It is because they were women that they were loved, and they are remembered on account of the genius of their lovers. How many queens and princesses have been sued by the mightiest of earth and determined by their lovers the fate of empires, as well as individuals whose names are now scarcely remembered, but exist only in the dusty rolls of some ancient archives. "She had no poet—and she died!"

But those women who have swept the chords of poet's hearts, whose names have been enshrined in their immortal verse, their memory has been redeemed from death and oblivion. "Nature herself shall feel decrepitude

‘ And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brow’

ere these grow old and die." They shall be loved while songs are sung, and known while gentle tales are told. "And some, even now, move gracefully through the shade of domestic life and the universe, of whose beauty they will ere long form a part, knows them not. Undistinguished among the ephemeral divinities around them, not looking as though they felt the future glory round their brow, nor revelling with anticipated

fame, they yet carry in their mild eyes that light of love which has inspired undying strains"—

“And queens hereafter shall be proud to live
Upon the alms of their superfluous praise.”

A Maiden's Thought.

From o'er the sea, the wave-tossed sea,
A thought came home to me :
A thought with danger fraught,
A thought that all my being caught.

It was of him, of him so true ;
Of one o'er waters blue,
Of one with eyes of fun,
Of one, my world's bright sun.

He left one night, one happy night,
With vows so rosy bright,
With vows my love aroused,
With vows that e'er my heart allows.

And yet a fear, a killing fear,
To-day has forced this tear,
To-day has dark'd this ray,
To-day has nipped my blooming May.

This awful thought, this hideous thought,
Has come by Hades taught,
Has come to strike me dumb,
Has come my pulsing heart to numb.

It is this dread, this palling dread,
That he may homeward tread ;
That he should meet this sad decree,
That he should see ANOTHER'S WIFE IN ME.

XX.

Grant and Lee.

 THE HERO of the North and the hero of the South have both succumbed to the enemy whom none can conquer. Both have achieved their last victories ; both have ceased to hear the voice of praise ; both have enlisted in those ranks from which there is no desertion, no discharge. Into the misty regions of the great Unknown have they gone, there to wander silently amid the ghostly solitudes of an infinite abyss. Alone will they be, communing with naught of earthly mold, until at the final reckoning another trumpet will bring life to their eyes ; another bugle breathe the spirit of immortality into their souls ; and there will they see again the thousands whom they led to victory ; gathered together will they be from the hill, the valley, the trenches, the smoke of battle, the chambers of the dead, and in the midst of this great multitude will the final Judge mete out to them their eternal rewards, knowing naught of what their struggles, their differences, may have been in the dimness of an unhappy bygone.

No two men of the present century have been so dearly beloved by millions of people as have those who bore the names of Grant and Lee. Each was the leader of a free people, made what he was by their unanimous voice and followed with all the devotion that freedom inspires in its votaries. Each had a nation at his back, a nation of men, not of creatures, and of men, proud, irresistible, unconquerable—save by one another. Each bore a name that was magic in itself, breathing confidence, hope, inspiration on the one side ; respect, dread, fear on the other. Each has passed away mourned by all, hated by none.

The one crossed over the line, but a little after the close of

his great triumphs with the memories of defeat yet green to his mind, though dead to his heart. The other waiting yet longer, was crowned again and again with successive and augmented honors, yielding at last only to feel that around him would grow the flowers of peace and over him would be poured the tears of a common country; tears of sorrow at the bitter Nemesis to whose grasp he yielded, tears of joy that together the enemies of former days might share their grief and know no more the battles of yesterday. Both leave behind that which time itself cannot destroy, and both should ever know that to their memory a common nation bows its head, and weeps silently the grief that comes from the heart.

We can imagine no higher title to immortality, we could ask for no stronger warrant to an inseparable glory, than to know that around our grave would be brought the peace-offerings of warring brothers, in our coffins would be lowered the pangs of millions of God's creatures. Yet, we see that such is true of these reverend names. To-day we hear the joyful shout from North to South and East to West, that not only the facts of a reunited country is an established truth, but that even the dim shadow of former strife, and the gaunt figure of ancient hate are to be forever banished our presence. Around the bier of Grant were gathered those whose presence gave the confirmation of truth to these tidings of great joy, and the millions of waiting hearts to whom they are borne echo back with gladsome voice a yet deeper response.

One by one the great men of our terrific trial of strength are dropping from our midst: of the four who stood at the head three, Lincoln, Lee and Grant, are gone, and one, Jefferson Davis, is all that yet remains. The survivor in the quiet of a country home is surely nearing the same brink and preparing to leave behind the same prayer for peace. What a touching spectacle to see this old man, once the almost irresponsible chieftain of eleven millions as brave and chivalrous people as the world has ever seen, breathing a message of hope and affection to the dying ear of him who dashed this

cup of earthly power from his lips and humbled him to the dust! Our country has much to be proud of, much that make it the delight of all who dwell beneath the shadow of its ensign; but she boasts of no brighter history than the story of how we fought for our opinions, and in the pride of victory and the misery of defeat shook hands over the result and lived again as children of the same soil.

They are gone. 'Tis too late now to add to or detract from the glory of either. 'Tis idle to touch the fame of Grant or Lee, to seek to measure it, to strive to enhance it. Leave them as they are, their memories ever fresh to their countrymen, their spirits resting in

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

To a Fair Unknown.

Maiden with the eyes like midnight,
Glorious in the moon's full sway,
From my heart thy image graven
Ne'er shall fade and pass away.

Though but once mine eyes beheld thee,
One brief moment of delight,
All my soul was filled with beauty,
All my earthly hopes were bright.

For around thee all pervading,
Is a charm for human woes,
Like the radiance of the lamplight,
Like the perfume of the rose.

But alas for all the gladness,
That thy presence to me bore;
In a moment thou hast vanished,
I shall see thy face no more.

A Congress of Nations.

[Oration delivered before the Washington Literary Society.]

➤ **T**O SOME who reckon the golden age as an era of the past, to some who deem it a thing of to-day; and to others, perhaps, who neither sigh for the glorious days of years gone by, nor smile in satisfaction at the present, a Congress of Nations might appear as but the dream of a philanthropist, an Utopia sprung from the imagination, an ideal picture of an impossibility. Can such a Congress ever exist? Will there ever be a tribunal at which nations may seek justice amicably? Will the time ever come when, like men, nations can settle disputes, can remedy evils, can reap justice without the clash of steel and din of battle, or is such a thought only a poetic fancy? Is such an institution only a chimerical edifice which will crumble into atoms as soon as exposed to the trials of reality? In this age of intelligence, in this advanced stage of civilization and culture, where the immoralities of superstition and passion are rapidly yielding to those heaven-born virtues, Religion and Reason, such a congress is practicable and should be hailed with gladness as the forerunner of peace with all its blessings and prosperity. In this age of reason such a tribunal is no longer an impossibility. And it needs no prophetic voice to tell us the time is not far distant when nations, one and all, will recognize the potent need of such a congress. Indeed, is it not now demanded? Is there one among the powerful potentates of christendom, or among the ministers of national conduct, so fond of strife and contention—so blinded by ambition to the miseries of his race, so intent upon erecting the fabric of national glory on the trampled rights of other nations, so rabid in his thirst for dominion, for glory or for

blood that he will not regard with delight this beautiful vision of earthly bliss, and will not do all in his power to aid in such an undertaking?

But, say some who had rather bask in the memory of what has been than speculate in the imagination of what might be, a Congress of Nations did not meet with favor among the ancient Greeks. Though often erected, say they, it always crumbled to the dust. This we admit. The Amphictyonic Council, the first institution of this nature, had many virtues, yet it had a fault which drained its very life blood. As long as this council concerned itself with the national interests of Greece, as long as it confined its legislation to matters not domestic, none of the parties to it complained. As long as it was confined within the bounds of reason and justice war was a stranger in the land, and peace and prosperity the common guests of all mankind. But as soon as it transcended these bonds, as soon as it wandered from its path of duty, and began to interfere with the home affairs of Greece, contentions and discords arose in the council, foreign invaders were admitted into different parts of the kingdom, and war became a welcome visitor where so lately it had been an intruder and a stranger. Had this council met with no such fate; had this and all other such organizations been confined within their spheres, they could not, and would not, have benefitted mankind as such an institution would to-day.

The Greeks treated as foes all foreigners; they considered as barbarians all who were not Greeks. None were civilized who spoke not the Grecian language. With such a people no wonder a Congress of Nations could not exist. Indeed, I will affirm that in the dark ages of barbarism, and in the semi-barbaric days of Greece and Rome, when every difference meant a dispute, every dispute a contest, and every contest a cruel and relentless war; when justice even between man and man was meted out only with the sword; when conquest and pillage was but the order of the day; when power consisted in might not mind; when laws and governments were but the

toys of kings and despots; such a congress as I would here describe could have no place. Even in mediæval and early modern times, after mankind had made many rapid strides in the progress of civilization, after every possible form of government has had its day, has grown, flourished, faded and decayed; even after men have, to a certain extent, learned to appreciate the hardships of war and the blessings of peace, a Congress of Nations would have been a cumbrous and unwise institution, if not altogether an impossibility.

But does this impossibility arise out of a defect in our proposed congress? I answer, no. It springs from defects in the congresses heretofore organized and from the peculiar condition of the people at those periods. The defects in those organizations have all arisen, as I have before said, from the fact that they have endeavored to overreach their prescribed power. As is known to all readers of history, every national congress, every peace congress, has destroyed itself by usurping authority that did not belong to it. Had they been kept within certain limits the minds of the people might have been educated to support them. But they were not kept within bounds, nor were the minds of the masses in any condition to receive and sustain them. The people would admit of nothing permanent and reasonable. Just merging from barbarity into civilization the minds of the masses undeveloped and uncultured, were superstitious and uneasy. The actions of the educated were swayed by passion and avarice. Religion and politics were contending for the supremacy and, of all the powers that be, these are the two most calculated to destroy the peace and harmony of mankind.

If you will go back "through the corridors of time," and will examine the history of the ages as they glide one into the other; if you will consider the ancient world as it merged into the mediæval, and the mediæval as it gradually advanced into the early modern, you will readily discern what marked improvements crown each successive step. With the ancients war was as common as the noonday sun. It was the height

of man's ambition to become proficient in the art of the sword. With them treaties were unheard of, and the vanquished were their slaves. But as the years roll on, as men drift farther and farther from barbarity contentions seem to diminish, wars become less bloody and less frequent. And as the brilliant orbs of civilization and peace rise in all their glory, the dark and bloody stars of barbarity and war seem to sink in shame 'neath the horizon.

Our early ancestors were incapable of receiving and sustaining a Congress of Nations. But are we no better than our rude and rustic forefathers? Have we profited nothing by their knowledge and experience? Have we built nothing on the foundation they have laid? Has society and the world for the past centuries been in a state of morbid stagnation? No, far from it. The progress in civilization and culture has been most wonderful. Many impossibilities of the past are possibilities now; many visions, ideal then, are living realities now; many inventions, now as common as the air we breathe, were but "chimeras dire" in days of yore. As you have seen, the main objection to this congress in the past was founded on human imperfection, and, as you are no doubt aware, this imperfection, this lack of reason, as it were, has long since, to a degree, been remedied by the light of knowledge. Then, "quitting the dim light of historical research," let us draw a veil between the present and past, and view a Congress of Nations from the standpoint of to-day.

As is the case with every change, with every improvement, with every revolution, a Congress of Nations, has many warm supporters and many bitter opposers. There are numerous objections offered to it as a matter of course; but weighed in the scales of time and experience the arguments in favor of such a congress will so far outweigh the objections to it, as to make it apparent that ere long these objections will have vanished entirely, and a Congress of Nations become a living reality. To go into a minute description of the form of such a congress, to state the number of representatives each nation

should have, the manner of their election, the duration of their office, etc., would be an useless harangue. For when it is determined that such a congress shall exist, the nations to be represented will decide these questions speedily. When it is declared that even a few nations have determined to organize such a congress, then will others flock to their assistance, ready and anxious to coöperate in such a movement, and then can questions of form and extent of power be settled. It remains now to show how meagre are the objections offered to, and how numerous are the blessings to be derived, from a Congress of Nations.

The most plausible objection offered to this congress is that it will tend to impair the sovereignty of the nations represented therein; and that by diminishing the power of the several states it will lead to a centralization of government, a consolidation of sovereignties. This objection arises from a misconception of what the power of such a congress would embrace. Were it to control the internal affairs of nations as well as settle disputes between them; were it to legislate for men and individuals as well as arbitrate in international questions; were the internal governments of the separate states subservient in all their laws to this congress, then certainly this objection would be a just cause for rejecting such an institution. Were this the case, such an organization would not only tend to tyranny and despotism, but civilization would be forever checked, and society would soon return to barbarism whence it came; for the internal interests and domestic affairs of the civilized nations are now too vast and varied to be administered by one form and head of government. But such is not the case; no power whatever is taken from any separate government. Only that power which belongs to none of the civilized nations individually, but which belongs to all collectively, is vested in this congress. Only questions of international law are to be decided here.

Another objection offered by a narrow-minded, economical class of individuals, is that it will require such an enormous

expense to carry on the affairs of a national Congress, and that this will be an additional source of grinding taxation upon them. Admitting that this congress will be an additional expense, I ask will it not lessen expenses in regard to some other matters in an equal proportion? The main object of this institution is to do away, if possible, with that necessary evil, as it is called, war. Does history record an instance of an expenseless war? On the other hand, it relates that there has never been a contest whose total expenses did not amount to as much or more than the entire value of the matter in question when the dispute began, disregarding entirely the homes made desolate, the hearts broken, and the lives lost in the contest.

Again, it is said that in such a congress the evils of ambition would be presented on a much larger scale, and that this would tend more to universal tyranny than to universal liberty. To this objection it may be replied that the jealousy with which each nation will guard its separate interest would prevent any man, any party, any nation, from rising to a dangerous degree of power. To the objection that the weaker power will be imposed upon by the stronger in a Congress of Nations, I answer that experience will prove the contrary. When disputes arise between a strong and weak power and force of arms is applied to settle the matter, of course, the weaker power will suffer; but if the dispute is to be decided in a Congress of Nations, right, not might, will prevail. Nations, like men, are much more willing to give their voice to a neighbor in time of trouble than they are their blood and money.

The blessings and benefits that would emanate from a Congress of Nations are numerous indeed. Though only those nations represented could be controlled directly by its actions, yet, its beneficent effects would be felt in every clime. Its blessings would roll on the waves of the ocean and break on the shores of every land. Its fruits would be sweet to every tongue, and redolent with fragrance; the joys it would

bring would be spirited on angel wings from continent to continent, and to the isles of the sea. When such a congress has been organized, then, as has been said, will questions of territorial right be speedily settled, and the boundaries of nations become as definitely marked, and as accurately known, as are the great natural outlines of the globe; and that tide of blood which in all preceding ages has kept the lines of political geography in constant fluctuation, will no more ebb and flow to "perplex with fear of change" the nations, will no longer sweep away ancient landmarks, but will be forever dried up. Nations will live like neighbors in joy and prosperity. Peace, like the gentle dove from heaven, will descend and hover over the heads of mankind. No longer will the dread cry of war summon the peasant to the battle-field, strip the country of its laborers and plunge the nation into sorrow; and, according to scriptural prediction, "men will beat their spears into pruning-hooks and their swords into ploughshares, and the blood-red blossom of war will be changed into the snow-white lily of peace." Instead of the rumbling of the cannon and the rattling of musketry, scattering men and desolation, we will hear the busy hum of machinery and the shrill whistle of the iron-horse as it rushes madly o'er the plains on its mission of usefulness. Instead of the melancholy wail of the sorrowing and oppressed, the gladsome song of the free and happy will be heard in the land.

Civilization with redoubled energy will hasten its march towards perfection, and with it the gospel of Christ will keep pace. The Christian religion will be recognized in every land, and nations heretofore idolatrous and uncivilized will become religious, civilized and prosperous. Having been relieved of the shackles of impending war, the minds of men, free to think and act, will grasp and retain greater and greater achievements until the dream of Pluto will be realized. The seas will be swept of pirates, and vessels of commerce, under the flags of every nation, will sail the mighty deep fearless and unmolested. Industry and enterprise will push society

on and up. And when a Congress of Nations, with its numerous blessings and benefits, has become permanently established men of mind, not men of muscle, will do our fighting. Then, indeed, will the pen be mightier than the sword, and reason, not passion, will be the powerful element of government. Peace, a blessed monarch, will rule a happy people, and the golden age of reason and truth will have come—

“ For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.
Lo! the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

Hypatia.

Fair, white-souled priestess of Olympian Jove,
That, nurtured by the Nile's illustrious queen,
Didst utter the unheard, reveal th' unseen,
Swaying men's hearts with higher wand than Love.
How infinitely thou wast raised above
Thy sordid age! As if one star serene
Had burst its prison-house and lent its sheen
To lands for which all powers of darkness strove.
Teaching no grovelling throng thou rearest now
Thy proud, young head majestic. Not again
Shall thy pure life-blood hallow Christian shrine.
The gods thou lovedst so well have on thy brow
A fadeless chaplet set, that thou mayst reign
Forever 'mid the ranks of the divine.

CYRIL.

The Ancient City.

 ON ARRIVING at the depot, you are surprised to see such a bustle among the hack-drivers, and to hear them drumming so lustily for their respective boarding-houses. However, it is very refreshing to the tourist, as it reminds him slightly of the fierce struggle for the almighty dollar "at the north," where we came from. Our baggage is seized by the brawniest of the sable Phætons, we are hurried by main force into a hack *à la* Charlottesville, and away we dash—but only for a few yards, as the horses are thoroughly trained in that law of physics which teaches to produce the greatest effect by the least expenditure of energy.

Yet we are not sorry to go at a more moderate pace down the snow-white shell-road, for on either side there are many things of interest to the unaccustomed eye.

As we cross the San Sebastian river, only an arm of the Metanzas, we are delighted by the pleasant savor of salt air borne to us on the grateful breezes, fresh from the Atlantic, and we watch with interest the schools of small fish, glittering in coats of silver and gold, while ever and anon they dash away, pursued by the young sand sharks not yet brave enough to go to sea.

But now we begin to near the city, and its archaic beauty engrosses our whole attention. Passing down King street, we enter through a beautiful archway, formed by majestic evergreen oaks on either side of the street. Joining overhead, these trees make a dense, cool shade, while their gray drapery of moss, swaying in solemn beauty, gives the place the appearance of an ancient cathedral in which the Franciscans have hung their gowns as emblems of departed glory. The delightful odors arising from the neighboring orange

blossoms, producing an incense more pure and sweet than any ever furnished in holiest church service, completes the representation.

On emerging from this delightful place we behold the ancient city spread out before us in lazy beauty, its sombre coquino buildings interspersed with lovely flower gardens; while here and there tower aloft magnificent date trees, whose extreme old age gives them an air of great reverence. Here they have stood like watch-towers, perhaps for centuries, and many a tale they could tell if they would deign to speak to such ephemeral creatures as men. But no, they only whisper in sweet murmurs mate to mate (they never grow but in pairs) in the quiet twilight hours. One of these, especially, presents a pathetic picture. Her mate has long since been gathered to his forefathers, and now bent with grief, she rests her weary head on the bosom of her old friend, the coquino wall of the court-yard. Would that the constancy of human attachment were as great. Together they have battled against the storms of life, and never have they been known, not even by the oldest citizen, to desert each other for the shortest time.

As we pass down King street, we are attracted by a picturesque pile, which presents the aspect of a castle, with its turrets and battlements, its sharp angles and heavy doorway. The architecture is very much like that which we have imagined of the Moors in Southern Spain, and we are confirmed in the belief that the builder had this in mind when, on nearing the artistic gateway, we read: "Villa Zorazda;" for this brings to mind Irving's story of the three sisters, Zorazda being the name of the second. Our interests, however, is lost when we discover that it is only a tame dwelling, erected by some ostentatious Yankee, and we look upon it as a vile innovation. In passing, I beg you to guard against this modern influence, as it is rapidly causing St. Augustine to lose much of its interesting originality.

But we have arrived at the plaza. Let us leave our car-

raige and mingle among the pleasure-loving citizens promenading here, and chatting with true Minorcan rapidity.

Just before entering we rest upon a veteran cannon to let a procession of nuns, in their doleful costumes, pass by on their way to vespers. We pity their self-sacrificing looks and hurry on to get nearer those bright faces beaming with joy in the shady plaza. We do not pause until we reach the monument in the center, then only to decipher enough of the ancient characters, chiseled on its hoary face, to find out that it is to commemorate the Spanish constitution of the city. But see that sweet little fountain—an artesian well. Let us go drink from its gleaming basin, for surely this must be that old idiot's fountain of youth. As we are raising the grateful draughts to our panting lips, a group of olive-complexioned girls dash up with beseeching looks, not to be lost upon us, as we are only too glad to act Rebeccas if we can but gaze into their glorious brown eyes, beaming with joy and love. But, like all our pleasures, they flit away as fast as they came, and we are left to deplore the instability of earthly joys. The charm of the well is now gone and so we proceed to that strange old piece of architecture called the "Slave Market." It is said that here Afric's sons, still teeming with the odors of their native soil, were put upon exhibition to become the property of the highest bidder. However this may be, here the indignant yank vents his pathetic wail on the inhumanity of man to man, while visions of lacerated backs, salted and peppered, possess his stimulated imagination. As we have been starved, for the last few days, on fried chicken and chicken on the whole shell, purchased from the inevitable small venders, who rush into the car as the train is moving off, with just enough time to cheat you, we agree to take supper at Salle's. The *ménu* is almost exclusively marine, shrimps of the most delicious flavor, oysters almost as good as "aourrs at 'ome," and fish such as can be gotten no where out of Florida.

Supper over and our pure Havanas lit, we stroll out into

Treasury street, the narrowest street in the city, in fact, so narrow that a single carriage cannot pass down it. Thence we are led by the sound of plashing water down to the Metanzas river. Here we come upon one of the old city's chief charms, not only to visitors, but to the majority of the citizens. I mean the sea wall. Built of coquino, it rises ten or twelve feet above the uncertain waves, and is surmounted by a granite slab just wide enough for a gentleman and lady (not two gentlemen) to walk abreast. Many are the happy hours spent here by lovers of all grades, and many the sweet words whispered close to blushing cheeks, while the moon smiles upon the scene in saucy beauty. Though the fair ones are lacking we cannot miss the pleasure of a promenade; then, too, the wall leads down to the old Spanish fort, which we must see. The hour is the sweetest in all the twenty-four. The last rays of sunlight are dying away in the western pine forests, while the moon, "rising in clouded majesty" from the bosom of the ocean, calls for a song of praise to the god of love. Now the old fort looms up in rugged beauty against the clear blue sky, and, as we draw near, its stern presence impresses us with a feeling of deep reverence. This fort (Fort Marion) was built at a marvelous expense to the king of Spain, who, on hearing the cost, is said to have remarked, "You must have built it out of pure gold." Let us recline on the old battery and give ourselves up to the charms of this, the most delightful spot in the whole city. The place is filled with historical reminiscences. In the fort, the people were gathered to escape the ravages of a jealous enemy, while Oglethorpe, from his earth works on Metanzas island, poured ineffective shot and shell into its tough coquino sides.

Memories of marvelous tales crowd upon us. In imagination, we see the Indian chief, with purposely emaciated body, squeezing through that narrow window, and are horrified to think of the royalty of Spain, who, the old keeper says, were here starved to death in iron cages chained to the murky walls of the sealed dungeon.

But the scene is too beautiful to divert on these solemn reflections. The moon's full face has now completed the first quarter of her course, and the brilliant lamp in the light-house has given up the foolish struggle to equal her in brightness, yet their gold and silver lights mingle to form a shimmering path across the pale green river.

The roar of the mighty surf, rushing towards us, and softened by distance into sweet music, is joined half way by the stirring martial notes from the national barracks, then together they are borne to our ravished senses, embraced in a single zephyr, so pure that it might well be from the cave of Eolus.

The Black Cabinet.

I.

POOR LITTLE BAB, the news nearly broke her heart. She had been expecting something of the kind for many days, but had never believed fully that the rich old uncle would indeed prove so hard-hearted as to turn them out of doors; and yet now it was really true. Seven thousand dollars was the amount, and he would have his bond though it cost many pounds of flesh. She and Albert had lived as economically as they could, and had managed better than young people reared as they had been could be expected, but it was to no use, every resource was at an end, and now at last they must give up the old home. Dear old place, with all its associations clinging to it, there had she spent her happy childhood, loving and being loved by that fond parent who had never allowed a cloud of care to cross

her brow, entertaining with true Southern hospitality and spending with true Southern prodigality. The immense veranda, the white pillars and the great grove had become almost flesh of her flesh, and to be torn away from them now was like dividing self from self.

Albert, too, was troubled and hurt at the prospect, but seven thousand dollars were not to be had and uncle James was inexorable. In solitude they talked of the situation.

"Well, Al, what are we to do?" asked the sister for the hundredth time.

"I have been thinking to-day, Bab, of a scheme that may help us some. You know young Brent, who at one time worked for father, went West two or three years ago. I learned to-day that he was in Leadville, Colorado, where some mines have yielded him large returns, and he is in a fair way to become rich. I am going to write him at once."

"Oh, Al. That is so far out of the world, we never would get back to Georgia again if we went there."

"It is the place to make money though, Bab," her brother answered; and then added, "and you know I might find a mine that would make us rich."

"Whew-ee! wouldn't that be too nice for anything!" And for the first time that day her face brightened and her eyes sparkled.

The letter in due time received its answer, and contained such glowing accounts of the opportunities of the West, such proffers of assistance that it was at once decided to leave for this promising field.

It seemed like cracking heart strings, when after going all over the old home for the last time, looking fondly upon her own little room so redolent of tender memories of the past, the carriage rolled them away to the depot. Though stripped of all its furniture and barren as the trees of winter, it was not half so barren or lonely as her aching heart. One faint little hope, however, occasionally fluttered into being, and that was seven thousand dollars might be found in the year of

grace allowed them, the ancestral home redeemed and the old happy life resumed. The birds of the air might bring it them or the obedient hills pour forth their treasure at her command, in some way at any rate would the coveted thousands come, so strong was her belief in the goodness of Providence.

Young Brent was there to welcome them, when in the coming dusk and the flying dust the rattling coach with its tired passengers drew up before the Clarendon Hotel, on Harrison avenue, the great thoroughfare of this city of a day. Very kind he was, indeed, so glad to see any one from the sunny South, and it seemed from the warmth of his greeting of all its inmates none were more welcome than Mr. Albert and Miss Barbara Leighton. Though Barbara had thought that country so far out of the world she was well pleased with the good supper the hotel afforded, and when the three were gathered around a little fire in the small stove of a cozy parlor, a close observer might have observed a flush upon her cheek that was not there before—especially when Brent spoke directly to her, as he did more than half the time. X

“Everything is fixed, Albert,” Brent said at length, when for hours there had poured forth a continual stream of Georgia talk, “I have a place engaged for you already and you can commence work at once.”

“Work!” echoed Bab, her eyes opening. “Do you have to work to get a mine? Why, I thought you just found them.”

It was rather a difficult process to explain into her untutored head the *rationale* of a bonanza fortune, but Brent seemed not to tire and though when he finished she was more puzzled than before, he did not care and seemed willing to renew the task again.

“Albert is to have a clerkship in the bank with which I have been connected for the past year and a half. The salary is not large, seventy-five dollars a month, but you can manage to exist on that, can you not?”

"Oh, yes," Albert hastened to say, thinking, indeed they could live on half that amount, if only the old place could be redeemed. "That is far more than I expected, to commence with."

"Of course, it will be more after awhile; and then chances for speculation are so numerous here that you may stumble on a fortune most any day. By the way, Albert, do you still retain you knack of modelling, of which you used to be so fond?"

Albert laughed. "Yes, whenever I am able to get any clay, I still like to try my skill."

"His skill lies more in trying than doing," Barbara commenced mischievously, "you ought to have seen the model of our dog he made. It looked more like one of the relics from the mound-builders."

"Perhaps the fault was with the original, rather than the model," suggested Brent.

"No such thing, it was *my* dog, and I would not have a dog that looked like any mound-builder's relic," Bab retorted, and then added, "Perhaps, though, you sympathize with Al because you try to do the same."

It was now Brent's turn to laugh. "No, I put away such childish things long ago, I only asked because Albert can get some fine clay here for his work. I will show you where, tomorrow when we look for the house."

Yes, a house, that was the first thing. The next morning all started around to look at the bustling city and if possible find a comfortable place in which to dwell. It was rather a discouraging work, however, as far as finding a house was concerned, although the two new-comers were greatly interested in all their new surroundings. Strange faces, uncouth costumes and queer sights met them at every step; the whole was so new, so full of energy and rushing life, so real and animated, and all so different from the lazy, sleepy village in which they were reared, that it was like a new world. And a new world it was, too; new in age, new in strength, new in

the magnitude of its sudden wealth, new in all that gives zest to living. Every one they met was in a hurry, and in whatever direction they might look the noisy ring of hammers told of new dwellings springing up. At length their guide stopped and turned them hotelward. x

"There is no use looking any further. Every house here is spoken for long before it is planned, even, and I only took you this walk to show you the place. I have a little log-cabin that I will give you, and this afternoon we will take a look at it." x 2

It was a cosy little establishment, that log-hut in which all three stood that afternoon. All told, it boasted of but three rooms, and of these one bore the name rather by sufferance than by right. A stone chimney with a large fireplace and two windows honored the largest room, while the others were content with little light and a hole in the roof through which to pass a stove pipe. Yet there were many things about it to show the late owner had been a man of ingenuity. Not a large amount of furniture was in the house, indeed, on the whole, it was rather dilapidated, but all over the front room were curious pieces of carved workmanship, the floors and wall being well-ornamented with them. One article, in particular, caught Barbara's attention at once: it was a large black cabinet standing in a corner between the fire-place and one of the windows. Curiously carved, it seemed to be bristling with drawers and receptacles of all kinds, yet upon examination seemed to show but one opening, and that was where it turned down to form a writing-desk. The wall to its rear was ceiled with the same material, all exquisitely fitted together, so that the wall, the floor and the cabinet seemed all made for one another. 2 / x

"I will give that to you, Miss Barbara, for your own private property," Brent said, when he saw her examining it; and taking from his pocket a bunch of keys he at once unlocked it. Inside the same exquisite workmanship was visible, x

but all they could find were two or three drawers and some cleverly arranged little chambers for odd ends, and from none of these was anything to be gathered save some fragments of paper.

"The cabinet, and the house as well, have a history, which I will tell you some day. Many years ago, before Leadville was thought of, and when not half a dozen houses existed within several miles of here, this cabin was built by a middle-aged Russian, who came no one knows from where. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and as you see spent many of his evenings constructing curious ornaments for his house. About a year ago he went away leaving me the key and the charge of his cabin; it is not a palace, but it is the best you can do in Leadville at present. That cabinet was the Russian's most prized possession, and it seems he had some secret connected with it. You may discover your treasure in there, Miss Barbara."

"If I should!" Bab exclaimed. "But what a nice house I can make out of this. That little room there will just suit me, the back one will do for a kitchen and this large one for a dining-room, parlor, sitting room and Al's room all in one."

"Not to say for the reception of a ton or so of clay for the construction of sundry cats, dogs, elephants, etc.," Brent added, looking at Albert.

"No, sir," Bab retorted at once. "Human clay will be as much earthy matter as I will permit to enter these sacred walls."

"The prohibition, I hope, will not extend so far as to exclude me."

"Mr. Brent will always be welcome," she answered. "Even the poorest clay is sometimes useful, and I want you to tell me more of this Russian and his curious cabinet."

And as if imbibing something of this western spirit, Bab was here and there like a bird, decorating and arranging the room the best she could with their limited means. Within

two days Albert was behind the counter at the bank and the cabin of the Russian was turned into a home.

II.

At seventy-five dollars a month, after deducting what it requires even for two frugal persons to live on in Leadville, one does not imagine seven thousand dollars accumulating very rapidly. Barbara, in fact, was too sensible a little girl to expect any such thing. She had hoped in an indefinite way that Albert would, by taking a walk every day, somehow stumble upon a mine, out of which he would presently exhume the money they wanted. But this did not happen, and her gradual enlightenment as to the functions of dumps and winzes and crushers and smelters, made a very discouraging impression on her mind as to the probability of Albert's finding a mine during his post-prandial walks as a bank clerk.

Meantime Albert was only too content. The bright little home which Bab's deftness and taste and industry had made out of the log hut, and the delightful evenings, of which every week brought seven, in which, Bab having repented, he could model and model to his heart's deepest satisfaction—ah, these were the realities of life—and the old home there in Georgia had receded very far away indeed by the time two months had expired.

Bab grew indignant.

"Al," she said one evening as she watched him at work, "do you forget what we came to Leadville for?"

"No, Bab, I do not forget," he answered, half ashamed to have been caught looking so happy, "and I am very glad we came."

"Why should you be glad! We are no nearer to buying back our father's home than when we left it."

"I am not so sure of that, Barbara," waking up to the defense of his art, "this red clay from the Robert E. Lee mine is such a perfect material for my modelling that I am getting

on admirably ; and Brent is going to send several of my figures East to be cut in marble. Then, if they sell——”

Here a knock at the door interrupted the speaker, and introduced Mr. Brent.

Poor Brent ! He realized that he was a moth flying near a candle, and rather than singe his wings any deeper he resolved to go away. It was very hard to leave that beautiful young face with its soft eyes, and vivid coloring, and all the dainty ways of its possessor ; but Brent, although he was a gentleman, could not forget, or rather feared that Barbara could never forget, that he had been for a time an overseer on her father's plantation.

“ Miss Barbara,” he said, this evening, “ I have mining property in Nevada that I am obliged to look after, and I came up to bid you good-bye ; I suppose I shall hardly be in Leadville again.”

Had Brent's handsome eyes not been fixed on the fire in the effort to steady his voice, he would have seen the sudden blanching of the red rose on Barbara's cheek, and adding to that the quick movement of a little hand to her left side, might have delegated the Nevada mines to some other man's care. But he did not see this, and he went on to say : “ This cabin you know does not belong to me, and according to squatter's rights, it is yours more than anybody's now alive.”

“ How is that, Mr. Brent,” said Albert, as Bab remained strangely silent. “ Had the Russian who owned it no heirs ?”

“ I suppose I must tell you his story now,” returned Brent with manifest reluctance. “ He was an unhappy fellow ; he had had some — some — love trouble, and did not care much for his luck out here. But those are just the sort of men luck runs after, and this man struck a mine that he sold right out for eighty thousand dollars. He came to us to get the money into some convenient shape, and after changing his mind two or three times, concluded to have it all put into government three-per-cents. ‘ Because,’ he said, with a bitter kind of laugh I did not understand then. ‘ If any-

thing happens to me, my twin brother in Russia will like United States bonds better than any other investment.' Before long he came and drew out his bonds, and gave me the house key, saying he was going to California, and if he did not come back within a year I was to give the cabin to anybody that wanted it. One morning early, only two or three days after that, a messenger came to me to beg that I would go immediately to Novarowski's cabin, where he lay wounded and dying. He evidently had had another key to the house, and from appearances had been there all night, and was wounded when he came, for the door handle and the key showed marks of blood. He was too far gone to tell me anything. His only words were, 'my brother — black cabinet — all —.'

"Of course I looked in the black cabinet—the same one you have there, Miss Barbara—for the bonds. I even took the cabinet to my room and took it to pieces, for I knew his ingenuity, and suspected no end of secret recesses, but I found nothing and I have not found the money from that day to this."

Bab looked round with a little shiver, and Brent hastened to say :

"I'm afraid you will hold it against me that I gave you the house to live in, but I thought it could do you no harm if you did not know the whole story."

"I am not thinking of that," said fearless Bab, "but, of course, this house belongs to the brother."

"I will tell you the rest. In less than two weeks after Novarowski was buried, a man came to the bank so exactly like him, feature by feature, that I felt my heart stand quite still for a minute. He begged to see me alone, and he besought me most piteously to tell him if it were true that his brother was dead. His English was foreign, but perfectly intelligible like that of most educated Russians. He wept like a woman, and then he cried out: 'And she, *she* for whose sake I was false to my brother; she who was his betrothed

bride, and afterwards my wife, she was false to us both, and is gone—gone to the Indies with a German prince! Oh, my brother, was it for this I tore my heart from yours, after they had grown together for thirty years! I came with him to the cabin, and told him all about his brother's death, and how he had doubtless been robbed, though how, was most mysterious; and the next day, as he did not come to me, I went to the house, and found him dangerously ill. He had contracted pneumonia, and in four day's time we buried him beside his brother. He told me they had not a living relative, and so of course this little place remains to be given away according to the will of its owner."

By this time Barbara had forgotten her own pain in the sorrows of these two foreigners, while Albert had risen and was looking curiously at the black cabinet where eighty thousand dollars should have been found.

"I discovered two secret drawers in it," said Brent, pulling it out from the wall against which it stood, "but the drawers were empty."

"Was it always on that same spot?" asked Barbara, who recollected something just then.

"Always; he made it I think, to fit that corner between the fire-place and the window. You see it is a writing-desk also.

X Down on her knees went Bab, and gazing on the floor a moment, cried out; "Look here! In polishing these strips I have several times noticed that they were not quite so well joined just at this place, and the points of the saw-teeth are blunter, and two or three of them broken."

The inference was made by the other two, while she was still speaking, and kneeling down beside her, they all three examined the boards with eager interest.

Sure enough, one of the three foot square spaces made by dove-tailing the red and white strips before reversing the order, was ingeniously constructed, to be a trap-door, without seeming to differ from the rest of the floor, and this was speedily lifted out of its place by the two men.

Was the money there? Yes. At least there was a square case of alligator skin, and it only required a little patience in trying the keys that Brent still retained, since he took them from the poor Russian's pocket, to open and reveal the contents.

There was absolute silence in the little house while this search and discovery went forward. An awed silence. They almost felt as if the spirit of the dead man hovered in their midst, and drew near to one and the other, as the crisp fresh bonds passe from hand to handd.

At length Brent said, laying the paper down on Bab's work-basket, "This is yours Miss Barbara. Novarowski had no heirs, and I had given away the house by his request."

Barbara drew in her breath with a gasp.

"Why, Mr. Brent—oh Al! But what possible right have I to this money?"

"It belongs to nobody if not to you. You found it."

Barbara pondered a minute or two, and then taking up the paper treasure, said, in a voice she tried to render quite firm and equable:

"Mr. Brent, I cannot take your money. For you know quite well that if the dead brothers could speak, they would both ask you to keep it."

"I know nothing of the kind," Brent answered, endeavoring to smile. "Very like they would give it to the Catholic church, or to some charitable or educational institution; but as we have no means of finding out their wishes, we can only use the money as if it were so much gold in a mine which you had had the good luck to discover."

At the word mine Albert lifted his head.

"Don't you know, Barbara, you have said all the time you would find a mine? This must be it; and now you can buy the dear old place, and have it for your own."

"No more mine than yours, Al. But oh, dear brother, if this money *is* ours, you can go to Munich or to Rome and study your art and become a great master."

"And I," remarked Brent, who began to feel himself *de trop*, "will go to Nevada. Good-night—good-bye."

At this, bonds, coupons and all fell from Barbara's hands, and lay perilously near the fire. A mist rose between her and the beloved home so dearly coveted. The money, which a little time ago had been so absorbingly longed for, was now almost spurned by her foot.

Mr. Brent came back and picked up the bonds, which were already smoking with the heat, and going close to Bab, where she stood behind her brother's chair, closed her hand on the papers, saying :

"Do you think it right to burn up home and future, like that?"

"I have no home! I don't care for the future!" burst from the poor little girl's pale lips, as all overwrought with the excitement just past, she lost power to hide her agony.

"Oh! Miss Barbara, don't do this, unless — unless," cried Brent, as he wrung the soft little hands in his with a reckless pressure, "unless you mean to let me send somebody else to Nevada, while I stay—or go—with you!"

* * * * *

Somebody else must have gone to Nevada, because there was only time to pay off and eject the cruel uncle from the Georgia plantation, and to prepare for a quiet wedding, before the names of Mr. and Mrs. Brent, and Mr. Albert Leighton appeared on the passenger list of a Cunarder bound from the port of New York.

Dr. Davis.



AGAIN WE gather around the trail of the grim destroyer and mourn the desolation which there is found. From among our midst, into the very depths of our college life has he come, robbing us of one who had become almost a part of ourselves. Associated with the University almost from infancy, holding two of its highest degrees, for forty years a member of its faculty, and ever its faithful friend and firm supporter, the institution itself may well mourn for one whose place can never be filled. Ever kind and gentle in his treatment to all, patient and persevering in the lecture-room, devoted and cheering as a physician, the students one and all with whom he has ever come in contact will feel the loss of a friend to whom they could ever look, in whom they could ever trust. The State, the church, the circle of neighbors, too, have cause to mourn a citizen, a brother and a companion with whom no fault could be found, against whom no reproach could be laid. All remember the hushed stillness and sadness with which we moved last spring, and though we left for a season of joy and gladness, through our sunshine would come pictures of the sufferer, and when we return again it is to know that he is gone forever. To the bereaved family who know above all others the magnitude of the loss, to the members of the faculty, the students, the friends and the comrades who knew and loved him ever in life, we extend a sympathy that comes from the heart and a hope that comes from on high.

We republish from *The Southern Churchman* an article detailing the career and work of Dr. Davis :

At the University of Virginia, on Friday, July 17, John Staige Davis, M. A., M. D., professor of anatomy and materia medica, in the sixty-first year of his age. Thus the State, and her highest institution of learning, have lost a citizen and professor of whom, for the benefit of the public—especially of young men—

it seems fit that a somewhat fuller memorial notice than is usual, should be made.

A life of extraordinary usefulness and beauty, veiled to a great extent by an absence of all self-seeking and unaffected modesty, adorned by attainments, literary and professional, of the highest order, and graced by a purity and devotedness in its personal and religious aspects, equal to those of the most refined and devout Christian women, cannot but be profitable to contemplate.

Dr. Davis was born on October 1, 1824. He was the second son of the late John A. G. Davis, who was professor of law in the University of Virginia, from his appointment, during the rectorship of Mr. Madison, in 1830 to 1840. His mother was Mary Jane Terrell, daughter of Richard Terrell, Esq., and Lucy Ann, his wife, who was the daughter of Col. Dabney Carr, the friend, and Martha, the sister of Thomas Jefferson.

The residence of his father at the University afforded opportunity for giving the older children early and exceptional advantages in the best private tuition. Among the accomplished scholars who aided their father and mother in forming the minds and habits of the older children, including Dr. Davis, were James H. Davis and Thomas O. Dabney, Masters of Arts, and Profs. John B. Minor and Hon. James O. Broadhead, of St. Louis. Thus the most superior advantages, combined with hereditary talent and industry, to promote in Dr. Davis an unusually early development of intellect, as well as precocious accuracy and extent of acquirement.

He became a successful, because well-prepared, student in the academic schools of the University,—before reaching his thirteenth year, and in 1840, before completing his sixteenth year, took the degree of Master of Arts, at the hands of a faculty containing such men as Gessner Harrison, Charles Bonnycastle, John P. Emmet, George Tucker and George Blaetterman. In the following session of 1840-41, he began the study of medicine. In November, 1840, occurred the tragic event which cut short the life and career of the accomplished Prof. Davis, and deprived his young family of its head. This forced upon the sons the necessity of early exertion in the business of life. Dr. Davis took his degree of M. D. in the year 1841, and at the age of eighteen was found competent to receive and hold the appointment of resident physician at the Blockley Hospital, in Philadelphia, and to reap to the fullest extent the advantages of that position.

After a residence there of about two years, during which his assiduity and power of rapid acquisition made him an accomplished young physician, at twenty years of age; he began with success the practice of medicine in Jefferson county, Virginia, where many among the older citizens still remember the contrast between the mature knowledge and boyish aspect of the young doctor. So high were his qualifications already known to be that on his removal to Charlottesville, in 1845, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy, in the University of Virginia, under Prof. James L. Cabell. He was thus brought back to his alma mater, the scene of his wonderful achievements as a boy, where for forty years he has filled the measure of his uncommon usefulness. In 1849 he was made "Lecturer and Demonstrator of Anatomy," with the duties and position of a professor, though not a member of the governing body; and 1858 he

was appointed professor of a separate chair in the Faculty, embracing the subjects of anatomy, materia medica and botany. On the establishment of the school of natural history, botany was transferred to it. With this exception, Prof. Davis' work has been the same from 1856 until his death.

When he was made professor, and charged with the duty of lecturing on botany, an incident occurred characteristic of both the men involved. Inquiry was made of the late Col. John B. Baldwin, a member of the Board of Visitors, whether Dr. Davis was versed in that science. Col. Baldwin, who had known him intimately from boyhood, replied (in substance), "If I *knew* that he knows nothing about it, I would prefer *him* to any one else I know who professes to understand it." This meant that with Prof. Davis' marvelous powers of acquisition and high sense of duty, it would be a very short time before his mastery of the subject would be complete and almost unique. The fact was according to this forecast.

In 1847 Dr. Davis was married to Lucy Landon, eldest daughter of the late Wm. M. Blackford, Esq. She died February 18, 1859. By this marriage he has two children who survive him—Dr. Wm. B. Davis, captain and surgeon, U. S. A., and Mrs. James P. Harrison, of Danville. In 1865 he married Caroline, daughter of Robert P. and Fanny Hill of King William county, Virginia, who, with her three children, two sons and a daughter, survives him. To these survivors he leaves a priceless legacy in his character and example as a man and a Christian. These I proceed briefly to sketch. For such as he, the statement of the bare facts is eulogy enough.

His intellectual endowments by nature were singularly rich. His mind had great vigor, combined with marvelous acuteness of insight. His perceptions of logical relations were clear, accurate and rapid. His faithfulness and industry were constant and indefatigable. To these were added habits of close research, minute and scrupulous accuracy about everything he took in hand. Whatever he undertook, he did in the most thorough manner. His observation allowed nothing within its range to escape, and his memory was so tenacious by nature, and so cultivated by training, that it lost little or nothing it had once acquired. He rarely forgot a fact or a principle, a face or a name. Unlike many of those remarkable for precocity in early youth, he never ceased to grow in mental stature. His capacity for learning and retaining knowledge, whether miscellaneous or scientific, was simply phenomenal. The minutest details of a subject once mastered, were permanently assimilated not less than its broadest outlines.

He had a keen and ready wit, though in later life it was rarely indulged. His powers of description, and command of pure, precise and elegant diction, were unsurpassed. These accomplishments and powers, with a life-long experience as a teacher, always striving for the best work, made him an almost unrivalled lecturer. In his hands the driest subject became luminous and attractive, and the grateful suffrages of many hundreds scattered all over the United States, who listening to his lectures have found their interest awakened, their earnestness aroused, and their comprehension quickened, by his lucid treatment, his enthusiasm, and luminous skill in exposition, will attest his real greatness as a teacher.

Modest, retiring and sensitive, shrinking from rather than courting personal distinction, the fame among his brother specialists of his great and exquisitely accurate attainments in his special branches, and of his rare accomplishments outside of them, more than once, as was known to a few intimate friends, indicated him for vacancies in some of the great medical schools of the large Eastern cities. But he preferred to spend his life and do his life-work in the State and University where he had received his own training and where his affections were garnered.

"It seemed to me," says Prof. J. L. Cabell in a letter to the writer, "that he possessed a remarkable power of transferring his own clear ideas to the minds of his pupils by a process of mental photography. * * * * I verily believe that he was the best teacher of anatomy in the United States, and I know that this was a very common opinion of very many persons who were cognizant of the facts and who were qualified to judge. He was as conscientious as he was able, and was always fully abreast of the advances in the subjects he taught. * * * * As a practitioner he deservedly enjoyed the highest confidence of his patients and of his professional brethren with whom he consulted from time to time. Fully posted as he was in current medical literature, he knew how to discriminate between real and valuable advances in practical medicine and the ephemeral fashions which sometimes take possession of even a respectable portion of the profession,"

COLLEGIANA.

THE FINALS.

Last spring the finals were conducted with the usual dignity that has prevailed here from time immemorial. A shadow of sadness was thrown over them by the critical condition of Prof. Davis, and the knowledge that those who were about to leave left him upon a deathbed, and all behaved with a due sense of this fact influencing their actions. The attendance of members of the Society of Alumni was good, and upon all three days a large number of visitors were present, especially so at the final celebration of the two societies. On Sunday night, Bishop Peterkin, of West Virginia, preached in the Public Hall, what might be termed the baccalaureate sermon. The services were held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of the University, were well attended and close attention given to the instructive discourse.

Monday morning the festive portion of the celebrations commenced in the way of the final German given in the library. Unfortunately the society editor of the *MAG.* was unable to attend, and we have no full account of the beautiful dresses, beautiful wearers, beautiful music, and beautiful time that all had. Suffice to say, however, that it was a most enjoyable affair, and none missed who were accustomed to trip the light fantastic.

Each of the society celebrations, together with their joint meeting were well conducted and largely attended. The final presidents presided with due parliamentary dignity, and the gentlemen who received the medals acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of their rewards. On Monday night the Wash. officiated as entertainer of the public, and on Tuesday night the Jeff. occupied a like position. Mr. C. H. Fauntleroy,

of Virginia, presided over the meeting of the Wash., and delivered the medals with appropriate remarks, being assisted by Mr. B. S. Wilkins, of California, as Vice-President. The debater's medal was given to Mr. W. H. Bryant, of Virginia, who delivered an oration upon the "The Danger of Political Partizanship," and the orator's medal to Mr. W. J. Shelburne, Jr., of Virginia, who chose as the subject of his address "Southern Literature." The Jeff. medals were delivered by Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Maryland, Final President, in well chosen words, assisted by Mr. W. D. Patteson, of Virginia, Vice-President. Mr. W. B. Richards, of Virginia, was the recipient of the debater's medal, and acknowledged its receipt in an oration entitled, "A Lesson of Greek Civilization." To Mr. F. R. Lassiter, of Virginia, was awarded the orator's medal; who spoke upon the subject of "The Loves of the Poets," and whose oration we reproduce in this issue of the MAG. On Tuesday morning the two societies met in the Public Hall to hold their joint celebration. The meeting was presided over by Mr. B. S. Wilkins, of California, chairman of the joint committee of the two societies, and though the hall was not as well filled as at the evening celebrations a good audience was present. The report of the committee of the professors to award the medal to the author of the best written article in the MAGAZINE, was submitted by Professor Thornton, in the absence of Professor Stone, chairman of the committee. Professor Thornton in a few pithy and eminently critical remarks, showed the importance of the MAGAZINE as an educational factor to the student here, and reviewed the most meritorious article of the past year. The medal was conferred upon Mr. B. H. Lee, our late Editor-in-Chief, upon the article entitled "Shakespeare's Songs." Mr. Lee on accepting the medal, delivered an oration on the great value of the MAGAZINE to the student from a literary and educational standpoint. Senator Wilkinson Call, of Florida, who had been invited to deliver the address before the joint societies, was then introduced and spoke for over an hour in a well-

digested and practical talk upon the power for good of education, and industrial education in particular. Owing to the illness of Professor Davis the lawn was not illuminated as usual on the nights of the two celebrations; but, as a compensation, the space between Wash. Hall, the Rotunda and the Museum, was hung with the historic lanterns, a stand for the band was erected in the centre, and a plan thus afforded for enjoyment of sweet music and not too much light.

On Wednesday—Public Day—the diplomas were delivered and the degrees conferred by Dr. Harrison, in the Public Hall. A good deal of interest was manifested in the bestowing of the degree of D. Ph. upon Mr. S. M. Barton, as it was the first delivered under the new system of post-graduate courses. There were the usual numbers of M. D's. and B. L's., but a falling off in the M. A's., only one of the latter being conferred a sure sign of a goodly crop to be expected this year. On concluding the conferring of the degrees, Dr. Harrison, after a few words of advice, declared the session of 1884-5 at an end, and turned the audience over to Mr. C. M. Blackford, President of the Society of Alumni. Mr. Blackford then introduced Judge Charles E. Stuart, of Alexandria, who had been chosen to deliver the oration and who favored us with a very forcible argument upon "Federal Aid to the Free School Systems of the States."

Although the session had been declared at a close, one more event was needed to seal the whole, and that was the final ball. Heretofore this, like the Monday German, has been held in the library, but, on account of Dr. Davis, this one was given down town. Again, the society editor was absent, having gone home several days before, and we have no reports upon which we can rely. And as the MAG. is always able to vouch for every word it publishes, we have thought it best to preserve a discreet silence rather than run the risk of describing Miss R. as a *petite* blonde clad in sky blue silk, when, in reality, she was a lovely brunette with wine-colored silk and lace, or to confuse Miss H. with Miss B., and, on the

whole, immerse ourselves in an ocean of future difficulties. None had cause to regret, however, the pleasant farewell those who lingered were able to take of our venerable mother, and we hope that during the coming session life will be as enjoyable and work as pleasant as during the one so lately closed.

PERSONAL.

Mr. B. H. Lee, of Mississippi, late editor-in-chief of the MAG., after winning the cream of the honors of this noble institution, has enlisted in the ranks of Harvard. We wish him the best of luck.

Mr. C. W. Coleman, of Virginia, late associate editor of the MAG., is, at present, in Kentucky engaged in literary pursuits, and, we understand, intends devoting his future to literature.

Mr. W. H. Gravely, of Virginia, late associate editor of the MAG., is practicing law, with his father, at his home in Martinsville. Many cases, and always the right side, is our wish.

J. Randolph Anderson, B. L. of '85, will soon hang out his shingle in New York city with splendid prospects.

John B. Jenkins, president of the Moot Court of last session, is one of the trustees of the broken Exchange National bank of Norfolk.

W. W. Owens, M. D. of '85, is city physician of Savannah, Ga.

R. L. Holmes, B. L. of '85, is practicing in Minneapolis.

C. F. Sugg, B. L. of '85, has located at Henderson, Ky.

H. E. Wilson, B. L. of '85, is in partnership with his cousin, John W. Wilson, at Savannah.

T. F. Hoas, B. L. of '85, is, at present, in Harrisonburgh, but proposes soon to go West as far as Chicago.

O. L. Evans, B. L. of '85, thinks Virginia is good enough for him, and has commenced work at his home, Amherst Court House.

L. J. Graves, B. L. of '85, has gone to practicing at Fredericksburg.

R. E. Borden, B. L. of '85, lingers yet at his home near Harrisonburgh, but hopes soon to go West.

E. S. Jonett, B. L. of '85, remains at home at Winchester, Ky.

A. J. Montague, B. L. of '85, like Brother Graves, has located for the present at Fredericksburg.

R. H. Liggett, B. L. of '85, is yet at his home in Harrisonburgh, but anticipates removal to Florida in the near future.

J. B. Coffman, B. L. of '85, has already succeeded in sending one client to the penitentiary, without removing from his home in Russellville, Ky.

J. S. Baer, B. L. of '85, is editing a newspaper at Salem, in connection with his law practice, and will soon stand forth a lawyer pure and simple.

J. P. Munroe, M. D. of '85, is at McGuire's hospital in Richmond.

R. D. McIlwaine, M. D. of '85, is at Polyclinic College, N. Y.

T. M. Norton, M. D. of '85, is, for the present, at his home in Alexandria.

Geo. M. McGruder, M. D. of '85, has gone to New York to complete his medical education.

E. L. Thompkins, M. D. of '85, is studying at the Polyclinic College in New York.

C. D. A. Curry is practicing law at Staunton.

Geo. A. Martin is in the office of his father at Portsmouth.

C. H. Fauntleroy, M. A., late instructor in Greek and final president of the Wash., dropped in on us not long since on his way to St. Paul, Minn., where his shingle will soon be swung to the air. Mr. Fauntleroy was nearly the oldest student the University had, and he carries with him to his new home the best wishes of students and professors.

Wm. Shippen and R. L. Towns are in Richmond, hammering away at medicine.

A. W. Terrell is in Louisville, studying to complete his medical education.

G. T. Latham is in New York, working away to be a doctor.

C. C. Lucas has chosen Baltimore as the fit place to make him a full-fledged physician.

Ex-Gov. R. B. Hubbard, of Texas, at one time a student of the University, and who delivered the society address here several years since, is now United States Minister to Japan.

Bryan Callaghan of San Antonio, Texas, a B. L. of '76, is now serving his first term as mayor of that ancient city. San Antonio is now the metropolis of Texas and Callaghan is the biggest man in it.

We are glad to hear from our ex-Editor-in-Chief that he is recruiting in the law-class at Harvard, yet very much disappointed that he did not return to our mill. His description of the elegant seats in the lecture-room fill us with righteous wrath. He says that they are enough to make the mouth of a student of the University water just to look at them.

The Board of Visitors have done well in selecting Prof. Wm. B. Towles to fill the place made vacant by the death of Dr. Davis. For many years Dr. Towles has been connected with the University as Demonstrator of Anatomy and needs no introduction at our hands to students or patrons.

On Thursday, the 8th, by the Rev. Dr. Hanckel, of Christ's Church, in Charlottesville, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Eugenia Massie to Mr. Oscar Wilder Underwood, of Kentucky. The bride was one of our most charming belles,

and Mr. Underwood was for several years among the most popular young gentlemen of the University.

The church was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large and brilliant assemblage. The following gentlemen acted as ushers: Mr. Frank Massie of the University, Mr. Eugene Massie of Richmond, Mr. George Alexander of Kentucky, and Mr. Wm. P. Trent of Richmond. Mr. Sidney Underwood, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

The bridesmaids, who were all dressed tastefully in white nun's veiling with small white bonnets, were Miss Mattie Minor of the University, Miss Maggie Smith of Richmond, Miss Morelle Davis of the University, Miss Annie Cochran of Staunton, Miss Virginia Harrison of the University, Miss Daisy Hampton of South Carolina, and Miss Juanita Massie, sister of the bride. Each bore a beautiful bouquet.

The bride was lovely in a dress of white satin, *princesse* train. The corsage was *decolleté* and the front of the skirt was beaded with pearls. Her white tulle veil was caught up with orange blossoms, and she carried in her hand a most exquisite bouquet of Maréchal Neil roses. The bride was given away by her father, Judge Cochran, and not a man but envied the proud groom receiving her.

As they passed down the aisle, to the glorious music of the Wedding March, all hearts beat high with bright hopes and anticipations for the happy pair, and many fervent prayers were offered for their happiness in the years to come.

The new officers of the Wash. are L. M. Baker, Virginia, president; W. J. Shelburne, Jr., Virginia, vice-president; W. H. Bryant, Virginia, treasurer; A. H. King, Florida, recording secretary; I. G. Harris, Texas, assistant recording secretary; B. S. Minor, Virginia, corresponding secretary; S. G. Long, Kentucky, sergeant at arms; J. Gilmore Covington, Kentucky, critic.

Officers of the Jeff.—President, H. D. Flood, Virginia;

vice-president, E. F. Cochran, South Carolina; treasurer, J. S. Mosby, Virginia; recording secretary, R. S. Cockrell, Florida; assistant recording secretary, A. Davis, Virginia; sergeant at arms, J. Peters, Virginia.

Officers of the Gymnasium.—President, Geo. W. Anderson, Georgia; vice-president, F. R. Lassiter, Virginia; recording secretary, U. W. Muir, Kentucky; executive committee, Geo. W. Anderson, *ex-officio*, Georgia; A. H. Byrd, New York; J. D. McKim, New York.

The number of matriculates so far amounts to 287. The lawyers hold their own, but the medcs. are away in excess of their usual number. Hard times and an over crop of doctors!!
 “Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”

Oh, my!

Is it I?

Yes, it is I, though not with head so high
 As when to village churls I used to lie;

For now I am one
 Of many mother's son,
 Who come together
 In all sorts of weather,

To see

Prof. B,

C and D;

To cork and to fizzle; to know, if never before,
 That brains are found in other ground, than of your
 Servant's fine mesh,
 Than in me—poor Fresh.

Chairman.—“What church do you attend?”

New Student.—“Well, Dr., I haven't attended any for about six years.”

Chair.—“Yes, yes, that's the way with me, too, but what church does your girl attend, then?”

N. S.—“The Baptist, sir,

Chair.—“That will do; take this to the Proctor.”

Verily, "what's in a name;" yet if language can be termed "the pedigree of nations" can we not believe that a name may be the pedigree of a man? And what meaning, what a flood of comprehension passes before our mind when we see a doctor rejoicing under the name of Killing, and a lawyer smiling softly to himself and repeating euphoniously the name of Chin. Truly we can boast of names that breathe history in themselves.

Dyke! Dyke! Dyke! Dyke!
Did you ever hear the like?
What means the gathering throng
That congregate along
Where I must pass
To see my lass?
And torches blazing, too—
Why this is something new.
And here comes one
On rapid run,
To say that I must see the fun—
My, if Ohio's only won!
Be careful of my arm
My clothes you'll surely harm
And then I could not see
The girls this night at tea.
One at each side is quite enough
And these sounds are rather gruff—
Where are we going with this yelling mob,
My costume's ruined from shoe to fob.
All round the lawn
Must I be drawn,
And now upon this marble floor
To front this rising roar!
A speech I ne'er could make
Please let me homeward take
My body crushed and ears bereft
To hide the quaking remnant left.
No, no! into that house I will not go
Mashed up like biscuit dough——
What! did they shove me in?
My head around doth spin
And really, Miss, you must excuse
What I could not well refuse.

Earthquakes come seldom and far between, but when they do arrive all know they are here. One accomplished something on the night of the 9th instant, that we were afraid laid not in the power of aught upon the earth, or in the waters above or the waters beneath—it actually shook to its “foundation stone” the University of Va. All hail to the earthquake! Shake again. But hold! allow ye editor to be out on the commons and not cause him to alight with unprepared sole upon three or four new carpet tacks left carelessly on the floor.

Notwithstanding the faculty were somewhat opposed to the measure, the gymnasium association has decided to award medals to the victors in the athletic games. Everybody now may gain a medal. Go in boys; muscle, not brains, wins there.

The extensive improvements which have been made in the old Chapel and Students' Reading-Room, are very pleasing and full of promise for a better time to come. The improvements were made by a special appropriation, not only for these rooms, but also for the infirmary building. We are sorry to see the work at the infirmary in such an incomplete form, but must congratulate the “committee on improvements” for the wonderfully improved appearance of the other two rooms. We are glad to see that the old roofs have been removed, and in their places roofs of elegant plain pine-finish, which give such a modern appearance. Special attention is called to the bright, attractive appearance of the “Students' Reading-Room.” The two broad sky-lights afford an abundance of cheerful light in the day, and instead of the old gas fixtures elegant appurtenances for lighting the room at night have been furnished. The ante-room is all that could be desired for its purposes, i. e., a place for conversation and writing. A desk with writing material will always be found here. Wonderful improvements have been made in the doors,

as may be appreciated by the old student who enters from the western end. The "Norton Automatic Door Check and Spring," a miracle of perfection, has been secured by the ever watchful president of the Reading-Room. No more violent opening of the door, nor heart-rending slamming in closing it. A beautiful stove will be put in as soon as cold weather requires it, and there will be no stint of burning material. Be wise, O student! and join on this account, so that when thy coal gives out you may keep your blood in circulation without making that of your neighbor boil, by loafing on him.

To the already extensive list of periodicals many have been added. We are requested to say that it is strictly the "Students' Reading-Room," and merely under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening, the 9th inst., there was a very pleasant German in the Wash. Hall. Weber's orchestra supplied the music and charmed every one with their rendition of strains, new and old. All who have ever known the privilege, agree that a Wash. Hall German is the culminating point of earthly felicity, and the participants report that this occasion was no exception to the rules. Unfortunately the editor cannot, from his own experience, paint the scene in those glowing colors which he is persuaded can alone do it justice. The scribe cannot assume to have been more than a spectator. He passed the evening, in gloomy retirement, wondering how such very nice girls could see anything attractive *in those other "fellers."*

The laudable activity of several young gentlemen has resulted in the formation of a German club, which proposes to give a series of Germans during the present session. The following officers have been elected and their names alone furnish sufficient guarantee of efficiency: President, Mrs.

Wm. J. Robertson ; vice-president, Mr. G. W. Smith, of Kentucky ; treasurer, Mr. W. C. Lee, of Virginia ; secretary, H. D. Flood, of Virginia ; committee on arrangements, Messrs. Smith, Lee, Flood and R. C. Taylor. The first German of the series may be expected on the evening of the 6th prox.

FIRST LADY STUDENT AT YALE.—The first lady student ever admitted to any department of Yale College, outside of the Art School, entered the senior class of the Law School at the opening of the present session. She is Miss Alice J. Jordan, a graduate of the academic and law departments of the University of Michigan, and is from Coldwater in that State. She is said to be prepossessing and intellectual.

Archdeacon Frederick W. Farrar addressed the students upon the reopening of the Johns Hopkins University, at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on the first instant.

(Prof. of engineering explaining the meaning of "work.")
 "You must not understand me as saying that 'work' and fatigue are inseparable ; it is true that all who work are fatigued thereby, but a great many (of you) seem always tired without doing any work."

Prof.—"Mr. F., go down street this afternoon and ask every man you meet, I don't care if its Mr. Blank of a hundred and seventy-five years practice, the meaning of the word *heirs*, and see how much knowledge you trot out."

Mr. F., of course, does as he is told. The first one he meets is an old colored brother :

"See here, uncle, what is the meaning of the word heirs."

"Well, boss, 'pears to me airs is what a nigger puts on when he think he's better nor a white man. But I'se none of that, no sir, boss, and if you has any old clothes ——."

But Mr. F., by this time, had passed on to a more promising looking subject in the shape of a phlegmatic old gentleman, with a heavy mustache and murderous looking cane, who certainly was dignified enough from outside appearances to be a member of the legal fraternity.

"Airs! you young jack-a-napes, if you open your head to me again, I'll scatter you to the breezy airs of heaven."

And up went his cane and away went our friend, passing by, almost running over and neglecting to question a little urchin of eight summers. This accelerated step soon brought Mr. F. to the bridge, where, seeing a seedy-looking individual leaning over the railing, he mustered up courage to try it again.

"Excuse me, my friend, but when you say heir what do you mean?"

"What do I—er—mean—hic—sometimes I mean—hic—it air and sometimes—hic—hic—I mean it airn't. Hic—hic—hic—jus' about now, sonny, hic—it—hic—airn't hic—hic—ough—ough—rk."

Mr. F. now looked up and his heart sank within him, not ten yards off, daintily picking her way from brick to brick, and stone to stone, and plank to plank, was a fair little miss of sixteen or under, with the whitest of dresses, the bluest of ribbons and the rosiest of faces. Ringing in his ears, however, was that stinging injunction and he durst not disobey.

"Really, miss, I beg your pardon a thousand times, but I am required to ask every one I meet the meaning of the word heirs."

A curl of the lip, a toss of the head and a switching of golden locks, with the energetic expression, "You think you are mighty smart, don't you," was all the answer F. received, and before he knew it he was standing alone in a mud puddle with dirty water oozing into his shoes, while the white dress and blue ribbons were twisting and fluttering across the bridge.

"Well," thought F. to himself, "this is rough, but the

matronly looking lady here has an heir of her own and will give me a civil answer."

"Mister, you look fresh enough to be just from college, but if you are you will have to get somebody else to air your knowledge on," and with her head very high she passed majestically by.

Another colored individual now appeared and F. hastened to him :

"Wall, boss, har's you say. Ole har' am de fines' eatin' in de worl'. I tell's you, boss, possum himself can't beat ole har', and every day in de week, boss, I'll ——."

"Ah!" says F., suddenly, "now I'll find out; here comes one of the aristocracy and she'll be certain to know." The queenly figure bowed low and with a graceful smile upon her lips and a becoming blush upon her cheek, she answered :

"Really, sir, I can't tell. You had better ask mamma."

The top of Vinegar Hill had now been reached, and our friend, who was of rather corpulent proclivities, was almost giving up the task, when half way down he saw a knowing looking individual, in brown coat and weather-beaten hat, that was once stiff, and so approaching him recommenced his saying.

"Ah, yes, my young friend, heirs did you say? A student of the law—very good. Am a lawyer myself. Will be only too glad to give you a little needful information. Let me illustrate to you. A man dies seized of a freehold, *libcrum tenementum*, given his grandfather as an estate in tail—male special, remainder to his nephew A until his brother Z ceases to drink two gallons of port wine at dinner, remainder to the son of his sister X, *dummodo solveret talem redditum*, remainder to revert to heirs of donee. Now beginning with the *propositus* and remembering *nullus liber de libcro tenemento suo disseisiatur nisi per legale judicium parium suorum vel per legem terrae*, who do we find? His grandfather dies without issue, Z raises the amount of port wine to three gallons, X marries an alien enemy, her son is a lunatic. Now in accordance with

Taltarum's case, 12 Edw. IV; the rule in Shelley's case, 1 Co. 793*b*, 106*b*, n. (1,5), Thomas's ed.; statute *de donis condition-alius*, 13 Edw. 1; Ross vs. Overton 3——"

F— had listened patiently, nay intelligently, until he heard the words Ross against Overton, but then clapping his hands suddenly to his ears he turned and rushed madly into the van of a colored procession of G U. O. O. F., that had started up the hill, smashing up things generally. Your reporter seeing indications of a row, left without more ado, not tarrying to see whether his friend was still pursuing his search or even noticing how he was prospering in the air he had then found.

The great decline in that time-honored institution, the dyke, deserves an expression of regret. Time was when the dyke as managed by the older students, and perpetrated upon the new, was a source of innocent merriment and not calculated to subvert the proper subordination of the new students to the old. But now the sight of embryo dykes run by embryo academicians is enough to bring tears to the eyes of one who has been here more than a fortnight. If the poor dyke has fallen from the paths of virtue, pray let her rest in pitiful obscurity and not hold her up to the sneers of an unpitying community.

Diogenes Jones says :

That a student will wear clothes in misery for nine months before he will sew a button on.

That two to one you ain't got as much sense as you think you have.

That 'tain't no use for the elements to try to make up for the long summer drought.

That the longest string of letters in the catalogue ain't no sign of the biggest ticket.

That the ugliest women wear the thickest veils.

That students are apt to catch colds, if they don't keep their mouths shut after bedtime.

(Per sok.) That the University stationers follow, to the letter, that beautiful lesson from the Good Book: They saw a stranger and they took him in.

That the men passing through the hall above the law lecture room, must be laboring under the impression that their feet are pile drivers, and the nails in the floor are the piles which they have to drive.

That the student who studies on Sunday verifies the proverb: No rest for the wicked.

The effects of the law. Mr. X in a very animated manner tells the following:

"I once saw two newly-landed sailors fighting. One got the other down and began to chew his ear. The man under the bottom yelled to the bystanders: 'Take him off he's eating me.'"

Mr. L (without a smile): "Where is the legal connection?"



EDITORS' TABLE.

It may be hardly necessary to apologize for the lateness of the first number of the MAG., as this is a thing "to the manner born," but in justice to the editors and publishers some explanation is needful for the more than usual tardiness of this issue. The copy, of course, for the first number, was hard to obtain, and after obtained could not be commenced upon at once by the printers owing to the fact that all the type for the MAG. was being used in the publication of *The Alpha Tau Palm* and our sister journal, *The Annals of Mathematics*, and lastly, the paper upon which to print it was delayed several days beyond the date for its arrival. The editors have done all in their power to bring it forth within the regular period, and to make it as readable as any college magazine of the country, and now, in return, ask the support of *all* the students as an encouragement to their labors. The MAGAZINE is intended for the good of all, and we are extremely desirous that all should receive their due. Subscribe, at least, every student is able to do, and contribute to its pages most should do. We hope that pride in their institution and pride in themselves will cause them to do both.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath,"

and yet we had almost sooner expected a B. L. without an examination than that any of this double blessing should be shown to the students of this place. But it seems we are mistaken. The Board of Visitors during the past summer authorized the faculty to set aside two days holiday for the celebration of the athletic games. One portal has been

passed, and tremblingly we are approaching the other. Will it be closed upon us, or will we be permitted to enter a forbidden field and enjoy one taste of forbidden fruit? To one who has been in constant apprehension that Christmas might fall upon Sunday, or that the Sabbath lectures indulged in by some of the professors, and now discretionary, might be added to some degree, this ray of light comes as a messenger of hope. Some good may come out of Nazareth after all. We feel now that in years to come a period may arrive when Public Day will send a student home not feeling that he has been chained to his post, day after day, like a galley slave to his oar, but with some idea of what it is to labor and yet enjoy life. We may not be either the Moses or the Joshua of this promised land, but like the children of Israel we may pine for it as the heritage of our fathers.

But did it ever occur to the Board of Visitors for what purposes they have set aside these two extra days? Two days for athletic games and one for Christmas seem to us a rather ill-sorted arrangement. When every other college in the land gives from one to three week's holiday, and every other student takes a refreshing rest from toil that is more wearing than manual labor, we are forced to plod on, day after day, listening to the sounds of revelry around us, yet getting but the barest taste of the reality. One day we have always thought is too small an allowance for Christmas, and, if this be true, surely two days are too much for the athletic games. The idea may be to encourage athletic sports, develop a base-ball club that can enter the league, or fan into being a crew that will compete with Harvard, upon the belief that such appendages offer greater inducements and give greater notariety than a good curriculum or learned instructors, but we cannot be brought to the belief that such will be the result. We have nothing to say against the athletic games, nothing against the gymnasium, nothing against aught that aids in physical education, but we do wish to enter a gentle protest against two days' holiday a month after the

session commences, when everybody is fresh from the summer vacation, and only one day Christmas when labor has begun to tell. Mind, we merely protest gently, and are in nowise to be understood to object to the two days. Indeed, two weeks would be gratefully accepted any time during the year, but we would like to suggest that the two days be shoved along to Christmas, and a grand total of three be given us all at once. Is it in the power of the faculty to do so?

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of and in returning our thanks for an invitation to visit the Observatory just before the finals last spring, but owing to the absence of some and examinations of others most of the staff were unable to avail themselves of the offered treat.

We were also much pleased with an invitation to be present at the opening of the North, Central and South American Exposition at New Orleans, and are sorry we will be obliged to decline with thanks.

Among Our Exchanges.

Many of our old friends have put in their appearance long since, owing to the lateness of our going to press. We feel in this a gentle reprimand and assure all to whom we send greeting that it shall never happen again. Our favorite sources for pilfering have not yet been fully developed, however; and all our arrivals show evidences of haste and crudeness. We look with more pleasure to the second crop.

Rutgers Torgum comes with a "bow! wow! wow!" which verifies the proverb that a barking dog never bites; but we are always well pleased to see it, especially if Mac will ever leave us "his autograph."

Town Topics not being bothered with resuming work after a protracted vacation, although it undoubtedly spent the summer out of town, comes to us as crisp and sparkling as usual. We always read it first of all, the day it arrives, and are sorry when the last piece of gossip is finished.

Being of an æsthetic turn of mind we always spend so much time feasting our eyes upon the cover of the *Ann Arbor Chronicle*, that we are forced to take but a hasty glance at its interior. This time we say with emphasis that the swift perusal was ill-spent in comparison with the enjoyment of our look at the outside.

With unvarying regularity and increasing value of contents, the *Notre Dame Scholastic* has reached our table. The last number was especially interesting, and the article on Alaska exceptionally good for a college journal.

The *Nassau Lit.* is as usual, one of our most welcome visitors. It is not yet, however, as good as it will be.

The *Swatmore Phoenix* is bright and breezy, and with the *Polytechnic*, forms one of a pair of first comers that are above the average.

The *Southern Bivouac*, the *Current* and *Electra* are all full of interesting matter, and we read them with pleasure.

Our grateful thanks are due our newspaper exchanges for their regularity; the prompt ones are the daily *State*, *Jeffersonian*, *Chronicle*, *Staunton Spectator*, *Weekly Landmark*, *Industrial South* and *Southern Sun*.

We have also received the *University Review*, *University Courier*, *Ariel*, *The Hatchet*, *Alabama University Monthly*, *College Journal*, *Delta Upsilon Quarterly*, *College Transcript*, *Niagara Index*, *S. W. P. U. Journal*, *Calliopean Clarion*, *Ottawa Campus*, *North Western*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Georgetown College Magazine*, *University Magazine*.

Bric-a-Brac.

In the lecture, oh my darling,
 Where the gas jets dimly glow,
 And the footsteps of the "hookers"
 Softly come and softly go.
 When the listeners are groaning
 In a deep and sincere woe,
 Will you think of me and love me
 As you did one year ago?

In the lecture, oh my darling,
 Think not bitterly of me,
 Tho' I rush'd away and left you,
 This my reason you shall see.
 I was seized with restless longing,—
 Down my back there dropp'd a bee,
 It were best to leave you, darling,
 Best for you and best for me.—*Phoenix*.

"This is Wood's Hole," said the pilot as they sailed toward Nantucket. "Yes, I see," remarked the tourist, "but where is Woods?" "Gone into the hole," replied the pilot. "Ah, yes," said the tourist, "I see; but where is the hole?"

"Pulled it in after him," calmly said the son of the long-sounding sea. "Ah, yes, I see," said the tourist. But he lied.—*Ex.*

FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead—

A Senior—
False, fair—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead—

A Junior—
Went skating—'tis sad—
Floor hit him—he's dead—

A Sophomore—
Milk farmer—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—

A Freshman."—*Ex.*

A senior says, that after trying for two years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got was a negative.—*Niagara Index.*

VIRGINIA MIDLAND R.Y.

On and after Sunday, April 5th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

SOUTH BOUND.	Train 50.	Train 52.	Train 54.
	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	LOU. EX.
Washington, (leave)	11 15 A M	10 40 P M	5 10 P M
Alexandria, "	11 40 "	11 05 "	5 35 "
Manassas, "	12 38 noon	11 55 "	6 45 "
Warrenton Junc "	1 10 P M	12 22 night	7 28 "
Orange, "	2 51 "	1 38 A M	8 50 "
Gordonsville, (arrive)	3 40 "		9 35 "
Charlottesville, (ive)	4 05 "	2 45 "	9 50 "
Lynchburg, "	6 21 "	5 05 "	
Franklin Junc., "	7 51 "	6 32 "	
Danville, (arrive)	8 52 "	7 32 "	
Charlotte, "	2 50 A M	12 35 noon	
Atlanta, "	12 40 noon	11 30 P M	
Montgomery "	7 45 P M	6 30 A M	
Mobile, "	2 20 A M	2 00 P M	
New Orleans, "	7 00 "	7 30 "	
Staunton, "	5 15 P M		11 42 P M
White Sul. Spr. "	9 20 "		
Louisville, "	5 20 "		7 10 "
Cincinnati, "	5 35 "		6 05 "
Chicago, "	6 55 A M		6 55 A M
St. Louis, "	7 30 "		7 30 "
NORTH BOUND.	Train 51.	Train 53.	Train 55.
	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	LOU. EX.
New Orleans, (leave)	8 20 P M	8 00 A M	
Nobile, "	1 15 A M	8 35 P M	
Montgomery, "	8 05 "	9 00 "	
Atlanta, "	5 00 P M	8 40 A M	
Charlotte, "	4 45 A M	6 30 P M	
Danville, "	11 06 A M	11 31 "	
Franklin Junc. "	12 10 noon	12 29 night	
Lynchburg, "	2 05 P M	1 55 A M	
Charlottesville, "	4 30 "	4 00 "	5 25 P M
Gordonsville, "	4 45 "	4 15 "	
Orange, "	5 37 "	4 56 "	6 19 "
Warrenton Junc "	7 09 "	6 12 "	7 43 "
Manassas,...	8 00 "	6 39 "	8 25 "
Alexandria, (arrive)	9 00 "	7 31 "	9 25 "
Washington, "	9 25 P M	7 55 A M	9 50 "
Louisville, (leave)			7 15 "
Cincinnati, "			8 10 "
White Sul. Spr. "			5 10 A M
Staunton, "			3 57 P M

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OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

NOVEMBER, 1885.

{ NEW SERIES
VOL. XXV—No. 2.

To Woman.

Thy name, O Woman, conspire to praise
The olden and the modern days ;
In lordly verse thy merits roll,
And form of living prose the soul ;
Bards of all time have sung thy charm,
And satirists thy power to harm ;
Thy virtues light stern history's page,
Marred oft, alas ! by thy blind rage.

The story, oft told, is still quite new,
Of Paris, asleep on heather dew,
Of his escape from shepherd maid
To seek again the honored shade
Of Priam's walls. Of his decree,
By which, between the godly three,
The contest for the fairest fame
Gave Venus her desired name.

A judgment, be it e'er so true,
Was bought by promise full of worth
To give him that for which he'd sue,
The fairest face on God's fair earth.

Nay, Helen, little couldst thou reck,
When stolen from thy father's home,

That Grecians at their leader's beck
O'er swan-road vast would quickly roam ;
That round the seat of Priam's power
The plains would flow with brothers' blood,
Till late should come the fatal hour,
When Troy be lost in crimson flood.

That fatal beauty—thy sole crime,
That lives for aye in Homer's rhyme,
Brought on thy brothers' countless woe,
And dire deaths to Grecian foe,
Still lives a gem in later sister's crown ;
And in this day most boldly doth contend
'Gainst strongly guarded hearts of men,
Which proof against all strong appeal
To thy fair onslaughts nobly yield,
Or trusting to their strong defence
Of reasoning clear, and logically hence,
Find all too late within their walls,
Admit by cunning or design,
The foe, that to submission calls,
And to the power of love resign.

For who among us has not known
The sway of Love's most gentle throne ?
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
Who ne'er has felt his cheek flush red
At mention of a maiden's name ;
"Whose heart has ne'er within him burned"
As thoughts of her full oft returned,
When moments of reflection came ?

While painting all thy vices free,
Ambition, hate, unfaithful jealousy !
The Greeks have taught thy virtues, too,
And well exposed to later view
The love of home and all that's true,
The strongest friendship, and above
Fidelity to man's strong love,
Yea, made the welkin loudly ring
With virtues that they loved to sing ;
And Roman bards caught up the strain
And swelled it with a glad refrain,
And traces of thy power we find
In all the love of classic time,
Or in the legend's mystic line.
Thy chastity did not despise

The Roman father, who defies
The lictors' power, and in thy breast
Plunges the knife that sets at rest

The suit before inhuman judge.

In later years imperial decree
Gave forth that Casar's wife must be
Above most foul suspicion's dart,
That poison can the purest heart.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven,
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."
And Cicero, with loving mien,
Learned on a daughter's love to lean,

Which in his very heart had pierced
And left upon his works the trace
Of grief, that could not be effaced
By learned doctrines oft rehearsed,
Nay, frail indeed his eloquence
To comfort or provide defence
'Gainst woe, that bowed his classic head
Beside the couch of daughter dead.

Full well the tongue of German race
Was taught to sing with knightly grace
Of woman, when in days of old

The Holy Grail or Table Round
Inspired with zeal the warriors bold

The depths of chivalry to sound.
Proud Gunther, wily Rhineland lord,

Who feared alone 'gainst Brunhild brave
To dare in contest with the sword,

Would by device his courage save.

And Siegfried, hero of his day,
Master of all save love's full sway,
Went with light heart, by might and main
To conquer her and thereby gain
Fair title to a fairer prize,

Fairer than which could none arise,
For all the brave did then declare
Kriemhild the fairest of the fair.

In these fine forms are well defined
 Some attributes of woman's mind,
 Her power to conquer man's brute force,
 Her love of power, from which divorce
 He who can fathom reasoning deep,
 And yet quite free from logic's keep,
 That cunning plan, that ruthless mien,
 That jealousy—a flame unseen,
 That burns within a Kriemhild's breast ;
 That vengeance that a woman wreaks,
 Skilled in all modes of fired freaks
 Suggested not by reason's laws,
 But springing armed from gaping jaws
 Of jealousy—that dreaded beast,
 That on the inmost soul would feast.

But not alone these passions' deeds,
 But gentle actions, mercy's seeds,
 Which strewed the world with happiness
 And taught our fathers, too, to bless

The presence of these angel forms.

Fair Gudrun doomed to sadder lot
 Her lover must leave ; but ne'er forgot,
 His face, his love, the living thought,
 That he will save from this sad fate
 Her, who, inured to regal state,
 Must now do service long and late,
 Cheer her in this domestic toil,
 From which her instincts shy recoil ;
 Till rescued by her lover's hand
 From that dread island's hated sand,
 She feels, what Schiller doth record,
 That love alone is love's reward.
 And in this boon finds ample pay
 For virtues in that trying day,
 When patience, that sweet reigning fay,
 Held o'er her mind its magic sway.

Dark was the night that rolled between
 The day, when deeds of sabres keen

In fence of woman 'gainst the strong
 Were borne about the land's confines
 By words, unfettered by staid lines

Of measured verse, but lived in song
 On poets' tongue and, full as free
 As through the wood the night'gale's trill,

Fired each breast with wondrous thrill ;
And that bright day, of whose approaching morn,
The faintly shimmering beams did warn
From stars of magnitude far less
Than those which now the world would bless ;
When those two gems in letters' crown
Should from their royal height send down
Rays that should kindle into flame
The growth of wisdom, and the name
Of Golden Period, right bestow
Upon the day whose portals ope
Wide, wide to their extremest scope,
To give the freedom of their fane
To Goethe and to Schiller twain.
And where, O ! noblest, fairest flower,
That blossoms in creation's bower,
Hast thou been better sung than here
By these strong bards, who did not fear
To lose their power, when they bowed
To thee obedient, but were proud
To find on earth so fit a theme
For pens like Avon's Bard which seem
To write, not for their life's short span
Or confines of their Fatherland,
But for all days, when men shall praise
The sweetness of their wondrous lays.

How great the honor this land gives,
Where memory, like sweet incense lives,

To these two heroes of its fame ;
No slighter honor for our tongue,
Than which a sweeter never sung,
Can we, my brothers, proudly claim.
Where allegiance true to woman fair
Has called the muse to noble care ;

And Bard of Avon, Milton, Moore,
Or Pope in Alexandrines slow,
Or Byron with his genius-glow,
Or Scott in verses more mature,
And Keats and Shelley, that sad pair
Who bordered e'er on dark despair,
Or longer line who culminate
In England's honored laureate ;

Too much to tell how these and more
Have glorified thy fairest name,

Or those results that slowly grow
From such a woven wreath of fame.

Nay, has there been on all this earth
Of words in any language dearth

Thy being holy to enshrine ?
Or has there been a tongue so dumb
That has not, although faltering, come
A flower in thy wreath to twine ?

But letters in her empire wide
Are not enough to full describe

Thee in thy gentle heavenly work,
For brush cannot in truth depict
Thy heroism in the thick
Of ills that others freely shirk.

Thy hand hath soothed the sufferer's sigh,
Thy words of love have hushed his cry,
And where the death-touched cheek grows pale
Has ever been found thy sacred veil,

Or coming from the saddened field
Where rampant death doth victor ride,
Thou art not more unfit to wield
Thy power o'er loved ones by thy side.

The products of thy faithful mind,
What they may be, none can divine ;
But acme of the past is seen
In her, who ruled the easy queen
Of letters, and, who dead,
Has left behind her none instead
Who uncontested claims the head.

Not literature thy all can claim,
For art has borrowed from thy fame.
And music owes to thee a debt,
Which grateful men can ne'er forget.
The melody of thy sweet voice
Hath made the heart of man rejoice,
Touched in his soul responsive strings,
That heavenly concord clearly sings
And mirrors in that calm content,

That comes to natures else perverse,
Result of powers higher lent—

The harmony of universe.
Thou dost interpret best forsooth,
What from a poet we have heard,

A pregnant thought—a wondrous truth,
“Music is love in search of a word.”

In all life's actions skilled so well,
'Tis natural that thou shouldst excel
In holding up to nature's page
The mirror on the mimic stage?
And in this narrow smaller sphere
Hath many a plaudit reached thy ear,
A tribute to that subtle tact
That richest roll doth well enact.

“O Woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

Or still another well has said
There is no man so proud, so high,
So cold, so heartless, or so shy,
That ere he sinks to his last home,
Doth not again to thy care come.

To thee, O Woman, thus I bring
My tribute in my faltering word;
To others be it given to sing
Thy charms in measures still unheard;
And he who best can write thy praise
A monument to self will raise,
While offering but a feeble sign
Of virtues that around thee twine.

Göttingen, February, 1885.

History as Fiction.

WE ARE told by Herbert Spencer that the portion of learning which concerns the leisure part of life should likewise concern the leisure part of education. In other words, children should be taught how to exist before they are instructed in the art of living. As to what pertains to duty, and what to pleasure, men will ever differ, so that it will be impossible to establish any criterion for the measuring of Mr. Spencer's rule. Literature and art, we take it, at the present day, would probably come under the head of the leisure portion of life. To them we devote those idle moments when it is our desire to forget the world around and revel only in the bright creations of fancy. But it will not be always thus: as man progresses in the scale of intelligence, greater will become his capability of living upon this ideal food, more enlarged his powers of assimilating the thoughts from which it springs, and the more intense his appetite, and need for it, as a means of existence. The coming man we know not, but to our vision he should be one preëminently of mind, of senses delicately sensitive, of soul exquisitely hung, of being purely ideal.

Were we called upon to assign a place to history in this catalogue of the useful and the ornamental, we would be unable to do so with any degree of assurance. Useful it undoubtedly is; nay, one of the requisites of an education that tends to fit one safely for the practical duties of life. To become a good citizen, to understand the doctrines of religion, one must have an acquaintance with history. And yet, it does not wholly belong here. We are told by Emerson that every man bears in himself the history of his people, past and present; that he is ideally his race. And so it is: history is as much ideal as it is real; fiction is history, and history is fiction.

Contrasted with the real, the ideal gives us the hope and happiness of life. Cut man off from the ideal and confine him solely to the realities of life, and is it indeed worth living? Remove the hope of immortality, which cheers in every clime the dreary soul of the worker, and which, beneath every sun, moderates its beating rays into the bright effulgence of an eternal glory, and what have we left?

“ Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.”

It is this which binds earth and heaven together, and unites man to his destiny. And it is here that we find fiction mostly dwelling. Bright ideal pictures of what might have been, or ought to be, are those which come to us from this realm of fancy. So, too, do we meet with history in this world. The past once gone is to us no more than a portion of the ideal, as it can only return to our minds in the character of memory paintings; and between such representations and the imagery of the imagination, who can distinguish? All is a matter of faith.

History and fiction, then, we say, meet upon the common ground of the ideal. There extremes are, it may be, widely separated, and yet, they have a common mean. It will be our purpose to show if, in reality, they are not more closely united than most people suppose, and, in addition, that they should be brought nearer even than they now are. Both are useful, both are necessary, both are a portion of the enjoyment of life, and both should labor together to attain their common end. Fiction we will conveniently look at in the three forms of the drama, poetry and the novel.

So great a man as the Earl of Chatham, was fond of saying he learned his English history from Shakespeare, and Macaulay, in commendation, remarks that from no better source could be gained a true idea of the English character. Such a statement as this impresses one at once with the real

position which the drama holds as an educational factor. To Shakespeare, and not to Hume, to Clarendon, or to Froude, must we go for our picture of the ideal Englishman—brave, persevering, discreet, jealous of his person and his property. In this realm of fiction have been formed characters that time will never alter to the public mind; and persons, who, in history, may have been of a different nature, will ever remain as the genius of this great master has drawn them. Richard the Third, despite all "Historic Doubts," will go down to the popular mind as the "devil's butcher;" and Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," notwithstanding the researches of scholars.

And in this light, upon no people, unless it be the Greeks, has the drama exercised more influence than upon us. This is partly due to the fact of our having produced the greatest dramatist of all time, and that, whether seen upon the stage or not, his works have been well thumbed in the privacy of every home; and partly, to the fact that our natures are peculiarly fitted for such training. Loving excitement, glorying in danger, boasting that we can meet the world in arms, anything arousing these feelings in our bosoms, appeals to every fibre of our nature. We live over again the reality of the dangers of Agincourt, and rejoice once more in the greatness of the victory. In the excitement of the moment what is history, what is fiction are forgotten, and, blended together in one common mass, we find ourselves for the nonce in a new, ideal world.

Poetry is the oldest form of fiction. Yet, from time immemorial, it has been used to treasure up the famous deeds of men. In no other branch of literature did history and fiction so early meet. From Homer to Tennyson, bards have ever sought to give us grand pictures of heroes among mortals, and their dealings with the spirits of an ideal world. Poetry in its truest, deepest sense; poetry as it stirs the inmost consciousness of man like a voice from on high; poetry as felt, written and lived, by such men as Byron, Keats and

Poe, may seem at first to deal but little with history. And yet in it do we not see man? Is it not all the outpouring of the soul, the revelation of the working of spirit, and are we not as concerned in the true nature of this as of the body? All throw light upon the existence of man, and are thus truly valuable. "The Canterbury Tales," "The Lady of the Lake" and "Idyls of the King" are none the less poetry in its highest meaning, and none the less history in its truest interpretation.

The position of the novel, too, is that of an educator, and particularly of an instructor in history. All novels, that are worthy the name, are entitled to this character, whether they deal alone with human passion or are of an historical nature. To those devoted to the portrayal of the passions of men, the same remarks are applicable as were given to poetry, and to those which dip into what we term history we may repeat the observations on the drama. The eight centuries covered by Sir Walter Scott in his unequalled series of fiction, are more plainly presented to us than in hundreds of volumes of so-called history. But Scott here does not monopolize the field to the same extent that Shakespeare does his; for along with him are now ranged a little host of writers who have in the same way sought to teach us the records of the past, and every year adds something to this comparatively recent division of our literature.

Having seen what fiction is let us turn to history as generally understood. Here a great reform has been made within the present century. Formerly it was nothing but a dry recital of events; battles, intrigues of courtiers, sieges and sorties, king succeeding king. Now we have learned to look at the philosophy of history and to believe that the knowledge of a people itself is more important than of its rulers; that the growth of a new doctrine, or the conflict of opposing opinions, is of more value than a change of dynasty or a "War of the Roses." The duties of a historian in this new sense are well described by Lord Macaulay: "But a

truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon; and for their phraseology in "Old Mortality;" for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

"The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabord. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest; from the royal coach of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney corner, where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders—the stately monastery with the good cheer in its refectory and the high mass in its chapel—the manor-house with its hunting and hawking—the tournament with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the Cloth of Gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain." * * With this clear idea before us of what history should be it may be well to consider the manner in which this great work might be done.

History and fiction must unite. Not only must the historian reclaim the materials which the novelist has appropriated, but he must use them as a novelist. And not only must he encroach upon the field of the novelist, but he must trespass as well upon the domain of the dramatist and the poet. The novel, the drama and poetry must all be drawn upon to lend their wealth in the accumulation of this magnificent treasure, and not sparingly, but freely and abundantly, must they pour

forth their hoarded supplies. When necessary fiction as fiction should be employed, and no room given for a multitude of perplexing suppositions and theories, to be propounded by deep-learned pedants. History is of value to us only as it impresses upon our memory the lessons to be gleaned from the past experiences of man, and if a few incidents drawn from the imagination are to be added to present these lessons in their most attractive form, need the mind of the learner be repelled by endless explanations?

Of late years many works have appeared that tend in this direction, chiefly in the line of the historical novel. In "The Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum" and "The Emperor," Georg Ebers, has endeavored to present to us a picture of ancient Egypt. Through them we trace the history and development of the country for thousands of years, and, to those who read them, Egypt will be better understood than by the perusal of a dry recital of facts gleaned from the ancient tombs. In these historical novels we realize the antiquity of Egyptian civilization, its progress and perfection when Europe was but a wilderness; we live with the Egyptian people from their shepherd kings down to the proconsuls of Rome, and mingle in their every-day life from the palace to the humblest cabin; we witness in its construction and early grandeur that magnificent architecture whose ruins have ever been the wonder of the world; we worship with them before the true God and gradually see how the mind was led away to false images; we till that most fertile of valleys, and in all the walks of life are a portion of this great people, feeling as they felt and living as they lived.

The latest production that we have seen bearing on our question is "Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ," by Lew Wallace. It deserves high praise both as a novel and as a history. In it we have unfolded in an interesting story the touching and sad, yet glorious, life of Christ; the insane pride and deep religious feeling of the Jew; the power and superb equipment of the Roman Empire in the period of its

greatest strength ; the customs and institutions of the "gorgeous East ;" the excitement and mad entrancement of the Circus. It is an important epoch of history fully and entertainingly laid before us, and at the same time we are charmed with the story into which it is woven.

It will not, however, be necessary for us to go into the details of the many historical novels with which our literature is crowded. Every reader is familiar with most of them, old and new ; few being able to claim ignorance of "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Guy Mannering" and the unparalleled series of which they are a part, of "The Last Days of Pompeii," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Hereward the Wake," and scores of equally well-read and well-known works, in which the history of the continent, of ancient Rome, ancient Greece, and ancient Britain, are so clearly drawn. All of them are histories ; and histories, too, of a nature that mostly benefits and improves those for whom they are intended. We are not repulsed, or tired, by weary facts being repeated over and over again, but with some great lesson bound up in the volume before us, and with the truths connected with it laid down in their life-like occurrence, in the same way that we would have moved through them had we been living, the whole becomes of absorbing interest, and when it is finished we can truly say some good has been done through the teachings of history.

But the field as yet is merely skirted, the full, deep and complete plowing remains for those who are to come ; the sod has been broken, but cultivation is still wanting. History and fiction, as it were, have causally met by the wayside and journeyed together intermittently. They have never yet linked their fortunes together for a long and arduous tramp, throughout which there must be a continuous cordon of dangers and during which, at all times, must they rely upon one another. No systematic attempt has ever been made to give us the history of a people upon this basis. We have had novels in which the authors with scrupulous care verified in voluminous notes, every part of history introduced, and histo-

ries which in their entertaining style, and true idea of what they should consist of, approached the interest of a novel; but, as yet, no one has arisen bold enough to attempt a close union between the two. For such a work in its proper completeness the hand of a master spirit will be requisite, and, it has been well said, that we may sooner expect to see another Shakespeare or Homer before such a man. But epics have been written and dramas have been performed since the days of the father of poetry, and the period of his yet more illustrious successor, and why should not some venturesome spirit dare to make this new attempt? The nearest venture has been that of Sir Walter Scott, and he, if such had been his purpose, might have perverted his series of fiction into the weaving of a history of those eight centuries in a full and complete form, and thus paved the way for many lesser geniuses to follow. The first who tries may not acquire the reputation of a novelist that Scott possesses, or that of a historian Gibbon has attained, but if he will only be the forerunner of a combined Scott and Gibbon, posterity will do him honor.

And what country is fitter for such an undertaking than our own America? Here every material is at hand for the weaving of a fascinating story, containing the complete history of our people, and presented in a manner that would impress us with far different feelings from those we experience in reading the dreary, verbose pages of Bancroft or the meagre volumes of school histories. No nation in the world can point to finer sources for poetry and fiction than can we. The story of the founding of a new world and the legends of what went before, open a field in which the imagination might seek in vain for centuries ere it exhausted the endless supply. The mysterious life of the mound-builders, coming no one knows from whence, and going no one knows whither, could be far better illustrated and made known to the world by some such pleasing story as "Uarda," than in the bare descriptions of recent discoveries chronicled in the Smithsonian Reports.

The magnificence, the power, the brave defence, the ultimate fall of the Incas and the children of Montezuma, told as they are in the flowing diction of Prescott, would come nearer us through a work like "Ben-Hur." And thus through the American continent from its earliest period to the present, we might go: the queer tale of the rugged cliff-dwellers; the coming of the Northmen in their wonderful vessels to the yellow-faced children of the East; the later visitation of the huge, bird-shaped monsters of Columbus to the gentler natives of the sunny south; the advent of the brave and chivalrous, yet relentless Spaniard, in his search for the fountain of everlasting life, in his desire to augment the grandeur of Spain, and to purchase the benediction of the Holy Father; the undying zeal which planted along the shores of a new ocean, the walls of new houses of worship, and taught, in its most glorious form, the beauties of a new religion to the kindly-natured children whose life was modelled after the placid waters, by which they were reared; the grief, the despair, and the stubborn persistency with which the aborigines of the soil yielded to their doom, and gave up the inheritance of their fathers; the coming of the fair-haired sons of Thor and the marvelous story of how they conquered both native and invader, robbed both spoiler and spoiled, ever grasping at power, until at length they reared a new country, a new people, and new government, which in its youthful vigor copes with its disowned parents. What a field is this for him who thirsts for immortality!

Pardon our presumption if we attempt to indicate the character of such a work. The traits of mind and the mode of action of the Indian should be shown by some pleasing ing stories as the "Leatherstocking Tales." Indeed, in them might be bound up the history of the many conflicts of the whites with the Indians. The connection between the struggles might be given in the language of ordinary history, but their coloring, their significance and their essence should be conveyed in this more entertaining manner. The beautiful

legends of these tribes, their curious mysteries, and the sublimity of their primitive forest and mountain fastnesses could be told us in the magic rhythm of verse. Epics might be formed from the mass of material abounding in wonderful stories of heroic deeds. Going along in the order of time dramas would soon be used to illustrate and illumine some great epoch. For instance, let us take the treason of Benedict Arnold. What an impression would this dark plot make upon our minds could we see the actors pursuing their deep designs before our very eyes, but in their hour of triumph baffled and foiled by the genius of Washington himself. Or in what better way could the dangers which threatened our youthful republic at its birth be disclosed than in some historical novel, which would weave in the fears and hopes of all classes, showing to the full the evils of repudiating our war debt and the folly of separate nations. Thus every means could be employed to give us a truly great history of our people, now in verse, now in prose, now history, now what is generally termed fiction, but all in all an ideal picture of the past as it really existed.

It may be folly to hope for such a work as this ever to come into being, but we are at liberty to think of what might be. Day dreams are the privilege of all—the sweetest privilege that man possesses—and that we indulge ourself should not weigh against the soundness of any theory our sober moments may conceive. But this we hope will not end as a vision never to be realized. Indeed, as we think of it all, stronger becomes our conviction that ere we “shuffle off this mortal coil” we will be able to say,

“I had a dream which was not all a dream.”

Q. R.

Uncle Samuel's Hunt.

 NOW, John Henry, call up de dog an' we'll go out into der field an' kill an ole har' fur yer mammy. Hurry up, boy; 'pears like yer moves same as a fly in 'lasses."

John Henry was a trifle slow it must be admitted, but the objective sport was interesting to him, and in a short while he was following the old man through the corn-field. Uncle Samuel carried upon his shoulder the remains of an ancient fowling piece, which seemed to vie with the form of the old man, with his shaggy beard, wrinkled face and bent back, in marks of old age. They went in single file; uncle Samuel in the lead, John Henry at his heels and the rear closed up by a yellow dog of uncertain pedigree, known to the country around as Abe. The limit of the corn-field was nearly reached and a large area of waste land gained, when uncle Samuel turned to his hopeful heir:

"Son, has yer heerd enybody in de bushes lately. Not many has been aroun' dis year, an' dar mus' be many an ole har' ober dar now; an', son, it am jes' de fines' kind of a day in de worl' fur 'em."

"Look dar now!" was the energetic reply John Henry gave, as the fleeing form of a scared rabbit was seen darting through the corn. Bang went the blunderbuss, and uncle Samuel for the first time in his life brought down his game on the run, and, as though good fortunes never come singly, by a miracle of Providence, failed to bring down his dog in addition. A question might have been raised whether the rabbit was stunned by the report of the piece or dropped from sheer fright at the nearness of the whistling bullets, but Abe put this doubt to rest at once by mounting the prostrate form and commencing to chew vigorously. John Henry rescued the

animal, uncle Samuel reloaded with great dignity of expression, and the procession resumed its march.

"Good mornin', Mars' Tom." And the old darkey's hat came off and his body bent low, to a fine looking young fellow riding across the field.

"Good morning, Uncle Samuel. What luck?"

"Jes' got one, Mars' Tom, but jes' started: am gwine to get mo'. Lor', Mars' Tom, har's ain't like dey used to was in dis country; no sar, dey ain't. One time, 'fore freedom, I recollec's during a winter when de sno' war on de ground mighty thick, young Mars' Benson and young Mars' Long killed a whole sled load ober on Mars' Benson's plantation in two hours. And, would yer believe it, Mars' Tom, when dey went to market wid dat load of har's a whole string ob livin' ones came runnin' long 'hind, wantin' to go to town, too. Dat am a fac', Mars' Tom."

The young fellow laughed. "That will do to tell, you old rascal. How are you getting along now-a-days, uncle?"

"Poo'ly, mighty poo'ly, Mars' Tom. Dis ain't de country it used to be, no way yer takes it, 'cordin' to me. An ole man now 'gins to go down when he used to was better nor a boy am now. Why, Mars' Tom, when I fus' come to dis country wid ole marsser, de fus' thing we seed war an ole man in de road, older nor I am now. De ole cuss war settin' on a rock cryin', he war indeed. Mars' goes up an seys, 'What am de matter. my frien'; an' seys he, 'I'se cryin' cause my daddy licked me dis mornin' fur throwin' a rock at my grandaddy.' Yes sar, dat am jes' what he said, Mars' Tom."

John Henry had been slipping around through the brush during this interview, and now came gently to his father's side.

"Pappy, look dar, see dat ole har' lyin' under dat bush." That ended the conference. Uncle Samuel's dilapidated instrument opened its mouth again, and another trophy disappeared in John Henry's coffee sack. The trio were now in good spirits and continued the chase over the field, Abe being more interested than the other two. The ebon-hued face of

the boy seemed to glisten with delight, and when he was beyond the range of vision of the old man, his enjoyment was audibly manifested in deep seated chuckles. A looker-on might have observed that no rabbits were seen or killed except such as John Henry detected himself and pointed out to his father; and it might also have been observed that when one was killed that the boy invariably came from that direction a few minutes before. Uncle Samuel, however, was not of a suspicious nature, and fired away with supreme content, until his limited supply of ammunition was exhausted.

"'Clar to goodness, son, all de powder am gone. Nebber seed har's so thick since de days of Mars' Benson; jes' looks as though dey is under ebery bush in de fiel'. Got nine, ain't we, son? Won't yore mammy larf when she see 'em! Hab to quit now and git 'long home. Can't kill no har's wid no powder."

John Henry chuckled, and carried the coffee sack on his back, in the wake of the old man. Uncle Samuel walked brisker than usual, and even straightened to a perpendicular when he stopped in front of his cabin door.

"Look hyar, ole woman. Nine fine har's. Come hyar, John Henry, and give me de sack. Show yer mammy what your pappy's done. Seem to me, boy, dis sack am mighty light fur nine ole har's. Dey mus' be berry nice an' tender ones sure. Whar am dey, son, whar am dey? Hyar am only one an' he am so full of shot dat he look like he'd been frew a frashin' machine."

The young rascal had been continually stealing in front of his parent and depositing the rabbit time and again as a mark, and against it the old man had directed his whole fire. Its ears had been shot away, most of its wool was gone, and every bone in its body was broken into several compound fractures. Seven loads of heavy duck shot had played sad havoc with poor little bunny.

"De Lor' bress my soul, but dat boy am a bad one. He's done gone an' played on his po' ole fodder de berry same trick

dat dem good fur nuthin' white trash ob Smiths ober dar
played on deyr uncle. John Henry, son, John Henry, look
hyar"—

But John Henry was "over the hills and far away."

Madrigal.

Brighter than a sunbeam
The smile that on her red lip lies,
And brighter than that smile, the gleam
That lights her ebon eyes.
Prouder than a princess
Her shapely head my love doth bear
Kings boast no treasures worth a tress
Within her raven hair.
Lighter form than sylph's own,
Her lithesome step a young gazelle's ;
A voice that sounds with silver tone
A sound of marriage-bells.
Soul as simply true as truth,
Pure as a pearl in native seas,
Fresh with the heaven-born dew of youth.
Thou knowest now Elise.

CYRIL.

The Co-Education of the Sexes.

 IN THE educational world there rage great conflicts as well as in the political and ecclesiastical worlds. At present the strife between science and the classics seems to hold the place of honor in the arena of the schoolmen, although scarcely less important to it is the co-education of the sexes. These two are to the educators of the country what Civil Service Reform is to the politicians, and the unity of the church to the ministers. And, indeed, if we examine closely we will observe a striking similarity in the nature of the conflict in every instance. Upon the one side will be found the conservative, ever clinging to the past and unwilling to change simply because he thinks what is, is right ; and, on the other, will be ranged the liberal, who is always eager to try new experiments, and regards the past as an Egypt of stupidity. One is ever trying to stand still and the other to advance.

It might be supposed that in a conflict of this character those professions which contain the larger mass of genius and education would be the first to adopt liberal sentiments, and, if they could not conscientiously adopt either of the extreme views, take a dignified mean ; but such seems not to be the case. In the ecclesiastical and educational, where this higher view ought to prevail the most naturally, we find the greatest tendency to rank partisanship, while in the political world where the contrary would seem to hold, the opposite result is had. Liberality, indeed, seems to exist inversely as the square of the distance increases from where it should be found. The prospect of a union of all the churches is a thing dreamed of, but hardly ever anticipated as a reality by even its most devoted adherents, while in the political status of the country we are surprised at the kaleidoscopic change going

on, and the obliteration of past differences. As a mean between the two we find that a gradual progress is being made in the right direction by those who have charge of the training of the youth of our country. Some hang back far to the rear and others plunge ahead beyond the skirmish line, but as a rule the advance keeps pace with the general movement of the human mind.

In conversation with one of the leading lawyers of the most prosperous state of the South, during the past summer, we were somewhat surprised to hear him remark that he had lost most of his interest in his old Alma Mater, because it had admitted young ladies on an equality with young men, and, as he thought, had thus converted a college into an academy. We hear similar objections and many others of a like nature urged by intelligent, thoughtful persons against this new idea, which is making such rapid progress in the whole country, and it is our purpose, if possible, to question their validity and explain the workings of this natural system. To those who oppose the change simply upon the ground that it is a change, and, therefore, the ideas, prejudices and convictions, which they have received from a long line of ancestors, will be violated, we have nothing to say—remain joined to your idols. But to those who are willing to be convinced, and who are sufficiently removed from the musty tombs of the past, to hear intelligently and impartially any theory of the present, we would like to address our few remarks. It will only be necessary to state what the adherents of this system claim it has done in the past, and will do in the future.

Generally it is claimed that the sexes are thrown together throughout life, no difference what the business or profession of the individual may be, and the rule of educating them together is only in accordance with this general law. They are reared together as children, must associate together during the whole of their social and business lives, and when it is claimed that they must be separated for the period of six or

eight years, during which they are to be educated, some sufficient reason must be given. We see that in every instance where either sex has been left to itself the result has been disastrous to the race. Take armies of men, there the rank-est vices flourish and the inevitable result is that, however pure the individual may be, he is bound to be contaminated, and the mass as a whole is lowered immeasurably. On the other side, if the same result has not been accomplished in the bringing together of the opposite sex in nunneries and convents, it is because the influence of religion has been stronger than the law of nature. And in separate schools the same outcome is to be seen. Three, four or five hundred young men when brought together with no means of associating with the other sex, whether it be for education or any purpose, are bound to degenerate morally as a whole. The rushes, the hazings, the brutal conduct, shameful behavior that is seen in many colleges of this character are mostly due to this fact. These acts cannot be attributed to boys and the feelings consequent upon this stage of existence: the pupils of the colleges and universities of the country are young men, most of them voters, and as such in any other circumstances would never think of committing similar deeds. It is due almost solely to the practice of penning young men up by themselves and thus converting them for the time being into an army. So it is, too, with girls. The female seminaries of the country convert many timid, modest girls into bold, forward flirts. Shut out from all intercourse with the world and cut off from every amusement natural to their nature, they must of necessity give vent to their youthful spirit in other directions, and the only opening generally is to strive to evade as many of the rules as possible. In either case the outcome is not what it ought to be, and boys sent to colleges or girls to boarding schools, return to us not what they were, nor what they ought to be.

But the upholders of the coëducation plan have more than theory upon which to rely. In all the great public

school systems of the States this mode of education has been, and is now, put into practice. It must not be forgotten either that in the great majority of these States the public training does not stop at the three r's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic—but goes on into the higher branches, so that when one graduates from these graded schools he is able to enter any of the foremost colleges of the country, Harvard or Yale for instance. It is in such schools as these that this system of co-education has been in use for many years, and with unvarying success. To those who have practically experienced the benefits of such schools, no one can praise them too much, and to those who have not had such experience, we can only say no state has ever yet changed from the coëducation plan to the separate education plan. Boys who, when at home, or running around the streets, are disorderly, noisy and untidy, when brought to such schools and placed under the influence of the refining society of young ladies, become neat in their dress, observant of their behavior and in every way try to behave as young gentlemen. And the effect upon the girls is equally noticeable. Both sexes learn to associate with one another as they should do in all the walks of life, and this important element of education is as essential as is Greek or Mathematics. The public school systems of the states, then, are witnesses in favor of the coëducation of the sexes.

Many of the leading colleges and universities of the country have lately yielded to the growing demand in favor of this common-sense plan, and every year adds a number to the list. The result here is claimed by all who advocated the change, and, even by those who opposed it, to prove the wisdom of the new departure. As the controversy has hitherto been mainly in the direction of the admission of young ladies to the great colleges where young gentlemen have always monopolized affairs, we will confine ourselves to the benefits claimed by its adherents as resulting from such admissions. These are many, and the more important ones only can be noticed.

First of all it places girls upon an equality with boys, so far as education is concerned. Instead of millions of dollars being invested and employed in the accumulation of treasuries of knowledge for the male sex alone, and in instructing the youth of one sex only in those higher branches of knowledge, which are now essential to education, both sexes alike may share and learn. And this undoubtedly is as it should be. In this practical age when woman must earn her living, and compete with man in the various walks of life, it is no more than just that she should have all the advantages to begin with that he possesses. Upon the principle of common justice the advisability of such a course is at once apparent, and unless some weightier reason is adduced to show the contrary we must submit to this necessity.

It is also claimed that most beneficial results have come to the young men at these colleges. Much of the roughness, the lawlessness and the general ungentlemanly conduct of the boys at these institutions has been subdued by the advent of the gentler sex among them. They are no more the wild barbarians of old, feeling that that they were cut off from the rest of the world, and were in consequence to behave as the spirit moved them; but are gentlemen, moving in a society as select as their homes could furnish, and as real as life itself will afterwards afford. The tendency to degenerate in the manner of the army, is done away with and in its place is brought the refining influences that make courts the abode of chivalry.

In the class-standing an advantage is also noticed. Competition between the sexes does much to improve the standard, and the fear of being beaten by a girl urges many a poor fellow to greater efforts than any other spur would inspire. On the other hand, too, ambition to hold their own in this new field, and to prove they are worthy to remain therein, encourages the new-comers to do their best. While it must be admitted that too active competition is injurious and tends to bring about a forced process of gaining knowledge, yet it

cannot be denied that in general a certain degree of rivalry is necessary in order to produce good work.

We might urge many more of the good results claimed for this plan, wherever it has been tried in the colleges of this country, but this will not be necessary. These will suffice and the unanimous approval of all those who have seen it tried will supply any shortcomings.

Then we see reason and experience combine in demonstrating the wisdom of the co-education of the sexes. What do we find opposing it? Nothing but the same spirit which we mentioned as existing in the ecclesiastical and political worlds, as well as in the educational. It arose from the ancient theory that woman was made the servant of man, to do only his bidding and to live only for his pleasure. As long as this idea prevailed, it was of course needless for woman to receive any education at all, beyond what was necessary for her to have in order to perform her duties to her lord and master, but now all is changed, and the one sex needs, and is entitled to, the same education as the other. If this be true why should the doors of most of the great institutions of the world be longer shut against the face of her who aided in their building, profits in their learning, and needs their institution? We wait for one to give us an answer other than that "'twas ever thus."

FUDGE.

In the Surf.

Had he ever seen her before—no never,
Had she ever seen him before—no never,
Did they ever meet thereafter—no never.

A Manuscript.

 WHILE rambling upon the Observatory Mountain a few weeks since, I chanced to rest myself on the stump of what was once a large tree. The stump was much decayed, and, suddenly crumbling, sent me, face downwards, into a large brier bush. I got up, inwardly cursing the stump, for my hands were badly scratched and my clothes torn in several places. As soon as I could compose myself enough to look around, I began to examine the cause of my disaster, and was no little surprised to find protruding from the rotten stump what appeared to be a manuscript. It was much soiled and discolored by the atmosphere, musty and damp. I took it from its place and found it to consist of several large sheets of paper, on which was some writing scarcely decipherable. Putting this roll carefully in the breast pocket of my coat I carried it to my room, and after some trouble I made out the following narrative, which I now present to such students and persons as take enough interest in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE to read the articles therein contained. I may state here for the benefit of sundry curious ones that while the words are in nearly all cases those of the manuscript, still in a few places the writing was so blurred as not to be legible, and in these places I have taken the liberty of supplying words of my own. N.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the oath taken never to divulge at any time, or by any means whatever, the secrets to be contained in the following pages, I am going to trust them to ink and paper; for my spirit is overcome with a loathing melancholy; my nights are spent in visions of the most horrid kind, and my very life is a burden to me, because my thoughts are ever reverting to what I saw and experienced on the night of the 12th of January, 188—.

I am a student of medicine at the University of Virginia. I have borrowed the money to bring me here, and have lived since my arrival as economically as I possibly could. I have made no acquaintances, and no human being has entered my room, on East Range, for three months, save the boy whose business it is to clean up and the old apple-vender, whom I could not keep out. I do not even know the names of the students who room next to me. As a result of my living so much to myself I have become gloomy, and mind ever tends to view things on the wrong side. The weather previous to January 12th had been exceedingly cold, and on the day in question, the thermometer was several degrees below zero. Towards night it grew colder and colder, and before eleven o'clock the mercury must have marked ten degrees below zero. I had in vain tried to ward off my gloomy feelings, but they returned that night thicker and faster than ever. Nor did my surroundings tend to render them less gloomy. My room was dingy and dark, and nothing adorned the walls save thick cobweb curtains, on which the coal dust had settled, giving a most sepulchral air to the room. More than once that night I had imagined myself a huge, grim spider in this mesh of web, waiting for its vibrations to give signal for some unlucky fly caught for death. With the greatest effort only could I shake the feeling off. The cold was benumbing me, I was slowly freezing. The fire refused to give forth its heat. On the dark walls the shadows, which in the early fall loved to see how far they could get away from each other in their weird and merry dances, now hovered around one central spot, just across from the fireplace, as if seeking warmth from company; while in the tub on the hearth, the water, known to be the most incompressible of fluids, finding that no heat was to be gotten from close communion, now sought to expand in search of it, and as it did so the sharp spears of the cold transfixed it, and the water was stiff in the arms of its enemy.

Feeling that I should certainly freeze unless something

were done, I went to the closet and drew thence a bottle of whiskey and took a deep draught, seeking solace. I found none. I grew more and more nervous, I became afraid of my own shadow, of the low moaning' of the wind outside my door; in short, of everything that moved. A second time I raised the bottle to my lips, when the clock in the rotunda struck one, two, three, four—on to twelve. I knew that the ghosts were loose on the earth. At the thought my heart beat faster, and a cold shiver passed over my body. The bottle I had placed on the table as soon as the clock commenced to strike, I again raised to my lips, when my blood ran cold at a rustling in my curtain, and at the same moment a something stirred under my bed. My heart ceased beating, my hair stood on end, and the bottle in my hand fell to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces. I peered eagerly at the curtain seeking to ascertain whether a ghost were really haunting my room. Nothing appeared. I waited, I listened. I tried to quiet my nerves. "Fool," said I "are you a coward?" Everything failed; my nerves were in a frenzy; wild with excitement, I started to rise from my chair to seek a small bottle of brandy, which I kept in my trunk, when just outside my door were heard three most dismally, sepulchral howls of a dog. I believe for the time I had lost my mind, for at these howls I tried to scream, but was mute. The cold was driving me a lunatic. These slight things which on other nights I should never have noticed, now had the most terrible effect on me. As soon as I was able, I pulled off my shoes and jumped into bed, and sought beneath the cover a refuge from my fright. It soon came, and in a few minutes I was asleep; but not a dreamless sleep, for I saw the most hideous monster that imagination ever bodied forth. How long I slept thus, I know not, but on awakening I found myself bolt upright in bed, looking intently at the door. As I looked it opened, and in floated a man! a ghoul! a ghost! I know not. I fainted. My terrors had reached a point too great for human frame to bear. On coming to I found this

same object in the doorway. This time I gazed with some degree of composure on my visitor. Reaction was setting in and what courage belongs to me by natural endowment came to my aid. In form my visitor was a man, with broad Atlantean shoulders; of his face nothing was to be seen, save his teeth and lower jaw; from his teeth there shone forth a dull, sickening, purplish light, his hands and feet were visible, nought but bone, however; his whole body was covered with a slimy, black covering, about two inches thick. As I gazed upon it, it appeared to be a mass of seething, working organisms, ever moving among themselves, yet keeping perfectly to the form of my visitor: "Come," said he to me, in a tone deep and hollow, and in a language of which I now do not remember a single word, though at the time I seemed to understand perfectly. "Come, follow me to the mountain; I am Tithonus." I arose and followed him down East Range. When passing the gymnasium building, I thought to throttle my strange master, and thus free myself from him. For this purpose I leaned forward to seize him by the neck, my hands got to within three inches of his strange black covering, but no nearer—my arms fell paralyzed to my side. It seemed as if all my nerves had become motor and sensor, and all power over them was at end. I became for the rest of our journey an observant piece of mechanism. I could see the things around me, I could admire the scenery, and the moon was grand—but at the same time I could will nothing. No longer did the cold oppress me. No longer did I have the slightest fear of anything. Tithonus spoke, I obeyed without a thought of the consequences; without once thinking that aught but obedience was possible. We continued our walk in silence until we reached the foot of the Lawn; here my companion pointed to the steps leading from the road, I ascended them and advanced a few steps into the Triangle and then stopped.

Just above me was the moon, which had full that night. The sky around the zenith was perfectly clear, save a few

fleecy clouds just above the moon ; and, at the moment I noticed it, contiguous with its upper surface. The moon was the shining face, the clouds the silver-gray locks of some fair maid. Why should the hairs of Astaroth be gray to-night ? Never had the moon shone more brilliantly. Never was the University seen under a more favorable light. The snow on the lawn was one level mass, unbroken save by a few tracks of children and dogs. The trees were all hanging with snow crystals, which sparkled in the moonlight. The University building, with its huge white cap, resembled some antediluvian animal, which had just risen from the sea ; its head covered with foam, its mouth wide open ; the pillars in front being its teeth. The scene was one of great beauty and grandeur. My mind, though deprived of some of its powers by my attempt to throttle my guide, seemed to gain in capacity for enjoying the beautiful in nature. I stood, for some seconds, forgetful of where I was. Tithonus stepped forward and uttered some peculiar sounds, whose meaning I could not comprehend. He next raised his right hand and pointed in the direction of a certain professor's house, then of another's, and, finally, in that of a third. For an instant I seemed to regain my faculties, comprehend his meaning and then relapse again into a machine. How well can I recall the bony fingers which came to a point as fine as that of a needle. The ever-seething coat glistened like diamonds, and the dull purple light from his teeth shone more intensely dull than ever. Why were three houses chosen and no more ? I know not. We now left the Lawn returning to the road. Soon we had passed Monroe Hill and were in the avenue of oaks leading to the little necropolis. I was here walking too slowly for my companion, and he said to me in his language, "Faster." I mended my pace and was soon in the open space which lies in front of the University graveyard. Here again we stopped. The zenith was no longer free from clouds. Thin patches were seen here and there. The moon was pursuing its course between two parallel strata of clouds, which were just far

enough apart to allow about half her face to peep through. The moon was imprisoned. Her gray locks had been metamorphosed into prison bars. I next looked toward the necropolis. It seemed to be gala night. The trees there were lit up with lanterns from the spirit world. These lanterns were hung from all the trees and bushes in the enclosure, and cast over the scene a greenish light. The tall and slender pine which stands in the northeast corner of the graveyard, had often been an object of my admiration. To-night it seemed an object of veneration to the spirits. From every limb was suspended a lantern larger than those on the other trees. And as I gazed I saw a spirit fast mounting the tree until he reached the top. Here he stopped and attached a lantern, whose shape I cannot describe. The spirit waved his hand across this lantern, which then gave forth a light equal in brilliancy to that of all the other lanterns in the graveyard combined. The ground presented a scene weird in the extreme, yet sad. The spirits were in form like human beings, yet they lacked materiality. Simply transparent mist, with human figure, vague and indefinable. In one corner of the graveyard there was a spirit dance, in which more than thirty spirits participated. Their movements were graceful far beyond anything attained by human beings. Their music being that of the spheres, my senses were too gross and undelicate to catch the faintest note. In another corner was a second group, rather smaller than that composed of the dancers, and took no notice of them. Their occupation I was unable to make out. Here and there in the graveyard were lonely spirits, who deigned not to have any communications with their fellows, but rather remained aloof; their heads hanging on their breasts; their arms listless at their sides. They seemed excommunicated even there. Were I permitted to draw upon my imagination in the least, I should say I saw one spirit who would have given all that spirits possess to be back in the material body once more, though but for a few moments, to settle some of the deep metaphysical

questions for which he could give no solution while he was yet alive.

No more of the scene can I recall, for I had scarcely gazed upon it more than a minute when Tithonus said, "To the mountain." Now for the first time did I observe the manner of walking of my guide. He took steps like a human being, yet he did not seem to touch the ground. The bones, which served as feet, never seemed nearer than two inches to the snow. Yet he was in contact with it, for each time he lifted his foot, I noticed, the snow had become solid ice. We walked slowly enough until we came to the cross-roads at the foot of the Observatory Mountain. Here, just a little aside from the road, I noticed a strange being. Its body was covered with a glistening coat resembling that of Tithonus, yet from the small waist, rounded hips and full breasts, I saw it was a woman. Was I dreaming? This woman-spirit had three faces with only one neck, the face of a horse, of a dog and of a boar. Could it have been the daughter of Perses and Asteria—the goddess Trivia—Hecate? This being moved not as we passed, and my guide seemed not to notice her. Here we left the road and took the foot-path leading to the mountain. The sky was becoming clouded. The bars were growing together and soon the moon would be buried from view—a victim of her silvery locks. A slight wind rustled the dead branches of the trees. Our walk was in perfect silence. I had no wish to talk and could not have uttered a syllable had I desired to. About half way up the Observatory Mountain by this path, is a large oak tree. Just before reaching this, a rabbit attempted to cross the road, Tithonus lifted his right hand in the direction of the poor animal, which immediately fell dead. A little further up the mountain a shrill screech of an owl was heard, immediately followed by the bird's attempt to cross the fated path. Again the pointed fingers were raised and the owl fell, without a flutter, to the ground. All this I noticed very exactly, without reasoning on it or forming any hypothesis in regard to it.

Was I dreaming? For we rarely, or never, use our reasoning powers in our dreams. There may the strangest transformations and associations of time, place and circumstance come and go, and in their transit never strike our dreaming brain as being inconsequent. We accept all changes, never thinking, how is this? We were soon at the summit of the mountain. The sky was overcast with clouds. No moon was visible, and so dark had it become that I no longer had any but a general idea of the direction in which I was going. The purplish light from the teeth of Tithonus served to guide me. For some time we kept the road. Then we took to the woods. This I could tell by the bushes that brushed against me and the uneven walking. After continuing this rambling for the space of half an hour, going I knew not where, I saw beyond my companion a light, which danced hither and thither with a rapidity not to be accorded to the will-o'-the-wisp. As I approached, I saw it was carried by a spirit, who was whirling it around his head as he jumped from bush to bush. Tithonus addressed the spirit, who turned suddenly and led the way to an old tree stump and there stopped. This stump was soon removed and Tithonus entered the mountain through an arched opening. I followed. Indeed, had this strange being ordered me to twist my head off, I should have attempted it without a moment's hesitation. He had only addressed me three times. Each time I had obeyed without thought. His words seemed the screws which set me in motion. I reasoned not, only saw, heard and obeyed. We descended some distance into the earth, and for the first time since I left my room was I conscious of the temperature. It became warmer and warmer as we descended. Our way led us through chambers varying in size, but uniform in shape—that of an ellipsoid. They were all lit with the same greenish light I had seen in the graveyard. To the walls clung bats of a size larger than any I had seen on earth. Myriads of saurians and slimy reptiles were crawling across the bottoms of the chambers, disappearing and re-

appearing in the holes in the walls. The deeper we descended the less and less resemblance the inhabitants of these chambers bore to their counterparts on earth. At last I reached what was the present home of Tithonus. A pale purplish light suffused the atmosphere. Whence this light came I could not tell, for even while I wondered—and my senses had returned as soon as I reached this room—to myself what possible source of light could exist so far beneath the earth's surface, the walls of the room grew more and more luminous. The pale purple of a few moments ago changing to a brilliancy that outshone the sun. In vain did I try to fix my eye on any one color. Each movement of my head, however slight, brought new shades of this wonderful light to my eye. Red, then green, next blue, and so on through the myriad shades which the various combinations of the primary colors can produce. My wonderment passed all bounds, for I saw myself in a room which had been excavated out of a solid diamond, and the light from its thousand facets, facing inwards, produced an effect indescribably grand. Still no source for the light could be found. All was illuminated, yet there was no luminary. The room contained nothing save a kind of lounge, which adapted itself to each motion of Tithonus' body, and so perfectly and easily that it gave its support without awakening consciousness of the fact. Tithonus took no notice of my admiration, but beckoned me to him. I came. "Boy," said he, "I have a strange story to relate you, and then I want you to show your skill as a surgeon." I bowed my head in silence, while he continued. "When Troy fell, then fell the gods." The reader, should this manuscript ever see light, must pardon me for giving in outline only the story of Tithonus, since to attempt a literal translation of a tale so grand is beyond my powers. The voice of this strange being now became sweet and beautiful, and so perfectly did he modulate it in the relation of his story that I almost saw each event as he related it. His story, so well as I can recall, it ran somewhat as follows :

"I am Tithonus, known in the mythology of human beings as the son of Laomedon, king of Troy, and Strymo, the daughter of the Scamander. How Aurora became enamored of me, carried me off and obtained for me the gift of immortality; how she withheld from me the better half of this gift—eternal youth; how I soon became old, infirm and decrepit, you have read. No sooner had the gods in council granted me immortality than Aurora's love changed to simple affection, from affection to indifference, thence to hatred. As a mortal I had never loved her, I had been proud of being honored with the love of a goddess, proud—that is all. Many a Trojan maiden seemed to me more beauteous; and, besides, I knew of Aurora's love for Astræus, the father of the winds and stars. I knew of her attempt to win Cephalus from pure and simple Procris. How she was the cause of Orion's death, I had heard. And these amours, judged from a human standpoint, I did not like; but when I became immortal I saw things with far other eyes. I learned to appreciate rightly a goddess, as beautiful as Eos was. As time passed on I became weaker and weaker, she more and more scornful of my proffered love. At last I was changed to a cicada, retaining the spark of immortality. I knew then that unless some unimagined change took place among the gods I could not hope ever to win again the love of Aurora; yet, that she should be mine I swore, if I should have to wait to the end of time. For awhile I seemed destined to wait until then. Years passed, Troy fell, and with it fell the gods of antiquity. On the continuance or fall of Ilium was concentrated more divine interest than mortals wot of, and shady Olympus became the scene of broils unmentionable. While these strifes were going on, Juno determined to separate from her lord and master and swore never to return. Jove thanked her for her determination and vow. She left and never again visited him. Troy fell; the strife waxed hotter and hotter. Jove grew a-weary of his cypress sceptre and his thunderbolts; he had seen no mortal maiden worthy of his love, since the days of

Danaë and Leda. He was tired of immortality; he sighed for mortality, for death, for annihilation. This could be obtained by the immortals only in one way. A council of all the gods had to be called, and a majority of all the inhabitants of the skies had to vote in the affirmative, to the question, 'Shall any of the immortals be allowed to assume mortality?' The council met, and, strange as it may seem, one-half wished to have the power to die; the other half wished to deny the first half and themselves this power. The power once granted could not be withheld, and affected all alike. If one might die, all might die, only the wish for death was requisite. The divine law on this point was as follows: 'When a majority of all the gods and goddesses shall have voted away their inability to die, and shall have vested in themselves the right to die, the only requisite for death shall be the expressed wish to give up their immortality.' In this conclave of the Empyrean powers, the debates were grand and impressive beyond mortal conception. None spoke lightly, yet all spoke long. How I enjoyed those speeches, those impassioned orations! The heavens appeared blacker and more gloomy and seemed to shudder at its fate. When all, save myself, had spoken, I was asked if I had aught to say. I replied in the negative, adding, 'My right to vote is sufficient for me.' The opponents then arranged themselves in two lines facing each other. All the immortals carrying their attributes of majesty. The lines were of equal length, and I was to decide whether all these immortals might die—I, the immortal cicada, the dry-fly vested with the gift of eternal old age, the shrunken vestige of a noble youth. The question was never to be brought up again, if I voted with the Jovian party, all had the right to die; if with that of Juno, none could ever die. I looked at the daughter of Hyperion, as she sat in her rose-colored chariot, drawn by horses of milky whiteness; as was her custom, her veil was drawn closely around her, covering that form it could not conceal. When she beheld me looking towards her, with her roseate fingers, she slowly raised her veil and

giving me one withering glance, as slowly replaced it. It was enough, I ranged myself with the party of Jove—all might die. No shout was raised by the victors, no groans vented forth by their opponents. In silence they all separated. One proviso in regard to the death of a god or goddess I must mention here : When a god or goddess died, his or her power was to be equally divided among the remaining gods and goddesses. Here was my opportunity to regain the affection and love of Aurora. I was now willing to wait. Jove was the first to die. This he did in the presence of Juno. His wish became a reality, and Jupiter was no longer among the number of the gods. Well do I remember how my share of the great power and influence, once wielded by this chief of the gods, was diffused through my small body. A cold bath in some shady stream to a hot and weary traveler, can only express in some degree the pleasure that thrilled me as this new power was given me. Mercury was the next to die, then Mars, then Neptune—with each death my power and size increased, until at the death of Saturn, I was what Jupiter had once been. One horrid thought pursued me everywhere. Aurora, before this division of power began, was stronger than I, and with each death we each received an equal share of power. I was strong, Aurora was stronger, and though all the gods might die I could never equal her in power. Was I destined always to be her inferior? After all the gods had surrendered their immortality except myself, many years elapsed before any goddess dare follow their example. With their increase of power, more bitter grew their envyings and strifes. At last, however, the goddesses grew tired of a heaven, in which there were no gods, for none of them would notice me. A goddess will not have aught to do with a god, whom she knows to be her inferior in power. Juno died first, and in an incredibly short time all had followed her save Aurora. We two alone were occupants of the former homes of the immortals. Aurora was more powerful than I. Could I ever win her? If she died, I became ruler supreme; but—of

what? While she lived I was in misery; in bitter loneliness when she was gone. I determined to tell her my love, and ask her again to be my companion. If she refused I meant to follow her until she expressed the wish to die, and then my revenge would be complete. She should not enjoy her power in peace. Where could she be found? I sought her on the earth, and through all the region of the heavens immediately adjacent thereto; I sought her everywhere in Mars' domain, thence outward beyond the orbit of the planet now called Neptune; thence outward and onward past the nearer fixed stars, until at last I found Aurora driving her chariot close to the centre of the universe of stars. She saw me, divined my purpose and fled out through the Milky Way into the void beyond, far past the domain of the stars into the region of pure space. I followed fast and ever faster, but never gained upon the fugitive. In time Aurora turned her course again toward the earth. She began with the speed of light; this soon increased to that of untrammelled electricity. This ever increased and faster grew. I gained not. She reached the earth, and alighted on the top of Mount Ida. I thought she was mine, but no, she uttered the words, "I wish to die," and I was alone of all the immortals. For years have I wandered thus. Now, boy, I wish to die; and cannot, unless you kill me, for I was mortal before I attained my immortality. Hesitate not; for by so doing you give to man power over the secrets of electricity and increase his power ten fold. You cannot hesitate," Tithonus had spoken.

Here I again awoke to my situation, for while the god was relating his story, so perfect was the modulation and pathos of his voice that my feelings followed his own. I, also, now for the first time became aware that some changes had taken place in my surroundings. The sides of the room no longer gave forth their brilliant colorings. All was black darkness save two horrid greenish-yellow glowings from the eyes of Tithonus. The light, which had hitherto shone only from his teeth, had shifted. Eyes had made their appearance,

and the color of the light was changed. I became colder and colder with horror as I watched. The lounge, on which Tithonus had been reclining, had been transformed into a dissecting table. On the top of which was a marble slab, horrid with a fetid odor, "Boy," said my companion, for so I must call him, "take this instrument and remove from my brain the pineal gland; and be careful you do not extinguish both your lamps ere your work is done."

Almost paralyzed with fear, I took the instrument. What did he mean by admonishing me to be careful not to extinguish both my lamps? Was I to put out one eye and work by the light afforded by the other? Thus I interpreted his speech. Tithonus was as still as death. I was about to commence my operation; the result of which was to be the removal from existence the last of the beings of mythology. I made an incision into what should have been the cornea of the left eye. With a hissing sound one of my lamps went out and the whole eye vanished into smoke. By the light furnished by the other, I could see into the interior of the skull. There was nothing there, save the wished-for pineal gland, which was fastened by a fasciculus of something resembling nerves to the right eye, and by another fasciculus of the same substance to the interior edge of the foramen magnum. The interior of the skull was otherwise empty. I soon removed this gland, and Tithonus was dead. Unfortunately I was not. And how was I to escape from this subterranean abode of reptiles? A lantern was absolutely necessary—but I had none; not even a match. And had I possessed one, the cave afforded nothing combustible. What was I to do? On the dissecting table lay the body of Tithonus, face downwards, for I had turned the body over to escape the light of the right eye which seemed to see through me.

Time passed on and still no scheme presented itself to me for improvising a lantern. Was I to starve here? And what if I did? No one cared enough for me to institute a search for my whereabouts. My room would be opened, and I

should be reported to the chairman as having left the University, for what place no one knew. I had no home. Was there any reason why I should wish to escape from this cave? None, save that I did not want to die, though I knew not why I lived. I noticed, too, the air of the room was becoming insupportably hot and oppressive. I felt my heart beating faster against my side—I grew desperate. I walked from one part of the cave to the other, meeting on every side the bare walls of my prison. At last I was about to throw myself on the floor of the room to die, when it occurred to me that the light from the right eye of the dead Tithonus might not yet be extinguished. I found the table, turned the body over and found the same greenish yellow light proceeding from his eye. How could I make use of this as a lantern, for I could not carry the whole body? There was but one way and this I availed myself of. I severed the head from the neck and holding it in both hands before me I began my march around the room. I soon found a small hole in the wall, leading into another room somewhat larger than the one I was in. Into this cavern I made my way. The air felt somewhat cooler and my lantern gave an increased light. On the floor of this room, which had served Tithonus as a kind of cabinet, I saw the arms and ensigns of the gods and goddesses. In one corner lay the trident of Neptune, near by it were the caduceus, petasus, talaria and herpe of Hermes, the shield of Minerva and Apollo's lyre. In the centre of the room lay the cypress sceptre of Jupiter. Nor were the other gods and goddesses unrepresented. I here thought of Aurora, and looked for some memento of her, but could find none, not even her veil—but I cannot go on. Horror again seized me; my eyes started from their sphere. I cannot proceed, the remembrance is too much for me. And then too, I have sworn. At the sight of these things I dropped the head of Tithonus, and with a hiss my only source of light was gone. I—

* * * * *

Here the manuscript became entirely illegible for the

remainder of the portions I had found. The rest of the manuscript is lost for ever, I fear; for though the one who found the foregoing part of this story, has spent many hours, searching around the old tree-stump for some trace of it, he has been again and again disappointed.

N.

New Balcony Scene.

Scene opens with paternal ancestor on the balcony, sitting in shadow.

Pat. An.—'Tis but his name that is my enemy;
He is himself, but soon nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man, will cling to him
When Towser's grip is fastened hard.

Towser—(*Below and aside*) Bow! wow!

Enter Romeo.

Rom.—The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, death, should e'er the old man's eye
Be fixed upon my form.

Towser—(*Advancing*) Bow! wow! wow!

Rom.—Alack, there lies more peril in that bark
Than twenty fathers' boot: look thou but sweet
And I'll be gone ere you can say I'm here.

(*The dog advances still and fixes well his mighty jaws*).

Towser—My lad, by yonder blessed moon I swear
To keep my hold till flesh or pants do tear;
No curses loud nor deep, nor angry vows
Of vengeance stern will do. 'Tis only trouts-
Ers rent, or pound of flesh, my master's hate
Will 'pease, and give thee leave to pass the gate.

Alarum: excursions: tearing sounds accompanied by munching: retreat and flourish.

Rom.—O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard
That all my nether parts are gone. Homeward
Must I go, to hide my lacerated self.

Towser—Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Pat. An.—Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a ghastly grin bespread my mouth,
For that which I have heard this night.

X. X.

COLLEGIANA.

OUR NEW CHAPEL.

To the old student, returning, there is no one thing so pleasant as the artistic structure now filling that once blank space northwest of the rotunda, which long stood in need of something to balance the Museum.

Of all the objects which present themselves to the wandering eyes of the new student, nothing is so striking as our new chapel. Six months ago the foundation was hardly laid and now its developing beauty promises that the day of its completion is not far distant. Some of us are a little impatient, but we should consider the magnitude of the undertaking and the necessary delay always attendant upon this particular kind of work. We should feel very much encouraged from the fact that the master mason says the stone-work will be completed in about twenty days, and the roof finished in half that time.

Moreover, when we consider that we have done without it some sixty years, we should be glad even to know that it will be finished in the next five years—glad to know that our Law and Med. students will have the opportunity of giving the proceed of their first case to furnish it magnificently.

As you approach the chapel from the southeast path, the most prominent object is the tower. Although it has not reached half its intended height, still we can but be impressed with its imposing aspect. When completed the tower will be 65 feet high, capped by a low, sloping roof; at the base of which will be battlements giving quite an archaic appearance. Just below the battlements, will be the most characteristic of all the Gothic imitations, I mean the gargoyles. These will project two from each corner at right angles to each other.

From the designs it would seem that these gargoyles were after the plan of the Roman rostra. That pretty little window on the right projection, just by the entrance, is known as quatrefoil.

Before entering the door it would well repay you to notice the cross on the top of the front gable. This is the most costly thing of the building, for its size, and its finish is the result of consummate skill.

The ceiling, so attractive from its material of grained pine, will be finished with an oil coating. The inner wall will have a smooth finish of plaster, which will be either painted or frescoed.

One can but admire those magnificent Gothic arches used so profusely in the support of the roof; and especially striking are those made of pressed brick, over the chancel and entrances to the arms of the cross.

The small pillars supporting these brick are of Aberdeen granite, and are of exquisite finish. I would call special attention to the capitals of the pillars supporting the arch over the chancel. They are "genuine early English capitals," and display the finest art in their workmanship. Professionals will arrive in a few days to wash the outer walls with muriatic acid in order to develop the color of the stone. The old mortar will be scraped from the rough cracks and a cement applied to cover the crevices. It is not determined what shall be the color of the cement, but probably, it will be white or gray, at least it will be in keeping with the color of the stone.

The master mason has been so kind as to give me a short historical sketch of the style of architecture in which the chapel is built. I will take the privilege of inserting it *in toto*:

The architecture, generally known as Gothic, but often described as Christian Pointed, prevailed throughout Europe to the exclusion of every rival, for upwards of three centuries. Speaking broadly, it may be said that its origin took place in the 12th century, that the 13th was the period of its development, the 14th that of its perfection, and the 15th that of its

decline. The term Early English, or Lancet, is applied to English 13th century architecture, in which style the new chapel is designed. The term Lancet is derived from the shape of the ordinary window heads, which resemble the point of a lancet in outline. English Gothic architecture has usually been subdivided into three periods or stages of advancement, known as Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular. The Early English had its origin, according to T. Roger Smith, F. R. I. B. A. (a good authority), during the reign of Richard I, A. D. 1189, and continued through that of King John, Henry III. and Edward I., to A. D. 1307, when it gave place to the Decorated or more advanced style. The word Gothic, which was in use in the 18th century, and probably earlier, was invented at a time when a Goth was synonymous with everything that was barbarous, and its use implied a reproach. It denotes, according to Mr. Fergusson, "all the styles invented and used by the western barbarians, who overthrew the Roman empire, and settled within its limits."

B. A. P.

Our chapel seems to combine the aspiring element of the French with the picturesque of the English.

We are sorry to say that some of the minor points in the plan have not been carried out, the one of most importance to some of us being the organ-room. If the plan had been carried out, the organ-room would have balanced the vestry-room. Now we don't know what will become of that grand organ, which we are to have "some day." Though it cannot be said that our chapel is the "aspiration after a personal god, as shadowed forth in the Gothic cathedral," nor by so great a stretch of the poetic imagination, can we say that it comes up to Schlegel's idea of architecture, that it is "frozen music," yet when we examine it closely we must agree to the principle that art, science, beauty and utility never conflict.

I cannot stay my pen without one word more. This chapel will stand for ages, a sweet memorial of happy years gone by. It will be the pride of the University in generations

of students to come; then let us not forget to honor and love that noble man, who was the motive power in its origin, and the author of its success.

Mr. Julio R. Santos, formerly a student of the University, and assistant instructor of applied mathematics from 1875 to '78, spent several days visiting his friends at this place, at the opening of the session.

Mr. Santos is a wealthy merchant of Ecuador, and has just been liberated from prison, in that country, by the order of the United States Government. He was confined about eight months, in company with a number of other business men, on the absurd charge of plotting against the Ecuadorian Government. They offered to release him upon condition that he pay them thirty thousand dollars, but he declined, and appealed to our government for protection.

While connected with the University, Mr. Santos took out his naturalization papers and thus became a citizen of the United States. Acting upon these facts, his counsel, Congressman McComas, of Maryland, obtained from the county records of Albemarle a certificate of his naturalization, besides other evidence and proof from the faculty and citizens as to his citizenship. He laid the matter before Secretary Bayard, who at once began a diplomatic correspondence about the case, and finally demanded the release of Mr. Santos. The request not being promptly complied with, a United States man-of-war was sent to Ecuador to enforce this order, which was reluctantly complied with.

They pretended to have liberated him in consequence of an act of pardon passed by the Ecuadorian Congress. But Mr. Santos says he was liberated three days after the arrival of the United States Man-of-War Iroquois, and wholly in action of this government, and that his confinement was for the sole purpose of extorting money.

He was confined in a coal hulk and afterwards in the basement of a yellow fever hospital. Notwithstanding these

surroundings he enjoyed better health during confinement than ever before. When arrested he was a confirmed invalid with dyspepsia, but entirely recovered during his imprisonment and gained thirty pounds in weight. This was owing no doubt to the quantity, and not the quality, of food given him.

Mr. Santos furthermore says, that the South American countries have at last come to realize that there is such a country as the United States, and that we have at least *one* man-of-war in our Navy, which was heretofore doubted.

After obtaining the desired evidence here as to his citizenship, he left for Ecuador *via* Washington. In the latter place he filed his claim with the State Department for heavy damages against the Government of Ecuador. The only point involved is whether or not he is a citizen of the United States, which he can easily prove.

Mr. Santos was loud in his praise of his old Virginia friends and former school-mates, as well as of the authorities at Washington, for securing his release.

We copy with pleasure this deserved praise of our late editor-in-chief from so high a source as *Shakespeariana* :

The *Virginia University Magazine* for June contains one of the best college essays we have seen. It is, indeed, refreshing, in the vast mass of literary efforts annually put forth by our colleges, to find a work that is in every way worthy of the highest praise. The article in question is by B. H. Lee, editor-in-chief of the *Magazine*, and received the Magazine medal. It is a study of Shakespeare's Songs, and the writer shows a singularly refined appreciation for his subject. He divides the songs into five groups—Songs of Nature, Songs of the Supernatural, Songs of Fancy and Love, Songs of Merriment, and Songs of Mourning—and studies them chronologically, which, he says, "while it does not give us so clear an idea of the whole, throws light upon the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art." As for the Songs of Nature, Shakespeare wrote as at first hand, and we accordingly find the earliest of them characterized by an invigorating breath of fresh country air. As his powers increased the vividness of his rustic impressions diminished, and "throughout the period of his grandest works the voices of nature are unheard. Yet in his old age once more he fondly turned to the calm beauties of his outer world, and in his last exquisite romance-plays the Songs of Nature again begin." In the Songs of the Supernatural the poet is no longer re-

productive, but creative. Mr. Lee contrasts the airy lightness of the songs of the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the gloomy, gothic darkness of those of the witches of *Macbeth*. As to Caliban, he "has drawn his inspiration, like many a better poet, out of a bottle."

EDUCATIONAL.—President Adams, in a talk before the students of Cornell University in chapel, said: "A university, to be governed well, must be governed by the principles of liberty," and this course would be followed at Cornell. The fewer rules laid down the better. Regarding secret societies the speaker said they often did as much harm as good. Development of character should be at the foundation of all education. In reference to the routine work, he said it makes but little difference whether a student remembers what he learns in college or not, provided he learns how to use his mind correctly. He urged all to strive to cultivate the very best habits of society, combined with strength of mind and strength of character.

PERSONAL.—E. W. Lancaster has gone into the broker's business with his father in New York. He is missed very much in his old haunts and especially by his numerous lady friends. Luck to "Ned" and may he make a corner.

Jas. A. Bayard, son of Senator Bayard, a graduate of our University, has received the appointment as Secretary for Arizona. University men will rise.

Leigh Carroll, of Ashland, Va., and a member of the law class of last year, has swung his shingle to the breeze at Birmingham, Ala.

Augustine Celaya, B. L. of '84, has located at San Antonio, Texas, where he is raking in the "dollar of his daddies" with a vim that indicates he means business.

Joseph E. Dwyer, Jr., a former president of the Wash., was married a few days since at Elliott City, Md., and is now deputy collector of customs at El Paso, Texas.

Prof. of Engineering—Mr. X: "You say that a body thrown into water displaces an amount of water equal to its own weight. Well then if you were thrown into water how much would you displace?"

Mr. X: "It would depend, sir, upon how much soluble matter there was on my body."

Hungry student to new servant: "Joe, boss here to-morrow?"

Joe: "No, sah. He won't be here to-morrow, sah. He will be down at the other house, sah."

Bright beams the moonlight on the lawn,
Shine the gas jets clear till early morn;
Egyptian darkness rules along the range,
And lights at all are "wondrous strange."

A departing friend of the editor sent him these stanzas, with the explanation that they would have been continued had not the last verse angered the Muse and thus deprived him of all poetic inspiration:

Farewell forever, ye college walls
That rise beneath Virginia suns;
Farewell forever, ye stately halls
Near which the meek Rivauna runs.
No more shall ye witness my bended form
O'er rocky volumes of Minor poring;
No more shall ye hear like muttering storm
The echoes deep of my midnight snoring.

Conundrum: "Why is Mr. N's. mode of fighting like that of Sampson of old."

Answer: "In the one case a man used the jawbone of an ass against the enemy. In the other an ass used the jawbone of a man against the enemy."

Prof.—“ The professors of the law school have concluded to contribute their due share to the purchasing of new seats for the lecture-room, provided the students desire it and will lend their aid. Gentlemen, what do you propose to do ?”

Mr. C—“ I move that the chair appoint a committee of three to consider the matter.”

The motion being carried the chair appointed on the committee Messrs. C—, C— and F—, with instructions to report next day. In one small room on Monroe Hill the midnight oil came near encountering the golden sun, and sooty sea-coal hissed and hovered twixt life and death till the cock crew thrice, and yet those wearied brains toiled on. A task had been imposed upon them with which the cleaning of the Augean stables sinks in comparison. Could human power remedy the work of Lucifer, could mortal hands undo the snares of the devil ? Alas, for the weakness of human nature, they feared for the worst. But “ theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die.” Upon the morrow, amid the gloom of dropping rain without, and the gloom of an unsettled doubt as to the relative jurisdiction of the court of Survey of Dogs and the court of the Franchise of the Ely Bananas within, the committee made its report.

WHEREAS, On account of untold sins committed by our forefathers, it having been decreed that their descendants should expiate the same, even to the third generation ; and whereas in pursuance of said decree a league was entered into by the founders of the university with the spirits of evil from the lower world, even from the lowermost depths of Hades, whereby the said punishment was to be meted out to the said descendants in the form of excruciating seats in the lecture-rooms of said university ; and whereas the said excruciating seats having been placed in said lecture-rooms of said university, in accordance with said league and resulted in producing the desired punishment, even such as mortal had never endured before, to-wit : a half century of agony to thousands of the flower of the chivalry of the South, sitting

day after day in positions directly contrary to those ordained by the laws of nature ; the sending of thousands to an untimely grave by the vitiation of manly beauty and the consequent fatal rending of precious ties with loved ones at home ; the wrecking of hundreds of souls that ere they encountered those seats were pure as the driven snow and shuddered with horror at the taking of any name in vain ; the maiming, deforming, laming, paralyzing, and palsy stricken- ing of hundreds who were straight as arrows before sight of those fatal benches ; and such inflictions as undue consumption of pants and coats, the ruining of naturally sweet tempers, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, production of dyspepsia, derangement of liver, too numerous to mention ; and whereas it having come to pass that in time the law class so grew in virtue and so surpassed all other classes in its adherence to the paths of truth and godliness, that it fully atoned for the sins of its forefathers and is now entitled to a place in the ranks of the godly and the blest, while even yet the meds and academs are doomed to sit in everlasting punishment ; and whereas the Austin bequest to the said university being not available for a life or lives in being and a period of ten months and twenty-one years thereafter, and the members of the law class being blessed with a goodly inheritance of lucre as well as of love of virtue ; therefore be it

Resolved, That suitable steps be taken by the members of the law class to relieve themselves of the punishment under which they are suffering, to make themselves worthy their past conduct and fit to be placed above all other classes of the University of Virginia, even that of Agriculture, Zoology and Botany.

And in accordance with the above resolution your committee beg leave to submit the following recommendations. Three proposals have been made for the remedying of this evil and in regard to them your committee will state, that,

To the first, which is to furnish each and every man with a flowery bed of ease from whose luxurious depths he can

poke forth his head to listen to words of wisdom, it seems to your committee that this will tend to laziness and too great fondness for the lecture-room, besides doing away with our ancient privilege of grinning.

To the second, which is to give every man a Russian bath within which he is to remain the allotted hour and a half or three hours, that it is open to the same objections as the first, and in addition would encroach upon the territory of the time-honored tub and stew-pan.

To the third, which is to allot to every man a flying trapeze with every modern luxury and convenience, that being law students we are mostly top heavy and many serious accidents might result from such a step.

And your committee accordingly discredit all these proposed remedies and believe the best interests of the class will be secured by the adoption of old-fashioned split-bottom chairs, as best suited to our virtue and Jeffersonian simplicity, and as not calculated to produce any injury by too radical a change.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

C—,

C—,

F—.

As a rule a deep silence pervaded the room during the reading of the report, although occasional outbursts of applause or of sobs and groans would greet certain portions, and at the conclusion each man looked at his neighbor as much as to say, "What comes next?" Sundry amendments were offered by various individuals, as that the word hundreds should be stricken out and thousands be substituted in its place, wherever the word hundreds occurred, and that in addition to the words mieds and academs the words civil engineers should be added, and others of like nature, most of which were accepted by the committee and embodied in the report. The report was then adopted amid thunders of applause, and at once the wildest of scenes connected with the history of the university broke forth. Every man jumped upon his

bench like one released from the jaws of death and commenced to rend it from its place. The crashing of timber resounded upon all sides, and soon one huge mass of splinters and broken boards was heaped in the centre of the room. Frenzied with excitement one mad spirit applied a match to the mass and volumes of smoke poured forth. Hundreds of other students hearing the noise and ascertaining the cause, gathered around, and as we go to press the indications are of a general riot and great damage to property.

An ancient mariner stood in the office door,
Yet he the rising flood dared not to trust,
And wide-eyed gazed as student crossed it o'er,
Ne'er shrinking once so he could have his nightly "bust."

Landlady to Mr. R.—(who always makes a sweep of everything in sight): "Why would you make a splending poker player?"

Mr. R, blushing, professes ignorance of the game.

Landlady: "Because you fill well."

Prof. of Chem.: "How do you believe the recent explosion of dynamite under the rock of Hell Gate was ignited?"

Student: "By telegraphing to it to go off."

The following Mark Twainian injunction was found among the papers of a late deceased B. L. candidate, and are given to the student world with the single precaution—*beware* :

Shove, brother, shove with care
Shove in the presence of the professair;
A word with careless air
Is all that's needed there,
So bravely, truly dare
To shove in tones so rare
As ne'er to catch the professair
And rouse him from his lair.

Shove brother, shove with care,
Shove in the presence of the professair.

The next is more than I can bear
'Tis all in all beyond compare,
It raises straight my every hair
And all my brain is now laid bare.
So shove brother, shove with care,
Shove in the presence of the professair.

On me is fixed his deadly glare
While I can only blindly stare
And ne'er a word to me'll repair
So shove me up the winding stair,
Shove brother, shove with care,
Shove me way from the professair.

E. M. Lancaster kindly furnished the following interesting facts in anticipation of our athletic games:

BEST AMATEUR RECORDS—AMERICAN.

100 yards dash	10 sec.	One mile, Bicycle	2 m. 39 sec.
120 yards dash	12 sec.	Two mile, Bicycle	5 m. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
150 yards dash	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Three mile, Bicycle	8 m. 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
220 yards dash	22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Four mile, Bicycle	11 m. 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
300 yards dash	31 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	Five mile, Bicycle	14 m. 51 sec.
440 yards dash	48 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	Ten mile, Bicycle	31 m. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
600 yards dash	1 m. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Twenty mile, Bicycle	83 m. 10 sec
Half mile run	1 m. 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	120 yards Hurdle—	
One mile run	4 m. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	10 flights, 3 ft., 6 in. high	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Two mile run	10 m. 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	220 yards Hurdle—	
Three mile run	15 m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	10 flights, 3 ft., 6 in. high	27 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
Five mile run	26 m. 31 sec.	Throwing 16 lb Hammer	96 ft., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Ten mile run	56 m. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	Putting 16lb Shot	43 ft.
One hour run	10 miles 770 yds.	Throwing 56lb Weight	26 ft., 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
One mile walk	6 m. 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	Running High Jump	5 ft., 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Two mile walk	13 m. 48 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	Running Broad Jump	22 ft., 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Three mile walk	21 m. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Standing Broad Jump	10 ft., 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Five mile walk	38 $\frac{5}{8}$ m.	Standing High Jump	5 ft., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Half mile, Bicycle	1 m. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	Pole Vaulting	11 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Officers of the Y. M. C. A.: C. W. Sams, president; Southgate Leigh, first vice-president (chairman Reading Room committee); J. E. Ingle, second vice-president (chairman Commit-

tee on Membership); T. H. Haden, third vice-president (chairman Sunday School Committee); C. C. Cox, fourth vice-president (chairman Religious Service Committee); C. M. Blackford, Jr., recording secretary; R. C. Minor, corresponding secretary; B. M. Baker, treasurer.

Officers of the Temperance Union: I. G. Harris, president; W. J. Exum, vice-president; R. C. Minor, recording secretary; A. Cheatham, treasurer; J. B. Minor, Jr., sergeant-at-arms; John Tyler, critic.

Quære: Why does the editorial staff of the MAG. contain nothing but the names of lawyers?

Our astronomical editor has made several vain attempts to gain the summit of Mount Jefferson, but wind and weather have always prevented. We are assured, however, that the heavens are free from danger and the world still moves. With ceaseless vigilance will every quarter of the universe be watched and timely warning given in case any erratic star, comet, asteroid or other inhabitant of space should take it into his head to make an attack upon our own sweet globe. A comet in the northeast corner of the Milky Way appears restless, and it is feared is meditating an excursion into space, but the hollow eye of the great Leander McCormick telescope is ever upon him, and his slightest movements are watched and reported. The greatest danger seems to be that he will deceive everybody by starting so as to miss us several million miles and then when directly opposite, without any warning whatever, suddenly switch his tail, knock the moon against the earth, embroil us with Venus and Mars, and smash things up generally. But we hope for the best and trust to the care of our honored professor of astronomy.

On Thursday night, Nov. 5, Prof. Noah K. Davis delivered, in the Public Hall, a lecture upon the subject of "A

Practical as compared with a Liberal Education." The lecture was one well adapted to the audience, and, in addition to the good sense it contained, was filled with humorous touches. He dwelt upon the practical, condensed character of the present age and its outcome in the so-called practical educational institutions of the country where the minds of youth are moulded to any form desired. In contrast with this narrow policy was shown a liberal education, which develops healthfully and naturally all the powers of man and gives him a footing in the world, that whatever may be his situation, he will be able to meet it. The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and through it we are promised the treat of a monthly one of the same character from now until next July. Mr. C. W. Sams introduced Prof. Davis, and in a few appropriate remarks explained the objects of the lecture and the system that was to be pursued. Several young gentlemen furnished an interlude in the way of music, and were rapturously applauded by their entranced auditors. Owing to some misunderstanding as to the use of the library, an essential feature of the occasion, the social gathering of the young folks, was omitted, but we are assured it will not be neglected next time. Prof. Mallet will deliver the second lecture of the course in December, upon the subject of "The Printing of Calico." It is to be an illustrated lecture and every student should be present.

Diogenes Jones says :

University side-walks are more holy than righteous.

Men may come and men may go, but the University clock goes on forever.

That he who grins is lost, but he who grineth not triumphs over the imps of evil.

That moral is tough, boarding-house beefsteak tougher, but the 'stomach of the University student, who endureth them both, is toughest.

That he who joins the Temperance Union should not de-

lay until Christmas, since the immense holiday then will demoralize the strongest nature.

That the faculty and the gymnasium association should settle it all by the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

That the University benches should be sent prepaid to the Spanish Inquisition.

That Med. jokes should be prohibited without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude.

That he who bloweth a horn should remember whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

That a gold medal will be given him who bringeth a joke from the class of Natural History and Geology.

That no one should be eligible for the office of member of the Virginia Legislature unless he is a B. L. of the University of Virginia.

It is a breach of contract for the professor not to tell his periodic joke. We assure him that exercise will increase its strength.

The boys from Monroe Hill came into the law class on a certain morning, looking ten years younger. The healthful blush beaming from their sleek countenances could only be the effect of well-fed bodies. The reason why is soon shown in the contents of the following note from Mr. B, one of their number: "I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning;" and with grim contortions of the phiz he whispers, "Got dyspepsia."

ADVERTISING COLUMN.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A collection of rare jokes, original and spicy. A liberal reward will be given the lucky finder, on his returning any or all of the same to 121, House B, Dawson's Row.

WANTED.—A person especially fitted to write verses sufficiently degraded to suit the tastes of Virginia University students. Applications and recommendations sent to "Editors *Virginia University Magazine*, University of Virginia, Albemarle County, Virginia, Box 102."

NOTICE.—The fighting editor of the MAG. lives at 36 East Range. He is king, and is alone responsible for all articles that appear reflecting on the character of any man, woman, or child.

The principle of parsimony is beautifully illustrated in the marriage laws. Nowhere is there provision made against a man marrying his *mother-in-law*.

At a meeting of the Faculty, Saturday, October 17, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were presented by Dr. Cabell, and unanimously adopted:

In the providence of God, the Faculty is called to mourn the departure from this life of an honored and beloved member of its body, DR. JOHN STAIGE DAVIS, who, for forty years, had been connected with the institution as one of its corps of instructors

Our lamented colleague may, indeed, be said to have been in a peculiar sense a son of the University, having been a resident within its precincts almost his entire life. He was only five years old when his father was appointed professor of law, in July, 1830; and from that date, with only a short interval of two years, he remained in connection with the institution down to the hour of his lamented death on Friday, July 17th, in the 61st year of his age.

This sad event occurring during the absence of many members of this body in the collegiate vacation, the first occasion of their reassembling has been taken to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, and to place on record our appreciation of his worth and an expression of our sense of the great loss which his death has brought upon the University and upon the profession which he adorned, as well as upon ourselves, his associates and personal friends.

Enjoying unusual advantages of early scholastic training, under the direction of cultivated and devoted parents, aided by distinguished graduates of the University, and possessing extraordinary powers of intellectual acquisition, DR. DAVIS

took the degree of Master of Arts, the highest honor conferred by the University, before he had completed his sixteenth year; and one year later he gained the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. After a short interval, passed in prosecuting his studies elsewhere, he returned to the University, and received the successive appointments of Demonstrator of Anatomy, Lecturer on Anatomy and Materia Medica, and finally of Professor of Anatomy, Materia Medica and Botany. With the exception of Botany, which, soon after the civil war was transferred to the newly established School of Agriculture, DR. DAVIS held the same professorship from the date of his original appointment in 1856, until his lamented death.

The glowing tributes paid to his memory in contemporary notices of his death, in the Medical, Religious and Secular journals of this and several other States of the Union, abundantly attest the honorable reputation he had won, and the lofty estimate placed upon his character and endowments wherever his name was known. The achievements of his professional career had fully realized the promise of his precocious childhood and of his brilliant University record.

As a lecturer he had few equals and no superior. As a practising physician he was not only fully abreast of the latest advances in the Medical Sciences, but was also skillful and judicious in their practical application. Assiduous in his ministrations and warmly sympathizing with the sick and suffering, he won in an unusual degree the confidence and grateful affection of his numerous patients.

In the relations of private life he was true and just in all his dealings, faithful to his friends, and habitually punctilious in dispensing the courtesies which beautify social intercourse among men. To these endearing qualities of earthly distinction he added the crowning grace of an earnest Christian faith.

1. *Resolved, therefore:* That this preamble, with the accompanying resolutions, be signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the Faculty, and be recorded in the Minutes.

2. That a copy of the same be communicated by the Secretary to Mrs Davis, with an assurance of our sincere and profound sympathy with her and the rest of the family of our lamented associate.

3. That a copy be also forwarded for publication to each of the newspapers published in Charlottesville and in Richmond.

WM. A. WINSTON,
Secretary.

J. F. HARRISON, M. D.,
Chairman of the Faculty.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We notice with pleasure the announcement of a series of instructive lectures in the Public Hall during the coming months. This we would fain hope is the result of the efforts made last session by the MAG. to call attention to many shortcomings of our institution and to plead for reform. If this be true we hope the work will not stop here, but will go on, giving to the students every advantage that may be had with our present resources, and making the University second to none in the country. Our pages will always be open, and we invite those who are interested to give us their views upon needful reforms, and to discuss freely the situation and wants of our institution. But aside from this, the lectures themselves will be extremely interesting, and should be attended by all the students. If the benefits to be derived are to be gauged by the opening one of the series, delivered by Prof. N. K. Davis, upon the relative merits of practical and liberal education, we will vouch for their value throughout. * * * A proposition has been set on foot to have a joint debate between the two literary societies, and, it seems, may be brought about. While much may be said upon both sides of this scheme, and many objections may be urged against it, we are inclined to believe that, upon the whole, it would be advisable. We need something to enliven the societies, to arouse the attention of the mass of students to their existence, and especially to give some tone and zest to the weary, monotonous life that is here led by almost all. A free and open discussion of some living question of the day, fairly conducted and with all due good-will on both sides will tend in this direction. If it is a serious complaint against the American people that they live too much in the world of work and too little in the world of enjoyment and leisure, how much more severely could the same charge be brought against the students of this university? Here it is nearly all toil six days of every week, and every week of the school year. Undoubtedly the prime cause of this is that men take more tickets than they should, and thus compel themselves to this excessive labor, but much of it is also due to our conservatism, and the nature of the ruts into which we have fallen. Public lectures, joint debates, or anything new, that is legitimate and useful, will receive the encouragement of the MAG., if it tends in this desired direction. * * * We publish in our literary department of this issue a poem "To Woman," which was composed by Mr. C. W. Kents in response to a toast, at a gathering of American citizens in Göttingen to celebrate Washington's birth-day, February 22, 1885. Mr. Kents is a graduate of this institution, and a medallist of the Jefferson Society, and we are pleased to know, that in his travels in foreign lands, the lessons here learned from the beauty of

Charlottesville have not been effaced, and that wherever he goes the pure image of American womanhood follows him. To sing her praises should be the proudest privilege of the highest of those who claim the protection of the stars and stripes. We are especially pleased at the receipt of this little poem from one of Mr. Kents' friends, as it shows an interest is being taken in their Alma Mater by the alumni. We would like, if possible, to have the MAG. circulate widely among those who have read it while here, and who should yet feel something of the charm of college life, though, to them, it is a thing of the past. Some do subscribe and to those we have nothing to say, but to those who do not, we extend a cordial invitation to unite themselves again with the ties of youth, and live over the days of dykes, athletic games and elections of final presidents. Any communications from the alumni associations or contributions from individual alumni will be received with pleasure. * * *

It was our intention to hold this issue of the MAG. over until after the athletic games, but the uncertainty developed as to their date and the overcrowding of matter for this number prevailed upon us to go to press at the usual time. We give in this issue, however, some interesting statistics on the best amateur American records and in our next will give some comparative tables, which we could not have time to make up now, even if we should delay until after the games. The fact that the faculty have not seen fit to give us the two days holiday must probably be construed into supposing that it has taken the suggestion of the MAG. and intends giving us three days Christmas. Surely, those who are in contact with us every day and know our steady, industrious habits and realize our whole-souled devotedness to the labor we have undertaken, will not prove less generous than those gentlemen who dwell afar off and, like most uninformed individuals, are presumed to believe college lads do little work and plenty of loafing. Our friends and teachers, the faculty, will be as kind as our friends and rulers, the Board of Visitors. It is on this hypothesis, then, that the MAG. hopes for three days Christmas. Prepare ye for the joyful time.

Among Our Exchanges.

We are very grateful for the newspapers and other periodicals not collegiate so kindly sent to us. It shows that somebody besides collegians pay some slight attention to us. They furnish a bridge whereby we can span the chasm between the university circle and the unappreciative world beyond. We were quite agreeably surprised by the receipt of the *Southern Sun*, from Palatka, Fla., a day or two ago. It is more than probable that we have to thank Mr. C. C. Cochran for

this attention, as he is one of our slumpi residing in Palatka. That's right, "Cam," carry on the missionary work.

Among this class of periodicals, besides those mentiond in our last number, we are pleased to mention the following: *The Current*, so attractive and classical; the *American Bookmaker*, and the *Southern Bivouac*, which should be read by every Southern youth, so that he might learn more of his glorious country's history, still in its youth of fame.

The last number of *Ariel* had much interesting reading in it, and was peculiarly acceptable to the Southern heart of *both* sexes on account of the decided stand which it took against the shallow, fussy wave of woman's rights.

We always hail the *Nassau Literary Magazine* with pleasure. Of the twenty-five sketches which it contains only three are more than three pages long. This might suggest an improvement in the style of writing of our students. Instead of trying to immortalize themselves by a ten, twelve, or twenty-page criticism stolen from some old "English literature," which, by the way, is never looked at but with a yawn, they might render the contents spicy by short, lively effusions concerning interesting topics. Just try it.

None of our exchanges were greeted with more pleasure than the *South Carolina Collegian*. We congratulate the institution for having built up such an interesting mag in such a few years. The bright sketch entitled "South Carolina's Poet and Her Statesman," was read with much pleasure. We are always glad to get exchanges from southern colleges. However, we must criticise the *University Reporter* for its school-girlish appearance.

Bric-a-Brac.

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this." The old saw might well be changed into: "This world for trouble, niggers for gourds and preachers for marrying."

A kiss is a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries, respectively, of a man and a woman, or two women. The younger the parties are the more paroxysmal will be the paroxysm. *Wash.-Jeff. Magazine*.

OSCULATION.

BY A GIRL.

Once for the like of recreation,
 I asked a young man—no relation,
 What is meant by osculation?
 While I shifted my location
 To invite a sweet renovation.

Well, imagine my vexation,
 When he gave the derivation,
 And a lot of information,
 Like a pedagogue at school—
 Wasn't he an awful fool.

One gentleman from the rural districts wanted to take this year the studies of geology, zoölogy, anthropology, sociology, ichthyology, theology, psychology, chrystalography, photography, and many other "ologies" and "graphies" too numerous to mention. On being examined, he was found to be competent to enter the sub-Fresh class, and now spends his valuable time on the more abstruse branches of science, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. Oh, the cruel Faculty!—*Ex.*

'Tis sweet to hear on moonlit lake
 The voice of one we love.
 The scene will often feelings wake
 That lead to realms above.

'Tis sweet to still the sounds of strife
 And soothe those who have fled;
 But naught is half so sweet in life,
 As—lying late in bed.—*The Berkeleyan.*

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

DECEMBER, 1885.

{ NEW SERIES
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The Poetical Temperament.

➤ **W**HEREIN consists the difference between the priests and laymen of Nature? What are the chief marks by which they that are endowed with the heaven-born gift of song are set apart from the worldlings to whom it has been given neither to reveal nor to know the arcana of the human soul? By what outward signs may the true bard be recognized? These are questions to which even the most erudite in all that pertains to the art of poesy can render but a vague and imperfect answer. But they do not the less commend themselves to the serious investigation of every worshiper at the shrine of the Ideal.

First, then, the typical poet is not what the world calls practical. Dwelling ever in the fairy realm of the imagination, or musing upon those realities alone which are akin to the Spirit of Beauty, it is only by an effort that he concentrates his intellect upon the petty happiness of every-day life, that he brings himself to take thought for his temporal well-being. His riches are not of the earth, earthy. And if there be a few notable exceptions to this principle, if some poets have succeeded in amassing wealth, yet the singers upon whom

Plutus has smiled have rarely been the favored wooers of the Muses. This unpractical nature frequently exhibits itself in personal eccentricities. The vagaries of the inspired are almost as notorious as the vagaries of the insane. "The eye in a fine frenzy rolling" is not the only token of distinction from the common herd. All the characteristics of the genuine poet's calling deny him the epithet of carnally wise. The mass pronounce him visionary, because he expects from the world what the world cannot give. In the rich tint of a rose, in the dying gleam of a sunset, in the love-light of a pair of eyes, he sees far more than others can discern; and he is sorrowful when he discovers the apathy, the utter listlessness of the uninitiated. The soul-subduing lines in which Shelley promulgated his noble projects of reform failed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of his countrymen; they called him a dreamer of the impossible. And so he was; he could not wholly comprehend the Philistinism of the multitude.

Furthermore, the poet is often irreligious. The external forms of prevailing cults he indeed seldom observes with precision. Ecclesiastical dogmas are to him self-imposed restrictions above which he soars as an eagle above the storm-clouds. Into his mind have shone rays from a higher orb enlightening it too perfectly to permit his attaching great significance to the outward pretensions of things. The shackles of prejudice have been stricken from his limbs. He walks the earth with no assumption of moral superiority, or even of moral worth. At this, respectable mediocrity shakes its head with an ominous shrug; and makes still broader its phylacteries, until it shall be accounted in all respects blameless touching the law. Oh! the hypocrisy of it all! That men unendowed with exquisite perceptions and keen appreciation of refined delight, that men whose bellies or whose bank-accounts are their gods, should thrive by their scrupulous compliance with the exterior requirements of a creed, while the sensitive nature of the divinely-gifted one should so often

be blighted by the dragon breath of virtuous horror! Too frequently it happens that the character of the poet is disparaged from motives of jealousy. The detractors of Byron and Poe, unable to disprove their possession of powerful imaginations, and their production of much that will endure the test of time, sought to gratify their envy by raising the old Phari-saïc cry of moral leprosy. With a feigned gratitude, they thanked heaven that they were not as these men were. Their cavilings were in a measure justifiable; it cannot be denied that such singers have committed the wildest excesses. But they were so preposterously exaggerated, that they have ended by enlisting the sympathies of all intelligent thinkers in behalf of the victims. In palliation of these sensualities, are to be urged the peculiar organizations with which Byron and Poe had been fitted by nature. They suffered from the over-soul. *Ennui*, that spectre which ceaselessly haunts the delicately-framed organism, and an undefined hope that among the multifarious enjoyments of life they might somewhere find oblivion of its saddest realities, drove them into deeds which in other men could have been prompted only by criminal desires.

Nevertheless, if the poet is irreligious, he is rarely immoral. He is a law unto himself, and the dictates of that law are in most instances the dictates of purity and right action. Though the gossamer edifices which fanatics have erected as the temples of the only true and living God appear to him in their natural light, as merely so many separate strivings to reveal the attributes of the Unknowable, though he owns himself incompetent to solve the problem of creation and moral government, and renders homage to no established creed, yet he recognizes that there *is* a Deity, who has implanted within him a certain faculty to apprise him of the distinction between the honorable and the dishonorable. To the counsel of this monitor, the individual conscience, the poet seeks to conform his life. And surely men who are endowed with so unerring an intuition of the Beautiful cannot err very far in their con-

ceptions of the True and Good. Should we not rather say that they are infinitely better able to form these conceptions adequately than the most-learned and orthodox divines that have ever issued weighty tomes upon hair-breadth distinctions of sect?

But it is mainly in matters which pertain to the heart, not to the head, that the singer differs from the prosaist. An advocate of the claims of natural religion, he is also a devout worshiper of Nature—and by this term is intended not only external nature, but the nature of the human mind as well. An act of kingly beneficence, a token of sisterly affection, the loyalty of a wife, a plighting of eternal vows betwixt lovers—these have as potent a charm to delight him as the note of the nightingale or the face of the daisy. And whereas other men reason coldly upon such things according to logical rules, and render them the bases for calculations of dollars and cents, the poet views them as divine, as too holy to admit of any feeling save unmixed pleasure. He cannot look upon life as a mere mechanical process, as a series of events each inevitably caused by its predecessor. With the real and the apparent, he is ever mingling the ideal and the mystical. To the unimaginative, “love’s young dream” may seem no more than the incoherent ravings of a susceptible period of life, to be shaken off and made light of when youth has ripened into maturity, to be wholly forgotten when maturity has given place to age. With the poet that dream is a beatific vision, one among the few glimmerings vouchsafed us of a sphere far loftier than our own, of a region where Truth and Purity and all noble qualities hold unending and unresisted sway—for that such a region exists he never questions for a moment. The memory of that dream remains with him forever undiminished; gray hairs cannot make him the less an adorer of Beauty. With him it is an eternal youth, and the impressions which the first awakening of manhood has brought him, these are the impressions which it is his happy prerogative to retain till the end, despite all the buffetings of fortune, all the flattery or

cruelty of his kind. "The specialty of the poet is to be forever young, forever virgin. For us, the vulgar, things are threadbare; sixty centuries of civilization have worn out their primitive freshness; things have become commonplace; we perceive them only through a veil of ready-made phrases; we employ them, we no longer comprehend them; we see in them no longer magnificent flowers, but good vegetables; the luxuriant forest is to us nothing but a well-planned and too well-known kitchen garden. On the other hand, the poet in presence of the world is as the first man on the first day. In a moment our phrases, our reasonings, all the trappings of memory and prejudice vanish from his mind; things seem new to him; he is astonished and ravished; a headlong stream of sensations oppresses him; it is the all-potent sap of human invention which, checked in us, begins to flow in him. Fools call him mad, but in truth he is a seer: for we may indeed be sluggish, but nature is always full of life; the rising sun is as beautiful as on the first dawn; the streaming floods, the teeming flowers, the trembling passions which hurl onward the stormy whirlwind of existence aspire and strive with the same energy as at their birth; the immortal heart of nature beats yet, heaving beneath its coarse trappings, and its beatings work in the poet's heart when they no longer echo in our own." This perpetual freshness of feeling, this Eldorado of the soul, is seldom to be found among the rest of mankind; when the supreme ends of their ambition are attained, when they have drunk deep of every well-spring of pleasure that earth can offer them, they fall listlessly back, sated but still unsatisfied, wearily confessing the insufficiency of present things to quench the thirst for a draught from a rill celestial. *Le poète blasé* is a rare exception. Far more frequent is the "native wood-note wild," proclaiming until death, like the full-throated ecstasy of the mocking-bird, an intense sympathy with nature in all her phases and operations; or the "philosophic numbers smooth" that discover in every transient mood of the mind, in each winding of that intricate labyrinth, the

soul of man, a new object of marvel, a fresh theme for immortal strains. And how subtle is this discernment! Those fleeting, ethereal hues of things and actions which escape the consciousness of others are visible to the poet as in a spectro-scope. Nothing that is noble is too minute for him. This very delicacy of observation may, perchance, occasion him much unhappiness, for he is not only exquisitely susceptible to the influence of beauty, as an *Æolian* harp to the faintest kissing of the wind, but he perceives many things, too, that were better unperceived. Thus it befalls that his nature is oftentimes tinged with a shade of melancholy. The intercourse of others with him he finds to be not all that it should be. Gross adulation, unfeeling criticism, faithlessness, spiritual lethargy, all these conspire to trace stern symbols on a heart upon which the world owes it that it should write nothing but the fairest characters.

Lastly, the poet is preëminently a spiritualist. To him, more than any other species of the *genus homo*, materialism (in the wider as well as the philosophic sense of the word) is ineffably revolting. For him the corporeal is but the shell that encases the pearl. Atoms are naught; the mind that animates them is all. In the most perfect shapes of loveliness, in the statue that breathes the Grecian idea of eternal repose, in the noblest painting, he sees not marble or canvas, but a faint reproduction of visions of the spiritual world, misty and inadequate indeed, yet still bearing the impress of the ideal. The passionate melody of an exquisitely modulated voice is to the poet far more than the consciousness of certain aerial vibrations: it is a token of that other music whose rapturous notes "this muddy vesture of decay" shuts out for a season from his ears. Beautifully has Keats expressed this in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn:"

" Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

So all the things of sense which lend a charm to living are

in the poet's imagination refined and etherealized, like silver in a furnace. He takes nothing, so to say, at its face value. If he admires, the object of his admiration is invested with a myriad ideal enchantments; if he hates or scorns, it is with the hatred or contempt of one who is justified by more potent reasons than mere earthly ones, of one who has gained an insight into the changeless nature of the Right.

In no one of his relations is this spiritualizing tendency more distinctly perceptible than in his attitude toward woman, in every age the theme for his sublimest lays. She is the most ennobled of all his conceptions. Regarding the passion of Love as heaven-descended, he makes of it neither a debauch nor a matter of barter and sale. With what a superb scorn he looks down upon that consummate blending of self-interest and hypocrisy, the ordinary *affaire de coeur*! How infinitely more exalted is his own ideal of Love! Is he himself a lover? Instantly the human becomes the superhuman, a form dedicated to the Spirit of Beauty becomes Beauty itself. The glance of an eye has power to awaken within him a train of beatic reflections altogether foreign to the most impassioned moods of the sensualist. And withal we find a perfect sincerity, an unreserved faith, a noble intolerance of deception. The praises of feminine inconstancy the poet leaves to witlings, to writers of society verses; for him there is but one adoration, the worship of the True, nor can heart-searings ever shatter his ideal.

Such, crudely portrayed, are a few of the distinctive traits which characterize the singer. For the inexperienced who essay to deal with a subject of such vast proportions, an apology is to be found in its absorbing interest and its nearness to the human heart.

CYRIL.

The Counsel of the Owl.

Upon a night full many a year gone by,
There wandered 'neath the sultry August moon
In melancholy musing one I knew.
Late was the hour, yet roamed the youth alone
Through ghostly forests where the foot of man
Had never trod, nor any sign of life
Was visible ; for he craved solitude.
Aye, deepest solitude, remote from all
The dwellings of his closest intimates.
And as he wandered on half in a dream ;
Unrestful, with the demons of despair
Holding high revel o'er his broken heart,
The moaning of the tall Norwegian pines
Fell on his ear, and seemed to him to say :
" Not thine ! Not thine ! thou must not reach the goal.
Woe ! ceaseless woe, to those that love in vain,
Black Death alone is their deliverer."
And speeding ever o'er its granite bed
The distant river murmured a low song,
Orphean melody to joying ones,
But unto him a tristful monotone :
" Why wilt thou bear the thralldom of her eyes,
And why hast let the legions of her charms
So rudely storm thy soul's strong citadel ?
Since first my waters issued from their fount
Hath hapless passion been the fate of men.
Are her eyes dark ? My depths are darker far.
There sweet nepenthe find. And since thou canst
In her embrace not live, die thou in mine."
The cloud that dimmed the setting moon's bright disc
Grew denser with the cloud upon his soul ;
The youth's love-anguished brain began to reel ;
He felt the neighboring air change into flame ;
Strange spectral shapes appeared to beckon him
With lordly gesture, ever and anon,
Amid the sad communion of the dead.
Aweary of the turmoil of the world,
Aweary of the tempest of the heart,
He purposed to obey their spirit call.

Sudden, the queen of night shone brilliantly
Forth from the vapors that enveloped her
Pouring a silvery flood on all the world.
Evanished each grim phantom, and he heard
A tone that summoned him to earth again,
The solitary hooting of an owl,
Seeming to counsel him in words like these :
" Much have I pondered on the affairs of men
In the still hours when Nature is asleep,
And I alone am wont to meditate,
So that thy race hath ever named me wise.
Therefore heed thou my mandate ; if the Fates
Remorseless have not given thee to grasp
The single meed for which thy soul doth yearn
Live out ungrasping thy allotted years :
So shalt thou conquer Fate that conquers all.
For think thee well ; a century from now
Canst thou still love, or any gladness feel
Within the straitened precincts of the tomb ?
Or will the dwellers in the after-time
Know thou hast worshiped at a marble shrine ?
Thou seekest but a brief ecstatic hour
Upon the confines of Eternity.
Seek it no more ; but girding on the arms
Of fortitude and limitless resolve,
Work such high deeds as may prolong thy name
Through ages when love's flame hath long expired."

CYRIL.

The Lily and the Brook.

While passing along by the rippling brook
Where the fairies dwell in their sunny nook,
I saw a lily bending low,
Kissing the rippling stream below ;
But the stream rushed on with its busy pace
Ne'er giving a thought to the lily's face.

STET.

The Dream of the Student.

LOATING slowly westward towards me as I recline on a grassy slope this autumn afternoon is a small cloud. Its beauty draws and holds my attention. A gentle zephyr fans my brow, and is scarcely gone before the form of the cloud changes. It seems to grow longer, and soon resembles in outline a human body; now arms and legs come forth, and then a head. A man is before me, and one well known to me. There he is, standing sideways to me. Behind his back is his left hand, and clasped with his little finger are eyeglasses. In his right hand he holds a tapering wand, and pointing with this as toward a sentence written in the space beyond, he is about to speak when a second zephyr kisses my brow; at the same time the cloud form again changes, and in a few seconds I see flying towards me antiquity's winged horse, Pegasus. What symmetry! Those nostrils, how distended they are! What depth of chest! Those wings, how fleecy and white! The stallion stands before me. I arise, and am now upon his back, and, a second Bellerophon, am rapidly flying through the blue above.

I can but admire the beauty of that bank of clouds far to the east, roseate in the embrace of the sun's dying rays. Grand, too, is earth's distant scenery. Fast flies my steed, and soon I have dismounted on the side of shady Olympus; to the south lies Ossa, the home of the Centaurs. Just below me is Tempe, the dearest object of the poets' care since time immemorial. On the bank of the Peneus, and serving as a boundary between a spacious meadow and a noble forest, I see a graceful laurel tree, Daphne herself. To this tree I make my way, and, standing beneath its spreading branches, I look with admiring eyes into the forest. Truly, its verdant

walks, refreshing shade and the warbling of birds could make one imagine the gods would frequent it. The purling of the water striking against the pebbles on the river shore adds melody to the music of the birds.

A long avenue lies before me, and in it I see two men, old enemies of mine they are, though I never saw them before, Cicero and Cæsar. They are talking, yet their language seems almost entirely strange to me, who have spent the better part of my life endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of the Latin they spoke and wrote. Many a weary hour I had pored over syllabus, case notes, grammars, metres and what not, learning one week, only to forget the next, their multiple rules, exceptions and counter-exceptions. I had studied dictionaries and grammars until I could never swear that even the simplest sentence was correct. As in Latin, so in Greek, the ornate excrescences on a modern education. I found the rules were of use in such narrow limits that they were practically useless, until I would cry in despair to my teachers. They would show me a solitary, ghost-like example, and on my asking why is this thus, would reply, "We do not know, but it is a fact of the language." At last I swore never again to open syllabus, case-notes, dissertations on metre or grammar. And on the afternoon of the very day on which I took my oath I am face to face with the grandest of Rome's great children. They are talking in their native tongue, and I, a listener. Cæsar began "Ego ipse—" while Cicero's opening words were "Sed ego met ipsissimus—" Old disputes are not yet settled. Can I address them? After years of unceasing labor in Latin can I put together and utter enough Latin words to make myself intelligible to these two men?

My mind frames in English a sentence; but alas! rules in grammar and Latin syllabus do not apply to every day English. In vain do I twist my words; I cannot make exercise book English of any avail now. Sentences such as the following come into my head: "When Labienus shall have advanced a three days' journey into the province, then might he

have been able to procure corn against Xmas ; because I deem it sufficient to have been about to be prepared, in that he is believed to be absent." Now while I can apply rules to this and translate it into Latin, these words are surely not such as I would address to Cæsar and Cicero on my first acquaintance. All efforts to bespeak them are futile, and Rome's sons pass from view.

Coming up the river's bank I see Demosthenes, with his mouth full of small pebbles, endeavoring to pronounce the labials. Can I speak to him? No, I cannot! No fitting phrase can I put into Greek, and that language of such "wonderful flexibility" stiffens in my mind. A charge or two, beginning "O men of Athens;" a discussion about a certain sacred olive tree arise in my memory and die away, and Demosthenes is gone. I am left thinking. "Of what use are Latin and Greek anyhow? Nobody knows them, no one can know. Each newly discovered manuscript shifts some old exception to another plane. Why does not the time come when both Latin and Greek will be relegated by the world to take their places in the ranks with Hebrew and Sanskrit, grim fossils of antiquity? The time is fast approaching when the grammar-makers will be pulled down from their throne, and grammars of Greek and Latin no longer be found save as curiosities and relics, or on the ground floor of some papermill. Then will the human mind no longer be trammelled by a forced accumulation of the useless facts, known as grammar rules. May the day soon come." All this and much more passed through my mind as I watched Demosthenes pass from view.

A voice from the branches of the laurel came down to me, and I listened to the sweet tones of Daphne. "Hark," said the tree-metamorphosed maiden, "once there were entrusted to the keeping of man two delicately carved statues, representing the female form in its perfection. For centuries these statues remained in their beauty, the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. They were kept in an open palace, the entrance to which was denied none. Crowds visited and did

homage at this shrine. One night when the heavens were black with clouds, from which poured rain in torrents, one of their devotees found himself near the palace and sought shelter within it. He drew near the statues and stood before them. The darkness prevented his seeing them, and he began to image them to his mind's eye; in doing this he wilfully changed the proportions of an arm. Instantly, and only for an instant, the whole interior of the palace was lit by a flash of lightning. The devotee saw before him the statues and imagined he saw one of them frown. It was enough. Patiently he awaited the end of the storm. It is over, and now the interior of the palace is illumined by the moon's soft rays, and the black darkness, which a few moments before enveloped the tall columns of the peristyle, has now unfolded itself and fled. The devotee now approached more closely the statue, and in the moonlight imagined the frown was still on that fair brow. Soon chisel in hand, he is endeavoring to erase the lines which marks out the blemish. In vain, the harder he works the deeper the lines, until when morning comes a real frown is seen wrinkling the once chaste brow. Mankind then took upon itself to restore the former outlines of that brow. The sister statue frowned and met the same fate. These sisters were Latin and Greek. Now behold what is left of two of the world's greatest treasures."

I look and see before me two mangled and slime-bespattered torsos. No part is symmetrical, they are mutilated beyond description, and even as I watch, the gashes appear to grow deeper and the slime thicker.

They have vanished and I am gazing upon the broad meadow before me. Browsing on this meadow is a vast herd of cows, and though the grass is luxuriant they are not fat. Their hides are covered with a coarse and matted hair, their ribs are plainly visible, their horns vary in size, some are huge, ten feet or more long, burdensome to bear, and forcing the head to the ground; others are smaller and less weighty. While I wonder what this meant, the laurel says to me:

"These cows were once professors of either Latin or Greek, and have been thus metamorphosed. The length and weight of their horns are in proportion to the length and number of the works written by them, marring the beauty of the two sisters. They will recognise you and greet you as a follower. See them!"

They all approach and form a semi-circle around me, and then in one dithyrambic bellow they break out with "Auld Lang Syne." Truly a Sophoclic chorus! "We'll tak a right guid *willie waught* for auld lang syne." "Not willie waught," think I, "but willow wand," and turning—my laurel is now a weeping willow—I break off a branch and stripping it of its leaves, I run into the herd and lay on with all my strength. They take to flight. I follow, and for a moment I am supreme over Latin and Greek professorial might. How I enjoy it! My toe catches in an unnoticed tuft of grass and—the small cloud has passed over me, and is floating slowly westward away from me as I recline on a grassy slope this autumn afternoon.

E.



The Drummer.

What man it is that lives without a soul,
Nor heeds old winter's blasts, nor squalls of summer,
To whom no angel bells can ever toll—
The soulless drummer.

What man it is that rules the railroad train,
To maidens fair, of honey words a mumbler,
To ancient dames, congealed in icy chain—
The mashing drummer.

What man it is that maids of every nation,
From banker's child to heir of sordid plumber,
Might charge with suits of marriage jactitation—
The lying drummer,

XX.

The Great American Novel.

 SEVERAL MILLIONS of readers in the United States are said to be waiting with more or less anxiety for the appearance of a book that will mark a new era in American letters, a volume that will be the work of a cis-Atlantic peer of either Dickens or Thackeray, and as thoroughly American in its characters and incidents as *Vanity Fair* or *David Copperfield* is English. The telescopes of the critics are sweeping the horizon, and the man whose work is found to be a genuine reflex of our national life will be received by the publishers with that enthusiasm with which astronomers herald the advent of a new comet, and by the readers with that hearty welcome that is accorded a long-expected friend.

The United States has not yet produced a novelist whose work was distintively American and at the same time broadly national enough to be appreciated anywhere between the two oceans. It may be urged that the "broadly national" American has not yet been born, and that he will have to be waited for before we can reasonably expect a novel of that character. Again, it may be suggested that the age of great novels, like that of great epics, has passed by; but, be this as it may, the readers and critics still look to the future with hopeful anticipation. Popular education, besides fitting our masses for the duties of citizenship, has accomplished a secondary result: it has created the greatest concrete reading community known in the history of the world. Americans, in reaction, perhaps, from the sober earnestness of their lives, literally read fiction by the ton; and the native writer that captures the popular heart will address himself to a more numerous body of readers than ever before repaid the author's work.

If New England were a sovereign state Nathaniel Haw-

thorne would be a national novelist. There is an unmistakable Cape-Cod stamp upon all of that great writer's work that relates to this continent at all. In reading his works you always see, mentally, a fleet of fish-boats on the horizon; you see the granite showing through the soil; the brown gable of the district school is clearly visible; you are in the society of people accustomed to wrestle with hard facts, who consider a great many of the amenities of life as frivolous, and all frivolities as sins. Hawthorne's claim to greatness as a novelist you are forced to admit; you recognize the hand of the master-artist in his pictures, but they are not American in their coloring. There is but little in his books to appeal to the nature of the man that is "in business" in Minnesota, or "ranching" in Texas.

Neither are we willing to accept J. Fenimore Cooper, the idol of the boyish heart, as our master in fiction. If the tawny population that once peopled the wildernesses of the Middle States had been borne up by the flood of civilization instead of being overwhelmed by it, and had become a reading community, then the claims of Cooper as a graphic portrayer of "American" life would have found many champions. The "Leather Stocking Tales" are matchless in their way, but the characters and incidents described in them were exceptional even when the frontier of civilization ran along the Blue Ridge. *Natty Bumppo* and *Uncas* would have been curiosities, even at the time at which they lived, anywhere within the pale of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and we must bear in mind that our great national novelist must deal with the men and women of every day life. In the works of Kennedy and W. Gilmore Simms, that depend for their interest upon our patriotic sympathy with the partizan heroes of the Revolutionary War, there is too much blood and gunpowder to suit the taste of readers of but moderate critical capacity; and the thousands of volumes that have marked the efforts of a host of writers to produce the book we have under consideration, are but mementos of fruitless labor.

There is one point to be urged against all the story-writers mentioned, with the single exception of Hawthorne, that renders any further consideration of them in this regard useless. Their pages have failed to show that "indefinable something" that once detected by the popular pulse insures an author a million of readers. We refer to that mighty stream of thought, flecked by the light and shadows of humor and pathos, that wonderful felicity of expression, the ability to report scenes and strike off pictures with the fidelity of the photographic camera, that mastership of conditions and power of language which enables the great writer to unfold a new panorama by a simple turn in the sentence, just as a flash of lightning often reveals the temples, towers and palace domes of a misty city in the clouds.

It is pleasant to speculate on the character and training of the man that one day is to be the popular idol. Will he be a man trained in the schools, a writer whose imagination has been influenced by the "tremendous scenery" of Grecian and Roman History; or will he have that training only that the world furnishes free of tuition, and know but one tongue and that he never remembers to have learned? Will he be a sage recluse, philosophical and reflective; or will it be his pleasure to walk among the people, an acute and sympathetic observer? Will he be a humorous, cynical historian of families like Thackeray, a great caricaturist and scene painter like Dickens, or a searching analyzer of human motives like George Eliot? The questions suggested by our eager curiosity are numberless. Whatever may be the peculiar bent of his talent we know instinctively some of his necessary qualifications. He must love his country, and feel happy as pictures of her vast size and mighty resources float in his mind. He must love his people, and his fun at their expense must flavor of the harmless gibes of the friendly humorist and not of the sneer of the critic. His style, when occasion requires it, should be in harmony with our continental scenery. A man writing with the background of Pike's Peak or Yosemite Falls, should

write in sentences that pulsate in unison with the grandeur of the locality, and quite different from those used in describing life in Chicago. He must appreciate the new departure this country has made in political and social economy—a system under which the business man is the man of great possibilities. If he deals with contemporary subjects he must be, to use a popular expression, up to the times. His plots must show the possibilities of such speedy agents as the “fast mail” and the telegraph. The great mountains, lakes and rivers, the great cities and corporations; in fine, the gigantic natural and artificial elements, that go to make up the United States, must stamp their influence on his pages. He must be equally at home in the long reaches of pine along the Atlantic coast, in the prairies of the West, in the quiet valleys of blue Appalachia, and amid the stupendous crags of the Rockies. A New England manufacturing village and a cotton plantation in Mississippi must present no aspects so widely different as to balk his powers. America, her history and her people, and their characteristics, tastes and passions must be the volume of his daily thoughts. As by a pleasant fiction we hear the hollow roar of the ocean in the shell when held to the ear, so through his volumes should resound the murmur of the life of millions of restless men—millions busy at their trades.

This country lacks the two picturesque extremes of society—a peasantry and a titled aristocracy—that afford such abundant material for the English novelists; but we have in their place a character that does not flourish outside of the United States—the plain, unaffected American citizen, proud in the consciousness that any position in the land is within the possibilities of his career, yet willing to work wherever his hands may find employment. An ultra-republican, but without the faintest taint of sansculottism; a gentleman, but not an aristocrat.

The field in which a descriptive writer can exercise his powers is practically limitless. The American lawyer is yet to have his case properly stated; the gentlemen that practice

medicine among us are waiting for their full length portraits, and the heads of great monopolies have yet to recognize their pictures in the novelist's gallery. The congressman should be given a chapter, or even a volume, all to himself; and ample space should be used to preserve a specimen of the average attorney for the commonwealth that manages to keep his place in spite of the change of parties. And then there's the drummer. O, the drummer, what a chapter he'll make! Imagine, too, reading an account of a National Presidential Convention reported in full in one of the volumes of the great American master of the pen that is to be!

The novelist of the present day has to face no prejudice against his calling. The great masters before him have broken down this barrier. He is no longer thought of as a "doubtful" character that has chosen a singular way of making his living. If he be successful, his influence in society is powerful, and his material profits satisfactory. His powers of imagination are so marvelous that we look upon him with a certain amount of awe. Here is a man, we think, that knows more about our thoughts and feelings than we know ourselves. Providence has given him an imagination that can make all things live. In his hands things inanimate take on individuality; andirons and old china are raised to the plane of friendship and intimate acquaintance.

C. L.

A Summer Tragedy.

A summer's sea with bonny blue sky,
A bounding boat, with love in sparkling eye—
A sudden splash, and love's laid out to dry.

Adieu.

List to my simple lay
Queen of my heart !
Words that I fain would say,
Thickly upstart.
Hot blood is beating fast,
Moments are fleeting past,
Nigh is the cruel hour,
Soon we must part.
Long has wild love for thee
Burned in my breast,
Living out painfully
Years of unrest.
Never despairingly,
Madly and daringly,
Always within my soul
Fond hope was pressed.
Then thy heart turned to me,
Nestled in mine,
Clasping me lovingly,
Rapture divine !
Ills ceased oppressing me,
Love, sweetly blessing me,
Thrilled all my beating veins,
Joyous as wine.
Now must I leave thy side ;
Fates still pursue,
Oh, let thy love abide
Fervent and true !
Clasping thee, pressing this
Last, long, caressing kiss,
Soul of my soul beloved,
Darling adieu !

F. R. L. .

University of Virginia, Dec. 1, 1885.

A Midnight Adventure.

ARRY and I had been inseparable school-mates; together we had played, fought and missed our lessons; but as we grew older we were obliged to separate, and for several years we did not see each other. I still remembered him, however, and was much pleased when at last he came to pay me a visit; but when I first saw him again I could scarce realize that the strong, self-reliant man before me was my little boy-playmate, Harry.

Our meeting was none the less cordial, however; and after the first enthusiastic greetings were over we got into the carriage and drove to my home, which was at some distance from the railway-station.

During the drive I enquired what he had been doing since our parting, and learnt among other things that he was then in the employment of a large mercantile firm, and was frequently entrusted with large sums of money. I naturally asked if he were not afraid to carry such valuable charges about with him; but he answered with a laugh:

"Oh, no; for I have always this trusty friend with me," and as he spoke he displayed a fine revolver of heavy calibre.

"But how do you do at night? However trusty, surely, this does not possess the properties of a watch-dog?"

"No," replied he, "but I sleep lightly with the money under my pillow, and if any one *should* come into the room—" Here he broke off.

"Well?" said I, with curiosity.

"Well, I wouldn't give much for his life, that's all," said Harry, drily.

"Why, you wouldn't shoot without speaking would you?"

"What! wait and let him get the drop on me? Not much. I'll shoot first and talk afterwards," said he. So saying, he

returned the pistol to his pocket, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

I was going to an *entertainment* that night, and wished Harry to come with me, but he excused himself on the score of fatigue, and retired early. I was therefore obliged to go alone; but I had such a pleasant time, nevertheless, that it was late before I took my departure, and did not reach home again until long after midnight.

As I approached the house, faintly illumined by the pale rays of the wasted moon, just rising above a distant tree-clad hill, then I remembered that I had forgotten to take the key with me and that I was locked out. The dogs came barking out to meet me, but quieted on recognizing who I was, and then I tried all the doors, but in vain. However, my room was only in the second story, and one of its windows overlooked the porch, to the roof of which I could easily climb by means of the lattice and creeping vines. It was a balmy summer night; the windows were open wide, and by this means I could avoid disturbing my friend, who, wearied by a long day's journey, was sleeping in the same room.

No sooner had these thoughts passed through my mind than I quickly ascended to the roof of the porch and laying hold of a window-shutter I easily swung myself astride the ledge. This though, however easy, was not accomplished without some noise, and as I gained the above-mentioned position, my foot slipped slightly, and rattled against the dry weather-boarding with a noise that was startlingly distinct in the dead hush of this period of the night.

Then, as the noise echoed through the groves—strange as it may appear—then, for the first time that night, our conversation of the morning returned to mind, and I remembered with startling distinctness his threat and very words: "I will shoot first and talk afterward." As this flashed through my mind my heart seemed to stand still from terror. Here I was in the very act of entering his room by stealth, like a thief by night, and what if my noise had awakened him! The thought froze the blood in my veins.

Instinctively, I cautiously turned and looked toward the bed to see if by good chance he were still asleep. I peered into the semi-darkness of the room, but— Oh, horror! what were my feelings on seeing him, not peacefully slumbering, but sitting bolt upright with extended arm; and as the pale and indistinct rays of the moon penetrated into the apartment, I caught a metallic gleam from his upraised hand and at the same moment heard a sharp click as of a revolver being cocked.

This sight and sound chilled me to the marrow and froze all action from my limbs. I could not move nor even speak, for my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could only sit and wait in mute despair and terror for the fatal report of the pistol.

My mind, however, was unusually active, and all the events of my life rushed through my brain like a long panorama, but with lightning rapidity. I was young, and life was dear to me, especially when my thoughts reverted to a sweet face with a wistful look upon it as we said good-bye but so short a time before. How little then I thought what a long farewell it was to be.

I shrank from such an end, but though a single word might have saved me, yet I was unable to utter it, for I seemed as if petrified. Every moment seemed an age, as I sat tremblingly awaiting my doom.

Suddenly, came a revulsion of feeling, and with a supreme effort, shaking myself free of the paralysis which had enthralled me, my voice returned, and I fairly shrieked:

“Don’t shoot me! Harry, don’t you know me?”

To my astonishment, Harry betrayed no surprise, but calmly replied:

“What are you yelling about? I have no intention of shooting you.”

I was considerably taken aback by his words and manner, considering the imminent peril I had been in; but managed to stammer out:

"Why, then, what are you doing with your pistol in your hand?"

"What!" said he, holding up the object in question, which gleamed in the moonlight, now momentarily becoming more bright.

"Why this is no pistol, but my watch; I wanted to see how late you were in coming in."

So saying he shut it, with a sharp click, and pushed it under his pillow.

"Good night."

Sonnet.

All gracious powers that guide the fates of earth
Looked smiling down upon that happy hour,
In which thy soul like some rich, odorous flower,
Clove through its bonds into a glorious birth.
Each kindly genius knew thy spirit's worth;
Rejoicing then to exercise their power,
On thy fair head, with lavish hands, they shower
Beneficent gifts, until in Heaven a dearth
Ensues of good things. But above thy head,
Resplendent as the holy light around
The saintly brow, thy radiant crown appears,
Symbolic of a sway, whose subjects dread
One only ill, its end; that woe profound
No tongue can speak—no healing power in tears.

F. R. L.

University of Virginia, Nov. 1, 1885.

Magazine Medal
Jack Morley
The Story of the Nile.

A REVERIE.

A HOARY-HEADED RIVER am I, the sacred stream of Nile; older than the long-lived ibises that stalk among the reeds of my banks; older than the towering columns that stand roofless to the sky upon the site of ancient cities; older than the sandhills that the simoons have cast up upon the western slope of my valleys. When the diminished waters rolled back from the flood I found my way between the craggy sides of these long hills, and thence I sprung and wore my channel deep into the sands of the desert. Well do I remember those early days when out of the East came the swarthy sons of Ham and made their dwellings beside my stream, and when, in the summer, my waters rose and swelled until they kissed the desert's edge they fled in terror, for they thought "The Deluge has come again!" But when they saw how I softly slid back between my banks, and left the land all fruitful from my kindly flood, they worshipped me as a god; and, as they grew in strength and numbers, reared lofty temples and offered victims in my honor.

Through centuries I flowed from the mountains to the sea in my calm course, and saw them build their proud cities along my banks. Dynasties of mighty kings arose and made the name of Egypt great. Over millions did they sway the sceptre, and their conquering legions were encamped from the southern desert far into the land of Asia. Glorious were they in life, and to immortalize their deeds reared towering pyramids of hewn stone to be their tombs, and carved upon the living rocks of my cliffs the stories of their triumphs. Beneath the burning sun of the desert have I seen countless thousands toil to lift the tapering obelisk in honor of a single

king. And they laughed at their toil as if in play, for they felt the glory of the king to be their own. And to the nation his death was like the setting of the sun that brings darkness to the world; for his was the race of the gods—aye, of me the chief among their deities.

Arrogant kings of my blood they were, and stretched their iron rule, far into the East, nor ever ceased from conquest. Once the Pharaoh, for so they called their king, assembled his warriors and marched out into the North. Years was he gone, and Egypt mourned as if her greatness was fallen; but he returned in glory and led captive in his train the princes of Asia. I saw the long caravan stretch far across the eastern desert as he marched in triumph to his city of Thebes. Gold and silver and precious fabrics weighed down the beasts of burden, and among the ranks each soldier was fat with booty. I saw the long and woful train of captives, with halters around their proud necks, led on foot through the scorching sand, and when they fell from faintness scourged onward by the long whips of the Egyptians. Then he tarried on my banks, and by the sweat of these toiling thousands, builded a mighty structure, huger than the pyramids that I still see standing in the lower plains of Egypt, and deep upon it was carved this inscription: "I am Sesostris, king of kings; look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" But my waters rose each year and sapped the deep foundations of the pile, and in the space of some few centuries 'twas levelled with the earth. And the king! His mummy now lies forgotten among the tombs within my cliffs!

Changeless am I, among the changing race of men. What wonder that they called me god, and bowed their restless spirits in adoration, when they beheld my broad and placid bosom! Each year I gave them life and made the meadows fruitful, nor ever withheld my waters from their fields. Yet once in those old days, by some strange influence they did not swell, and for seven long years did the land lay parched and barren. And 'twas then that strange things hap-

pened, for out of the East a people came and dwelt among the men of Egypt, and the king and nation gave them high honor. Many years they remained, and waxed numerous, and builded altars to a strange god that none had ever known before. Then the king oppressed them and in their bondage made them toil on the temples of the Egyptian gods whom they abhorred. And ever when they sought to go he laid his iron hand upon them and held them back. But one among them, a mighty magician, who had confounded the sorcerers of Osiris, besought the king and when he saw it was in vain, he prayed unto his strange god. Then he waved his rod round all the coast of Egypt and called up swarms of locusts to devastate the land, and he touched my waters and they became blood, and teemed with foul creatures. In the temples of the gods was there prayer and sacrifice unceasing, but Isis was impotent against the One to whom the magician prayed. One evening there spread a strange rumor throughout the city of the king. All night long did I hear the tramp of horse, the roll of the hurrying chariots and the hoarse bray of the war-horns amid the streets of Thebes, and at dawn there swept forth from the eastern gates the proudest host that Egypt ever saw, and my heart swelled within me to think them my children. Out across the desert marched the glittering legions, fast upon the flying rear of the Hebrews, and vanished in the dusty mirages. Another sun had risen and noon had mellowed into twilight, when with the darkness came direful tidings of the Egyptian squadrons. Men said they saw the waters of the deep roll back before the awful rod of the magician and stand like walls of emerald, to let the people pass, and out from the waters the sea-monsters glared with their glassy eyes at the hurrying host. But when the Pharaoh essayed to follow with all his armies they closed in upon him and engulfed his legions. Sleep was not in Thebes that night, and from every house and every temple there went up a wail of woe.

Still I rolled my placid flood and saw the cities of my

youth crumble into ruins: their ancient greatness faded, and their children grew weak and diminished in numbers and courage. Then came the princes of Macedon and their victorious arms swept up my once fertile valleys; but they were skillful and full of strange devices and made my meadows bloom again as in the days of old. Cities mighty as Thebes rose along my banks, and from the limits of the world came men to learn the wisdom of Alexandria. Merchant vessels from the distant west vexed my waters, and luxurious barges glided over my bosom. Upon my wharves lay the commerce of a world, and even Ethiopia sent her ivory and feathers to swell the bursting storehouses. Yet my rulers were the sons of aliens, and the children of Egypt bowed in bondage before the races of the North. Then years went over my head, and I saw within my cities the lofty power of the Romans; but they brought strange teachings with them, and when learned men came from the land of Syria all the people of Egypt were torn, and fiercely warred in the factions of Osiris and Jupiter and Christ. And years abated it not, till there poured in from Arabia a swarm of fanatics, and above the emblems of the Greek and Egyptian gods rose the crescent of the prophet of Mecca.

Long have they held their sway over my land, yet I see, with my prophetic eye, the day when they too shall sink into oblivion like the children of Osiris, and the tall spires of their tapering minarets fall into the sand of the desert. No longer can the men of Egypt guide the destinies of nations, for a fair race comes from the North with deeds that make me wonder. I, who saw unmoved the mighty works of ancient kings, shudder when I feel their ponderous warships plough through my waters without wind or sail and belch from their bellowing engines fire and smoke and deadly iron. I, who ages ago was a god among men, am now sunk to common level, and no more is sacrifice offered for my glory. With impious hands have aliens torn open the tombs of the dead kings, and, careless of the vengeance of the insulted dei-

ties, have deciphered the cabalistic symbols of the sacred writings. With their devilish machines they batter down my few remaining cities, and even strive to turn the tides of the earth, wedding the Red Sea to the waters of the inland ocean. The stolid forms carved into my cliffs ages ago, by the workmen of Ramses, gaze placidly at the changes wrought by time and men. We alone of all the hoary past remain unchanged throughout the course of centuries. •

Far from the black cities of the South I come, and my waters, tired with tumbling down the seven stony cataracts, flow peacefully between the meadows and turn the water-wheels as in the days of ancient kings. Far beyond the desert, beyond the lonesome wilderness I have my beginning, and, born in awful solitude, flow forth to men as if a visitant from another world. My fountains none know but the herds of the forest or the slimy snakes of the jungle. ✕

Such is the life of me, the Sacred River. Changeless amid the changing races of men, I glide down my smooth bed and slip into the sea. I laugh at the brief triumphs of men, for to-day I see reared upon my banks spacious cities and lofty temples; to-morrow my waters lap their ruins and my crocodiles bask upon the fallen columns. I am not of these days; my life was in the years when each day the rising sun heard chants to my honor and I was mightiest of divinities. Yet, am I not a god? for in me stand forth all the works of nature, the ruler of all. The gods of men rise and fall like the yearly tide of my waters, and their altars survive even after they have sunk into oblivion. Serapis is no more, the Greek Zeus has fled, the glory of Roman Jupiter is gone, yet still their temples stand along my banks in mockery of the departed deities. But man will never learn that all this is but the fiction of the mind of man to satisfy the craving in his heart, and that on all sides he can see, if he will but open his eyes, the one unchanging, undying text: "Nature is God." A.

A Toast.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast."
Each could of some one boast,
Of some one who had loved him most.
"Give us ~~her~~ name," they cried ;
"Is she living or has she died,
No matter. Give us a toast," they cried.

Why should I say I had ever loved ?
'Twas unknown to all, save He, who's above.
Why should I give to them her full name ?
I could drink to ——'twould be just the same.
My love was unknown to all at the feast,
Sure, I could think of her, this night at least.
So I arose and held my glass on high
And though years had flown, was that a sigh ?
"Is she young and is she fair ?"
"Tell us the color of your loved one's hair."
"She's as bright," I cried, "as this glass of wine !"
Why should I say she'd never be mine ?
"Her teeth are pearls from the deep blue sea !"
Why should I say she had never loved me ?
"The color of her hair is a golden hue,
Her eyes are of an indescribable blue."
Why should I say my heart was sore ?
I had said enough, there was need of no more.
They rose with a laugh, and with eyes on me
Each man raised his glass, and with a shout full of glee :
Here's to your love, to you and success."
Each man thought I could wish no less,
Why should I tell them 'twas all in vain,
That she laughed at me when she saw my pain ?
Why should I say my heart was sore ?
I had said enough, there was need of no more.

CANTATRICE.

Civil Service Reform.*

E ARE not a little gratified to find before us a pamphlet which has so good an object in view and whose matter has been so intelligently presented to the public. Mr. Bernard has unmistakably interpreted rightly the signs of the times, and has adopted the most trustworthy method of communicating to the great masses of people the greatest problem which has been presented to the American Republic since the problem of their separate existence, which so much perplexed the wise heads of our venerable ancestors. The book before us was first communicated to the public through an independent journal, and has since been reduced to a pamphlet of commodious size and acceptable appearance. The days when the most influential factors in the political life of peoples was the art of eloquence have vanished into the "twilight of fable." The most powerful factor in the controlling of public opinion has long since been an independent and intelligent press. The orator may tickle the fancy and sway the passions of a few hundreds of individuals, but the press speaks not only to the nation, but to the civilized world. The work itself shows careful study, and thorough familiarity of the author with his subject, and, in the main, written with an earnestness that gives "a manly promise of success" in the good work that he has undertaken. But after the numerous commendatory notices that the author has received from distinguished individuals, our feeble praise can hardly add anything to the value of what is already so valuable.

The question of a reform of the Civil Service is not by any means a new one, though but recently has it

*CIVIL SERVICE REFORM VS. THE SPOILS SYSTEM. By George S. Bernard. New York: John B. Alden.

been brought into prominence by the efforts of distinguished gentlemen in different portions of the nation. Though we were not without warnings that plainly told us that a system of distribution of offices founded on nothing but political jobbery and trickery must eventually result in the downfall of our republican institutions, lulled into slumber by the siren voices of spoilsmen, we are awakened to the fact, for fact it is, that, with everything at our hand that should tend to the construction and perpetuation of a better civil polity, we had immeasurably retrograded from the excellence of our government as established and administered by the great forefathers of the country. What is the cause? asks the reader. Are not men as good as they were a century ago? Are they not as intelligent as they were. Are they not as capable? To all this the answer is, indeed, "yes." Then why this deterioration in matters of government? Because the intelligent, capable and respectable members of a party were not permitted to serve their country, but were compelled to give place to political henchmen, fresh from fields of fraudulent ballots and bribery, who had claims on influential individuals. The framers of our infant institution, themselves having at heart the welfare of their country, little thought that the day would come when the liberties, bought dearly by their own blood and exertions, would be subordinated to a shameful scramble for office as a reward for partizan services; little thought they that a Senator of the United States who had sat in a body once hallowed by the presence of men whose names are associated with what there is pure in our institutions, would from a public platform enunciate the superlatively destructive doctrine, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Such sentiments may well become an invader at the head of a conquering army, but are, we take it, far from becoming one who presumes to the dignity of statesman, or is even masquerading under the assumed name.

The first blow struck at an honest administration of office was the passage on May 15, 1820, of an act by Congress

commonly known as the "Tenure-of-Office Act," by which the term of employ  s of the federal government was limited to four years—an act, which, whatever may have been the purpose of its framers, practically said to office-holders: "You will be tried for four years and if you can control large masses of voters, if you prove a subservient tool to partisan purposes, you will be retained; if not, at the end of that time, if not sooner, others will be found to take your place who meet these requirements."

Hardly had the voices of its advocates died away when the evils of this provision became patent to the thoughtful men of the country. In November of the same year, with a foresight that was well nigh sage-like, Mr. Jefferson wrote: "It will keep in constant excitement all the hungry comorants for office; render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their senators; engage them in eternal intrigue to put out one and put in another, in cabals to swap work, and make of them—what all executive directories become—mere sinks of corruption and faction." We of to-day know only too well that the prophecy of yesterday has become a stern reality. The wise and sagacious statesman, who uttered them, was saved from the pain of seeing embezzled in three or four administrations of office what was more than the total annual income of the government during his own administration, nay he was saved from beholding some of the highest officers clinging to the altars of the executive mansion and imploring to be saved from the just penalties of their crimes.

But not only to the wise, but also to men of lesser faculties are the evils of this system patent, and the history of its operation is its best condemnation. How senators may debase their office has been plainly shown, only a short time since, when the nation beheld its chief executive officers, for mere considerations of continuing in office, enter a bargain with a senator of the United States whereby he agreed to give him, as if they were mere personal chattels, the control of the federal patronage of his State, and he in turn, having "sullied

her ancient honor," having degraded his native State until her shame was but a by-word in the mouth of men, contracted to assist in a partisan convention to secure his return to office. This, however, culpable it may seem, was exactly what the statute itself invites, and was the inevitable consequence. When good behavior was the sole condition of tenure of office, such prostitution of a public trust was impossible. If it was the misfortune of the National Legislature of 1820 to pass such a provision, it was reserved for these latter days to show what a villainous tool it may become in the hands of unscrupulous men.

Four years of public service is little more than an apprenticeship with the government; and if, after that time, employes are to be changed we can never hope to have a thorough and effective official service. Therefore the greatest step toward an improvement in this direction would be the repeal of the "Tenure-of-Office Act;" and, as the great forefather of Democracy said, the only qualifications for appointment and continuance in office should be contained in the questions: "Is he capable?" "Is he honest?" Many attempts have been made in the past for the repeal of this pernicious measure, but they have all alike proved ineffectual and vain. To the future we must look, and I trust it may be to some purpose.

After nearly half a century of shameless corruption, during which the offices of the government were held up to be fought for as prizes of war, a gentleman distinguished for his ability, introduced into Congress on March 3, 1871, a resolution that it was hoped would, in some measure, bring about a reform of the distribution of offices. It authorized the President to make such provisions for admission into the civil service as he might deem necessary. This measure proved wholly abortive, and the carnival of corruption went on as before, assisting corrupt men into position, and retaining those who had already been rewarded for partisan services.

In 1882, however, public opinion riding over even the waves of partisan strife, at last ashamed of itself for having

thus long lain dormant while its liberties and franchises were debased, demanded that the national legislators, laying aside for a time their abuse of sections and each other, should give attention to this subject which so nearly concerned the "temporal salvation" of the country. A distinguished Senator from the State of Ohio, introduced a bill drafted by Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, whose eminent services in connection with Civil Service Reform it is needless to mention. A cry of desperation was heard from the vultures, who had well nigh destroyed ere this the strong body of the government, but the friends of the measure pushed steadily on in the face of all dangers and obstacles and finally succeeded in securing the passage of the measure, and snatching from the hands of official bandits some fourteen or fifteen thousand offices. The House of Representatives eager to assist the Senate in this good work of reform immediately passed the same provision, it being introduced by Mr. Willis, a member of ability from Kentucky. In 1883, during the month of January, it received the signature of the executive, and became the law of the land. Song and story have alike combined to sing of our victories in sanguinary battles won over armed foes, but history, when she tells our story in future ages, will adjudge this one of our greatest victories in that it was over the enemies of our country, who, claiming to have her best interests at heart, were slowly, but surely, preparing the way for her downfall.

This measure, commonly known as the Pendleton Bill, on account of its distinguished author and supporter, elementary as it is in the reform of the Civil Service, immediately brought forth good fruit. It applies especially to those who most need its protection, and seeks to protect the smaller clerkships in the departments, and sets forth a system whereby candidates for offices that fall within its scope are chosen after an examination held by commissioners, and thus introduces a system in which merit and not party services prevail.

It has been objected to this measure that it was not suffi-

ciently comprehensive, but we consider this objection of little value. Those who have read history to any purpose must have observed that, like true sons of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, we dislike revolutions, but desire to reform. All English speaking peoples reform; they never revolutionize, save in the direst necessity. It was not intended by the friends of reform to at once sweep everything before them, but thinking that the beneficent influence exerted by the protection of smaller office-holders would soon be felt, they preferred rather to proceed by slow degrees, knowing that enlightened public opinion would in time demand a larger and more comprehensive measure.

It has been said that it tends to build up aristocracy of office-holders and placemen. We answer this by asking can there be any greater aristocracy of office-holders than has existed in this country for the last twenty-five years? It is the intention of the provision, not to found an aristocracy of office-holders, but a Democracy of honesty and good government.

Another objection has been, that for a party to successfully carry on an administration of office, it is necessary that all its employes should be of the same political faith. In history we find the refutation to this. In the administration of Messrs. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams there were only seventy-three removals from office, yet the administration of any of these statesmen would successfully stand a comparison with that of those who have upheld the Spoils System. Mr. Jefferson went into office after one of the most bitter political campaigns that the history of our republic makes mention of, and yet, although nearly all the federal offices were filled by his political enemies, he removed only thirty-nine persons and all of them for cause. But even if Civil Service Reform fails to perpetuate the power of parties, we deem it of far more importance that the country should survive in her pristine splendor—and that even at the risk of exterminating all par-

ties—we, the younger men of this generation, should give our whole and hearty support to this reform. A start in the right direction has been made, and we have only to continue in the way that justice, our government and ourselves demand. Be true to ourselves in the matter, and, Œdipus-like, we may read the riddle for future generations. To this great work we may apply the words of the poet :

“ To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

We must accept the doctrine that “ public office is a public trust,” and no longer a prize that belongs to the victor. The work may indeed be slow, but let it progress with a determination that gives promise of ultimate success. It will not be the work of a day, of months, but years, but a cause so good is assured of victory in the end. Corruption and partisan services have already received sufficient reward and let us now in some measure bestow benefits on the integrity and honesty that may be found at the disposal of the government. Breaking away from the doctrine of spoilsmen and debauchers of the ballot, we may assist in founding a polity on a basis that seeks to establish and strengthen the Republic under which we live, rather than to perpetuate the power of parties.

M.

To the University Sidewalk.

Old men have trod thee, statesmen, warriors, Virginia's pride ;
Dark fiends did get thee, fiends from Tantalus' thirsting side ;
Centuries will see thee, centuries till the end of time ;
Ages will curse thee, curses that swell in harmonious chime. XX.

“The Wish.”

[The following lines by the late Prof. Southall, addressed to a beautiful and accomplished young lady no longer living, will interest our readers as a pleasing memento of one whose memory we all cherish with affection].

“Alas, the power is not mine”
“Such blessings to bestow,”
“But my best wishes all are thine;”
“I cannot give thee more.”

Oh, had my “wish” the power to shed
Its gathered blessings on thy head,
It should explore on wings sublime
The world of space, the realm of time,
And circling round each balmy isle
That basks in Spring’s eternal smile,
Each wizard stream and haunted dale
Of poet’s lay or fairy tale,
And rifling all that’s rich and rare
In earth below or upper air,
Whate’er the wide-beholding sun,
In his bright circuit, looks upon;
Whate’er beneath the glassy wave
Adorns the mermaid’s jewelled cave,
In one gay wreath it should entwine
And make the glowing chaplet thine.
Each winged moment, ere its flight,
Should yield thee tribute of delight;
Each jocund morn that gilds the east
Should add to Rapture’s varied feast;
The sky, the earth, the tameless sea,
Should each do homage unto thee;
For thee, the sun should rise and set,
For thee, should spring the violet,
Nature her fairest robes should don
But own thee still her paragon.
Young Zephyr, nursed in Flora’s bowers,
Should gladly leave his bed of flowers,
Some sweeter resting place to seek,
And ambush in thy dimpled cheek,
Should sport around thine auburn hair,
And leave his richest perfume there;

(But oh, the flirt ! I fear he'd sip
The nectared treasure of thy lip.)
No touch of Grief should thee annoy
Or intercept the tide of joy ;
But Hope her holy calm impart
And Peace sit smiling at thy heart—
Around thee ranged an unseen band
Of Seraph-guards should ever stand
And whisper in thy favored ear
The music of the heavenly sphere.
And when thy course on earth is run
And like the flowers at set of sun
Thy dewy eyes their fringes close
In nature's last and long repose.
Angels should be thy swift convoy
To regions of eternal joy,
And thou within that holy sphere
Should live all pure—as thou dost here.

The Peaks of Otter.

→ **I**N THE summer of 1885, a party of young men, of whom I was one, were anxious to find some cool and attractive place to spend the "Glorious Fourth," and agreed that the famous Peaks of Otter afforded more advantages in the way of temperature, nearness and excitement than any other available locality.

Imagine us, therefore, at the depot on the morning of the fourth, armed with baskets of lunch, shawls, blankets and such things as make the creature comfortable at a height of over four thousand feet above the sea. The rapid train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad soon landed us at the little mountain town of Liberty (it was quite a coincidence, by-the-

by, that my first trip to Liberty should be made on the fourth of July), and after a first-rate breakfast we went out to inspect our team. We found that our pilot, if such I may call the leader of a mountain trip, had secured us a large spring-wagon, two good horses and fifty pounds of ice. We jumped in and were soon truly *en route* to the grandest mountains of the Old Dominion.

The first hour of our ride was uneventful enough, merely a fine trot over good roads with the gigantic masses of the Blue Ridge overshadowing us. But we were not at a loss for amusement, as may be readily supposed. As time went on we got more and more under the hills, and the country gained a wilder aspect. The roadside was lined with great boulders, round as though rolled in the bed of some prehistoric torrent, yet pitted as if the small-pox had been epidemic among them. Through the clearings the lower valleys could be seen glowing in the sunshine, while the sombre ravines through which we were traveling were already wrapped in twilight.

We had now fairly commenced the ascent of the mountains. The road tended more to the perpendicular, and at every turn the view was more extensive. We stopped by the side of a beautiful spring on the mountain to rest the horses and take a light lunch.

On we went, upward every step of the way. Our team could hardly pull the heavy wagon up the rugged incline, although they were good horses and accustomed to the trip. In the hollow of a valley into which we plunged, we saw the foot-print of a bear. This created considerable excitement, and our sportsman, armed with a five-shooting revolver, wanted to go in immediate pursuit. We found on closer inspection that it was a dog's track and not old bruin's.

On the crest of the ridge, and between the twin peaks, there is a beautiful spring of the clearest and coldest water in that section. So copious is the flow that the citizens of Liberty are going to convey it to their town as the public water supply. Here we paused, took another lunch, with

buttermilk as a variety, and let the team rest before climbing the peak proper.

It was now necessary to unload the human part of our cargo. Piling our lunch baskets in the wagon we boldly started our walk. I always rather prided myself on my walking powers, and so, for the first two hundred yards, I was talking about a great trip I proposed to take through the mountains of North Carolina, including an ascent of Mount Mitchell. This trip I intended to be on foot with some of my college friends. As I went further up the steep slope, I talked less about climbing the Black, and at last I mentally gave up my pedestrian trip altogether. Many were the rests we took between the top and bottom, and the thing I wondered at most, was how the wagon got up at all. We had no ladies along, and, though it may seem a little ungallant, we were very glad of it, as it was all we could do to get ourselves to the top.

At last we reached that much-desired spot, the summit. Passing through the little hotel, we went out on the pile of massive rocks, heaped in grotesque confusion as though left by giants in play, and the grand view burst on us in all its splendor. It fairly made one's head swim. The mountain is very steep; the immediate summit almost perpendicular, and so the impression from the top is the same as that from a high steeple. I grasped convulsively at the rocks, as I crept on all fours to the brink of the precipice, and then slowly straightened and stood upright.

The scenery surpasses any description. As far as the eye could reach toward the north and south the Blue Ridge rear their towering forms. Toward the east the "Piedmont" belt of Virginia, stretches in apparently a level plain, all the spurs and hills seeming flat from the superior height of the mountain on which we were. Westward the far-famed Valley of Virginia lay in all its summer splendor. Dark lines showed the beds of the James, the Shenandoah, and their many tributaries, and small white patches marked the site of some

flourishing town. Far on the horizon we noticed a long line of buildings, or rather the guide and proprietor, Mr. Rosser, told us they were buildings, which was all that was visible of Lynchburg. He added that the electric lights made a beautiful show at night. Below us were small, fleecy clouds which threw their shadows on the landscape, just enough to add variety to the lovely scene, and yet to hide none of its beauty. Birds high in air, flew far below us, and their cries were the only sounds that disturbed the solemn stillness of the mighty hills.

We spent the afternoon in climbing over the curious pile of rocks that form the summit. These are great boulders heaped with apparent carelessness one above another, so loosely, apparently, that it seems as if a touch would send them down, but really so firmly that it would require a powerful force to dislodge them. Great amusement was made by the positions of one of the party, who was rather of Mr. Pickwick's build, in his climb over the steep and slippery rocks. He managed to get through safely, though, and seemed to enjoy the exertion immensely.

By and by when we were beginning to tire of this sport, Mr. Rosser called out, "Look at the sunset." We turned, and if the view was grand, how can I describe the gorgeous sight that met our eyes? The sun was just above the top of the Alleghanies, tinting all the scattered clouds with regal tints; the tips of the distant mountains looked as if they were made of burnished gold, while the deep blue of their lower masses stood out in grand relief against the gloriously colored sky. Down in the valleys we could see the mists of evening gathering while we were still in a blaze of mid-day light. The sharply defined shadow of the peak could be seen stretching across the plain in ever lengthening proportions. We could not, however, keep our eyes off the sun as it slowly sank to its resting-place. Down it went, till it seemed about to disappear, and paused as though it could not leave the beauty so lavishly showered before its face. Then it sank

suddenly, as if its supports had been cut, and only the glow on the mountain tops was left to remind us of what had been.

In the morning we rose at the wee sma' hour of 4:15 to see the sun rise. The whole face of the earth was shut out from sight by a curtain of cloud. The breeze dashed it about in wreathes and waves till it looked like the ocean in a storm. The lofty height of the other peak loomed out like a rock in the surf, and the higher tips of the lesser mountains only were visible. We seemed to be alone in the world.

The brightening in the east showed us where to look for the expected luminary. Slowly the brightness became more confined to one spot. Long yellow and red rays shot up from the horizon, and touched the upper surface of the clouds with most beautiful hues. The east wind blew the mist like falling snow through the Otter Valley, and the sensation of being above the clouds, and seeing them scudding below you, is one which must be felt to be understood.

Slowly the sun rose above our artificial horizon of cloud, and threw long level rays across the fog giving combinations of colors of which I had never dreamed. We were still watching it when Mr. Rosser called us in to breakfast.

On our way down we passed through the cloud belt, and it was a peculiar thing to pass from a cloudless sky into a thick mist, then into a clear atmosphere with the sky heavily overcast, as we did in our descent.

Any account of the Peaks would be incomplete without a mention of "Willy." He is Mr. Rosser's assistant, and we were indebted to him for many little acts of attention and care. He gave me a cane which he had cut on the mountain, and I still have it as a memento of one of the most pleasant trips I have ever taken.

QUELQU'UN.

God Revealed in Nature.

HEY who ought to know tell us that God can be known only by the revelations of the Scriptures. If so, then whence the undefined charm which steals away our senses when listening to the music of the whispering wind, making sweet concord as it moans in mystic melody through the fragrant cedars and majestic pines? Whence that feeling of mysterious awe, when we tremble in the power of the earthquake's shock, or see nature upturned by the maddened strength of the howling whirlwind? Whence that feeling of ravished sense when we see the celestial beauty of the sunset's rays; that feeling of elevated soul when we see the blending of the rainbow's colors, or the spotless purity of the lily's cup? Whence that feeling of infinite power and sublimity, when we are soothed by the murmur of old ocean's ebbing tide rippling on the golden sands, or see her breast heave and burst in the wondrous grasp of the raging tempest? Whence that feeling of love for beauty, innocence and virtue?

Is there no divinity in the impulses which prompt men's souls to noble action? Surely in the rush of the Decii into the jaws of death for the preservation of their fellow men, in the leap of Curtius to save his devoted city, in the courage of Horatius battling against the invading host, we must perceive something of the nature of "the God" of love, some true divinity implanted in the soul of man, something of the spirit of our Man-God which made him the savior of the world.

Who will dare to say that in those secret voices which transformed the son of the sculptor into the evangelist for virtue, which pointed out the way in his search after truth, and led him even to martyrdom for the proclamation of "the God," were not the whisperings of "our God" with his immortal soul? He believed that the divine powers, like the human

soul, make their existence known to mortals, and for this belief he drank the Hemlock, sacrificing his earthly body to enlighten a benighted world while his soul lived on in the hearts of his disciples pointing them to "the God."

The simple cow-herd was visited by God in his dreams, and he awoke the divine psalmist. The shepherdess in her remote pastures was directed by God to rescue her country from a ravaging enemy, and she became the leader of victorious legions—the savior of her people. She was led by the same voice which revealed "the God" to Socrates.

On the Rocky Mountains' rugged heights, among the moss-draped forest of the everglades, by the margin of the great lakes, "the God" communed with the soul of the child of nature. He needed no voice from the burning bush, no hand-writing on the wall, no command from on high bidding "write." No, his free soul leaped through the creature to the creator, spanned the chasm which philosophers yearned to cross; and, in its pure simplicity of child-like faith, panted for the better life which God, through nature, had revealed to him. And when his last hours came did he die like Cato, consumed with doubt? Ah no! Into the happy hunting-ground he passed, there to meet his God.

And still, God not revealed in nature!

B.

COLLEGIANA.

THE ATHLETIC GAMES.

This year, for the first time, "The Gymnastic Club" was recognized as a portion of the University and assisted by the Board of Visitors and Faculty in its efforts to aid the cause of physical education. At the July meeting of the Board of Visitors a resolution was adopted acknowledging the existence of the club, placing it under the partial control of the Faculty, and authorizing two days holiday to be given at the discretion of the Faculty for the celebration of the athletic games. Notwithstanding this permission of the Board of Visitors the two days were not given, but the Faculty assisted the club in many ways, and we hope that as years roll on the holiday will be given as a matter of course, and through the fostering care of the institution itself, our gymnastic association will become more than ever a source of profit to the students. The days originally set for the games were Friday and Saturday afternoons, November 13 and 14, but owing to the inclemency of the weather on Friday it was necessary to have them on Saturday and Monday. In spite of the cool weather and threatening aspect of the heavens a large crowd was in attendance both days, the usual number of the fair sex and their escorts being present. The duties of the executive committee, the marshals, the judges and all who had the affair in charge were well performed; and the records made by the contestants will compare favorably with those of former years and of other colleges.

The programme for the first day consisted of:

1. *One Hundred Yards Dash*—Out of ten entries only three withdrew, and there was a spirited contest among the remain-

der. Mr. B. R. Harrison had the misfortune of falling near the end of the dash and was thus deprived of all chance of winning. G. T. Smith came to the string first, with the record of $11\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

2. *Throwing the Hammer*—The hammer used by our association weighs something like twenty-five pounds and so comparison cannot well be made with the amateur American records, where the weight is only sixteen pounds. Mr. J. B. Earle was the winner in this contest scoring 49 feet, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

3. *One Mile Run*—In all the races requiring what is generally termed "wind," we missed the long legs, deep breathing and steady trot of our last year's friend, Graves. In the one mile run, Mr. J. H. Marshall, after the first round, was compelled to journey the remainder alone, completing the whole in six minutes and two seconds.

4. *Putting the Shot*—In this the regulation sixteen pound shot was used, and Mr. J. B. Earle scored an easy victory, excelling the best amateur American record. Some doubt was raised as to the propriety of the rules laid down by the judges for the putting of the shot, but not being judges ourselves, we know no better and give the record as made. Distance, 50 feet, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

5. *Hurdle Race*—Three contested for this prize, and it was closely fought to the last; Mr. A. H. Davis being the winner, in ~~19 minutes, $2\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.~~ $19\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

6. *High Jump*—Last year this medal was hotly contested for by Messrs. C. Dallam and C. C. Page, and only decided after repeated trials, and this year the same was repeated, but Fortune changed her favor and Mr. Page was successful instead of Mr. Dallam. Distance, 5 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

7. *Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash*—Out of ten entries only two ran for this prize, which was won by Mr. B. R. Harrison, in one minute and $\frac{3}{8}$ seconds.

On the second day the programme consisted of:

1. *Sack Race*—This race was substituted in place of

the three mile run of former years. While nothing is to be said against the race itself, its insertion is evidence of the decay of physical culture among the students in the direction of endurance, and we hope that in the future the long run will be restored. The race itself was very laughable, the shortest man rolling over near the start like a ball and remaining helpless until assisted to his feet by friends. Mr. U. W. Muir fell near the goal, and scarred his face somewhat, but did not seriously injure himself. Mr. C. Catlett was the winner, in $24\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

2. *Throwing Base Ball*—In this contest the best record of the University, heretofore, was beaten by Mr. B. Blair, who threw it 338 feet, 8 inches. (?)

3. *Broad Jump*—Here again there was a large falling off in the contestants, for the entries and the battle lay between two. Mr. A. H. Davis, won his second prize, jumping 17 feet and 9 inches.

4. *One Mile Walk*—Three out of five contested for this, and for a time it seemed as if it was to be a close affair, but all were finally ruled out and Mr. J. S. Miller left to complete his tramp alone. Much interest was taken in the contest, and Mr. Miller made the unusually good amateur record of 8 minutes, $22\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

5. *Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash*—Four contested for this prize and after two preliminary heats, for the purpose of barring out two of the number, it narrowed down to Messrs. A. H. Davis and C. Catlett. Mr. B. R. Harrison was again so unfortunate as to fall in one of the preliminary heats and so excluded from the race itself. Mr. A. H. Davis won his third and best-earned prize, pushing the best amateur record to within a few seconds. Time, $25\frac{5}{8}$ seconds.

6. *Potato Race*—This was an exciting contest to the last, and, requiring considerable endurance, was eagerly watched by all. Mr. J. D. McKim came near attaining the goal and had it not been for a failure to put his potato in the basket near the last might have succeeded. As it was, however, Mr. J. W. S. Peters won in 2 minutes, $52\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

7. *Three-Legged Race*—But two pair entered for this and of these Messrs. C. Dallam and G. T. Smith were the victors. Nobody fell this time and the time compares well with that made by a single runner in one hundred yards. Time, $13\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

This closed the athletic games for 1885, and the large crowd quickly dispersed. Owing to the lateness of the hour the medals were not delivered that afternoon, but the victors afterwards received the reward of their labors.

On December 3, Prof. Mallet delivered in the Public Hall the second lecture of the series promised by the Y. M. C. A. His subject was "Calico-printing," and was handled in his usual interesting and instructive manner. To those who take any interest in physical science it could not fail to be of great attraction and value. A large and attentive audience greeted the lecturer and all were satisfied they were well paid. We regret to say, however, that the music man was absent, and that, notwithstanding glowing announcements to the effect a social reception was to be held afterwards, none was held. The society editor dyked out in all his gaudiness, anticipating a glorious field of conquest, but was forced to return home in sack cloth and ashes. Had an ordinary man deceived him thus he would have had to hand a word of very ancient form and meaning to express his private opinion of his conduct, but being lured on by a Y. M. C. A., he was constrained to bide his time. Fair warning is given, however, that if this deceit is practiced again suit for obtaining dykes under false pretences will be commenced against this holy body. The next lecture of the series will be delivered on the first Thursday in January, by Prof. Schele De Vere, on "Joan of Arc."

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated at this institution of learning. Divine services were held in the chapel, the post-office was closed and the stars and stripes floated from the dome of the Observatory. What more could be asked?

We append a table showing the records made at our athletic games in the past and compared with the best American amateur records:

GAMES.	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	Best Am. Records.
100 yd. Dash	11 ³ / ₈	8:55 ³ / ₈	11	10 ¹ / ₈	10 ¹ / ₈	10 ¹ / ₈	11 ³ / ₈	11 ¹ / ₈	10
1 mile Walk	8:55 ³ / ₈	8:55 ³ / ₈	9:42 ¹ / ₂	8:11 ¹ / ₂	8:11 ¹ / ₂	10:47	8:39 ⁸ / ₈	8:22 ⁸ / ₈	6:29 ³ / ₈
½ mile Run	2:34 ³ / ₈	2:31 ⁸ / ₈	2:25	2:25	2:25	36:11	33:06 ¹ / ₈	50:06 ¹ / ₈	1:55 ³ / ₈
Putting the shot	25:04	320:10	45:04	322:06	52	305:06	4:56 ¹ / ₈	33:08	43
Throwing Base Ball	313:11 ¹ / ₈	5:31 ¹ / ₂	327:10	5:12 ¹ / ₂	337:02	5:16 ¹ / ₈	315:02 ¹ / ₈	6:02 ⁸ / ₈	4:21
1 mile Run	5:32 ³ / ₈	5:31 ¹ / ₂	5:26 ⁸ / ₈	5:12 ¹ / ₂	5:02 ¹ / ₈	16:10 ¹ / ₈	4:56 ¹ / ₈	17:09	4:21
Broad Jump	16 ¹ / ₂	17:04	18:05	17:03 ¹ / ₂	19:03 ¹ / ₈	20 ¹ / ₈	18:05	17:09	22:07 ¹ / ₈
Hurdle Race, 140 yds*	20	19	22 ⁸ / ₈	20	19 ³ / ₈	20 ¹ / ₈	21 ¹ / ₈	19 ¹ / ₈	16 ¹ / ₈
440 yd. Dash	58 ³ / ₈	57 ³ / ₈	61 ⁸ / ₈	54	55 ⁸ / ₈	61	58 ³ / ₈	60 ⁸ / ₈	48 ³ / ₈
Throwing the Hammer†	64:09	63:06	65:04	43:02	8:07	53:08	47:02 ¹ / ₈	49:04 ¹ / ₈	96:01 ¹ / ₈
Pole Vaulting	63:06	8:07	8:07	8:04 ¹ / ₂	8:07	8:02	5:35	2:52 ¹ / ₈	11 ¹ / ₈
Potato Race	2:21	2:44	2:44	4:11 ¹ / ₂	3:55 ¹ / ₈	5:01 ¹ / ₂	5:01 ¹ / ₂	5:00 ¹ / ₈	5:09 ³ / ₈
High Jump	4:05	5:04	5:04	4:11 ¹ / ₂	5:01	5:01 ¹ / ₂	5:01 ¹ / ₂	5:00 ¹ / ₈	5:09 ³ / ₈
Sack Race	13 ⁸ / ₈	13 ⁸ / ₈	10 ¹ / ₂	17 ¹ / ₂	25 ¹ / ₈	27	25 ¹ / ₈	25 ¹ / ₈	26:31
5 mile Run	32:38 ⁸ / ₈	32	37:54	26 ¹ / ₈	25 ¹ / ₈	27	25 ¹ / ₈	25 ¹ / ₈	22:00 ³ / ₈
220 yd. Dash	32	32	25	26 ¹ / ₈	25 ¹ / ₈	27	25 ¹ / ₈	25 ¹ / ₈	22:00 ³ / ₈
1 hour Walk	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles	5 miles
3 Legged Race, 100 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds	845 yds
3 mile Run	19:45	17:54	17:05	17:05	17:05	17:05	18:29 ¹ / ₈	13 ¹ / ₈	15:31 ¹ / ₈

*In the hurdle race there are six hurdles which have varied at different times from 2½ feet in '78 and '79 to 3½ feet up to this year where they were reduced to 3 feet in height. In the American amateur record there were 10 hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high and distance 120 yards.

†The hammer until '81 weighed 16 pounds, when an iron handle was substituted increasing the weight.

Mr. R. C. Taylor resigned his position as associate editor of the *MAGAZINE* in the early part of December, but too late to allow his successor's name to appear in this issue of the *MAG.* An exciting contest waged in the *Jeff.* as to who should be his successor; and at the meeting on December 5, Mr. J. S. Mosby, Jr., was elected by a vote of 20 to 17. This is but the preliminary skirmish of the great battle in January for the editor-in-chiefship.

The editors once intended spending Christmas around their family firesides; but "alas, for the rarity of Christian charity" the bright vision is dispelled. Conscience touched their hearts; their bulging pockets were divested of railroad passes; a huge bonfire was kindled, and with the smoke of the burning paper went up their hopes of turkey and cranberry sauce, stuffed stocking and a new sled. It is some consolation to know, however, that so great was the number of these corrupting passes, no coal was used for a week in their grates.

A WAIL.

O, that I could feel as proud
After having "corked" in class
As I did before the cloud
Of quizzing over me did pass.

These verses will not scan by any rules known to the literary world of verse, neither dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter nor hexameter, nor iambus, nor dactyl, neither spondaic, nor trochaic, scorning Shakespeare's blank verse rules, and still the wail from the withering soul is portrayed in every word.

Saturday, November 29, was a raw, inclement day, but in spite of the chilly wind quite a large number of students and a fairly good attendance of the gentler sex were present to witness the tennis-tournament between two of our "crack"

players and two young Englishmen whom they had challenged to a match. The playing began at a little before 1 P. M., and was closely contested on both sides for upwards of two hours.

Our men started out brilliantly and won the first set, but the two following were won by the Englishmen, which cast down our hopes considerably. These revived on the next two sets, which were won by our side, putting them ahead, and had this been the end as at first expected, we should have had the victory ; but two more sets were played and both won by the Englishmen, who thus won the match. As an evidence of the closeness of the playing it will be seen by the score that the number of games won on either side was exactly equal, but fortune favored the Englishmen and they scored the victory.

The following is the official score :

Sets	PLAYERS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total.
1	Hornidge & Parry, ...	D	X	D	15	X	30	X	30	15	.	.	3
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	X	30	X	X	15	X	D	X	X	.	.	6
2	Hornidge & Parry, ...	15	X	D	X	X	D	X	30	D	X	X	6
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	X	30	X	D	30	X	15	X	X	30	15	5
3	Hornidge & Parry, ...	X	D	L	X	X	D	X	X	X	.	.	6
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	30	X	X	L	30	X	D	L	30	.	.	3
4	Hornidge & Parry, ...	30	L	D	D	15	X	X	L	.	.	.	2
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	X	X	X	X	X	15	L	X	.	.	.	6
5	Hornidge & Parry, ...	X	X	X	L	D	D	X	D	15	L	.	4
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	30	15	L	X	X	X	15	X	X	X	.	6
6	Hornidge & Parry, ...	X	30	X	D	X	X	30	15	X	X	.	6
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	15	X	D	X	D	15	X	X	D	15	.	4
7	Hornidge & Parry, ...	30	X	X	X	D	D	X	X	X	.	.	6
	A. H. Davis & G. T. Smith,	X	30	L	L	X	X	30	D	L	.	.	3

Hornidge and Parry : Games won, 33 ; Sets won, 4.

A. H. Davis and G. T. Smith : Games won, 33 ; Sets won, 3.

X stands for game, D for deuce, L for love.

Prof. Noah K. Davis has started to deliver a series of Sunday lectures on "The Life of Christ." The lectures will be from three to four in the afternoon, and will commence and close promptly at these hours. Those already delivered were very interesting and we hope the students will show their appreciation of this voluntary effort in their behalf by giving the Professor a large attendance.

An efficient master of the science has been giving boxing lessons in the Gymnasium for the past three months. The MAG. staff have made up a purse for the purpose of giving the fighting editor double rations in this respect. For the benefit of those whom it may concern, we will state that our protégé has become wonderfully adept in the science; and by way of information will also inform our readers he is seven feet, six inches high, weighs two hundred and eighteen pounds, is a splendid marksman, an expert fencer and never was known to sleep with more than one eye closed. Do not forget his address when you have any troubles to settle with the MAG: 36 E. Range.

Rev. J. E. K. Studd, of England, conducted a series of religious services in the chapel during the last days of November and the first of December. Mr. Studd's experience at Cambridge and his work at the universities and colleges both in England and the United States have taught him how to appeal to students, and his work here was successful. We understand he made some inroads on the German Club, touched one or two Eli Bananas and even softened the heart of one of the University stationers. If so we congratulate him. It is needless to say the entire MAG. staff were on the mourner's bench the first night.

PERSONAL.

Daniel Bedinger, B. L. of '85, is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

M. V. Joyes, B. L. of '85, and G. D. Ripley have started their professional careers in Louisville, Ky., while our other Kentucky friend, G. S. Shanklin, is in Lexington. It is seldom that a native born gives up his blue-grass and twenty-year-old Bourbon.

W. C. Winsborough has located in Springfield, Mo., and claims to be devoting himself exclusively to law, but we fear he is meditating a trip to the Old Dominion to bear away one of her fairest daughters.

H. H. Phinizy is conducting a paper in Athens, Ga. The next best thing to being a good lawyer is to be an ordinary editor.

H. F. Moore has lately been elected judge of Animas County, Colorado. How the wild westerners must look up to a man that has studied the law analytically!

R. H. Liggett, B. L. of '85, has finally located in Sanford, Florida.

J. R. Anderson, B. L. of '85, has given up New York city and will locate in Savannah.

W. E. Addison has not left his home in Richmond.

John T. Dickinson, B. L. of '79, of Austin, Texas, showed his phiz on the University campus at the opening of the session. John T. is now Secretary of the Texas Capital and Penitentiary Boards, and invests his spare change in wild lands, which he says pays better than practicing law.

Mr. N. F. Heitman, B. L. of '85, has removed to Kansas City and commenced the practice of the law. We predict for Mr. Heitman a brilliant career in the profession he has chosen.

Mr. J. W. G. Blackstone, an alumnus of the University, and former editor of the *MAGAZINE*, was recently elected State Senator from the county of Accomac.

We were pleased to receive a visit from Mr. J. S. Baer, a B. L. of last year, and since then a fellow-literary worker. Mr. Baer has given up journalism and is on his way to the wild west, where he will ply his trade of lawyer.

The sturdy legs of our old friend, J. W. Graves, were

lately seen striding up and down the lawns. Alas, however, "Othello's occupation's gone!" No more three mile races are to be had and we are afraid *Graves* will arouse only memories of the past.

Among the old students of last year noticed in our midst within the past month were Messrs. C. W. Coleman, John C. Robertson, J. R. Anderson, W. E. Addison, T. N. Haas and John Mallory.

Mr. A. J. Montague, B. L. of '85, mentioned in the October MAG. as practicing in Fredericksburg, is in Danville, thriving as only those who study the *principles* of the law can.

ALUMNI NOTES.—We give below some interesting alumni notes, beginning with a list of foreign appointments conferred by President Cleveland upon alumni of the University of Virginia :

AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS PLENIPOTENTIARY.

Hon. A. M. Keiley, of Virginia, to Italy and afterwards to Austria.

Hon. R. B. Hubbard, of Texas, to Japan.

Col. E. P. C. Lewis, of New Jersey, to Portugal.

Hon. Lambert Tree, of Illinois, to Belgium.

Hon. Boyd Winchester, of Kentucky, to Switzerland.

UNITED STATES CONSULS.

Hon. R. E. Withers, formerly United States Senator from Virginia, Hong Kong.

Hon. John Cardwell, of Georgia, to Egypt.

ALUMNI ELECTED TO PROFESSORSHIPS IN 1885.

Rev. Thomas Hume, of Virginia, to professorship of English Literature in the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Walter D. Toy, M. A., of session 1881-2, to professorship of Modern Languages, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

John R. Sterrett, Ph. D.,* of Class of '71, to professorship of Greek, Miami University, Ohio.

Geo Wm. Brown,† of Class of '74, to professorship of Chemistry, South Carolina State Military Academy, Charleston.

Stonewall Tompkins, of Class of '85, to superintendent of workshops of the Arkansas Industrial University, Fayetteville, Ark.

Samuel M. Barton, Ph. D., to professorship of Mathematics, Emory and Henry College.

John C. Robertson, M. A., teaching at Captain Hancock's, Albemarle county.

Willie H. Bocock, assistant in McGuire's University School, Richmond.

George L. Gordon, assistant in McCabe's University School, Petersburg.

Charles Puryear, C. E., B. Sc., assistant in Mathematics in McGuire's University School, Richmond.

E. V. S. Long, with Col. Cutshaw, City Engineer, Richmond.

Walter B. Richards, M. A., teaching.

E. S. Sublett, assistant in Kenmore University High School

Frank Puryear, teaching.

C. M. Bradbury, assistant in Pantops High School.

Dr. Edgar Woods, in New York.

Dr. George H. Mallett, in New York.

C. H. Fauntleroy, St Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. X., a heart-aching student, walked in the Post-office the other day, and seeing a delicate pink tinted note in his box, immediately his countenance became *open* and his drag-

*Mr. Sterrett has recently greatly distinguished himself in investigations of Greek inscriptions in the East.

†Mr. Brown was assistant last session in the Chemistry Department in the University.

ged heart strings could hardly restrain his inner man. With trembling hand he received the billet from the P. M. What was his horror and chagrin when he read this address, not in the hand of his angel,

Miss ——— ———, colored,

Care of Mr. X.

University of Va.

That young man was taken from the gutter the next morning.

Another good man gone wrong. Poor Tip was up before the Faculty December 2 for cutting lectures in November.

Mr. McW.: "I wish Doctor you would not put my full name in the catalogue when it comes out."

Chairman: "Anything wrong with your name. What is it?"

Mr. McW.: "Fergus Feritharis Ferithiferous Feringoire-tharionous McW."

Chairman: "Hum! hum! Hold on! hold on! Don't want more than half that."

Prof: "Mr. K., if a man seizes your horse without cause how would you recover it?"

Mr. K: "Sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*."

Student answering from jack hesitates at an interesting point, but is reassured by the hint of the Professor: "Read on, Mr. R——; don't be delayed by trifles."

Mr. C. to Mr. B.: "Can you tell me the difference between courting and the game of poker?"

Mr. B. says four kings against four aces forever cured him of that game.

Mr. C. : " In courting two pair beat threes, while in poker threes beat two pairs."

Resolved, by the students of the University of Virginia, that the thanks of the students of this institution, and of all Christian people, are hereby tendered the Rev. J. E. K. Studd for the fact of his drawing to divine services the medical class of this University ; and above all, be his name ever blessed, for bringing forth no less a personage than the Professor of Medicine himself, the chairman of the faculty.

Prof. of Law : Mr. "P., suppose a cargo of whiskey deteriorates on the voyage, are the insurers liable?"

Mr. C. (who is shoving and is a member of the Temperance Union) : "Ask him that over again professor, it seems a *weak* question."

Prof. of English : " Mr. G., what kind of a figure is the expression, " The boy is father to the man?"

Mr. G. : "Well, well, sir, I think ——"

Prof. : Well, what does it mean?"

Mr. G. : " It means, sir, I suppose, that when the boy gets old enough he will be the father of a man."

Prof. of Chemistry : " Mr. Moore tell me something *more* of ——"

Loud applause by the class.

Prof. : "When we put sound for sense, the sense is seldom sound."

Mr. C. (taking French,) coming suddenly on a couple in touching attitudes. " Oh ! don't let me interrupt your *tete à ta*." Being "*de trop*" is not my *à la mode* !"

Professor Natural Philosophy : "You see this little machine which is made to move by this crank behind the apparatus?" Applause.

A PSALM OF MATH.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Math. is but an empty dream,
For the soul doth cark that slumbers
And "limits" are not what they seem.

Math. is real, Math. is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
For the sum of all the parts
Is always equal to the whole.

Lives of Math.-men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Equations on the sands of Time.

Equations that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Math.'s solemn main,
A carked and busted brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Working early, working late,
Or to cark on Math. exam.
Will be our dismal, dismal fate.

Diogenes Jones has come to us with a dispute to settle. It will be remembered that in the November *MAG.* he offered a gold medal to any one who would bring a joke from the Natural History and Geology Class; and now he says a member is trying to secure the medal by palming off on him for a joke something that has not the first element of a joke in it. The editors he wishes to decide the case, but we are unwilling to take steps in such a delicate matter and so leave it to an intelligent public.

Prof.—"Mr. G. give the difference between an Orthoceratite and a Pleurotomira sirtula."

Mr. G.—“One is a straight celled animal and the other a curved cell.”

Prof. “No, both *cell* alike.”

This is the sum and substance of the disputed joke. We confess the point is hard to see, and suggest that it may be both professor and student are *celled*, and the true difference between the two cunning creatures is that one can climb a tree and the other cannot. We warn Diogenes, however, to beware, whichever way the present case is decided; not over a week ago the learned professor was observed to smile and this is thought to be the sure forerunner of a pure, unadulterated joke. No more gold medals should be offered; unless it be for a new joke from the law class.

While talking of jokes let us say that we would publish more from the professors were it not for the fact that most of them have had their jokes copyrighted, and are very jealous of the public getting hold of them. To them is reserved the exclusive privilege of telling them, and of surprising the class as though they were new. This may save the professors the trouble of working up new jokes, but it is death to the collegiana editor of the MAG. We understand that this copyright system is especially used in the law and medical departments, and in the school of Historical Science.

A LYRIC OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Beneath a shady tree they sat;
He held her hand; she held his hat;
I held my breath and lay down flat;
They kissed—I saw them do it!

He held that kissing was no crime;
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme—
They thought that no one knew it!

A. S. Murray, of New York city, Grand Master of the Delta Psi Fraternity, accompanied by Mr. Head, of Washington city, has been visiting the Upsilon Chapter.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With this issue of the *MAGAZINE* the term of office of the present board of editors expires, and they will take upon themselves the quiet enjoyments of private life. We are not averse to this; indeed, as the encircling fold of the editorial mantle slip from our shoulders we feel a certain sense of relief, and an air of freedom seems to replace that of constraint. For a period of one year have we held our position and discharged the duties of our office, always in an earnest endeavor to do our best and sustain the well deserved reputation which our *MAGAZINE* has attained in the field of college journalism. That we have succeeded in this direction is not for us to determine. Financially, the *MAGAZINE* has done passing well, better, indeed, than in most of the years gone by. It has been able to meet all its expenses and from the present outlook will be able to do the same during the remainder of the present year. In literary material we have had little or no choice, and any shortcomings that may there be found are due not to any shirking of duty on our part, but to passiveness upon the part of our supporters. The number of contributors has been small, infinitely smaller than it ought to be, but those who have seen fit to perform this portion of their duty as students have clung to their posts nobly. In giving up control of the *MAGAZINE* we wish to thank them one and all for the kind support they have given us. The students, too, although they most signally fail to show their appreciation of their work, should thank these writers for the manner in which they have upheld the literary merit of their college journal. In our position as college censor we have endeavored to point out, to the best of our ability, any defects that may exist in our body politic, and, we hope, have been the means of doing some good. This is a field, in which, we think, the *MAGAZINE* should exercise a more powerful influence than it does, as it reaches through its pages and brings together in one conclave, students, alumni, faculty and Board of Visitors. We hope that in the future this will be recognized more fully and all the importance given it that it deserves. And in dropping the editorial pen we wish to say, that while we have, to the best of our belief, discharged our duties, we are unable to say as much of the students of the University. Barely one-third have subscribed and an inappreciably small number have contributed, although all have read and criticised. Thus the editors are forced to labor with but little of that encouragement which robs toil of half its pain. Our parting malediction is upon the head of the man who won't subscribe to the *MAGAZINE*, the man who hoards his contingent deposit for a spree at the finals, the man who sneaks into the room of a friend and steals that which his selfishness does not permit him to buy, the man who rails at that which his comprehension has not the breadth to embrace, the man who sneers at the result of his own breach of duty, the man who is devoid of every principle of patriotism to the institution of which he is a member. We know not who will be our successors, but we know from the character and ability of both the gentlemen who aspire

to the position of Editor-in Chief, that in either of their hands the old MAGAZINE will continue to hold the high place it has ever held as a college journal and will surpass its record of the past year when it was conducted by those who now lay aside the editorial pen. We recommend them to the tender mercy of an intelligent public, and desire to impress upon their minds but one injunction—never forget nor let rest in peace the man who won't subscribe for the MAGAZINE. *

* * We would like to call the attention of the Y. M. C. A., to the following words which our memory calls up somewhere from pages of holy writ: "Speak ye, every man, the truth to his neighbor." It may be adhering to this rule to post notices all over the University, in which is promised an opportunity to every student "to make impressions upon calico" at the close of a public lecture and then give no opportunity whatever, but we cannot see it in this light. We do not like to apply harsh terms to an organization of this character, but had any lay corporation deceived the public in this manner we would not hesitate an instant as to choice of terms. The excuse rendered last time for not having the reception was one of the silliest that could be made. They were afraid it would not be a success, that no one would go to the reception. Do they not know that this is exactly what is needed here? The students and professors require some means to become acquainted with one another, and a monthly reception of this character contemplated would produce this result. Many young men, indeed most young men, come here and go away without meeting or knowing other professors than those whose lectures they attend, or mingling in any society whatever than that afforded by their student friends. It was to remedy this that these public lectures and after-receptions were inaugurated, and here at the very beginning a large portion of the good is cut away, under some frivolous pretense. Surely it will do no harm to make the attempt, and by all means let there be no repetition of this folly at the coming lectures. * * *

We were pleased to notice in a late issue of the *Home Journal* an article by our honored professor, Schele de Vere, upon "Some Paris Women." A neat compliment was paid the author by the editor and it was well deserved. Dr. Schele has a national reputation and the institution of which he is a member is proud of his fame. * *

* In our November issue an inadvertent mistake was made in ascribing the poem "To Woman" to Mr. C. W. Kents when it should have been C. W. Kent. It was the fault of the editors, however, and we offer every apology possible. * * *

We clip the following from one of our exchanges: "Some ten or twelve years ago the German universities sent a committee of professors to visit the English and American colleges and report any methods of instruction or discipline that were improvements on the methods in Germany. *These professors reported that the system at the University of Virginia, as inaugurated by Mr. Jefferson, was better than that of any other American institution.* This report was published at the time in one of the San Francisco papers but did not seem to attract the attention it deserved."

Among Our Exchanges.

The tendency in the young aspirant for literary honors, to use dictionary words, is truly lamentable, and often ridiculous. We give a few instances from one of our exchanges which boasts for its contents the exalted characteristic, "Pure Literature."

"The nimble squirrel scampers to his hole,
Far up the old oak's *corrugated* bole."

This word would knock all poetry, all sentiment, all thought out of the sweetest verse. And the idea of using it in a rustic scene, the chief beauty of which should be its simplicity. Again :

"The grasshopper springs up on *spastic* wings."

Did you ever imagine such a wing on a grasshopper at "Nightfall in Autumn." From the same :

"And for a breath its *vapid* dirge it sings."

Also :

"The oriole in yon locust tree
With sweetest *iterant* stress."

Such as these would quell the most prolific imagination, while the mind scirmishes around trying to make some sense out of it. The young writer should remember that for the most forcible expression of thought, and for moving the souls of men, there is nothing so powerful as the use of pure Anglo-Saxon words. The best of our poets have used 87 per cent. of these in their writings, and why should not we? * * * Some of the Virginia college mags. have sweet pet names for their fellow-collegians, *e. g.* : The boys of Randolph Macon bear the savory appellation, "Fishes," while those of Richmond College dance to the name of "Rats." * * * The "Negro Sermon" in the *Randolph Macon Monthly* was the most perfect thing of its kind that we have seen. We would recommend its study to our Northern friends who so often "cork" in the line of "nigger talk." * * * We are much obliged for the order of exercises at the inauguration of Cyrus Northrop, sent us from the University of Minnesota. * * * The piece in the *Stephens Indicator*, "Prizes : Their Uses and Abuses" was quite to our mind. We hope that "Ram" may butt the practice of giving prizes out of his institution, and wish that some "Goat" would perform the same office in connection with our gymnasium, for we thoroughly agree with the writer that the money spent in prizes might be spent in a much better manner. * * * The poem "Ocean Thoughts," in *The Varsity*, was a most delightful treat. The writer has good reason to be proud of it, for it shows genius of a high order. The lines :

"Kind words are truest poetry
And sweetest music, spare them not,
Life soon is o'er,
Their music cannot reach our graves."

portray a sentiment most pure and charitable in their sweetness. * * *

In *The Electra* we were most agreeably surprised to see an article headed, "From Cologne to Dusseldorf," written by Mrs. M. Sheffy Peters. After a few moments of pleasant surprise, we read the contents with unqualified delight. The vivid descriptions of the works of art in the noble galleries, and especially of those by the old masters, involved us in a maze of mingled wonder and admiration. We readily saw the character of our Latin Professor in "Mentor," her traveling companion, of whom the writer says: "Mentor's brain oftentimes works like an electric battery, and his plans are outlined, dotted off into decisions, like telegraph messages." "You can't get around it, gentlemen, for it is a fact of the language." Get the connection! * * * *Niagara Index*: Holy father, we have many grievous sins to confess, the most grievous of which is that we should have roused your holy wrath. Forgive us then, through the sweet charity of your soul and accept an obol to pay your passage across the Styx; and may you have a short and speedy journey. Your holiness must accept our sincere thanks for the extensive notice taken of us. We feel that to be scorned by the great is worth a life time of honor from inferior mortals. Your tone of sweet modesty is most praiseworthy and in making yourself the rasp of the college literary world, chiding the childish errors of the "boys" who exchange with you, we recognize your true kindness of heart. We would congratulate you, if it were not such preposterous presumption, for your polished politeness, so wonderfully displayed in your arraignment, *e. g.* after trampling on the dead (?) body of the *University Mirror* you whisper in such *bighting derision*, "You may now go, but be careful in speaking of us hereafter." The *Illini* seems to have flattered you, and you rise even to the barber degree of politeness as you growl "next" and into the bar totters the *University Monthly*. Judgment, (referees, *Index* men) knocked out in one round by the *Index* man. The refined summons, "Come on, massa," ushers in the next, and so you keep up the slaughter. Your sarcasm about "Billy" would have graced a Swift or a Pope, so covert, so unseen. Your locals say, "There's music in the air," however your exchange man does not hear it, for it is said that even the savage beast is soothed by music. You must keep him chained underground. Your ex-man we believe holds position for life, however, without the qualification of civil behavior.

Bric-a-Brac.

Problems for the lawyers: P ns-n, the Arkansas Traveller, wants to know if there is any law against a man marrying his widow's sister.—*Ex.* * * * It is said that in England, every 5000th man takes a university course; in Scotland, every 615th; in Germany, every 213th; and in the United States, every 2000th.—*Ex.* * * * Latin class: "Yes, Mr. Se-tt, time is just like a Chinaman; you must seize it by the forelock if you want to get any hold at all."

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
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Diana.

EARLY IN OCTOBER an inhabitant of the Ragged Mountains, for I should judge the fellow so to be from his appearance, entered my room with a basket of apples and chestnuts on his arm, and wished to know if I would purchase his wares. Being in an especially good humor from some cause or other, I told him he was the very man my inner nature at that moment was most desirous of beholding, and if he did not ask more than my purse could afford I would purchase his stock in trade. The bargain was made, and I handed him a bill, which he said he could not change. I was obliged to have his apples, likewise the change, or a *quid pro quo*, so I asked him if he had anything else that was vendible. At first he said no, but I noticed he hesitated as he spoke. "Out with it, whatever it may be," I cried. "I know you have somethig else to sell, and I am in a jolly good humor this morning to be swindled." He looked a little strangely at me, as if not appreciating my words, and after a few seconds produced a roll of paper. He said he had found it on the mountain, and was going to take it to some one he knew in town and ask him if it were of

any value. I asked to see it. He handed the roll to me, and I noticed it was torn across, and the upper part of one of the sheets was missing. The writing was blurred, but not entirely illegible. I began to read as best I was able, when the lecture-bell rang. "Take the money," said I to the fellow, "and may you always make as good trades." I then rammed the narrative into my table-drawer and went to lecture. On returning to my room I perused the writing, and thought to offer it to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, stating how I came by it, but did not do so. When the November number appeared I found that some other student was fortunate enough to be the possessor of the first part of my manuscript. Since that time until now I have been prevented by my studies from putting this story in due form for print. I do so now under the title of "Diana," being unwilling to call it the continuation of "A Manuscript," without the permission of the student who signs himself "N."

What happened immediately after the head of Tithonus was dropped, we know not. The nature of the oath taken, the moment of the appearance of the goddess Diana, the manner of her introduction to the author of the manuscript, and the lesser causes of his deep love must remain conjectural. The strange being passed on the ascent of the mountain may have shown herself again in another form, but this is merely a surmise. The portion of the manuscript, which has fallen into my hands reads thus: L.

* * * I followed the direction pointed out by Diana, and though the way was narrow, being surrounded on both sides by high walls, the atmosphere became more and more delightful. Hidden censers charged the air with the sweetest perfumes. No fairy prince ever awoke to find himself in the midst of greater beauty than that which met my gaze as I emerged from this narrow path. I was on the threshold of an immense subterranean cavern, the roof of which was thickly studded with stalactites, varying harmoniously in size and arrangement. Some were graceful cones,

many feet long; others were smaller and resembled sea-shells, vying in beauty and tonicity of coloring with such shells when freshly taken from the water. Surrounding the cavern, which was many hundred feet long, on three sides these calcareous deposits reached in thinnest sheets to the floor, forming continuous folds of exquisite drapery. Out from the sides of the cave, at the distance of a few feet, the stalactites reached the floor in columns. As in the abode of Tithonus, so here; all was illumined, yet there was no luminary. The perfumed atmosphere, the harmonious interchange of the white and pink of the walls and roof, and the perfect symmetry everywhere observed, added an indescribable softness to the scene. In the centre of this hall stood Diana. She had just alighted from her chariot, drawn by two snow-white stags which she must have guided by her words, as there was no reins. She stood, as it were, the keystone of all this beauty. At any other moment gladly should I have feasted my eyes upon any portion of this magnificent cave; but, as it was, I saw only one object, and that the daughter of Latona. I felt the harmony and fitness of the surroundings, but the queen of the woods was the sole object of my vision. Never before in my life had I seen such perfection so nobly exhibited. I had seen women who possessed some beauties, but perfection had always been absent. I had seen eyes in whose beams I should have been happy to bask; rosy cheeks and rosier lips, on which imagination fain would have lingered; well-formed arms and lithe and supple figures; now and then a pretty foot and well-turned hand, and once a most exquisite little finger on which nature had excelled her handiwork—but these charms had been scattered, no one woman possessed them all.

Of Diana what shall I say? Beauty inexpressible, charms innumerable were hers. As straight she was as the silver-shafted arrow she carried in her hand. Blue were her eyes as the vault of a summer sky, and they seemed to have gathered their softness from the twilight of an eve in early autumn. On her round cheeks the color lingered listlessly. Her rich,

flaxen hair—but similes fail me ; I dare not try more, though why I hasten away from the only moment of many months which I would live over again, and this the first moment I beheld Diana in the cave ? She was attired as a huntress. Her dress, if I may so call it, fell no lower than her knees ; her legs whose whiteness was equalled only by that of her perfectly moulded arm, being bare. Buskins covered her feet, models for fancy's eye. During this moment a change came over my nature, and I was no longer as before. In my existence a fathomless abyss had been given birth to and my soul yearned for the insatiable, the unsatisfying. I forgot my miserable existence at the University, forgot the murdered Tithonus and his history, while my psychic nature, now differentiated by love, was centred in the being before me. I had become a mortal filled with the passion felt by the immortals. I now wished for power, for worldly magnificence and splendor, for reputation, in short for all the attributes that render manhood dear in the eyes of woman. What had I ? Nothing.

I approached the chariot, the goddess seemed pleased to see me, and said in words, wherein lingered something more than melody, "I hope you were not injured in your struggle?" "No," I began, "I—" but my voice sounded so harsh that I could get no further. She took no notice of this, but continued: "Come with me, and I shall show you some of my domain." She then started toward the far-end of the cave, which opened upon the lake, the reflection from whose waters was plainly visible some hundred feet in front of me. The further we progressed in the direction of the lake, the more varied became the arrangement of the stalagmites and stalactites at the sides of the cave outside of the columns. Vast recesses were on either side lined with diaphanous folds of the deposits. The nearer we approached the lake the deeper these recesses became, until, just before we emerged from this cavern into the one containing the lake, one recess came into view which seemed interminable. I could not but feel my surroundings, but where were my thoughts, my mental vision?

Entirely upon the goddess at my side. How light was her step! Her carriage and the flexile motions of her figure as she walked, how adequate to express her divinity! Our conversation was not verbal, yet was it less intelligible to me? Her every action, every charm addressed themselves to me in a manner not to be misunderstood, while my soul was bespeaking hers, if, indeed, she had one; but did this soul respond?

We were now in the second cavern, in which was a lake about three hundred feet broad. How long it was I do not know, for at either end it was lost behind some huge pillars, which extended from the roof below the wave. Beyond the lake the stalagmites covered the sides of the small hill, whose summit reached to within twenty or thirty feet of the vault of the cavern. The beach next to us which was covered with many varieties of small shells, sloped for a short distance and then buried itself beneath the waters of the lake. Now and then through the pillars, swallows—I call these birds by this name for want of a better—would appear, sail across the water and disappear behind the pillars at the other end.

Diana seated herself on a small mound near the beach; mechanically I took my seat beside her. "If she could only speak," thought I, "perhaps her words would sooth my troubled soul, or inflame it beyond endurance." All was silence; no breath of air was stirring; the bosom of the lake was as smooth as though its waters were of crystal. No little wave came joyously to kiss the shells of the beach; save when one of the swallows in his rapid flight stooped to lave its bosom, then the ephemeral ripples hastened to the shore, circling as they came. Soon the swallows ceased flying; the light grew less brilliant and all was still. The orchestra of silence strained forth its sweetest music. I was all alone with the sylvan queen, and my love was growing stronger and stronger, until I felt as if my heart would burst its bonds. I looked at Diana; she, seemingly unconscious of my presence, was watching the small hill across the lake. In one hand she held an arrow;

the other lay carelessly on the mound at her side. I turned to see what held her attention and perceived slowly arising from behind the hill the moon, preceded by a star. Under the influence of their soft light my love could no longer be restrained. "Goddess," I cried, "I—" and grasping her hand I wished to press it to my heart. I felt a furious smart in my left cheek, at the same time I threw my head forward, started up but fell back helplessly. The same effect had been produced as when I endeavored to throttle Tithonus. All the nerves in my body had become at once motor and sensor, and all control over them was lost. I could no longer command any group of muscles. Did I will a movement, it might result in a sensation of pain in any part of my body or in the motion of any entirely different set of muscles. I lost my hold on her hand and nerves became again under my control, but some minutes elapsed before I could collect my senses sufficiently to appreciate what had happened. Diana still watched the opposite side of the lake, whose surface was no longer smooth. Small ripples were beginning to wash the beach; these grew larger and larger. A wind blew up from beyond the lateral columns, which at first was only a gentle breeze, whose breath was pleasant to the cheek; then it blew harder and faster, until soon it whistled shrilly in its hurried course. The waves grew larger, more bulky and lashed in their fury the beach. Their white caps glistened fiercely under the moonlight, which was now fast disappearing. Soon all was darkness over the surface of the lake. I looked for the goddess; but she had disappeared, the darkness hiding her I supposed. I threw out my hand—she was gone. Starting up I rushed toward the cavern, in which the white deer had been left hitched to the chariot. I had not proceeded far when my forehead struck one of the columns surrounding the interior of the cavern, and, unconscious, I fell upon the floor. When my senses returned the darkness was gone and the cavern was again illumined. I was lying where I had fallen, and alone in the cave, for there was no sign of Diana. In

vain did I listen for the nimble feet of her coursers. I heard them not. An intense longing to see her again possessed me, but where could I find her? And what if I did find her? I could not even so much as clasp her hand in mine. Why had she left me? Whither gone? Did love for a human woman affect man as mine for a goddess affected me? If so, when I reached earth again, and then I hoped never to do so, I should abjure woman's face lest I should be again tormented. Then, too, the idea that a woman, though a goddess, was my superior in bodily strength, in mental capacities, in self-control, in everything, harassed me beyond description. "Has she a soul?" I asked. "She notices not my passion." I had endeavored to tell my love, but the attempt had ended most disastrously for me.

I started through the caverns in search of the forest queen. How long I wandered, through what scenes, some impressive, some rude and grotesque, but all beautiful, I passed, I shall not delay to describe. Hours my wanderings must have lasted, until wearied out, my head aching until I feared it would burst, I lay down—how far from the original cavern of entrance heaven only knows. When I got up I know not, but on awakening I found myself watching with great interest a spirit who was whirling about its head a lantern. In outline this spirit resembled the one who had shown Tithonus the entrance into the mountain. It approached me, or rather was caused to approach me, for its immateriality seemed incapable of originating motion. It was but the incorporeal realization of the idea—man. Only for a few seconds did I pay exclusive attention to it, then the memory of Diana came back to me. I asked this form, now close to me, where I could find her. It seemed to speak, though what produced the voice I could not conjecture, as the whole form was but transparent mist.

The sounds were articulate, and the resulting language could without difficulty be understood. "Search no further for her, but rather endeavor to escape from this cave, if you place

any value on your life as a human being, or desire rest for your soul while yet not dead." "But," said I, "I do not understand you. What harm could such a divine being do me?" "Her divine attributes are working you harm at this very moment," the spirit replied. "Listen to me for a short while and then you may appreciate my meaning, unless you have already seen and felt too much to believe. Twelve years ago to-morrow night my miseries began. I, like yourself, was a medical student at the University of Virginia. I worked hard as I was desirous, for reasons of my own, of obtaining my degree in one year. Being especially fond of the study of anatomy I spent much of my time in the dissecting-hall and lost no opportunity to perfect, so far as I could, my knowledge of the human body. One day some new material arrived, on which dissection began immediately. That night I took my lamp and went alone to the dissecting hall to see some points which are clearly brought out in the earlier stages of dissection. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds, shutting out all light from the heavenly bodies. I felt as if my mission would not turn out well for me, and more than once I was half determined to defer my study until the morning. Why I hesitated thus I know not, for many a night before I had been there alone. Something kept telling me to keep away from this hall, and remembrance of a pair of brown eyes made deeper impression on me than they were wont to do. In spite of these premonitions of the soul that now stands or rather is before you, my body carried me along. I entered the hall, lit my lamp and placed it on the table upon which lay the partially dissected body of a negro man. Here with no more compunction than generally accompanies a student of medicine on such occasions, I began my study. Previous to this moment I had never viewed the dead body as having been the temporary home of the soul. It had never occurred to me that the soul might become attached to its dwelling place, might hold it in highest affection as the means whereby its earthly joys and sorrows were expe-

rienced, or through which it had loved and felt this love reciprocated. And that the soul might retain the impress of its earthly passion was a new phase of this question to me, occurring as it did for the first time that fatal night. If these things could be, would this soul like for its temple to be desecrated by the careless dissecting knife? 'But,' I replied mentally, and my discussion with myself became so earnest that I forgot my studies, the subject before me, and everything but this absorbing point, 'but am I not studying, desecrating, if you will, this home of one soul that I may render the homes of many more perfect, more acceptable? And have I not a right to pull down one useless dwelling, the nucleus of maudlin sentiment, that I may with the knowledge thus gained assist in erecting nobler edifices?'

"'False logic! No!'" I heard thundered into my ears, and recovering from my spell I looked up and saw that the corpse before me was sitting erect upon the table. At first I was thoroughly frightened, and following instinct I looked for something with which to knock this thing back into position. The first object on which my eye rested was an arm upon which the muscles had been dissected out and which was used by some of the students in preparing for examinations. Pulling this from its hook upon the wall I struck the half-erect body a blow full in the face. It fell, but in so doing it knocked my lamp from the table, and I was left in total darkness with this negro who was either dead or alive, which I know not. I made a rush for the door, but in passing the table was seized in the iron grasp of something. My mind dare not picture what it might be further than was absolutely necessary. I struggled to get free, but all to no purpose. My strongest endeavors were utterly useless. My terror increased with each moment. What had me? It was flesh I knew by the feel. But what was to be my fate? I struggled until fright and exhaustion rendered me incapable of further movement, and then I stood still. A voice close to my ear hoarsely shrieked, 'Swear to do what I bid you.' 'I swear, if only you will re-

lease me.' 'Then go to the foot of the mountain which lies to the left of the graveyard and stand at the place where the path up the mountain crosses the main road until you see Hecate. When she comes, tell her the body of Joe Hobbs says send it its soul.' Then released I left the dissecting hall, and half-dazed as I was, went out to the graveyard and beyond to the place described. How I found it dark as the night was I cannot say, but suffice it to know that I did find it and halted there. Nor did I have to wait any very long time, for scarcely had I listened for more than half a minute, to the whistling of the wind through the branches of the leafless trees, when I saw the goddess Trivia. You met her on your way up the mountain with Tithonus, and her appearance I shall not describe. She was standing a little aside from the path, about ten feet from me. 'Hecate! if that be your name, the body of Joe Hobbs says send it its soul.' 'Then follow me,' this strange three-headed being replied. I did so and soon we were in the interior of the mountain, and I completely forgot the object of my mission until it was too late. Now my experiences resemble your later ones in great measure. My fearful struggle with this tricorporeal goddess, my more fearful oath extracted from me just as yours was from you, the metamorphosis of Trivia to Diana, her great kindness to me differed from your experiences in the same part of your journey but slightly. I, too, became blindly enamored of my benefactress, as she was then; I, too, addressed her and met with the same fate you have met with. Like you, she left me on the shore of the lake, and long was my search for her through these subterranean caverns. I found her, as you will if you persist in your search, and she showed me still further through her realms. Showed me the fountain of death and told me on the opposite side of the wall flowed waters from the well-spring of eternal youth. The former fountain I have never seen since that moment, the latter I have never been able to find. My love grew fierce after this, and I again told her of it. She again left me, and when she

next appeared, asked me to accompany her to her work-shop: 'Strange request,' thought I, yet I followed with the ready feet of a too ardent lover. We soon were at the place mentioned, and she asked me to get upon a kind of a table placed in the centre of this workshop, whose products you will appreciate in a few moments. I did as requested, and no sooner did I stand erect thereupon than I felt a narrow band slipped under each arm; the table vanished and I was left suspended in the air. The next moment heavy weights were hung from my wrists and ankles, and I was unable to move hand or foot. A hole opened in the floor beneath and I was several times let down until my head was on a level with the floor and then again hoisted to the ceiling. Yet I was happy at being so near Diana, who was regulating my motions. 'Now,' said she, 'you must experience what you cause other souls to suffer when you so ruthlessly dissect their bodies.' And lowering me until I was just the proper distance from the floor she began, after laying back the integument of my neck, to dissect out the right platysma myoides muscle, then the left. The pain was exquisite yet I was forced to bear it. One by one she dissected out the muscles of my neck, then of my chest and whole body. You cannot know the torture I underwent, while she was at work upon 'the subject for muscles.' I need not dwell upon it further than to say she was the most skilful dissector I ever saw. Her scalpel never slipped; the muscles were cleaned beautifully. What a study my body would be, and still is! When she had done her work I knew the origin, course and insertion of every muscle in the body, and thoroughly well, as you may suppose. In spite of all this pain I still loved this goddess and would willingly have forgiven her had she ever once said she cared for me. Fool that I was ever once to have obeyed her slightest commands! At first I screamed with pain; I begged and beseeched her to desist and to release me. Never did a muscle in her face move as she continued at her work, which lasted many hours, and each hour seemed to me a century. Why did I not die?

Surely the pain was sufficient—but I cannot resolve any of the phenomena of my existence in this cave. After Diana had completed her dissection of the muscles, she removed the integument of my skull, pressed apart the bones, separated the membranes of the brain and inserted between the two hemispheres of the cerebrum a curiously shaped instrument with which she pierced the pineal gland, so as to cause its fluid to pour forth, and then my soul freed from its bonds floated away from the body. Then did my love for the goddess cease and become pure hatred such as only souls can feel. Of my soul she would take no notice, so my hatred amounted to nothing. Time and again have I visited the workshop and endeavored to reinstate myself into my body. I have adopted my form accurately to its curves, but no combination will take place, and so there hangs my body soulless, and dearer to me than words can express. Miserable, I have wandered these caverns for twelve long years, still carrying the hope I may some day reënter my body and escape to earth. This is my story and I warn you to endeavor rather to escape from this cave than to find Diana, or your fate will be the same as mine."

The spirit ceased, and, waving its lantern which, like itself existed only in form, disappeared. For a moment or two I pondered well its story, but the charms of the goddess queen prevented my believing it, and before many minutes had passed I disbelieved it entirely. Surely no such beauty could be so heartless. It could not be. While I was thus thinking Diana approached me. I forgot the soul and its history; I saw nothing but her beauty, felt nothing but my love. While I stood thus admiring, she came closer to me, and, in tones I cannot forget, said: "Come, and I shall show you parts of my realm which you have not as yet seen." I followed her while she led me to a small vault, which was but dimly lighted. At the entrance to this vault was a niche in the wall into which water was dripping. "Here," she said, "is the fountain of death, even to me. A splash of this water in my

face and I am no more." "Goddess," said I, "Tithonus told me he was the last of the immortals." "Tithonus was mistaken," she replied. "On the other side of this wall is the fountain of immortal youth. If you reach it, you may live as I. Next I shall show you where I spend most of my time, now that my companions are gone forever." She again relapsed into silence and we continued our walk. "Tell me," I asked, "of Endymion, the beautiful shepherd youth of Caria, on whom nightly you once bestowed the kiss of immortality." The goddess looked a moment away, and then replied. "He is still sleeping in the cave on Mount Latmus, and sometimes, even now, I visit him and kiss his brow. Love never dies." "Then, thou heavenly beauty, destroy me here, for I love thee." And I poured forth my tale of love, and love aiding my tongue I grew eloquent. "Queen, only love me as thou once did love the shepherd boy." I wished to clasp her in my arms, she held out her hand and caught my wrist, and as before I could no longer control my muscular movements. I slapped myself severely in the face, and then kicked at Diana. No sooner had I noticed this than overcome with shame and mortification I fled from her presence. Whither I went I know not; but for hours I wandered aimlessly, ashamed, yet wishing again, to see the one being I could not forget. Only once did I see the soul and its immaterial lantern. It passed me in rapid flight and cried, as it passed, "Flee, Diana is whetting her scalpel." This may be, thought I, but I should love to see her again. And on and on I wandered, until I came to a cave whose shape was that of a hollow cube, from the ceiling of which I saw suspended a body. I drew near and observed it carefully. It had been beautifully and artistically dissected and for muscles. I remembered the story of the spirit and concluded I must be in one of the apartments of Diana's workshop. While I was thus observing this body, the soul floated in and then was a scene too sad to portray, too fearfully realistic for pen and paper. I draw the curtain over this portion of my story and merely add the soul endeavored to

regain its home in its body and could not. As soon as I could I left this room and continued my wanderings, and came at last to the shore of the lake where Diana and I had been together. I sat down upon the beach and looked into the waters. At first I saw my image reflected from its surface. My hair was unkempt and my eyes wild with the fever of a disordered brain. As I gazed I lost sight of the image, I seemed to see beyond it far into the waters of the lake, and deeper and ever deeper as I looked. I seemed to see the workshop of Diana, see her standing before the suspended body admiring her work; then she leaves this room and I next see her caressing lovingly her milk-white stags. Then the soul seems to float in upon the scene, no longer seems his lantern immaterial. It is filled with water; its light has vanished and I hear the soul murmur, "I have found the fountain of death," and as he pronounces these words, he dashes the water into the face of my queen. I try to move but cannot; try to scream, it is useless. A mist arises before my eyes. I feel as if the immaterial were leaving the material parts of my body. More and more they became separated. Where am I? I awake as it were from some horrid dream and find myself miles from the University, among the mountains, but with no sign of a cave or a lake in sight. * * * * Can I be expected to forget the above related events? Must I not write them down even though in so doing I break my most solemn oath? I must write them—I have finished. Adieu to medicine!

Here ended the manuscript. It had no signature, nor have I been able to find any clue as to the further history of the unhappy author.

L.

A Dream Face.

Dreaming I sit in my easy chair,
In the fire-light's softened glow,
While the smoke of my cigarette fills the air :
The lamps are all turned low.

I dream of the past and of days gone by,
Of the future to take their place,
While the smoke of my cigarette curls on high
And takes the form of a face.

A face that in itself is a dream,
A face of the purest mold,
A face that has a princess like mien
A face set in a halo of gold.

For naught but the head appears in the air,
Was I dreaming, or was it true,
A head covered with silken hair,
With hair of a golden hue.

I half raise myself with a passionate cry,
And gaze on that face above ;
'Twas the face of one, for whom I could die
'Twas the face of the woman I love.

How long I gazed I cannot say,
My heart is heavy and sad,
Too soon the loved face floated away ;
'Twas only a dream I had.

STET.

The Dream Face in "The Golden Age"

The New Year's Eve of an Unhappy Man.

BY JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

T WAS MIDNIGHT on the New Year's Eve. As the clock struck the knell of the dying year, the moonbeams seemed to tremble on the face of the new fallen snow, and the dry leaves stirred upon the trees, as if a sigh had been breathed on the silent air, when the old year passed away. The year was gone forever—gone with its joys and sorrows, its misspent moments and neglected opportunities, its many blots and stains, and another, fresh from the hand of God, was sent in its stead to man. The snow lay softly on housetops and streets, covering, with its spotless purity, the footsteps of want and crime, and beautifying alike the mansions of the rich and the hovels of the poor.*

An old man stood at the window and gazed with eyes full of despair up at the everlasting, starry heavens, and then down on the pure, still white earth, on which there was no one now so joyless and sleepless as he.

His grave stood close beside him, concealed by the snow of age, not by the green of youth, and he brought to it as the fruits of a long, active life, errors, sins and disease, an exhausted coffer, a corrupted nature, a heart full of bitterness and a remorseful old age.

The beautiful days of his youth returned like spectres, bringing back to him that fair morning when his father placed him on the high road of life, which to the right leads on the sunny path of virtue, into a wide and quiet land, where shadows rarely fall, and the toil of labor is rewarded by rich harvests, and which on the left leads to a black cavern, full of

*This paragraph is not a part of Richter's story, it begins with the next.

poisonous serpents ready to dart upon their prey, and from which a dense smoke is constantly rising. Alas! the reptiles hung around his breast, their poison dropped on his tongue, and he knew then where he was. Struck with horror, he cried out in wild agony to heaven.

"Give me my youth again, O Father, place me once more on the high road of life, and I will choose the other way!"

But his father and youth were passed long ago.

He saw "will o' the wisps" dance over the marshes, and lose themselves among the graves in the church yard, and he said, "They are my foolish days!"

He noted a star shoot from the sky, and glimmering in its path, die ere it touched the earth.

"I am that star," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent teeth of remorse dug deeper into his wounds.

His heated imagination at one time made him fancy himself walking in his sleep upon a roof, and a windmill raised its arms threateningly to crush him; then a mask which had been left in an empty charnel house by degrees assumed his own features. In the midst of these agitating emotions, the music for the New Year rang out on the frosty air, and flowed over his distracted soul, like a stream of divine melody. His mind became calmer. He looked around him, and over the whitened earth, he thought of his early friends, who were now filling high positions in the world, the fathers of happy children, and respected by men; then he said, "Oh! that I could sleep this first night, like you with dry eyes! Alas! I might have been happy also, had I but profited by your teachings, dear parents, and thought on your New Year's warnings!"

Amidst these feverish reminiscences of his youth, it seemed to him that the mask which had assumed his features in the charnel house rose before him. By means of that superstition which on New Year's Eve sees ghosts and future events, it was changed at last into a living youth.

He could see no more, for, opening his eyes, burning tears

streamed from them and vanished in the snow, while he sighed in a low, disconsolate, sorrowful tone :

"Only come back again ; days of my youth, come back !" And they did return, for he had had only a terrible dream on that New Year's Eve—he was yet in his youth, though his errors had been no dream. But he thanked God that he was still young, and could yet turn from the dark courses of vice and choose the sunny path which leads to happiness, both here and hereafter.

Turn with him, young reader, if thou, too, standest on the evil path !

This frightful dream may perhaps at some future day become thy Judge, but perchance when thou criest in despairing agony, "Return, oh beautiful days of my youth !" silence and darkness may be thy sole answer.—*Translated by Eihazor.*

Y^e Ynnk^e-Spott^e.

Y^e Ynnk^e, opinyg^e Hee y^s Smart^e,
 Hath^e tak^en scrvie Payn^es & gott^e
 Ovt of Hys Waie to^e l^eav^e a Blott^e
 Vponn^e mie Book^e hys Ovt-Sid^e Part^e.
 Bvt^e Look^e ! Knav^e Cvp^yd hys Deep^e Art^e
 Y^s To^e bee Seen. Y^{is} tricksie Spott^e
 Y^s Rath^er^e to^e bee Pryzed Yⁿ Nott^e;
 Forr y^{tt} y^s shap^en^e lyk^e a Heart^e.

The Question of Prohibition.

O THE thoughtful student of the times a change is being gradually wrought in our body politic, and an issue is rapidly maturing for the decision of our highest court of appeal. A recent election in one of the largest cities in the South, has opened the eyes of many to the real magnitude which this new question of prohibition has already attained. Content with calling them fanatics, and secure in the conviction that what has existed since the world began cannot be overturned in a day, most men have paid little heed to this issue, and to the advance of this sect which declares that nought will avail save the total destruction of all that intoxicates. An American who knows the history of his country and carries his mind back less than half a century, when the first faint suspicion of Abolition dawned on the politics of our nation, might well smile at this supineness, and whisper softly to himself, "When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Indeed, there can be no denial of the fact that the prohibition question is one of growing magnitude, and still less can there be an avoidance of the issue that it presents. From Maine to California, from Ohio to Georgia we hear the sounds of this strife and ever they seem approaching nearer and nearer. The American people have taken the initiative in many new steps, and it now seems that they are about to attempt another in a newer and more untried field than ever before. For the present let us say nothing as to the probability or improbability of the ultimate success of the cause, but confine our few remarks to what may be the result of such a step. In passing, however, we might drop the remark, that it is our firm conviction that the success of this movement throughout the entire country will be as sure to come as the years themselves;

in what has already been done in Maine, Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Georgia and numberless other States; in the fact that in some way or other it has been noticed in the politics of almost every state of the union, and above all in the increasing ardor with which the religious sects, as a whole, are making a crusade in its favor, do we see the truth of this assumption. Religion and morality are united in one solid phalanx to achieve this result, and against such a combination, we would be false to our belief in the solidity of our government and in the great undercurrent of virtue in humanity, were we to think otherwise than that they should succeed. But now to the result of such a step.

Government, as Macaulay says, is eminently practical. It is experimental, and the many wrecks of the past are only guideposts to warn away future states from errors that in days gone by were fatal. No new principle, no new idea can be pronounced sound or practicable, when it relates to government, until it has been actually tested. It is for this reason that conservatism should be the leading thought of every statesmen in a nation that is in even moderately prosperous circumstances, and that "a rage for innovation," which sweeps away the well-tried landmarks of the past, should be deplored as likely to prove disastrous. Every step that is taken should be compared with like steps in former states, and unless the result there was what is here desired, some new and convincing reason must be given why we now expect a different effect from a like cause. Of course the exigency may be so great and the remedy so urgent, that even a former disastrous policy may be resorted to in the hope that now a different result will be achieved, but before such a step is taken the premises must be well established.

This reasoning has been urged against the cause of prohibition, and, it is claimed, that here we will have a repetition of the history of England during the two periods of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. In the former a sect predominated which restricted all the natural instincts of the

human mind, for pleasure, into the narrowest limits, while after the latter, a court ruled which pointed the way. to the most unbounded licentiousness. This, it is claimed, is the natural action and reaction of the human mind; unreasonable rigor producing unreasonable license. Hundreds of these instances to the same effect might be adduced, as the cause and effect of the French Revolution, but this one example will be sufficient for our purpose. To measure the results of such a step as that of prohibition we must then see whether it is an analogous case with that of Puritanism; or whether, admitting that it is, the difference between the people of England at that time and the people of the United States at the present, and the exigency of our case, may not be a sufficient reason for our adopting it notwithstanding.

Puritanism was an excess of morality, in many respects false morality, in every direction. Not content with curbing the pleasures of man in any one case, it sought to control and confine him in all, making him in every respect the veritable hero of the Sunday-school book. This, of course, was resisted by the lurking "total depravity" of man, and at the first fit moment and under the lead of a worthy chief, was repudiated with scarcely a dissenting voice. It may be doubted, however, had not the opposite example been presented to the English people so forcibly in the character of their monarch, whether they would of their own accord have even gone to the extent they did; and, whatever else may be said, the truth remains that after a few years much of the license of the new period wore away, many returned to the beliefs of the Puritans, and on the whole the stiff morality of the sect was vastly beneficial to the nation in the end. What the result would have been had only one of these pleasures, of the English, though one to which they had been joined from their earliest days and looked upon as a necessity, been taken away we know not. This is what prohibition proposes to do, and in this it differs from Puritanism. The one excludes from man a single pleasure, which is undeniably a curse, the other

shuts up every avenue of enjoyment and robs him of most that is worth living for. In this aspect, then, the two cases are not parallel. Prohibition asserts that the use of intoxicating liquors is a crime, not against the law of God alone but against that of man as well, and therefore should be punished. Puritanism only claimed that the pleasures it prohibited were opposed to the laws of God and made the mistake of making government and not conscience the punisher of their breach. Liquor may not always give rise to crime, nor even generally, but that in thousands of instances it does and the fact that many who are well versed in statistics assert that a large proportion of the crime of the country is to be charged to it, is relied upon by the prohibitionists to establish this premise. They say that for a man to redress his own wrong is not a crime in itself, the law ultimately doing only what the individual might do at once, but the law knowing the anarchy to which such a liberty would lead us makes it a crime; and so, the drinking of whiskey may not in itself be an offense, but the ruin, shame and crime which it produces should make it one, and cause it to be punished as such. In this aspect also prohibition and Puritanism differ.

If, now, the cause in the two cases is not essentially the same, will the effect be the same? If Puritanism was succeeded by licentiousness, will prohibition be followed by drunkenness? It must be confessed that many reasons might be urged to answer in the affirmative, and yet we believe, on the whole, that this would not be true. We have already seen that the causes are not altogether alike, and hence might conclude that the results would be different; but we must reflect that any curb on the liberty of man is irksome, and when an attempt is made to restrain him in a privilege that seems as natural as breathing we must expect many protests, and much blind resistance. We, of this age, however, are more enlightened and more philosophical than those of former ages, and are more accustomed to accept new ideas and make new experiments. We are governed more by what our rea-

son teaches us than what our passions suggest, than the people of former generations. This would cause us to think twice before retracing a step deliberately taken, and to reflect that, having once gone ahead, reason would teach us to continue in the same path. Our natural pride, our desire to be different from other people, and our sense of the real benefits of such a course would keep us to the line. The law having been passed by ourselves could only be changed by ourselves, and not as in the case of Puritanism by the recalling of an exiled sovereign. Many causes might conspire for a time to bring about the repeal of the law—the destruction of a large amount of property, the closing up of many branches of industry, and the great strength of all the interests that had formerly opposed its passage—but these in time would abate, and it would rest solely on its merits.

Thus it seems to our minds that the better conclusion is, that the success of prohibition would not result in producing a succeeding era of license, but would be accepted by the people as completely as is the abolition of slavery. If space were given us many and stronger arguments might be brought to bear than those already adduced, but it only remains for us to consider briefly the other conclusion than the one to which we have arrived. Admitted that the chances of the experiment of prohibition are in favor of its resulting similarly to that of Puritanism, must we give it up or run the risk? Only in the case of the greatest emergency should the latter alternative be adopted. Does that emergency exist?

We are all cognizant of the extent to which the demoralizing influence of intoxicating drink is leading us. The actual crime and untold misery which it yearly inflicts upon our people can scarcely be estimated. Every one must admit that had it never been introduced among men we would be infinitely better off to-day, and all admit that its taking away would be a blessing. The only question is how this is to be done, by moral agencies alone or with the assistance of the law. In the case of a few individuals the general practice is

a mutual oath to one another, or a "swearing off" and this it is that is now proposed the whole nation do.' Every year, it seems, increases the evil which is already so great and the ultimate result no one can foresee. With this data before us, it is claimed, and with a great force of reasoning, that the use of these liquors is a positive crime against society, and if this be true its prohibition is undoubtedly expedient. Society must protect itself at every risk, even to the extent of incurring the possibility of a future evil greater than the one it now seeks to escape. We must admit that the premises from which this latter conclusion is drawn are not proved and in their nature are not provable, but it seems they are certainly more than probable and are sufficiently serious to command the earnest attention of all.

Our conclusion, then, is that the result of prohibition will not probably be what its enemies claim, or that at any rate the risk should be run. The experiment ought to be tried whatever the result, and the world be given a precedent. We are in the position to attempt this and if we conceive it will result beneficially it is our duty to make the effort. But every consideration bids us think long and well before arriving at any conclusion. While to us the road may seem clear, to others it may be dark. It is an experiment that if it fails will undoubtedly produce an immense amount of damage to our country, financially and morally, and experiments of this character are not to be lightly tried. - The nation is surely drifting in this direction, but it has time to consider well where it may land and return before it is too late. Every citizen should make up his mind calmly, and strike for what he may believe to be the right. Our hope is that, whatever the means, man is so far awakened to his condition that ere long he will recognize fully the truth of the great principle contended for by this prohibition party whether or no he adopts the measures it proposes.

An Ungracious Pastor's Rede.

"Cursed, cursed Circe."—*Keats*.

Idle dreamer ! cease thy dreaming !
Breathe no more the poppy's breath !
Heavy odours o'er thee streaming
Wooing thee to death.

Break the slumb'rous spell that binds thee !
Wash the coverings from thine eyes !
Slay the Serpent Ease, that winds thee
In her coil of lies !

Strains Circean ; soft, deceiving,
Beck'ning hands and glistening breast,
Lure thy simple soul believing
In her arms to rest.

Trust, oh trust not her embraces !
Honied words and witching smiles,
Poison lurks in golden vases,
Ruin in her wiles.

Yielding ones whose souls have slumbered,
Haunted long by visions dread,
Waken only to be numbered
With the damnéd dead.

Life has nobler deeds than dreaming,
Loftier ends than sensuous ease,
Joys real, all-redeeming—
Cherish some of these.

Fire thy soul with aspiration,
Longing for a wider life ;
Man must frame his own salvation,
Safety plucked from strife.

F. R. L.

University of Virginia, Jan. 6, 1886.

Fiction.

 FICTION takes us out of our narrow circles of existence, and leads us through the mazes of an imaginary world where we find Ideal beings living, loving and hoping, in such a human and natural manner, that we willingly forget our heart troubles, and for a time lose sight of self in our engrossing sympathy for the heroes of a world of fiction. Now she places us on the Acropolis of Athens and points out the suburban home of Sophocles, nestling, in quiet beauty, on the shady banks of the Ilissus; or freezes our blood with horror as we see the victim of Rob's wife precipitated from the rocky crag. Adapting herself to all conditions of men. Fiction contrives a spell which wins all affections. Well do we remember the thrill of pleasure which came over us when seated around the family hearth, those mystic words, "once upon a time," introduced us to the fairies and goblins of some old haunted house, or hurried us with seven-leagued strides over hill and dale. In the next age how merrily do we follow Puck, the knavest sprite, as he frights the maidens of the villagery, "skims the milk," or "looks in the gossip's bowl." We are enchanted with the sweet music of Ariel, or stand in solemn dread before the ghost of Duncan when Macbeth strikes forth in terror: "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with." Then as age sobers us we delight in the ideal government of Plato, More's Utopia, and Realma. The cold philosophic discussion of George Eliot attract the more contemplative, while the foolish chivalry of Don Quixote and the adventures of Gulliver, never fail to interest the pleasure-seeker. It warms the cold blood of age, and brings back the time when the affection was most fond, and life seemed a golden path of success. It takes firm hold upon the young

mind and instils ideas which are never eradicated. Therefore how important it must be that the young be furnished with those works of fiction, which teach a love for the beautiful in character, ennoble the soul, and furnish pure ideas, which, though unattainable, invite us to strive for the highest walks in life.

There is not a living soul without its ideal character, which embodies all that is worth striving for, and towards which it strains with equal ardor whether it be elevating or degrading.

How deplorable to see a man striving after an unworthy ideal, wasting his talents in pursuit of that, the attainment of which would neither better his own condition nor alleviate the sufferings of others. And how many of our youths have their heads filled with ideals extracted from the lowest forms of fiction. Their young brains burn with a desire to become moonshiners equal to Redmon, outlaws as fearless as the James Brothers, or wielders of the tomahawk unexcelled by Buffalo Bill. And a love for this kind of literature, when once it has engrafted itself into the developing soul and taken firm hold on the fancy and imagination, seats itself upon the throne of reason and rules the thoughts with despotic power, destroying every noble sentiment and aspiration.

On the other hand, what a power for good it may become, when it excites the imagination to visions of the beautiful, and teaches a love for virtue, honor and patriotism.

Fiction usurps our attention so stealthily, that before we are aware of its influence, we discover our minds imbued with facts, laws and principles, which, if culled from the right source, will furnish us with a treasury of information obtained in such a pleasant manner that we are surprised to see any one wasting the precious hours in poring over frivolous and sentimental trash, which not only does not elevate the mind but even destroys its capacity for the appreciation and enjoyment of more solid literature. Fiction is the organ of religion, and as legitimately so as any prayer that ever ascended from bearded patriarchs. In it the voice of the deity himself

is heard teaching the heavenly truths in parables uttered by his holy apostles.

Next to the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has had more influence than any other literary production. Bunyan could tell the horrors of hell-fire and the leaguings of the devils against the repentant sinner, for he had felt them all in his agony. Nor were his good deeds, prayers and tears of repentance of any avail. Grace alone justifies, and when it shone upon him it shone from the throne of God.

How pitiful is the fate of that nation whose minds have been developed to the neglect of the nobler part, who wrapped in the stern stoicism of philosophy, worship the intellect, forgetting their God, and becoming callous to the tender emotions of sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-men.

The power of fiction as a moral teacher is unlimited. Consider, for example, the influence for good exerted by Charles Dickens. He recognized the fact that often sublime truths exist behind coarse exteriors, and therefore he did not hesitate to explore the lowest walks of man, if by so doing some good might be accomplished, some poor drooping soul revived, or some oppressive custom abolished. He makes you weep, yes absolutely shed tears, over some poor little child, clothed in rags, begging for bread. He loved mankind better than art, and this is why he writes from sympathy with the unfortunates, not from a love for the beautiful.

The English mind is peculiarly adapted to a thorough appreciation of the charms of fiction. It delights in the representation of human life in all its phases. The English are lovers of nature, and are most happy when communing with her in shady dells, by winding rivulets and among green meadows. Their vivid imaginations revel in an ideal world, peopled with true men and women, who brave the hardships common to all mankind, for in these are presented their most forcible lessons of honor, bravery, justice, and virtue. They are endowed with true poetic fire, which a loving Creator has implanted in their warm souls. And there we see it burning

with unquenchable brightness, through the darkest ages of their history. Although it may sometimes be dimmed amidst the political struggles, and its very existence threatened by the iron heel of savage war, yet it always rises from its ashes more beautiful and vigorous than before.

We are England's children. Then is it possible that we have not inherited some of her literary genius? Rather let us hope that it is only sleeping in the souls of our ingenious people, soon to be awakened by the magic wand of the Muses, and even now the glorious light of a new dawn is beginning to rise in the East. Yet a young and hurrying people such as ours is too apt to seize upon the useful while the fine arts are neglected. And this at the expense of the cultivating and refining attributes which alone can display man in his true divinity.

We have panted to equal the Mother Country in arts, inventions and statesmanship. See how gloriously we have succeeded! Yet we have paid too little attention to her stores of literary wealth treasured up through so many ages, and representing the best thoughts of the best men she has ever produced. We recognize that in a new country public activity is always applauded, the man who will invent some machine economizing labor is counted a hero, and the statesman who reduces the taxes is loaded with honors and distinction, while the man of letters is considered a drone, whose energies are wasted in unproductive pursuits. The men of letters seldom appear in the public concourses, and their voices are not heard in the council hall, but silently they plod on seeking for truth. Almost spurned by their fellow-men, sometimes in want of even the necessities of life, while consumed by the burning soul within. And yet the hand of the Deity himself beckons them onward and upward. Little do they care for the fickle praise of the fleeting moment, and never are the greatest literary characters approved during their lives, but their souls live through countless ages, to quicken the hearts of men as their "distant footsteps echo

down the corridors of time," while the names of contemporary heroes and statesmen have expired with the times that produced them, though they may have arisen to the pinnacle of fame and drunk deep of the blushing cup of success.

Now, what a brilliant hope of glory lies before us, for art is always young, and her fairest daughter, Fiction, bids us enter the list. She promises success, and "we safely may trust to a gleaming that cannot but lead us aright, since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Oh that an appreciation of the celestial part of man could be infused into the souls of our people! That they would direct their energies towards the cultivation of the beautiful, in which the truly divine is seen in mortals; for this alone can place us in the foremost ranks and immortalize us in the history of the world.

The tendency in the minds of our people to strive after riches and to waste their vigor in the pursuits of the useful alone, is truly lamentable. It causes the mind to become sordid, the soul is bound to earth, and man appears no more than a part of the machine which he has contrived for the accumulation of gold. Gold has a subtle charm, and when a love for it has taken possession of the heart it usurps the throne of morality, religion and even God himself. And when obtained, does it make us happier? Are our pleasures increased, and our miseries diminished? Does it put down vice and elevate virtue? Then why should so many souls be burnt out, in the ignoble struggles for that which can but degrade, which stifles the desire for a better life!

Of the nations of men which the world has seen, there seems to be a two-fold division. Those who have fostered letters and the fine arts, and those who spent their strength in the acquirement of riches; the one when its mortal course is finished is placed among the immortals, while the other passes into oblivion more profound than if it had never existed. The one exists not for its own age, but for all time, forming one of the rounds in the ladder of progress, whereon succeeding nations

may continue the glorious structure of civilization. The other comes upon the stage for a single scene, and for a brief space heaps up riches, until the nobler impulses are extinguished, and then, when sapped of its manhood, it remains in its voluptuous effeminacy a fit prize for the strong hand of the young barbarian. Its treasures are squandered, its citizens led into captivity, its cities levelled with the earth and the places which once knew them shall know them no more. Which division shall we belong to? Now while our nation is in the developing vigor of youth is the time to decide. BAS.

A Reverie.

At eventide when all is calm,
And shadows flit across the lea,
Fond mem'ry with its soothing balm
Wafts recollection dear to me.

I think of days now past and gone,
Of pleasures we have often shared,
Of sorrow which alike were borne
By each, for whom the other cared.

How sweet the scenes of by-gone years;
How dear we loved each other then;
But now how changed by sorrow's tears
That joy which ne'er can be again.

Like leaves that on a streamlet swift
Glide side by side, our love has been,
But like them parted, now we drift
Asunder, ne'er to meet again.

'Tis pleasant to remember all
The sweetness of the happy past;
So let Oblivion's curtain fall
On sorrow, but let pleasure last.

D. DE L.

Dec. 30, 1885.

Love and Death.

ONE NIGHT LAST SUMMER, with a very dear friend and a delightful companion, I was lying out on the grass enjoying the cool night air and exchanging with him strange experiences of our own, and thrilling stories that we had heard, until our minds were wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that nothing, however supernatural or terrible, seemed too strange for belief. Among other things, my friend, who is, by the way, one of the most delightful *raconteurs* in the world, told the following story. Its relation impressed me so much that I feel the less hesitation in repeating it; though, stripped of his inimitable manner and the circumstances attending my first hearing, others may not deem it so much worthy of their attention :

Some years ago, a young English gentleman, travelling for pleasure upon the Continent, stopped at a quiet little inn, situated in a retired valley of the Alps. The position and surroundings of the hostlery seemed so pleasant to him, wearied and sick with the bustle of commonplace sightseeing, that he determined to spend some days there for the benefit of his health and the enjoyment of nature.

The day following his occupation of this retired spot, another traveller, accompanied by his manservant, arrived at the inn and took board. The new arrival was evidently a man of position and social importance. His general demeanor was attractive, and his manner graceful; but upon close observation of his features one discovered a most peculiar wildness of expression, especially about his large, dark eyes. There was a hunted look about them, as if their owner were in constant terror of some approaching horror, and anxious to escape. Nevertheless the stranger's general conversation was very agreeable, and the two young men passed the day

very pleasantly together. At night they retired to their several rooms, both of which looked out upon a small balcony that ran along in front of the house. The Englishman retired as usual to bed, but not to slumber. About midnight, his attention was attracted by strange sounds, manifestly proceeding from the adjoining apartment, occupied by the other guest. Raising himself in bed, he was horrified to hear sounds as if some one were undergoing the punishment of the lash, accompanied by deep groans of the most awful description. This kept up for some moments and ended finally with a dull thud as if caused by the fall of some heavy body. His heart stood still, and the blood froze in his veins, as his imagination pictured the deed of horror that had evidently been enacted in the next room. However, being a stranger in the place, and not wishing to pry into the privacy of another stranger, he remained silent, and courted the slumber that had been so rudely broken. His curiosity was naturally intensely excited, and during the following day he watched with painful attention, the mysterious gentleman who appeared quietly at breakfast, as if nothing unusual had happened during the dark hours. Retiring at night, as before, his slumbers were again disturbed as on the preceding night. The lashing sound was continued longer and the groans were more horrible than before, ending with the thud and a long drawn moan. The next day his observation was redoubled, meeting with no better success, and on the third night, the same ghastly sounds were repeated. On the fourth evening the two guests separated early. The mysterious stranger retired to his own room, and the Englishman drew an easy chair out on the balcony, and sat with his cigar thinking over the strange occurrences that had disturbed his quiet during the past few days. Lost in meditation, he sat for some hours, till he was aroused with a start by the first strokes of the inn-clock marking the hour of twelve. At once his eyes fell upon the bars of light falling through the blinds of the stranger's window. Forgetting for a moment his honorable scruples, he arose and ap-

plied his eyes to the opening, thereby gaining a full view of the room and its occupant. Sitting behind a table, at which he had evidently been reading, the strange gentleman was discovered. The clock was still striking the hour, and as its fateful tones fell upon his ears, his attitude became one of the most painful attention, his hands nervously clutched the arms of the chair, his hair seemed to rise upon his head, his face was as pale as the lineaments of death, and the wild, haunted look in his eyes was intensified to such a degree that they seemed in the act of bursting from their sockets. A sudden noise for a moment distracted the attention of the Englishman at the window; and when he again applied his eyes to the opening the chair behind the table was vacant. Looking beyond, in the far corner of the room, he again discovered the man cowering upon the floor, every fibre quivering with fear, and the drawn lines of his face telling of an agony of horror. He grovelled in the corner as if trying to press his body through the floor, until it seemed, like the dog in Bulwer's terrible story, his backbone might break from the intense strain. Wondering what could cause this unnatural terror, the Englishman again looked around the apartment, and standing in its midst, with one arm raised, and the forefinger pointed towards the scarcely human being in the corner, was the most beautiful woman his eyes had ever rested upon. Arrayed in an elaborate ball toilette, she stood there, seeming in the first blush of womanly beauty. The perfectly moulded arms and shoulders were bare, her lips were slightly parted, and her dark eyes were reproachfully fixed upon the cowering man. For a moment she stood thus, in all the freshness of her young beauty, and then as he looked he saw a gradual transformation begin, and slowly continue. The light faded out of the glorious eyes, and the healthful bloom from her cheeks. The ball costume, too, began to be changed. The jewels disappeared, the laces and folds of silk were changed into fine linen; till, at length, a corpse, fully shrouded in its grave clothes, stood upright, with one arm and its fore-

finger still pointing towards the man upon whose starring eyes were fixed its own glassy orbs made vacant and soulless by the cold touch of death.

Almost immediately the transformation continued. The flesh began gradually to decay and shrivel, the white skin grew yellow, became black and drawn tightly over the bones. The horror-stricken features of the cowering man became still more contorted, as over the whole surface of the rotting flesh appeared myriads of worms, revelling and roiting in their horrid carnival as if rejoicing in the loathesomeness of what had once been so pure and fair. The eyes fixed and glassy also became shriveled, and the hair, already luxuriant, increased with amazing rapidity, till it almost enveloped the figure still standing in its former position and still clothed in the remnants of its shroud, which had likewise grown yellow and worn into fragments, rotten as if by the lapse of time.

The process of decomposition continued until no flesh remained. Still the naked skeleton stood with its outstretched arm, and still the empty cavities of the hairy skull were fixed upon their victim. Finally, the bones themselves began to waste—slowly and gradually crumbling away. The smaller bones first disappeared, while the larger decreased visibly in size; finally all vanished, leaving nought upon the floor but a small heap of dust, which likewise in a moment became lost to view.

Immediately, with a sharp cry of relief, the man sprung from his grovelling posture, rushed across the room to a closet, tore off his upper garments, and seized a many-thonged lash, with which he savagely scourged his body, already covered with raw and angry wounds. Each blow forced from his drawn lips heartrending groans, similar to those of the preceding nights, till finally exhausted with fatigue and anguish, he fell fainting to the floor.

With emotions more easily imagined than described, the Englishmen retired to his apartment and bed, where scarcely seeking sleep, he tossed restlessly till morning. As before,

the stranger appeared at breakfast, and nothing happened during the day to relieve the overwrought curiosity of the spectator of the supernatural occurrence of the preceding night. Vainly he tried to solve the mystery in his thoughts, but at length determined to wait still another night, before speaking of what he had seen. As before, when night came, he took his position upon the balcony, counting anxiously the moments that must elapse before the recurrence of the horrible drama. Though the night was beautifully still, all his nerves were wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that scarcely the stranger himself could have awaited the apparition with more horror. At last, the first stroke of the midnight bell fell upon the stillness and before its dying sound gave place to a second, the Englishman was again startled by the sharp report of a pistol proceeding from the room occupied by his fellow-traveller. Bursting in the door, he rushed into the room, to find the unhappy stranger already dead—the blood welling from a wound in his temple, and the pistol lying by his side. Human endurance could no longer bear the strain, and the wretched being had succumbed.

The fearful scene that he had witnessed naturally excited the most intense curiosity in the Englishman, with regard to the stranger's history. Not believing in the supernatural, he strove fruitlessly to solve the problem, but determined not to give up so long as any clue remained. First, he approached the valet of the dead stranger, and endeavored to induce him to enter his service. He was an old family servant, and only after considerable difficulty was he induced to take a new master. Then, for some time, he vainly tried to get from the old man the story of the strange being he had so lately served; but the servitor was faithful to his dead master and resisted all approaches, however artful. At length, the Englishman told his servant the scene he had witnessed on the night preceding the tragedy, and conjured him to explain the the tragedy. The old man then, finding no reason for silence, proceeded, with tearful eyes and many pious ejaculations, to relate the story of his former master :

He said that his lord was the son of one of the most illustrious Italian families. From his youth he had been reared with every luxury that money could purchase, and surrounded by every advantage that birth and social position could bestow. On attaining his manhood he had been sent to one of the most popular of the German universities, for the purpose of completing his education by mingling with other young men of his own talents and station. At this University he had been the leader of the fastest set. His name, his handsome exterior, graceful address, and limitless credit, made him the toast of the place. At the same place there was a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the professors. Her beauty was widely renowned, but even more talked of was her cruelty to those unfortunates who yielded to its fatal spell. Nature had made her a flirt, and education and surroundings had perfected nature's work. A hundred youths fluttered around her like moths about a fatal candle. Already, for her sake, several had met death, either by their own hands or by the hand of a rival, till at length her charms were deemed irresistible, and her heart invincible. For some time, chance had not willed it that the young Italian should be thrown in contact with the college belle, and she was known to him only through reputation. One night, while carousing with a party of friends, the young lady became the subject of discussion and in a moment of excitement, while heated with wine, the youth offered a large wager that within a given time, he could win the heart of the resistless beauty and jilt her. His companions accepted the offer and all drank ironically to his success.

A few nights afterwards, at a great ball given on some occasion of rejoicing, he seized an opportunity of meeting the young woman and immediately began to offer her the most constant court. No day passed that he was not by her side. He lavished upon her every attention; and, to all appearance, love at first sight had been confirmed into a more endearing passion. Almost before she was aware of the change, the icy coating of the girl's heart was thawed, till finally she became

conscious of emotions in her breast, so long latent, that she had supposed them not to exist. In a word, she grew to love the dashing Italian with all the intensity of a nature hitherto repressed, and he seemed to know no other object in living than to love and be loved by her. Finally, on the last day of the term specified in the wager, the two were sitting together in her father's house. Tender love words had been interchanged, and the girl, her eyes beaming with loving joy, threw her arms about the neck of him who sat beside her, and bent forward to press a caress upon his lips. With a mocking laugh, he threw back his head, and coolly told her that all his love had been feigned, that he cared nothing for her then, nor ever had, and that his passion had been simulated for the sake of a wanton wager. She stared at him a moment with a wild look in her eyes, rose to her feet, and fell swooning to the floor. She was borne to her chamber and a physician summoned. He immediately pronounced that recovery was hopeless, consciousness scarcely possible. However, in a few hours she rallied and begged that he whom she had loved might be summoned. He came with all speed, but already the hand of death was closing about her broken heart. However, she recognized his presence and rising from her pillow with a last supreme effort she fixed upon him the glorious eyes, that had once illuminated with love and gladness, and with a delicate voice, that sounded hollow in the solemn stillness of the death chamber, she reproached him for the cruel injury he had done her, and told him that in expiation of his wrong, his whole subsequent career should be blighted by her curse. "*Never,*" said she "*while remains any physical atom of my body, shall my spirit cease to appear to your nightly vigils. Despair shall fill your days, and your nights shall be filled with horror. Each midnight you shall see me—first, attired as you saw me on the night of that fatal ball—then, clothed in the shroud that shall soon envelope my body, and then shall you see my flesh suffer decomposition; each night the decomposition shall proceed to the stage at which it then exists in my grave, until*

finally my frame shall have crumbled into its original dust. Then shalt thou be free !”

The ancient servant had finished his relation, and the Englishman knew that he had been present at the closing scene of the tragedy.

F. R. L.

Univ. of Va., Jan. 12, 1886.

Ab Utraque Parte.

[One of our students, who frequently resorts to Payne for pleasure, took a drive some days ago ; and while out, saw a beautiful girl standing in the door of a hovel. So struck was he with her appearance, that she lingered in his thoughts, and was with him during his waking and sleeping hours. At last he prevailed upon a friend to join him in a sentimental journey. They procured horses and rode out to the fair creature's house, some six or eight miles from town, after midnight. Then they roused the occupants, told that they had been lost, and begged to be taken in. Their requests was granted ; they saw the girl at breakfast, and the two gems given below are the result of their adventure.]

MY PASSION-FLOWER.

I sought to pluck a flow'ret fair
To cherish in my sheltering breast.
A beauteous bud, whose perfume sweet
Would sanctify its place of rest.

I sought through many a garden rich
With all the flowers that care bestows;
I lingered by the lily's side,
Nor heedless passed the rose.

But fruitless seemed my task of love,
In vain I searched thro' every bower,
Till wandering by a wayside bank,
I found and plucked my passion-flower.

MY PASSION-FLOWER.

Thou maid with wondrous eyes of brown,
I've come to see thee, come from town ;
From town, where all that's fair is false,
Where every girl I know doth waltz.

I'm weary of the world's deceit,
Have come to worship at thy feet—
Thy feet whose number seven shoe
By no means proves thou art not true.

But then those hands, with grease o'er-
spread,
That hair, all matted on thy head !
Ah, me ! I'll hie me back to town,
For now I find my passion flown.

TRANSLATION FROM PLATO.

Thou gazest on the stars, my star ; were I the sky,
On thee, thou brightest star, I'd gaze with every eye.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With this number of the MAGAZINE the new management present to the public the first fruits of their labors. It shall be their duty, zealously guarded, to see that the MAGAZINE loses none of the excellence that has characterized it in the past. It is not intended that it should rival in magnitude of issue and maturity of investigation the periodicals that abound in large centres of population, but that it should be, what is eminently proper, the mouthpiece of the students of this institution, and a repository of the thoughts that they have acquired in the well-worked fields of labor. There have been since the dawn of the infant world those ever ready to criticise the undertakings of those in public capacity. These, we beg leave to inform, that it is not our intention to rival in diction the elegant antitheses of Macaulay, the scientific utterances of Huxley, nor the philosophical dissertations of Spencer. A college journal can never, and should never, be anything more than a receptacle of the impressions of students—a link that may bind them together in the great community of thought, a medium for interchange of opinions that accrue from the studies under their immediate observation and thought. With the above views we have accepted the management of this college journal as a “public trust” to be administered as best it may, and with the earnest hope of coöperation of opinion and action.

There is one important factor in the success of this undertaking that deserves the special attention of those interested, either directly or indirectly, in the accomplishment of our labors. We may justly say the only method that can make it a material and lasting achievement is the hearty coöperation

of all the students of the University. It should be a matter of pride, nay of pleasure, to put this publication upon as high a standard as possible, and there maintain it at all hazards. It is not in the power of the editors to accomplish all things pertaining to it, and it is essentially necessary that they be aided by the united efforts of all. It has, we are well aware, become common to say, "I have not time to write for the MAGAZINE, I am too busy." In answer to this let us say, without intending to reflect on anybody, that it is mostly to the working and laborious student that it must look for its principal support in literary matters. There can never be that thought that commands the attention of other men unless there is that labor and industry that excels other men. To work is to think, and thinking is the first great essential to writing, that is to writing well. The editors selected by the two literary societies are little more than a supervisory board incident to publication, and success is well nigh impossible unless they are aided by outside assistance. It is not our MAGAZINE, it is yours, and it is your duty to support, nourish and foster it into a vigorous existence and continued prosperity. We would earnestly call your attention to, and invite your merited observation of these facts. It is your undertaking as well as ours, and it is with you, along with us, to say whether it shall flourish into a work of which we may justly be proud, or shall live in a sickly and flickering existence that can afford us neither pleasure nor honor.

Of one thing we are fully determined and that is to accept the advice of the retiring management to pursue unceasingly the man whose does not subscribe to the MAGAZINE. It is a lamentable and not very creditable fact, that with over three hundred students in attendance, there are only one hundred that subscribe to the MAGAZINE. Outside of the fact that it shows a decided lack of interest in a matter so intimately connected with an educational institution, we think that it is

nothing more than the duty of students attending an University of wide-spread reputation, that was old when their fathers were young, to support financially this college publication. There is hardly an institution in this State, or any other State, with an attendance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred students that does not maintain a like feature in their college life. If it were not for the advertisements which the merchants at the University and the adjoining town have liberally contributed, it would be impossible for the issue to proceed. Unfortunately, in this practical age, publishers don't work for nothing, and as the days when the olive branch was sufficient reward for all literary work have passed away, and as the people who listened in wrapt attention to the bard "lisp[ing] in numbers" are no more, and the "chinkle of the guinea" has become the most delightful sound to human ears, there must needs be funds, and very substantial funds too, to issue a journal comporting with the dignity and time-honored position of this University. It is a shame that among so many students sufficient funds cannot be found to support this good work, and assure its success. Of course there are some who cannot afford even the small sum requisite for a subscription, but there are many others who can, and to these we would suggest that it would be an excellent plan to come forward and give financial aid to what they must all have an interest in. If there are only a hundred of the three hundred students who take the MAGAZINE, we will venture to say there are not over fifty of the same number who don't read some part of each number—and those who desire to read it, owe it to themselves, to the MAGAZINE and to the University, to subscribe to maintain it. We have written earnestly on this subject because we feel earnestly, and trust it may receive the attention which the gravity of the subject merits.

IN MEMORIAM.

ETA HALL OF *Δ K E*,
December 16, 1885.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in his wisdom, to remove from among us our honored and esteemed brother, BERNARD PEYTON, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Eta Chapter of the *Δ K E* Fraternity, while bowing to the will of Providence, do sincerely mourn the loss of our dear brother, and regret sincerely that a career which promised to be so bright, should have been so suddenly brought to a close; and, further, that we do express our most heart-felt sympathy for his family and relations in this their great bereavement. And, furthermore, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of our late brother, and published in the MAGAZINE.

J. D. McKIM,
B. R. HARRISON,
C. A. CHITTENDEN,
Committee.

COLLEGIANA.

The delivery of a lecture by one of the faculty at stated periods to the students and general public has at last filled a much deplored want in the college life here. The members of that august body seem in the past to have entertained the opinion that their duties to the student terminated at the threshold of their lecture-rooms, and have secluded themselves with a constancy that an Eastern despot might have envied. Strictly speaking, their duties may have been performed, when they had imparted sufficient knowledge to cover the deposit with the proctor, but it seems to us little more than their duty to meet the students in this way, and thus furnish an occasion of pleasure and instruction without terrifying the student with the idea of being called on. Aside from the instruction and advantage to be derived from these lectures it serves to present the professor to the student in some capacity other than that of routine labor. Having seen in the lecture-room the silver side of the shield it enables them occasionally to behold the golden. This is a departure in the right direction and deserves the support of the faculty and students.

We have noticed with regret that the proposal of having a joint debate between the two rival societies, where eloquence flourishes, seems to have vanished into an "airy nothing." For many reasons it would have been an excellent plan. It would have introduced a pleasant feature into the annual festivals of the University, and the competition would have excited a generous rivalry that could not but have proved a healthy factor in the interest of the two societies. If it has been laid aside, we hope that it is not yet too late to put the proposal in practicable shape. It would indeed be sad, should

it be said of us, as was said of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, that we "sheathed our swords for lack of argument."

On Thursday, January 6th, Prof. Schele De Vere delivered in the presence of a large audience, composed largely of students and their usual appendages, a lecture on Joan of Arc. It is needless to say that the subject was treated with that gentleman's usual "exuberance of thought" and elegance of expression. The subject matter was presented in a manner that made that ever interesting subject peculiarly interesting. The next of the series of lectures will be given by the Chaplain of the University, Rev. Mr. Taylor, in which he will recall many interesting memories of his twelve years' sojourn in Rome.

Prof. of Law: Mr. H., where did these people, Vandals, Huns, Goths, etc., come from originally?

Mr. H.: From Kent. (Applause.)

Mr. W.: Why did you cork so to-day?

Mr. W.: Oh, I got mixed. I started off all right, but—

Small boy from the corner: The man behind you started you off.

Mr. W. boasts that he knows all the law as well as the professor.

Mr. L.: Well then Mr. W. tell us what is a fixture?

Mr. W.: I am one when I get to the supper table.

Mr. L. (*sotto voce*): Yes, a gas-fixture.

On January 2, the regular elections were held in the Washington Society, with the result following: President, J. E. Hunter, Texas; Vice-President, W. J. Exum, North Carolina; Recording Secretary, S. A. Frazer, Kentucky; Assis-

tant Recording Secretary, C. S. Venable, Kentucky; Corresponding Secretary, D. A. Whitfield, Virginia; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. F. Stout, Virginia; Critic, T. H. Haden, Virginia. Messrs. Bryant and King were reelected editors of the MAGAZINE, and Mr. Covington was elected Business Editor.

On the same night the Jefferson Society held its regular election as follows: President, E. M. Moore, Mississippi; Vice-President, Robert Lamonte, New Jersey. Owing to indisposition, the President has been unable to appoint the remaining officers. Messrs. Macon, Lassiter and Haymond were unanimously elected editors of the MAGAZINE.

Prof. of Law: Mr. M. suppose A goes on B's land, would that be trespass?

Mr. M. (confidently): No sir, it would be a nuisance.

One of the professors who aids to train the legal mind remarked the other day that agricultural people were not much given to matters belonging to the mind, we trust this was not a thrust at the "crap" growers department of this institution.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, who was lately in our midst as a student, has accepted a call to fill a pulpit in a New Jersey church. That State, it seems, loves to honor Virginia divines, as it is now the residence of our former genial and talented Chaplain, Rev. Otis A. Glazebrook.

Mr. L., a distinguished and shining light among the aspirers to medical honors, betook himself over to the Dissecting Hall not many days since to assist in carving up his unfortunate and emaciated fellow-man, and exclaimed on seeing the body: "How, *emancipated* he looks!"

We are indebted to a friend in New York for the inscription placed upon the memorial erected by the actors of the above city to the memory of Edgar Allen Poe. As his is one of the many names that has shed lustre on our University, we have appended it, thinking it might prove of interest to those who are looking forward to "sounding the depths and shoals" in which he proved so successful. It reads as follows:

This Memorial,

Expressing a deep and personal sympathy between the Stage and the Literature of America, was placed here by the Actors of New York

To commemorate the American Poet

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Whose Parents, David Poe, Jr., and Elizabeth Arnold his wife, were Actors, and whose renown should, therefore, be cherished with peculiar reverence and pride by the Dramatic Profession of his country.

He was born in Boston the 19th of January, 1809,

He died in Baltimore the 7th of October, 1849,

*He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life,
Wretched in his death, but in his fame he is immortal.*

"Saepius ventis agitatus ingens
Pinus, et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes."

Mr. L. to Mr. W.: "Do we have in modern time guardians in socage?"

Mr. W.: "No, sir, I think not. I think now that it is generally the ward that is in *soakage*!"

On Tuesday night, Maj. Holden, of Providence, R. I., Grand Lecturer "of Good Templars," delivered a lecture in the University Chapel, and we trust he succeeded in showing the wicked the error of their ways.

PERSONALS.

Carter Cole, who is teaching at Bellevue, spent part of his

Christmas with us, and took in the Christmas German. He is the mere shadow of his former self, now weighing only 257. But his performances here were up to the deeds of his palmiest days, nor did his former reputation suffer any eclipse.

"Bob" Fleming was at the Christmas German. He is practising law in Richmond.

Little Patterson also came up from Richmond, and added his melodious laughter to the other music on that occasion.

Prof. Puryear, who is teaching school at McGuire's school, spent his holidays with us.

E. W. Saunders, B. L. '82, recently paid the University a flying visit. He is a rising young lawyer in Rocky Mount, Va.

Tommy Fitzhugh, M. A. '83, with a lovely moustache, came over from Bellevue, the 8th. He is making a reputation for himself as a capital teacher at a model school.

Carter Wade, M. D. '82, came over from Lynchburg, on professional business, the 7th. He is the city coroner, and, judging from his fine clothes, is making money.

Mr. Styron has been forced to leave college, because of the condition of his eyes.

Bob and Harden Massie came over to Miss Massie's wedding, and spent several days here.

Heard at German: "Belle (anxiously,) did you see Mr. X. just now?"

Beau (jealously): "No, why?"

Belle: "Because I was looking at him, and he *gyapped* so loud I saw his socks."

Diogenes Jones says:

That eating chestnuts in the dark ain't no certain business.

That the Virginia constitution should be amended prohibiting the legislature from running around like a little yellow dog.

That a collection should be taken up to furnish the man who lights the gas on the ranges with an almanac.

That Jeff. politicians should apply for positions on the Civil Service Reform Commission.

At the opera: Quite a violent display of approbation proceeding from the peanut gallery. One of the Charlottesville boys artlessly remarked to Mr. X. that Texas and Arkansas must be in the gallery.

Mr. X. (haughtily): No, sir, they are all gentleman from Arkansas. I am from Arkansas.

Silence for the space of ten minutes, when the usher rushed up and said: Won't you gentlemen please give your seats to these ladies?

Mr. X. (promptly): Well, I for one won't! Q. E. D.

Our professors are iconoclasts. Last session "Smith," instead of turkey, was given on Thanksgiving; this session on January 1st, (at other places sometimes known as New Year's). Next session Christmas day will not be selected. Oh no! that honor is reserved for '87, when Christmas day comes on Sunday.

THE EXTRA TICKET, OR THE CALICO CURLS.

(As seen by an Unsocial Staff.)

Three germans! That's too mnch. An additional professor will soon be needed.

The Christmas, on Dec. 23rd; one on Jan. 1st; and then the Battle of New Orleans was celebrated. We have given up so much space to a fair correspondent's account of one of these, that we can spare no more.

The usual number of borrowed beavers appeared during the holidays, but the wearers looked none the less proud.

Miss Ellie Smith spent the holidays at home, as did her sister, Mrs. Lucian Cocke.

Miss Taylor of Norfolk is visiting at Dr. Page's.

Miss Speed of Louisville is visiting at Prof. Minor's.

Prof. Schele's lecture was followed by a reception in the library.

Miss Abbot of Bellevue is visiting at Prof. Thornton's.

Miss Lizzie Harrison spent her holidays at home.

We regret to chronicle the departure of Mrs. Muller and Miss Muller for their home in New Orleans.

We have a presentiment of joys to come; we feel that entertainments are to be more numerous, and that the long neglected staff is to receive some invitations.

The publication of the following letter, which fell into the editorial hands in a manner entirely honorable, will obviate the necessity of "writing up" the last german. It seems to be the artless outpouring of some simple young maiden to her bosom friend and confidante, and presents some very amusing features. Notwithstanding her care in avoiding the use of names it is not very difficult to recognize some of our friends by the description. It reads as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
Jan. 2, 1886.

My Own, Dear, Darling Lucy :

When I finish all I've got to tell you I know you will cry your eyes out because you did not come with me as I wanted you to do. I am just having the most glorious time that you ever imagined. Everybody is *so* nice to me and my friends are just delightful. One young man has proposed to me—actually proposed, my dear; and I think two others are just waiting for a good chance to do the same thing. They won't have to wait long, for I'll see that there are plenty of chances to go round.

I have been out buggy-driving six times and horseback riding three times. I wish it wasn't so cold. I would dearly love to go out to a place they call "Lover's Rock" and sit with

somebody I know. Wouldn't it be splendid! But the horrid weather is so bad I must give it up.

The University is the most delightful place in the world. Everything about it is nice, but I am going to tell you about the nicest thing of all. I know you can't guess, or, even if you could, you could never imagine how glorious is one of the germans given in the Wash. Hall by the students. I really think it must be more like heaven than anything else we have on earth. Well, you know, my dear, I went to one last night. I can hardly realize it myself; it seems so like a dream. My partner was Mr. M— (I think he is from Mississippi). He is the one that proposed to me, and I like him awfully. They say he is frightfully dissipated, but I don't believe a word of it. He looks just as solemn as a judge, and has the dearest little side-whiskers you ever saw. I wish he wasn't quite so solemn, though; sometimes I almost think he is going to sleep. The German is divided into two and I danced the second part with Mr. M., from Kentucky. They say that all Kentucky fellows are wild, but you know I can't help liking wild fellows, and Mr. M— is no exception to the rule. I wish, though, he wouldn't smoke so many cigarettes. He was going out all the time to take a smoke and towards the last part of the dance it made him so dizzy I was afraid he would fall more than once. He has coal-black eyes and hair, and an awfully reckless way about him that is very taking. I think he likes me very well, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he proposed too. I hope he will. I heard that he was in love with a girl in Charlottesville, but I don't believe it of him. I don't see what the young men see in those University girls. They *do* dance very well, but then they have so much practice; and some are nice enough to look at, but surely looks are not everything in a girl. Maybe I don't like them because they were not very nice to me. I think they were rather jealous of me, but I didn't care a bit. If the young men liked me that was not my fault. Oh, my dear Lucy, I wish I could have you here to see some of my friends

among the students. I would tell you about them if I could, but there are so many that I am almost afraid I must give it up. Mr. P— is the leader of the german. They say he is awfully funny, and I am sure he looks it. He was so busv about the figures that I couldn't see much of him.

There was a Mr. McK— at the German. I didn't know him very well and I don't think anybody does. He must be an awfully hard student, and I am afraid he had rather a sad time. I can't blame the girls for not taking a man out who will not take *some* time from his books to go to see them. Then there was Mr. S—, may be you have heard of him. Everybody knows S—, and everybody likes him. They say he used to be awfully jolly, but now he looks as if he were following a hearse at a funeral. They say falling in love did it. I'm sure I don't see how. I would tear my eyes out before I'd make any creature look so desperately mournful. He is studying Law and I hope he throws as much energy into his studies as he does into dancing. I wish you could know Mr. L—, he is one of my best friends at the University, and I like him awfully. He is one of the editors of the MAGAZINE, and writes delicious poetry. He brushes his hair back from his forehead and looks at you in a pensive, melancholy sort of way as if he felt poetical. It must be hard for him to keep from being conscious of his genius. I have read some of his productions and think them fully equal to some of the poems in the "Hours of Idleness" or Moore's "Poems Written in Boyhood." In one especially I think he almost comes up to Jean Ingelow. Its awfully sweet, I tell you; and if he writes one about me I'll let you read it. I do hope he's not in love with any of these University girls—'twould be too bad. I must not forget that dear Mr. B—. He's like somebody says, "Divinely tall, and most divinely fair." I think he's just too lovely for anything, and I wonder that any girl could resist the pleading look in his beautiful blue eyes. I don't believe they can, though they say he too has written a poem—something about "Idle Glances." I never could find

out anything about it except "Idle Glances," and that the general impression one took from reading it was rather sad. He was a great "belle" at the german, and from the frequency of the times he was taken out I could very well understand why he was so thin. Somebody told a horrible story about the way he dressed for the german, but I know he is too nice for anything of that sort. If I were called upon to decide, I think I should say that he was by all odds the most fascinating man at the dance. He has rather a languid air that reminds me of that dear creature Mr. C—, I think he is from Texas, but he don't look a bit like a cowboy. He is the very ideal of what Romeo ought to look like, and I don't blame Juliet for falling in love with a man whose mustache droops so beautifully. There were a good many people looking on but I did not notice any particularly except one gentleman, whom I afterwards learned was a Mr. M—. He is a man of extreme loftiness of demeanor. His features are very decidedly marked, and give him an air almost of severity. I mention him particularly because of the variety of romances of which he has been the hero. I'm told that his powers of fascination are absolutely irresistible, and that they have been fatal to many a poor girl from San Francisco to the Atlantic. I think it is awfully cruel of a man of that kind to go about among women without warning them of their danger, at least he might take some precaution, such as wearing a mask or something of the kind. But they say Mr. M— is utterly heartless. He looks so, I'm sure.

But now, my dearest, I must close though I have not told you half I would like to say. You must really write immediately—a real long, sweet letter and tell me all about what you are doing. I will tell you more about my conquests in my next. These men are really so charming I can't think about anything else. There goes the bell—I wonder if it is Mr. M—! I must see, so good-bye, my dear, dear Lucy. Write soon, to your ever devoted friend, LYDIA ———.

To Miss Lucy Trevilian, Rusticsville.

Among Our Exchanges.

By far the most acceptable college journal that comes to us this month is the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. It is one of the few college journals that seem to entertain any idea of the true dignity of college journalism. Its matter is good, containing much that amuses and much that instructs, instead of confining itself, as some of our esteemed contemporaries do, to much bad poetry and an extensive catalogue of names. We would call special attention to the editorial on "College Journalism."

The *Yale Literary Magazine* presents also a happy appearance, containing articles critical and romantic. We are glad to see it finds ample room for review of current literature, which should form an important feature in all college papers.

Town Topics gives us in our secluded and busy sanctum a pleasant impression of social life and things that pertain to the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

The *Niagara Index* has turned its querulous attention to our unfortunate selves again. We would mildly suggest to our esteemed contemporary that reformation like charity begins at home. There is a tradition, nay a legend, that in days gone by this august journal was presided over by a priest. We fear that ere this it has lost the services of this "holy man of God," or that he has reached, owing to the neglect of time, that unhappy state that a pen abler than ours has denominated "second childhood."

We are sorry to find little in the *University Reporter* that deserves commendation, and wish we could persuade our sister colleges to suspend weekly publications and publish monthly magazines devoted to solid and instructive matter. On the subject of "Kissing" there appear some new ideas and

we will be pleased to place it at the disposal of those desiring to be instructed in this occult science.

The Chicago *Current* is an ever welcome friend, and presents, along with literary matter, an intelligent comment on every day affairs.

The *Southern Bivouac* for January contains articles on men and battles pertaining to the late unpleasantness among the States, and also a sketch of Robert Tombs, who, it will be remembered, was an alumnus of this University, and whom his admirers delight to call the "knightliest of Georgians."

The Wake Forest Student is among the best exchanges this month and contains articles and editorials covering a variety of subjects.

The Chronicle comes from the University of Michigan in Christmas clothes and sends us the compliments of the season, which we return with interest. This number is handsomely illustrated and contains a portrait of Prof. Charles Kendall Adams, but recently elected president of Cornell.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Roanoke Collegian*, and consider it one of our best exchanges, but would suggest that it devote more space to literary articles.

The *Richmond State* reaches us daily, and is always filled with news. It is a journal that takes decided but not merely partisan views on subjects of public welfare, and we have no hesitation in recommending it as the best daily paper in Virginia.

The Delta Upsilon Quarterly is a model fraternity magazine, but contains little outside of fraternity matters.

The University Review devotes most of its space to aspiring bards and to a catalogue of names and locals. In poetical matters we are afraid it is depriving the waste basket of much nourishing food and would suggest that more good, solid prose be inserted.

We have received the *College Message* from our fair friends in Greensboro and shall cherish it and bear it in mind.

Bric-a-Brac.

"Isn't my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "I think there is a little too much repose about the mouth."—*Ex.*

"Death is the sunrise of the soul,"
The poets sweetly write;
But most of us would just as soon
Remain out over night.

Describing the recent meeting of an Agricultural Society in Virginia, the reporter closed with: "Dr. Page concluded his address by toasting the Albemarle Plowing Society, which was drnnk standing." The Society ought to be ashamed of itself. Why didn't it go away and lie down?—*Ex.*

TO A MOSQUITO.
Sweetly clinging, softly stinging,
At the midnight hour.
Gently creeping, onward sweeping,
Wondrous is thy power!
Now alighting, calmly biting,
Hard it is to bear!
Round us flitting, while we're hitting
Vainly in the air!
Insect maddening, our rest saddening,
Wilt thou ne'er begone?
Wounded, dreary, faint and weary,
Toss we till the morn!

—*Ex.*

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

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Joan of Arc.

NEVER has Fair France probably seen darker and more dismal days than when she was lying prostrate at the feet of her great conqueror, the bold Saxon, who had so often already defied the tempest-tossed ocean, to invade the land of his Norman ancestors—while the Gaul, down to the present century, has never yet dared cross that little “silver streak” that forbids his approaching perfidious Albion. For more than one-half of the kingdom was perpetually blazing up in ever new flames, since the English king’s saying that “war had three handmaidens: blood, famine and fire” had been proven to be true to the letter. But city and hamlet, house and home, were alike ruthlessly destroyed, and the enemy’s horse trod under foot alike the green meadow and the golden harvest-field.

Thus it was that poor France was reeling and rolling amid the dark waves like a ship, swept into outer darkness, by the fury of a tempest. A spell of terror seemed to have been cast upon the unfortunate land. And no wonder—for on the throne sat a madman, as if to treble the awfulness of the

times—and the very cause of his madness, whether true or not, was a horror like no other in all history. As the poor young king was riding forth one morning, in all the gleeful gladness of his happy life, with the queen of his heart by his side, to enjoy the royal pleasure of a hunt, a man, dark, gloomy and unkempt, perhaps mad himself, suddenly stepped forth from the dense darkness of the forest into the bright noonday light, seized, with ghastly hand, the king's bridle, and said to him in a sepulchral voice: "Thou art betrayed, O king. Beware! Beware!" and instantly vanished again, no man knew whither. From that hour was

That noble and most sovereign Reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of note, and harsh.

Thus poor, mad King Charles, fortunately but half-conscious of his most sad fate, disowned by more than half his people, a fugitive in his own native land, was hopelessly wandering up and down his forsaken and forlorn old kingdom, while a foreigner sat proudly on his throne, and his ancient foe, the Burgundian, was steadily driving him southward. And as if to make the terror still wilder and the awe still deeper, there was seen riding at the head of his enemy's host a woman—a widow—and she his own mother, who had borne him, a baby, on her bosom and taught him the laws of God at her knee; a fury now, stern and forbidding of aspect, clad in steel from head to foot, striving to rouse the soldiery's fiercest passions, by bitter words and savage curses, against their God-ordained monarch and master.

Surely, it was no wonder that the poor, bewildered people, seeing their unfortunate king thus forsaken by God and man alike, should have fancied he was, in this world already, expiating some strange, appalling crime! At the same time, no one knew how or whence, dark rumors of famine, plague and bloody massacre, assailed them from north and south, from east to west, chiming in like so many wild and weird chords of the same mysterious harp. God had given the sadly tried land fifty years of unbroken peace, when all of a

sudden they were roused from their sweet slumbers, and this startling resurrection of the same wailing trumpet blasts up and down their terror-stricken land brought back to their minds all the woes of bygone years, while the graves, closed for two generations, seemed all at once to fly open once more, to receive new victims and new martyrs. And when in their dire distress and despair they turned to the one great comforter on earth, the Church of God, to seek there solace from heaven, that strength that cometh from on high and that peace that passeth all our understanding—what did their tearful eyes behold? Alas! The Church was trembling and tottering, her very foundations being undermined, and the glorious edifice, the pride of men, was rocking to and fro as if in an earthquake, while on her throne they saw—oh horror of horrors!—the abominable spectacle of a double pope, thus filling with new anguish and deadly agony thousands of despairing hearts that did not know which was the Vicar of God upon earth and which the offspring of hell, Satan's own lieutenant here below!

Thus it was but natural, that with such fiery tokens in the sky, such great crimes in high places and such dark and dreary thoughts in everybody's mind, superstition should have come to rule supreme in the kingdom. Soon men came to see new portents in every change of the skies, disease and death were stalking visibly through the streets of great cities, mysterious voices were heard,

Airy tongues that syllabled men's names

On sand and shore and desert wildernesses,

holy images of stone and of wood, in church and in chapel, were seen to shed melancholy tears, or to show drops of crimson blood, and miracles occurred apparently without number and without end. A dark pall seemed to sink slowly, steadily, like the horror of tempest-laden clouds approaching down upon the poor, crouching and cowering nation, until their minds gave way, their hearts sank within them, and they became an easy prey to despair.

It was in the midst of all these great sorrows and grievous

sufferings that there grew up, in perfect purity and sweetest innocence, a maid, the child of poor peasant people in fair Lorraine, near the little hamlet of St. Rémy, whose little flock of sheep she used to watch,

A violet, by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Shunning, with instinctive modesty, the boisterous play of the companions of her youth, the little child was never so happy as when she could sit, alone and in unbroken silence, gazing at the sombre forests, the emerald meadows or the silvery lake as it reflected on its dark surface now melancholy pines, now pendulous willows. In this, silent solitude she also learnt to find "tongues in trees, books in running streams and sermons in stones," for here God was training his own, sweet child, to do his bidding, when the appointed time should come—to save a kingdom, and to die a martyr! The rising sun would see her come and take her patient little charge to distant pastures, where, alone with Nature and with Nature's God, she spent her days. The balmy air, the quivering sun-flecks, the birds' merry carols and the dancing leaves, all and each ministering to her heart's delight, spoke to her of her great Father in heaven, of his Merciful Son and, after the manner of her age, of the Virgin, the glorious handmaid of the Lord!

There was close to her humble, little cottage one of those venerable, old forests, in which the children of the land love to drink in poetry and legend alike from fairy ring and haunted well; to deck with garlands of flowers the branches of consecrated trees, and to sing sweet songs in praise of the "good people," the fairies, who yet may not drink of the water of that well, because of their sins! How the child loved this forest! And no wonder, for she lived there in sweet communion with all Nature; the very birds and beasts of the wood came to her, full of love and trust, at her child-like beck

and call. But in one of the sunniest glades of this sombre, solemn forest there stood a grand old oak, the wide-spreading branches of which formed, on high, a vast, but dimly-lighted canopy. Here, in this darkling temple of Nature, the Druids had of old performed their mystic rites, had with golden sickle cut the mysterious mistletoe, and alas! poured out the blood of their victims in horrid libations, upon their consecrated altar! Here the little maid dearly loved to sit for hours, gazing with half dreamy eye at the enchanting scene before her, while high above her, through the fluttering leaves, she saw a sky so soft and pure and blue, that it drew her eye, and with her eye her very soul to heaven; while sweet hopes and vague fears filled her troubled little bosom with its one prevailing thought: to do something that might please her loving Father in heaven.

And when she returned at night to her humble, simple home, she heard but of new terrors and greater calamities than before, and in her broken slumbers strange visions came in golden dreams, urging her again and again to go forth and do her Father's bidding. Thus it came about that day by day, and year by year, the little maid's mind was filling more and more with strange, bewildering forebodings. No doubt, that in God's mysterious ways, the wings were then already budding, that should hereafter carry her high above hill and mountain, to distant cities and great cathedrals, where she was to be seen in the van of mighty armies, or sitting by the side of princes and prelates. No doubt that the golden chariot was already then preparing that was to take her, alas! so very soon, from her "France Delivered" here on earth to the Eternal Kingdom in heaven.

Nor did she draw her inspiration from Nature only. Although she saw and felt her God in field and forest and fountain, she sought Him none the less in church and chapel also, beneath the wayside cross, at every consecrated shrine,

Wherever thro' long drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.

But who can tell us what the poor untutored child must have felt amid all these weird warnings and stern summons, when she read these half-veiled, mingled prophecies of sorrow and distress, of glory and renown, now in the chasing clouds on high, now in the rustling boughs or in the soft, sweet sighing of the evening breeze through the hurtling branches of venerable, old trees? Who can tell us what her poor little heart must have endured, before she could see clearly and tell herself distinctly, beyond all doubt and disbelief, that now the time had come and she must go forth to face the far off, friendless world? For in her simple, shrinking heart the little maid trembled at the thought that all she loved on earth must now be left behind her, the sweet peace of her fields, the silent repose of her beloved woods, even the merry voice of the purling spring, to which she daily led her gentle charge. And was not every tree a friend, and every bush? Had not every limpid spring its own mysterious powers, every bubbling fountain its solemn secrets, which she had known so well from early childhood? Was she never to hear again those sweet, sweet bells, that pierced the sombre forest, at matin and to vesper, and called forth a faint echo from distant abbey and concealed convent? Was she never again in the gloaming to catch a glimpse of that far-famed stag, that was nine hundred years old, when Charlemagne hunted it, in these same forests, and that still bore the dread Emperor's name and date on its golden collar? Must she bid farewell for evermore to those shadowy children of the emerald meadows by the riverside, fairy-like fawns and shadowy phantoms flitting by her as she gazed into the mystic shades?

Yes, she had to go—to go now, for in the meantime the whole of her simple, childlike nature had apparently been absorbed into one great, all-pervading thought. "I have pity on the fair realm of France!" she had said, not once, but a thousand times, and these words became the keynote of her life, the very watchword of her whole existence. As she grew older, she recalled, moreover, an ancient, long-forgotten

prophecy, that a maid of Lorraine was to go forth and to save the land! Then St. Michael, the Archangel, appeared to her in a flood of golden light, and bade her go to the king and restore to him his kingdom. At last the "Mother of God" herself, whose rude, imperfect image hung in the branches of her beloved oak, stooped to smile upon the poor, deluded child, and in her turn bade her go!

It was in vain that her aged father swore he would drown her rather than let her go to the field in company with coarse men-at-arms; in vain that the priest, and the wise men of the village, and even her own loving kinsmen, all doubted and refused to aid her. The poor child, after having for five long years, heard by day and by night these same angelic voices, after having seen again and again these heavenly visions, could resist the summons no longer, and, fully convinced that it was God's own, majestic voice that bade her go, she humbly bowed her head, and in a rapture of exalted self-surrender, repeated the words of one greater and purer than she was: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Thus it came about that the bashful, shrinking maid forsook the sweet solitude of her woodland home, to reappear next at her monarch's royal table, to lead in the van of mighty armies, and to be first and foremost in the heart of every Frenchman.

A mystic sword, with the lilies of France on hilt and blade, at her side, a white, silken banner, with the Virgin and Holy Child embroidered on it, in her right hand, a quaintly-shaped helmet covering her golden locks—such was her armour. The sword she never drew, for she never shed the blood of man; but the banner she ever bore in the thickest of the fight, now leading her brave followers to the attack, now covering the rear when retreating, and soon wherever it appeared there victory was sure to follow.

Her rapturous enthusiasm and her sublime faith in God and His heavenly command soon became contagious. New hopes sprang up in every bosom, new courage returned to

well-nigh despairing hearts, and The Maid! The Maid! became the rallying cry of the newly-emboldened people. Victory followed victory, fortress after fortress fell into her hands, until at last she could fulfill her first important promise and crown her beloved king in Rheims!

The simple, credulous soldiers saw in her, the earth-born virgin, a faint, but fair reflex-image of the Heavenly Virgin, whose worship, though not yet made an article of faith as now, decreed by an Infallible Pope, was still, already then, fast ripening into a firm and favorite conviction in the hearts of men. This pleasing fancy, if doing nothing more, at least made old and young readily accept the thousand miraculous stories that were soon afloat, and gave the Maid herself a silent, but all the more powerful influence over the credulous partisan chiefs of her day.

She herself, in her meek, maidenly modesty repeating only what angelic voices bade her say, proclaimed aloud that now at last France might hope once more, since rescue was at hand. The measure of the enemy is full, she said, his hosts are ripe for the harvest, and she, the Maid of Arc, was coming with her golden sickle, to cut down their haughty pride, their brutal arrogance. Before the green fields should turn to gold, before the lamp of God on high should fill once more, not a horse of the enemy should drink any more of the waters of the limpid Loire! For He, who had appeared to Moses in the burning bush on the heights of Horeb, He who had chosen the lowly shepherd boy, the son of Jesse, to be His champion and to fight his battles, He who had ever shown Himself gracious and merciful to poor, simple shepherds, He had sent her also, the poor unknown peasant girl, to rescue France from the sword of the invader, and to make her great and glorious once more!

Nor was it at all, as some would have us think, religious frenzy, or national enthusiasm. Illusion there was and ever must be, no doubt! But a firm foundation also was not altogether wanting, for there was fast growing up in every heart

a sure conviction that France was guided now by a higher power than one relying on personal valor only and on worldly wisdom. Every Frenchman felt in his innermost soul that he was in the hands of God's own appointed messenger, and this aroused once more in every heart the innate love of country and of people. Nor was this mere sentiment and nothing more. For the sacred character of the Maid involved the solemn duty that order, method and morality must rule in every camp and marching column. Strict discipline took at once the place of unbridled passion. "If God is to help us," she said to her brethren-in-arms, "we must try to deserve it," and swearing and cursing, drinking and gambling, pilfering and plundering were strictly forbidden. The countless crowds of idle and vicious camp followers, that so far had hung about the outskirts of every army in the field were driven off, and holy priests of God said mass and heard confession where revelling and rioting alone had been seen before. The same deep, though mysterious awe that fell upon all who approached this strange, mysterious being next spread to the English also, who were eager enough to plead and hear it said, that only a messenger direct from heaven, or a hell-born demon, assuming the garb of angel, could ever have defeated their invincible armies and their far-famed captains.

King Charles, moreover, no longer a fugitive driven from throne and home, had in the meantime been anointed with the holy oil that all so firmly believed had come from heaven down directly ; and bearing now God's own broad seal on his consecrated brow, was no longer the chief only of a party, but a true, hereditary king ruling by the grace of God ; and being once more in sweet and clear intercourse with his loving people, the natural centre of a nation's pride and hopes. This made him so much more formidable to the English also, who had brought with them from beyond the Channel a deep sense of awe and veneration for a heaven-anointed monarch, and who now only felt quite dearly their own great daring in fighting against that power on high, that had so signally approved of their enemy and his cause.

"The stars in their courses are fighting against the English," shouted the exultant French troops, as with clashing of cymbals and clanging of trumpets, with banners flying and shouts of joy and triumph making the very welkin ring, they saw their own Joan of Arc riding by the side of their king into the city of Orleans. "Whither next, fair Maid?" inquired the latter, courteously bowing to the very mane of his horse. "To God's temple, Sire!" was the reply, "for our first duty is to thank Him who alone giveth victory." And thus they rode side by side, King and Maid, to the gorgeous, old cathedral, where, with all the pomp and pageantry of that age, Holy Mass was said and God was thanked; while the people, old and young, high and low, gazed with awestruck wonder and amazement at the mail-clad figure by their monarch's side, half doubting in their heart whether it was man or angel that met their eager, curious eye.

From that day victory crowned the Maiden's banner wherever she bore it, and she won one great battle after the other. After the great and powerful city of Orleans, so long besieged by the English with vast numbers and unheard of engineering skill, had fallen into her hands in a manner decisive of the issue of the war—what strong place could now still hope to resist her? Thus they surrendered, one by one, as soon as they were summoned. Availing herself next of the almost absurd poverty of the English, with whom courage and energy have almost always risen and relaxed in precise proportion to the state of their treasury, she reconquered province after province, and with her simple, but irresistible eloquence won back again to their allegiance one faithless vassal after the other.

And yet not one word of triumph ever fell from the pure lips of the Maid! No one ever saw her elated, no one ever heard her exult over the wondrous things she had achieved—so great and so astounding! She desired no reward, she accepted no honor. Nor did she ever swerve for one moment from her heaven-appointed task: to deliver France from the

presence of the invader! A few months spent in a very rapture of action, an unbroken chain of amazing triumphs—and she felt in her approaching heart that the end was approaching. She wept—the poor child of eighteen!—for *she* felt in *her* innermost soul, that her work being done, all that remained for her on earth was—to suffer!

And never surely in the history of our race, has a poor, simple peasant girl been called upon to pay the bitter penalty for earthly success and glory, more promptly and more painfully, than Joan of Arc. Already on that memorable day when almost miraculous victory had crowned her in the sight of all Christendom, she had, between tears and smiles, formed a wish which inexpressibly entranced her simple, childlike heart. She had then uttered a half-broken prayer, that God would now dismiss His handmaid and mercifully let her return to those silent woods and peaceful meadows which she loved so dearly, and from which He had summoned her to come forth and do His bidding.

That wish—so passing strange and touching, when we remember the vast pomp and parade by which she was surrounded, the true love and gratitude of a great nation's heart that was hers, and the almost boundless rewards that might have been hers had she but stooped to accept them—that prayer was not to be granted. For in God's mysterious council it was decreed that after all her earthly triumphs over the powers of this world, she was to reap still greater glory, and to attain still loftier fame—not by doing, however, but by enduring!

Thus there are virtually only two epochs in the brief career of this memorable maid that have a true psychical interest for the student: her quaint, weird childhood spent in perfect purity, as far as such is ever granted to child of sinful man, and her saintly passions during which she was purified and made fit to become a holy child of God in His own great kingdom in heaven.

What lies between—her brief career of action, though re-

plete with countless triumphs and almost incredible victories, which enabled her to rescue France from the grasp of the invader, to anoint her king, to seat him once more on his fathers' throne, and, above all, to restore to her brethren their long-lost self-respect was after all but of the earth, earthy. What interests us far more is to read the wisdom of the Creator in the foolishness of the child, and to behold with awe and amazement the truly wondrous powers that may be developed in the very weakest of our race, when it pleases the Almighty to make them His instruments in shaping the fate of nations! It was hers to do, not through others, but to wear out the whole of her own little strength, to pour out her own life's blood, to deny herself all rest or repose, till she was summoned on high, where, thanks be to God! the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest forevermore! To suffer, not through others, here also, not through great captains, devoted followers and enthusiastic multitudes, as so many of the world's heroes have done and still are doing, but in her own person, in her own heart, alone, unaided, unconsolated! For from a child she had been conscious, that "neither flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, could ever bloom for her." Since, during the whole of her amazing career, by day and by night, in triumph and in chains, she had to combat in her poor, lacerated heart that most terrible of all demons, that may dwell in man's bosom: Doubt. Was it God who called her—or Satan? Was her vocation of the earth—or from heaven? That God was with her, ever with her, of that she felt sure. But, the powers of darkness also were ever present, steady, ever ready to exult at her downfall, ever travelling with measured tread to meet her at that one great crisis in her life, and to destroy her! Surely, the all-seeing eye of the Almighty alone could have seen unmoved, what the poor, untutored child must have suffered in her heart, what fatal, ever bleeding wounds she must have hid with such angelic patience, with such matchless meekness in her sorely tried bosom!

The end came soon. Not a year had passed, since like

the morning star on a dewy, dreaming morning in May, the Maid had arisen above the horizon of France, when she found herself with a handful of faithful followers shut up in a small but strongly fortified tower, Compiègne, not far from the city of Paris. Many a bold sortie she had made, and ever returned into her stronghold, wreathed with laurels. Many a bloody skirmish she had fought, outside of the city walls, and ever had her white banner been crowned with victory. But there came a day—oh! a horrible day! Her wretched companions were seized with a sudden, incomprehensible panic, and wild with terror and blind with fear, the cowards fled, helter skelter, pell mell, seeking the safety of their walls and ramparts. They reached them safely, too, and when they counted the heads of their beloved ones, there they all were, alive and safe—till one small voice was heard timidly to inquire: “Where is the Maid?” Oh for the shame! There she was, outside the gate, alone and unprotected! One withering glance of scorn she cast at the jibing, jeering rabble on the town walls that had the unspeakable meanness of exulting at her discomfiture! One glance of icy horror at the bloody Burgundians, as they were sweeping down the broad plain with the fury of a hurricane, to seize upon their long-coveted prey—and she was a prisoner! A captive first of the Burgundians, who had besieged her; then of the English, to whom common report sold her for the traditional thirty pieces of silver; lastly of her bitterest and cruelest enemy, the Church!

Great, immoderate was the joy in the camp of the English when they heard the welcome tidings of this most precious capture. They saw at once, that Fate had now put into their hands the means of redeeming their martial honor and of restoring their ancient fame. And had this been all, England's escutcheon would not have been dishonored and disgraced with that of France. But far worse was behind, for cunning, cruel priests came and suggested a savage measure; first in cautious, broken whispers and then, as men's ears be-

came accustomed to the horrid sound, and their minds inured to the ineffable shame, in open avowal and with public approval. "We must taint and vitiate the coronation of King Charles by making it appear the work of a witch," they said; "we must destroy the prestige of French successes in the field, by proving them to have been so many wily devices of the Evil One." When this dread charge was first heard, ghastly horror fell upon all men. But soon their Master's comfort came to cheer their devilish hearts. First the English were but too well content to have it said, that only Satan and his countless legions could ever have overcome their true and trusty men-at-arms, that Hell itself had fought against their valiant captains, since to succumb to the Enemy of all Mankind was surely no disgrace for earth-born men! Thus it was decreed that their tarnished national honor should be washed clean in the blood of the Maid, and the anointment of King Charles was to be disannulled by proof that it had not been the work of the Grace of God, but of witchcraft, of a league with the Devil, and thus was, in reality, high treason, against God and His church.

The French, in their turn, still suffering and sorrowing for their former defeats and sore disgrace, no longer sustained and borne up by the Heavenly Maid, and left without aid and advice by the Church, succumbed in unspeakable cowardice and to their eternal shame abandoned the Saviour of France, the Maid!

Thus it came about that the poor little peasant girl, untaught, untutored and unaided, was cited to appear before a High Court, to rebut the foul charge, that she was a witch and the offspring of hell, that she had Beelzebub, and, as a greater one was charged before her, had done her wondrous works by the aid of the prince of the devils! Not daring, or not caring, to try her themselves, the English handed her over to the tender mercies, such as they were, of the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had by chance been captured. This precious son of the Church was a Frenchman, who had

sold himself, body and soul, for money, to the enemy of his native land, and now proved a willing and most able instrument in their hands. A prophetic utterance was current about him, perhaps due to his own agency, in these words: "Bishop thou art; Archbishop thou shalt be; Cardinal thou wouldest be." With his ambition thus set on fire, he had indulged in visions, aspiring higher and higher, until he saw himself already at no very distant day, a triple crown on his head and his foot on the neck of kings. Thus, with a heart turned to stone, he became the zealous servant of his useful, powerful allies, the English.

"Never, from the foundation of the earth," says De Quincy, "was there such a trial in the passing beauty of defence and the hellishness of attack." There stood the simple shepherd girl, so coldly sweet, so deadly fair, unaided and alone. Where was now the king who owed his all to her, his life, his crown and his kingdom? Where were now those mighty armies that had hailed her with one acclaim: the Saviour of France, the sure herald of victory, the trusted messenger of the Holy Virgin? Where were now those enthusiastic followers, those devoted servants and ardent lovers without number, that had surrounded and followed her wherever she appeared? For the eternal shame of mankind it must be confessed: Not a human being came to stand by her in the hour of deadly peril, to support her delicate frame, to assist her tottering steps, and to comfort her fast breaking heart with sweet words of loving sympathy and holy promises from on high. Whilst against her were arrayed all the powers that draw their strength from the earth: the State and the Church, the Senate and the Bar. Day by day she was dragged forth from her dreary dungeon, to meet the stony gaze of heartless multitudes; hour after hour she was tried by a thousand painful questions, in which all the wicked cunning, all the brutal malice of her adversaries were employed to ensnare and entrap her. And yet, such was her flashing intellect, such the inspired clearness of her vision, that she

confounded both the pitiless malice and the foul-mouthed brutality of her betrayers. Her answers struck dumb the wisest and cleverest of her self-appointed judges. "What language did the angelic visitors speak?" asked the impious bishop of Beauvais. "They whispered thoughts into my open heart!" was the simple, guileless reply. "What garment wore the Archangel Michael?" "The God who so clothes the grass of the field, that Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed, surely knew how to provide for his chosen messengers." On one side the fury of hatred delighted in devilish tricks of vile cunning, and wove a web of cruelty and shame, on the other side the paramount power of love and calm trust in God move us to smiles of tenderness and tears of pity. But who can wonder that the poor, forsaken child at last grew weary and exhausted in the solitude of her silent cell, by this daily struggle with the fiendish powers she had to encounter and the terrible, crushing sense of being forsaken by man—perhaps by God Himself!

Meekly, however, and without the appearance even of a struggle, she bore her most melancholy fate. Only when by a truly devilish device of her crafty enemies she was tempted, by them, to seek safety in flight, and, being speedily caught and brought back, was treated with increased fury and brutality, only then did her courage forsake her, and her heart sank within her as

Hope, withering, fled, when Mercy sighed Farewell!

At first she was sentenced to imprisonment for life, on the plea of humanity and in pretended Mercy! For in reality the sentence was suggested by most subtle, refined cruelty, as her judges as well as the nation at large knew very well, that the Maid, brought up in the full freedom of Nature, where never

A step more free, a foot more true,
From the heathflower brushed the dew,

would never be able to endure the dreary darkness of her silent cell, where the clanking of her chains and the hoarse,

answering cry of her jailers, were the only sounds she ever was to hear. And now, in this heavenly season of early spring, how her heart must have yearned and longed for the freedom of her native woodlands ! how she must have sighed for that

Blue sky,
So cloudless clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven !

The end came sooner than she or others expected. For nothing would satisfy her blood-thirsty adversaries but her death. Thus new crimes were detected, new charges were invented, and at last Joan of Arc was sentenced to die a witch's death—by fire !

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, in the year of the Lord 1431, Joan of Arc, then about nineteen years old, underwent martyrdom. "'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful !" A ghastly sight, one sure to be remembered for life by all who were present then and there, in that great market place of Rouen—sure to reappear in anxious dream and agonizing memory to all who shared the infamy or took part in the unparalleled outrage on mankind. Eight hundred stalwart spearmen surrounded the vast structure, built up of countless billets of wood, with cunningly-devised passages and airholes to fan the cruel flame, while countless thousands of eager faces were looking upward, with glaring eyes, at the window through which their poor, pitiable victim was to be led forth to her last deadly torture. All around the great square, on lofty platforms, sat in state and splendor the great of the world: on one side, ermine-clad princes, dukes and famous warriors ; on the other, the pious (!) priests and prelates of the Church, in golden vestment, purple laces and fine linen—all equally thirsting for the blood of a poor peasant girl, all equally eager and impatient to witness her cruel, incredible sufferings ! They had charged her with being the Devil's offspring, but how Satan must have exulted at seeing this rich harvest of tares that awaited his merciless sickle !

The details of the poor child's sufferings from the moment when she first met, trembling and shrinking, those blood-thirsty eyes of the vast array of savage brutes, to the last breath she drew before she committed her soul to that Mercy which—thanks be to God!—endureth forever, are too harassing, too revolting, too disgraceful for Mankind, to admit description. Suffice it to say that her meek, saintly demeanor fell like heaven's gentle dew upon the hardened hearts of her enemies, till, at her sight, ten thousand stern, strong men wept—wept bitter tears of pity and remorse! In one brief moment the fierce, implacable hatred, with which they had persecuted her whom they had called a phantom, a witch, a Devil's bairn and an emissary of Satan himself, was changed into deep compassion, and made them utter cries of rapturous admiration! Her angelic gentleness overcame every passion, her matchless meekness won every heart, and the very executioner, whose unfeeling hands had thrust her into the raging flames, straightway turned aside, a penitent for life, and ever after wandering from land to land, knelt in vain at every shrine in Christendom, imploring every saint in heaven to forgive him *his* share in the mournful, tearful tragedy!

A fanatic English archer, who had sworn with a horrible oath that he would, for one, be sure to throw his billet on that pile, to burn that wretched witch, and who had done so, keeping his solemn promise, vowed that he had seen a white dove rise from the ashes and ascend into heaven—and remained a raging maniac all his life.

And she, the poor, forsaken girl, oh! how with tear-blinded eye she scanned that sea of upturned faces seeking for one small sign of sweet sympathy; how anxiously she looked for one soothing glance of heartfelt compassion or of heavenly forgiveness! How eagerly she listened for one short utterance of a heart's innermost feeling, for one simple word of human pity! Alas! a tigress bereft of her cubs might have shown her pity sooner than this infuriate mob of insensate faces that hungered and thirsted, like raving brutes, for her

life's blood! Ghastly horror froze her life's blood in her veins; dark, deep night sank upon her senses—but one glance on high, where the everlasting arms were ready to receive her, and she was herself again; and meekly bowing before her appalling fate she spoke once more those touching words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" and then

She passed thro' Glory's morning gate,
To walk in Paradise.

A Dominican monk—God will reward him for his holy zeal—alone stood by the poor little maid, till the end, and clinging closely to her side, repeated hymn after hymn, and whispered words of heavenly comfort into her fast closing ear. And as the fiery smoke arose in billowy volumes, shutting out the whole world around them, he, wholly rapt in his holy office, saw not his own great danger, but prayed on and on, with tear-blinded eyes. And even then, as her last enemy was racing up the fiery steps to seize and to destroy her, even then that noblest of all earth-born maidens did not think of herself, but with her last, expiring breath bade him save himself and leave her to her God on high! Thus passed away, in an act of sublimest self-oblivion, with a prayer for others on her paling lips, the poor little shepherd girl, to be at rest and peace for evermore in the bosom of her loving Father in Heaven!



The Land of Disillusion.



I gazed upon a cloud at eventide,
A glorious crimson cloud, half-streaked with blue,
Just traversed by the setting sun's decline,
Still lingering to kiss the world good-night.

It seemed too fair for painter or for poet,
With those twain colors wedded that are seen
In holiest union when some zephyr voice
Whispering a cherished name brings a rich blush
To cheeks of maiden with large violet eyes ;
A nimbus-angel, newly floated down
From a glowing in the skies of Paradise.
Mute-worshipping I saw ; until a band,
A finger's breadth of most effulgent gold,
Ineffably eternal and pure,
Gleaned out beneath the gorgeous crimson cloud
And lay upon the purple mountain-tops,
All quiet and brilliant as a sea of light.
The moon had brought me sadness infinite,
But at this symphony of hues divine,
Tints that methought no canvas ever knew,
My soul cried out in silent ecstasy,
Mine eyes base earth eternally forswore,
And Fancy, that in all the Beautiful
Finds rapture-springs disguised to common ken,
Read the entrancing vision in this wise :
The higher crimson mist, azure-inwrought,
Is but a veil to screen the saffron cloud
Lest human gaze bear not such garish view
And perish, as a moth that woos the flame.
The saffron realm that through yon slender band
Far lovelier shews, and seems a cloud to men,
No cloud is, but the joyous golden land
Of disillusion. Who are they that dwell
In such a wondrous ecstasy of light
Beyond its jasper portals evermore ?
A peerless company of quiring ones
Inhabit there, of whom the mortal type
Is that frail paragon, the sensitive plant.
Erstwhile they roamed the earth with darkened ken,
And yet most high-aspiring ; some for Fame,
And some for Beauty's bright beatitude,
In earthly shapes adoring the Ideal.
All lily-pure were they, endued with souls
That trembled with a melody eterne,
Too rich for our gross realms ; but in the flush
Of youth this melody could not be mute.
And so they sought, unknowing what they would,
The phantom meeds of Love and Fair Renown.
Full many frenzy-girt Despair o'ertook,

Yet for a certain few the hollow world
Laid ope the casket of its costliest pearls,
Bidding them choose ; for them preëminent
Shone fairest siren-smiles, rang praises rare.
These gained the sunlit heights of Love and Fame,
But, once their summits scaled, they found those heights,
Bright-seeming as they were, a wilderness,
Wherein their beings felt a mighty want,
That ancient craving of the high-born soul
For spirit-loveliness. And to these few
A blacker woe than all despair befel
Fruition listless, yearnings realized
And still unsatisfied. Thus they that failed
And they that seemed to win walked on through life,
To enter semblance like the earthy throng,
But at their hearts sat Sorrow ebon-throned,
With sway unending ; all sweet phantasies,
The glory and the rapture of the dream,
Forever vanished. Then—my Fancy mused—
Shaping yon lustrous bourne, the Eternal One
Drew forth the souls of these sad wanderers
While yet their mortal forms were living mold,
While yet they seemed to mingle in the press
Of common things, and wafted them from earth,
Far from the ignoble intercourse of them
That had no souls but clay ; into a realm
In whose bright, silent ether all is Soul,
Region of clear-eyed vision, where they see
Not darkly through a glass, but face to face.
And in this unimagined golden land,
Freed from the old unreason, seeking not
The myrtles and the laurels of an hour,
But meekly chapleted with amaranths
By God's archangels woven ; athirst no more
For that drugged chalice from whose treacherous lips
Man quaffs the potion Fame ; resplendent now,
Not in the radiance of soul-kindling eyes,
But in the sunlight of the Eternal Smile—
The spirits of the disillusioned bide,
Communing with the True forevermore.

The Witches of "Macbeth."

➤ **I**N THE tragedies of Shakespeare, the scenes where the leading actions take place are not in the material world. It is within the minds of his characters that we see the struggles between the powers of good and the powers of evil, between that which remains to man of divinity and of natural depravity, between a restraining conscience and wicked instigations. Shakespeare's pen becomes a magician's wand, and by its power the "inner-world" is made a stage, and thoughts and passions flit before us like real actors. His genius felt itself too great to be confined by the limits of the purely historical plays; it became too mighty to chirp and gape for the vulgar applause of comedy. It left the bounds that its predecessors had set, and, in the tragedies, it flew forward into the atmosphere of the psychological, of the superhuman, of the supernatural.

In "Othello," "King Lear" and "Macbeth," Shakespeare sounded the depths of human passion. The action is violent, the changes are abrupt. Love is brought face to face with hate, generosity with ingratitude, simplicity with ambition, clemency with barbarity. In this world, sufferings are not always the result of crime; sin does not always bring its punishment; the wicked are sometimes left to their idols, and the virtuous are not in every instance rewarded. So Shakespeare portrays events in his tragedies as they occur in the reality. We are carried higher than poetic justice, and crimes, like grinning skeletons, appear in all their naked horror. Lamentation is heard in the air; the tempestuous night resounds with the ravings of madmen; ghosts walk the earth to torment their murderers; the beings of the other world appear before us.

Evil is an abstraction. It does not exist except as it in-

heres in a reponsible being. There must be some matter of which it may be the form. And just as the Venus of Milo gives beauty a material form ; just as the statue, which is the imitation of something that has real existence, gives our abstract ideas of beauty a concrete realization, so Shakespeare personifies evil in the shape of such creations as Iago, Regan and Goneril, and the Witches of "Macbeth." Iago is the incarnation of envy, hate, infidelity and malice. His form declares him a man, but his actions remind us of Milton's Satan, by whose machinations the angels were made to fall from their high estate. In "King Lear," Shakespeare so fashions Regan and Goneril that they seem to lose all traces of humanity. And they appear to us as a "double-headed monster of ingratitude." And so, in like manner, Shakespeare makes the abstract idea of pure evil appear in the shape of his Witches. Each of these is only the materialized form of evil traits that, exerting their influence on man, tend to drag him into the depths of crime.

In "Macbeth," Shakespeare caught the spirit of superstition. This play is at variance with the philosophical reasonings of modern times. We must cast off, for the moment, the shackles, by which the inexorable laws of nature have bound us down to the common place. This is a play that is best read in the silence of the night, when nerves can thrill at the hooting of the owl ; when the raven, croaking the fatal entrance of Duncan into the battlements of Glamis and the walking sleeper, and the ghostly guest at the banquet, and the blood—the stain of which the multitudinous seas cannot wash away from those lily-white hands, conspire to make our blood grow thick. Then can we see the air-drawn dagger moving slowly, to and fro, before the maddened mind of Macbeth. Then can we see Lady Macduff as she tries to ward off the blows of those that seek to strike down, before her eyes, her helpless children.

And, when thick night draws around us the blanket of the

dark, and the tyrant Law does not peep through to cry
"Hold! hold!" then we can see the weird-sisters dancing

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again to make up nine,

while the réverberations of the thunder roll, away over the heath, and the lightning's glare lights up, from time to time, the faces of those beings so withered and wild in their attire. They look not like the inhabitants of the earth—and still are of it. Now and then they stop and mumble their incantations, with their choppy fingers on their skinny lips. They might be women, but their beards declare them men. Sexless and inhuman, they are the visual images of the powers of evil that perceptibly, yet invisibly, have their influence on every human soul.

An impossibility that is made to appear probable gives us more pleasure than a probability that seems impossible. Shakespeare gives to his most impossible creations a semblance of probability. Not long before the time of Shakespeare innocent women had been punished as witches, and the belief still lingered in the minds of the masses that they had existed and could exist. James I had written a book on witchcraft and so it was a compliment to him for Shakespeare to represent Witches on the stage. The people also would be likely to appreciate a personification that had the form of something of which they already had an idea. So the Witches of "Macbeth" have capacities and faculties that were supposed to characterize the witches of popular superstition. Their appearance is similar, and they have long beards. A sieve is the vessel in which they traverse the waves, and they are able to take any shape they choose. They have a mortal antipathy to swine. They can keep devils and spirits in the shape of toads and cats, and the ingredients that they use for their charms are those to which the superstition of the people ascribed the most potency.

The Witches of "Macbeth" have characteristics also of the Norns, or Scandinavian Fates. They have knowledge of

the past, power over the present, and prescience of the future, and their decrees are irrevocable. They can appear when they wish, or disappear in mist. With the future in their grasp they can raise apparitions that are at once supernatural and prophetic. The thoughts and dispositions of men are laid bare before them, and they know how to concentrate and consummate those tendencies which influence Macbeth's acts.

Shakespeare did not intend that they should be hallucinations or phantasms. For Banquo and Macbeth saw them at the same instant. They seem to be corporeal, and they rise up so vividly that Banquo experiences the shock of reaction and jumps back startled. Their words bear the same meaning to Banquo and Macbeth, and, when they are sought again by Macbeth, he can have no doubt that they have real existence, when he consciously perceives them bending over their bubbling cauldrons.

But the chief element, which Shakespeare desires for his purpose, is the evil in them. They are evil personified in these forms to hasten the consummation of acts resulting from Macbeth's disposition. Their wickedness is greater than can be in humanity. Evil is loved for evil's sake. They rack a pilot's thumb as he is homeward bound, and they threaten to make a sailor a "man forbid" because his wife denied them chestnuts that she had in her lap. The Witches overturn all that is good in Macbeth, and by the aid of their divining powers they take advantage of his moments of weakness. They destroy him, but they can only shake Banquo. He overcomes, in his waking hours, the thoughts that nature gives way to in repose; Macbeth falls a victim to his efforts to bring about their prophecies.

The Witches, as they are, are an original creation of Shakespeare. In their combination of Witches, weird-sisters, and personifications of evil, as well as for the consummate skill with which they are characterized in the small space allotted to them, they have no equal in all literature. They appear only three times and every word that they speak serves its

purpose. Were Shakespeare not worthy of honor for any other reason, his Witches would demand it from us.

But let us consider the service that they render in the tragedy. "Macbeth" without its Witches would be a "Hamlet" without its Hamlet. They are brought before us first and immediately take us into the spirit of the drama. The roll of the thunder in the heavy cloud-curtain that overhangs the scene, the electric flashes, the unearthly spectacle of the Witches, their mysterious words and contradictory sentences, all conspire to show us that the action will be above and beyond the deeds of every-day life.

Shakespeare gives us a glimpse of the characters that have to do with each other, before he places them face to face. The brave Macbeth can be seen carving his passage through kerns and gallowglasses, "like Fortune's minion." We can see him with the pride of victory shining through his rugged countenance. Perhaps, in these very battles in which he fights for his king, those seeds of ambition are sown that, nourished by the powers of evil, shall make Macbeth a regicide. And then, in contrast with him, we see depicted the vindictiveness of the witches, their inordinate love for revenge, their cruelty and surpassing evil.

Heated with conquest, Macbeth is brought face to face with these spirits of evil. Ambitious thoughts are already rushing through his mind. He has an undetermined longing to do something greater, to be—he knows not what. They know his thoughts and know that they have merely to mention an object, and let his ambition work the rest. It is only a hint, but it is enough. Macbeth is Thane of Glamis, he becomes Thane of Cawdor, and he determines to be king.

His determination, fostered by his wife, becomes consummation. He violates the laws of hospitality and murders his king, when a guest in his castle. As crime leads to crime, so murder beget murder. The grooms and his friend Banquo become the victims of his fear. He is changed into a blood-

thirsty tyrant. He is in blood and he thinks that, should he

Wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

His mind becomes unsettled and ill at ease. He sees the ghost of Banquo sit in his place at the banquet table, and he determines to consult the weird sisters that he may know what will betide him.

And just as sin leads man to the high places of the world and shows him wealth and fame if he embrace it, and then in the end, hurls him down to ruin, so the Witches now tell Macbeth the signs of his approaching doom. He must beware of Macduff; none of "woman born" shall bring harm to him; his sway shall continue till Birnan wood shall rise to Dunsinane. Urged on by fear and madness, he sacrifices the helpless wife and children of Macduff. But now troubles come upon him. The Scottish nobles join with the English army against him, Birnan wood rises against Dunsinane in the arms of soldiery, and Macduff drowns his sorrow for his children in the blood of their murderer. Macbeth dies the death of a tyrant, and the will of the weird sisters is accomplished.

But though we are glad when Iago and Goneril and Regan pay the penalty of their own acts, it never occurs to us that the Witches should be punished. Tornadoes cannot be chastised for the destruction that they cause; oceans cannot be whipped because they overwhelm an army; justice does not require that the tempest, which beat upon the white locks of Lear, shall be punished. Abstractions can not be held accountable, and the Witches of "Macbeth" must go unpunished. Man can be punished for crime, the crime can only be punished through the man. If we yield to the inclinations of our natures, if we are led astray by the persuasions of the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, ours, and not theirs, will be the punishment.

Psalm of Life.

[HEROIC HEXAMETER.]

Desine nunc versu misero lugere mi inane
Vitam somnium ; enim meus marceus dormitat, atque
Plus ipsis rebus quam quod species mera promat.
Seria vitæ nec levis est, non nata sepulchro ;
Non dictum de anima ; tu in terram terra redibis.
Nec moerore mortalibus est nec gaudia ab æquis
Parcis, sic verum in diem agendum ut plus valeamus.
Ars vivit, tempusque fugæ ; cum fortia corda
Sunt erectaque, compresso pulsant sonitu usque ad
Manes nerriam. Et in certamine vitæ in arena,
Noli esse ignarus, sed es heros fortis et ardens.
Quamvis gratum sit, nimium ne crede futuro :
Tempus defendendum nihil irrevocabile nobis ;
Supra Dis, age nunc ! et nunc age ! cordibus intus
Gesta monent clarorum ut nosque relinquere nomen
Possimus clarum ; tabulis vestigia seclum
Possimus decedentes nos imprimere ; immo,
Quæ simulac viderit vestigia forsitan alter,
Errans, jactatus, sperabit naufragus idem.
Nitentes alacresque operam omnibus inde parati
Optimam agamus ; quam constanter perficientes
Tam constanter pergentes, spe in pectore viva.

Jan. 13, 1886.

R. D.

Professurbia.

What ails it now ?

 HERE IT LIES. Behind are no thickly-wooded hills over whose tops the sun in its dying glory may sink to rest ; no gentle valleys wherein the lowing herds may find green pastures, and through which flow silvery streams overhung here and there by the weeping willow. To the front is no broad river on whose bosom may float the merchantman. No ! here nature seems stripped of all that renders her beautiful, of all that endears her to her admirers. As far as eye can reach is only a sandy plain. The wind is blowing and the hazy atmosphere is charged with sand and dust ; while across the plain bits of stubble chase each other in endless confusion. It is midday, and sultry summer lends her hottest breath to taint this dead nature that surrounds on all sides the city of Professurbia. It is a perfect square with not the slightest curve in the lines which mark out its boundaries. The streets are at right angles to each other ; the houses are all built upon the same model, and whatever may be the variations internally, not the slightest are to be descried from without. This sickening and revolting sameness seems written even on the square paving-stones. There seems to be no one on the streets ; no living thing is moving. The streets are dry, no sign of moisture is anywhere to be seen, while ever and anon the breath of the desert is blown down some avenue covering everything with fine dust. In the centre of this apparently forsaken city is a huge building built of massive blocks of granite. This again is quadrilateral, and from each side broad steps lead up to a portico whose front is set off with tall white columns. The roofs of the porticoes slope but little, while the four pediments present in bold relief various scenes from classic mythology.

The doors are all open and into the halls the wind is carrying its burden of sand. What means it all? Did these buildings come forth spontaneously, and are there no inhabitants for them? Surely it cannot be the work of some Aladdin's lamp, and a work whose sole object seems to be to attain monotony, unvarying sameness. Do not those closed mansions contain their secrets, and are not their closets filled with skeletons, whose stories would enlighten the inquisitive? Are there no owls to claim these buildings as their own? No jackals to dispute the possession of these cellars with each other? Surely the great city has a history that would reveal why "every house is shut up that no man may come in;" why "all joy is darkened and the mirth of the land is gone." Would tell why at midday the sun resembles some huge copper plate, and why at night the moon is rarely ever seen. But where is this history to be found? And on the traveller wanders and the eternal why? never leaves his mind, but let him follow a gust of wind through the portico into the hall of that great building which is in the centre of the city. There on a pedestal of solid gold will be seen a statue erected in the city's primal days to the goddess "Theory," by the being who did homage to her majesty, but let him not rest here, but pass on to the portico at the opposite side of the building, through this portico to blue steps, which lead up to it. There, lying as it had fallen, is the body of a woman, shrivelled and dried almost beyond recognition. Her length cannot exceed four and a half feet, and the traveller exclaims, "A mummied crone!" Her scrawny fingers end in long nails; she has only one tooth, which protrudes from her mouth over her lower lip, while on her upper lip are a few short thick hairs; her eyes covered with the lids, are deep sunken into their sockets; a faded calico dress whose combination of colors has received no name, covers her body; while from her uncovered head the few remaining gray hairs fall carelessly. Grasped in her right hand is a package of letters tied with a common blue ribbon, from these she was not parted even in death. And

did she not know the history of the rise and fall of Professurbia? She did, and could her dried tongue utter sounds, it would tell the following story, and no one need doubt the truth thereof:

"Years ago they came here, thousands of them, professors of all the various branches of human knowledge; their object was, away from the graver cares of the world, to procure wisdom. Their countrymen hoping to derive great benefits from their researches agreed to sustain them. Stringent laws were enacted to prevent any houses being built, or any human being from dwelling, within a radius of a hundred miles of the spot these learned men might select. A railroad passed the town stopping only to put off the necessities of life and such students as desired to reap the benefit of the lectures there delivered. None were permitted to enter the sacred precincts of this city unless under special permit, and it is needless to say this permission was rarely granted. Exclusion was the order of the day and insisted on, even by those professors who needed an audience that their jokes might be appreciated. This spot was chosen after long deliberation as a cite for the prosperous city. The surrounding country was once a fertile plain covered with various kinds of grasses and shrubbery in which numerous of the smaller animals found homes; but not many years elapsed after the city had been founded, before the birds and rabbits sought other spots more congenial, while the grass and shrubbery began to die until now they are only seen as stubble before the wind.

All the streets were laid out, either parallel or at right angles to each other and all the houses built upon the same model that no one part of the city might differ from the other in beauty, and thus attract the professors from their homes. This great building through which the wind now whistles, and on the steps now leading to which now lies my body, was erected the centre of the city and in it were the lecture rooms. The railroad at one time passed Professurbia, now long since forgotten, and crowds of young men came from

afar, attracted by the great reputations attained by the inhabitant professors. Their reception was far otherwise than they anticipated. Expecting to find here pleasure combined with the pursuit of wisdom as preparing them for their future in life, they were disappointed. In their ignorance of the intricacies of each separate science they were endeavoring to learn, they could offer no opinion that was accepted with consideration, and so after many attempts to find in their superiors friends as well instructors they desisted and lived thereafter among themselves. In spite of this for the first few years the lecture rooms were crowded; but this lasted only a few years, when the students left, cherishing as reasons that such an existence was not worth the possession of it, for their preceptors never forgave nor excused an absence from lecture; never permitted entrance to the hall one minute after time; never gave a day holiday; were never absent themselves nor failed to lecture the full three hours. After the students left the professors procured a lot of rag-babies, seated them upon the empty benches and as regularly as the time came delivered to them their lectures and woe to the rag-baby whose fastening became unloosed and was found in any other than an exact posture. And what did the inhabitants of Professurbia know? Everything that could be found within books; nothing of the subjects of which the books treated save what was found in the books. Most of them could give *verbatim* the accurate description of a Southdown mutton as found in children's 'Farming for Profit,' yet not one of them could distinguish a goat from a sheep, or a cat from a fox were these latter seen in an open field.

On one occasion the city found it proper to have an additional water supply, so sending away to a distance the most skilled artisans were procured and a pump was put into position, the intricacy of whose machinery was wonderful, much of it being worked by electricity. After the workmen had left the city, no professor could be found to go within fifty yards of this pump lest it might 'go off,' and blow them into eter-

nity; and yet I know several of the professors of physics wrote learned volumes on the workings of this pump. Many a time I have seen a well-known, yes, more than one, professor examine this pump through a spyglass from the top of a house some hundred or more yards distant, take notes and then return to their studies. Why, Iambark's 'Electro-thermo Dynamics of the Great Pump of Professurbia' for a time astonished the world. While every one knew of Jamesy's 'Thermo-hydraulics of the Greatest Pump of the World.' And yet these two scientists, one day, wishing to drive me from the city started after me. I took refuge on the water-board of this pump and was safe.

The professors of médecine were great friends of mine, as I was their only patient, and many a hot discussion they had over my symptoms. One case I remember well. I was suffering with a severe pain and applied to the greatest teachers of medicine in this city to relieve me. They asked me a few questions; I answered, and then many and learned were the opinions given forth as to the cause of my malady. Much did I hear of the anelectro tonic condition of this nerve and of the varying intensity of the katelectro tonic condition of that; of the amylalytic action of one ferment, and the efficiency of the tryptic ferment. In the mean time I was suffering agonies, so I left them with their discussions, went to the depot, where the train had just arrived. I told my case to an old woman, who happened to be aboard, she gave me a dose of paregoric and I was well. Theory! theory! There were many eminent histologists in the city, whose marks will remain monuments of their theoretical inferences; yet two of them, nor were they the least skilled and learned in their profession, happened to be out walking together and espied a something in the middle of the street. One of them said it might be a tadpole, designating by a name I cannot recall, and immediately began to describe the kinds of corpuscles to be found in its right auriculo-ventricular juncture, and took especial delight in mentioning the protoplasmic nature and

connections of its capillaries. The other suggested that perhaps it might be an infernal machine, whereupon they both took to their heels. I approached this something, it was a microscope.

The law teachers I always feared, though I frequently attended their lectures and derived much mental benefit from them, though even at times I must say their rag-babies looked considerably bored. Most knowingly, in theory, they talked of "Actions of trespass, *quare clausum fregit*;" 'Writs of *ad quod damnum*,' and 'Writs of dower under *nihil habet*, and spouted their Latin maxims to prove their points. There were twelve of these doctors of the laws, and noted men they were, nor were their real merits few. Once having a small amount of money owing me I put the collection of it into their hands. Why they undertook my case I cannot say, since practice of any kind was far too low an employment for the noble inhabitants of this city. Anyhow they undertook my case, and after six months spent in discussing among themselves all its legal aspects, they went to the neighboring town to institute suit for the recovery of this money. There they spent four weeks in the further working up of the case, and when it came up for argument, they began discussing the points as they arose among themselves, forgetful of judge and jury. The counsel for the defendant, a young fellow brought up in the clerk's office, spoke only for about ten minutes, and that without any preparation save what the spectacle of these worthy gentlemen in hot discussions furnished him, and convinced the jury that the defendant had never owed me a copper. We all returned to Professurbia in a bad humor.

With the professors of the ancient languages I had but little sympathy. I knew what their work was, but never had any experience with them. What discussions they held were of the milder kinds, and to my mind, utterly devoid of results promising either good or evil, merely passive. They found pleasure in discussing such questions as this: Did Cicero in such and such a passage use *amavisset* or *amasset*? Should

the reading here be *monnerunt* or *monerere*? How many times does the pluperfect subjunctive occur after *quum* (or *cum*) in 'De Natura Deorum,' &c.? They spent, to me it seemed, valuable time, in counting the number of genitives in 'Plato's Republic,' and then classifying these genitives. This as a specimen. Perhaps such knowledge when acquired may lead to valuable results, but such a poor creature as myself fails to see in what direction to look for these benefits. The results of such work they gave to their classes in long columns on the blackboard: What infinite delight—for I cannot otherwise designate the feeling they experienced—was theirs when they were able to find a few errors, due doubtless to the printer, in a new edition of some author. I remember that in the edition of an ancient author gotten out by a well-known publishing house that there was one mistake, and within two weeks after the book came out no less than three hundred letters and pamphlets were written to show that the passage had been incorrectly printed—a fact that the editor had not denied nor wished to deny."

And thus the poor woman would continue her story of how theory was practiced in the city of Professurbia and it would give her pleasure to relate of things that had been, but were not now.

"Each professor became more and more narrow in his views, even in regard to his own specialty; while the views of his fellow-professors were not treated with the slightest consideration, not even listened to; and continually further the inhabitants of this noble city became separated from the thoughts disturbing ordinary mortals. At last they ceased appearing on the streets; but, closeted with monideism, the result of theory without practice, they lived their last days. The railroad no longer comes to the city, and in each house will now be found the dried remains of a professor, while above them floats the idealized theory, awaiting for the regalanization of the corpse."

And the traveller stoops and takes from the hand of the

old woman the package of letters, unties the piece of blue ribbon, when they fall apart. He opens the first one and glances carelessly at its contents, then at a second, while more earnest becomes the look upon his face, nor does he cease reading until he has read all, even the addresses. It was the old, old story : this inanimate being had once been young and beautiful, she had loved and found this love returned. Her lover had gone to Professurbia to study the ancient languages, and she indisguise had followed him. Enough—though her story is one of deep interest and full of lessons, it is out of place here. His letters were all that had been left her, and with these she had died, still cherishing her first deep love. He seems to have graduated in the school of ancient languages and the graduation had not brought the hoped-for satisfaction, or, at least, that might be inferred from what was found written, as a portion of a letter to a friend, in the package taken from the hand that clasped it. It read as follows:

" * * * * * My pipe is out again and this time I shall not relight it, but I lay it aside wondering if all those who have graduated have spent as many weary hours in the study of what is called Latin, as I have. I say *called* Latin, because the older I grow, the more I reflect, the less right, in my opinion, has that which I once studied, to be designated Latin. I read Cæsar, Horace, Livy and other classic authors, but how did I read them? With what aim? Under what teachers? My first teacher was a gentleman whose fame as an instructor is widespread; my second teacher, though less widely known perhaps, was the better Latin scholar of the two, and both of them are known for their attainments in the language of classic Rome. And how did they and how do they teach this language? Nor do I think they differ in their mode of instruction from what the modern teachers of Greek and Latin consider to be the one true way. To me, as guided by them, no sentence in its content had any relation to what preceded or followed, unless it happened to be connected by a '*qui*' or a '*quod*.' I only read that I might find a refer-

ence in some grammar to everything that was not a nominative case. Each sentence was valued according to the number of references to the remarks under the general rules that might be made; and my Latin text-books are now black with marginal references to some grammar. What unreasonable satisfaction I, in those days, experienced while referring a pluperfect subjunctive to Tschrey, §590, R.; or on recognizing an appositive genitive or on proclaiming to my fellow students that such a verb was in the subjunctive because of a preceding characteristic relative, until I fear I was beginning to think the grammar more classic than the Latin authors. Nor is it to be denied that there exists a tendency toward the apotheosis of the grammar to the comparative subjection of the source of its existence. Each teacher does what he may to thus transform some one grammar. To Mr. Tschrey's work did Cæsar, Virgil, Livy and Horace, do homage in the presence of myself and fellow schoolmen, and on leaving school for Professurbia we carried with us a far better knowledge of this grammar, its technicalities and contents, than we did of the lives and works of Rome's greatest authors. And then what was I studying? Grammar, grammar, grammar. The question then, by a process of mental repulsion from this tiresome work, arose 'Why am I thus tied down to this one thing? What possible benefit will result from so many years, and among the best of one's life, certainly those in which the soil of the mind is being prepared for future capabilities, being spent over the study of Mr. So-and-So's grammar?' I applied to my instructor for a solution of this problem, for I could not solve it, and was informed that my mind was thus going through a training 'in mental gymnastics.' If so, then it seemed to me, and now I am convinced of it, that a much better trainer than a Latin teacher and more advantageous apparatus than a Latin grammar might be obtained for this purpose. For no inferences can be drawn from the most perfect knowledge of any body's grammar or syllabus that will do good to one's fellow man in after life; the knowing by heart the twenty

or more nouns that are exceptions to the rule that nouns in *-is* are feminine will never furnish material for the amelioration of the condition of the human race. Nor is one taught thus to respect the opinion of another, if that opinion be in opposition to the one expressed in his beloved and revered grammar. Such knowledge does not, but in a slight degree, broaden one's views as to life, its responsibilities and capabilities, they must be broadened elsewhere. What an epitaph would this be—'He knew thoroughly Tschrey's Latin Grammar!!!'

And then there is a limit to one's knowledge of Latin, a limit soon reached, and what then is one brought to? Why, to the enumeration of the number of times such a construction occurs in such an author. Veritable wisdom! I do not deny that the study of Latin and Greek has its advantages, far from it; but I do deny that these advantages are a just recompense for the time and energy devoted to such study. The greater amount by far of what we learn—the grammar portion—has to be thrown away literally on the very threshold of active life, unless this activity is to be exerted in the very narrow limits prescribed to students of the ancient languages of Latin and Greek, especially narrow in the case of the former. That a certain amount of pleasure may be and is derived from the feeling that we know some Latin and Greek I admit, but those who plume themselves on the possession of such knowledge do so with but little fairness. Their knowledge is of the most impracticable kind—nor think that I advocate extreme utilitarian views—as compared with that accruing to those who pursue the other branches of learning. To sum up: If we study Latin that we may learn to read it with facility, we may be assured that the modern manner of teaching this language will not produce this result; while if we study Latin through grammars that we may become experts in 'mental gymnastics,' I aver that there are other subjects in the study of which the mental practice is equally as good and where the results will be more beneficial

to ourselves and our fellow-man. What I would substitute in the place of Latin and Greek is not difficult to see; any branch of learning wherein there is a possibility of our knowledge continually increasing, and of which we cannot know all it contains worth knowing; any science wherein the human mind may attain to the grand possibility set before it. But my letter is becoming too long as such, though the subject of the study of the Ancient Languages deserves more attention and that from abler pens than my own. I may add that the stomach of the times is fast becoming irritated by the too heavy and unpalatable injections of Latin and Greek grammars, and treatises on the subjects contained therein, and ere many years have passed there will be an eruption and these ingesta will be vomited forth, and they, not being able to stand the test applied them, will be recognized and assigned their proper place, and that a place far inferior to the one they now hold, in the education of the human race. * * * * "

The pen drops from the hand, the eyes close and the imaged city goes to pieces, the walls of the buildings fall in and reality finds itself where imagination loves to tread. Nor is the imagery all false, for it lives as the child of reality.

EILE.

Beloved, I Adore Thee!

When the Sun-God, wreathed with glory,
Drives his coursers through the sky,
Then my glad heart sings its story;
Beloved, I adore thee!

When the moon's in radiance rising
Through the night's solemnity,
Sanctifying, light-baptising
Beloved, I adore thee !

When the sun and moon have faded,
And the star-eyes only see ;
In the silent darkness shaded,
Beloved, I adore thee !

When my weary eyes are keeping
Dreary vigils faithfully,
When thine eyes are sweetly sleeping ;
Beloved, I adore thee !

When my senses all are seeming
Wrapt in slumber restfully,
Unforgetting still, in dreaming,
Beloved, I adore thee !

When my breast is stirred with passion,
Like a wild and angry sea,
While its fiercest surges dash on ;
Beloved, I adore thee !

When some holy spirit's blessing
Has descended to imbue me,
With sweet peace and calm caressing ;
Beloved, I adore thee !

When the organ-notes are swelling
In a solemn harmony,
All my soul responsive welling,
Beloved, I adore thee !

When I pass amidst the thronging
Of some high festivity,
Thee, no faithless thought is wronging ;
Beloved, I adore thee !

When I gaze upon thy beauty,
In a silent ecstasy,
Love and worship seem a duty ;
Beloved, I adore thee !

F. R. Loder

University of Virginia, Jan. 24, 1886.

A Summer Jaunt.

T WAS my good fortune to have an opportunity of traveling through a portion of our country which to my mind exceeds any other part in interest, presented to me during the past summer, and of course it was most eagerly embraced. The proposed line of travel was from Norfolk to Boston by sea and from thence home by sail *via* Newport and New York. Insignificant as this may seem to the experienced European tourist, to me it was a delight difficult to appreciate.

A few hours' run on the road indissolubly connected in Virginia minds with her renegade Senator, brought me to Appomattox. What association this name had as it was shouted by brakeman and conductor! It recalled the dead chieftain who but a few day before had been laid to rest, and as I looked out of the window at the scattered village, I strove in vain to summon to mind the scene that made the spot historic. One of the principal actors lay in a quiet Virginia town in the place he so loved when living, the other in a park in a crowded city where his tomb will be a local curiosity like the Bridge, the Obelisk and the Bartholdi statue. The minor figures are scattered from the forests of Maine to the bayous of Louisiana, some in graves honored as those of patriots, some in quiet, half-forgotten cemeteries; many living and playing the part of brave soldiers in the battle of life as they did at Seven Pines or Gettysburg. In imagination I tried to people the cultivated fields with throngs of soldiers and "the pomp and majesty of glorious war," but peace reigned and the spectres would not appear.

But the train was moving while I thought of Appomattox, and soon the rolling hills were replaced by level plains; streams moved sluggishly and the eye found nothing but

woods and fields to bound the horizon. On we went and then the shades of the Dismal Swamp fell around us. The Swamp naturally suggested the famous poem which has given Lake Drummond a world-wide reputation. Alas, alas, I saw no "copper snake" nor yet a she-wolf; but as for the vine that

"Doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew,"

it drooped its three-leaved clusters from nearly every tree.

A refreshing breath from the sea poured into the hot car, and a blaze of reflected light told us that Norfolk was at hand. The next day was pleasantly spent in the city with school and college friends, and in the afternoon the steamer *Chatham* bore me down the harbor. We swept by the elegant Hygeia and between Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps, the latter lowering on our devoted vessel in a most threatening manner. The supper gong sounded at seven bells, to use the nautical phrase, and the saloon was soon crowded, the only time it was so on the voyage.

We left "the Capes" shortly after nine. Both lights were visible and between them lay the black expanse of the Chesapeake Bay; far down the coast a blur of light marked Virginia Beach, and the stars over all completed the picture. The disturbed water by our side and in the wake glowed with its phosphorescence, forcing one to think of Neptune and his fabled castle.

All the next day we were out of sight of land with nothing to attract the attention but the clouds and the tints and shades of the sea-water. Occasionally a sail would cross our field of view, but the excitement caused by the smoke of a steamer amounted almost to a panic. The captain, mates and waiters, were besieged with questions as to the stranger's nationality, owners, probable destination and similar topics. The day gradually drew to a close and after nightfall the whole ship's company gathered on deck and commenced to sing. The gentle dash of the waves blended with the voices giving

a soothing harmony as "Nancy Lee," "Larboard Watch," and similar songs rose on the air. It was still early in the night when after asking for the fiftieth time whether we were off New York, we sought our staterooms. Early in the morning I rose and went on deck. The steward told me that Martha's Vineyard would be seen in a short time and so I went to the bow to watch for it. Presently I saw a misty, cloudlike something lying on the water and as we approached, homes became visible, their white-washed sides standing in beautiful relief against the dark shore and above the greenish sea. The most interesting thing seen at the Vineyard was Mr. Wm. H. Astor's yacht. This came almost under our stern, then after staying near us long enough for us to see it well, continued on her course to Mt. Desert.

Cape Cod was the next land sighted, and for the greater part of the day we skirted this desolate strip, the "Tip-end of Yankeeland" as it has been called. The shore rose in perpendicular cliffs for a height of about twenty feet, and above them rose the rolling sand-hills covered by a thin coat of vegetation that gives the Cape its agricultural wealth, cranberries. The numerous light-ships along the coast and the United States life-saving stations constantly reminded us that we were off a dangerous shore. "Cape Cod folks" were seen in small fishing boats, little mackerel smacks and such craft. As we passed Chatham the captain blew a salute to his wife and a flag ran up to the top of a staff on one of the cottages in answer.

Westward we turned at last, and we soon saw that we were in the land of the Pilgrims. A tug passed us towing a schooner; the tug was the John Hancock, the schooner Winthrope. As we approached Boston such names became more common. Priscilla and Miles Standish passed us: a coasting brig and an excursion steamer respectively. The Pilgrim Fathers passed *en route* to Plymouth, and everything told us that the "Hub" was at hand. The gilded dome of the State House shone like a beacon, while the tall monument

on Charlestown Heights recalled the stirring scenes with which this city is connected.

We ran into our slip as soon as the returning steamer, *D. H. Miller*, got out. I went straight to the hotel at which I proposed to stay, the Quiucy, and was soon in comfortable quarters. It is useless to give or attempt to give a chronological account of all the things I noticed while in the city. Of course I saw the customary "sights" of the place, the Old South, with its collection of historical mementoes, the Common and Frog-pond, the State House with its flags borne by Massachusetts regiments during the civil war, and such things. In the Old South is a copy of the first newspaper printed in America. Its queer misshapen type, yellow paper, and odd advertising notices were in strange contrast to the *Herald*, by chance lying close beside it. In one of the old church windows is a large placard bearing this inscription :

Through this window came WARREN when he made his famous speech on the Boston Massacre.

On a gallery overlooking the church is painted :

On this gallery stood WASHINGTON, and, looking down into the church, which the British had used as a riding school, said : "I am surprised that the English, who have so much respect for their own churches, should have so little for those of others."

The Bunker Hill monument is rather disappointing, especially to one who has seen that in Washington. The top is reached by a winding stairway and from the summit the view is fine ; the three cities Boston, Cambridge and Charlestown being spread before the eyes. The price is low, only twenty cents, and one feels that he is doing a patriotic duty in climbing the disagreeable staircase.

Everyone who was at the Exposition in Philadelphia will remember the great picture of the siege of Paris. The same artist has painted a companion piece representing the battle of Gettysburg. It is a wonderful work. The picture is displayed in a circular building and as one enters he is in the Federal lines on top of Cemetery Hill. As far as the eye can

reach the long ranks of the Confederate armies fill the country. Wounded men are being borne to the rear and a field hospital is seen sheltered by a slight parapet of earth. Pickett's famous charge is the central group, and one can almost fancy he hears the shouts of commanders mingled with the roar of cannon. The real and the fictitious are so wonderfully blended that it requires close scrutiny to determine where the picture ends and the genuine works begin. I do not know the technical name for this style of painting, but it is very impressive.

But in a magazine article, one must not linger too long on one subject. It was then with regret that I took the Old Colony road to Newport. Fall River is the first point of interest at which the flying train pauses. Great granite cotton mills rise on every hand and the Southern staple is seen in the thousands of bales on the store-house floors. I spent a pleasant day in Newport, more pleasant on account of its being *the* fashionable seaside resort than for any other reason, and left on the well-known steamer *Bristol*, of the Fall River line. The appointments of this line are perfect as regards the comfort and safety of its passengers, its *cuisine* is unrivaled and its music all that can be wished. The whole vessel is lighted with Edison incandescent electric lights, and evidences of lavish expenditure are everywhere apparent.

Early in the morning I arose and went out. A mist hung over Long Island Sound, not heavy enough to make our course dangerous but only sufficient to obscure the view. This rose as we approached New York and the shores became visible. Flood Rock and its mines were passed, then Blackwell's Island chained our attention, not however as it has chained that of many a helpless inmate. The great sugar refineries were noticeable on the Brooklyn side, then the spires of Trinity, the Equitable and the *Tribune* till rounding a bend the Bridge eclipsed everything else. We passed Castle Garden, then up the North River to our slip and I felt that I was done with the "Land of the Pilgrims."

QUELQU'UN.

Advice

TO THE AUTHORS OF "AB UTRAQUE PARTE."

Ye students bright, who take delight
In following your sweet fancies,
Think not of the maid of the hoe and spade,
Nor of her who the german dances.
But go to work—not like a Turk
With "nargileh" or cigarette—
And on text-books keep steady looks
And honors then you'll win, "I bet."
With Wheeler dig like a working pig
For classic Grecian roots,
Or with Minor soar to legal lore
And delve in the Institutes.
This counsel sage, from one whose age
Might warrant such intrusion.
He knows full well the fatal spell
Of youth's too bright illusion.
'Tis an antidote to the blinding mote
That blears the student's vision.
'Twill make him see, not the bird in the tree,
But the priceless pearl of decision.
Then down to the work; the gifted can't shirk
Without marring a noble career.
Toy not with flowers, nor linger in bowers,
But rise to a loftier sphere.

SENEX.

EDITORS' TABLE.

To those interested in all things that pertain to college life and the development of the various talents and faculties that must necessarily go to make up the intellectual composition of men, the advancement of and increasing interest in College journalism must needs be a matter for congratulation. In the outside world, where men are brought face to face with the intricate problems of life, the literary profession is as distinctive in its methods of education and thought as the medical and legal professions. Its emoluments are as great, and fame, (not so meteoric perhaps in its brilliancy, but on that account the more enduring,) has awarded to the knights of the quill no small niche in the temple which she is said to reserve for her worthies and favorites. In fact the statesmen, soldiers and even doctors and lawyers are indebted to the author for the part they are permitted to play in the pages of the future. Unhappily, in the past, those who have founded and conducted institutions of learning have not seen fit to establish a separate chair for those designing to pursue the occupation of journalism, and thrown back on their own resources, college journals have been established in all the institutions of any importance. In many of these publications there is a large field for the reformer, but they in some measure serve the student in imparting the theories and observations conned in the lecture room and elsewhere. In these journals dealing with intricate questions of science, of whatever kind, is not advisable and well nigh impossible in a manner that is at the same time instructive and accurate. We would disparage all attempts in the pages of such journals to solve the knotty questions that have been in controversy since the dawn of reason, and will, in all probability,

remain so until that faculty is lost. Writers of such articles are seldom in a position to throw any new light upon subjects of this character, and only tend to verify the homely truth that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." In the critical field, in the "chambers of imagery" and in dealing with current questions, we may reasonably hope to contribute something new and original or at least serve in bringing important questions before the public eye. College weeklies and dailies can never hope for a healthy existence or useful career. If the student pays proper attention to his first and most important duties, he has no time to contribute to issues of such frequent publication. To our mind it would tend much to the progress and merit of college journalism to suspend such publications, to have monthlies in their place, containing articles well considered and well written that will not only tickle the fancy of the proud author but also command the permanent attention of an intelligent public.

If there be anything truly unique about this ancient and honorable institution, it is the complete isolation and sublime indifference that exist between it and its alumni. The one is never tired of singing the deeds of her illustrious sons and the other no doubt talks much of the glories and triumphs of his Alma Mater and will doubtless tell you in striking tones and with proud mien that it is "a grand old place," and right here, after this interchange of distant courtesies, the mutual obligations seems to cease. We would not omit to mention that once a year a mere handful of the struggling ones meet here for the purpose of eating a good dinner and electing an orator to address them the following year at the final celebrations, but after this remarkable manifestation of life, they subside in that blissful indifference from which the dinner or some other important cause has summoned them. As regards all the other large institutions in the country, time makes no difference in the ties that bind the alumni to the mother institution, un-

less it be to bind them closer together in the filial communion and affection that should exist. If a professor is to be elected the voice of the alumni is heard and in many cases respected; if financial aid is needed, it does not require begging from one pole to the other extreme, but an appeal to the alumni is never ineffectual and vain. The devout son of Princeton is considered as having irremediably failed in his duty unless he has done something for her material advancement, and "fair Harvard" never sends forth a son, unless it be one devoted to her and her interests. The alumni of these institutions have attained as much distinction as those of any other in the land, still they find time in high public capacities and amid the pressure of weighty business affairs to give some attention to the needs and progress of the fountains whence they drank of knowledge. That this state of things does not exist with us, is much to be regretted, but that it does not exist is eminently true. To whom censure is due we know not, but this we certainly know that the correction of the present state of affairs should be made, and made at once, by those with whom the fault lies.

An examination of the catalogue of the University will demonstrate the fact that only about four lines are devoted to the two literary societies that exist within its limits. With the progress and development of educational institutions these organizations have become so intimately, and we may add so essentially, connected as to form an important factor in the general system of instruction. In a country, such as we live in, where political distinction is the only distinction that is preëminently recognized and is most eagerly sought after, it is as necessary to train the student for public life and political capacities, as to teach him the beauties of literature, the mysteries of science or the comparative philology of language. In the great majority of cases they should receive the support of the faculties of the institutions in which they exist, not the

negative and passive support, but that active and hearty co-operation which their object merits in view of the great good they are capable of accomplishing in forming the life and thoughts of the student. It is to be regretted that in many cases they degenerate from the higher motives that should actuate them and become mere hotbeds of dissension and begetters of intrigue, but such results accrue not from the societies themselves and their original purposes, but rather from the peculiar complexion of their composition at certain periods. In themselves they contain nothing that should act to the detriment of their supporters and afford an opportunity for the training of those faculties that are necessarily neglected in other departments. We would suggest to the committee of the faculty that has the supervision of the catalogue that more attention and prominence be given them in that publication. Without any serious detracting to its present appearance, the names of the final Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the two societies, of the successful contestants for the medals, and other such details, might be inserted. We feel confident that in the past they have been allowed to pass with small notice, simply because the mistake has not been pointed out to the committee, and trust it may receive at their hands a correction that will be gratifying to those interested in the labors and objects of the two societies connected with the University.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS it has pleased the Guardian of men and the Disposer of their destinies to take from our midst W. J. SHEL-BURNE, JR., of Virginia—although it is at all times a matter of sorrow and regret to see one thus summoned by the fell destroyer, it is especially distressing to see a friend, with whom we are in daily communion, struck down in the days of youth and in the full development of his powers, we of the Law Class bow with humble submission to the will of the Giver of all good, and take this opportunity of expressing in public our sorrow at his loss. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in our bereavement we submissively accept the dispensation of our Heavenly Father who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That in his death we have lost a member who was distinguished by a disposition that rendered him dear to his friends and teachers.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased, feeling that his death is our loss as well as theirs.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, that they be recorded in the minutes of this meeting and published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

M. S. MACON,

GEO. WEISINGER SMITH,

JOHN S. MOSBY, JR., .

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from us our college-mate and brother, W. J. SHELburnE, JR., by sudden death on Tuesday, January 26, 1886, and whereas we recognized in him the talents which gave promise of a brilliant future and the virtues of a Christian manhood, be it

Resolved, That while we, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Virginia, deeply feel the loss of our deceased brother, we bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God. And be it

Resolved, That our warmest sympathy be extended to the bereaved family and friends of our brother in their affliction. And be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed in the minutes of the Association, be sent to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and to the family.

C. M. BLACKFORD,
F. J. JIGGITS,
C. C. COX,

Committee.

University of Virginia, Feb. 1, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of Lambda Chapter of the Phi Alpha Chi Fraternity held January 26, 1886, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our much beloved brother, W. J. SHELBURNE, JR., and whereas we recognize the hand of Divine Providence in this our sad affliction and appreciating his real worth both as a man and as a brother : therefore be it

Resolved 1, That in the death of W. J. SHELBURNE, JR., our Fraternity loses one of its most worthy members ; one who was always ready whenever and wherever duty called ; and one who was known, by all who came in contact with him, for his amiableness, brightness of intellect and gentleness of disposition.

Resolved 2, That this Chapter tender its most heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in their sad affliction.

Resolved 3, That a committee of four be appointed to accompany his body to its last resting place.

Resolved 4, That these resolutions be enrolled upon the minutes of this Chapter and a copy be sent to his family.

H. E. JONES,

D. A. WHITFIELD,

J. F. SLADE,

Committee.

COLLEGIANA.

It is with unfeigned regret that we feel called upon to call attention to certain matters pertaining to the Reading Room maintained by the Young Men's Christian Association. There is perhaps no feature connected with the University that affords at once so much pleasure and instruction, but this pleasure and instruction is not intended to be confined to one individual or any one set of individuals, yet notwithstanding this plain and well-known purpose sought after by its founders and supporters, certain unknown, and it were well if they remained unknown, persons seem determined to appropriate some of the reading matter to the exclusion of other members. Certain periodicals mysteriously disappear from its tables immediately upon their arrival, and as such things have not as yet acquired in themselves motive power, it is safe to affirm, that obliging mortals have aided in their disappearance. Now every member, laying aside the sublime selfishness displayed in this matter, is supposed upon becoming entitled to the privilege of membership, to be bound by a solemn oath to conform to the rules and regulations of the organization, so that the wrongdoers in this case not only do an injustice to others, but place their own honor in no very enviable light. If there be anything that tradition and reality have alike awarded to the University amid all the vicissitudes of fortune, it is the reputation for honor and probity that her students have acquired in all dealings not only with her official staff, but also among themselves. We would therefore call to the attention of the above mentioned persons that in this matter, they have not only their own honor at stake, but that of the institution of which they form a part, and which they have no right lightly to disregard and throw away. There are some

very ugly names that might be applied to the actors in this discreditable affair. Persons less courteous than ourselves might call it by the vulgar appellations of theft and stealing, but we prefer rather to attribute it to a thoughtlessness that is only too common in such affairs. From whatever motives or intentions it takes origin, it is a matter of such serious concern that it should be stopped at once in justice to all connected not only with the Reading Room but also with the University.

A propos of our remarks in the last issue of the MAGAZINE concerning a public debate between the two Literary Societies, as it seems that the session is now too far advanced to render that plan practicable and advisable, we have another to submit to the consideration of their members. To our mind, a very profitable feature and at the same time a very entertaining one might be established, if the monthly orators of the two societies were elected to deliver their orations on the same night, and if those orations were delivered in the public hall in the presence of a large audience. There are many considerations that tend to render this measure a good one and that should procure for it favorable action. It would insure on the part of the gentleman selected to fill the positions a more careful preparation both in subject-matter and in the delivery, which of itself adds no little to the effect of an oration. On the other hand nothing so encourages a speaker as a large and appreciative audience "to excite his fear and emulation." We can imagine even Chatham tame, if haranguing empty benches, and Demosthenes deprived of his usual fiery effect, if addressing only the storied columns of Athens. Not the least good to be derived from such a scheme, would be the bringing of the two societies and the public into closer relations, and thus serve to awaken a reciprocal interest, that is now singularly lacking.

We see from various sources descriptions of the installa-

tion in New Jersey, of Rev. Mr. Jones, who was lately among us, and is the son of the distinguished Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, Rev. J. William Jones.

The following extracts from one William Shakespeare, a poet of some local reputation, have recently been found at his old home of Stratford-on-Avon, and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has purchased, at great cost, the exclusive right of publishing them in this country:

1. He that steals his purse steals trash, but he that robs him of his good name takes something he never had.

2. Here I am in this poor sin-breathing world, scarcely made up or let alone.

3. He says he is so low and so lonely that the dogs refuse to bark at him. So, fellow-citizens, you may know he was low.

4. Man without money, none can he borrow, great is his sorrow and small is his credit.

Prof. of English (speaking of the genius, &c., of Chaucer): "Everything he laid his hands upon he made eminently his own!" (Applause.)

Query: If the "Father of English undefiled" had lived in the 19th century, would he have chosen a temporary residence in Sing Sing or would he have purchased a villa in the vicinity of Montreal?

The Rev. Mr. Needham has, during this month, been conducting a series of meetings in the chapel. He is a revivalist of some distinction. In April we are to have Moody, the most celebrated revivalist of the age, and it is to be hoped their united strength may be able to make some impression on this wide and wicked world.

One of the professors who lectures to the future destroyers

of man related the following experience and further says that after the many trials mentioned below, the sufferer still survives. The above mentioned gentleman relates that "once upon a time" a person having resolved to face the ills "we know not of," procured some poison, a box of matches and a rope. Having arrived at the spot selected for the great act, he took the poison, set fire to his clothes with the matches and having attached the rope to a tree overhanging the waters he placed it around his neck. The limb broke, he fell in the water, which extinguished the fire, and which making him sick he emitted the poison swam ashore and still lives. In denying all responsibility for the above we desire to say we wish this romantic gentleman long life.

IN CLASS.

I feel as one who walks alone
Beneath some moonlit sky,
And lists to the sighing tom-cat
On the neighbor's fence near by.

Or as the youth who lingers
Adown by the garden gate,
While some other handsome fellow
Is kissing charming Kate.

You ask what means this baulking,
This sadness in mine eye,
'Tis that I am here "caulking,"
And no steamer sitteth nigh.

What barred the claim of the five foolish virgins to be let in at the door? *Laches.*

We are sorry to note the departure of Mr. K. Although this was his first year at the University, Mr. K. in the short space of four months made an enviable reputation. Commencing with the M. A. course, branching off on the B. L., winding up on the M. D., and in all showing marked proficiency.

Mr. K. would have remained through the session and finished the remaining trifling subjects that are here taught in the nature of C. E. and M. E., etc., and returned home in time to put in his spring crops, had not his health failed. His medical adviser counseled a trip to the west, and when last heard from he had gone as far as Staunton. He asked us to use the pages of the MAGAZINE to suppress the report that he intended becoming a cowboy, and to state that he was only after a little romance. We hope this rumor will now be suppressed.

DREAM FACE (*Revised*).

Dreaming, I lay on my downy bed
 Where friendly hands had laid me;
 The fumes of whiskey had gone to my head—
 I couldn't have moved if you'd paid me.
 I thought of the vows I oft had made,
 How I'd broken them much to my sorrow;
 I'll never get drunk again, I said;
 I'll join the T. U. to-morrow.
 E'en as I spake there seemed to rise
 A shadowy form before my eyes:
 A face which made me tremble and shake—
 A face of Grecian mould;
 Around it writhed full many a snake;
 'Twas the face of Medusa of old!
 Though but the head appeared in the air,
 It chilled me to the bone.
 My agonized shrieks rang out in despair;
 I felt myself turning to stone.
 I raised myself, I know not how;
 Loud, loud, the angry serpents hiss!
 I fainted, but upon my brow
 I felt the Gorgon's stony kiss.
 How long I lay there, I cannot say,
 But now my heart is light and glad,
 The terrible face had vanished away;
 'Twas only *delirium tremens* I had.

One H., a future minister and of course innocent of man's carnal inventions, goes into the professor's office to have his

permit signed for a trip to a religious gathering, and sees, fastened to the wall a large *barometer*. Suddenly he grows pale, seizes his hat, exclaims, "Heavens, Professor! if that clock is right, I have only ten minutes left." And before he can be told that it is a different animal, all that was heard was the splitting of brick and the rattling of gravel.

On Sunday, February the 14th, the Rev. J. William Jones filled the pulpit of the chapel, and on Monday night delivered, in the Public Hall, before a large and surely an appreciative audience, an address on "The Boys That Wore the Gray." Vividly recalling the scenes, in which he himself was an actor, he told in glowing terms and speaking "trippingly on the tongue" the deeds of our hero band, whose best monument is their history. Joining together tragedy and comedy, he related how our soldiers talked and more especially how they fought. It was an evening of pleasure not soon to be forgotten, and we hope we shall have again our promised visit before a great while has elapsed.

Mr. M.: I am not fond of music. I would not walk across the room for Patti herself.

Mr. H.: Wouldn't you go for a *fat* oyster patty.

Mr. M. (with animation): No, I might if I '*Ad-a-lina* Patti.

Diogones Jones says:

That mud is thicker than water and the University students knoweth one another afar off.

That uneasy lies the head of him who longeth for a B. L.

That he who is pitched on calico falleth to a depth of misery unknown even to him who succeedeth not in Agriculture, Zoology and Botany.

That between evangelists, temperance lectures, Sunday —and Civil Service Reform, the Beli Hyena roameth not his jungle as of old.

That the man who goeth not to 143rd and 94th knoweth not law is an exact science, apprehended only by those whose heads are not of mud and port wine.

That the man who sweareth not, revileth not, curseth not bitterly the University sidewalks, will lead a procession along the streets of the New Jerusalem (Charlottesville) in which Job will bring up the tail end.

On Thursday, the 11th of this month, Rev. Mr. Taylor, Chaplain of the University, delivered an interesting lecture in the Public Hall, on "Rays from Rome." An addition to the lecture was the views presented to the audience by means of a magic lantern. The next lecture of the series will be delivered by Prof. Thornton, and we feel secure in promising a pleasant and instructive evening, and we only hope the attendance will be so large as the occasion is sure to merit.

Prof. of Engineering: Stress is the force brought to bear upon a body, and strain is distortion produced by it. Now, I don't care how much *stress* I put upon a body (the class for instance) just so I don't strain it too much.

Student to clerk in Richmond bookstore: "Have you a copy of the works of Horace."

Clerk, after looking among the bookshelves for some time: "No sir, I have not the works of Horace, but here is an *opera* by him."

A young lady in our community was recently aroused from her slumbers by hearing her sleeping sister say: "*Do* come down *just* as often as your studies will permit!"

Mr. L. (relating a visit to an elderly lady, who was a friend

of his mother): I just called for a few minutes and was in such a hurry I did not take off my overcoat, but in came Mrs. X's granddaughter, and I just tell you, gentlemen, I crawled out of that overcoat in two seconds and stayed six hours!"

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of corn,
 Make Kentucky whiskey
 And the morning horn.

--Ex.

Prof. C.: "Mr. R., why is typhoid fever called *enteric* fever?"

Mr. R.: "Well sir, I suppose because it *enters* the system."
 (Applause).

WANTED—TWO STUDENTS.

(*No Irish need apply*).

Wanted—Two students
 To flirt with in Spring,
 During the finals,
 Two up to the thing.

Wanted—Two students
 Handsome and tall,
 At the end of the session
 To go to the ball.

Wanted—Two students
 Who'll take us to drive,
 And who know all the ways,
 To make love (?) thrive.

Wanted—Two students
 A little bit fast,
 Who'll stay through the finals
 And flirt to the last.

If there are two such students,
 Who are ready for fun,
 Then write to Lucile
 And say when to come.

Mr. H., explaining the intricacies of conics to a fellow-student : "Now you see, you just let fall a perpendicular from the vertices of the triangle to the y_1 axis, forming three *quadrupeds*, and the area of the triangle is equal to one of these minus the sum of the other two.

The following has been given us by a member of the class of Engineering with the startling information that it is a joke that is a joke :

Mr. C. says the class in applied mathematics is *adiobatee*, because it neither takes in nor gives out anything !

Six months allowed on this, longer if necessary.

Books Received.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. *By Edwin Pears.* HARPER & BROTHERS. NEW YORK.

This is the latest contribution to Byzantine history. The author has spent many years at Constantinople, and there devoted much time to the study of his subject; and the result of his labors is before us in a handsome volume and a volume highly readable. In these days, when the Eastern question is one constantly threatening the peace of Europe, the subject handled in this work—the first great blunder committed by the West in dealing with the question—is one of great interest. The condition of the Empire at the time immediately preceding the Fourth Crusade is sketched, and the sketch is done in an exceedingly interesting manner.

Mr. Pears has succeeded admirably in throwing much light upon a subject involved in considerable obscurity. His handling of this crusade renders it manifest that he has given much time and persevering labor to the collection of materials, whereby he conclusively demonstrates that previous writers have made many and grave errors in their accounts.

However, his considerable prolixity of statement is somewhat to be regretted, inasmuch as it renders occasionally tedious a book which possesses many merits of high order, and a book which every student of history should read.

BEN-HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST. *By Lew. Wallace.* NEW YORK. HARPER & BROTHERS.

This book is one of the finest contributions to modern literature, and one destined to live long in American fiction. The style is exceedingly pleasant; and while reading it we live again in the time of the Cæsars. The author has succeeded admirably in the perilous task of bringing the Christ

into fiction, and with so much reverence has it been accomplished that the most fastidious Christian can take no exception thereto. The most striking scene in the book, perhaps, is the chariot race at Antioch, and one feels that no one but a lover of horses could have written so vivid a description. There is, however, almost too much of the miraculous in the book, but the interest remains unflagging, and we heartily recommend it to such of our readers as still have the pleasure of reading it before them.

RICHTER'S CHEMISTRY: A TEXT-BOOK OF INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. *By Prof. Victor von Richter*, University of Breslau. Translated by Edgar F. Smith, Professor of Chemistry, Springfield, Ohio. BLAKISTON & Co.

Recognizing fully the intimate relation existing between the laws that govern chemical phenomena and the phenomena themselves, and so interweaving these laws and their results that neither may be lost sight of while in pursuit of the other, Prof. Richter has produced an excellent text-book, and we take pleasure in recommending his work both to beginners and the more advanced students of inorganic chemistry. The physical as well as the chemical properties of the substances treated of are stated fully and explicitly thus making the work valuable for reference. As a translator Prof. Smith has done well, though in some places we must take exceptions to his definitions as not being altogether clear.

STUDENT LIFE IN SONG and COLLEGE SONGS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGES. OLIVER DITSON & Co. BOSTON.

These two collections of college songs are arranged in volumes neat in appearance and commodious in size, and should find a place on every student's shelves. Included in them we find not only the "old unforgotten lays," but songs from the German and English student-life. We may in after years, and in other places, hear strains far more scientific in their execution, but there is no music that will appeal to us in after times like the old familiar songs sung by comrade-voices, for truly then "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The publishers of these works are deserving of much praise for thus placing at the disposal of the college world so neat and well-selected an edition of college songs, for furnishing a text-book to a department not generally represented.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To Editor-in-Chief Virginia University Magazine :

DEAR SIR : It has come to me that I am generally credited with being the author of "Talla," a story which last year appeared as a serial in the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and later in pamphlet form. In justice to the author I feel myself called upon to contradict the report. At the time of its publication in these pages the authorship, I believe, was known to but two members of the editorial staff, Mr. B. H. Lee and myself. Whether the writer's motive for secrecy still exists or not is none of my concern ; but in making this denial I do not consider myself at liberty to disclose what was entrusted to me in confidence. CHAS. W. COLEMAN, JR.

February 9, 1886.

Among Our Exchanges.

The Lehigh Burr and the *Amherst Student* may be taken as very fair examples of a class of college journals that is prevalent in the smaller colleges of the North. This class of journals is almost unreadable to one beyond the pale of the college. No attention whatever is paid to the literary department, except a few articles of about a quarter of a page in length. The great staple of production is bad poetry and local jokes. We advise our contemporaries, with all kindness, to pay a little more attention to solid matter.

To the same class may be referred the *Brunonian*, from

Brown University, which aspires to the dignity of a tri-weekly. There is, however, a good deal to be commended in this journal, and we are glad to see it among our exchanges.

The Pennsylvanian is one of the best of our weekly exchanges, and keeps us well informed of what goes on in the college world. The last number contains a very interesting account of the origin of the Bowl Fight, which is the most unique college custom that exists in America.

We are always glad to welcome the advent of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. It is one of our best exchanges and does credit to its editors. We consider a magazine of this sort infinitely preferable to the pretentious weeklies and tri-weeklies, which contain nothing but the above-mentioned bad poetry and jokes.

The *Troy Politechnic* comes to us full of elaborate scientific articles, which though they may be very interesting to the engineer are rather too technical to suit the taste of ordinary reason.

The *Philomathian Palm* is still very young, and it is to be hoped that it will increase in wisdom and in stature. It contains an article entitled "Down with the Whiskey," which we think will coincide with the views of our friends of the W. C. T. U.

The *Varsity*, from the University of Toronto, contains some very entertaining and well written articles. Its style is quite different from that of American weeklies, and we are obliged to admit that it is an improvement on them.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, for January, is very creditable. It is the best of our Virginia exchanges, and we have nothing but good words for our sister journal. We are glad to see that the editors curb their poetic tendencies, and content themselves with good strong prose.

We have little to say of the *Rutgers Targum*, except to enquire if the pretty girl, who is represented on the cover as reading the *Targum*, lost her mind, or whether, by the prompt action of the physician, her sanity was preserved.

We make the following extract from the *Atlantis*, Central University, Richmond, Kentucky :

It would not only be interesting but instructive to our young writers to read carefully the last issue of the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. They would get from it many good hints for modelling their style of composition. We have always regarded the MAGAZINE as a model of its kind, because it affords such a wide scope for the display of invention and a variety of style among young writers.

Bric-a-Brac.

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy, yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy. "Are you lonesome?"—*Ex.*

"Does your family play ball?" was asked of a little shaver. "Me and mother does," he replied. "I bawl and she makes the base hits."—*Ex.*

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said:
'I'll go and paint the city red;'
And when the inky night had fled,
Rose from his hard and painful bed,
And said: 'Great Heavens! what a head.'"

Ex.

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, its important, of course, but it don't amount to anything without good batting."—*Ex.*

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

M. S. MACON, *Editor-in-Chief, Louisiana.*

F. R. LASSITER, - - -	Virginia,	W. H. BRYANT, - - -	Virginia.
E. B. HAYMOND, - - -	Virginia,	A. H. KING, - - -	Florida,
J. G. COVINGTON, <i>Business Editor, Kentucky,</i>			

OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

MARCH, 1886.

{ NEW SERIES
VOL. XXV—No. 6.

A Neglected Side of Education.

➤ DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS, three attempts have been made by English settlers in the Old Dominion to depict, for English readers, Virginia and the Virginians. The first was made by Miss Olney, in her book entitled *The New Virginians*. When we began reading the book, our indignation was stirred by the falsehoods it contains; but indignation soon passed into amusement, somewhat tintured with pity for the writer's folly. She had lived in a mountainous section of the State, in a region whose inhabitants are excellent, honest people; but uneducated, rude, with not even a little leaven of culture and refinement. And these people she describes as representative Virginians, nor does she fail to indulge in many gibes and jeers at the F. F. V.s. Her gullibility seems to have afforded ample scope for the entertainment of the natives; as she gravely narrates many wonderful yarns with which they had imposed upon her. She still lives at Charlemont, in Bedford county; and some wanderer, five years after the appearance of

her book, created a sensation in the community by carrying to it the first information of the publication.

The second attempt was made by a Mr. Bradley, a son of the present Dean of Westminster. Mr. Bradley wrote, some two years ago, for the *Fortnightly Review*, two articles, with the title "A Social Study of our Oldest Colony."* To them, too high a meed of praise cannot be given. They represent us as we are, with our virtues and our foibles; and are eminently deserving of their rather ambitious title. Mr. Bradley is never unjust, and inclines to liberality; though his articles have given much offence.

And now we have the last of the three attempts, made in the *Fortnightly Review*, for January, by Mrs. Nicholl, a sister of Mr. Bradley, in an article with the title, "Impressions of a Modern Arcadian." She displays a spirit by no means so as that friendly of her brother, and her unfriendly criticisms have raised something of a storm. By way of appeasing the wrath of her neighbors, Mrs. Nicholl explains that this article was published without her knowledge or consent, and that it is made up from letters written several years ago to an uncle in England.

A short extract from it has been going the rounds of the Virginia press, and it is this extract that suggests to us our subject:

Speaking broadly, and speaking only for that section of Virginia with which I am acquainted, there is in all classes, with a few noteworthy exceptions, a conspicuous lack of that intellectual vitality which more or less animates communities elsewhere. Here one may go from house to house and rarely see a book, except, maybe, a stray "dime" novel, or in some old family mansion the remains of what may once have been a fine library, imported from England a century ago. There is more deadness on the point of self-cultivation than it is easy to imagine. The boys and girls leave school, and the knowledge supposed to be acquired there seems to drop from them like a useless cloak. As for the boys—well, if the young Englishman may be justly accused of wasting too much time in sport and athletic exercise, his Virginia contemporary may with equal justice be accused of wasting fully as much time in riding from one neighborhood to another gossiping, tea drinking (except that his beverage is more probably coffee) and gallanting

*These articles were reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*.

young ladies. As for the girls, the aim of their lives appears to be to have a good time. When they fail in accomplishing their object they languish, and consider themselves fairly entitled to the compassion they receive. Every rule has its exception, but in this case the exception occurs all too seldom. Notwithstanding the poverty which reigns in most Virginia households, it is rare indeed when the daughters of the house are expected to take any active part in the domestic toils. Their duties are deemed all fulfilled by sitting in the parlor, attired too often in a manner altogether out of proportion to the family means, and the exceeding simplicity of surroundings, and chatting to their beaux. Into the sanctity of this parlor no married or elderly woman dares to penetrate. As much care is taken to isolate the young people as we in England take to provide them with chaperones.

Numerous indignant denials of the truth of these charges have made their appearance in various papers in the State, but we have seen no acknowledgment that there is any truth in them.

We desire to notice a few of the charges, though not in the order in which they are made. And we beg to state, at the outset, that nothing unpleasant we may say about the ladies is intended to apply or could be applied to any one of the dear creatures who may read this.

We have a large acquaintance, highly valued and highly valuable, in many parts of Virginia, and know that whereof we do speak.

Mrs. Nicholl is, we are happy, for the sake of the girls, to say, rather unjust to our girls. That for the girls as a class "the aim of their lives appears to be to have a good time," we hold to be most true. But when their daily lives are observed, we find that here, as often, appearances are deceitful; and that there is a most respectable minority of girls to whose untiring energy and noble worth and skillful hands is due much of the comfort and brightness and happiness of their homes. We do not think that she was deceived by appearances in the case of the majority; but then we think this fault of frivolity a characteristic of girls rather than a peculiarity of Virginia girls. (By the way, we can not rise to the height of *Virginian*, as the adjective). That "into the sanctity of this parlor, no elderly or married woman dares to

penetrate" is too strong a statement ; though here she seems right, on the whole. We have often felt and expressed a regret that our parlors should so seldom be graced by the presence of the older ladies ; and that they do rarely appear is a fact admitted while lamented. As for ourselves, there are no homes whose hospitality is so grateful to us as that of those in which the older people honor us by seeing us at other places than the table.

And now, at last, the reader shall have a few words on the subject to which we intended to devote a few pages. We do not think that "a conspicuous lack of intellectual activity" exists in our midst ; but rather that the activity is too much in one direction, is too much turned towards the practical, to the getting of money, to the pursuit of specialties. Not that we would underrate any of these, but that our people overrate them. We have in us too much that marks the Philistines and too little that is characteristic of the people of *Geist*. Of all the girls whom we know in Virginia (and we know many whose charms would attract attention anywhere) there are only three of whom we can say that we believe they read books other than novels, and read them to gratify a desire for knowledge and to elevate themselves. ("The stray 'dime' novel" is intended to refer, of course, to the cheap form in which so many valuable novels are now published).

But how is it with our young men ? Are they any better ? Do we find that they do more in this respect ? We shall speak here only of the men immediately around us. We are acquainted with a large number of men now studying here ; we know three-fourths of those who could be suspected of doing any unnecessary reading. And — er — a — well, ah ! — we do not have any hesitation in affirming that there are not ten students now at the University who during the last five months, have read fifty books, an average of ten pages a day, apart from their text-books and works of fiction ; nay, we do not believe we need except other than text-books and trashy works of fiction.

To this statement there are two replies possible. The

first, that it is not true. And in support of this, we should be delighted to have the ten men produced. The second, that our students are worked so closely that it is impossible for them to find time for reading. But the instances are rare in which this excuse can be fairly alleged ; and, even in these cases, the fault is that of the students themselves, who have voluntarily undertake to do more work than they can properly perform.

Let them try a little general culture ; they will find that it will sweeten their lives, give an added zest and a greater power for their ordinary duties, make them better and broader men.

But we are dropping into platitudes and shall stop.

R. L. KIMMEL.

Sheherezade.

From the stately Hall of Judgment,
Where thy suitors bend the knee,
At the towering throne where thou sittest alone
In thy pride of Majesty ;
Where thy courtiers and thy captains
Tremble at thy lightest breath,
Where thou settest thy seal or for woe or for weal
And commandest life and death ;
On the heavy air of even
Swell the trumpets' mournful blast,
And the shuddering strain sounds an echo of pain
In my heart that beats so fast ;
For it tells me thou art coming,
In thy royal pomp and pride ;
Thou wilt bear me away, till the dawning of day,
Hailed by all the Caliph's bride.

Though the hundred trumpet voices
 Prophecy the morrow's doom,
 Shall I shiver or shrink from the shadowy brink
 Of the dark and voiceless tomb?
 Though thy blade be fine of temper,
 And its shining sweep be wide,
 Be it ever so fine, yet the cunning is mine,
 That shall turn its edge aside.

When the sun of Allah rises,
 And my death is very nigh
 Thou shalt choose to delay, though the coming of day
 Bring the time for me to die.
 In the rainbow web of fancy,
 That my art shall spin for thee,
 As a prisoner led by a glittering thread,
 So shalt thou my captive be.

But if, in the rosy morning,
 The words of doom be said;
 If the coming of light bring the tomb's endless night
 To thy last and latest wed,
 Guard thyself, O cruel Caliph!
 If thou wouldst not be my guide
 O'er the river of wrath, on the cimeter-path¹
 That spans hell's seething tide.

For the slender golden serpent
 Wrought this snowy arm to clasp,
 Though a bauble it seem but to glitter and gleam,
 Hides the venom of the asp!
 If its deadly fang but prick thee,
 Though thou scarce shalt feel it smart,
 Thou shalt hardly draw breath ere the angels of death²
 Shall forever still thy heart!

* * * * *

Hark! what solemn tones are floating
 Downward through the darkling air?
Lla Allah il Allah! Lla Allah il Allah!
 The muezzin's call to prayer!
 And the city's swelling murmur
 Sudden ceases at that call,
 And the hurrying feet stop in every street,
 And a hush is over all.

Shall I kneel and pray like others?
 Bend the neck and hide the face?

But a woman am I, born to suffer and die,
Without hope of heaven's grace !
In the pleasant vales of Eden
Shall my spirit never rest ;
Nor upon the dark air of the Land of Despair
Shall I wail with souls unblest !

* * * *

On the heavy air of even
Swells the trumpets' mournful blast,
And the shuddering strain sounds an echo of pain
In my heart that beats so fast,
For it tells me thou art coming
In thy royal pomp and pride,
Thou wilt bear me away till the dawning of day,
Hailed by all the Caliph's bride !

HALID.

1"*Cimeter-path.*" In the Mohammedan Cosmos, hell is represented as a frightful abyss separating heaven and earth, the sole means of passing from the latter to the former is a bridge formed by the keen upturned edge of an immense Saracen cimeter, whose curved blade reaches from shore to shore. On this exceedingly narrow way the spirits of the dead must walk, and any that are not able to maintain a footing (something possible only to the pure in spirit), take an involuntary header into the flaming depths below.

2"*Angels of Death,*" in the plural, because the Mohammedans provide themselves with two, being more liberal in this respect than Occidentals.

The Grasshopper in Literature.

TO THE FIELD OF CORN, rather than to the field of literature, we are accustomed to turn for information about this jumping, orthopterous insect of the genus *gryllus*. But from the latter field much information and many grasshoppers may be gleaned, as well as from the former.

The subject is one that has been strangely neglected ; and

I myself have not devoted many years to its study ; so that I can hope for no higher distinction than that of being pioneer in a work which must soon attract the attention of those able minds now engaged in the endeavor to learn how many tri-brachs were used by Sophocles in his lost tragedies. So dense, indeed, is the prevailing ignorance upon this important subject, that there are to-day not a few who are unable to distinguish between the very meanings of the words *grass-hopper*, *clod-hopper*, *mill-hopper*.*

Should the result of my labors appear unsatisfactory to any reader, I shall comfort myself by recalling this conversation between two negroes, concerning the negro who was chairman of the last Republican national convention :

"Mr. Lynch am de bigges' man in de worl'."

"He aint bigger'n Gawd, is he?"

"Naw, but den yer mus' 'member dat Mr. Lynch am young yit."

We begin at the beginning, when even hash was as yet unknown to the suffering boarder. It is well known that the poet of the organ-grinder was inspired by the gleefully anticipatory statement of the grasshopper that sat on a fence surrounding a field of budding wheat, joyfully rubbing upon each other his tabouret-frames of wings, and cheerily chirping, "In this wheat by and by." This was in the year 16 B. C., (Before Creation), and since that time the words have been the refrain of a song sung to many sufferers, and ground by many grinders.

Scarcely less familiar, and of scarcely less antiquity, is that pathetic song, "The grasshopper sat on the sweet-potato vine," wherein is related the tragic fate of said grasshopper all gobbled up by a greedy gourmand of a gobbler. After a careful investigation, we are inclined to attribute the words of this song to Tubal-cain, 107 Anno Mundi, and its air to

*Many of these men are to be found in Russia, and some even in cultivated Germany.

Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."*

The fate of Jubal should serve as an awful warning to those who in these days recklessly pursue the path trodden by him. In the year 109, he was attacked by an enraged mob, armed with nest-eggs (a then recent invention to delude the too credulous and confiding hen), and these porcelain missiles soon transferred him to a wider theatre for the exercise of his talents. He was cordially received by the delighted Sovereign of Sheol, who has since kept him employed in the composition of airs to be sung by University Glee Clubs, for the torment of the guiltiest of lost souls.†

Methuselah, wearied with his many years and with his two hundred and forty-three wives, had a pretty hard time of it. That he might have at least one peaceful day in the week, on Friday evening he locked up his helpmeets in one large room. Their fondness for talking led them to organize for talking purposes, and thus originated the debating society.

At the first meeting, the question committee reported three questions, which are debated by similar societies even unto this day: "Was the execution of Mary Stuart justifiable?" "Is the pen mightier than the sword?" "Was the turkey-gobbler justifiable in picking the grasshopper off the sweet-potato vine?"

So many arguments have been adduced in support of either side of this last question, so many volumes have been written upon it, that I shall postpone its consideration for a separate article.

We find him at the siege of Troy, chirping at the Scæan gate, and with his strident strains urging on to wondrous deeds of valor the mighty host of Priam's fated city.‡

The winter 584-3, B. C., was the severest of which history makes mention, and was especially fatal to the grasshopper.

Mr. Æsop, who was then in charge of the Signal Service Bureau, has recorded in heart-rending language the sorrows and sufferings of one grasshopper. The whole earth lay buried

*Genesis, IV, 21.

†Dante, Inferno, XI, 137.

‡Iliad, III, 151.

beneath an avalanche of snow, the grasshopper sat in the field, shivering with cold, clad in no raiment save his summer clothes, and reduced to a skeleton by starvation. The howling hyperborean blasts drowned his loud lamentations. The soup-houses were all closed. He had drawn his rags about him and had lain down to die. Then, as a message from heaven, there flashed through his mind the scriptural injunction, "Go to the ant." He went, and, with honeyed words, began his piteous plaint: "O, Ant, I dote"—But his protestation of affection was wilfully misunderstood and rudely cut off by the wealthy miser: "I'm no antidote for your laziness," said she, "get out of here, you lazy, good-for-nothing creature. I don't want any tramps hanging around my back yard."

Even when reading this story in the garbled version of the Second Reader, our sympathies were with the grasshopper. He lived through the winter, but he departed from the way of the righteous, became a second Bob Ingersoll, and delivered a course of lectures the next summer upon "The Unreliability of Scripture."

That Tithonus was metamorphosed into a grasshopper is a well known fact, attested by writers both ancient and modern, and disputed by none save Tennyson, in his poem, "The Grasshopper." The old fellow was getting so weak that Eos feared she might soon lose, not only his lamentations, but also his assurances of love; and that she might be reminded of the latter always and everywhere, she gave him the new form.

Xenarchus knew that only the males make the clamorous rabble, and that the females are silent, as is shown by his old chestnut in a new burr: "But aren't the grasshoppers a blessed race of beings, since their wives can make never a noise?"

Tennyson pays his respects to the grasshopper in other places than in the poem already mentioned; as,

"At eve the dry cicada sung."

There has been no little dispute as to why the poor fellow was dry. Two explanations have been offered. The first, that he

lived in a local-option community; this, however, is unsatisfactory, as he would have procured his liquor from a neighboring town. The second, that he was a member of the T. U. This, too, is insufficient, as he would have fallen suddenly ill, and found a "drunk" necessary for recuperation. I think I have found the true explanation: he had been recently interviewed by the chairman of the faculty.

Our editor-in-chief has in training a chorus of grasshoppers which is destined to bring about between these animals and literature a connection even more close than that which now exists. This chorus is to assist, at our next finals, in the rendition of that *chef d'œuvre* of F. R. L., "Beloved, I Adore Thee."

TETTAE.

Rondeau.

Encore une fois—words saddest, yet most sweet
That love's pale lips can utter, if they greet
The all too early morn, our last embrace
Beseeching of thee lingering kisses' grace,
No richer syllables than these may meet.

Or if wan lover at his mistress' feet
To listless ears soul-risen vows repeat,
But, ere he turns, gaze long upon her face

Encore une fois,

I ween no pathos shall so well entreat
His mistress for him—not his passion-heat
Nor aught of grief—but that he brings his case
Before the last tribunal. Who can trace
Your magic and your melody complete,

Encore une fois?

Macaulay.

A man of virtue and genius is but a man.—*Macaulay.*

N LOOKING at some of the great actors of the ages and times that are gone, we are at times not a little puzzled to decide which particular virtue to admire most in the many-sided character that is presented for our observation. If Cæsar was preëminent as a soldier and leader of warring hosts, it should never be lost sight of that probably no man of his day was his equal as a statesman, and that no statesman probably ever made so many important changes, nay reformations, in the government of his country and times. The deathless leader of the French legions was as astute in matters of state as he was ingenious and courageous on the field of battle. A despot in the council of war, he was a sage in the cabinet. And a portion of the people of this country to-day live under the code of laws that his brain devised and hand excuted. To these personages of many-sided and various accomplishment belongs Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay. Had he not preferred eminence in the field of literature, he might have been preëminent in the domain of politics. Men are still living who have heard, when the "morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Commons" the enthusiastic cries in the lobby: "Macaulay is up," and have listened to those sonorous and well-balanced sentences that were indicative of the clear and unclouded intellect whence they emanated.

It is much to the credit of English statesmen, in general, that they have always found time amid the struggles of partisan warfare, to devote valuable time to literary labor and thus make contribution not only to the material advancement of mankind, but to the empire of the mind, which endures when the principalities and empires of earth have vanished into

nothingness, and add other chapters to the great satire on the vanities of human power. Burke, the orator, is forgotten in the enduring works of Burke, the author and philosopher, and Macaulay, the earnest, thoughtful statesman, claims but little attention from the average observer in comparison with Macaulay, the essayist, poet and historian. In his character as poet and essayist he must at present be chiefly considered, for we have neither the space nor presumption to attempt to decide his position in the light of history. If he had never written the most entertaining annals of the deeds of our ancestors, and told us how the bark, freighted with the great founder of constitutional rule in England, was wafted into the harbor at Greenwich, if he had never told us how stoutly fought the twin gods at the battle by the Lake Regillus, his essays would entitle him to be ranked among the foremost thinkers and authors of his own or any other country. In his essays he has left no field untilled, and he has in each department shown himself such a master of that particular subject that he well-nigh leads the reader to believe that he has delved in that alone. The character of the man is so legibly written in this department of his literary labors that we can hardly fail to read it between the lines. While he differs widely, not perhaps in the subject of his essays, from the modern English essayists, he is to our mind immeasurably their superior. Carlyle, indeed always forcible and strong both in matter and expression, seems to have worshiped his German idols, until he has sought to revolutionize the structure of his own language, and, as it were, substitute Berlin for London. So intensely German in studies and methods of thought and expression, he forgets that he must appeal to English minds and English methods, and enjoys the individual distinction of having written the English language in a foreign tongue. Like unto the knotty and knarled monarch of the forest he attracts attention by the deformities that disfigure it, but nevertheless is often splendid and massive. Macaulay, on the other hand, was eminently English, not only in his manner of

thought and mode of giving expression to it, but even in the choice of his subject.

If we read the inimitable essays of DeQuincy, amid the ornate lines that his genius penned on immortal pages, ever appears to haunt us, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, the poor slave of opium, meanly clad and his person ill kept. If we read the beautiful dreams of Byron, culled from the "chambers of Imagery," still we see the passionate youth beginning life in wrong to end it, as he himself has said, in misery. But if we read the pages of Macaulay, no ghost of the past arises to blot out with daring hand from our vision, the noble sentiments and classic sentences. Behind all is the sturdy man, pure in life, lofty in purpose, who had so borne himself in all his high places that even "envy could deny him no title to glory." It must always be a matter of much satisfaction, when we read lines that appeal to head and heart, to know that the life of the man whose genius originated them, reflects back the creed he preaches. To this strong characteristic of earnestness and morality, combined with the respect which they naturally command from men, more than anything else, perhaps, Macaulay owes the great favor that he enjoyed among his contemporaries and which half a century has not in any wise diminished. After passing through the usual curriculum course of English college education, with more than usual honors, he devoted himself to literature, and contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; but in 1825, the year in which he received the degree of M. A., he produced his essay on Milton, which was the first to be published in the *Edinburgh Review*, the journal with which he was most intimately connected. We of to-day can little realize the position and influence of such journals as the above mentioned, on the public mind of their times, but a glance at Byron's "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," will plainly demonstrate how the authors of that day winced under the criticism of an able pen. The *Edinburgh Review* was at that time high above all others in merit and favor, and thus became the *Ulti-*

ma Thule, as it were, of the young scholar's and author's ambition. The appearance of the essay on Milton at once won its author a high place among men of letters. It is not only the best critical essay to be found among his works, but we seriously doubt if its equal is to be found in the language. For criticism, Macaulay was peculiarly adapted. His education had been literary, and the hours that other students of equal industry spent over mathematical problems and mysteries, he had passed in the enviable society of classic books, selected with care and judgment. After his graduation from the university, he had mastered nearly all the European languages of literary importance and become acquainted with their choicest secrets. Therefore no familiarity with his own literature and that of foreign tongues was wanting that tireless industry and a far-reaching intellect could accomplish. Although he had made numerous minor contributions to magazines, "Milton" was the first to attract merited attention and give play to those magnificent powers that not only grasped the subject for their own splendid mind, but has made them plain and delightful to men of lesser parts. We are persuaded that the blind but sublimely epic bard has never been so justly criticised and so duly appreciated. Any superficial dabbler in literary matters will tell you with the sublimated air that usually graces pretentious ignorance that Milton is the greatest of English epic poets; but if it were possible to bring the computation down to the exactness of figures, it is fair to state that not one person in five thousand has read his complete works, and even a less number have read them intelligently. The fact is, a large amount of information as regards the great body of English literature is necessary in order to read his works with anything like a due appreciation of them. On every page of Macaulay's criticism there is that minute dissection and that acute discrimination that denotes the student and intelligent interpreter of the poets' genius. Not with fulsome flattery, the ever concomitant of ignorance, has the great essayist gone to his task,

but with rare discrimination he has set forth on his ever brilliant pages the excellences and faults of him who "touched the deep-toned shell." With eminent perception and truth he says of the poet.

"We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it was not only not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance."

No better description, perhaps, could be drawn of the mysterious genius, that has appealed with so much intensity to the "select few" who have the industry to seek out in the vast store-house, that his powers have bequeathed to posterity, the treasures of his mind. Of the character of Milton he has said: "Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed the pleasure of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the songs of the Syrens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendor, the solemnity and the romance which enchanted the poet." Any one familiar with the history of this period cannot but know how bravely and ably the blind bard championed the cause of freedom, and out of his very blindness flashed the light, that enabled our ancestors to read the first records of English freedom. Those who intend to look with any care and discernment into the priceless pages of the poet, can find no better preparation than that contained in the pages of the essayist. Forcibly and clearly he has presented Milton, not as the imagination of ignorant persons would perhaps desire him, but as Milton really was. The poet, essayist and statesman stands forth in living colors,

painted by a masterly hand. No better guide than Macaulay can be found to lead the wanderer through the labyrinths that the poet has woven. By slow degrees leading his reader up to the ultimate goal, he spreads the subject before him so intelligently, that when the book is closed he understands the subtleness of the mind that has charmed a few, to mystify thousands.

While it is extremely difficult to select any best where an author has done all so well, we should say that Macaulay is most peculiarly at home in biographical essays. A memory capable of retaining even the smallest and most insignificant minutiae, an industry that delved deeply in all departments of letters, a power of comprehension that has been the wonder of his successors, a faculty for acquiring information that has never been surpassed, rendered him peculiarly adapted to this branch of literature. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing the essay on "Warren Hastings" to be in clearness of conception, exuberance of thought and elegance of expression, the finest biographical criticism in the language. For this duty his sojourn in the government service in India rendered him eminently qualified. How he improved the opportunities of observing the character and customs of the people of India, his work affords abundant evidence. With as keen perception into the characters of men and nations as he possessed in regard to the merits and demerits of authors, no fitter pen than his could have been found to describe the government and impeachment of the "great proconsul" as he presented himself at the bar of his accusers. The annals of no nation contain mention of a more memorable trial than that in which during eight years the foremost talent and learning of the age was arrayed against the greatest viceroy that the British Empire has ever sent to rivet the chains on a conquered people. At the time of the trial on either side was arrayed the prejudices and passions of people to an extent that we at this distance of time can hardly realize or understand; but when Macaulay wrote his famous critique just sufficient time had

elapsed to enable him to write impartially of the great controversy, yet it had not occurred so far in the past as to be regarded with sluggish indifference. With a thorough acquaintance with the subject, he has gone back into the mysteries and intricacies of oriental history, and has succeeded in drawing aside the curtain of ignorance that has long made the land of the sun known only to the curious and occasional student of Indian history. No detail has been considered too insignificant that may aid in understanding the history of Warren Hastings and the manners and characteristics of the subjects, whom he had so ruled that "all had feared him and most had loved him," have been so plainly set forth as to be intelligible to even the most cursory reader. Some parts of this composition are perhaps the most beautiful specimens of English to be found in the whole body of the language. In his description of the trial before the bar of the House of Lords he has excelled in eloquence the orators whose virtues he seeks to commemorate. In language ornate without degenerating into bombast, beautiful without being a mere jingle of sonorous words, he has so graphically presented the scene, we can not refrain from calling attention to several passages of special merit. Of the most distinguished gathering that perhaps any court ever witnessed, where talent, genius, beauty, age and youth, had combined to grace the scene, he says:

"There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with admiration on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Veres; and when before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa." If space would permit we might continue to quote from this part of the essay, for we consider that

no better and at the same time no more ornate specimen of the language exists. Even at this lapse of time it must be of interest to read a description of the personal appearance of the great man, who, after that most memorable legal struggle, baffled his accusers or rather persecutors. Of him Macaulay has said :

“He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage, which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but resolute, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*.” Laying aside for the moment any particular considerations of style as regards the methods of composition, we are confident that Macaulay more than anyone else has the true conception of Hastings’ character and the degree of his culpability. He has not indiscriminately dealt out blame and praise, but he has bestowed both where they were most appropriate and most deserved. He has not presented Hastings as a monster nor as a demi-god condemned for a certain time to tarry on this terrestrial sphere, but he has drawn a man of real flesh and blood, with his many faults and great virtues, but amid them all a great man. Of Macaulay’s power of satire we find more than ample exemplification in his review of John Wilson Croker’s edition of “Boswell’s Life of Johnson.” In this venture we are somewhat afraid he allowed himself to swerve from his usual path of just and impartial criticism, but nothing is more certain than that a great part of the censure must have been deserved. Mr. Croker seems to have fallen into the most unpardonable errors as regards dates and facts, and Macaulay has left no stone unturned that might bring to light the mistakes he has committed. The effect this scathing criticism produced upon the distinguished editor may be gleaned from the correspondence of Macaulay, in which he

refers to the vicious glances and angry stare fixed upon himself, by Mr. Croker, from his seat in the House of Commons. He opens the vial of his wrath and pours the vitrol first on the offending head of Mr. Croker and gives the by no means small remainder to Mr. Boswell. For our part, we are more than gratified to see the lashing that the arch parasite receives, and the blows his pride endured at the hands of Dr. Johnson are only exceeded by the drubbing dealt by the pen of Macaulay. But even here, where passion it would seem has in some measure influenced him and his strong, manly, sturdy nature bursts forth in contempt at the pusillanimity of the the hanger on, his own sense of justice asserts itself and he tells us frankly, howsoever strange it may seem, that this parody on human nature has written the finest biography in our language. With the grace of Horace and the bitterness of Juvenal, he has laid bare, in prose hardly less beautiful than their metric lines, the mistakes of one and the littleness of the other. No work of his, better than the one under consideration, demonstrates the versatility of his genius and the researches of his industry. At one time we find ourselves in the midst of a philippic, severe and merciless in its parts, and when this has gone just far enough to be interesting without wearying the attention of the reader, we are lead into most pleasing biogaphical sketches of the "Great Chans," like varying hues amid the clouds and sunshine of an April day. If we had any enemies, and I trust we have none, we would like to perpetrate something just like this at his expense, and we feel confident that he would meet the fate of the man pursued by the pungent lines of the Grecian poet. The wrongs, which he accused Croker of having done Boswell in his notes, are more than revenged by his own merciless onslaught on the perpetrator of them. And so anxious is he to put Croker to shame, that he even attempts in a measure to make excuses for that contemptible collection of clay congregated and humanized under the name of Boswell. But amid all the dislike that a man of his sturdy manhood would naturally feel for the character of a cringing parasite, he has, in the main, meted

out to him even-handed justice. In sharp and pointed lines, full of force and pith, he has summed him up as follows :

"Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was the smallest man that ever lived and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect.

"* * * * Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London ; so curious to know everybody who was talked about, that, Tory and High Churchman as he was, he manœuvred, as we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine."

After perusing a few such passages we feel that we can readily understand the amazement of Macaulay that this man should have written the greatest of biographies. We cannot attempt to quote at length the many apt and appropriate opinions expressed by the essayist in regard to this extraordinary biographer, but suffice it to say that no better description of Boswell adorns the pages of literature than that drawn by Macaulay, mingling, as he does, his virtues, if he had any save the great work he has left us, and his many and contemptable vices. In the above brief review we have attempted to lay before our readers typical extracts from the subjects treated of by the great author, not indeed in the hope of doing anything like justice to his thoughts, and their exquisite transfer from the "tablets of his mind" to well-written pages, but in the hope of doing honor, even in our humble sphere, to a man whose intellect, character and life-work alike command the admiration and respect of the civilized world. It is needless to state that no adequate judgment can be formed of his splendid powers by the above meagre outline, a true conception of his great ability can only be formed from reading and rereading his works.

It is not our intention and is not our purpose to attempt

to controvert any theories or to defend any doctrines he may have advanced in any of his many essays, but the style of their composition comes more properly within our province. As regards style, we have no doubt that he has had few equals and no superiors in the history of languages, ancient or modern. In his pages may be seen the smooth and pure flow of language for which Addison was famed. There, too, one may find all the force and terse thoughts of Thomas Carlyle, without the unpleasant ruggedness of expression produced by the extreme liberties taken with the language by that author. He, to our mind, succeeded in striking the happy mean between the styles of these two notables, and in thus presenting specimens of prose that instruct and charm at the same time. With all his vast resources of mind and unparalleled familiarity with all branches of knowledge, he has so written that the simplest mind may read him, and, what is better, read him intelligently, yet no degree of cultivation and study can so far elevate the mind of the learned that they cannot find food for reflection in his pages. He has been accused of an excessive use of antithesis, but his sentences, like the scales of strong-armed justice, attract admiration from their very balanced construction. The antithesis of Macaulay is peculiarly his own, and we forget in the ornate beauty with which they are clothed the monotony that would perhaps otherwise be produced. But even in such a master as Macaulay we cannot but expect that critics will find matter to censure, for the term might with justice be applied to himself that he used in reference to another man of letters no less distinguished when he said, "A man of virtue and genius is but a man." It cannot be expected, and we doubt seriously if it is to be desired, that any writer should be without those caviling critics ever ready to point out the mistakes of genius without being able to share its triumphs, and Macaulay has come in for no small share of criticism in regard to his literary achievements. Amid all, however, neither time nor criticism has decreased his fame or detracted from his reputation, and his labors will ever be an important link in the chain that binds nations together in the indissoluble em-

pire of mind. Spotless as a man and a Christian, learned and erudite as a scholar, thorough as a reader and a student, forcible, perspicuous and eloquent as a writer, he stands an eternal monument to the achievements possible when intellect, energy and, above all, industry combine to control the thread the fateful sisters spin. The orator may study his pages with profit, for never has tongue uttered language more eloquent and yet forcible than his pen has traced. The student may there find the knowledge that is said to lead to power, and the author may there cultivate a style that will attract readers, like voices of the Syrens luring the mariner to the fatal shore. With every ingredient that invites enduring fame, his works will ever find a place on the shelves of cultured and thinking people, and be read when, as he himself has gracefully said of another subject, "some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Of him as a poet we shall find occasion to speak hereafter. M.

Her Ruddy Cheek.

Her ruddy cheek I fain would print,
 Where beauteous shows that dimple's dint,
 With one wee, softly taken kiss,
 So slyly done, she'd never miss,
 The stolen sweet; but how begin 't?

Her heart, I'm sure, is not of flint,
 But then her eyes—at slightest hint
 Of danger they would guard, I wis,
 Her ruddy cheek.

Of hope, alas! there's not a glint,
 That she will ever cease to stint
 Me of her favors; and for this
 I'll seek no more th' unchanging bliss,
 From th' ever changing hues that tint
 Her ruddy cheek.

Lot.

Chaucer.

UST five hundred years ago, about the court of Richard II, and on the quays of the Thames, discharging the modest duties of a Collector of the Customs, and in the streets and lanes of mediæval London, Master Geoffrey Chaucer, soldier, diplomatist and poet, was a familiar figure. The modest, meek-eyed scholar attracted no great share of public attention. It was an age of blood and iron ; the scholar ranked far below the soldier, and few men read that could fight to advantage. Indeed, in the popular estimation, to too much book-lore was attached the weakness of effeminacy ; a knowledge of Latin and a more than ordinary skill in versifying were supposed to indicate a nerveless arm and weak fingers on the bow-string. Any knight of the shire, who, by plunder of the French or by systematic cruelty toward his toil-worn churls, wrung out enough to keep a decent state at court, was a far more important personage in the eyes of the citizens of London than Master Geoffrey Chaucer, the humble pensioner of his sovereign.

Five centuries ago is a mighty leap for the imagination to take, across full five hundred years all brimming with the history of a great people and the chronicles of history-making princes ; but it is a leap that every one that has read the liquid numbers of the great father of English poetry and has felt the May-morning freshness of his songs takes willingly and without conscious effort. We feel a profound pity for the age that did not see in the person of the unobtrusive Master Chaucer, who spent his days in discharging the duties of his office and his nights in study, the one man that was destined to bring the literary history of his time to the attention of posterity, and who alone of all that throng of noble wits, huge-limbed warriors and high-bred beauties about the person of the sovereign

was alone destined to live forever. It is hardly possible that Chaucer himself was not conscious of his power, and through it of his superiority. A true poet is Nature's prince. A man of so much wisdom must have looked beyond the crowd of arrogant place-seekers by whom he was surrounded, and confidently left his claim to rank to posterity that had, and has always, proved an impartial arbiter of merit. The fine gentlemen who patronized him, and no doubt esteemed themselves kindly, obliging fellows for doing it, little thought that the recipient of their favor looked upon them as mere puppets in the show of humanity going on around him, and secretly laughed at their conceit, arrogance and ignorance, and from the bottom of his heart pitied their folly. No; we may be sure that in 1386 no knight ever conceived of his being pitied by a poet!

It has always been the boast of democracy, when insulted by pride of blood, that from the ranks of the untitled masses have sprung nearly all of the great masters of literature, art, and science, the men that have made the world what it is, and Chaucer furnishes a brilliant point in the argument. He was the son of a vintner, and out of school assisted in the shop. To bring these circumstances more clearly to the mind, perhaps, I will state, in nineteenth century English, that his father was a liquor dealer and young Geoffrey was the assistant bartender. When John Chaucer secured for his son the position of page in the household of Prince Lionel, he doubtless thought that his fortune was made. He looked forward to the time when his boy would reach the highest position he believed was opened to him—an esquireship, or a commission in the royal guard. His fatherly partiality may have gone so far as to dream of his son's being knighted! It certainly never entered his mind that a few generations later, in the common estimation of mankind, the noble Prince would be as nothing compared to his page.

In truth Chaucer's fortune was made when he entered the nobleman's household, but not in the career his father antici-

pated. In the family of Prince Lionel he was thrown in contact with all that was best in the society of England at the time; and he obtained what proved a great source of strength in after years, a tuition in the learning of his day. That Chaucer would have made a name for himself in letters without regular training in the classics, hardly admits of question; but it is to be doubted if without such training he could have achieved his crowning glory in raising the rude vernacular to the dignity of a language. As a mediæval English Burns, his rude speech and numbers would have had a certain antiquarian interest for the scholarly, but to the general reader his books would have been sealed. As an uneducated genius, Chaucer would have been a poet, but not the father of modern English poetry.

In 1359, Chaucer, then a youth of nineteen, followed Edward III to France. During the ensuing campaign he was taken prisoner, and his king subscribed 16*l* towards his ransom. Truly an act of royal munificence, as the sum was within thirteen shillings of what he paid for a horse! This was the poet's first and last experience in actual warfare. That he bore himself in a way to win the confidence of Edward, we can infer from the important services in which he was subsequently employed.

But it is not with Chaucer as a soldier that we wish to deal; and, in truth, it is as a soldier that he is least known. When, as a witness in the famous trial of Scrope against Grosvenor, he deposed that he had borne arms for twenty-seven years, he might have added that for twenty-six years of that period he had borne arms more for ornament than use. Whatever part the campaign in which he was engaged may have made in the history of the Hundred Years War between England and France, to the student of Chaucer it is of interest solely because it serve to broaden and deepen the poet's experience. We can easily fancy the bright youth among the troopers of the English army, with pulse beating high at the prospect of seeing and taking part in a battle, and keenly

alive to all the 'pomp and circumstance' of his surroundings. We know what an acute observer he was, and what just estimates he made of men and things, and it is probable that at this period he began to mentally photograph the men and scenes that passed before his eyes. From the reservoir of mind-pictures so formed, he drew in after life without stint. In the character of the knight's son in the Prologue, Chaucer probably reproduced the portrait of some youthful fellow-soldier who had campaigned with him in France, and whose escapades and dangers he had shared.

"Synginge he was, or floytynge all the day,
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May,
He cowde songes make and wel endite,
Juste, and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
So hote he lovede that by nightertale
He sleep no more than doth a nightyngale."

So it seems that there were sleepless lovers in the fourteenth century, too!

Modern English and Chaucer were born in the same century. Just how much the language and the poet were mutually dependent it is impossible to determine. The great current of the vernacular at last succeeded in assimilating its Norman-French coloring matter. Chaucer was perhaps among those happy children, the first in England after the Conquest, that were permitted to translate from Latin into English instead of into Norman-French. All hail to schoolmaster John Cornwall who inaugurated the reform; all hail to Richard Peneriche and the host of patriotic English teachers that followed his example. Cornwall should have a monument in Westminster Abbey alongside of Shakspeare and Milton, whose fame he made possible. He recognized the fact that the vernacular had elements of strength that the Norman-French utterly lacked. Its vowel scale had been practiced from time immemorial by Teutonic throats. It suited the genius of the people. Together with English air and an English landscape it made English men—it marked a nation. The schoolmaster felt this, and determined to declare in favor

of the mother-tongue. The history of the world may be said to be made up of pivotal moments. From the day that John Cornwall told his pupils, "Construe in English," we can date the first life-throb of modern English letters. Chaucer came just in time to give the new movement a powerful impetus. The service that a national poet can render a language at such a juncture is incalculable. When the speech of the peasants and the shop-keepers was seen blended in the faultless iambics of the Canterbury Tales, any question as to in what language the future literature of the country would be written was forever set at rest. The French-speaking portion of the population, the great nobles and ecclesiastics, stopped jeering to read, and after reading they began to imitate. Norman-French disappeared like dew in sunlight. The delicate liquids of the court were displaced by the sonorous gutturals of Beowulf and the Sagas.

The value of mediæval scholarship was at least recognized in diplomacy. Kings sometimes appreciated the fact that there were some things that a man on horseback could not do. It was sometimes expedient to conciliate a state; when, for instances, it was too remote or too powerful to be conveniently fought. Where keen intelligence, smooth speech, and that conciliatory address that is traditionally the chief qualification of the diplomatist, were wanted, they turned to their scholars. In Chaucer, Edward III saw a scholarly young layman whose practical knowledge of court life peculiarly fitted him for diplomacy, and accordingly he made Chaucer a diplomat.

The best ten years of the poet's life were spent in transacting the public and private business of his sovereign. It is worthy of note, as illustrating the prejudice of the time in favor of rank, that whenever he was associated with a titled or noble coadjutor, Chaucer of the two received the less pay for his services. Chaucer was the first of a long line of English ambassadors that at all periods of our literary history have employed their leisure hours in writing, and our literature shows that these men have done valuable work.

With the foreign policy of Edward we have nothing to do. To us Chaucer's journeys as a minister are but other and important steps in his education. Now it was that he entered the great University of the World-at-large, an institution that has more influence in shaping the intellectual and moral character of more men than all the regularly organized seminaries of learning combined. Chaucer was far too wise a man not to have felt conscious of the fact that a mere knowledge of books never yet made a man that did the world any good. The study of the school he now entered was human nature—the greatest of all studies. How well he profited by the instruction, every school boy that has read the Prologue knows. The famous Italian journey was a mere incident in his diplomatic career, and yet it exerted a profound influence on English letters. For the next two hundred years, Italian music could be heard in English metre, and Italian influence was paramount in all forms of our literature. Imaginative conceits were thought inelegant unless they savored of Florence or Pisa. We are indebted to the imagination of Walter Savage Landor for a conversation supposed to have taken place at Arezzo (where Nature is said "to smile with contented gaiety") between Chaucer, Petrarch and Boccaccio, in which the two Italians welcome the wandering diplomat as a brother in the fraternity of letters, and as a man of kindred spirit with themselves. The Italians (instigated by Landor) praise English honesty, energy and steadiness of purpose. Chaucer, not to be outdone in civility, and at the same time showing the diplomatic skill of his address, flatters the local pride of his entertainers by extolling the beauties of the valley of the Arno, and proclaiming that to even his foreign and unprejudiced eyes the scenery there was far more beautiful than anything he had seen on the banks of the Tiber. This pleased his new friends immensely. Sir "Geoffreddo" was a man of taste, at least they thought. For their further entertainment, he gives them an excellent specimen of Chaucerian humor in the tale of Sir Magnus Lucy, of Warwickshire.

It would be hard to single out any one characteristic of Chaucer's style and call it, what the critics denominate, the peculiar bent of his genius. I would say that humorous description was his forte. But as to whether he excelled in humor or description there is a wide difference of opinion. Certain it is that he is never so happy as when dealing with English characters and homely English scenes. It is this that makes the prologue his masterpiece. He seems to have been the first mediæval poet to boldly work without the realm of allegory and mythology that makes nine-tenths of the literature of the time insupportable to the modern reader. Slavish imitation of the work of former writers was the great literary vice of the time. Certain literary models have become so firmly established that to be original was to be almost sacrilegious. The versifiers of that day thought that there was nothing poetical in the present, and that the imagination could only work in hoary antiquity or in some realm far remote from the dwelling places of men, where Apollo, Venus, Diana and the Furies yet lived and flourished. This vice extended far beyond the time of Chaucer, but succeeding English poets, with just enough genius to imitate, took him as their model instead of the sophorific scribes of the Continental monasteries. Another characteristic of Chaucer's, that marked him above any writer of his age, was his just appreciation of the estate of womanhood. Chaucer's women were neither superhumanly good and beautiful nor hopelessly vicious. Contemporary poets evidently found it impossible to describe a woman between these extremes. In the *Wife of Bath* our poet gives us a picture of a good, honest, well-fed English dame, with her fair share of virtues and vices, such as could be met any day in any part of the world. While in his picture of the *Prioress*, who,

Hire over-lippe wypede sehe so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of greece, whan sehe dronken hadde hire draughte,

he good-humoredly burlesques the over-niceness, in personal

habit, of a good soul whose heart was as pure as her robe was spotless.

It has been said that a life can least spare from its experience the tonic of disappointment and the refinement of sorrow. Chaucer's cup of experience was filled to overflowing. In early life he was disappointed in love. A thread of sadness that runs through his early verses is thus explained. It is said that he loved a lady above him in rank, and that she refused to listen to his suit. Chaucer probably had strong personal motives for his ringing defence of an aristocracy of merit in after life. The young scholar was heart-broken. He adopted the last resort of a despairing lover: he begged for pity; but in vain. The courtly damsel was perhaps conventional. She wanted a gallant knight and warrior for a lover; she had no idea of sacrificing her prospects to a young scholar that had nothing but his pension to live on. It is hardly necessary to say that Chaucer finally recovered. Let his lines witness the sublimity of his resignation:

"But that is done.
Passe we over untill efte;
That wil not be moote nedes be lefte."

We can picture the old poet in after years, when age has cooled his blood, and when he was bringing his splendid labors to a close, in full consciousness of that earthly immortality that must sweeten the closing days of a man that knows he has taught the world a great lesson—we can picture him quietly smiling over the passion of his youth, and wishing his former heart's idol the joy of her union with some noble baron that had broad acres and a title to commend him to the favor of ladies. The old veteran of the pen had long since learned that

"That wil not be moote nedes be lefte."

One of the most inimitable pieces of humor and pathos in the whole range of literature is Chaucer's "Compleynte to My Purse." The poem is an April day of smiles and tears.

“To yow, my Purse, and to noon other wight,
Complayn I, for ye be my lady dere ;
I am so sorry now that ye been lyght,
For, certes, but-yf ye make me hevy chere
Me were as leef be layd upon my bere.
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crye.
Beeth hevy ageyne or elles mote I dye.”

Four-fifths of humanity can read that poem with stirring interest.

Chaucer occupies the most dignified place in our literature, the great father of English verse, whose music, like a mighty symphony comes sounding through the centuries, deepening in its volumes as it rolls towards us. A great rhythmic river that bears on its bosom many exquisite melodies which men of all times listen to with delight. A form of literature that mirrors all the history of the past, and tells of the passions and the ambitions, the fears and the sorrows of a great host of men and women, and of five hundred years of the life of a great and ever-growing people.

Regret.

When was a guerdon ever rightly prized
From sacred Ganges to the frozen pole
Till lost ? its priceless nature undisguised
Ere hungry Time the magic chattel stole ?

Ah ! sad it is that unto human eyes
What things the Present hath most golden-rare
Are hid in mystery ; the bright hour flies,
And we have chosen false instead of fair.

Could but a moment of unshrouded ken
Be ours—for one brief moment could we see
As seraphs see, how otherwise for men
Were this strange prelude to Eternity !

Regret is fated. As from Pisgah's crest
The seer gazed in longing on the plain,
Then yielded up his soul, so our unrest
Laments the power the years bring not again.

Occasions spurned ; the pearls before the swine ;
Love all unpaid where deepest love was owed :
These are the memories that make Death's wine
The richest vintage that hath ever flowed.

“The New Education” at Harvard.

 STUDENT going from the University of Virginia to Harvard is unable to rid himself of the impression that he has gone from an old to a new institution, notwithstanding the fact that Harvard is the older by nearly two hundred and ninety years. The buildings are nearly all new, and modern within and without. There is not a pure Greek building on the premises. The very oldest halls are somewhat refreshed by a coating of deep red paint. The lawns are cut up with numerous walks, and a throng of students are usually hurrying about. It is not the college structures only which arouse this feeling of novelty; within the lecture-room it is the same. One sees there for the most part young men using new methods. Conservatism, which clings closer to education than to anything else, seems reduced to a minimum, and radical views find the utmost tolerance. Altogether there seems an utter lack of college life and traditions. Even the ties of class are losing their strength under the elective system, and the very fraternities notoriously weak. But this evanescence of those college ties prevalent elsewhere is no sign of internal disintegration. Harvard is pulsing with new and exuberant life. Her numbers have steadily increased, her finances rapidly improved, and her general prosperity was never greater.

Enquiry evokes the fact that it was not always thus. The time was when the old Puritan college was staid and sober to the last degree. Fifteen years ago, Yale was stronger in many ways. Since that time, in endowment, in number of faculty and students, in buildings and indeed all the external signs of prosperity, the Massachusetts institution has been forging ahead of its famous rival. What were the causes of this advance? The present great prosperity of Harvard is

due to three causes: the selection of a president for executive ability and *confining him to executive duties* (the importance of this can hardly be over-estimated), the close connection between the college and its *alumni*, and the New Education. The aim of Harvard is not primarily the training of teachers, or even of professional men. It is to fit each student for his chosen field of thought and action in whatever way he chooses. The "New Education" is the ultimate development of the "electives" which are allowed in at least the senior year of most prominent Eastern colleges. These "electives" were originally extra studies which a student might take or not as he chose. Becoming more and more popular, they were increased in number, and after a time extended to the junior year, as they now exist at Yale. At Harvard the process has gone still farther. First the senior, then the junior year's studies were constituted wholly of electives, and at last, in 1883, not only the whole of the sophomore, but even three-fifths of the freshman studies were made elective. At present the situation is as follows: Each candidate for admission in the prescribed topics of Greek (retained, against the protest of the faculty, by the Board of Overseers, the supreme governing body, elected by the *alumni*), Latin, ancient history and geography, mathematics, physics, English composition, and French or German. The candidate is encouraged to offer more advanced preparation in Latin, Greek, mathematics and physics, by making it to his advantage to do so. These entrance examinations are much severer than those to the schools at the University of Virginia, though at Harvard severe entrance examinations decrease the amount of tuition fees, while at the Virginia institution severe examinations would increase the amount of fees as well as stimulate the preparatory schools, as the Virginia students not passing would have to pay tuition. The Harvard freshman must study rhetoric and English composition, German or French (the one not offered at the entrance examinations), chemistry, and physics. In addition to these, he must elect three full

courses, not more than two being in the same department. Frequent and varied practice in English composition during all four years at college is required. Beyond this, and throughout the rest of his course at the institution, the student chooses his courses for himself, only he must choose at least four yearly (amounting to twelve lectures a week) upon which four alone he is marked. At the end of four years, if he has averaged fifty per cent. on the whole in each year, and forty per cent. in each course (otherwise that course is not counted) he receives the degree of B. A.

It will be seen that the study required is more or less fixed in quantity, but unconfined as to subject. Provided that the student take four courses a year, he may select out of the two hundred courses in all at his will, guided by his own tastes and needs, which it is presumed he knows for himself better than the faculty do for him. This right, however, is limited thus: the courses in each department must be taken in a certain order, one leading into another. The most technical and advanced courses are marked in the catalogue by an asterisk, which signifies that they can be taken only by the consent of the instructor. Even under these restrictions it will be seen that the election allowed at Harvard is of the most sweeping and radical nature. The writer came from the University of Virginia glorying in the elective system planted there by America's greatest thinker: a man sixty years ahead of his age, and that, too, in the nineteenth century. But this statement is made after careful consideration—Harvard allows more election of studies than the University of Virginia, and for these reasons: the elective system prevails throughout the professional schools as well as in the academic department; the courses are more numerous, the topics of study more subdivided, and, above all, election of studies is allowed candidates for the standard degree of the institution, which is not the case at the University of Virginia, where nothing but the order of the study is elective—a privilege of at least questionable value. It would seem curious to a stranger that

a great institution, built upon the basis of free choice of studies, should offer the advantages of the elective system to all but its most cultivated and ambitious sons. Fortunately it is unnecessary to argue the value of election of studies to those who may read this article. The advance of knowledge has made such a choice a necessity—it is the condition of thoroughness. Education is extending its scope so as to include more and more of the mind. Under the ordinary *curriculum* only the intellect and one element of the will—effort—are reached. Under the elective system *choice*—judgment—is educated: of all education the most necessary for a useful life. Under an ideal education every power of the body and every faculty of the mind would be developed. May we not hope for the time when education shall no longer ignore the body and halt in the outer chambers of the mind but reach the whole man, leading the affections towards what is noble, true and beautiful, moulding by the impress of pure ideals those desires that make men live for others and die for principle? The object of education should be the formation of character. But at present our ideal of an educated man can go no farther than the dictum ascribed to Dr. Mallet: "A man ought to know something about everything, and everything about something." To teach the last is preëminently the sphere of the university. But no subject can be successfully studied by itself. A whole group of kindred and interlacing subjects must be understood before the principal subject becomes ever clear. Fortunately the knowledge required of these side-studies, if they may so be called, is comparatively limited. Even in these no *curriculum* can be satisfactorily imposed, for they must vary with the aptitudes and wants of each student. Therefore, the plan at Harvard is to have one or two simple, general and fundamental courses in each subject, through which the student may pass, if he chooses, to more elaborate and more technical courses, and last of all to original investigation under the direction of the instructor. These courses in original investigation are just beginning at

Harvard to come into prominence. Seminars for mutual investigation and discussion are being established in conjunction with these most advanced courses, and already exist in Semitic languages, mathematics and physics..

The system of lectures at Harvard has also undergone a great change. Only a few of the older professors adhere to the plan of delivering formal lectures, and the rest, for the most part, adhere very little to text-books. The plan is this: each professor has assigned to him an alcove in the library, which he proceeds to fill with the authorities and original sources of information upon his subject. These books cannot be removed from the library for use, except for one night at a time. A table and chairs are provided near at hand, for the use of students. Before treating a topic, and during treatment in the class-room, the professor gives to his class references to these books on all important points, giving the exact page where the best treatment of each point may be found. The lectures are rather informal, and questions are propounded by the class at pleasure; consequently the best study is done in the library upon the original authorities. There is always a large party of students to be found at work there. Of course the room is kept open all day. In this way the library is utilized as a potent educational factor. The effects of this system showed themselves very soon. In 1873-4 only 57 per cent. of the students took books from the library; in 1883-4, 85 per cent. drew out books. These figures are exclusive of books on the professors' reserved shelves, of which mention has been made. The advantage of this method are that the best students are thus thrown in contact with the original authorities, and taught how to investigate subjects for themselves.

This naturally leads to the question of Harvard thoroughness. The reader will have noticed the lowness of the per cent. required upon examinations; it is not fair, however, to estimate the thoroughness of teaching by rigor of examination. At every institution there are more or less "soft"

courses. The lazy student is certain to gravitate toward them. Out of the two hundred courses at Harvard, a selection of fifteen "soft" ones in addition to the freshman prescribed work, will enable the man who was born tired to get through with tolerable comfort. On the other hand, the ambitious, hard-working fellow will find his courses courses that will give him thorough and ample instruction with unlimited opportunity to work. Harvard is a hard institution to get into. Once inside, the student may choose for himself, the best or the worst higher education that the country affords. Carefully kept statistics, however, show that the most difficult courses are the most popular. The writer has tried several Harvard courses and so far as he can judge, though there are no courses at Harvard so exacting as some at the University of Virginia, there are some equally thorough and more enjoyable. The average course at Harvard is not so thorough, and the average student is not worked nearly so hard as those of the same class at the University of Virginia. But it must be remembered that the Southern institution subjects the mind to what physicians would call a heroic treatment. No one at Harvard is ever killed from the effects of over-work, as, *in all seriousness*, is not unfrequently the case at the University of Virginia. A little work at Harvard goes a long way; there is nothing to cram up for lectures, and little pure drudgery. During examinations, both mid-year and final, all lectures are suspended. The beneficial effects of this rule are so great and so well appreciated, that Harvard men are astonished when told that such is not the case elsewhere. Perhaps the writer's meaning would be more apparent by taking a concrete case, such as "German 3." At the lectures, the class read aloud the German text, translating only the occasional difficult passages into English. German is spoken in the lecture-room, and all the professor's lectures are in that language. In this way the ear is trained to catch the spoken sound and the mind to read without translation. Instead of an English exercise translated into German, each student composes a page

of German upon a subject taken from what has recently been read in class. He is thus lead towards *thinking* German. On examination, which is limited to *three hours*, he is given a passage of German to translate, and a subject from the class-work to write a German thesis on. The student is required to sign no pledge and is watched by the professor and several "proctors" to see that he does not "crib." If he is caught "cribbing" (cheating) he is *suspended*.

In the choosing of courses there is a marked difference between the two institutions. In order that the choice may be deliberate, the Harvard man must choose before commencement, his courses for the following year, and give their names in to the dean. At the beginning of the following session, he is allowed ten days trial of each course, after which time he is permitted to take another in its place if he chooses. This relieves the professor of unwilling, driven students, and permits the latter to leave a course which they find is not what they expected. On the whole, it is believed that the injuries of the New Education fall on the lazy and the careless, where the least harm results; while the benefits are reaped by the best class of students almost wholly. From the instructor's standpoint it is satisfactory in the highest degree, to have every member of his class a member from choice, not from compulsion.

The lecture-room work, however, is far from constituting the whole intellectual life at Harvard. We have already alluded to the seminars in several departments. In addition to these, the student societies—such as the Classical Club, the Historical Society, the Philosophical Club, the Shakespeare Club—play a very important part. These bodies are for the most part composed of "grinds," which is, by interpretation, hard students. In these clubs the students discuss topics connected with the work of the University in the special line indicated by their names. There is but one "literary society," and it meets only once every two weeks. This want is largely filled by the course in oral discussion under the guidance of an instructor.

The average Harvard student studies little at night. The faculty take great pains to provide as often as possible literary entertainments, such as lectures by prominent men on topics of interest, or by the professors on subjects more directly connected with education. It is needless to say these lectures are much enjoyed, and often it is hard to get standing room where they are delivered. Besides these public readings from Latin, Greek, French, German, or old English classics, are given every week. At these readings, the professor translates while the students follow the text as he reads. The faculty freely give the use of the University auditoriums to concerts, of which there are about ten given each year, at a moderate charge for admission. For example, at the present writing there are delivered at the University each Monday night a reading from Chaucer (with the Old English pronunciation) by a member of the faculty, Tuesday night a lecture in turn on each of the different professions, by some prominent representative (this week by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., on railroad-ing), Wednesday night a lecture on physiology and hygiene, Thursday night a public debate by the Harvard Union (literary society), Friday night a lecture before the Harvard Historical Society by a distinguished Confederate officer, on "The Southern Volunteer," Saturday a lecture on some English master of style by a professor, and so it goes. These entertainments are well attended by the public. The most popular courses of public lectures this year were four on the Early History of California, four on Modern Socialism, and the series now in progress on the Battles of the Civil War by Southern officers.

Any account of the New Education at Harvard would be imperfect without treating the part of physical education in the university work. To the writer's mind this department is the most thoroughly equipped and, all joking aside, unquestionably the most valuable in its results in the institution. The jewel is worth more than the setting, but the jewel will be lost unless it is well set. Each student becomes entitled,

upon matriculating, to a free physical examination with prescription of exercise, and free use of the gymnasium. This examination is conducted by a physician who devotes his whole time to this kind of work. Every proportion of the body is carefully measured, the strength ascertained and the condition of the heart and lungs examined. Upon this basis the prescription of exercise is given with careful and minute directions as to each movement, as well as to diet, sleep, bathing, etc. Armed with his book of directions, the average young man spends about an hour of continuous exercise in the gymnasium each day. The Hemenway Gymnasium is a very large and handsome brick building, supplied with bowling alley, "cage" for ball-practice, etc., sparring and fencing room, running track, rowing-machine room, dressing and bath-rooms and a large main hall filled with apparatus for developing every part of the body. The gymnasium is used by over a thousand students. Though it is well endowed, a fee of two or more dollars is charged for rent of the convenience of a locker. Besides the gymnasium work, the students take a great deal of out-door exercise at foot-ball, lacrosse, base-ball, lawn-tennis, and the like. As a direct result, the average Harvard man is a vigorous, healthy, athletic youth, who takes pride in his biceps muscle. As an indirect result of this regular exercise, and of the comparative fewness of the exactions made of him, he enjoys his education and does not abuse his brain—though partly because he is not as ambitious and enthusiastic as his southern brother.

One feature of the old college life which clings to Harvard still in spite of the protest of the students and the disapproval of the faculty is compulsory attendance at morning prayers. It is believed that this irrational method has brought religion into some discredit among the students, and it is hoped that the officiating minister is more benefitted by them than many of his hearers. Unfortunately there is no university chaplain of whose duties preaching is not the most effective by any means. To the implicit reliance upon a student's

honor which ennobles the University of Virginia the writer has found nothing similar at Harvard. Nor is there the close personal intercourse between teacher and pupil which gives such a charm to the Southern institution. The needs and wishes of the students, however, are pressed upon the faculty with great freedom in the college papers. A "conference committee" of students (elected yearly by the whole body) meets a conference committee of the faculty at least once a month, for the suggestion and discussion of university reforms and improvements. This arrangement is a very recent one, and is expected to produce good results—a mutual understanding between faculty and students if nothing more.

Of the Harvard professional schools, much might be said, but little of interest to the reader. The course of study in them all is unusually long, the course in engineering requiring four years (though it includes some college work) the course in medicine hitherto three, henceforth four years, the course in law three years. This extension of time brings about unusual thoroughness of work without severe exactions of study. In the law school nearly all the work of the students is done in the library. The method pursued is purely inductive—the students examine in each subject leading cases in historical sequence. This system is designed to train legal thought and lead the student to discover legal principles for himself rather than to impart legal doctrines as such. Of course no student is ever carried over the same ground twice, much less examined twice on the same ground. Attendance upon lectures, as throughout Harvard, is optional. In some classes no roll is ever called, as is the case entirely in the law school. Students attend with great regularity, nevertheless. No one is allowed to stand the examinations in the studies assigned to the third year (immediately preceding the degree) until the end of the third year from entering the course, even though the whole work of the course may have been accomplished in two years. A similar sensible provision, if report be true, exists at the University of Virginia with regard to the

M. A. degree. Such a rule, not permitting the "B L." or "M. D." to be taken in one year, except in cases of advanced previous professional study as shown at an entrance examination for advanced standing, would save many a head-ache and heart-ache. The present arrangement sometimes puts a premium on cramming and makes assimilation of knowledge to say the least improbable. Who can acquire a comprehensive knowledge of law or medicine in nine months?

There is a strong practical element in Harvard education. This is exemplified in making varied English composition compulsory during the whole college course. In the law school this practical training finds its place in the law clubs. Of course there exists besides these a regular moot court, presided over by one of the professors, meeting every fortnight throughout the session, but this is open only to men in the advanced classes. Each law club consists of eight second-year men (the "Supreme Court") and eight first-year men (chosen usually by the former)—the "Superior Court." The first-year men meet once a week and try one case at a meeting. This case has been given out several weeks before by the second-year man, who is to preside as "chief-justice" at its trial. All the members of the "Superior Court" except the two "counsel" act as "associate justices." After argument, counsel are sent out during consultation, and when they have been recalled, judgment is delivered by all the "justices" in succession. Each must also hand in his written opinion to the clerk within a week. Counsel have the right of appeal to the "Supreme Court." This august body meets at least once in two weeks, and in a similar manner tries cases on more difficult questions. It may be added that the exercises generally conclude with crackers and beer. The practice given by these club courts is much sought after. If they were introduced at the University of Virginia, the labors of the moot court would be lightened, and practice in the application of the law be always available to the students. It should be said that these club-courts never have juries, and deal only with

questions of law. Each member of the "Superior Court" acts as counsel in four or five cases a year—each member of the Supreme Court in about half as many, besides the practice of its members as chief-justices in the lower court.

The scope of this article might be extended almost indefinitely, but anything more would be foreign to the interest of the reader. It is hoped that this contribution will not be misconstrued into a comparative estimate of Harvard and the University of Virginia. The purpose has been to set forth some of those methods and practices which have been found valuable at Harvard, and which either do not exist at all, or are not utilized to their full value at the University of Virginia. Each institution has its points of superiority over the other. Both are in the stage of transition from colleges to universities in the true sense. Harvard is nearer the University of the future in equipment and in the minute subdivision of topics: the University of Virginia is nearer the true ideal in thoroughness. The one is sometimes too radical—the other too conservative. The sole aim of the writer has been to present a few facts with the earnest hope that they may suggest something useful to those wiser than himself. Harvard has not hesitated to adopt what has been found valuable at the University of Virginia—such as the elective system, and written examinations. Why may not the University of Virginia adopt what has been found valuable at Harvard?

ALIIQUIS.

Lorelei.

[An apology should precede any attempt to render into English the ballad by which Heinrich Heine is perhaps most widely and most favorably known].

I know not what it meaneth,
My spirit is so sad ;
A fable of the olden days,
That will not leave my head.

The air is cool, it darkens,
Full softly flows the Rhine ;
Amid the evening sunlight
The mountain-summits shine.

Up yonder sits a maiden,
A maiden wondrous fair,
Her golden trinkets glitter,
She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb she combs it,
The while she sings a song ;
A chant whereof the melody
Is passing strange and strong.

In his frail bark the boatman
It strikes with frantic pain ;
The rocky reef no longer,
The heights his gaze enchain.

Methinks both craft and sailor
At last the waves devour ;
And this is what the Lorelei
Wrought with her syren power.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
HALL OF THE WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY,
January 30th, 1886.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call from our number our esteemed and honored fellow-member, WILLIAM J. SHELBURN, JR., be it,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Washington Literary Society of the University of Virginia, while submitting ourselves to the will of an all-seeing and merciful Providence, do, nevertheless, sincerely mourn the loss of one who has been so well known and beloved among us as a true and lasting friend, a tried and faithful member of our body; and that we do deeply lament that there should be thus entirely cut off one so highly gifted by nature, so full of promise of a future that boded honor and lustre to himself and good to the welfare of the people with whom he might dwell. And be it,

Resolved. That to his family and relatives, who, in this hour of grief, feel more than all others the heavy hand of sorrow, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy. And be it,

Resolved, That out of respect to his memory this society do now adjourn for one week; and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of our late member and they be published in the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

W. H. BRYANT,
R. D. BICKFORD,
W. D. HILL,

Committee.

EDITORS' TABLE.

As the present seems to be a time much devoted by those interested in the material prosperity and advancement of the University in speculation as to the existing causes of its retrogression in certain matters, if we may employ so strong an expression, and as to what plans may be best suited to insure a return to its former condition, we trust that a few observations at our hands may not be deemed presumptuous. While the vicissitudes of fortune have played no small part in the history of this institution, there can be no doubt that there has been a singularly deaf ear turned to the modern advantages so eagerly seized by other similar universities. Relying, as we have, on a well-earned and honorable reputation for thoroughness of work and excellence of scholarship, it has been forgotten that dangerous rivals exist in many parts of the country, where every modern convenience and investigation have been employed that go to make up the excellent scholar and eminent man in whatever course of life the former student may see fit to take his way. To make an institution of learning eminently successful it should in the first place be eminently free from any interference on the part of contending political parties. In place of the present Board of Visitors should be substituted a like number of trustees, to be appointed in the same manner, but to hold office during good behavior or subject to resignation. Thus is constituted an intelligent and conservative governing body, protected from the wrath of unprincipled politicians. Independent, because the true groundwork of independence is integrity of purpose and rectitude of action, and these can never exist where they are made to depend on the will of political partisans. The office of Chairman should be abolished, and the office of President of the University of Virginia take its place as the executive

head, and this president, like the presidents of the northern institutions, should be typical of the body corporate over which he presides. It is of the utmost importance that some gentleman of distinguished literary reputation be chosen for this position, and let him and this grand old institution alike reflect honor on each other.

It is well-nigh impossible to take up any of the more important newspapers of the day, without seeing some controversy between the presidents of other large colleges as to educational or literary matters. Keeping themselves ever before the public, they are ever winning fresh laurels for the institution with which their names are indissolubly connected. We trust that the day is not far distant when the executive head of this institution, in the person of a president, may enhance her reputation and make it known, where now it is seldom or never heard, unless some successful son achieving fame in other parts of the country, bequeathes to his biographer to relate, that here he nurtured his undeveloped greatness.

Lately the Legislature of Virginia has taken a step in the right direction, by turning aside for a moment from questions merely political, to inspect the educational opportunities of the people of the State. It has seen fit to send hither a committee to make a general investigation into all matters connected with the University. Nothing is more important under any government, but it is especially so under a republican government, where the body of the people are the safeguards of liberty, than that those exercising the right of suffrage should be so educated as to do so intelligently. It was the intention of the great founder of this institution that it should be the capstone to a thorough system of schools, that here those who had showed themselves efficient in the common schools, should find the knowledge afforded by the higher institutions of learning. Throwing open the doors to an elective system of education, he saw fit, for the first time in

America, to permit the inclinations and aptitude of the student to pursue those branches they might find best suited to themselves. This plan, generously supported by the public treasury, has been pursued with varying success.

We would suggest, with all modesty, that a partial change in the present system of instruction might not be disadvantageous to the prosperity of the University. The institution of a curriculum system side by side with the elective course is an experiment that deserves consideration. To those desiring to become professors and teachers in departments of literature and science the elective method is undoubtedly best adapted, but there are others desiring to enter other professions and walks of life, to whom the curriculum system holds out peculiar advantages. The professions are jealous mistresses, as Sir Edward Coke said of the law, and those who intend to devote their life-work to them seldom have time to go so deeply into the various subjects as the elective system demands, and yet are compelled to acquire at this period of their life about all the knowledge of polite literature and sciences that they ever possess. Those intending to devote themselves to commercial pursuits seldom find time for all the minute details of languages and sciences, yet they desire to be so educated as to render themselves intelligent members of the community, and to be able to take part in cultivated conversation carried on by educated people. To these classes the curriculum system is of inestimable advantage. Whether these suggestions are worthy of attention can only be demonstrated by practice, and as under the old system the attendance has been consistently decreasing, the experiment is at least worthy of trial.

In our last issue we made bold to make some observations as regards the relations existing between the University and its alumni; and we found ourselves indebted to an alumnus for some valuable suggestions in reference thereto. No one can doubt that the close connexion that should bind these together must be of the utmost advantage to both in interest

and material progress. If the child, ripened into vigorous manhood, goes forth from the home containing the cradle of his infancy and severs all ties that should bind him to those who watched over him, he soon forgets the finer influences that tender care have engendered, and neglects the debt that gratitude owes. The parent, on the other hand, ceases to feel for him parental affection and thus drifting wider and wider apart with each year, they cease to reciprocate those feelings that an all-wise nature has implanted in their hearts. The above is not a bad picture of nor untrue analogy to the relations that should bind alumni to their mother institutions. The student goes forth in the morning of an ambitious manhood and in many cases fulfills the bright promises his youth has given, but unless the parent institution has kept watch over him during the struggle she is by no means entitled to share his hard-earned honors. Let them be bound closely together in annual gatherings, let large assemblages of them be brought together in all the large cities, then their ambitions, their achievements will become likewise the fame of their Alma Mater. There is no method of keeping up these intimate relations extended by the University, save to those who have attained to some degree in letters or science while a student within her walls. She refuses to recognize those who have gone hence untitled, but who nevertheless shed most lustre on her name. The purpose not to confer any honorary degrees should, in a measure, be reconsidered. We are not indeed in favor of conferring degrees indiscriminately, if some one happens to invent a glue that will hold two locomotives together, or if some one has written his name on the title page of empty nothingness. It should be confined to her alumni, but when one of these has distinguished himself, he should thus be recognized and encouraged, and, as it has happened with other institutions, they will not forget her in their material prosperity and she will thus constantly add to her permanent endowment fund. By adopting some such course she will save herself the misery of crying aloud, "Honor, glory, fame, but empty coffers!"

COLLEGIANA.

Spring, Spring—poets, and Spring—and poets are upon us again in obedience to the ever-recurring laws of nature. The poets, too, have always demonstrated ample ability to exercise sufficient care for themselves, and it is principally with the last mentioned subject that we have to do. The laws of nature and science all point to the important fact that the body and mind operate in a communion so close and connected that to perfect the latter a due regard must be had for the condition of the former. In only a few, very few instances, has strong mental power been found in a weak body. To expect otherwise would be to expect an egg shell to contain dynamite or nitro-glycerine or some such forcible substance. As regards athletic amusements we have been, in the past, very negligent, and as no time is so suggestive of reform as the present, we suggest that more attention and encouragement be given to them. It is true that we have an athletic association in our midst, but it receives support only of the most negative kind and in the most measured degree. There are, however, two associations organized by students that should not only receive the hearty coöperation and support of the students; but also that of the faculty. We refer to the boat club and the base-ball association. They are both organizations having in view the encouragement of manly and beneficial bodily exercise, and should receive the support that their objects merit. They are matters that should command some public spirit from all the persons connected directly or indirectly with the University. If the political star chances to blaze for a moment on the horizon, the excitement makes the election the question of the hour, and at once becomes a subject of vast public moment and importance. If a few per-

sons evolve, from fertile brain, some project for the gratification of their own pleasure, so many persons as may be directly interested in its success or failure become greatly interested, but in matters where public spirit is most desired, nay is emphatically necessary, it seems to be entirely wanting. The base-ball association deserves, and should have the support and good will of everybody connected with the institution, not indeed to be expressed by verbal commendation at the expense of a small amount of superfluous breath, but by liberal aid in the addition to the funds. Enough money should be raised by contribution, and otherwise, to permit the club maintained and organized leave to play in different parts of the country, and, if they should so desire, to make application to become a member of the inter-collegiate association. This mode of action will not only benefit those who happen to be interested in this, our national game, but will serve as a medium through which the students gathered here may come together for a good cause, irrespective of associations and affiliations, and will prove to be of material benefit, in keeping, even in such a small degree, the University before the public attention.

TO MOOT COURT CANDIDATES.—We are now in a situation to be of valuable service to you in the coming struggle: our pages will sing your praises; our editors fight your battles. (*Puffs ten cents a line; skirmishes fifteen cents each; regular battles by fighting editor twenty-five cents.*) Not only are we in a situation to publish the finest self-raising puffs the world has ever seen, but by reason of an accord and satisfaction with a neighboring justice we are also in a situation to furnish with impunity libels of the deepest dye against all opposing candidates. Our libel editor upon reasonable notice can procure certificates of ministers of the gospel, verified by affidavit, setting forth the early history, rank corruption and wickedness of any one desired; and on the other hand our religious editor upon demand will furnish under the hand and seal of St.

Peter a passport through the pearly gates. (*Certificate of minister ten cents ; passport of St. Peter one dollar.*) In addition to this we have on hand a plentiful supply of last year's corks and curls ranging from Indus to the pole. These we can supply at once well dried and ready for instant use, and from the record of any one with the office-seeking bee in his bonnet. (*Curls, ordinary, ten cents each ; superfine, fifteen cents ; corks of every description five cents per dozen.*) Give us a call at any rate before going elsewhere and we will do our best to please. Still if our *hall* is too dark and windy, if our *coalman* does not keep things sufficiently warm, or if our *faro* lay-out is too broad and bulky just step to one side and pass us by before the *flood* of other customers overwhelms you.

Diogenes Jones says :

That the observed of all observers is an observatory.

That a man should see Naples and die, hear a law joke and live forevermore.

That the festive dyke falleth still-born when it dasheth madly out *Gates* of Brass.

That he who loafs in another's room is in greater danger of Hades than the redoubtable thief of time.

That until the hour thereof the judge of the moot court is a moot judge of a mooted uncertainty.

That the gentle spring time often longeth for Siberia, while wood and coal to the University student are ashes of an unhappy by-gone.

That the man who faileth on his B. L. by reason of calico doeth so with just cause, since it is brought about by an act of God or a public enemy.

That dismal will be the day thereof when man knoweth not that Chaucer was the father of Beowulf.

That when a University book store man goes under, plumbers and the Vanderbilts should look out for squalls.

That the man who writes for the MAG. is blessed above all

other men, while he who writes not is damned below all other damns.

That cows may eat onions, oxen of a hundred winters lay down and die, butter enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but the stomach of the University student continueth to flourish like a green bay tree.

Prof. of Mathematics: "I have the phrase 'double point' instead of 'point of osculation,' because 'osculation' usually has a meaning attached to it which is not altogether mathematical."

Query: Find the general equations of condition for the existence of a 'point of osculation' as ordinarily understood.

Mr. K. to Mr. L.: "Are you going to *letter* that drawing?"

Mr. L.: "Yes, I am going to *letter slide*."

For some time we have had building, on the University grounds, a chapel to be used for the conducting of religious services. The ladies connected with the University have labored long and zealously for the accomplishment of this worthy enterprise, but from untoward circumstances their hopes and efforts have not been, as yet, crowned with success. They are pledged to raise a certain, or rather uncertain, amount necessary to render the completion of the chapel a reality. Contributions have been solicited on all sides, but they have not come in with a rapidity calculated to inspirit the confidence of those interested in the work. They have finally agreed, or rather disagreed, among themselves to have a "Mikado Tea" in order to give some aid in furnishing the required amount. In this good undertaking they desire, and deserve, the coöperation and strong support of every one. We trust the entertainment will be largely attended and that those persons, who are unable to be present, will send through some obliging friend a contribution such as they may be able to make. They should be aided by all, in their good work,

and saved the necessity of begging all over the land, a task always humiliating even in so good a cause. No matter how small the contribution may be, it will prove that there are others concerned in the matter and willing to aid them to the extent of their means. It is but meet that beside the structure modelled after the temple of the pagon gods, should stand a chapel worthy of the Christian God.

In speaking of efforts to be made in aid of good works we would not omit to mention another important undertaking soon to be realized. A number of gentlemen who have the divine spark of music in their souls, have arranged to have at the "town hall," beautiful temple to the dramatic art, an entertainment in the form of a minstrel troupe. The proceeds of the first night are to be given to the Chapel Fund, those of the second performance to the Base-ball Association. They have engaged the best talent to be had for this mammoth demonstration of the burnt-cork artists, and will leave no stone unturned to make the whole contribute towards an evening of success. We are told that the affair is progressing on a scale of great magnificence, and, if we were not bound to secrecy, we have no doubt we would be able to astonish people. Everybody should attend in full force, remembering the old couplet :

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by even the wisest men."

We have a philosophic friend on West Range, Mr. B., who in great distress propounded during a melancholy soliloquy the profound query : "Is life worth living ?" For answer we refer him to Mr. R. of East Lawn.

During the month Prof. Thornton delivered in the public hall an entertaining lecture on the "Water Supply of Cities," and as may be judged from the subject the lecture was far

from *dry*. It has seldom been our pleasure to listen to a more interesting lecture on any subject, and the matter was presented in well chosen and often eloquent language. Prof. George Frederick Holmes will be the next lecturer, and we have every reason to expect that the occasion will be a most happy one.

THE "TWO WANTED STUDENTS."

Here's your two students,
Blithe, merry, and gay.
Here's your two students,
For the "finals" will stay.

Here's your two students,
Handsome and tall.
Here's your two students,
Who'll stay for the "ball."

Here's your two students,
Who'll stay by your side.
Here's your two students,
Who'll take you to ride.

Here's your two students,
Who'll suit any one.
Here's your two students,
Just full of their fun.

Here's your two students,
All on the alert.
Here's your two students,
Right in for a flirt.

Here's your two students,
A "Law" and a "Med."
If you wish these two students,
They with you will wed.

The following paragraph may prove suggestive of the situation :

Student A.: Oh! Mr. B., glad to see you! Won't you take a glass of soda water?

Student B.: No, thanks; I am *pledged*!

In the early part of April we are to have Moody and Sankey, the far-famed evangelists, and they will doubtless attract large crowds. Let us by all means have Sam Jones and Sam Small in addition.

We heard with great sorrow of the death of Mrs. Mary Jane Harrison, of Danville, the daughter of the late lamented Dr. John Staige Davis, and extend to the family of the deceased the heartfelt sympathy of a community who cherished the remembrance of the kindly lady's many virtues, and the eminent services of her illustrious father.

The Base-ball Association has effected an organization by electing Mr. George Weisinger Smith to be president and Mr. H. P. C. Wilson to be treasurer. An executive committee has also been appointed to select the different nines that are destined, we trust, to win laurels for themselves and their friends. Mr. Wilson will receive all contributions to the association, and we hope they will be plentiful.

Mr. X., who now sits high in temperance circles, was engaged at the first of the session in collecting donations to the chaplain, but was unfortunate enough a few nights afterward to become exceedingly inebriated. It has been a very sore subject for some time with the gentleman, and a few days since Mr. P. charged him with having gotten drunk on *Peter's Pence*. Thereupon Mr. X. drew himself up, his virtuous face glowing with conscious indignation, and remarked: Sir, I am not sufficiently familiar with the different brands of whiskey to know whether I drank *Peter's Pence* or some other *brand*.

(Special to Associated Press.)

Hon. G-rge B. An-d-son elected coroner of the moot court amid the greatest enthusiasm. The "man of the people"

triumphs over all obstacles. The aristocracy beaten, the ring disheartened, and the people to the front, *vox populi, vox dei*. Hon. Ch-pm-n J-y-s nominates him amid the plaudits of the multitude. Great excitement prevails, also a great feeling of security.

While one of the editorial staff was walking down West Range a few nights ago, he heard the following plaintive notes: "Oh, X., please don't put me in the bag, please don't, please don't." Upon inquiring he ascertained that Mr. X. possessed a bag and whenever Messrs. A. and B. got *full*, he immediately *filled* the bag with these gentlemen. In other words they were bagged.

Mr. D. informed a young lady from Princeton that he was a junior here.

"Oh, I thought you were a freshman," was the innocent reply.

We are glad to see that J. B. Lippincott & Co., a publishing house of Philadelphia, will soon publish a novel of old Southern life as it existed among our fathers of the last generation. The book is entitled *Don-Miff*, and is from the pen of Virginius Dabney, of New York, a talented alumnus of the University. Prof. Thos. R. Price, who has read the manuscript, pronounces it to be the finest picture of Southern life drawn. Every Southern man of this generation should buy the book, for it is but meet they should gather from a fine pen-picture an accurate idea of the manners and customs of the *régime* to which their fathers belonged. The book is sold by subscriptions, which should be sent, accompanied by a dollar and a half to Virginius Dabney, 108 West 49th street, New York.

In the next issue of the MAGAZINE we will publish a list

of the fraternities here and the names of their members. The secretaries of the different fraternities and social clubs will please furnish us with a complete list and all the various details as heretofore published.

THE EXTRA TICKET, OR THE CALICO CURLS.

(As seen by an Unsocial Staff.)

There has been some excitement in this department of the University during the current month. The Young Ladies' Swindling Society has determined to give an entertainment for the purpose of depleting the purse of the guileless student. In some unknown way, the Y. L. S. S. has received information of two forms of entertainment popular in the outside world a few years ago—the *Pink Tea* and the *Mikado Tea*. The information had no sooner been received by the society than clothes-bags and bureau-covers and lambrequins and gossip were all laid aside, and all tongues were turned to teas. Loud and long and furiously the discussion raged. The society was divided into two factions which waged upon each other a war as relentless and bitter as any which the Jeff itself has ever seen. For days, sweet hearts were filled with gall, and sweethearts adorned with the badges of their lady-loves. (We were deeply pained by seeing the insincerity of some students who wore on the right side of their vests the Mikado badge, and on the left the Pink, and artfully disclosed the one or the other, according to the politics of the young lady present.

On the 8th instant, the opposing hosts were marshalled for the final struggle. An attempt had been made by the Pinks to draw recruits from a neighboring town, in imitation of the nefarious methods prevalent in the Jeff. But the Mikado black-balled the candidates. It is impossible to give an account of the proceedings of the society at this meeting. Confusion reigned supreme; tongues of men and of angels have never made such a clatter. At its conclusion, it

seemed that there was a majority of nineteen in favor of the Mikado, and the performance will be given in the Wash. Hall early in April. Save up your dollars, boys.

This reminds us of an incident that occurred at the supper given by this society some weeks ago. A gentleman whose associates are dissipated was introduced to Miss Blank, who expressed her pleasure at meeting him, and who was somewhat surprised by his reply: "No, I thank you; I've ordered my supper."

Miss Mary Braxton and Miss Slaughter, of Fredericksburg, are visiting Dr. Taylor.

Miss Alice Robertson is visiting relatives in Roanoke.

We had the pleasure of seeing Eugene Massie here recently.

A sweet girl graduate, recently a visitor here, was greatly horrified by the audacity displayed by some students who were playing tennis one morning, and wondered if they would not be sent home.

W. A. McKinney, M. D. of '84, was here on a visit to his friends for a few days last week. He has a very large mustache and is practicing medicine in Lynchburg.

The "clippers" are on their annual rounds, mustaches and beards are falling before the ruthless committee like timothy before a Buckeye reaper, and the young ladies join in the indignation of the sufferers. The only comfort the ladies can offer the Prince of San Antonio is that his beautiful brush will soon be out again under the propitious encouragement of Spring.

Miss Sue Morris of Philadelphia is visiting Miss Massie.

Crushed-strawberry is not a popular tint just now.

The engagement of Miss Nannie Corbin to Mr. Thomas Marshall of Richmond has been announced. We tender to Mr. Marshall our congratulations upon having won so fair a prize for which so many worthy competitors have striven. Miss Corbin has visited the University several times, and her

visits have done more turning than spring can do. The wedding is set for ^{May}~~April~~ 5th.

Carter Cole of Bellevue and Arthur Letevre of Baltimore each paid the University a visit during the month.

A German the 26th ult., and another the 8th instant, were the last of the festivities before Lent.

The Easter German will be postponed for a few days, that the Mikados may have the Wash. Hall on the 26th, 27th and 28th prox.

Mrs. Burthe and charming daughter, Miss Estelle, of New Orleans, are visiting the University.

Leigh Carroll, M. A. '83, has been in our midst for a few days. He is practicing law with Joe, in Birmingham, Ala.

Below we publish, thinking it might be of interest, a list of the Masters of Arts up to 1857, being fifty-four out of a total of one hundred and thirteen:

James L. Cabell, professor Physiology and Surgery, University of Virginia.

Robert C. Stanard,* distinguished lawyer.

Socrates Maupin,* professor Chemistry, University of Va., and Chairman of Faculty.

John A. Meredith,* distinguished lawyer and circuit judge.

John B. Young, distinguished lawyer.

Francis T. Sampson,* distinguished minister, scholar and professor.

Frederick W. Coleman,* the most famous teacher of Virginia.

James Alfred Jones, distinguished lawyer.

John Staige Davis,* professor Anatomy, University of Virginia.

Carter P. Johnson,* distinguished physician and professor of medicine.

John S. Caskie,* distinguished lawyer, brilliant speaker and M. C.

Hunter H. Marshall, circuit judge and distinguished lawyer.

Richard H. Coleman, circuit judge and lawyer of distinction.

John N. Hendron, distinguished lawyer and judge.

Robert L. Dabney, distinguished preacher, and Theologian, and professor; now professor University of Texas.

W. R. Galt, accomplished teacher.

Henry C. Lay,* bishop Episcopal church.

Matthew Harrison,* accomplished lawyer.

Chas. Morris, professor William and Mary College, Randolph-Macon College, and now of University of Georgia.

Lewis M. Coleman,* distinguished teacher, professor University of Virginia, killed in battle as Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, C. S. A.

James C. Southall, distinguished editor and author, brilliant writer.

Samuel Schooler, distinguished teacher and mathematician of very high rank.

Chas. Marshall, distinguished lawyer, once a professor, also aid-de-camp to Gen. R. E. Lee.

John A. Broadus, distinguished preacher, professor and author, brilliant pulpit orator of powerful intellect.

W. Leroy Brown, distinguished mathematician, professor Georgia University, Vanderbilt University, Texas University, president Alabama Agricultural College, &c.

W. W. Henry, distinguished lawyer.

R. G. H. Kean, distinguished lawyer, rector University of Virginia.

Francis H. Smith, professor natural philosophy, University of Virginia.

A. L. Nelson, accomplished professor mathematics Washington and Lee University.

Edward S. Joynes, distinguished professor Washington and Lee University, Vanderbilt University, University of South Carolina.

William Dinwiddie, distinguished teacher and pulpit orator.

John B. Sheard, distinguished preacher and teacher, president Southwestern Presbyterian University, Tenn.

Edward B. Smith, accomplished professor of mathematics, Richmond College.

John Baker Thompson,* accomplished teacher and professor, fell in battle as colonel of an Arkansas regiment.

Gray Carroll, accomplished professor of mathematics and teacher.

S. F. Fristoe, accomplished professor of chemistry, Columbia College, D. C.

Powell Harrison, lawyer of distinction.

Thos. H. Malone, distinguished lawyer and professor of law, Vanderbilt University.

W. D. Thomas, distinguished preacher, professor moral philosophy Richmond College.

Archer Anderson, accomplished man of business in Tredegar Iron Works, Lieutenant-Colonel in Confederate Army.

Hilary P. Jones, one of the most distinguished teachers in Virginia, Colonel Artillery, C. S. A.

Henry M. Matthews,* lawyer of distinction and governor of West Virginia.

Crawford H. Toy, distinguished professor and divine, now professor Harvard University.

Chas. H. Winston, accomplished professor and lecturer, Richmond College.

John Hampden Chamberlayne,* brilliant editor, writer and speaker.

Thos. U. Dudley, bishop Episcopal church, of Kentucky.

Chas. L. C. Minor, president Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, accomplished teacher, principal of academy.

Thos. R. Price, professor Randolph-Macon College, University of Virginia, Columbia College, N. Y.

Lewis Turner,* accomplished scholar and teacher.

John M. Strother,* a very distinguished teacher.

A. Magill Smith, accomplished and successful teacher.

W. U. Bronaugh, accomplished teacher and professor, fell in battle as Lieutenant-Colonel of an Arkansas regiment.

Among Our Exchanges.

The editors of the *Lehigh Burr* wince considerably under the kindly-intended criticism of our last number, and retort by saying that when they want information on such subjects as Macbeth's Witches and Joan of Arc they will refer to other authorities than the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We advise them by all means to do so, as we fear our articles are a little too heavy for them. As they seem to be in considerable darkness we take pleasure in informing them that Macbeth is by one William Shakespeare and any good history of France will give them the information they wish on Joan of Arc. We notice, too, with pleasure that a faint glimmer of what went on in the world twenty years ago has pierced the dense darkness that envelops the benighted editors of the *Burr*, for we see mention made of the "Pathetic Ballad Clementina."

The *North Carolina University Magazine* for March is very creditable to its editors and the college in general. It contains almost fifty pages of very readable matter, and is very nicely printed and gotten up.

The *Stephens Indicator* from Hoboken for March is as usual full of erudite articles such as "The Radiometer as a Photometer," "Elementary Blow-pipe Analysis." We think these articles must be very fine, but we must add that it is purely conjecture and confess our utter inability to form an opinion.

Much commendation is due to the *Texas University*. We

have before us its fourth number, and it compares very favorable with some of our exchanges which are of hoary antiquity in comparison with it.

The *Antiochan*, from Yellow Springs, Ohio, has a numerous staff, half of which belongs to the fair sex. We always read the exchanges of our fair friends with much pleasure, but in the present case the editor is so much harassed by wondering to which sex the author of the article belongs, that much of the interest is lost.

The *Calliopean Clarion* devotes some twelve pages out of twenty-five to locals and personals. We advise our contemporary with all kindness to cut down the locals and "spread itself" more on the literary department. So many of our college periodicals have this same fault. The same criticism must be extended to the *Northwestern*, of Northwestern University, and the *College Review*, of Shurtleff College. This last boasts but one article in its literary department, but somewhat atones for this poverty by the high-sounding name of this single effort—"Socialism, Communism, Anarchism and Nihilism."

Want of space forbids us do more than mention the *College Olio*, the *Adelphean* and the *Mississippi University Magazine*.

Bric-a-Brac.

Professor in Logic to sleepy junior: Mr. K., what is the universal negative? Startled junior quickly answers:

Not prepared.—*Ex.*

Ponsonby: Education! Don't tell me! America is far behind Europe. Why, sir, look at France, for instance.

Bayley: Well, what of France?

Ponsonby: Well, sir, even the little children there can speak French.—*Ex.*

Condensed novel—

CHAPTER I.

Maid one.

CHAPTER II.

Maid won.

CHAPTER III.

Made one.

Ex.

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air,
Is raw and damp;
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.
(No need of it.)

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

APRIL, 1886.

{ NEW SERIES
VOL. XXV—No. 7. }

Heloise and Abelard.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

➤ **P**AR NOBILE AMANTIUM! With reverence and speechless admiration, such as might have thrilled some Greek of old, seeking the temple of Athene, I approach you; and yet not without a certain sadness, begotten of the thought that these fallen days can offer no shining parallel of perfect, soulful love to yours. No, nor ever again will the world witness a like marriage of Philosophy to Eros. For ye were two stray spirits, wandered from some higher plane of being, vouchsafing to dwell for a season amid “the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth.” It was not fitting that those gross environments should be the scene of such a divine mingling of mind with mind. It was not meet that the trammels of an insensate priesthood, the prejudices of a ghostly morality should shackle that immortal flight of love, should draw you ever downwards to the commonplace and the conventional, and finally should interpose between you a grim but evanescent barrier, the tomb. It was an all too potent evidence of spirit-

ual debasement that when men gazed upon the ardor, the purity, the deathlessness of your devotion, they knew you not for angels, but averted their eyes, and would none of a sight too fair by far for mortal vision. Among the myrtles and the olive groves of sunlit Lesbos you should have made your dwelling; there no breath of obloquy, no word of dispraise had saddened the passion of your kisses, and Atropos had shorn the fatal threads ere any touch of grief had furrowed your brows.

Through the dim corridors of Time, I seem to see thee now, Heloïse, sitting motionless at the feet of thy master with upturned face and dreamy, fathomless eyes, drinking in the mystical lore of the Queen of Sciences. I seem to hear the soft, low-spoken syllables of questioning that ever and anon issue from thy lips, or the earnest outpourings of thy virgin enthusiasm, fairest of all tributes rendered to Truth. In the spirit I seem to be present with thee on that day of days when first thou learnedst the language of another, sweeter love, when first thy cheeks glowed and thy pulses stirred with a rapture unborn of dialectic, when coming suddenly upon a well-spring of knowledge, more precious than the musty tome, soul leapt to soul, and upon that day ye two "read no more therein." Worthiest neophyte ever initiated into the Eleusinia of Desire! Holiest votary, since Hypatia, at the altar of Learning! I watch thy noble, ardent nature unfolding through a few, brief weeks of ecstasy into the perfect fulness of maturity, like some, pale, young lily, wooed into bloom by the fragrant breath of the South. I worship thy loyalty, thy single-mindedness, the utter abnegation of self that prompted that proudest, yet most touching of utterances: "Happier the mistress of Abelard than the lawful wife of an emperor." I witness the agony of parting. Trembling, I listen to the heart-piercing shriek, reaching to Heaven, with which thou greetest the story of thy lover's mutilation. I see thee with the old humility resigned to thy relentless fate, passing now amid the silent gloom of the Paraclete in prayer

and tears those days and nights that erstwhile were Love's alone ; yet still steadfast, still unchangeable is thy devotion, plighted to a memory and that memory sanctified, enhaloed by time and separation. With moistened eyelids, I see—last act of the melancholy drama—Death after many years extinguish the enfeebled flame, giving thy soul to a perpetual reunion with thy lover's

And thou, philosopher, with whose fame the nations resounded, how bitter-sweet was thy spirit's thralldom ! Bred from childhood to the pursuit of Truth, offering at her fane the first-fruits of thy intellect, gloriously gaining a heritage of transcendant renown, thou wast made to feel that in the presence of Love all things else are as naught. How dull the brilliancy of all thy triumphs, against the brightness of her whom alone thou deemedst worthy to be the mistress of thy heart ! In the thronged audience-room of the rhetorician, charming kings and princes with the powerful subtilty of thy speech, thou wast not half so great as here, within these four narrow walls, winning the imperishable homage of that soul which Heloïse surrendered to thy will. As some cunning sculptor unto whom has been entrusted a block of Parian marble, to do with it as he lists, carves it into a shape of beauty too rare and ethereal for the gross perceptions of its owner ; so thou, commissioned to develop a nature such as poets and artists have long since ceased to lament, didst fashion the human marble with the magic chisel of passion, until all its veins were animate with love. And fain wouldst thou have lingered forever at her side, losing thyself in the contemplation of thy handiwork, living out thy years in the plenitude of her adoration. Gladly wouldst thou have renounced each dream of glory, if only thou wert suffered to rest in the sunshine of her presence. But the despite of thy fellows overwhelmed thee, and for fruition thou hadst disseverance. Thy form, too, I seem to see, as thou turnest away with listless step and downcast eyes, bowing to the will of the implacable. Sisters destined never again to take the pleasures of thy

soul's desire. Methinks I go with thee into the chamber of anguish. I hear the groans wrung from thee by the ruthlessness of thy torturers. I see thee no longer young and comely, but suddenly grown old and spectre-pale as one who in a moment has lived centuries. I shudder to look upon thee with thy stole and hooded cowl, the shadow of thy former self, striving with penance of the body to shrine thy soul—as if Love ever stood in lack of absolution! A few added seasons of persecution and infirmity, and the place that knew thee knoweth thee no more.

Par nobile amantium ! The tristful history of your passion reasons with me of Eternity. Pondering upon the record of so much love and so much grief, it needs no other instance to assure me that somewhere, beyond the sunrise, it is fated you shall bide in a soul-union infinitely lasting and intense. Nay, even as I speak, already you have drunk of care-dispelling Lethe, and haply now, oblivious of the whilom earth-life, you are wandering in silence together through flower-strewn fields of light. All the airs are laden with rosemary and jasmine, and the winter wind of man's ingratitude is stilled. Truth, that was ever your delight, hath here her dwelling-place. I see her smile upon you, giving you welcome to the best abodes. I see Love, with swelling bosom, join your hands and set upon your glory-circled foreheads the signet-royal of his endless sovereignty. Your lips are mute, 'framing no syllable of the olden fervor; but as your great, sorrowful eyes, telling still of woes not all forgotten, yet luminous with a new, diviner meaning that dwelt not there of yore, gaze earthward for a moment, you make as though you would say to me, "Now, at length, we twain have sounded the ocean-deeps of the soul."

Our Lady's Pilgrims.

From the leaves of an old folio volume in the Library I took some browned sheets of Chaucerian verses that it seemed worth while to send in for the *MAGAZINE*. Unfortunately there is a break of some sixty lines occurring right in the middle of the verses on the Pardoner, and all my search for the missing sheets has not been successful. It is a great misfortune often that occasional verses must lose all clue to their meaning, leaving us only uselessly to wonder to whom or about whom they were written :

Whan that the yere was ended in his wayes,
And eek had passid fif and thritty dayes
Syn that the sonne had entrid in the Ram,
Than ones of an evening as I cam
Into the rode that to oure Ladye's schreyne
Wel trodden led, who helen can oure peyne,
That she herself hath laid upon us alle.
Ther was I then by aventure yfalle
In with a merie cor.painyé trewe.
Such worthi wightes weren thei, to shewe
You semeth me accordaunt to resoun,
Al theyr estat and theyr condicioun.
And if me hapth to fail to shewen hit,
Hit is for that I have so litel wit,
To tellen alle tho that route were inne.
Hit semeth me but right that I bygynne
First at the Knight, and if be that I may,
Yow telle his degre, and eek array.
His name was knowen aye from see to see.
For he hadde riden fer in the cuntre,
Poure folk and maydens t'helpen in distresse,
Right as he oghte donne, in redinesse ;
And never yit from no danger he ran.
He was a slendre colerik man ;
Of grete lengthe he was, and on his hed
A cappe he werde of coloure al blode red.
A gret cote heng upon his schuldres two.
An Officere of Courte ther was also,
That to his office was ychosen right,
By al the peple's voys, a worthi wight.
Discret he was, as wel bisemed a man,
That had himself ymad, and honour wan.

Wis was he and estatlich of manere,
Yit ever bar he right a merie chere.
A Prince was in that faire compainye,
And wordes wel wiste he of curteisye.
Softe eyen hadde he as greye as glas,
Here lokyng tendre alway as ever was.
Non langage couthe thei but loves allone ;
But of his herte thoghtes knewe I not one.
So faire drooped his mustache certayn—
To haven such an oon I were full payn,
That many maydens' herte hadde in prise.
Now have I told yow soth of alle thise,
And thei were clothed alle in oo liveré
Of a solempne and a gret fraternité
Amonges that solempne route rood
A Clerk, in bokes hadde he al his good ;
Whan oon he found hit alway wolde he beye,
And sholde it coste him both his eyen tweye.
Ich aventure it was him lever rede
Than ete ; it was in pay his grettest mede.
But yow to tellen his condicioun,
His eyen bar he ever caste adoun,
He was of middel hight or thereabout,
He was not in my grace, ther is no doute.
A poet was ther, faire for the maistrie,
Wel cowde he make in vers a swete storye,
In hope to stonden in his ladye grace,
Whil that sche in his herte stil had place.
His thoghtes were lent on love and songes allone ;
A Man of Lawe and he might never ben at one,
Curteys he was, discret and servisable,
His wordes ever weren amyable.
Certayn he was biloved wel bi alle,
But of him now can ich no lenger tale.
Of thise that wenten to oure Ladye's schreyne.
Now hav I told you theyr estate certayn,
And others were ther twice as monie more.
Of hem a Man of Lawe wente al byfore,
As wel bisemed his stature royal,
So estatly bar he himself withal.
His resons spak he ful solempnelye,
Sowndinge alway the treuthe ful certaynlye.
Wis were his wordes and of reverence,
Ther moste eche man here them in pacience.
A Squyer was ther, wonyng fer bi weste,
That ofte times coud make a merye geste.

Wel knewe he plesures of th' ymaginacioun,
His galantre nedeth no mecioun.
No man might pynche at his Latynité
For therof wiste he omne scibile.
But yow to tellen his beryng in schort,
He was alway of gret disport.
Blak weren his two eyen as the night ;
A Lochinvar I trow he was aright.
With them ther rood a gentil Pardonier,
That was of chivalrie a good maister.
And wente to geten dispensacioun,
To daunce as he had disposicioun.

* * * * *

Amonges alle thise worthi wightes,
That wente to don theyr prilgrimage, as right is,
Ther rood a Student on a dappled hors,
That of owne accord knew wel the cours.
And though that he was yonge, he was wis,
And hadde gotten hym a benefice,
And al for that his legges weren long ;
The service opened he aye with a song.
Now may one ladye faire milde reygne
O'er alle thise that worship at hir schreyne.

April, 1836.

M. H. S.

Our Inherited Barbarisms.

T IS the fashion to applaud the progress of the nineteenth century and to flatter ourselves upon the enjoyment of a civilization whose equal the world has never seen. The thoughtful observer, therefore, cannot but be struck with the fact that, despite all the refinement of our age, our manners are not shorn of every trace of barbarism. This surprise must cease upon the reflection that our race is as notable for its conservatism as for its progress,

principles which fail to oppose each other only in so queer a compound as the Anglo-Saxon.

We are not ashamed to own descent from a race of sturdy barbarians, since the flight of time has left eternally but little to remind us of our ancestral precedents. Yet we must open our eyes to the fact that we have inherited some things besides virtues. It might be easy to fill a volume with an analysis of many of our social customs, showing them to be relics of our former rudeness. Doubtless this has taken place in the history of every nation that has progressed from barbarism to civilization. It may be interesting to consider a few of the most striking instances of barbarisms retained by us along with the wonderful development of our great race.

In doing this, we should first observe certain general traits which markedly characterized our early forefathers. To two things they were passionately addicted—war and the chase. These two were hardly distinct; for brutality regards an enemy as only a nobler species of game. I would not say that our ancestors were lovers of blood, but certainly they were not haters of it either.

Some of our ornaments for the house are suggestive of a ruder state of society. The deer's head so often seen in the hall was originally a trophy of the chase, as, indeed, it sometimes is even now. The spirit which dictates the preservation of such trophies, though natural to our race, is the same as that which prompts the Indian to keep the scalps of his victims in war and obtained amongst us chiefly when we had little or nothing better to boast of than prowess in hunting or in fight.

In these latter days of elegance, enter a well-furnished parlor. Everything evinces culture. The walls are hung with fine productions of modern art, either copies of the old masters or the originals of less successful and therefore less pretentious geniuses. Even the furniture is tasteful, and all the colors blend in a charming effect. But before the fireplace there lies an intruder, in contrast with all the marks of

refinement. How comes the huge skin of a bear, dressed though it be, to be so much prized among things intrinsically so much more beautiful? The imagination at once goes back whole centuries, to the time when our ancestors dwelt in rude huts; when they lived, much like wild beasts, on the game they caught and killed, and clad themselves with the skins they stripped from their companions of the wilderness who were more favored by nature in respect of clothes. Such hides as they did not need for immediate use, were kept about the house to be used in emergencies, and when not in use to impart a sense of warmth and comfort. For as our ancestors lived in severe climates, with them warmth and comfort were nearly synonymous. So what was once of real use is now kept for ornament only. The buffalo-robe, and the furs so much worn by ladies, also remind us of the time when we of necessity dressed chiefly, if not wholly, in the hides and furs of animals.

In those old times, the men were mostly occupied in hunting beasts or their fellows (though, as they did not draw the distinction very sharply, we might be excused from doing so). They associated familiarly with the wild inhabitants of the forest and learned to tame and use them. Fancy sees the grim barbarian, as he leaves his hut, consigning his wife and children to the care of a friendly wolf whose native ferocity should guard, or at least whose loud-mouthed bark should warn of danger. In this primitive picture are foreshadowed some of our present tastes and practices. For to this day the watch-dog is a favorite adjunct to our homes. And one who keeps a bad dog is in some sense a modern barbarian.

The love of pets is very strong in our race. We are said to have been and to be lovers of nature. Certainly we were once very near to nature. The Anglo-Saxon is more truly a lover of animate life. His greater self-love has often led him to sacrifice inferior and sometimes even superior creatures; but in general he did and does love and sympathize with his fellow creatures both brute and human. This finds express-

ion in that love for pets of which we have so many instances at the present day. Some pets are useful as of old, whilst others have degenerated into things of mere ornament or pleasing oddities. The inordinate love for such shows a simple-minded estimate of their value, in the allowed competition between them and the proper objects of human love, which might have been reasonable when we were not many removes above the brute creation. It seems a little odd, however, that such a tendency, plainly barbarous in its origin, should be so wide-spread amongst us now.

When you go to dinner you see at the dish on which the meat is put the long, sharp thing of steel, a carving-knife. Well might we look with a kind of respect on this thing of ancient ancestry. For, hundreds of years ago, our forefathers used an instrument very similar in the pursuit of the stag or the boar. When they gathered around the board (which it was literally) the same knife which had dealt the death-blow was now used (perhaps without even having been wiped) to cut up the victim of the chase. There can be no doubt that our carving-knife is descended from the hunting-knife of our ancestors. Though in its present make bespeaking a degree of civilization, its very size, shape and use mark its ignoble origin.

Beside the carving-knife is generally another trace of barbarism, a huge piece of meat, or, as an especial delicacy, a pig's head, about which there is nothing beautiful or appetizing. In the opening scene of *Ivanhoe* between the jester and the swine-herd, the former, in deploring the oppression of the Normans, contrasts the simple Saxon manners with those of their conquerors. *Swine* when served up for Norman palates gets the high-sounding name of *pork*. "Good old alderman *Ox*" becomes *beef*. Thus it seems that the Saxons were willing to call the food by the same name as the living animal, whilst the Normans, who were of somewhat greater refinement, required at least a change of name. In the same way to-day we call sheep mutton, and calf veal. But while we

have adopted the refinement of a change of name, the rudeness of the thing has not entirely disappeared. It may not be barbarous to sacrifice animal life to our appetites, but it surely is against a refined taste to put the whole or such large portions of any animal upon the table as to make it recognizable. It does not offend, only because we once ate of flesh with scarcely more of preparation than the beast of prey.

What shall we say of the butcher? It is rather bold to call his trade a barbarism, inasmuch as the most civilized societies of the world have never been able to dispense with his valuable services. Yet a refined mind contemplates with far greater pleasure the growing crops, the ripening fruits and the various other products of agricultural industry than the slaughter-pen reeking with blood, and feels less compunction in the sacrifice of vegetable than of sentient life. The latter means war upon the helpless; the former are our emblems of peace.

The great barbarism of the present day is the practice of interment of the dead. This custom might very well suit a primitive state of society. We were once a rough and roving people. The only tribute paid the dead was to pause long enough to thrust the corpse beneath the ground to prevent it from being devoured by the birds or beasts of prey. The Greeks and the Romans burned their dead with a beautiful and imposing ceremonial. This at first seems a severity, though really it is a mercy to the feelings of the bereaved. For the greater part of the suffering is compressed within a brief hour perhaps; nor is it therefore more intense, since no anguish can exceed that which wrings the heart upon witnessing burial. The Greek and Roman method avoids the idea of the slow decay and the horror peculiar to interment. No doubt then, upon merely sentimental grounds, ours is the more barbarous practice. In the very art of the other man signalizes his superiority over the brutes of field and forest.

Who shall say we have reached the golden age? The lamb and the lion have not yet lain down in peace together.

We seem to be going towards perfection, but grave doubts may well be had whether we will come even near to it unless the morals of our race improve. The grand fabric of our civilization otherwise will go to sheer rottenness. Our manners are susceptible of further refinement, our morals of being bettered. These are the factors which must mould our future, and with these known, we need no prophet to tell us where we are going. The gloomy forecasts of some, Hope tells us, are as Balaam the false, pronouncing an unmeant blessing. But Reason asks for purity, and in return gives sure promise of better things. A.

Chaucer and His Times.

INTRODUCTION.

✦ **T**HERE ARE few who recognize the greatness of Geoffrey Chaucer. Time and trouble are required to master his metre and vocabulary; and this difficulty, greatly exaggerated, serves the many as excuse enough for ignorance of his worth. Dead to them is the delightful melody of his rhythm, and the exquisite beauty of his thought.

Unfamiliarity with Shakspeare seems to them, indeed, lamentable stupidity; but utter ignorance of him, who ranks among the few, next below our greatest master, is perfectly consonant with exalted culture and intelligence.

To be told that Chaucer is "the father of English poetry," "the Homer of his country," "one of the few great poets of all time," shocks their exquisite sensibilities. They deny, at once, the justice of these terms; for, if true, then are they at fault. To be sure they know all about Chaucer. "He lived

away back in the obscure past, exactly when is of no consequence. He wrote, too, something about Canterbury. No doubt he was a great poet in his day, but who ever quotes from Chaucer now?" Possibly, they may have picked up a volume of Chaucer and tried to read a little. But, forsooth, because they did not understand some words and saw no music in the lines, there is, of course, neither music nor meaning there.

Thus is allowed to lie unnoticed and unknown one of the greatest figures in English literature, one who, writing in his native dialect, gave a national language to England, one who, living in a period of wonderful progress, identified himself with the new life of his country, gave voice to the joy of a nation's heart, breathed out the spirit of the new dispensation, honored, loved, praised the true, the beautiful and the good.

If this short sketch shall bring any to a loving communion with Chaucer it will have achieved far more than has been hoped for.

THE TIMES OF CHAUCER.

To a true appreciation of Geoffrey Chaucer a study of the history of his times is necessary. Nor, moreover, does this involve the short span of his life only. We must search through earlier years. We must find those hidden springs whose sparkling rivulets sing songs of love to "dayeseyes" on the banks. We must see these rivulets gurgling over shining pebbles, murmuring to sweet flowers, and laughing merrily as they slip on to form a grand and beautiful life. Thus, and thus only, would we grasp the true significance of the works of Chaucer. But the limits of this essay will not permit this delightful investigation. We must content ourselves with a far narrower and more commonplace view of this part of our subject.

We cannot refrain, however, from noticing one or two points in this connection. We would remind the reader of the great struggle for supremacy between English and Nor-

man-French. For about two hundred years after the conquest English was the language only of the common people. The cultivated and refined spoke in French, schools were taught in French, causes at law were tried in French, and English was regarded as altogether too coarse and unrefined for literature. The people, however, clung to their native language with characteristic obstinacy. It is, indeed, to this obstancy that the English language owes its life, for gradually the conquered and the conquerors were assimilated into one great people. The language of the few was discarded and that of the many adopted, and the national heart went forth in joy to greet the nation's victory. Nor must we, in speaking of the conquest, forget to remind the reader of other results of that great event.

It must be remembered that the Normans were then the first people of the world: first in war, first in peace, and first in the admiration of their fellow-men. They were, in truth, "the flower of chivalry," and grafted the whole refinement and culture of their civilization on the sturdy Saxon stock.

More specifically, we must recall the great reign of King Edward I, "the most brilliant monarch of the 14th century;" we must enumerate the huge reforms of this great law-giver; we must see the national body glow with health under his healing touches; we must pass in review the glories of his arms, the conquest of Wales and the great victories in Scotland.

Nor may we leave unmentioned the great and warlike Edward the Third, king of that name. Mounting the throne of England, he at once achieved distinction in Scotland. Invading France, he saluted Chaucer's birth-year with a glorious naval victory. Following up the invasion he sang to Chaucer's boyhood the prowess of England's yeomen, and the blood-drenched fields of Crécy ushered in a new civilization. Yet a few years and Poitiers, and the conquest of half of France swelled the tide of glory. It was at this time, when the whole nation shouted its joy and gladness, that Geoffrey Chaucer broke forth in grand, sublime song, made himself,

as it were, the clation of his times and rang out an immortal reveillé to the literature of Modern England. Such is a hasty glimpse at the times that culminated in the song of Chaucer. It was a time when the national heart swelled and throbbed with the new life infused into it, and was swept by a mighty wave of pride and well-earned glory. It was a time when the nation knew its strength—felt its destiny—and was impatient to make known its greatness. Nay more, it was a time of wonderful progress and expansion.

THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

It may be fairly said that Geoffrey Chaucer was born just at dawn, the day after the English and the Normans had thoroughly fused into one great nation, at a time when English, though much changed, had reëstablished its supremacy as the national language, at a time when the whole people, having gathered together all their energies, were ready to make one grand leap forward into a new and higher life.

Of the early life of Geoffrey Chaucer but little is known. Born in London, the son of a vintner, he seems to have been given an excellent education. Notwithstanding the apparent plainness of his family, from his youth up, he breathed the atmosphere of the court. That he had high abilities and was in close connection with the royal household is manifest in various ways. Not only was he reared in the house of Prince Lionel, but he was a trusted friend of John of Gaunt, and a "valet of the king's household." Not only did he sit as member of Parliament for Kent, but he was entrusted with several official positions in London, and was thrice sent abroad as ambassador of England, once on secret business to Flanders, once to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Genoese, and once to negotiate the marriage of King Richard II to the daughter of the King of France. But his life was not all sunshine. A warm partisan of the house of Lancaster, he suffered with the changing fortunes of the times.

In his brightest days, pensioned by kings and princes, his lofty spirit was chained down to the laborious and prosaic

duties of a comptrollership. While in his darkest hours, he seffered from proverty and want, and was left, an old man, to mourn his wife and son. A man of a very high order of intellect, he was to the end of his days an earnest, persistent student. Born in 1340, he lived to see the son of his old friend mount the throne as King Henry IV. Chaucer died in 1400, his last year soothed by the bounty of his friend and his king.

THE WORKS OF CHAUCER.

Having summarized the life and times of Chaucer, we have now reached the proper point in our essay to discuss his works.

The amount of writing done by this active man of the world is, indeed, surprising. It is but added proof of his genius and of his energy. Would that, by a discussion of each particular poem, we could induce you, oh reader, to make friends with the great poet! Ah, for the power to sing worthily the praises of his "divine inspiration!" How delicate the tender pathos of his "Compleynte of Pite!" How beautiful "The Parlement of Foules" and "The House of Fame!" How spiritually fair "The Legende of Good Women!" and how grand the sweep of the "Canterbury Tales!" The limits of our essay, however, will not permit more than a bird's-eye view of these treasures and a general estimate of their beauty. Realizing our own inexperience we shall prefer to gaze along lines laid down by older heads.

Says Prof. Lounsbury: "It is not to the credit of the English people that difficulties so slight should content people to remain in ignorance of the works of one whose rank in our literature is only a little below that of Shakspeare." Whilst it is true that Chaucer was greatly influenced at one time by French culture, and, at another and later time, by that of Italy; whilst it is admitted that he derived many of his subjects from theses countries, yet it is absurd and inane to hold with M. Saudras that Chaucer was but an imitator of the poets of either country. From whatever source Chaucer derived his

subjects he at once made them his own, treated them in a manner and style peculiarly characteristic of himself, and essentially English in nature: Indeed, what has been called his "Englishness," is a prime characteristic of Chaucer. For my part, I know of no better summary of these characteristics than the following from Rev. Dr. Richard Morris. Says he:

"Though an essentially dramatic spirit pervades nearly the whole of his works, yet Chaucer is above all things a narrator. Among his chief characteristics are his delightful freshness and simplicity, his roguish genial humor—he was full of quaint fun—his heart-felt love of nature, his tender pathos, his knowledge of women—the naughty he quizzed in most happy style, and the good he honored and praised with all his might—his love of his dear old books, his power of life-like portraiture, his admirable story-telling, and the perfection of his verse." Then quoting from James Russell Lowell, he continues: "His best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current: sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a tender thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly as a water lily, to float on the surface without breaking into a ripple." Again he says: "Chaucer's ardent love of nature, finely apostrophized by the poet as 'the vicar of the Almighty Lord,' is everywhere apparent." In yet another place we are told that Chaucer, though so intimately connected with the court, protested nobly and fearlessly against the popular opinion that persons of plebeian rank were necessarily prone to base and unworthy actions. Dr. Morris says we can hardly appreciate the boldness which made him assert, more than once, that the true test of gentility is nobleness of life and courtesy of manners, and not mere ancestral rank. Trusting to the patience of the reader, we will venture to make yet another quotation from Dr. Morris. He says: "Chaucer represented and identified himself with that new life which the English people at this time were

just commencing, and his works reflect not only his inimitable genius, but the spirit, tastes and feelings of the age. It was this, combined with his thorough mastery over the English language, that caused Chaucer to become to others (what no one had been before) a standard of literary excellence; and for two hundred years after he had no equal, but was regarded as the father of English poetry, the Homer of his country, and the well of English undefiled." Nor does this exhaust the river of his praises. Prof. Henry Morley, after speaking of the straitened circumstances of Chaucer and the deposition of Richard II, speaks as follows: "But these years of public turbulence and of private distress could not darken the genius of Chaucer; they were made glorious by his partial performance of a task that lifts him up among the few great poets of all time." Prof. Morley refers, of course, to the incomplete *Canterbury Tales*.

Thus flows grandly down the ages the praise of Geoffrey Chaucer. Enshrined by Occleve as "the author and finder of our fair language," apostrophized by Spenser as "a well of English undefiled," proclaimed by Dryden as "the father of English poetry"—Chaucer is to-day buried beneath the garlands of modern criticism.

Says Matthew Arnold: "Chaucer fascinated his contemporaries, but his power of fascination is enduring; his poetical importance does not need the assistance of historic estimate, it is real. He is a genuine source of joy and strength which is flowing still for us, and will flow always. He will be read as time goes on, far more generally than he is read now. *

* * Of his style and manner, if we think first of the romance-poetry and then of Chaucer's divine liquidness of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. They are irresistible, and justify all the rapture with which his successors speak of his 'gold dew-drops of speech.'". And in another place he says: "A nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhyme, and yet may have no real poetry at all. Chaucer is the father of our splendid English poetry, he

is our 'well of English undefiled,' because by the lovely charm of his diction, the lovely charm of his movement, he makes an epoch and founds a tradition. In Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Keats, we can follow the tradition of the liquid diction, the fluid movement of Chaucer; at one time it is his liquid diction of which in these poets we feel the virtue, and at another time it is his fluid movement. And the virtue is irresistible." We might thus continue for hours to heap up evidences of the worth of Geoffrey Chaucer. But we fear that the proper limits of this essay are already overgone. We have ventured to make so many quotations in the hope that some might be convinced that it is shameful to ignore Chaucer, and being convinced, may learn to know him. But we cannot close without including in our essay one or two ideas derived from Thomas Humphrey Ward. Says he:

"Chaucer's literary contemporaries felt and confessed in him the poet's mysterious gifts, and his height above themselves. The best English poetical opinion, in the mouth of Spenser, Sidney, Milton, Dryden, has continuously acknowledged him; while the more our late world turns back to him, and learns to read and understand him, the stronger grows his claim in even our critical modern eyes. * * *

"In his treatment of external nature there are limits beyond which Chaucer cannot go, this time. * * * But in his sympathy with man, with human action and human feeling, his range is very great and his handling infinitely varied. The popular opinion of centuries has fixed upon the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales as his masterpiece, because it is there that this dramatic power of his, this realistic gift which can grasp at will almost any phase of character or incident, noble or trivial, passionate or grotesque, finds its fullest scope."

Finally Mr. Ward remarks: "It ought to be not only possible, but easy, for an educated reader to learn the few essentials of Chaucerian grammar, and for an ear at all trained to poetry to tune itself to the unfamiliar harmonies. For those who make the attempt the reward is certain. They will

gain the knowledge, not only of the great poet and creative genius that these pages have endeavored to sketch, but the master who uses our language with a power, a freedom, a variety, a rhythmic beauty, that, in five centuries, not ten of his successors have been found able to rival." ICI.

University of Virginia, March, 1886.

A Summer Idyl.

NOT OF an idle summer is this summer idyl, but of a summer filled with wearying work and closed without regret. I taught school in one of the Southwestern States for two sessions, and lack of money forced me to spend the summer between them in the backwoods, as lack of manuscript now forces me to fall back upon my own experience for MAGAZINE matter.

In a country where cotton was king, I had taught during the winter. In this country, the inhabitants of the rural districts have four months of school; two during the winter, and two during the summer after their crops have been "laid by," and before the picking has begun. I wanted to get one of these schools for the summer. One sultry July morning I drove some ten miles into the country from the village in which I lived, over the prairie parched by many weeks of drought, until a match would start a fire that would burn for miles. So poor was the prospect for cotton that many of the farmers had turned from it to this dry grass, which they were cutting and baling. The prairie was infested with innumerable small, green flies, which would settle on the cattle and drive them wild. The farmers had covered their horses and mules and oxen with sail-cloth, to protect them against these flies, and this during a summer remarkable for its excessive

heat. My school trustee of whom I was in search was in the cotton-field. I left my horse in the road and tramped across the furrowed ground in quest of my magnate. Not many words were necessary to make myself and my wants known to him. He eyed askant my cravat and umbrella and shining shoes, evidences to him of a frivolous mind, and of a desire to place myself above my betters. Forty dollars a month was the highest salary they had ever paid a teacher; teachers, however, were scarce and the necessity for one was pressing; so that I managed to extort from him the promise of fifty dollars. A few days afterwards, in company with a Methodist preacher, I drove down again to secure board. He took me to the best place in the community—to a house owned by an old widow. A log house it was, with four rooms, two on either side of a covered porch. When we reached the house, he did not put on his coat, but left it under the seat of the buggy, advising me to do the same, lest I be thought “stuck up.” More than this, he left behind vest, collar and cravat, and I followed his example. Thus partially disrobed, we joined the aged dame in her lamentations over the hard times, the dry times, the wicked times. She had gone out from North Carolina in 1857, and since that time had never been ten miles from home, nor had ever seen either of two villages, each twelve miles off; one, the county-seat, on a beautiful river; the other, the county-mart, the place of my former residence, on a wretched railroad. A dreary county it was, both dreary itself and the cause of dreariness in others. The house was in a strip of timber, some eight miles wide, and running through the prairie for forty or fifty miles. The family consisted of the old lady, her son, son-in-law and daughter. After supper we all sat out on the porch. The son produced a small tin box, into which he dipped a stick on which he had been chewing, and then returned to his mouth the stick to which now adhered a mass of some black, powdery substance, whose character was soon made known to me by the madam’s querulous request: “Beelly, gimme the

snuff." Sally and John, in turn, dipped into the same box. I soon found that nearly everyone in the community was addicted to the same filthy habit. And it is said that the news-boys go through the trains, on the neighboring railroad, with a bundle of sticks in each hand, and the cry: "Here your tooth-brushes; two cents for chewed and one cent for un-chewed." I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, however. When night had fallen, a move was made for bed. As I entered my room, the top of the door-frame gave my head a vigorous salutation, the acknowledgment of which in fitting terms was prevented by the presence of my ministerial friend. A right royal bed was found in the room so fearfully hot; a bed for whose feathers all the sacred fowls that ever quacked upon the imperial hills of Rome would not have been sufficient. Down I sank and down, until I thought that, like Lucifer, 'twas never to rise again. But at last the sinking stopped, and I did rise immediately, spread a blanket on the floor and there sweltered through the night—no, not through the night, for at four I was called for breakfast, to which I went without my coat. As the breakfast was like all the meals I ever ate in the house, a description of the fare on which I was regaled throughout the summer may be given

- now. We had coffee, so the landlady said; a liquid through which the brown sugar at the bottom of the cup could be seen. We had biscuits, and the old lady seemed to pride herself upon the liberality with which she had slung in the soda, and upon the vivid yellow produced thereby. Molasses of any kind, from the blackest, vilest stuff Jamaica ever sent to market, to the daintiest maple-syrup ever exuded by the tree whose autumnal hues are the richest of our forests, had ever been distasteful to me; but my eyes filled with tremulous joy to see a pitcher of home-made sorghum on the table. Eagerly was my hand outstretched for it, and I soaked my biscuit in the stuff hitherto so much disliked. We also had fried pork and fried eggs. The water was impregnated with sulphur; and, while the rich may pay ninety dollars a month for the

privilege of drinking such water, I prefer to take mine straight. To the school, some half a mile away, I carried my dinner in a small tin bucket—a dinner composed of two of those biscuit, two eggs and a bottle of molasses. When I reported at the school-house, it was to find the room filled with curious and curiously silent children, to the number of forty-six, and varying in age from six years to twenty-three. I began to enroll them, and had not proceeded far in the task before I found that my collar had disappeared. I stopped to fish it out, and hung it up on a nail to dry. Cuffs were soon abandoned, and coat and vest followed in swift succession. From this experience I learned a lesson, and afterwards left these useless and burdensome articles of apparel in my room. My trowsers, however, soon became dilapidated, and I wore a linen duster in lieu of patches.

The floor of the school-room had been laid with rude, unseasoned plank, which had not been nailed down, and had shrunk greatly; this to explain part that follows. Nearly all the children “dipped.” After a few days I indulged in borrowed humor and called their attention to the fact that people had been known to die of colds caught by wading through pools of water; that they should expect to rate high in my opinion, and not expectorate on the floor, etc. This, of course, fell flat, and my wishes were communicated to them in language more direct. The next morning those who could had gathered around the numerous open windows; the others had pushed the planks of the floor aside, and made for themselves cracks of an inch or more in width. And there would they sit, grown girls and all, book in lap, snuff-box in hand, and spit through the crack every time. Here I had the pleasure of renewing an acquaintance made in the village—an acquaintance of which I shall give some account. Soon after my arrival in the town, I was in a lawyer’s office, one morning, when a handsome woman, of some eighteen or twenty cotton seasons, appeared. She wanted a divorce. After some consultation, he agreed to obtain it for her for and in

consideration of a fee of *one calf*. She left his office, but in no long time reappeared, with : "Say, mister, would it be any harm for me to fly around with the boys a little, till yer git that thing fur me?" She was told to fly, but in moderation. Some weeks later she came to my school-room with a note which I still have, and of which the following is a copy :

"Professer Cammel. My Dorter Emmer is goin to skul to you. She is 13 year old."

Of the latter statement, I had no doubt ; of the former, I had, after a very slight examination of the young lady, whose education was of so elementary a character that I found it necessary to assign her to the room of an assistant, who had charge of the primary department. But afternoon brought her back to me, with : "Professor." "Mister will do." "Well, Mr. Campbell, I don't want ter go to school ter that ar woman." "But, Miss Emma, I am unable to make any other arrangement for you ; there are no clases in my room that you can enter." "But I don't want ter go ter school ter her : I want ter go ter school ter you." This was too much for a man always susceptible to flattery, and I relented.

As a companion-piece to my widow, I had a widower of twenty-three, whose wife had died only a few weeks before my advent among the people of the woods. He was the most awful stammerer I have ever known, and was in my highest classes—being a student of the fourth reader and of common fractions. "P-p-pr-pr-prof-fess-or," he said, one day. "Mister will do," said I. "M-m-is-t-ter Campbell, I like you because you do not laugh at me, and do not let the other children laugh at me."

It was necessary for me to teach from half-past seven till six, and then the people complained that too little time was given to the school. Among the most precious possessions of these people was the "blue back spelling book," from which they thought all spelling and all reading should be learned. I insisted that they provide their children with the books provided by law, and they complied after long resistance ; though

they said my objection to their pet was based upon my inability to teach it.

During the hour which the children had for dinner and recreation, I would wander adown the dusty road to meet the mail-carrier, and bless him when he brought me a line from the outside world. While here, I had an opportunity to attend a religious revival meeting. When the excitement was at its height, an old lady approached me with: "Mr. Campbell, I wish you would go and talk to Henry Nichols and see if you can't get him to go to the mourners' bench. I've been talking to him for some time, and I can't do it any longer."

R. L. CAMPBELL.

Le Naissance de l'Amour.

Inte my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes.
And what before was shadow took
The light of summer skies.
The first-born Love was in that look;
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone solemn spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before.
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned and crept to thine
As if in times of yore
Thy soul had been a part of mine
Which claimed it back once more.
Thy very self no longer thine
But merged in that delicious life
Which made us *one* of yore.

There moved beside thee forms as fair,
 There murmured tones as sweet,
 But round thee breathed the enchanted air,
 'Twas life and death to meet.
 And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
 And tho' the stars had sung for joy,
 Thy whisper only sweet.

Integer Vitæ.

➤ IN THE noble biography of Sir Walter Scott by his son-in-law, Lockhart, (a work in the front rank of its kind, if not *primus inter pares*), a pleasant and suggestive incident is recorded in connection with the visit of Sir Humphrey Davy to Abbotsford. After stating the somewhat unique fact that host and guest "each strove to make the other talk," Lockhart goes on to speak of the great delight of the company gathered there (and when the house was not full to overflowing it was the exception), and especially to Sir Walter's faithful old servitor Willie Laidlaw. Lockhart says: "I remember one night when the 'rapt talk' of the two magnates had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford that Willie Laidlaw whispered to me: 'Gude preserve us, *this is a very superior occasion!* Eh, sirs,' he added cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakspeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up.'"

If the dictum that history is always repeating itself has become a trifle trite, still it is, by multiplied examples, gaining in force what it has lost in freshness—and that as a prelude to the beautiful translation of Horace's "Integer Vitæ" (II Carmen, XXII), we may readily, in fancy, go back to the "superior occasion" when it was first produced. Horace had long

since retrieved his fortune. Returning to Rome after his shameful and ridiculous performance at Philippi—stripped of his little patrimony because of his connection with the “lost cause” of Brutus—earning but a scanty subsistence from the little place of scribe, in the Quæstor’s office, which in some unaccountable way he had been able to purchase—condemned to a line of diet very close akin to Col. Sellers’ turnips and water—his household equipments, made up of the meanest ware, and his clothing of the poorest texture, his fortunes seemed to be at the lowest ebb—but fortunately he had that jewel of genius within, and out of his very poverty he was emboldened and urged to become a poet. Lucretius had not long before ended his own unhappy existence, scorning his humble, but devoted Lucilla, and eager to clasp that

“Passionless bride, divine tranquility.”

Catullus, too, softened and toned down by the hospitable revenge which Cæsar took upon his satire, had also passed away, leaving ample room and range enough for epic Virgil and satirical Horace. Fortunately there was not the envy and jealousy of the “irritate race” to keep these men apart, and the eclogue of the one and some brilliant pieces of the other induced the beginning of a friendship which lasted through life and was unclouded to the end.

To Virgil, most probably, did Horace owe that chief “turning point” in his career, an introduction to Mæcenas. Here the friendship was of slower growth—for it took Horace nine months to “break the ice” of his patron’s cold and phlegmatic nature—but the poet was patient and shuffled the cards properly, improved to its uttermost the now famous jaunt to Brundisium, was rewarded by the deed to the “Sabine Farm” (and later, by the gift from the same hand, of a villa at Tivoli), and thus endowed and heralded Horace was finally introduced to the Emperor as a young man of striking parts, of already brilliant performance and of greater promise.

That the Emperor soon “took” to the young Apulian is

fully and frequently attested. It was not long before he writes to Mæcenas that although once fully equal to his large correspondence, he was now overwhelmed (in the superlative, *occupatissimus*) and infirm, and therefore, (caligraphs not yet being in fashion) he really must bring "Our Horace" (*sic*) to help him out, winding up, half jest and whole earnest, with the unmannerly suggestion that the young poet's morals and behavior would be improved by a removal from the "parasitical board" of his patrons to the ease and elegance of the palace. But Horace, abounding in good "horse sense," preferred to remain with his humbler friends, for, though compelled to mingle with a rather promiscuous and somewhat "parasitical" crowd, he still enjoyed an independence which he knew would be denied him at the imperial mansion. He said, in effect, to Augustus, "I am proud and happy to be your honored guest at proper times, and your occasional 'Laureate.' I will meet your 'little joke' by sending you an 'epistle a good deal longer than myself,' wherein I will tell the world that you are grander than all the men of the past, present or future (*Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale falcetes*); but if you will pardon my seeming insensibility I would prefer to consort, as a general thing, with Mæcenas, although he claims back to Lars Porsena and I am but the offspring of an humble tax-collector."

To this the Emperor returns a playful answer, regretting that "Our Horace" should be "ashamed to rank as an Emperor's friend." "But be it as you say, and come up and dine with me soon." We shall assume that "Flaccus" (as his intimates called him) readily agreed to the suggestion and that treating it as a "superior occasion," Augustus invited the choicest literary men to meet. There, probably, was the frigid Mæcenas, abstracted and silent, musing over a recent tiff with the beautiful but imperious Terentia, with whom he quarreled and made up so often that Seneca got off the hit that Mæcenas had but one wife but had been married a thousand times.

On either side of Augustus were seated Virgil and Horace (the first, like Hamlet afterwards, "fat and scant of breath," and the other, like Ophelia, "too much water"—in his eyes!) that he might bring in his "chestnut" that "he sat between tears and sighs" (*ego sum inter suspiria et lacrymas*). There, too, was Ovid (familiarily styled "Nosey,") who took rank with the Emperor as a much married and divorced man, and could match the naughty Claudia Scribonia and Livia with his own erring Triad (discounting some slight fondness for the last one—as such!) heedless of that decree of inexorable exile which sent him for his last ten years to mourn his fate at Tomi, on the shores of the Euxine, but made the world richer in that his tears are embalmed in the "Tristia" and his fame largely increased by his "Fasti;" the cause of this banishment has remained a mystery. Some one more wicked than the rest (some Roman Vivien perchance) declared it was because Ovid had played Sir Lancelot to Livia's Guinevere; but Ovid himself says that his sin was that he had eyes! (*Peccabumque oculos est habuisse mecum*).

With such a party as we have, in fancy, assembled, let us suppose, as the papers are fond of saying, that the "elegant and sumptuous *ménu* has, under some other name, been discussed; that the cloth—if they used such fabrics then—has been removed, and that the Thaliarchus of the palace has been ordered to bring out the jolliest two-handled Sabine jar, brimming and redolent with the "mellow four-year-old" Falerian, and that, after the company had become as mellow as their drink, the Emperor should rap for silence and call (as he had often done before) for "Horace's Last." The poet consenting (as poets are prone to do on such occasions, for even Tennyson is not angered by a call for "Ulysses," and the wags say that he does not always wait for a call!), and producing his scroll, what is more likely to be than his beautiful tribute to Aristicus Fuscus, of whom (Ep., 1-10) Horace speaks with great affection, declaring that "they were almost twins in their tastes and sentiments" and to whom he dedicated a lyric

which through all the rolling ages since, the world has continued to admire.

I present below a beautiful translation rendered fully a century ago by Lewis Littlepage, of Hanover, then a youth of fourteen years. I had intended to give you a biographical sketch of the author which I think you would find full of interest and no little romance—but my rambling preface has led me so far that I must desist for the present—but promising, if you desire it, to send it in the early future. I, therefore, turn the translation over to you, hoping that its perusal will pique the curiosity of your readers to know something more of the author—making, for myself, the single criticism, of expressing my regret that the beautiful name of Lalage was omitted in the last stanzas, and that the writer did not more successfully catch the sweet music of

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

B.

TRANSLATION

OF THE "INTEGER VITÆ," OF HORACE, ODE 22, BOOK I.

Done by Lewis Littlepage, of Hanover, at the age of 14 years, while a student at William and Mary. Copied for Hon. B. J. Barbour, by W. R. A.

Fuscus, the man whose quiet heart
No conscious crimes molest,
Needs not the Moor's envenomed dart
To guard his guiltless breast.

Safe may he roam Guetulia's Sands,
Virtue and peace his guides,
Or where the desert Garme stands,
Or famed Hydaspes glides.

Late, I ranged the Sabine grove,
Beyond my usual bounds,
And, void of care, I sang my love
In soft, melodious sounds;

Sudden met, without defence,
A wolf in fierceness bred;
But awed by peaceful innocence,
The savage monster fled.

Not scorched Numidia's thirsty fields,
Where tawny lions feed,
Nor warlike Dauma's dreary wilds
So dire a monster breed.

Remove me far from cheerful day
To night and endless shades,
Where not a bright, celestial ray
The awful gloom pervades;

Or place me near the solar blaze,
Beneath the burning zone,
Where no refreshing breeze allays
The influence of the sun;

Still shall the memory of my love,
Her soft, enchanting smile,
Her charming voice my woes remove,
And all my cares beguile.

Thomas Moore.

➤ **P**OETRY, the twin Muse of Melody, furnishes us a language, as it were, which all can understand, though all cannot appreciate. This language in its influence so varied, so sublime, is universal, for it is the language of the soul. Like music it has a strain to suit the fancy of every temperament, and in touching each separate chord of feeling, with varied modulation, it sends forth, with one grand volume of unison, the sentiments of all creation

“In liquid lines, mellifluously bland.”

Nor is it reserved for one poet to depict in verse the heated passion, the melancholy wail, the sarcastic ire, or the blithesome strain of happiness, for that poet whose heart's attuned to mirth cannot touch the lyre of sadness without some note of discord. Thus when we read the varied lays of poesy,

with appreciating sympathy, we discern the tender emotions or the irate passions of the bards who gave them birth. We could refer to many a poet whose verse for ages has been studied for its grandeur, deep thought or vivid description, to many a poet whose fame will never die, whose rhyme will never fade; but that is not our purpose. The author whom we are about to mention has left no masterpiece to rank with great productions, but perhaps no other poet ever linked the name, the wrongs, the attribute of his native country in sweeter verse than did the lyric poet, Moore.

His patriotism, for this author was certainly a patriot, runs through, we almost say, every one of his poems. We find it alike in his simplest and his greatest works, uncontrollably gushing

"From his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

Moore was essentially an Irishman in heart, in sympathy and in principle, and in return for this fond affection for the land that gave him birth, his country could render him no greater honor, no distinction which he desired and deserved more than the first poet of the "Emerald Isle."

That the foundation for such distinction was well laid no one can doubt. Educated at the University of Dublin, where he was distinguished and admired for his classical attainments, his flowing wit and sociability, he went to England soon to become the lion of society and the cherished companion of the intellectual; and here his varied knowledge and numerous accomplishment first come to light, in the beautiful and fascinating translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," which gave him the appellation of Anacreon Moore. The various criticisms on this work, while most complimentary, nevertheless, point to the fact that he relied more upon his ability to fascinate by pleasing embellishments than to his strict observance of the text. But since we are aware that he was thoroughly capable of a translation stripped of finery, we are prone to rather

sanction such a delightful version. If we were to take the poems of Moore in the order of their publication or in reference to their respective dates of composition, we would find little, if any, marked difference in their merit or beauty of construction. All of his selections from the earliest to the latest are wreathed in that pleasing and exquisite simplicity which renders discrimination almost powerless, and which brings them so near to our feelings.

"The Loves of the Angels," a poem which has less to do with Holy Writ than its source would imply, abounds in beautiful passages of unstrained simile and purity of expression. Based on the verse of Genesis: "And it came to pass, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." The poet has carried it to the realms of fiction and in pleasing allegory depicted, to use his own words, the fall of the soul from its original purity and the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures. Presuming that the sons of God were angels, the poet has put into the mouths of "three noble youths" the story of their fall.

"The first who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yielding;"

and this angel, whose character and inclinations are set forth in the lines above, tells us in pitying but enchanting verse the tale of his sad fate, how from

"A land that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And midway choosing where to light,
I saw from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!

One of earth's fairest womankind,
 Half veiled from view, or rather shrined
 In the clear crystal of a brook ;
 Which, while it hid no single gleam
 Of her young beauties, made them look
 More spirit-like, as they might seem
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream."

After this strain of charming description, in verse not less sweet, the erring angel brings the scenes that follow closer and more vividly before our eyes until at length we hear him tell us of the fatal kiss and the broken spell :

"Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
 One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
 And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
 The spell that plumes my wing for heaven."
 While thus I spake, the fearful maid,
 Of me and of herself afraid,
 Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
 The scorching of the south wind's breath ;
 But when I named—alas, too well
 I now recall, though wilder'd then—
 Instantly, when I named the spell,
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
 And, with an eagerness that spake
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,
 "The spell, the spell ! oh, speak it now,
 And I will bless thee !" she exclaimed—
 Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
 And lost already, on her brow
 I stamped one burning kiss, and named
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told
 To living creature of earth's mold !
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught,
 The holy sound—her hands and eyes
 Were instant lifted to the skies,
 And thrice to heaven she spoke it out,
 With that triumphant look Faith wears
 When not a cloud or fear of doubt,
 A vapor from this vale of tears
 Between her and her God appears !
 That very moment her whole frame
 All bright and glorified became,

And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings magnificent as those
That sparkle round the eternal throne,
Whose plumes as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moonbeams shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon the earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through !
Most holy vision ! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there !"

The vain efforts he made to follow her flight, the hopeless endeavors to make the charm return to him, the gloom and sorrow in which he was enveloped from that instant, and likewise the stories of the other angels describing their wanderings and associations, their actions and their fall, follow in still more pleasing verse ; and when we wonder in what distant clime these seraphs now "wing their flight" we find it in these words :

"In what lone region of the earth
These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and his angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell."

If we seek for that style of rhythm which shows us in every line the true nature of the poet's mind, his love of liberty and fond taste for music, we turn to his "Irish Melodies," which he so modestly and in such a graceful manner gave to his country ; a country which he so strikingly and beautifully shows in this collection of harmonious ballads, has so repeatedly felt the glory of peace eclipsed by sore oppression. Ireland was, at that time, a country imbued with the soul of music, a fountain, as it were, of Irish melody, from which poured forth in gentle streams of sparkling purity the myriad gems of poesy ; and if, perchance, a ripple of turbulent verse fell from its source it was sure to have some accompanying drop of mirth and was easily traced to its fountain-head of

tranquility. Throughout all the gloom of oppression which has ever hovered over this people we see their buoyant spirit constantly shining forth. In one of Ireland's darkest hours we hear the poet sing in measures light :

“Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears like a sunbeam in showers ;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More formed to be graceful and bless'd than ours !
But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And Hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
Here comes a new link
Our spirits to sink !

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness too brilliant to stay,
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on Prince's Day.”

These melodies, like his “national airs,” written to be sung, found voice at every fire-side throughout Erin's Green Isle, and so closely were they linked with music that they told their tale of Ireland's woes in many a tongue and clime.

Leaving these, the lighter production of the poet's fancy, we pass on to his greatest and most labored work, “*Lalla Rookh*.” Moore, like every other poet, had his faults of style, and the poem which we are about to consider being his longest as well as grandest work it of course has its share. But were we to mention them at any length and attempt to bring them boldly before our eyes, they would scarcely attract our attention since they are so infinitely less conspicuous than its manifold beauties. The originality of the plot at once fascinates us, while we are completely enchanted by the gradual yet growing magnificence of the Oriental scene so graphically brought before us clothed in all its Eastern grandeur. At the outset, in prose inimitable, the author introduces to us the participants whom we are to see again in the gorgeous scenes which follow. He tells us of the splendor of Abdalla's court, the magnificence of his kingly bearing, the royalty of Aurungzebe's hospitality, and in expressions most fitting, de-

scribes the journey of the beautiful princess Lalla Rookh from Delhi to Bucharía; her romantic meeting with her betrothed husband, clad in the garb of a minstrel, of her attachment for him and finally her recognition of the king, in all the glory of his magnificent surroundings, as the same minstrel who had sung to her in loving and enchanting strains.

Scattered throughout this charming narrative are innumerable songs of love and fancy which though not immediately connected with the leading theme, yet are, in themselves gems of imagery and beauty worthy of the critic's highest encomiums and of the poet's greatest genius.

The poet's thorough knowledge and happy conception of Eastern customs and traditions is displayed with remarkable accuracy; especially in describing the luxurious and dazzling scenes of royal pomp and pageantry which abound in the courts of the Orient.

So entrancingly beautiful is this poem in its entirety that were we to quote any detached fragment as a criterion of the whole we would render an injustice not only to the author, but also to the reader. The versatility of his genius was so great that should we attempt even to name the various paths of literature in which he walked preëminent, we would overstep the limited bounds allotted us. And as we draw near to the close of this feeble tribute to his genius, we pause to make brief mention of his sacred poems which abound in piety of feeling and reverence for the ever living God. And now when he has fulfilled the mission of his life, in depicting Erin's grandeurs and beauties, to a sympathizing world he writes in words so tenderly expressive of the fond hope he entertained:

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander asking
 Of earth and heaven, where are they ;
 Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—
 Blessed, and thinking bliss would stay !
 Hope still lifts her radiant finger
 Pointing to the eternal home,
 Upon whose portal yet they linger,
 Looking back for us to come."

The fame of this great bard will ever live fresh in the hearts of his grateful countrymen, and the sweet strains of his flowing verse will float down the corridors of time to delight with its melody the generations yet to come.

"And long as poetry shall charm mankind,
 His flowing numbers will admirers find."

D. DE L.

Gracileia.

Fair lady ! I would weave a wreath for thee
 Of richer flowers than any bloom that blows
 In Cashmere's vale, whose ev'ry air the rose
 Has laden with its breath's sweet perfum'ry :
 I'd cull the fadeless flowers of poesy,
 And careful choose the fairest buds of those,
 Each softly blushing as the garland grows,
 Deemed fit to grace thy immortality.
 But when I seek to add presumptuous praise
 To Nature's culminated art ; the Muse,
 Indignant at the bootless task, disdains
 To lend her aid, and scorns my rude essays
 To gild pure gold or variegate the hues
 God gave the lily that rude touch profanes.

University of Va., Jan. 27, 1886.

F. R. L.

HALL OF PSI CHAPTER, SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY.

WHEREAS it has been the will of Almighty God to take from us, by death, our beloved brother, ROBERT BURBAGE COLEMAN, of Richmond, Va., we the members of the Psi Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity have

Resolved, That the fraternity at large has lost a sterling man and accomplished gentleman, and that those whose privilege it was to know him mourn the death of a genial and trusty friend.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That our hall and badges be draped with suitable mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Chapter and published in the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY and *Sigma Chi* magazines.

JOHN DUNN, *Chmn.*,
ANDREW F. EVANS,
FRANCIS R. LASSITER.

March 27, 1886.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The question has been often asked during the last week: "Do you think the Moody and Sankey meetings did any good?" The answers have been very various, determined by the relative thoughtfulness of the persons appealed to. We have been very much interested in the subject and have striven to learn as nearly as possible the true state of the case. The result of our investigation has been the conviction that nothing within the definite memory of man has so profoundly stirred the religious sentiment of the college. Men who profess Christianity and those who reject it, all are animated by a new spirit of inquiry. Wherever you find two or three students together, you may be pretty sure that they are discussing the great question which should be decided before all others. We have been more than pleased with the candor and reverence displayed in some of these conversations and we cannot but conclude that the result will be of advantage to those who are earnestly seeking for the light.

Despite a few eccentricities of manner and crudities of expression, Mr. Moody is one of the most effective speakers it has ever been our privilege to hear. No one can listen to his fervid exhortations without feeling that the fire of the Spirit has descended upon him. The earnestness of the man is his most characteristic feature. It impresses every one that comes in contact with him, and not even a scoffer can hear his appeals without an uneasy feeling that "perhaps this thing is true after all."

One of the chief objects for which college literary societies exist is the cultivation of the art of debate; but small, indeed, is the progress made in this art through the instru-

mentality of these societies, if we are to judge all by the one of which, alone, we have any knowledge. In this one the debates, as a rule, are entirely farcical, except that now and then a member who is, or hopes to be, a medalist, lends some dignity to discussions which would have been hooted at in the society of the high school which we attended; and of those who ever make any serious effort in a debate there are not more than a half dozen, in a society with eighty or ninety members. A little work and a little pluck, steadily employed during the two or three years or more of a man's college life, would make of him, if not a Fox, at any rate a debater of no mean order. But now these opportunities are only

“Occasions spurned : the pearls before the swine.”

As an additional incentive to exertion in this important field, we should hail with delight an organization for a state inter-collegiate oratorical contest. Why cannot such a contest be held even this year? The literary societies of each of six or eight colleges in Virginia could each furnish one or two contestants for a handsome medal. The contest might be held in Richmond, where the youthful orators would be assured of large and appreciative audiences. Such contests are held in other States with highly beneficial results. Cannot our societies take the initiative?

COLLEGIANA.

FRATERNITIES.

1. ALPHA TAU OMEGA.—Founded at Richmond, Va., in 1865. *Colors*: Gold, White, Green and Blue. DELTA CHAPTER (University of Virginia), established in 1868, has had 136 members—95 initiates and 41 from other chapters.

Anderson, Archer, Va.

Anderson, George B., D. C.

Anderson, George W., Ga.

Brickell, W. P., La.

Corbett, F. E., Tex.

Hobson, J. R. A., Va.

Killen, W. J., Ala.

Lee, W. H. C., Va.

McClintic, T. W., W. Va.

Mosby, J. S., Va.

Preston, W. C., S. C.

Thomas, F. S., Nev.

Wood, Julian, N. C.

Total 13. (XIX).

2. BETA THETA PI.—Founded at Miami University, Ohio, in 1839. *Colors*: Blue and Pink. OMICRON CHAPTER, established in 1855, has had 245 members.

R. W. Tomlin,

E. S. Ruffin,

F. O. Mears,

J. W. Guest, Jr.,

J. W. Kern,

W. H. Perkinson,

B. M. Smith,

W. F. McLeod.

Total 8. (XII).

3. DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.—Founded at Yale in 1844. *Colors*: Blue, Gold and Crimson. ETA CHAPTER, established in 1852, has had 253 members.

*J. H. C. Bagby, Va.,

*A. B. Blair, Va.,

W. J. Chinn, Ky.,

*C. A. Chiltenden, N. J.,

*T. L. Dabney, N. Y.,

C. Dallam, Ky.,

*D. L. Despard, W. Va.,

*B. R. Harrison, Va.,

J. D. McKim, N. Y.,

R. C. Minor, Va.,

W. G. Ramsay, La.,

C. W. Sams, Va.,

*H. P. C. Wilson, Md.

Total 13. (IX).

4. DELTA PSI.—Founded at Columbia College, in 1847.

Colors: Azure and Old Gold. UPSILON CHAPTER, established in 1860, has had 167 members.

J. C. Ballagh, Va.,
R. E. Hall, W. Va.,
J. G. Leiter, Md.,
S. G. Long, Ky.,

C. L. Minor, N. Y.,
G. W. M. Reed, Ark.,
J. N. Stratton, Va.,
H. Howard, D. C.

Total 7. (XII).

5. KAPPA ALPHA (*Southern*).—Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865. *Colors:* Cardinal and Gold. LAMBDA CHAPTER, established in 1873, has had 70 members.

J. M. Cabell, Va.,
S. H. Cannady, (Univ. of N. C.) N. C.,
C. C. Cox, Ga.,
H. A. Latané, (Rich. College) Va.,
C. L. Lewis, (Vand'bilt Univ.) Tenn.

T. McCoy, (Davidson College) N. C.,
M. C. Millender, (Univ. of N. C.) N. C.,
W. K. Nottingham, (Univ. of Va.) Va.,
E. F. Parker, (S. C. Mil. Acad.) S. C.

Total 9. (IX).

6. KAPPA SIGMA (~~*Southern*~~).—Founded University of Virginia in 1867. *Colors:* Blue, White and Red. ~~ALPHA CHAPTER~~ has had 86 members.

V. W. Harrison, Va.,
*T. J. Hoskins, N. C.,
Benj. H. Sewell, Va.,
George T. Rives, Va.,

F. S. Rogers, Jr., S. C.,
A. E. Walker, Va.,
L. G. Woodson, Va.

Total 7. (VI).

7. PI KAPPA ALPHA.—Founded at the University of Virginia in 1868. *Colors:* Garnet and Old Gold. ALPHA CHAPTER has had 106 members.

G. W. Smith, Ky.,
U. W. Muir, Ky.,
P. J. Beard, Ky.,
Dr. D. Tardy, Va.,
*M. S. Macon, La.,
*S. Galt, D. C.,

*E. W. Robertson, Va.,
*T. W. Russell, Va.,
*R. O. Morris, Va.,
*J. Botts, Ky.,
*W. T. Howard, Va.,
*H. P. Taylor, Va.

Total 12, (XI)

8. SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.—Founded at the University of Alabama in 1856. *Color:* Royal Purple. OMICRON CHAPTER, established in 1858, has had 100 members.

P. O. Adams, Va.,
*John Campbell, Md.,
T. D. Christian, Va.,
E. F. Cochran, S. C.,
H. D. Flord, Va.,

*G. W. McCormack, S. C.,
*L. Jones, Ky.,
J. S. Sibley, Ga.,
*J. B. Thomas, Va.

Total 9. (VI).

9. SIGMA CHI.—Founded at Miami University, Ohio, in 1855. *Colors*: Blue and Gold. PSI CHAPTER, established in 1860, has had 171 members.

H. K. Ambler, (Wash.-Lee),
W. F. Brown, (Wash.-Lee),
J. Meade Callender,
Sam. Chancellor, (Roanoke),
L. M. Coleman,
John Dunn,
James Dunn,
A. F. Evans, (Central Coll., Ky.)

F. R. Lassiter,
*Lewis Mackall, Jr.,
John Marshall,
*Thornton L. Massie,
Irvin Pope, (Roanoke),
Kirkland Ruffin,
O. M. Styron, (Roanoke).

Total 15. (XV.)

10. PHI DELTA THETA.—Founded at Miami University, Ohio, in 1848. *Colors*: Blue and White. VIRGINIA BETA CHAPTER, established in 1873, has had 81 members.

J. D. Fletcher, Va.,
Horace Hardaway, Va.,
Carter H. Jones, Va.,
F. T. Lottin, Ind.,
*F. P. Miles, Va.,

J. H. Moore, Ky.,
A. H. Morrison, Ind.,
J. H. Moss, Va.,
George Petrie, Va.,
*P. L. Taylor, Va.

11. PHI THETA ALPHA (*Mystic Seven*).—Founded at Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1837. *Fraternity Color*: White. *Chapter Color*: Violet. "HANDS AND TORCH" CHAPTER established in 1860, has had 95 members.

Herbert Barry, Va.,
*J. H. Boogher, Mo.,
C. M. Bradbury, Va.,
Gessner Harrison, N. Y.,
*N. D. Lancaster, Va.,
Southgate Leigh, Va.,
B. S. Minor, Va.,

Frank Muller, Va.,
L. M. Patterson, N. C.,
*C. H. C. Preston, Va.,
*J. K. Peebles, Va.,
Cooper D. Schmitt, Va.,
John Tyler, Jr., Va.,
*B. D. V. Reeve, Pa.

Total 14. (XII.)

12. PHI KAPPA SIGMA.—Founded at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1850. *Colors*: Black and Gold. ETA CHAPTER, established in 1855, has had 123 members.

Edgar B. Haymond, Va.,
Claude A. Swanson, Va.,

Robert C. Taylor, Md.

13. PHI KAPPA PSI.—Founded at Washington, Pa., 1852.

Colors: Lavender and Pink. VIRGINIA ALPHA CHAPTER, established 1853, has had 253 members.

R. C. Berkeley, Jr., W. Va.,	J. W. S. Peters, Va.,
C. M. Blackford, Jr., Va.,	S. P. Preston, Va.,
*L. A. Cover, Va.,	A. P. Sanders, Va.,
J. S. Davis, Va.,	G. H. Smith, Va.,
*C. P. Echols, Ala.,	G. T. Smith, Va.,
*T. W. Harris, Va.,	*E. M. Stires, Va.,
*J. L. Howard, Ky.,	*S. W. Venable, Va.,
J. A. Ingle, Md.,	*W. H. Venable, Va.,
*R. M. Kent, Jr., Va.,	*J. B. Woods, Va.

Total 18. (IX).

CHI PHI.—Founded at Princeton in 1824. *Colors*: Scarlet and Blue. ALPHA CHAPTER, founded at this University in 1859, has had 150 members.

James N. Anderson, (Wol. Col.) S. C.,	*A. C. Harrison, Va.,
*E. M. Braxton, Va.,	C. M. Himel, La.,
A. H. Byrd, N. Y.,	John B. Minor, Jr., Va.,
*C. V. Carrington, Va.,	E. M. Moore, Miss.,
Chas. Catlett, Va.,	*P. H. Walker, Ala.

Total 10, (X)

ALPHA SIGMA SIGMA.—*Color*: Green. *Φ00Λ* CHAPTER, established at the University in 1826, has had 13,278 members. The chapter is in so flourishing a condition this year that we haven't space to publish its roll. The fraternity has conferred its highest degree, *Σ. Θ. K.*, on only one member this session.

Great has been the excitement in our usually quiet body for the past fortnight. On the one side has been the Y. L. S. S. to keep day in a continual turmoil with its never ceasing, compound-reflex-action supply of female chatter; and on the other the University Minstrel Troupe to make night hideous with its gongs and similar soothing music produced from the latest and most artistic of Japanese instruments. With its usual push and energy, the MAG. has had its able reporter on the ground to look after the interests of the public, and to the date of going to press the result of his labors are laid

before our readers. The Y. L. S. S. have been working with commendable zeal, and are in high hopes of reaping a plentiful supply of dollars to aid in completing the chapel. And we see no reason for doubting their success, for the ground has been carefully prepared, the seed sown, and engineered by the never failing agencies of female beauty and female blandiloquence, such enterprises have never been known to fail. The following statistics from one week's work in decorating Wash. Hall have been carefully compiled and correctly revised: persons engaged, members of the Y. L. S. S. and students of the University applying for graduation in the calico ticket; promenades, going for something and returning with nothing (always one member and one student) 569; *tête-à-têtes* (one member and one student) 976; holding up decorations in posing attitudes, 252; sitting with rustic grace, successful, 26, unsuccessful 805; blistered hands 0, blistered tongues 19; words spoken, lowest estimate 957,656,725,342:—work actually accomplished, that which a small boy on promise of a ticket to the circus could perform in two hours and twenty minutes. It is claimed by some of the society, however, that many of the students were a drawback rather than a help, but this the MAG. is in honor bound forced to believe to be false. The Hall, however, is a marvel of art, and if every student does not assist in repaying all this trouble, let him be anathema who dares to refuse.

As to the Minstrel Troupe that, too, seems to have gone daft on the subject of Mikado; we have been initiated and could a tale unfold—but gory was the oath we took and the only way for us to enlighten our readers is to advise them to be in the Town Hall early on the first night in order to secure seats.

The final elections in the Wash. resulted in the following corps: President, L. M. Baker, Virginia; Vice-President, C. H. Peake, South Carolina; Recording Secretary, P. H. C. Brotherson, Texas; Assistant-Recording Secretary, W. F.

Stout, Virginia; Corresponding Secretary, T. H. Haden, Virginia; Critic, J. Gilmore Covington, Kentucky; Treasurer, W. H. Bryant, Virginia.

At the semi-annual election of officers of the Y. M. C. A., on February 1st, the following were elected: President, J. A. Ingle; First Vice-President and Chairman of Reading Room Committee, S. Leigh; Second Vice-President and Chairman Membership Committee, J. K. Peebles; Third Vice-President and Chairman of Sunday-school Committee, C. W. Rodgers; Fourth Vice-President and Chairman of Religious Service, S. W. Venable; Recording Secretary, H. Barry; Corresponding Secretary, E. M. Stires; Treasurer, J. P. Ford.

On Friday, April 2, the Moot Court was organized with the usual exciting contest over the Vice-Prsidency. Three candidates were before the court: Messrs. L. M. Coleman, R. E. Hall and A. S. Farrow, and it was only on the fourth ballot that a choice was arrived at. The first two ballots resulted in ties between two of the candidates, the third dropped Mr. Coleman, and on the fourth Mr. Farrow received the requisite majority. After a neat speech by the newly elected judge the complement of officers was completed by the following elections; Clerk, M. M. Lynch, Virginia; Sheriff, C. C. Joyes, Kentucky; Coroner, George B. Anderson, Washington, D. C.

On Saturday night, April 17, the Wash. had its contest for the debater's medal, the subject being, "Would the annexation of Mexico to the United States be beneficial to the latter country?" After a very spirited and creditable contest the medal was awarded to Mr. J. Gilmore Covington, Ky.

One week later the Wash. had its contest for the orator's medal, and whether it was due to the inspiration of the Mikado decorations or the intrinsic merits of the gentlemen themselves, it was one of the best we have ever listend to.

The committee awarded the medal to Mr. R. G. Bickford, of Virginia, whose subject was "The Abolition of Capital Punishment."

THE FOUR AGES.

The poets say there was a Golden Age,
Whose praises are the theme of bard and sage :
The Silver Age succeeded this, and then
The Age of Brass was given unto men.
The Age of Iron came to take its place,
And in this age we live our little space ;
Yet though they say the Age of Brass is dead,
We sometimes feel a doubt of what is said.
As when our neighbor lets his coal run low,
And uses ours for a week or so ;
When friends with calm assurance ask the loan
Of everything that we can call our own ;
From our goods make use of what they lack,
And even take the dress-suit from our back,
Sponge our tobacco—half of what we get—
But by no chance they buy a cigarette.
When such take place we must despairing cry ;
Alas ! would, indeed, the Age of Brass might die.

P. D. Q.

We are glad to notice that interest is being revived in the boat club. A race was proposed a short time ago but owing to some unexplained cause it has been indefinitely postponed. We hope the boys will continue the good work, and give us a boat club that will in a measure make up some of the deficiencies of our base-ball nine.

The base-ball season has opened with a series of games between the University club and Pantops, two of which have already been played, and honors are easy so far. The first game was played on the Pantops grounds with a score : Pantops 12, University 9. The second game was played on the University grounds resulting in the score : University 23, Pantops 18.

THE EXTRA TICKET, OR THE CALICO CURLS.

AN OBITUARY.

I	F	T	A	T	H	F	U	D	W	T
N	L	U	N	O	I	O	N	P	A	H
T	O	R	D	C	G	R	I	A	S	E
H	W	N	N	O	H	C	V	R	A	R
E	E	E	O	M	N	E	E	T	S	E
S	S	D	W	M	S	D	S	M	S	P
P	T	U	H	I	T	B	I	E	I	O
R	H	P	A	A	H	Y	T	N	G	R
I	A	T	S	H	T	H	Y	T	N	T
N	T	O	H	A	H	S	H	O	D	E
G	B	T	I	I	M	S	A	F	T	T
T	L	H	S	K	I	I	S	T	H	O
R	O	E	T	A	K	M	B	H	I	W
A	M	.	O	R	A	P	E	E	S	H
L			E	I	D	E	N			O
A			S		O	I				M

Diogenes Jones says :

That life is short, but woman's constancy is shorter.

That the magic of *Pan tops* that of all the other gods.

That it ain't always the biggest racket that hits the ball.

That mysterious are the workings of Providence ; Rome and Greece rose, flourished and fell that modern orators might have examples.

That prohibition in Charlottesville is like a piece of light-wood, because it is knot.

That a punster's death would be like the battle of Zama, because it would be a Pun-ic loss.

That the same person's conversation suggests northern India, because it is a Pun-jabber.

That strikes are the order of the day and the University student should strike,

For electric lights on all lawn tennis grounds.

For mutuality of liability in the rights of tutor and cutee of lectures.

For the right to substitute the calico ticket for graduation in any school in all Academic and Professional degrees.

For longer times between questions and answers to enable sufficient and reliable communications to pass between shover and shovee.

For the suppression of professional jokes of twenty years standing, after the third reading thereof in any one session, and to compel the manufacture of a new supply.

Prof. : Mr. D., suppose a man should give you a recommendation without considering for a moment what a great injury he would thereby perpetuate upon the public !" (Great applause.)

Prof.—"Mr. G.—What is the *easiest and most practicable* way of altering the attraction of gravitation ?"

Mr. G.—"By changing the figure of the earth, sir."

On Saturday and Sunday, April 10 and 11, the students of the University and the people of the surrounding country had the rare fortune of listening to the great evangelists Moody and Sankey. Frequent meetings were held in the Public Hall on both days and all available space was occupied at every meeting. Much good, we hope, was accomplished by these meetings and the subsequent series of evening services held in the Chapel.

PERSONAL.—Mr. H. Dabney, M. A., of the University and Ph. D., of Heidelberg, has been here during the past month.

Mr. E. P. Valentine, a student of last year, gave us a call not long ago.

The monthly lecture in the Public Hall for April was delivered on the usual night by Prof. Holmes upon "The Closing Century." Like everything that comes from that source, the lecture was full of research and thought, interspersed with the usual humor. We may well indeed speculate on the possible and probable outcome of the present wonderful advances made in every direction by the human race, and anxiously ask, Will the world hold us all in a few more years?

The next lecture will be delivered in the Public Hall on the first Thursday in May by Prof. F. H. Smith on "The Electric Light."

The Y. L. S. S. cleared something over five hundred dollars.

Lent is passed, and on Wednesday, April 28th, a German, seasoned with the expectation of forty days, was given in Wash. Hall.

Mr. J.—"What's all this I hear about Mr. *Micky Doo*? When is that famous lecturer going to be here?"

Barnum's Greatest and Only Show on earth is coming on *his last tour*. No lecture, some circus; no circus, some lecture. The MAG. staff have unanimously resolved to take no lecture and some circus.

He clasped her little hand in love
('Twas in the moon's soft light),
He swore by that bright orb above
Her "no" his life would blight.

She raised her kerchief to her mouth
('Twas getting on to dawn)
And thus she plighted him her troth—
"I'm yawn, forever yawn."

It will be remembered that last year we had occasion to publish in the MAGAZINE a series of challenges received by the University Base Ball Club from the Richmond Kindergarten, Staunton Insane Asylum and the patients of St. Luke's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and to comment on the fact that our boys, with high magnanimity, had treated them all with silent contempt. It grieves us now, however, to record the painful fact that time has not lent wisdom to the same U. B. B. C., and that this year an invitation of similar purport has been accepted, the U. B. B. C. has met the enemy and are theirs. We refer of course to the late expedition of the said U. B. B. C. to the fastnesses of the surrounding hills in search of a quasi-kindergarten institution known as Pantops, where youths above the age of fifteen are rigorously excluded, and which is the refuge of all thin and delicate students; and the sudden return of the said expedition in somewhat the same condition of Little Bo-Peep's sheep—with their tails behind them. Of course this was due to a variety of causes; chiefly to a lack of knowledge on the part of the U. B. B. C., of the habits and mode of living of the inhabitants of that elevated region, and, if, the MAGAZINE may be allowed to speak its mind, to the fact that its advice has been disregarded. We have always insisted

and do now insist that in addition to an umpire a base-ball club must have nine men, and these should be chosen with reference to their standing in the Temperance Union, and that of all things lawn tennis and the extra ticket or the calico curl are the least fitted to secure the requisite position. As an ardent admirer of the science and a well wisher of the U. B. B. C. we most seriously advise them not to aim so high next time; with proper care Don Pedro and Jack of the Lawn might secure a nine from the juveniles of the University that would afford practice and amusement for a month or so, then the dusky players of the Canada border might furnish an antagonist and in the process of time the great ambition, the *ne plus ultra* of life, the final, crowning joy of the U. B. B. C., may be attained—Pantops may be beaten at last.

Yet another folly is at hand. As we go to press another game is being waged between these redoubtable clubs. The last half of the first inning is now in progress with a score of 109 to 126. We hope to be able to report the entire game in our next issue.

A New York friend of the Univ. was so kind as to send a programme and *menu* of the Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association, of the University of Va., to one of the staff; and we take the privilege of putting such interesting matter in the MAG. Also a brief description of the banquet, given by the same personage. The elements seem to have conspired to prevent his appearance at the feast, but after braving the usual shower of pitchforks and colored infants, he arrived immaculate in his newly acquired "spikes." He says: I was soon at my destination and the past was forgotten. On the inside every one wore a cheerful face. Old friends met once more. Recollections of the happy reminiscences of the University life were recalled, &c., &c.

A short business meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Rives was reelected President. We now descended to the dining room and were seated at a long narrow table, about three feet wide. There

were about fifty of us, and you can imagine what a beautiful table that made. At each seat was a boutonnière (?), a bill of fare, a programme, and a piece of bread. Not much for fifty hungry men to eat. But the bill of fare was a promissory note, for which we held as collateral security, a plate, many knives and forks, and *five* glasses. All of which we utilized before we were through. The caterer promptly met his note. I will not undertake to describe the dinner to you. After completing the programme part we turned our attention to the speaking. You will see from the programme that Gen. Roger A. Pryor is the first on the list. Being absent his place was ably and interestingly filled by Prof. Chas. S. Venable, who was greeted with rounds of applause.

Depew pitched into Harvard and Princeton, in his customary humorous vein. Beaman went for Yale and Princeton for all he was worth, and Alexander tried to get even with Yale and Harvard. The way the three joked each other was the source of much merriment. Of course they had a good word to say for the University of Va. Alexander made us laugh a good deal in telling several facts about the Univeasity, to show that he knew something about that place, though he had not been there much. He said that he believed the usual confusion and disorder still prevailed in Noah K's room, and Holmes' was as orderly and quiet as is wont to be. That N. K. and H. were still the dudes of college, and that Prof. S— went around in his usual slovenly manner. That there still existed the calico ticket of which Mr. F. (the geology Prof.) was professor.

April 19th, 1886, the base-ball nine presented a fine appearance in their new uniforms, made by Messrs. T. T. & J. B. Wood, Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers. It gives us pleasure to say that Messrs. T. T. & J. B. Wood have shown in this, as they have always shown in their dealings with the students, taste, fairness, and a determination to furnish good articles at reasonable prices.

Among Our Exchanges.

Of the *Hermesian*, from Emory and Henry, we would say some good, but that our conscience will not allow it. The editors admit too much that is below the dignity of a college magazine, and too much that savors of the knee-breeched small boy.

The *Nassau Lit.* is the one of our exchanges in which we always read something. Would that there were a few more like it.

The *Wake Forest Student*, for April, is at hand, and is considerably better than the general run of our exchanges.

From the *Washington Jeffersonian* we get rather a queer idea of the tone of the school at Washington, Penn. The students seem to amuse themselves by heaping insults upon the professors in the lecture rooms, and this with impunity.

The *Pennsylvania Western* ought to read the *Hermesian* which is really a little the worse of the two; and then it—no, we can suggest no worse punishment.

In the literary department of the *University Review*, from Kansas, appear, as though an original contribution some verses on *Candor*, which we republish in our *bric-à-brac*. Many years ago we saw these verses in an ancient scrap-book and have often made fruitless endeavors to recall them.

The Easter issue of the *Current* is an unusually rich number.

The *Berkeleyan* has paid us two visits this month. As this is the only reward for our last number we cannot set a very high value upon the Virginia University MAG.

The *Alma Mater* is very neatly and creditably done. Like the *Penn. Western*, however, it will call him *Thackery*. And its high commendation of the *Hermesian* sent us back to that

periodical. After a second reading we can offer only one explanation of the difference between our opinions—there must be a “feller” out at Emory and Henry.

In the *Jeffersonian* and the *Chronicle*, Charlottesville has the best country papers we have ever seen.

With his usual manliness, Editor Beirne, of the *State*, had the courage to express his convictions on the local option question. And his was the only paper in Richmond that did meet the issue.

We have read with much pleasure a little volume, “The Great Poets as Religious Teachers,” (*Harpers*,) from the pen of Mr. John H. Morrison. In it the author enters his earnest protest against the materialistic tendencies of the day, and warns us of the evils consequent on the restriction of education to the practical sciences, and the neglect of the moral and imaginative faculties, which are necessary for the development of our higher and spiritual natures. Here Poets, from their deep insight into human character, their power of looking through and behind eternal forms and recognizing the laws by which they are regulated, are our best and surest leaders, and their testimony should have great weight. As examples, Mr. Morrison takes Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, men living in different centuries and representatives of different creeds and schools of thought, and shows us how these high minds all agree upon the great truths of religion and their effect on the lives and happiness of men. The quotations Mr. Morrison cites are well chosen, and his style is clear and pleasant.

Bric-a-Brac.

CANDOR.

OCTOBER—A WOOD.

"I know what you are going to say," she said,
 And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
 "You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
 And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
 And no other summer was like it, you know,
 And can I imagine what made it so?
 Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said,
 "I know what you're going to say," I said;
 "You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
 And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
 And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
 And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
 And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
 Now aren't you, honestly?"

"Ye-es," she said.

Mr. A.: Miss Jones is a very pretty, plump girl.

Miss B.: She is very pretty, but she isn't plump; why, she doesn't weigh ninety pounds.

Mr. A.: You are greatly mistaken; she is very plump.

Miss B.: Where did you meet her.

Mr. A.: At a toboggan slide.

Miss B.: Oh!

Why are there so many umbrellas in the world? Because everybody raises them.

"How were the ladies dressed at dinner, last evening?"

"Don't know; didn't look under the table."

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
VOL. XLIV. }

MAY, 1886.

{ NEW SERIES
VOL. XXV—No. 8.

Some of the Influences of Christianity on Civilization.

— —

 HIS SUBJECT could and ought to be one of the most interesting that could possibly engage our minds at the present day, in this century of improvement and advance, such as the world has never known before and will probably never know again. With the birth of Christianity alone can civilization be said to have commenced that onward, never-ceasing movement, the velocity of which increases as it proceeds, and which is spreading its folds wider and wider year by year, until at length it will penetrate every spot where treads the foot of man. It cannot be denied that civilization would have made some progress without the assistance of Christianity. But from observing the history of ancient times, we can see that the cultivation of the mind and of letters is not the only civilization necessary. For not until these were brought into contact with Christianity did they become refined and worthy of notice.

I shall take a few examples of the highest cultivation to

which the world has ever attained without Christianity ; and then try to compare them with the civilization of the present day.

First let us turn our eyes to that land, which, according to Mythology, the gods seem to have taken under their special protection, and which appears to have been their abiding place when upon earth. Greece, noted for its fair women and brave men, has a history in which mythology and facts are so dexterously blended that it is impossible for the most astute observer to distinguish the one from the other.

Greece was the most cultivated country in the world up to the time of the Roman Empire. Her armies were the best armed and trained, her navies the most numerous and powerful, her laws the most ably collected and enforced, her statesmen and generals the ablest men of their time, and her philosophers men whose doctrines were disseminated over the whole of the known world, and are even quoted as authorities to this day. But of far more importance than all of these was the *literary* preëminence which Greece gained. The Greek language became the common speech of the civilized world, much as French has been in modern times, and as English is becoming now, and Greek learning and science were spread everywhere. Thus Greece had a wonderful influence on the world, and aided greatly in its civilization. The Greeks first showed mankind what freedom and civilization were, and they did more for art and science than any other people.

Rome is the next nation worthy our attention, and it is even deserving of more consideration than Greece, for it was under the Roman Empire that Christianity first came into existence.

Rome, noted for the power which it exercised over the whole of the known world, was only a comparatively small city and yet was a motor power in ruling the world, in comparison with which at the present day, even England, "on whose possessions the sun never sets," would sink into insigni-

ficance. We may ask what gave to such a small, insignificant place such immense power and influence. It was the advanced state of civilization to which the Romans had attained. They obtained most of their culture and refinement from the Greeks, but yet, although not as refined as the Greeks, they were more practical and could use their knowledge and culture to a better purpose in civilizing the surrounding nations and also their more distant conquests. When we remember that to the refinement and skilled cultivation of the Greeks was added the obstinate perseverance of the Romans, we no longer wonder that Rome should have gained the ascendancy in Europe, which rewarded the efforts of her generals and statesmen. To be called a Roman citizen was, in the time of St. Paul at least, considered a talisman which could preserve the happy possessor from blows, stripes and very often death. Rome's civilization, like that of Greece, sunk the people who took the most active part in it into the lowest depths of degradation, both of body and mind. Whilst they were very cultivated and refined as far as literature was concerned, they seemed to learn deeper depths from their superior culture and to plunge into them with insatiable thirst for dissipation, revolution or some change that would keep them moving, ever onward, without allowing them time to think over their past life or that which was to come.

Let us take a passing glance at the Moors, which must of necessity be short, as we know so little about their manners and modes of life. But there is one thing we can state as a certainty, and that is that the scientists of the present day obtained all their means and methods of calculation from this people; and what would have become of the students, who enliven our classic halls to-day, if they did not possess the means of pursuing that most interesting and exciting of all the sciences, which perplex the poor student's brain—viz: the science of *mathematics*, under all forms, shapes and names.

The last, but by no means the least, of the examples of

heathen civilization, if I may call it so, is that people who inhabited the southern and middle part of this New World, before the foot of the European had desecrated these shores by its touch, which appears to have been a perfect paradise up to the time of its invasion by them.

The Aztecs seem to have attained to a degree of refinement and culture that is simply marvelous and far surpasses that of a great part of the world to-day. Mexico seems to have been their particular stronghold, and a very beautiful one, according to Prescott, who describes it in the following words :

“Of all that extensive empire which once acknowledged the authority of Spain in the New World, no portion, for interest or importance, can be compared with Mexico; and this equally, whether we consider the variety of its soil and climate; the inexhaustible stores of its mineral wealth; its scenery, grand and picturesque beyond example; the character of its ancient inhabitants, not only far surpassing in intelligence that of the other North American races, but reminding us, by their movements, of the primitive civilization of Egypt and Hindostan; or lastly, the peculiar circumstances of its conquest, adventurous and romantic as any legend devised by Norman or Italian bard of chivalry.” The Government was an elective monarchy; four of the principal nobles, who had been chosen by their own body in the preceding reign, filled the office of electors. The sovereign was selected from the brothers of the deceased prince, or, in default of them, from his nephews. Thus the election was always restricted to the same family. The candidate preferred must have distinguished himself in war, though, as in the case of the last Montezuma, he was a member of the priesthood. This mode of supplying the throne had some advantages. The candidates received an education, which fitted them for the royal dignity, while the age, at which they were chosen, not only secured the nation against the evils of minority, but afforded ample means for estimating their qualifications for

the office. The Aztec princes, especially towards the close of dynasty, lived in a barbaric pomp truly Oriental. There was a distinct class of nobles, with large landed possessions, who held the most important offices near the person of the prince, and engrossed the administration of the provinces and cities. The legislative power resided wholly with the monarch. This feature of despotism was, however, in some measure, counteracted by the constitution of the judicial tribunals, of more importance among a rude people than the legislative, since it is easier to make good laws for such a community than to enforce them, and the best laws, badly administered, are but a mockery. Over each of the principle cities, with its dependent territories, was placed a supreme judge, appointed by the crown, from whose sentence there was no appeal to any other tribunal, not even to the king.

On the whole it must be inferred that the Aztecs were sufficiently civilized to evince a solicitude for the rights both of property and of persons. The provision for making the superior judges wholly independent of the crown was worthy of an enlightened people. It presented the strongest barrier that a mere constitution could afford against tyranny.

To receive presents or a bribe, to be guilty of collusion in any way with a suitor, was punished, in a judge, with death. Would that such were the case to-day in our own enlightened government! Intemperance was visited with the severest penalties, as if they had foreseen in it the consuming canker of their own as well as of all the races of Europe. It was punished in the young with death, and in older persons with loss of rank and confiscation of property.

The rites of marriage were celebrated with as much formality as in any Christian community, and it was almost impossible to obtain a divorce.

The land was taxed in proportion to its productions, and the least malversation was punished without delay and with great severity. In short, the degree of civilization which they had reached, as may be inferred by their political institutions,

may be considered, perhaps, not much short of that enjoyed by our Saxon ancestors under Alfred.

Let us glance a moment at their mythology, which may be regarded as the poetry of religion, or rather as the poetic development of the religious principles in a primitive age. It is the effort of untutored man to explain the mysteries of existence and the secret agencies by which the operations of nature are conducted. In contemplating the religious system of the Aztecs, one is struck with its apparent incongruity, as if some portion of it had emanated from a comparatively refined people, open to gentle influences, while the rest breathes a spirit of unmitigated ferocity. It naturally suggests the idea of two distinct sources, and authorizes the belief that the Aztecs had inherited from their predecessors a milder faith, on which was afterwards engrafted their own mythology." The Aztecs recognized the existence of a Supreme Creator and Lord of the Universe. But the idea of Unity of a being with whom volition is action, who has no need of inferior ministers to execute his purposes, was too simple, or too vast for their understandings, and they sought relief, as usual, in a plurality of deities.

They imagined three separate states of existence in the future life. The wicked were to expiate their sins in a place of everlasting darkness. Another class were to live in indolent contentment, and the highest place was reserved for heroes who fell in battle or sacrifices.

In all this so contrary to the natural suggestions of the ferocious Aztec, we see the evidences of a higher civilization, inherited from their predecessors in the land.

But, although the Aztec mythology gathered nothing from the beautiful inventions of the poet, nor from the refinements of philosophy, it was much indebted to the priests who endeavored to dazzle the imagination of the people by the most formal and pompous ceremonial; and while they seemed to hold the keys of the future in their hands, they impressed the ignorant with sentiments of superstitious awe beyond

that which has probably existed in any other country, not even excepting ancient Egypt.

The Aztecs very closely resembled the Egyptians in their methods of communicating facts by hieroglyphics. They had various emblems for expressing such things as could not be directly represented by the painter; as for example, a man sitting on the ground denoted an earthquake; a tongue speaking, a foot-print traveling.

Had their empire lasted several thousand years instead of only two hundred, they would, doubtless, have advanced to the more frequent use of the phonetic writing. But, before they could be made acquainted with the capabilities of their own system, the Spanish conquest, by introducing the European alphabet, supplied their scholars with a more perfect contrivance for expressing thought. Those familiar with the modern Mexicans will find it difficult to recognize them as the same race as these cultivated Aztecs.

Their energies are broken. They no longer tread their mountain plains with the conscious independence of their ancestors. In their faltering step, and meek and melancholy aspect, we read the sad characters of a conquered race.

But this difference is not as great as that between the ancient Greek and his degenerate descendant, lounging among the masterpieces of art, which he has scarcely taste enough to admire; speaking the language of those still more imperishable monuments of literature which he has hardly capacity to comprehend. Yet he breathes the same air, is warmed by the same sun, nourished by the same scenes as those who fell at Marathon and won the trophies of Olympic Pisa. The same blood flows in his veins that flowed in theirs. But ages of tyranny have passed over him; he also belongs to a conquered race.

After this necessarily brief glance at the state of civilization attained without Christianity, let us begin with the birth of Christ and trace the onward, upward course of civilization until we reach the present day.

At the birth of Christianity, an insignificant body of men, at the most not exceeding one thousand, had before them the task, the grand work of revolutionizing the world; and that they have accomplished this shows more the weight and importance of the subject than the ability or skill of the men employed.

We learn from history that religion, and consequently civilization, took a great leap forward at the time of the reformation. During the three hundred years immediately preceding the reformation, a great many abuses seem to have crept into the church, and to have rendered it unbearable to some of the more thoughtful people of that time. This created a breach, which was never repaired. This dissenting branch took the name of Protestants, because they protested against the fallacies and abuses which were fast taking such hold on the church; and for the first two hundred years a bitter warfare was carried on between these two religious sects. Mankind in general has a love for the truth that displays itself on almost every occasion where he has to decide between what is true and genuine and what is corrupt and false. So it was in this case; almost all of the intelligent people who were allowed free thought and speech, declared in favor of Protestantism, and ever since the Roman Catholic church has held a place of only secondary importance. From this period may be dated that power, which Christianity has exercised over the world, and which moving on hand in hand with science has succeeded in the greatest work that has ever engaged the mind or hands of man—viz: that of civilizing the world. Christianity, by its missionaries alone, has done more for the civilization of the world than any other power or influence that was ever exerted. And how small a proportion is its missionary work when compared with the influence it has had on our own culture and civilization.

Burke defines civilization in the following words:

"Our manners and our civilization have in this world of ours depended for ages upon two principles. I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion."

Christianity teaches moderation and gentleness in all things; and the strongest evidence of our boasted advance in civilization, stronger than that afforded by the progress of science and art, is the extreme solicitude to avoid the calamities of war shown by the nations of the present day by the aid of peaceful congresses and impartial mediation.

The Christian religion has raised woman from the level of the beast to an equality with man; has protected the widow and the orphan, has done away with human sacrifices, has changed the savage Cannibal into a quiet citizen; and through all the important changes that civilization has brought about can be traced the evidences that Christianity has had a large share in them.

Ought we not, then, to think oftener and more seriously of this power which has turned the world upside down, and which will spread in the course of the next century over every inhabited quarter of the globe, from east to west, from pole to pole?

We think very little indeed, if at all, on this subject, and it much to our discredit as an intelligent people that we do, for persons who have reached our degree of civilization should at least take some interest in the influence that brought about that civilization.

"NESCIO QUIS."

The Tempest.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

E HEAR and read much of that portion of Shakespeare's life, and of Shakespeare's plays, when, in the prime of manhood, he gave his closest attention to human happiness and human woe, and left to the world those grandest of all writings, his tragedies of thought and soul ; but it is almost in vain that we look for mention of that time when, tired of the world's work, the great master had retired to the home of his youth to dream away in sleepy content the eventide of life. And yet is not the latter as interesting as the former ; the *Winter's Tale* or *Cymbeline* as instructive as *Lear* or *Macbeth* ? The genius of Shakespeare, tried by years of strife, could not but be ripened and enhanced to a fulness that was at its zenith when he gave up the stage and retired to Stratford. Most men of active temperament are not content to live in seeming idleness, but Shakespeare, with the light duties of an English burgher, could find in the circle of wife and children and the thoughts of his own mind, employment for the greatest of intellects. We can picture to ourselves the look of quiet enjoyment with which he gazed upon the rich beauties of England's pools and pastures, or, in the calm happiness of an English home, watched the smoke of his chimney seek its outward way, his mind ever full of the thoughts which gave us a *Hamlet* and a *Falstaff*, a *Desdemona* and a *Rosalind*. What those thoughts were we can only guess, but their nature can be judged from the reverence all mankind pays to the meagre few that have been bequeathed it.

On reading the plays of this period of repose we are peculiarly struck with the *Tempest*. Even a cursory reading of it convinces the mind that beneath its poetry and beautiful imagery there lies a deeper thread than is seen on the surface, and the more we study the stronger becomes our conviction. To unwind this thread will be my attempt, and, poorly will I succeed, if I do not convey to some a new idea concerning this wonderful play. Many of the critics tell us that this was not Shakespeare's last work, and, while others insist that it was, the weight of authority seems to incline to the former view. To me, however, the general character of the play, particularly the interpretation which appears so plain, seem unmistakably to make it his last, and with this view I wish my readers to concur. And even if the critics, with their matter of fact tests, will not allow us this belief, we have the consolation of knowing that our fancy is unchained, and it leads us at a bound to imagine that Shakespeare could only be giving his farewell to the English drama when he used the words,

"But this rough image

I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book."

Admitting that it is his last, the meaning becomes clear. Its difference from all other plays of the same author is at once apparent; nowhere else are we at a loss to understand the characters of the men and women before us, they are such as we have known in the world around from our infancy up, but in the *Tempest* there is a change, and we are at once reminded of the figurative knights and ladies of the *Fairy Queen*, or the vices and virtues of the old moralities. It is true that, so far as the author has intended his creations to act and speak as men and women, so far do they take on that naturalness which only he can impart; but this human-

izing of the type is not continuous, and, on the whole, we are convinced that it is only ideal presences moving before us. So unreal and almost superhuman are these characters, and so great the departure from the usual manner of execution of Shakespeare, we are forced to believe that here he has attempted to weave into an allegory some history known only to himself. This history seems to be his own and combined with it are his views upon the vexed problem of human existence. What more natural than that after a lifetime's work in searching the thoughts and actions of men, he should conclude the whole with what he deemed the great general laws governing them?

The story of Shakespeare's life, so far as it is known at all, is known to my readers, and on this I need not dwell; but the story of his mind can only be gathered from his works. This, too, is well known to those who have critically studied all his writings, and, to me it seems singularly condensed in the *Tempest*, if we will but read it aright. There we see a youthful mind full of poetic vision start in the spring-time of life, thinking that in books and beauty's court the years may be dreamt away; when suddenly it is awakened to the existence and power of evil, and a long and almost hopeless struggle for the mastery ensues; but it conquers all and emerges at last strengthened from its struggles and serene in its strength. Miranda and Ferdinand, budding souls, who are yet in a dream; Ariel and his fairy sprites that are to be agents of good; Caliban and his associates the snares that are spread by the evil one; and Prospero the goal to which they must run—a being so good and gentle, forgiving and forgetful, submissive and self-controlled that all the world has united in calling him Shakespeare himself.

The intrinsic beauties of the poetry of the play I will not have time to notice. It is one continuous poem full of ideal thought and fancy, and rich in all that makes poetry touch the soul of man. All the way through are bright and fanciful songs, and lyric poetry, that has never been equalled; the

genius of the poet being so transcendent that even the foul lump of deformity, Caliban, is made poetic. No finer written lyrical scene exists than that where Ferdinand meets with Miranda, being led in by the fairy Ariel singing his light and airy song,

“Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Courtesied when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it fealty here and there :
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.”

But to achieve the purpose of this short sketch we must hasten to look at the characters of the play.

Miranda is a being so ethereal and pure that we hesitate whether to rank her with the world of mortals or the world of spirits and cry with Ferdinand,

“My prime request
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?”

Reared apart from all mankind under the guiding influence of her father, her spirit is that of woman as it came from Omnipotence, chaste and holy, tender and true, pure and perfect without a flaw. Evil has never touched her, only approaching when under the charmed influence of her father it was powerless to harm, and leaving her many virtues heightend by an abhorrence of its baleful effects.

“’Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.”

Among the virtues of a pure womanhood it might seem folly to look for the predominance of any one, and this seems to be true of the figurative type that Shakespeare has given us. But there is one attribute of humanity that more than any other distinguishes it from the brute world, and this appears to stand out more clearly in the character of Miranda than any other, as we should suppose it would—the spirit of pity. Nothing unites us so nearly to the spiritual world as this one attribute, and that it should be given to this creature who in

herself seems to stand half way between man and an upper, higher existence, is the crowning jewel that sums up our meed of praise.

"But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!"

In conjunction with, and, at the same time, to a certain extent, in contrast with Miranda, the poet has given us Ferdinand. He is an ideal type of what man untouched by evil is, and as such, is the complement of Miranda; but on the other hand, having been reared among the inherent vices of a court, he might seem to be in strong contrast with her, she never knowing what evil is, he knowing and yet conquering it. Would Shakespeare by this cause us to infer that man is the creature to resist temptation and work out his own salvation, while woman, to remain pure, must be separate and apart and have not even the shadow of sin to approach her? It is a curious fact that while Miranda is Shakespeare's type of purest humanity, at the other end is to be found members of her sex, the monsters of cruelty and depravity Goneril and Regan. The one has never seen the world, the others were reared in it. But I do not believe such is the idea of the poet; for we have in Isabella one who maintained unspotted the honor of woman amid the gloomiest scenes of moral depravity. Nor on the whole is Ferdinand to be placed in such strong contrast with Miranda; though all his days have been passed at a court, his life so far has had no occasion to cause him to yield to its vices. A youth of joyous hopefulness, with not a care to burden him, has given no opportunity for the detection of flaws in what seemed the beautiful vision of life. The two are suited for one another and the poet has given us that flawless union of soul to soul, and left us to imagine whether its outcome will be that which the goddess invokes,

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you."

On the bright side of life we must also range the delicate Ariel and his company and of spirits. The poet in his conception of this fairy creature has shown how far above all other poets it was given to him to ascend into the world of the Ideal. No rarer creation, no more perfectly executed piece of workmanship has ever been produced by man: we are taken away from earth and conveyed to the region of the Unknown, nothing being sufficient to convince us that the being before us is human. Macaulay has pointed out how signally one of our greatest of poets failed when compared with Shakespeare in this poetry of the Ideal. When we see Ariel dancing before us and merrily singing,

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip’s bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

we know not what to think of him much less to give a definite place in our world to a creature so dainty and delicate that he seems more of a presence than a reality. We gather from him that in his world, as in ours, there is good and evil and there the good is often overthrown, and, even as he was, confined in bondage; but that in the long run good emerges triumphant. Ariel has human thoughts and human feelings, known compassion for suffering and pants for liberty, but yet is distinct and apart from anything that is essentially human. In one point in particular the spirit differs from man, his tendency to forget. Prospero once a month must recount to him the services rendered and then Ariel is all obedience and devotion, but once away the longing desire for perfect freedom conquers everything, and forgotten again are his obligations to his master.

Caliban is the first representative of evil that we meet with. Half-human and half-monster, he combines within himself the evil both of the spirit and the human world. No mortal will

probably ever understand how Shakespeare managed to conceive this being, and, at the same time, tinge him with poetry, and yet he has done it. But human the monster could not be made, Prospero attempted it and signally failed—

“You taught me language; and my profit on’t
Is, I know how to curse,”

—so that the only thing left is to hold him in submission under a rod of iron. But, after all, the human part in him strikes a sympathetic chord in our souls, and we cannot help a feeling of pity, foul lump of deformed depravity that he is, when we hear his bitter wail.

“For every trifle they are set upon me;
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.”

Nor can we help thinking that, low as he is, even in goodness he is above his human associates in evil, the refined baseness of Antonio and Sebastian, and the grosser depravity of the drunken Stephano and his associate, Trinculo. So much indeed do we feel this that we are ready to rejoice with the poor, benighted creature when he is freed from his infatuation, and something like a gleam of wisdom seems to pass across his muddy brain.

“And I’ll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!”

Leaving the ideal world we come to a group of characters that are distinctively human: Gonzalo a type of dry, broad humored wit and perfect loyalty; Alonzo one of those comparatively weak minds whose destiny it seems is so often to be placed upon a throne; Antonio and Sebastian, a pair of human Calibans with all outward traces of monstrosity removed, but with an inward blackness yet more deeply steeped.

"Like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie."

High above all these figures, human, fairy or demon, reigns supreme the form of Prospero. All in all human he yet controls the beings of the other world and with his magic mantle over his shoulders, at his command graves "have waked their sleepers," and he has

"Bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war."

But with this charm away we see only the man thinking "of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter," and forgiving those who have wronged him. In his earlier years human weakness had obtained the mastery over the nature of Prospero, and he had fallen a victim to his own follies, but now he has conquered his enemies through the aid of higher powers, and his character, through years of trial, has grown stern and staunch so that restored to his former sphere we know he will not need again the potent force of magic.

Thus have I attempted to sketch the varied and beautiful characters with which Shakespeare sought to give us his view of life, and sound his farewell to the world. Short and imperfect as has been this sketch, upon it will I now present more clearly what seems to me the probable solution of the allegory which has been woven with these delicate threads.

The tempest with which the play opens is indicative of the stormy world into which the soul of man is born. Its terrors bear down all before it, confound the strong, terrify the weak, levels mankind to a common plane. In the world around us, moral as well as physical, we are thus surrounded by warring elements that sweep with fury, sometimes past us, sometimes carrying us along in its whirlwind and dashing us to pieces upon the rocks ahead. Our utter helplessness is truly spoken by the boatswain: "You are a Counsellor; if you can com-

mand these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not haul a rope more ; use your authority." The silence of the sage old Gonzalo is an acknowledgment of his weakness, and is the poet's confession of man's insignificance when weighed against Nature, or pitted against the world. Almost in the tempest's fury we are introduced to the pure spirit of Miranda, her fresh young soul only wondering at the storm around, and pitying those who are endangered by it, little knowing that she herself will soon be tossed upon the breast of these very waves—life's whirlwind of passion. But for the present we feel no fear for her safety, beside her is the commanding figure of her "so rare a wondered father," whose experience in life has made him superior even to such blasts as these. In striking contrast with one another are thus presented to us the budding innocence of life and its gnarled oak of a hundred winters. The introduction of Ferdinand and his union with Miranda are but further touches to this same picture, and with it we are hurried along to view all the forces that tend to make up the complexity of the representation, Ariel and Caliban, Antonio and Gonzalo, until at length the whole is closed with the supremacy of good over evil, and an apparent prospect of its continuance thus forever.

What power is it that conquers at last ? Shakespeare has told us that it was the power of magic, but are we to believe that magic alone will carry us through the world in safety ? To me the magic of Prospero is nothing but Shakespeare's conception of what the will force of man is capable of accomplishing. It conquers both the material and the immaterial world, the elements bow to its mandates, the demons of darkness seek its graces, and the spirit of good is its willing servant. Over the Ariels of upper air, the powers of virtue, the ascendancy of the will is easily maintained when once it is gained ; but over the Calibans and foul witches below eternal vigilance is requisite, and frequent rebellions must be suppressed. Nor does the will do this of itself : its powers must be tested and properly trained. Prospero did not always pos-

sess this magic: at first his soul was weak, and, neglecting the world around, he devoted his time to the building up of the brain alone; but solitude and self-communing brought him to himself, and upon the lonely isle, he learned the lesson that the true sphere of man is not in the solitary world of books, nor in the yet more solitary world of work, but that equally in both he should perfect those powers which are given from on High. And what are we to gather from the ascendancy of Prospero over the material? Are we to believe this a vision of the poet's, as to what coming ages were to do, the picture to his mind of the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone; realities to us but miracles to those of Elizabeth's day? We will not say but can only think that, of all the men of genius who have ever lived, Shakespeare might well have been the one to foretell such wonders.

After all to what conclusion did the poet come? If this be Shakespeare's farewell to the world we should look in it for his inmost thoughts on the problem of life. They may be there, I believe they are, but truly the secret reading is puzzling and uncertain. If on the whole evil is overthrown and good triumphs we are given no assurance that this is to continue forever, and on no account would the poet leave us in the belief that any ultimate Millennium will ever prove a reality. Mark his use of the extract from Montaigne,

"Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches and poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning."

This scoffing of the two men of the world is meant to be

more than mere idle raillery against the old courtier, and is indeed the poet's distrust of any such future heaven of happiness, as is seen later on when Gonzalo finishes the description of his ideal commonwealth and Alonzo says,

"Prithee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing to me."

Nor does the distrust of the poet stop here, it extends even to the final conquest of right. At unguarded moments we get a glimpse of the inmost soul of that intellect, and see there at work the self-same spirit which gave us Hamlet, Timon and Measure for Measure ; good and powerful it may be, but dark and uncertain as to the ultimate fate of humanity when viewed with merely human eyes. We have this most strikingly shown in the charming scene where Prospero consents to the union of Miranda and Ferdinand, and calls forth the dainty sprites of his fairy world "a contrast of true love to celebrate." Here all is bright and beautiful, heaven and earth are united in devotion to the youthful pair, and it seems that happiness such as this can never cease ; when the intellect that controls and sees over and beyond it all breaks in, drives away the spirits, dims for the first time the happy delight of the lovers, and in the grief its doubting heart gives forth the anguish that it feels,

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rock behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Is this the conclusion to which the greatest of minds arrives ? That Shakespeare meant this to be his farewell voice will be evident to all, and yet even now all is blindness and obscurity. His mind, so high and broad, after a lifetime of

thought and varied experience; his penetration, that could sound the shallows of the dullest fool, or touch the lightest string of the harp of genius, was baffled at the threshold of the great problem of life. Unaided it battled in vain and at the last could only cry "we are such stuff as dreams are made on." We, poor worms, are sure infected if we lift our feeble strength to seek for that truth which he sought in vain. No more potent evidence of the littleness of man can be found, no stronger proof of the necessity of our reliance on that great Power above, no truer confirmation of the poet's own words,

"There's a Divinity doth shape our ends
Rough hew them though we may."

University of Va., May 10, 1886.

J. R.

Justice.

Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle,
Apollo be my judge.—*Winters Tale, Act III, Sec. 2.*

OME great man (he must have been great else he would not be quoted) hath said, or sung, it matters not which, that there are three things which the angels of heaven cannot know: First, who shall be elected, second whom a woman will marry, and third, what verdict a jury will bring in; and it is "the writer's humble opinion" that more uncertainty rests on the last subject than on either of the others.

It cannot be doubted but that from the beginning of time some kind of trial existed to vindicate justice, nominal or real. The Creator himself, as the Good Book tells us, was the chief judiciary in the Garden of Eden, and the idea of some divine

interposition in the meting out of justice seems to have pervaded the minds of all nations in all stations of civilization, even down to the beginning of our boasted preëminence in the 19th century. This belief is said to have grown up in superstition, but it seems probable that it had its origin in the laws given by the Lord to Moses in the wilderness, as all peoples seem to have derived somewhat from this inspired source. The instance referred to will be found in the fourth book of the pentateuch, which is called "The Trial of Jealously." The ordeal is commanded to be performed with great solemnity. "And the Lord spake unto Moses saying." Then follows a recital of the circumstances which will justify the application of the ordeal. It occurs where a man becomes jealous of his wife, (as we have no reason to doubt he did if she was pretty), and no positive evidence could be found against her, he was to bring her to the priest, who was to take her and set her before the Lord and then to prepare the trial water, which was done by mixing the dust of the temple floor with holy water. After calling upon the Lord to heap curses upon her if she be guilty, she drinks the water "which causeth the curse," and when he hath made her drunk the water, if she be guilty, it shall become bitter and bring a horrible curse upon her so that she shall remain a curse among her people. As collusion was practiced in almost all subsequent ordeals, we might well suppose that it occurred in this case also, and, that the fair culprit was not often forced to drink the vile potion, if her sensibilities were delicate.

The same good book furnishes us with another trial quite unique. It might suffice simply to refer to it, as far as my friends are concerned, but alas, I am afraid the most of my readers have not heard of the incident and if I should refer them to my authority they might be chagrined to find that the book had been lent to some poor friend months ago. Imagine yourselves collected around Solomon's ivory throne, upon which he is seated in purple and gold, while before him stand the two mothers claiming the cherub which

continually doth cry. Their pleading soon comes to issue "without prolixity and delay." All matters merely formal are dispensed with, *no absque hoc*s, no offer to verify. The king said, Bring me a sword, and the sword was brought. Then commanded he the child to be divided between the mothers. Behold the youngster suspended in mid air, dangling by one foot and uttering squalls sufficient to put any two felines to the blush. The sword is raised on high, and the death blow about to descend, when love prevails and the true mother cries give her the child. This might be called the ordeal of love.

The trial by ordeal seems at some time in the world's history to have been in vogue with all nations. From the refined Greeks and Romans to the barbarians of the lowest degree. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles is related an incident of a sentinel, who was accused of failing in his trust, and who declares himself ready to handle hot iron and walk over fire, ordeals quite usual among the Anglo-Saxons. While in the history of Rome we find traces of the ordeal of virginity, such as carrying water in a seive, or drawing a ship by a girdle, no hard task when Cleopatra lead the world by hers, (Cæsar tied to her apron strings). Bona Dea is said to have aided Clodia in the girdle ordeal; but this seems to have been such a good opportunity for collusion that we prefer to believe her aided by some gallant sea captain, without so much divinity. The Scandinavians believed that Thor swore with his hand on the throat of the wolf Fenrir. From the earliest times the trial by ordeal is seen among the Asiatic races. The Hindoo trial by *Casha* or image water especially resembles the trial of jealousy. The accused drinks some of the holy water, in which an idol has been washed, and if he survives for fourteen days he is adjudged innocent. In Japan the accused holds on his hand a thin piece of paper on which are the figures of three deities. Upon this paper is laid a piece of red hot iron. If the hand is unhurt the accused goes free. In Malabar the accused was bound to swim across a large stream abounding

in crocodiles. In Siam the accuser and accused were placed together and a tiger let loose upon them. If one was spared he was adjudged innocent, if both were destroyed, both were guilty, if both were spared a more *infallible* criterion was applied to, probably the snake ordeal, where a cobra and a ring are placed in an earthen pot and the accused has to withdraw the ring.

Many more instances of trial by ordeal among the Eastern nations might be cited, but it will suffice to give only one more and then it will be of interest to see that even our "land loving," "advantage taking" ancestors were not far behind.

The ordeal of the balance is applied to the old men, women and children. After the accused and the priest have feasted for twenty-four hours, the accused is bathed in holy water, while prayer is offered by the priest and oblations given to the fire. The accused is then put in the balance which is very accurately adjusted. The paper, on which the accusation are written is bound around the head of the accused and if he weigh lighter he is innocent, if heavier he is guilty. While being weighed, he repeated the following words: "Thou O! balance art the mansion of truth! Thou wast anciently contrived by the deities! Declare the truth, therefore, O, giver of all success and cleanse me from all suspicion. If I am guilty O, venerable as my own mother, then sink me down, but if innocent then raise me aloft."

I cite a single instance from Livy to show the prevalence of such trials at Rome in the determining of justice, just before the Golden Age.

Scipio returned to Carthage to pay his vows to the gods, and to exhibit a gladiatorial show, which he had prepared on account of the death of his father and uncle. All the service of the combatants was gratuitous and voluntary. * * * Some decided, by the sword, disputes which they could not or were unwilling to decide by argument; among which class were two German princes who had a dispute about a city called Ibis. Scipio desired them to settle thuir dispute by ar-

gument, but they declared that they would appeal to no other judge, whether man or god, but Mars.

The trial by ordeal seems to have flourished in the superstitious minds of our ancestors. They seem to have derived it mostly from the Germans, with whom it did not originate, but they seem to have founded it upon the Greek oracles. Their most common trials were by the corsned or holy bread and by the bier, etc. In the fire ordeal plowshares, red-hot, were placed side by side at regular distances apart and over these the accused was condemned to walk to prove his innocence. It is said that Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, proved her innocence by this ordeal.

In the cold water ordeal the accused was thrown into the water bound left arm to right leg and right arm to left leg. If he sank he was guilty, drowning him to prove his innocence; if he floated, he was innocent. Blackstone says the accused might have had a deputy, and from this fact comes the saying, "to go through fire and water to serve one."

The trial by the corsned prescribed that the accused had to eat a few ounces of bread or cheese, upon which the priest had heaped imprecations; if it stuck in his throat he was guilty, if it went down with facility his conscience was adjudged clear of all guilt. Godwin, Earl of Kent, was tried by this ordeal and convicted. The bread stuck in his throat and choked him to death. Unhappy man, he did not have the advantage of a course at our University.

The weighing of witches seems to have been very popular as a mode of proof, since from the nature of things it seldom failed to convict them. If they proved exceedingly light they were declared guilty. The policy was that God would interfere to punish the guilty.

However, all trials by ordeal seem to have given away to the chivalrous method of "Wager of Battel," and from this there seems but little doubt that we derived our love of dueling, or gentlemanly butchery. In this trial the defendant threw down his glove which was picked up by the opposite

party, both repeating these words, "and this I will prove against thee by my body." The court then appointed a day for the combat. The populace gathered at an early hour to see the law *judicially administered*. Public sentiment was too strong for there to be any default of appearance, but if such calamity should happen the court, in legal wrath would give judgment against him who should thus prevent the regular *hammering* out of justice. When they appeared, at it they went, with club and buckler, to fight in open court from sunrise to the appearance of the stars in the evening. We may be sure that there was no "romancing of the judge." No "sighing like a furnace," nor "writing sonnets to his ladies' eyebrow." No nodding of jurors. No dilatory quibbling or demurrs, writs of error, *actias non*, *precludis non*. No, an action at law was then a *science* and equity decided for the longest arm.

BAS.

"Tu ne Quaesieris."

The lilies that, begemmed with dew-drops, rear
 Their snow-white petals from the meadows green,
 If by some chemist decomposed, are seen
 To leave but dust and vapor on their bier.
 Fell monsters to too-learned eyes appear
 In glist'ning water-drops; and lakes serene
 How muddy bottoms through the silv'ry sheen
 Of Alcyon, the tinge of Heaven's sphere
 Glow on their bosoms; sweetest is that love
 That sleeping dreams unwaked by Reason's ray,
 For Cupid, doubted, did not care to stay
 When Psyche tried his veiling to remove.
 So thoughts of genius that our souls approve,
 If judged by mind, in mist will fade away.

Chaucer's Pen-Pictures of English People.

CHAUCER.

 PLINY in his great work on Natural History gives us an anecdote of Protogenes and Apelles, the great painters. Protogenes lived at Rhodes, and when Apelles, in his journeying, had reached that place, since he was desirous of becoming acquainted with the works of him whom he had known so well by reputation, he straightway went to visit him at his studio. Protogenes was absent, but an old women, his servant, was there keeping watch over a canvas of large size stretched upon an easel. She answered that Protogenes was out, and asked whom she should say had called. "*This one,*" said Apelles, when he had taken a small brush and drawn a colored line of exquisite delicacy on the canvas. When Protogenes had returned, the old woman showed him what had been done, and scarcely had he looked at the canvas when he said, "Apelles has been here, for so finished a work can not come from the hand of any other." But the skill of Apelles had not been acquired without labor, for we are told that he had a custom of never allowing a day to be so occupied as not to exercise his art in the drawing of a line and that this habit passed into a proverb, "*nulla dies sine linea.*"

An so, although every graceful and delicate line that Chaucer has drawn shows the work of a master's hand, his motto was,

"Wherefore to read and study alway
I purpose to do night and day,"

and the lines grow more and more delicate as this hand becomes firmer and stronger,

Early training in the house of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III, had brought Chaucer in contact with the nobility of England, and hard and laborious study had prepared him to profit by what he saw. He had become acquainted with the chivalrous spirits of his age by his service in the English army sent against France, while important missions to Florence, Genoa and Milan had caused him to take part in the most magnificent displays that the world has ever seen, as the honored ambassador from the English court. These were the scenes that would be likely to arouse a poet's inspiration and fit him to sing of love and romance to knights of chivalry and the jeweled favorites of royalty.

Though Chaucer had so long and varied experience in the world of action; though he had, as his works show, such wonderful attainments in history, science, mythology and all the branches of learning of his day, he did not allow "Aristotle and his Philosophy" to make him lose his love for communion with nature.

"Whan that Aprille with his showres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
* * * * *
And Zephirus eek with his swete breethe
Enspired hath in every holte and heethe
The tendre croppes;"

even his dear books could not keep Chaucer from going out to look at the budding trees, and listen to the "smale foules" that "maken melodie." Through all his works we can perceive that freshness of a gentle April shower falling upon the young grass.

Influenced by his translations from the French writers and his imitation of their Trouvères, Chaucer gave to his English the grace and lively fluency of the French. His study of Boccaccio and other Italian writers inspired him with the flowing melody of the Italian. Thus he became the "Father of English Poetry," and the same stream that "flowed so smoothly on level sand and sparkled now and again in the sun" ever widened and deepened until it brings down to us upon its bosom the mind and soul of a Shakespeare.

Combination shows the artist, and genius can take unpolished material to make of it a structure that shall be admired for ages. Chaucer draws his subjects from every available source, but he was not a servile imitator or a plagiarist. "Whatever he laid his hands upon he made eminently his own;" even his translations have a ring and movement that the originals did not possess. He was an artist that, asking the world for only velvet and silk, gave them back in a beautiful embroidery of flowers.

Chaucer's mind was a development. Like all imaginative writers he had his age of "gorgeous" fancy, but all this ornamentation becomes pruned away, and in his *Canterbury Tales* he describes men and women of his time, not as classes, but as individuals such as he might have seen every day around him.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

The literature of a nation is its true history. The range of so-called history is so broad that it can scarcely give more than facts, but literature lays bare for us the spirit of the times; it shows us the people themselves, their habits of thought, their dispositions and their capabilities. A Shakespeare is but the wit and wisdom of an England; and the moral state of a nation can nowhere better be learned than in the bitter satires of a Juvenal or the self-satisfied odes of a Horace. And so, in order to have a perfect picture of a period, we must not only know the history which draws the sharp and rugged lines of the landscape, but also the literature which peoples it and shades down its harsh coloring into living beauty.

Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, made seven fashionable ladies and three gentlemen meet together in a beautiful garden surrounded by high walls, and tell stories to while away the time. They were exiles from Florence, their native city, where a fearful plague was raging; and, while their friends are sick and perhaps dying at home, they tell stories, some of which

Chaucer's drunken miller ought to have blushed to hear. Chaucer's pilgrims journey on the road to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and as they ride along in good fellowship, they tell stories suited to the persons who tell them, the best of which "run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse opens quietly as a water lily, to float on the surface without breaking into ripples."

Persons of all ranks were accustomed to make pilgrimages to the shrines of the saints, and especially to that of Thomas à Becket. On these pilgrimages, restraint was thrown aside and men, as equals before God, and chance companions perhaps never to meet again, did away with conventionality in order to while away the time and relieve the monotony of the long journey. There were stations along the road where pilgrims were wont to stop for lodging and refreshment. One of the most popular was the Tabard Inn on the Southwark side of London Bridge. This tavern was still pointed out to curious travellers until the year 1874, when it was torn down by sacrilegious hands that loved rather to feel present shillings than to be held up in reverence for the memories of the past. In this inn, Chaucer and thirty others are congregated ready to set out on the morrow for Canterbury. The genial host proposes that each shall tell two tales on the way, and all agree. Thus Chaucer brings his personages together by a common religious bond, and by making them tell stories adapted to their characters he shows himself a true dramatist. "The story of a comedy," says Marsh, "is but a contrivance to bring the characters into contact and relation with each other and the invention of a plot is a matter altogether too simple to have created the slightest difficulty to a mind like Chaucer's."

I. REPRESENTATIVES OF CHIVALRY.

After the first burst of his youthful impetuosity was over, Chaucer had abandoned the turmoils of war for the peaceful companionship of his books, but throughout all his works there is a lingering love for deeds of valor and the clang of armor. Chivalry was the prominent feature of his times, and we can see the tender feelings of love and the noble spirit of honor strangely intermingled with the horrors of battle. Women were, in the eyes of gallant knights, more than human. They were goddesses at whose altars they were ready and willing to sacrifice everything. When a true knight went into battle his thoughts were only concerned with the honors that he was winning for his lady-love. "*Tout à l'amour, tout à l'honneur*," was their motto, but some, alas, fell far below their high professions, and indulged in gross sensuality. But Chaucer's Knight is the true gentleman whose brave heart and gentle tongue made him honored and loved. "The young live in hope, the old in memory," says Aristotle, and pleasant were the memories that our Knight had to look back to. His lance had directed its point against wrong all over the world, and now when perhaps his battles for his king are over for ever the knight has it said of him,

"He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
In all his life, unto no maner wight
He was a verray perfight gentle knight."

The father lives his life over again in his son, and perhaps when the old Knight looks upon his young son, the Squire who was

"Syngynge or floytynge al the day,
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May,"

he thinks of the time, long ago, when he was ruddy cheeked and had such glowing hopes of the future. As he recognizes in the face of his son the features of her in whose honor all his proud deeds had been wrought, he can sympathize with him when

"So hote he loved that by nightertale
He sleeps no more than doth a nightyngale."

The young squire had been taught the "Love of God and the Ladies" from his earliest youth, and he was but doing his duty. He must have been a dashing young fellow full of romance, for his story is

"Of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride."

The yeomen were the strength and sinew of England. Their bows won many glorious victories for the English armies, and Chaucer, not confining himself to beautiful ladies and noble men, gives us in his Yeoman a gay picture of a true forerunner of Robin Hood. He

"Was clad in coote and hood of green
A shef of pocok arroes bright and kene
Under his belte he bar full thriftily."

Chaucer's Yeoman is a bold forester and a noble field he had for his hunting. The England of Chaucer abounded in noble forests and broad morasses so that even an Italian praised the "noble fields and trees of England." Saint Christopher would not serve any master save the noblest. And as the Yeoman felt the the silver Christopher upon his breast, he must have had a feeling of pride to be able to point to the old Knight as his only master. Saint Christopher served God; he was serving that one who was inferior to Deity alone, a noble-hearted man.

II. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CHURCH.

Chivalry was the spirit of the times, but there was another force that now was beginning to make its power felt over the whole of Europe. The day of Wycliffe was at hand, and that church under whose protection charity had held forth her hand to raise the fallen and help the needy was beginning to

totter. Those monasteries, where monks had toiled with self-imposed sufferings to send forth the light of knowledge, were soon to be untenanted. That religion, which had raised such beautiful structures with their tapering fingers pointing mutely up to God, was now about to give place to a new and simpler form of worship; and Chaucer shows us the signs of its downfall. His Monk was one of the finest dressed of the whole company with his fur-lined cloak, his "bootes souple" and his hood fastened at his chin with a gold love-knot.

"What shulde he studie, and maken himselven wood
Upon a book in cloystre alway to poure,
Or swynke with his handes, and laboure
As Austyn iyt?"

So he was a great hunter, and, as he rode along the highway, the bells of his bridle made a merry jingling "eek as lowde as doth the chapel bell." You could tell by looking at his full, fat face that he loved a "fat swan" and a full larder.

Such corruption had taken hold upon the monks that in the thirteenth century another order of religionists was established.

The Friars were a body of men that renounced the world and adopted a life of privation and hardship. They did not allow to themselves luxurious palaces as the monks had begun to do, but determined to become the opposite of them in every respect. Their hardships did not keep them from study for among the Friars were some of the best educated men of the world. Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas and Roger Bacon were Friars. Soon, however, ambition and sensuality took possession of Friars as well as of Monks, and Chaucer's Friar is "wanton and merry." He was a "limitour," or had a license to beg within a certain district. His views about penances and repentance were very convenient for a mendicant friar.

"For many a man so hard is of his herte
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore instede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot give silver to the poure freres."

Friars "combined with their spiritual functions the occupations of pedlar, huxter, mountebank and quack doctor," and when our friar had sung in his lisping voice to the accompaniment of his harp,

"His eyghen twinkled in his head aright
As do the stars in a frosty night."

No one of Chaucer's characters is better drawn than this soft-talking Friar, who is "all things to all men," and who

"Was the best beggere in his hous
For though a widewe hadde noght oo shoo,
So pleasaunt was his *In Principio*
Yet wolde he have a farthing or he wente."

III. REPRESENTATIVES OF TRUE RELIGION.

Although Chaucer satirizes, in his laughing, good-humored way, both Monks and Friars, he still believes that there is a true and genuine Christianity, for his poor Parson of the town, whose greatest pleasure was to visit his parishoners in sickness and in health, is one of the noblest characters in all literature. Devout and patient in adversity, he has his whole life summed up in the lines :

"But Christes love and his apostles twelve
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

He sought to draw men to heaven by his life rather than by his words. He knew the temptations that men had to undergo,

"And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous."

He was a shepherd and no mercenary, and his voice could be heard sounding out rebuke when his flock went astray, whether they were of "high or low estate." Men probably did not think much of him as he plodded along from house to house in his thread-bare coat, in spite of "rain and thunder;" but his is the influence that will live after kings have been forgotten.

In order to show us that this heart-religion was not confined to the clergy, Chaucer has given us the industrious,

charitable Ploughman, the brother of the Poor Parson. His motto was "Love and serve."

"God loveded he best with all his hoole herte
At alle tymes, though him gamed or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve."

Heroism is only self-sacrifice, and here we have the hero. His tithes were paid fairly and well, and for "Christes sake" he was willing to leave his own work to help some poor neighbor,

"Withouten hyre, if it laye in his might."

These simple-hearted brothers are ideals of what philosophy has been striving to make man, and in their own lives is the ethics that it has taken man centuries to learn.

IV. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SUPERSTITION OF THE TIMES.

Science and Philosophy, those dispersers of the mists of superstition, had not the wide-spread influence during the time of Chaucer that they now have. Physicians were expected to be versed in astrology even more than in knowledge of disease. Among the pilgrims

"Ther was a Docteur of Physik ;
In al the world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye ;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kept his pacient wonderly well
In houres by his magik naturel."

Magic natural was a great recourse for physicians, but Chaucer's Doctor did not trust altogether to the stars and his magic, for he knew all the medical works of his time, and

"The cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold or moyshe or drye."

Chaucer adds, with a twinkle in his eye,

"His studie was but litel on the Bible,"

and since he thought that

"Gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therfore he loveded gold in epecial."

As superstition was strong in medicine, so it showed itself in religion. Popular superstition had long ascribed great power to relics of holy men and Chaucer's Pardoner, who rode along the road to Canterbury singing "Come hither, love, to me," while the Sompnour sang bass to his air, has many relics from all over the world. He had a pillow-case

"What, as he said, was our lady weyl,"

and a piece of the sail that Saint Peter had when he went upon the sea.

He made good use of his possessions, for

"With these reliques, when that he fond
A poure persoun dwelling uppon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the persoun gat in monthes tweye."

The Pardoner had many other tricks to obtain money, and, although he preached "*Radix malorum*" *est cupiditas*, he insisted upon "nobles or pence" that were "always new."

While the travellers are on their way to Canterbury they are met by an old Alchemist and his servant, a Yeoman who blew his fires "till that his heart fainted." The poor Yeoman tells how that himself and his master have grown poor in the practice of their elvish craft and names the substances that they used. The chief power that they relied on for success was the "four spirits" and the "bodies seven." It is sad to hear how the Yeoman, little by little, lost confidence in his master's dreams of gold, and to hear him bitterly confess in the end, what all of us sooner or later have to learn,

"But all things which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold."

V. REPRESENTATIVES OF LEARNING.

Oxford had had, during the life of Chaucer, 30,000 students, and Chaucer presents a Clerk of Oxenford whom long study of "Aristotle and his philosophie" had worn down to a shadow. His was a docile mind, and he gladly learns and gladly teaches. His character is a pleasant one, and no sor-

did avarice could creep into a mind that loved the companionship of books as he did.

“For him was levere have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Then robes riche or fithele or gay sawtrie.”

The Poor Parson and the Clerk of Oxenford have kindred souls. The one sacrifices wealth and ease for the love of God, the other worships at the feet of knowledge. Many have supposed that Chaucer portrayed his own character in the Clerk of Oxenford, for he speaks so feelingly :

“Ful thridbare was his overiste courtesy,
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.”

Chaucer was so often without money that he had more than an altruistic sympathy in the Clerk of Oxenford who had but “litel gold in cofre.”

Chaucer did not neglect the servants of the law in his descriptions, for we have the Sergeant of the Law, who was one of the judges of England and must have been very wealthy. When they obtained that title the sergeants elected were expected to give a “great dinner like to the feast of a king’s coronation,” and this cost as much as four hundred marks in some cases. Our Sergeant is familiar with all the law cases from the time of King William, but Chaucer cannot forbear giving him a sly fling :

“Nowher so besy a man as he ther was,
And yit he seemede besier than he was.”

He was, however, kept busy enough by his clients,

“For his science and for his heih renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.”

VI. TWO LADIES.

Chaucer had a poet’s love for the flowers of the field, but among them all he honored most the daisy, “the emperice and floure of floures alle,” because he looked upon it as being the representative of true womanhood. In his *Canterbury Tales*

he does not idealize his women, but he shows them to us just as he saw them. The "gentle Prioress" is a true woman. She has a "simple and coy smile," and she speaks the "fairest French." Her heart is soft and

"For to speken of hire conscience
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde."

Her motto is "*Amor vincit omnia*," and surely none of Chaucer's pilgrims would have dared to deny such a sweet sentence when maintained by the pretty Prioress. The rough host speaks very prettily to her when he asks for her story which is "The murder of a Christian child by the Jews." The tears must have come up quite often into her eyes as she related that sad story for she was all "conscience and tendre herte." The other pilgrims paid very close attention to her, we know, for she had

"Eyen greye as glas,
A mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne broad, I trowe."

The wife of Bath is a very different kind of lady. She had had five husbands already and was ready to welcome the sixth. Her delight was in fine dresses ;

"Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde,
I durste swere they weygheden ten pounde
That on a Sonday were upon hire heed."

Though she was "somdee" deaf she was, without doubt, able to hear and appreciate a well-directed compliment. She must have been a pleasant, lively lady, for "in fellowship well could she laugh and carp;" which was a pleasant combination with her fair face that contrasted so prettily with her black hat that was as broad "as is a bokeler or a targe."

VII. HARRY BAILLY, THE HOST.

The Host of the Tabard Inn was a manly, well-informed, merry man. He is the life of every company in which he is,

and while the pilgrims are congregated in his tavern over their wine, he proposes

“That ech of you to schorte with oure weie
In this viage, schal telle tales tweye
To Canterburi-ward ; I mene it so,
And hom-ward he schal tellen othere two.”

He has an instinctive politeness, and addresses the Prioress as “courteously as it had been a maid.” Rank is honored by him, and he allows the knight to tell the first tale. The wife of this good-natured, jolly host is a shrew, and when the character of Patience is portrayed for him in the tale of Meliboeus, he says,

“As I am a faithful man,
And, by the precious corpus Madrian,
I hadde lieber than a barrel of ale
That good my wife had heard this tale,
For she n' is no good thing of such patience.”

According to his description of his married life she must have treated him very badly indeed ; which perhaps is the reason that he swears so much as to horrify the Poor Parson.

VIII. OTHER CHARACTERS.

Such were some of the principle characters portrayed by Chaucer. There were also the rascally, drunken miller, who breaks in on the knight and insists on telling his story, and the Sompnour, who has a red pimpled face that no amount of medicine could cure. The Manciple made fools of his masters by his sharpness, and the habits of Chaucer's Franklin shows us that the men of his day did not like an empty larder, for his house was always full of the dainties of the season. The legs of the “Choleric Reeve,” a carpenter, were like a staff, “there was no calf yseen,” and the rich Merchant delighted in the increase of his winnings, but was a “worthy man withal.” The Shipman rode upon his horse “as well as he could.” Then there were a Haberdasher, a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Dyer, and a Tapestry-Maker, all of whom Chaucer groups together as honest, comfortable tradesmen. Each of

them was worthy to be an alderman, and their wives all thought that it would be nice to be called "Madame," and, as aldermen's wives, go before all the other ladies with their elegant mantles carried by servants walking beside them.

"The wisest of beings," said Thales of Miletus," is Time, for it discovers all things," and now as time rolls on the fame of Chaucer grows ever brighter and brighter. Spenser, delighted to proclaim himself the disciple of the "ancient Tilyrus, the Father of English Poetry. Dryden held Chaucer in the same degree of veneration as the "Greeks held Homer or the Romans Virgil," and the works of Shakespeare himself show that he drank deeply of the "well of English undefiled." Chaucer is preëminent in his simplicity and freshness; in his tender pathos and "roguish genial humor;" in his love for nature, and his reverence for women, but above all in his delineations of character. His pictures will become more and more admired long after those of Hogarth have become forgotten. Truly a man who has done so much to perfect our mother tongue, and who has so much power and beauty in his work, ought to have all the honor that the English people can bestow upon him. He who wishes to become acquainted with the people of Chaucer's time; he who wishes to enjoy verses which flow along so simply and yet so joyously; he who would have his soul inspired by chivalrous deeds or warmed by the gentleness of love in its purity, must learn to know and to love

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious halls of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

A Feast of Ghouls.

I sat midst a gathering of ghouls,
In the ultimate regions of woe,
In a land of ineffable woe,
Where the Spirit of Anarchy rules,
And the flame-tempests ceaselessly blow,
Where the sulphury flame-tempests blow,
And the naphthaline air never cools.
The merciless princes of yore
They were wild for a beauteous prey,
They clamored and shrieked for a prey,
That would gladden their fangs evermore,
In Orcus bereft of the day,
Change the darkness of Orcus to day,
Recalling the revels of yore.
But me they devoured not—ah! never,
For Memory bitter as gall,
More loathsome than wormwood and gall,
Was the bodiless demon that ever
Held my spirit and body in thrall;
How I longed to escape from its thrall,
To lave in the Letheon river!
List! suddenly hushed is the storm.
Borne in on the wings of the night,
The Cimmerian wings of the night,
I beheld an old glorious form,
Eyes beaming unquenchable light,
Illumining Hell with their light,
Death-cold—I had known them when warm.
Her lips they were marble and wan,
And the aureate waves of her hair,
Her exuberant tresses of hair,
Were floating her pale cheek upon,
While a myrrh-fragrance perfumed the air,
A sandal scent perfumed the air,
With the odors of sweet Lebanon.
As I gazed on her passionless face,
On the lips that would never draw breath,
That had taken their last tender breath,

She was radiant in virginal grace :
 I thought her yet fairer in Death,
 Most fair in the Palace of Death,
 Not a thing for that venomous place.

And marvelling much at the scene,
 To the chief of the demons I called,
 I almost inaudibly called :

"Through meadows perennially green,
 By a city with chalcedon walled,
 With onyx and chrysolite walled,
 Her wand'ring should surely have been.

"Say, why fares she hitherward now
 Who more than all maidens of earth,
 Who alone of the queens of the earth
 Had the halo of heaven on her brow ?
 In these realms of demoniac mirth,
 Where gladness is saturnine mirth,
 Shall *her* soul in agony bow ?"

Then up from the ghouls rose a cry,
 A jubilant, clangorous chorus—
 Ah! the dread of that Destiny-chorus !
 But the chief of the ghouls made reply,
 "The legions of Good flee before us,
 All the fair and the pure fall before us,
 We are lords of the low and the high."

He spoke, and a treacherous leer
 Of mockery lurked in his eyes,
 In the basilisk depths of his eyes.
 And my spirit grew palsied and sore,
 For the demons had seized on their prize,
 On the Beauty-in-Death of their prize,
 On the form I was wont to revere.

They banqueted blithely and long
 They were crazed with the blood-colored wine,
 So maddened and gladdened with wine
 That there burst from the throats of the throng
 High praise of the vintage divine,
 They extolled the rich vintage divine
 With the horrible ghost of a song.

Thus I witnessed this dolorous play,
 As the lights phosphorescent grew low,
 As the beacons and beakers waxed low ;

Till Psyche, my soul, swooned away
In the pangs of her exquisite woe,
In the ultimate regions of woe,
And the demons were cloyed with their prey.

Evolution from a Christian Standpoint.

 IN beginning this article, let me convey you, in imagination, back to the period when Athens was in her greatest glory, adorned to the eye with temples, theatres, statues and paintings, and to the mind with writers, orators, generals and philosophers. Interesting as the others may be, it is to these last that our attention will be called ; but we will not talk with Plato nor reason with Aristotle, nor yet will the soothing words of Socrates fall on our ears. We listen with wonder to a new doctrine which treats of the origin of worlds and of men, which attempts to answer the question present in every mind, "How did things come to be?"

An old man stands in the midst of the people who throng around him and expounds with forcible eloquence a theory that all matter is composed of ultimate particles and that everything that has parts qualitatively homogeneous with the whole owes its origin to the coming together of these particles. This "coming together" was due to the agency of an order-loving mind superior to and master of matter. Certain particles had the power of combining together and forming a homogeneous mass and this, to his view, was generation. In this way the world and sun were made from scattered molecules. Anaxagoras of Asia Minor, for such was his name, dared go no further, but Democritus, nearly fifty years later, grasped the problem in the same way and announced that not only was the earth made by atomic energy, but that from the

moist, new-made world vegetation and animal life arose. All types of organized life were made from these atoms which he avowed combined, not in obedience to a supreme mind, but from "the nature of things, as in winnowing wheat the grains of the same size and weight collect together and the chaff is blown away."

In our own day the thoughtful portion of the world has been startled by a revival of this ancient teaching. It has reappeared as the theory of "evolution," or, as it is more generally called "Darwinism." This holds that matter was endowed with properties which compelled it to obey certain preordained rules or laws, and that in obedience to these laws the earth, sun and indeed the universe were made. But the earth was unfit for habitation. "Without form and void," it whirled along its course enveloped by clouds of aqueous vapor, while the sphere itself was a mass of molten rock. Gradually it cooled and when pitted by the slow influence of water and air for the sustenance of vegetation, it was covered with forests from pole to pole. The water that had been suspended in the atmosphere as vapor slowly condensed and filled great depressions in the solid crust that surrounded the still liquid interior. But these forests diminished by degrees, vast tracts of them being engulfed in earthquakes, and after many centuries their petrified remains have been brought to light to tell mankind their part in the history of the planet.

In the seas and marshes another great development took place. Animal life appeared, the infusoriæ populated the waters; so numerous were they that their skeletons, only visible under the microscope, underlie whole States, forming the beds of limestone with which everyone is familiar. As the earth hardened and became more suited for life, the sea animals reached a higher grade. Traces of a vertebrated structure became apparent as in the rudimentary ribs in the turtle shell. By slow degrees this formation became more evident. Rudimentary limbs were developed as in the fins of fish. Great whales sported in deep waters, and serpents stretched

their length in the tepid ocean. Insects swarmed on the marshy earth, but a still greater advance was at hand.

The rudimentary limbs came forth. As a tadpole develops from a mere mass of animation to the possession of rudimentary limbs and these develop into the perfectly formed frog's legs, so did the type we have been following, develop into another animal of a higher species by doubtless a process similar to that involved in the change from the tadpole to the frog. Vertebrates appear, fowls fly in the air, fish swim the sea, the wonderful animals that the geologists describe and restore, then lived. Higher in the scale life rose, through the ape and baboon till Man in his splendor came to rule the world prepared with such care for him.

As the fish in Mammoth Cave have no eyes, as they would be useless, so the web-like structure of fins was lost in the land animal, and man not needing the prehensile tail of the monkey lost it in turn. To sum up in Darwin's own words, we read: "The main conclusion arrived at in this work and now held by many naturalists who are well competent to form a sound judgment is, that man is descended from some less highly organized form. The grounds on which this conclusion rests will never be shaken, for the close similarity between man and the lower animals in embryonic development, as well as innumerable points of structure both of high and the most trivial importance * * * are *facts* which cannot be disputed. * * * We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in habits and an inhabitant of the Old World. The *Quadruma*, and all the higher animals, are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like creature."

DESCENT OF MAN.

From the first announcement of this theory, the Christian world looked on it as antagonistic to the Mosaic account and

consequently opposed to the revealed faith. It has been said that in the Scriptures can be found support for any belief. When Galileo announced that the earth moved and the sun was fixed, he was confronted by the question, "How, then, did Joshua command the sun to stand still?" And similarly the theologians of to-day have attacked this theory with minds fully made up and arguments based on a literal rendition of the Bible. Either their preconceived opinions or the theory is wrong, but to their minds it is absurd to think of their being wrong, and, therefore evolution is false. But I shall take my stand on a broader basis and will endeavor to show that these two views are not inconsistent, but that they work together in perfect harmony, and that belief in one should strengthen belief in the other.

It is an elementary tendency of the mind to reduce causes to the smallest number and to regard as most probable the hypothesis which explains the greatest number of phenomena by the least number of causes. This may be summarized in a familiar law in metaphysics that "prescribes that a greater number of causes are not to be assumed than are necessary to explain the phenomena" (Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, p. 225). The same author says, "In this respect again the Copernican hypothesis is more probable than the Tychonic. For though both save all the phenomena, the Copernican does this by one principal assumption: whereas the Tychonic is obliged to call in the aid of several subordinate suppositions to render the principle assumption available." (Hamilton's *Metaphysics*).

This being granted it is at once evident that evolution is worthy of credence, as it explains a good number of things by one assumption, and this is that matter is capable of passing from one form to another by its natural affinities.

This property of matter is familiar to the chemist. When sodium is put on water, the water is decomposed, part combining with the sodium and part being set free and the explanation given is the superior affinity of hydroxyl for sodium than for hydrogen. The true and ultimate cause is unknown but the fact is undoubted.

Before arguing the question it is well to compare the scientific statement with the revealed account. The first thing that strikes us is the agreement in one essential particular—that the creation was progressive. It is customary to regard the Biblical record as saying that the work was accomplished in a succession of leaps each distinct from the others and having a clear line of demarcation between them. To my mind it implies nothing of the kind. The very word “day” expresses a gradual passing from one stage to another. Who can tell at eventide the very moment when night begins, or at dawn when day commences? The one fades imperceptibly into the other as boyhood into manhood or youth into age. The geological periods are known to have passed by gradual steps into those that followed them, and the analogy is perfect.

The first portion of the work was the formation of the earth and of light. Evolution says that the heat due to chemical action raised the temperature to incandescence and therefore light was the first product.

The second day was the creation of the firmament. Geologists tell us that water condensed from the purely gaseous state to clouds next surrounded the earth supplying a damp, warm atmosphere advantageous for the growth of plants, and that consequently for the second and third stage the firmament and vegetation came into existence. The Bible says that on the third day the “earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind and the tree yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind.” The cooling of the earth next condenses the clouds of aqueous vapor and for our fourth change the sun, moon and stars appear, the impenetrable veil of mist being withdrawn.

Next in the grand succession the sea brings forth its living creatures in obedience to the mandate “Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.” By our hypothesis this should be the next step, but development does not pause. Onward it goes till for the fifth stage the beasts are made and finally for the sixth day’s labor, man

appears the highest and grandest product of creative power, the one creation having intellect and wisdom. Into him God breathed His own spirit and man became a living soul.

The answer generally given is that the repetition of the word create necessarily implies that each successive step, each form of life, was made by the divine will out of nothing: "He spake and it was done" in each case. An eminent writer on metaphysics says: "If creation is the bringing into existence what did not before exist, then bringing order out of chaos is creation;" and, if this be accepted, each successive advancement in the scale of life is a creation, as it is undoubtedly a bringing into existence what did not before exist. The original elements must be granted to have been created, for every event is caused, therefore the existence of the elements must have been caused and this causation is creation. But is it detracting from the power and wisdom of the Almighty to say that when He made matter, He endowed it with powers which should enable it to continue the work and carry it to perfection in obedience to His will? Is it a reproach to a machinist that his engine should continue to do the work for which he designed it even though he does not supervise it incessantly? Which is the finer mechanic, the one who plans and builds an engine which moves in obedience to his will without further interference or the one who must push his cumbrous mechanism at every revolution? The automatic engine is the finer piece of work and its designer the finer engineer. Similarly it seems that the Universe which moves toward higher development uninterruptedly and automatically, is a work more worthy of the deity than one where every progress is the result of direct interference. So we may say that the doctrine of evolution is not opposed to our faith for it teaches that the earth and its inhabitants were made in accordance with natural laws and natural law is but another name for the will of God.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The proposition to form an association of College Editors, that has been going the rounds of the college press, is one that meets our approbation in its fullest extent. The importance of this neglected factor in the education of the young men of this country, has been gradually, but none the less surely, making its way to its rightful position in our educational systems. Indeed, so much has it advanced of late in the consideration of prominent educators, that in one of the largest centres of learning a separate chair has been set apart for instruction in journalism, and a practical editor, fresh from editorial controversy, has been selected, at a liberal compensation, to give instruction in this department, which, perhaps more than any other, tends to influence America thought and actions. In a country so eminently republican in principle and sentiment as ours, liberty, much abused goddess in all countries and climes, is too apt to degenerate into license. Already in our own time, a man of ability has only to be called by his party to serve his country in public capacity, and the public press of the opposite faction at once proceed to besmatter him with words and phrases of such meaning that they would in many cases disgrace the profane tongue of the famous fishwife. It is bad enough, nay too bad, to proceed to this length, but they do not always stop here, but entering his home and domestic circle, seek to desecrate and destroy the idols most loved and cherished. We cannot doubt that these lamentable facts find their foundation in the neglect of training for this great and important profession capable and thoughtful men. In this great country where license has everywhere clothed her loathsome form in garments of liberty, we can have few, if any, legal safeguards against this evil, and must in the main rely upon the refinement and superior fitness of those who are to guide and regulate our principal journals.

In University life, it must necessarily be some years, before this great question shall have its importance duly recognized, and for our progress we must look to mutual aid and encouragement. To our mind, therefore, a convention of the college editors of the country will be a step in the right direction and will tend to bring about at least a tardy, but deserved recognition, of this important factor in intellectual training. As in every other profession, so in that of journalism, you must train thoroughly the apprentices, if you desire accomplished and competent masters, and until this training is regarded in its fullest importance, we deserve, and can expect, nothing better than a weak and morbidly sensatorial press.

It cannot be but a matter of regret that in an institution of the size and importance of the University that so little interest as a general thing is taken in out-door sports and athletic development by the students at large. It is well-nigh impossible for the base-ball representatives to go elsewhere for the purpose of engaging in a contest without imitating the example of Lazarus and begging at the door of the rich man, represented in the person of the college professor. The lethargy that has crept over these things is not wholly due to lack of interest as manifested by those outside of the athletic associations, but the fault in no very small degree rests with those who have of late years had the management and direction of their internal affairs. It cannot be expected of those not having an immediate interest in these associations that they should display an unbounded enthusiasm in bodies that seem only anxious to rival in their lethargic mood the somewhat famous and lengthy nap of Washington Irving's hero. If they desire support from the public, let them do something to encourage and invite that support. Mankind have not as yet either in their individual or collective capacity displayed sufficient "Christian charity" to desire to care for those who show no intention of furthering their own interests and affairs. Some years ago, endowed by the generous gift of an alumnus

of this institution a boat-club was organized and the donor's name given to it. The history of this organization is one of the saddest and most pathetic that has yet reached the sympathetic eye of man. The first years of its existence were years of glory and triumph. They annually returned from the State regatta crowned with victorious laurels, bringing the prize to the shrine of their Alma Mater ; but only a few years ago they were taught the vanity of human triumphs when they encountered a defeat, and have since been exercising themselves on the waters of Lethe, and we fear "have fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again." The year following a crew was trained, and we degenerate men were waiting in "anxious expectation" for our muscular giants to retrieve our fair name and win back our lost prestige, but were compelled, like the loud-wailing widows of Ashur, to weep bitter tears when we were informed that we were to have no part in the annual contest. Last year there were faint, very faint, rumors that they were again to enter the arena, but rumor, lying dame that she is, again deceived us, and we had to content ourselves with the annual bumping race rowed on the not over clear and glassy bosom of our own river. This year, however, even this pleasure has been denied us, for at the last minute the bulletin boards announced to us that we must look to the "memories of the past" for the achievements of our former boat-club. The gentlemen composing this organization should in the future do everything in their power to correct this state of things, and save us the painful duty of recording in obituary the untimely end of this august body, which has for sometime existed only in the memory of old men.

The recent production of the "Archanians" of Aristophanes produced by the students of one of our northern sisters seems to have deeply imprinted itself on the impressionable mind of our esteemed contemporary, the *Richmond Dispatch*, and to have forced from its closed jaws something that it has never

been known to emit hitherto, in the form of an opinion, definite and certain, on a definite subject. We, together with the great body of mankind, are sincerely rejoiced over this new discovery in its columns, and trust that in future the hazardous venture that they have recently made, may lead to other attempts, but in other fields, with which they are better acquainted. We have waited long and anxiously for the appearance of an opinion in its columns, and are more than delighted at its appearance, even if it is a bad one; but if our friend displays sufficient perseverance in departments in which he has more knowledge, the sad beginning he has made may yet bring forth good results. The proposition in itself shows how small the acquaintance the writer possessed in regard to his subject. In the senior Greek class of the University, based as it on the elective system, there are rarely more than fifteen students, and if he had first discovered this important fact, and then taken one of Aristophanes' comedies and arranged it for the modern stage, he would have been compelled to use long division, in its loosest extent, to make the number sufficient for the production of the play. Even this computation assumes that all the members of the class will be competent, both in knowledge of Greek and in the dramatic art, to take part in the rendition of the play, but little experience and less perception would plainly demonstrate that every member of the class will in no case and in no one session possess both these qualities. Should our classical critic, however, desire to hear an intelligent interpretation of the text of any of the great masters, he can find no place on this continent where a better idea is possessed both by professor and class as regards the elegant diction, the sententious and often noble thought, and the metric beauty of the Grecian bards, who sang "when Music, heavenly maid, was young." As regards the proposition that the different colleges of the State should be combined for the production of a Greek play, we can only say that observation will prove it more absurd than the first. To realize such a plan, it would require constant rehearsals in

some particular place, which is only another way of saying constant absence from lectures and other duties. In addition it would cost a sum of money, that we have small hope of getting, unless some contemporary, who is fond of giving advice should show an equal desire to donate money to the accomplishments of his schemes as delineated on paper. In short, the Greek school can do no better than continue to add her contribution of accomplished and scholarly names to the history of the University, rather than to seek the meteoric reputation that it would acquire, by having the names of its members appear in the cast of a Greek play as published in the *Dispatch*.

HALL OF HANDS AND TORCH CHAPTER,
PHI THETA ALPHA (MYSTIC SEVEN) FRATERNITY.

WHEREAS it has pleased God to take from us our dearly beloved brother LEWIS M. PATTERSON, of Salem, N. C., therefore be it

Resolved, That the fraternity has lost a member who had won for himself, by his consistent Christian life and pure amiable character, the respect and love of all who knew him.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Chapter and published in the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

B. S. MINOR,
C. D. SCHMITT,
B. D. V. REEVE,
Committee.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *May 17th, 1886.*

The sad intelligence of the death of LEWIS M. PATTERSON, was received throughout the University with deep sorrow, but this loss was most keenly felt among his class-mates of the Medical School; for amongst them he was most generally known, and those who knew him best esteemed him most. He impressed a new acquaintance with his unassuming manners and easy courtesy; among his more intimate friends he was regarded as a model of sincerity and fidelity; as a Christian he was humble, devout and consistent; therefore be it

Resolved, That we the Medical Class of the University of Virginia, of 1885-86, in appreciating his worth do mourn his loss, but that we bow in submission to the Almighty's superior but mysterious wisdom in taking him from us.

Resolved, That we publish this notice of his death in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and *Jeffersonian Republican*, of Charlottesville, Va., and the *Salem Press*, of Salem N. C., and further

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to his bereaved friends at home, and that a copy of the *Jeffersonian* containing these resolutions be forwarded them in Salem, N. C.

M. C. MILLENDER,
R. B. JAMES,
R. W. BAKER,
KIRKLAND RUFFIN,
L. G. WOODSON,
Committee.

COLLEGIANA.

Last month our usually quiet community was much pleased by two occurrences that happened and broke for a short time the calm and repose of our ordinary life. It is needless to say we refer, as regards one of the events, to the mammoth demonstration made by the University Minstrel Troupe. It has never been our pleasure to be present at an amateur performance that deserved and received so much praise from those who witnessed it. It passed off without any of the unpleasantness that usually attends such affairs, such as forgetting of parts and keeping the audience waiting for considerable lengths of time at different stages of the performance. The singing during the performance of the minstrels was quite good for untrained talent, and the jokes were in the main good, and if some of them were a little inclined to be old, they were so old that they had been quite forgotten by the majority of the audience present. But the jokes, partaking of the character of "modern antiquities" were very few in number, and most of them were bright and sparkling with well directed local hits, that rendered them especially amusing in a community small enough for every one to know something of the subject of them. As agreeable and entertaining as was the part of the entertainment devoted to the burnt-cork science, we are inclined to think that it was surpassed by the burlesque rendition of the Mikado, in which the saffron color of the Japs was exchanged for the "nighted" and ebon color of the Ethiopian. So well indeed were the parts assumed, that they brought forth the remark on all sides that not a few of the characters were quite as good in their assumed dusky personality as they were in the lighter colored originality. In addition to the artistic success achieved, the financial department was quite well represented by the proceeds and the

"general coffers were filled." As was proposed by the gentleman composing the promoters of this enterprise, a portion of the money was donated to the ever-needy base-ball association, and another portion to the ever-deficient chapel fund. We regretted very much to learn that objection had been made to the acceptance of this fund acquired by an amateur performance, and must confess it requires much deeper penetration than nature has endowed us with to discover the distinction between the above mentioned undertaking and church fairs and teas in general. They both propose amusement for an adequate compensation, and propose to exist for the same worthy object. If there be a distinction, it may truly be said to be a distinction without a difference. For our part we would much prefer to see and encourage performances of an innocent nature, where some return is given for the money collected, than to engage in indiscriminate begging whenever we can find a patient and "cheerful giver."

The other important event to which we had reference, was the much talked of and anxiously awaited "Mikado Tea" given under the auspices of the Young Ladies Sewing Society. No decoration that artistic taste could suggest was wanting that could aid in transforming the Washington Literary Hall, a temple devoted to the art eloquent, into a bazaar embellished with Japanese ornaments, and every device was employed to allure guests to take part in the support of the worthy object it was intended to promote. The dainties were served by the dainty fingers of the ladies, and here and there might be seen the figure of some member of so august a body as the law class engaged in the good work. The ladies worked hard and laboriously for the realization of their hopes and they were destined we are glad to say, to see them crowned with success. But above all things, we are glad to be able to chronicle that the entertainment was wholly free from the usual annoyances of church fairs and such teas. A

definite price was fixed on the different articles that were intended to charm the eye and palate of mortals, and when this was paid, it was considered in its true light and hence all unpleasantness was avoided on the side of both the hosts and guests, and an occasion of mutual pleasure was afforded without any of the usual concomitants of such entertainments. It was patronized liberally by everybody, and a nice, round sum was added to the building fund of the chapel. The ladies engaged in this enterprise deserve the commendation of every one interested in the success of the University, for their noble efforts in behalf of the erection of a suitable building for the ministrations of religion, and their success on this occasion will, we trust, lead them on to newer and fresher efforts to encourage an habitation for a creed that has always found its noblest and purest shrine in the heart of woman.

We are extremely sorry to find ourselves compelled to call attention to the negligence displayed in a certain matter of amusement in which a great many students of this institution are interested, and we are confident that the thing complained of exists only through thoughtlessness, and that mere mention of its existence will bring correction with it. It is needless to say that Lawn Tennis Courts have sprung up all over the University grounds and the game is participated in by large numbers of students. These courts have necessarily been placed in public places and some of them very near the public thoroughfares, where people are constantly passing to and fro. We are more than sorry to hear complaints that they, or rather some of them, have become exceedingly obnoxious to the ladies on account of the paucity of clothing worn by the players in this game. In this matter the ladies of the University have a right together with the general public, to have their opinions respected, and should not have their walks or pleasures curtailed on this account. Every one has a right, of course, to array himself as he may desire within certain well-defined limits, but they should likewise

respect the opinions of the public when they appear in public places. If they desire to withdraw into the privacy of their own rooms or to fix their Tennis-Courts where they will not be seen, then they will have a perfect right to arrange their costumes to suit themselves, but if they remain where they are exposed to the view of all passers-by they should be more careful in the arrangement of their dress, and conform to what is right in this regard in the opinion of the community of which they form a part. We are sure that due attention will be given to this matter, as we are satisfied the fault has occurred from thoughtlessness rather than intentional negligence.

The Prof. of English having remarked that it was difficult to find the *subject* in many sentences of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," one of the members of the class whispered to a sympathizing friend, that he was "blessed if he could see the object in any of them."

A poor fellow struggling through the mazes of Anglo-Saxon, when it was told him that Anglo-Saxon had a *Dual* in its earlier days, said that he would "give a dollar, if it had never survived it."

On the second Thursday of this month, we were entertained in the Public Hall by a lecture delivered by Prof. Francis H. Smith, on Electric Light. It was not only one of the most interesting of the series, but one of the most interesting it has ever been our pleasure to attend. The discourse was illustrated throughout by successful experiments with the different forms and shapes that this marvelous light has been made to assume under the hands of man. The kindness of the "Edison Electric Light Company" had placed at the lecturer's disposal the different apparatuses and instruments necessary to successful demonstration, and we trust this initiatory step

may lead to the introduction of this night sun into the lighting system of the University.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that an eminent publishing house will soon give to the world a book that should command attention from every one at this place. It is to be called:

CALICO JACK AND BEAU T-YL-OR

THE TALE OF TWO FRIVOLOUS LIVES

By Col. I-r-i-v-ng P-p-e
of Marshall, Texas.

Our base-ball nine has recently been winning laurels for itself in the contests of the national game. Two games have been played with the Gordonsville nine, with great success:

FIRST GAME.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.							GORDONSVILLE.						
<i>Names.</i>	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A. E.	<i>Names.</i>	A.	B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A. E.
Davis, 3d B. . .	6	2	1	0	2	1	Field, M., C. . .	5	2	0	4	3	0
Muir, C. . .	6	4	2	18	1	1	Field, J., P. . .	4	1	0	2	3	3
Harrison, P. . .	6	1	3	0	16	0	Gentry, 1B. . .	4	0	1	13	0	1
Mason, S. S. . .	5	2	0	1	0	3	Gordon, 2B. . .	4	0	1	3	1	2
Peters, C. F. . .	5	1	0	0	0	1	Goodwin, S. S. .	4	0	0	0	1	4
Catlett, 1B. . .	5	1	1	6	1	0	McElroy, C. F. .	4	1	0	0	0	1
Maury, 2B. . .	5	2	1	1	0	1	Young, R. F. . .	4	0	0	0	0	1
Minor, R. F. . .	5	2	2	0	1	1	Bosher, L. F. . .	4	0	0	0	0	3
Hunter, L. F. . .	5	1	3	0	0	0	Cooper, 3B. . .	4	0	0	1	4	5
Totals . . .	48	16	13	*26	21	8	Totals, . . .	37	4	2	*22	12	19

*Young declared out.

*Peters and Davis declared out.

1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9.

Gordonsville, 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 = 4.

Univ. of Va., 2 0 2 3 0 6 0 3 x = 16.

Runs earned—University 4. Base on balls—Harrison 4, Field 1. Struck out—Harrison 16, Field 2. Left on bases—Gordonsville 6, University 5. Passed balls—Field, M., 3, Muir 1. Wild pitches—Harrison, 1. Double plays—J. Field and Gentry. Umpire—McKim. Scorer—Rodgers.

SECOND GAME.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.						GORDONSVILLE.					
<i>Names.</i>	A. B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A. E.	<i>Names.</i>	A. B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A. E.
Davis, 3B.	. 6	2	2	1	0 1	Gentry, 1B.	. 4	0	0	10	1 1
Muir, C.	. 6	3	3	13	4 1	Field, M., C.	. 4	1	1	4	3 2
Harrison, P.	. 6	2	2	0	16 1	Dunn, L.F.&C.	. 4	0	0	2	2 1
Despard, 2B.	. 6	2	1	4	2 1	Field, J., P&LF	. 3	0	0	1	2 2
Minor, R. F.	. 6	1	1	2	0 0	Goodwin, SS&P	. 3	0	0	1	2 2
Guest, L. F.	. 6	4	4	1	0 0	Falkner, H., 3B	. 3	0	0	0	0 3
Catlett, 1B.	. 6	2	3	6	0 0	Falkner, C., RF	. 3	0	0	1	0 2
Wilson, S. S.	. 6	0	1	0	0 0	Gordon, CF.	. 3	0	0	3	3 2
Hunter, C. F.	. 5	3	3	0	0 1	Biggins, 2B.	. 3	0	0	2	3 3
Totals,	. . . 53	19	20	27	22 5	Totals,	. . . 30	1	1	24	16 18

1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9.

Univ. of Va., 1 4 0 7 2 1 2 2 x = 19.

Gordonsville, 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 = 1.

Earned Runs—University 8. First base on balls—Harrison 1, Field 1. Struck out—University 3, Gordonsville 15. Two base hits—Davis 1, Catlett 1, Guest 1, Minor 1. Three base hits—Muir 1. Double plays—University 1, Gordonsville 1. Passed balls—Gordonsville 8, University 0. Wild pitches—0. Umpire—Mason. Scorer—F. S. Rodgers.

The songs containing local allusions as produced by the amateur minstrel troupe seemed to be so much enjoyed that, thinking they would be read with the pleasure with which they were heard, as brought forth by the melodious voices of the songsters, we publish below some of them, in kind remembrance of the late organization :

“THE VARSITY.”

In the year steen hundred and seven,
 Long before the flood,
 T. Willie Rockingham Thomas Jefferson
 Called himself a blood.
 He came from the South Sea Islands,
 On a ship named Swill,
 He landed in Virginia.
 And founded Charlottesville.

One day while walking near this village,

He got on a terrible spree,

He collided with S-l-d-n M-c-n

And built the "Varsity."

They laid down the rules and by-laws,

Under a first-rate head,

They then selected the Faculty,

To be spoken—

{ Which is the most intellectual body of men in the
 { United States,

When all the rest are dead.

In this college there is a student

Whom you've seen before,

Some cruel fellahs shaved off his siders,

The gentleman's name's "Ned" M—re.

Then there is another student,

Prince António C-rb-t,

The same cruel fellahs shaved off his moustaches,

He's crying for them yet.

In the Law Class there was an election

For the judge of Moot Court,

Three men ran, but two were rejected,

Just as every one thought.

The very men that were rejected

Said the returns were a lie,

But H-ll and C-lm-n will be elected,

Spoken—

"When?"

In the sweet by and by.

Now I'm going to tell you a secret,

Don't you give it away,

I'll tell you how I was taken in

By sharpers the other day.

I sauntered down to Washington Hall

To attend the Mikado Tea,

With a hundred and fifty dollars, I thought

That I could have a spree.

But an oyster stew cost seventeen dollars,

A sandwich ten "balls" more,

I smoked a sixteen dollar cigar,

It knocked me on the floor.

I bought a little baby carriage

To roll upon the "Range,"

I gave them ninety-seven dollars,

But didn't get any change.

D. DE L.

THE TEMPERANCE UNION.

I give you a pointer, its on the square,
 The bum in the middle's a millionaire,
 He nearly died from drinking rum,
 So he joined the "Temperance Union."

Chorus—

Here they come, oh, here they come,
 To join the Temperance Union,
 Away, away, with fife and drum
 To join the Temperance Union.

The base-ball nine can't play at all,
 They'll have to get baskets to catch the ball.
 They're going to disband, for its no fun,
 And join the Temperance Union.

Captain Keller is the boss
 Of the entire Charlottesville police force,
 Every one on it is very bum,
 And we can't let 'em join the Union.

William E. G-t-s came here for to show
 His æsthetic taste, but it wasn't a go,
 He was a heartless flint and he drank bad rum
 So we got him to join the Union.

Colonel P-pe is a very fine man,
 He talks on one subject whenever he can.
 He knows more 'bout dogs than any one,
 But he will not join the Union.

Horace T-yl-r's stuck on a particle
 Taken from a part of "Dana's last article."
 "Ben Hur" 'll convert him very soon
 And he'll join the Temperance Union.

We certainly can't for the life us see,
 The difference 'tween this and the Mikado Tea,
 They both charge admission, they both afford fun,
 We suppose it's on account of the Union.

The funds that are taken in by this show,
 To some worthy object of charity go,
 This is owing to the straight-laced ones
 Who have in charge the Chapel Funds.

Now I've told you all I know
 About the Union i o,
 I get a dollar for beating the drum
 And I'm going to spend it on rum and gum.

D. DE G.

SONG—*Koko*.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
 I've got a little list, I've got a little list
 Of society offenders who might well be under ground,
 Who never would be missed, who never would be missed;
 There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs,
 All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs,
 All children who are up in dates, and floor you with him flat,
 All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*.
 And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-tête* insist,
 They'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of them be missed.

Chorus—

He's got 'em on the list, he's got 'em on the list,
 He got 'em on the list, they'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the *student serenador*, and *the others* of his race,
 And the piano organist—I've got him on the list,
 And the man who smokes cigarettes and *puffs* them in your face,
 They never would be missed, they never would be missed;
 There's the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
 All colleges but this and every city but his own;
 And the lady from the backwoods, who dresses like a guy,
 And "who doesn't think he waltzes, but would rather like to try;
 And the student who on running for final President insists,
 I don't think *he'd* be missed, I'm sure *he'd* not be missed.

Chorus—

The Mikado Tea Committee, who are just now rather rife,
 The "*Social Science*" humorist (?)—I've got *him* on the list;
 All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of college life—
 They'd none of 'em be missed, they'd none of 'em be missed!
 The *statistical professor* of a *literary* kind,
 Who puts up dates innumerable to *stick* the student's mind,
 The editor of the "*MAG.*"—what's his name? you all know who,
 The task of putting in his name I'd *rather* leave to *you*.
 The fellows who in cutting lectures *never do* desist.
 Old H-r-y has the list—sure *none* of 'em he's missed.

Chorus—

The men who buy those helmets, which are just now all the rage;
 The man who chews tobacco *and on borrowing* does insist,
 And *that* man who's made his M. A. and poses as a sage,
 They'll none of 'em be missed, they'll none of 'em be missed.
 The tennis fiend who *always* plays upon *another's* court,
 And borrows *some-one-else's* racket, and thereby spoils *his* sport.

The law professor who's of an analytical mind,
 Who uses "Wherein considered" and phrases of like kind.
 That student who in "sitting out" others *does* insist,
 I've got 'em on the list, sure none of 'em be missed.

WHISKERS.

Under a tree on the lawn, sat a little student
 Singing "whiskers, oh, whiskers, my whiskers,"
 And I said to him, "Student, oh, why do you rant?"
 "For the whiskers, oh, whiskers, my whiskers."
 "It is weakness of intellect, student," I cried.
 "Oh, that the 'Clippers' to shave you have tried?"
 With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
 "Oh, whiskers, *my* whiskers, *MY* whiskers."

He slapped at his chest, and he slapped at the air,
 Singing, "whiskers, oh whiskers, my whiskers,"
 And a cold perspiration spread over his hair
 As he sang, "whiskers, oh, whiskers, my whiskers."
 He sobbed and he cried as he rushed o'er the lawn,
 "I wish, oh I wish, that I'd never been born,"
 "For a year or more now I'm sure I will mourn,
 For my whiskers, *my* whiskers, *MY* whiskers."

Now I feel just as sure as I feel that my name
 Isn't B-y-d, nor J-y-s, nor M-ir-
 That 'twas the *loss* of those whiskers (?) that made him exclaim,
 "Oh whiskers, my whiskerrrs, my whiskers."
 And, if you remain callous and obdurate, I
 Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
 Though *I* probably shall not exclaim as I die,
 "My whiskers, my whiskers, my whiskers."

FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU!

I'm going to whisper some words in your ear,
 But for goodness sake don't say I told you;
 And whatever you see and whatever you hear,
 For goodness sake don't say I told you.
 I think you'll acknowledge before you depart
 That I have unreservedly opened my heart,
 And whatever I know I'll to you impart -
 But for goodness sake don't say I told you.

They say that the Prince is terribly bold,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 And on the fair damsels he has fastened his hold,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 They say Georgie Sm-th is awfully sweet,
 From the crown of his sole to the head of his feet,
 And that "Alf" B-rd is horribly fleet,
 But for goodness, &c.

They say little G-tes is really quite bright,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 And that "Chap" Jo-es, he sits up all night,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 I think you'll acknowledge, if you don't think it rude,
 That L-n-as-t-r "takes the cake" as a dude,
 In the style that was going at the time of the flood,
 But for goodness, &c.

They say that the Chapel will really be done,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 In the year of our Lord three thousand and one,
 But for goodness, &c.,
 I'm sorry, so sorry for students who try,
 To roam after the sun has gone down in the sky,
 For the lamps are not lit and the walks are not dry,
 But for goodness, &c.

An interesting article on the "Elective System of the University of Virginia" has been written for the *Andover Review* for April, 1886, by Prof. James M. Garnett. It is a very clear and lucid explanation of the method of instruction and general government of the University together with a short history of the various schools and their divisions contains much information and shows much light upon the subject. We would be glad to have Prof. Garnett's example followed and see oftener the names of our professors in the reviews and literary journals of the country.

Diogenes Jones says :

That Jumbo should send inscriptions to adorn the tombs of defunct B. L's.

That the man who plays lawn tennis on Sunday will get nothing but deuce in the world to come.

That his readers must know his final will soon be here and excuse him for all corks.

That he has a little list :

Of B. Ls. that never will be found ;
 Of M. Ds. that'll soon be under ground ;
 Of M. As. that looks quite busted ;
 Of C. Es. that can't be trusted ;
 Of Ph. Ds. that seems quite rustied ;
 Of A. Z. Bs. that's just adjusted—and never has been

known to fail.

Mr. P.: "Can you tell me why the MAGAZINE is like a balky horse?"

Mr. X.: "Give it up."

Mr. P.: "It won't go without *making*."

The following manuscript of an unpublished drama has come into our possession, and we are enabled with our unusual enterprise to be the first journal to present it to the public:

ACT I.

Scene—On the University walk toward the graveyard.

X: What do the love-birds say?

Z.: Coo, coo, coo.

ACT II.

Scene—Love-inspiring steps at the graveyard.

X.: What would Dovey do if Lovey was to die?

Z. Lovey would die, too.

(X. struts around like a dove and coos in sweet, simple notes).

We are sorry to learn that our friend, L. M. C-l-e-m-n, of the law class, intends giving up legal lore to accept a position on the the staff of the *Rural Messenger*.

During the month a meeting of the Board of Visitors was held and Dr. Harrison resigned the Chairmanship of the Faculty, and Prof. Venable was selected to succeed him. We congratulate the University on the selection of a gentleman to fill this important position who has won a place in the esteem and affection of all by his learning and pleasing manners. The following is Dr. Harrison's resignation :

May 30th, 1885.

To the Rector and Visitors, University of Virginia,

GENTLEMEN : I have served for twelve years as Chairman of the Faculty, and have performed the manifold and various duties pertaining to the position with the simple purpose of looking always to the best interests and advancement of the well-doing of the University in every detail affecting its local management and its outside relations. I respectfully request that I now be allowed to resign the position. I feel the need of a period of rest from continuous work.

I can not refrain from expressing to the Visitors my cordial and sincere thanks for the confidence they have so repeatedly shown in me by having reelected me so often to the very distinguished and responsible office of Chairman of the Faculty. I am, with great respect,

JAMES F. HARRISON.

The above has been in my hands since its date, and it was withheld by my request with the concurrence of Dr. J. L. Cabell.

GEO. FREDERICK HOLMES.

May 6th, 1886.

A short time since our brilliant base-ball team went to Lexington to engage in mortal combat the Washington and Lee nine. The elements conspired to prevent the game, but the University visitors were treated in the most princely manner by their hosts, having both a hop and a banquet given them. We desire to return thanks in the name of the University for the courtesies extended our students.

Dr. Jas. F. Harison has been selected by the Executive committee of the International Medical Congress, which met in St. Louis, to be President of the Section on Gynæcology. The Congress meets in Washington, D. C.

Apropos of the trip to Lexington we may mention the fact that many strange stories are in circulation concerning some of the gentlemen who took part in the visit. It is said that one gentleman was so overwhelmed by the sight of the uniform of the cadets attending the Virginia Military Institute that he took his hat off whenever one appeared in sight and remained uncovered, if they were in his vicinity any considerable time.

Banquet at Washington and Lee—Mr. C., recent neophyte of Eli Bananas, explaining the objects of his order to admiring youths: "We have a society called Eli Bananas. We are very fast young men. I am one. Here's the badge."

The debater's medal of the Jefferson Society has been awarded to Mr. G. W. Anderson of Georgia, and the orator's medal to Mr. C. A. Swanson of Virginia.

The committee to award the MAGAZINE medal is composed of Profs. Schele De Vere, chairman, Wheeler and Mallet.

The orator's medal of the Temperance Union was won by C. M. Himel of Louisiana, and the debater's medal was awarded to Mr. F. F. Causey of Virginia. All the oratorical contests being now over, we shall have to wait for the finals to hear the orator's sweet voice again.

The following pun was attempted by a somewhat over-

worked student with half-dazed mind, who has since kept himself in closest seclusion to avoid the threatened lynching by his fellow students.

Mr. P: "Why did Causey get the Temperance medal?"
All hands knew not the reason why.

Mr. P.: "*Cause he got it.*"

MUSIC NOTES.

Lovers of good music will be interested in the late announcements of Oliver Ditson & Co., which include the following attractive publications: For the piano forte, there are three spirited compositions, "In the Starlight Schottische," from the band score of one of Rollinson's best pieces, thirty cents: a pleasing schottische, "My Pet With the Golden Hair," arranged from Rosenfeld's popular song by A. E. Warren, thirty-five cents; and a "tone" picture of memories of Switzerland by Angelo M. Read, entitled "Abend," or "Nocturne," thirty cents; J. K. Mertz furnishes an easy and effective piece for the guitar, arranged from a Thuringian ballad, under title of "Thuringen Volkslied," thirty cents; Frank Dumont has a song and chorus full of rollicking humor, entitled "Home-Made Chicken Pie," thirty cents; and there is a laughable ballad by Morgant Eytinge, which recites with illustrations the story of an "Indignant Polly-wog," thirty-five cents. Besides, there is a sacred solo or quartette song, with piano accompaniment, entitled "The Lily of the Valley," words by William Frye, and music by Joshua Gill, thirty-five cents.

Among Our Exchanges.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* for April presents its usual handsome appearance. The articles are appropriately divided between literary and current public questions. It fares however the common lot of the average college journal and is not especially happy in its poetry.

The sombre impression derived from a cursory glance at the *Southern Collegian* is wholly neutralized by a closer acquaintance with that admirable journal. In the essay entitled "*Meditations*" we discern the master-spirit of an embryonic Carlyle—requiring, of course, some development, but still possessing the true ring of nascent genius. We confess, however, to a certain lack of poetic susceptibility which prevents us from rendering full justice to the merits of *Shenandoah*. But we live to learn, and may be enabled to peruse these effusions with understanding.

Similar in title, and not vastly superior in contents, is the *Southern Sun*. Judging from the antiquated information conveyed in the *Rambler's Retrospect*, we presume the writer has been strolling for several cycles in a wilderness, and but recently returned to town.

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* is attractive in both form and matter. The poetical department in particular, is a refreshing variation from the average.

With all humility we suggest that the *University Quarterly* confine its attention to less erudite topics than the *Doctrine of Evolution*. The survival of the fittest in literature would scarcely include such articles as the one alluded to.

Barring the literary department, the May issue of the *Roanoke Collegian* is all that could be desired. We feel sure its local columns are replete with interest for all who have the good fortune to reside in Salem.

The *Randolph Macon Monthly* presents us with a creditable essay upon "Richardson and Fielding," and maintains its usual excellence throughout—laudably steering clear of that Scylla of college journalism, the yearning for a lyric immortality.

In the *Wittenberger* we learn that "nothing in nature is unbeautiful." The profundity of this proposition convinced us that we were getting beyond our depth, and our researches were accordingly relinquished after the first contribution.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* conjures up visions of "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair," and also with very respectable literary abilities. The naughty men who find feminine education a subject for skepticism are in this instance abundantly refuted, and the *Scholastic* is "always read with pleasure."

We also acknowledge the receipt of the *Chi Delta Crescent*, the *Southern Bivouac*, the *North Carolina Magazine*, the *Adelphian*, the *Georgetown College Journal*, et. als.

Bric-a-Brac.

Mr. W. W. (at the wedding) when introduced to the bride wishes her many happy returns of the day.—*Ex.*

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.—*Ex.*
See the fellow with his girl,
How they huggle, huggle, hug;
While in and out they deftly steer;
And without, in bower shady,
Hear the guggle, guggle, gug,
Of the weary soul imbibing beer;
 Of the beer, beer, beer,
 Beer, beer,
 Hear the gurgle,
 Of the beer.—*Ex.*

Prof.: "What is the difference between a meteor and a comet?"

Junior: "The former is denser; that is meatier."

Prof.: "Çan't come it sir."—*Ex.*

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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OLD SERIES }
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John Dryden.

INTRODUCTION.

★ **T**HERE ARE, perhaps, but few of the great figures in English literature of whom so little is known by younger readers as John Dryden; this, too, notwithstanding the fact that he was the greatest and most brilliant writer of his age. This unfamiliarity with Dryden, and the fact that "he was not formed, as a man or as a poet, to live out of his times," renders a satisfactory treatment of him in these aspects peculiarly difficult. Obviously, however, his position in literature demands consideration, and a knowledge of his times and the part he played in them increases greatly the strength of his claims upon us. Let us, then, consider first

THE TIMES OF DRYDEN.

Under this division of our subject we shall include a brief synopsis of the life of the poet, leaving, however, to a subsequent part of this essay a discussion of Dryden as a man. John Dryden was born in 1631, in the village of Aldwinckle,

in Northamptonshire. His ancestors on both the father's and the mother's side were Puritans; and Dryden, himself, in his early years, naturally enough, adopted the religion of his fathers. He was given opportunities for a fine education at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he was graduated in due time.

In 1657, when about twenty-six years of age, Dryden moved to London and seems to have been clerk, or secretary, to his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering. Two years later he broke the silence of this employment by publishing a panegyrical ode on the death of Cromwell: "generally selecting for celebration," says A. W. Ward, "qualities which even Cromwell's angriest enemies would not have denied him to possess." Yet, strange, though it seems, Dryden became an ardent royalist at the Restoration, and married the daughter of a royalist nobleman, the Earl of Berkshire. This marriage appears to have been a very unhappy one. Indeed, Dryden may well have entertained serious doubts of his wife's faithfulness. Then, too, she seems to have been very much his inferior, mentally, and without the slightest sympathy with or appreciation for his genius. Dryden was more or less conspicuous as a dramatist and a panegyrical poet—was made poet-laureate, historiographer-royal and collector of customs. But his chief distinction is as a writer of satirical poetry, "of which Dryden is not indeed the originator, but in which he was the first, as he has in most respects remained the greatest master." (A. W. Ward). Although Dryden had published in 1682 his poem the "*Religio Laici*," a defense of Protestantism, yet in 1687, but five years thereafter, we find him a convert to Roman Catholicism, and publishing a poem "*The Hind and the Panther*," in defense of the Romish Church. In his later years Dryden gave his attention to translating, though to this period belong also some of his greatest lyrics.

"He died at his house in Gerard street, Soho, May 1, 1700, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey."

A review of Dryden's life with reference to general history

shows that he lived partly in stirring scenes, and partly in the heavy quietude that too often succeeds, as well as precedes, the storm. No doubt the "rude alarms" of civil war often broke the quiet of his boyish dreams. Then, too, no doubt the heart of the little Puritan swelled with pride at the successes of the Parliamentary forces, and throbbed in patriotic fervor at the execution of the ill-starred king. The Commonwealth, also, was surely cause for exultation to his youthful mind. Then came manhood, the Restoration and all the changes wrought by that wonderful event, and finally the accession of James II, his flight, and the reign of William and Mary.

Such scenes, in themselves great shifts of the drama of history, naturally produce vast changes in the individual actors. Indeed the former presupposes the latter; and the latter logically necessitates the former. We should be prepared, therefore, to find Dryden greatly influenced and changed, both morally and intellectually, by the changing condition of the changing atmosphere of his times. We are thus naturally led to consider, secondly,

DRYDEN AS A MAN.

It has been well said by a distinguished critic that there seems something specially unsuitable in treating of Dryden in a tone of apology. At the same time both his life and works, the relations between which are peculiarly intimate, often require to be protected from some of the commentaries with which they have been visited. He has been decried as a time-server in politics, as a turncoat in religion, and in literature as the flexible follower of a succession of schools.

Then, too, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Burnet designates Dryden, in his "History of My own Times," as "a master of immodesty and impurity of all sorts;" and Dryden himself confesses that there is some truth in the charge. As to the first two of these charges, we have already noticed the facts that are alleged to establish them. First, his change from a Puritan to a Royalist, and second, his change from a Protestant to a Roman Catholic. These facts would seem to a superficial

observer conclusive evidence of insincerity. But a thoughtful mind, anxious to reach truth, will not judge so hastily. Indeed, even when considered apart from all the surrounding circumstances, they are by no means conclusive evidence that Dryden was a time-server and a turncoat. Nor will it suffice to peep through a keyhole at these circumstances and conclude that Dryden aimed at preferment. A candid mind will reflect on the enormous rush of events, and the huge changes, religious, social, and political, that were crowded into the limits of a few swiftly floating years. Such a mind will ask, was there anything in the character of this man likely to be affected by the great changes going on around him? What were the tendencies, and what the probable outcast of such a character even if left to itself? Finally, it will bear in mind the numerous instances of just such changes to which unworthy motives have never been imputed.

Now, a study of Dryden's character reveals as a strongly marked feature a reverence for centralized authority; and an antipathy to leaving truth, whether of the Bible or not, to the mercy of the rabble. Surely now, if we recall the fact that the Restoration was not a party act, the way to a change to a royalist for such a character as Dryden's is perfectly plain. As to his change of Religion, the tenets laid down in the *Religio Laici*, together with the same reverence for central authority, and the changing opinions of the times seem but to have interacted to bear legitimate fruit. Indeed, Mr. Ward tells us that the *Religio Laici* might be called a half-way house on the road along which Dryden was traveling; that "he was not a man to stand at minor difficulties, and that it was, therefore, almost inevitable that the Layman's simple creed would sooner or later cease to satisfy a mind inclined and accustomed to look at things in the grand style."

As to the literature of the Restoration age, of which Dryden is the chief ornament, it cannot be denied that it was greatly influenced by the Literature of France. But, says Ward, "the 'heroic plays'—a species in which Dryden had

rivals but no equals—different from the courtly romances of the Scudéry school as full-bodied Burgundy differs from diluted claret. The so-called Restoration comedy, of the later and more perfect growth of which Dryden's efforts were but the precursors, is both for better and for worse as genuinely national as it is mistakably real." Moreover, English writers, on the whole, followed Dryden and his contemporaries for two hundred years.

As to the immodesty and impurity of Dryden we are silent. We can only recall the profligate court, its evil influences, and a universal custom. Posterity need utter no severe censure on one who has spoken of his 'second fall' with the solemn severity of self-knowledge displayed by Dryden in the incomparably beautiful "Ode to the memory of Anne Killigrew." (A. W. Ward.) Let us, lastly, turn our attention to

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THE WORKS OF DRYDEN.

In treating the works of Dryden we shall attempt a criticism of some one work rather than an incomplete survey of the whole field. To this end we shall select the most thoroughly representative work of Dryden, at his best, to be found in the whole list of his productions. "No modern reader," says Ward, "whether his sympathies be with the Jebusites, or whether he think that there may be something to be said even in favor of the Solymaen rout, is likely to refuse his admiration to the greatest—greatest without even a suggestion of rivalry—of English political satires." This position in a literature rich in contributions of the same kind to political controversy is occupied by Part I of "Absolom and Achitaphel." The object of this satire, it will be remembered, was to stem the tide of revolt against Charles II, and to ensure the conviction of the Earl of Shaftesburg for high treason. It achieved the former, though it failed as to the latter purpose.

The most striking feature of the poem itself, at first reading, is, perhaps, its wonderful vigor and life. It seems one

impetuous flow of versatile wit, harmonious words and keen directness of thought and expression. On second reading its high polish and remarkable aptness are made more apparent. Then, too, the familiar allegorical form of the satire renders the innuendoes plain, while at the same time it gives a decent covering to the whole. Moreover, it at no time interferes with the directness of the satire. Another striking feature of the poem is its evident restraint. This is the height of art, one is convinced of the enormity rather by what is left unsaid, than by what is actually said.

It seems to us, however, that Dryden is guilty of little short of sacrilege when he speaks of Charles II—a disgusting profligate—as the god-like David. For example, notice the following :

“With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The events of things, at last his patience tir’d,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir’d,
The God-like David spoke with awful fear
This train their Maker in their master hear :”

and the following :

“He said : The Almighty, nodding, gave consent :
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.”

Then again notice :

“Now what relief can righteous David bring ?
How fatal ’tis to be too good a king !
Friend he has few, so high the madness grows,
Who dares be such must be the people’s foes.”

Finally, notice the following beginning with line 317, in Ab-solom’s reply to Achitaphel—

“My father governs with unquestion’d right ;
The faith’s defender, and mankind’s delight :
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws,
And heaven by wonder has espous’d his cause :

continuing,

“Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good ;
Inclin’d to mercy and averse from blood,
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God’s beloved attribute.”

Now, either this is fulsome flattery by a man who could but despise the king; or it is not flattery, but an honest expression of opinion. If so, however, we must place Dryden as a moral man on the same plane as his "God-like David." In either case, however, it tends to weaken the effect of the satire; it renders us suspicious of like extravagance in other cases. It may be, that, influenced by this sentiment, though not unduly, we are unwilling to accept the pitchy colors in which Shaftesbury is painted. Whatever be the cause, we certainly feel that fair limits even of satire are overpassed in this regard. Then, too, we fancy we perceive a truckling to the king and his favorites in the moderation with which Monmouth is treated. Certainly the entire ascendancy over him given to Shaftesbury is inconsistent with the praises bestowed on Monmouth's abilities given him elsewhere in the poem. The success of the poem was all it deserved to be; and Johnson has commended it as "comprising all the excellence of which the subject is capable."

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, let us try and gain a general idea of Dryden's worth.

A. W. Ward, the distinguished critic, who has made a special study of Dryden, gives perhaps the best summary to be had. He tells us that "though the strength and pointedness of Dryden's style makes him recognizable in almost everything he has written—a Hercules truly to be guessed from a mere bit of himself. Dryden is one of those authors to whom complete justice can never be done by those who study him in selections only. The inexhaustible fertility and grandiose ease of his style require the vast expanse of his collected works for their full display. * * * Truly great as a satirical and unusually effective as a didactic poet, Dryden as ode-writer surpassed even Cowley in execution, and at times equalled him in felicity of conception." * * * "In Dryden it is futile to seek for poetic qualities which he

neither possessed nor affected. Wordsworth remarked of him that there is not "a single image from nature in the whole body of his works." One may safely add to this, that he is without lyric depth, and incapable of true sublimity—a quality which he revered in Milton. If it be too much to say that the magnificent instrument through which his genius discourses its music lacks the *vox humana* of poetry speaking to the heart, the still rarer presence of the *vox angelica* is certainly wanting to it. But he is master of his poetic form—more especially of that heroic conflict to which he gave a strength unequalled by any of his successors, even by Pope, who surpassed him in finish. And if there is grandeur in the pomp of kings and the march of hosts, in the "trumpets loud clangour" and in tapestries and carpetings of velvet and gold, Dryden is to be ranked with the grandest of English poets. The irresistible impetus of an invective which never falls short or flat, and the savor of a satire which never seems dull or stale, give him an undisputed place among the most glorious of English wits. ICI.

University of Virginia, May, 1886.

Lilith.

"I tell it to you, as it was told to me."

➤ **W**HENCE the story comes from which the following fragment is taken matters little; whether its former narrator could vouch for the truth of that whereof he spoke matters less, for the two persons it concerns have many years since been gathered unto their fathers, and the place wherein their names once stood high now knows them no more. No attempt has been made

in these few pages to do more than hint at the life of either character mentioned, and no desire to point a moral has been the incitement to describe the last scene of all of a history full to overflowing with the events of two much-checked lives. That the story has been told is sufficient, and the writer only asks the reader, be he who he may, to remember how uninteresting are plain, unvarnished tales, which appeal neither to one's passions nor one's power, and to grant pardon if more than once in the narration the garlands of fancy have been wreathed around the brow of truth.

THE great country that separates the human from the brute creation has among its flora, reason, a tall and stately plant. Man partakes of its fruit and is superior to the brute to whom it is denied; yet not in every case superior, for some of the human family seem unwilling to avail themselves of the opportunity to partake and remain at the brute's level; while still others taste merely and only for a while enjoy its effects; while still others have in early life partaken largely, felt and shown their superiority to the lower orders of creation, yet later have eaten of the insane root of passion, reason's antidote, and have thenceforth spent their days at no fixed level, but are now superior to, now on an equal plane with, and now again inferior to the brute, whom instinct never leaves.

To the last class of this faulty division, I would assign *Lilith*, the unfortunate creature, the description of whose last moments on earth is now undertaken; for in her unreason had so usurped reason's place that her countenance was scarcely to be considered that of a human being.

Among the views in Virginia few or none approach in vastness and grandeur the one to be obtained from the top of the southwest Peak of Otter. There may man begin to appreciate how small a portion of the universe is centred in himself; there if alone he will learn to know that nature cares no whit for him, nor if he died would it drop one leaf in sympathy. Let him but gaze longer and he will feel

as though he cared not for the rest of the human world and were incorporated into the world of nature. But to him such feelings do not last. They change to wonder that nature could be so awful and yet so beautiful. He sees hundreds of feet beneath and beyond him the smaller hills, and if in summer, will see them as though they were the great flower beds of the natural world. He wonders how the three great piles of rock that crown the summit of the peak came there; whether the Indians, too, once had their giants that would build a way to heaven; reverts to geology and endeavors to imagine the greatness of those floods that could bring hither such masses of rock; the suddenness of its decline that it should leave them piled as they were. Such thoughts as these would fill the mind where reason reigned; but how about that mind whence reason had fled? I refer to Lilith, who had chosen her a home beneath the easternmost of three piles of rock, where the rocks in falling had left space enough between them to produce a somewhat irregularly-shaped cave. Visitors to the peak, in the early part of this century, had sometimes seen her there, but when and whence she had come and how she lived no one knew. She had more than once been found stretched at full length against the side of one of the rocks, gazing into the depths beyond. To no question would she reply, and visitors had left her as they found her, with no companions that they knew save the vultures that past the peak loved to sail with unbended wing, and the few smaller birds that found around the rocks a home.

How this well-nigh idiot woman managed to live among these rocks alone—if human beings are necessary to constitute company—no one knew; of her no one knew anything, nor cared to know. She crossed no one's road to power, thwarted no selfish aims, and if what was left to her of mind could have hopes or designs for the future, they conflicted with like hopes and designs of no living being. She became at last to those who most frequently went to the peak like to the huge, black lichens that covered the rocks above

her home. Her existence was recognized, but the purpose of this existence was not thought on. Like the lichens she had come, when?—no one knew—whence? to remain for how long a time? no one cared to know. She was looked upon more as a beast that it was forbidden to hunt, than human being to create pity in a human breast. Lilith had never since the time she was first seen on the peak answered a question addressed to her; indeed, she seemed not to understand the human voice. For years she had lived in this cave on the top of the Peaks of Otter, nor had made any attempt to render her home less uncomfortable than she had found it. The floor of the cave was unswept and none of the many crevices had been stopped up. On one of the rocky walls was the word Lilith, the letters of which were made of grasses curiously interwoven. What was its significance? Why had she chosen this name for herself or was it meant to be the name of the inhabitant of this cave? Did this senseless woman imagine herself to be the first wife of Adam, the mother of all the demons, the hater of all married women? If so she had but poorly carried out her imagination, and the gorgeously-dressed Lilith of the Hebrew legend found but a poor representation in the illy-clad being that lived on the Peak of Otter. Perhaps, and this seems more probable, she found in herself the queen of the world of witches—of that lowest of the ideal worlds that had their origin in man's seeing the inexplicable in nature, and in man's mind being so constituted as ever to yearn after what they know not. Man thus created a vacuum which feeding on the food it made ever increased and larger grew. Thus from time to time, since the world began, man has in turn peopled heaven, earth and hell with saints, witches, ghouls and demons of every shape, size and colour, of which the human mind could conceive. Thus the Dryades found their home in the shady wood, the Oreades on the mountain sides and the Nerides sported in the ocean's waves. That Lilith—and this name has been chosen from that wreathed of dead grasses on the wall—thus thought herself the queen

of witches, or, at least a witch, seems likely from the contents of the cave and her two animal playmates, a snake and a black cat.

At one end of the cave was a large black pot, beneath which a fire burnt continually, thus keeping the contents of this pot boiling. And the contents of this pot who dare say save that they were more poisonous than the root of hemlock digged i' the darkest night that Hecate ever walked. At the other end of the cave, on the afternoon of the day on which the story begins, was Lilith seated on a log. She was illy clad in the veriest rags; her bare feet were brown and covered with scars; her features were misshapen and distorted. What hair she had left was grey and fell unkempt down her neck. In her lap lies coiled a black snake which has in some way lost one of its eyes, while the other eye shone with a strange brilliancy. Lilith runs her hand lightly across its coils. Her left hand hangs from her side and strokes the huge black cat. These were the three visible occupants of the cave; there were still two invisible ones there. One was Azrael who was already drawing his sword. The other occupant was a thought which in Lilith's mind stood alone like in Juno's brain the desire to be awarded the golden apple. Perhaps it was not a thought; if not it was either her whole mind, for this one thought was her only claim to a mind, or it was the result of the long and continuous exclusion of all other thoughts and ideas and it was now expressed in words as the parrot says "Polly wants a cracker." Lilith ever repeated morning, noon and night the following jingle :

" When across the moon's bright circle
The chuck-will flies amain,
Lilith shall win her lover,
For so the fates ordain."

What meant it all? Did she know? She who had no other words for anything or anybody. Perhaps not, and yet the words in empty repetition found ceaseless echo from her lips.

This afternoon she is gazing into the smoke that arises from around the caldron. She seems to see through the fire, through the rocks beyond into the great perhaps itself. For hours at a time she would sit this way until the late afternoon would somehow tell her that the sun was about to set. So it was on this day, for she suddenly stood up and leaving the cave Lilith clambered up the sides of the huge rocks above her until she reached the place she had been for many months accustomed to sit on the afternoon of the day the moon was to full. It was the highest rock of this peak and was balanced in almost tottering equilibrium upon what is now known as "Top Rock"* Reaching this place Lilith sat down and resting her lower jaw upon her hands in such a manner that it protruded forward, this almost idiot gazed vacantly toward the west repeating over and over to herself these words :

" When across the moon's bright circle
The chuck-will flies amain,
Lilith shall win her lover,
For so the fates ordain."

The sun had not yet set, but hung in all its glory above a rugged bank of clouds that in turn surmounted the western hills, and which, all passive, awaited their transformation into the grandest panorama of glory on which earthly eyes ever rested. The winds which almost never cease their wanton revel around the brow of this high peak, for once seemed to find occasion to rest, and the weary leaves of the stunted laurels, that find here a home, paid in tremulous thankfulness their tribute to the scene. Lilith perceived the lull of the winds, saw the ever quivering branches of the trees were still, saw beneath her the deep valley bounded by the distant hills, whose serrated tops seemed the uttermost boundary of earth ; she saw the hazy blue that covered the most distant of them ; the deeper, purer blue of those that were nearer ; she watched this blue as it changed to dark green to brighter green as her wandering eye came nearer ; saw beneath her the smaller

*I believe it was blown off by a Yankee soldier just after the war. L.

hills with their covering forests. And seeing all this, feeling seemed to well up again in her breast. Was reason returning? No. Lilith only recognized herself to be alive, felt as the trees feel when in early spring the sap rises in them and their leaves begin to bud forth; or as the bird feels when its nest is finished, and at evening it rises to the topmost bough of the tree and carols its vespers to the honor of the great God that gave it breath. Felt herself to be a part of the great, natural world, yet felt no superiority to any part of it. She but drank in the spirit of nature, and drinking found unreasoning content. And as she sat thus as a human plant, uncaring and uncared for, the sun approached ever nearer the bank of clouds. It lost all of its fiercest shining and as a circular plate of roseate beauty disappeared. Then was the beauty of the declining day apparent. Huge streamers of smoky-red shot up from the horizon to the zenith, while the edges of the clouds were painted with a rosy splendor that surpasses the power of words. Openings appeared in the clouds through which the rays of the sun appeared coloring the translucent sides of these cloud windows, feathery and soft, with still greater splendor. Here was nature's Coliseum filled with flame. Lilith started from her seat as though she would seek within the building a funeral pyre; but no, repeating to herself, "Lilith shall win her lover," she turned her back on all this beauty, and sought the east, where in a few minutes the full moon would appear.

The sun sank lower behind the hills and the roseate hue of a few moments changed to silver. The clouds were losing their feathery appearance. Black spots were appearing in them. Now their edges became ashen in hue, while more and more black became the body of the clouds. The mountains were no longer blue, but became dark masses lying against the horizon, while a black drapery had fallen over the valleys. The last song of the bird was heard. The noisy cricket began to chirp. The winds began again their sportive revelry. The sun had set. The day was done.

Lilith strained her eyes toward the east where the reflection from the rising moon could already be seen. Motionless and almost breathless she watched, while through her memory, if aught of memory she had, ran the words :

• “ When across the moon’s bright circle
 The chuck-will flies again.”

Many full-moons had she seen rise, standing as she now stood, still no bird had ever flown across its face. Many a bitter cold night she had clambered to where she now stood, and through deep snow, to watch for this moon ; never thinking her bird flew not on winter nights. She somehow knew the time must come one day ; she could not miss the opportunity, and so she watched, though often disappointed.

To night she felt sure the bird would fly, nor knew why she felt thus sure. The nearness of fate lent strange wildness and earnestness to that glaring eye that now impatiently awaited the rising moon. It is up above the hills. Fixed as the stone upon which she stood, Lilith watched. She hears beneath her the peculiar cry “chuck-will’s-widow.” It is repeated, and then like an arrow from a bow a bird flies from just beneath the summit of the peak, crosses the face of the moon and disappears in the surrounding darkness. Lilith utters a cry and faints.

Over her stands Azrael who has now drawn his sword. The swoon does not last long. Lilith soon arises and walks to the edge of the rock to descend. She sees before her a man, who accosts her, “My good woman, can you tell me where I may find lodging for the night?” Lilith makes no reply, but slowly descends the sides of the rocks toward her cave. The stranger, led by the hand of fate, follows her into this cave whence in body he will never again depart. A third person enters unseen, Azrael, whose sword must do double duty to-night. Entering the cave the stranger seats himself on the log near the entrance, looks at first curiously and then uneasily around him. He has seen strange sights in his life, has braved many perils, yet none ever made the same impres-

sion upon him that entering this cave has done. The mental harbingers of coming fate are his. He sees on the wall the word "Lilith" and shudders. He sees coiled in one corner the snake, sees the black cat fawningly approach its mistress, bow its back and purr. He sees the boiling caldron and the various implements of witchery on the floor and his heart involuntarily trembles. He wishes he were elsewhere and turns to gaze at the entrance across which the unseen hand of fate was completing the last meshes in the web of his destiny, while Azrael's hand is raising his sword. He fears nor knows whence this fear. "My good woman," said he to the witch, "can you give me a gourd of water?"

And what of Lilith now? In spite of years of mental wandering, of untold suffering and sorrow, of contumely and utter misery, some memories of a joyous past came back to her. She seems to see the day when in her youthful beauty, for Lilith once possessed beauty, she had first met the man that was now in her cave. Seemed to remember how his words and manners had changed her from a gay and thoughtless girl to a loving, thoughtful woman, to remember how he had praised the sweet softness of her pure brown eyes, how each charm he had noticed and told her of until perfect happiness was hers while in his company—to remember how she had promised some day to marry him, how one day he had gone away from her—why she knew not—and had been married to another, people told her. The rest was a blank, utter darkness, so black that from the darkness a statue had been carved that guarded the way to the realm of memory beyond. As reason thus touched her mind the cold glittering eye seemed to soften, a more human look came over her features, her hand went to her wrinkled brow as though she would again call back this memory, but it was gone and she began again to repeat the words of her destiny.

What of the stranger? Had he no memories of that youth? He had, and stronger and ever stronger they burst upon his memory as he waited for the gourd of water. What had

been the monody of his early life? Love for one maiden. What the weird dithyramb of their life from the time he had lost her? To find her again. Lilith had disappeared from home the very night the rumour of her lover's marriage was announced to her. That lover had appeared at her home the next day. The rumour was false, and ever since that day he had sought her, following every clue that money could procure. He now had found her, but recognized not in her the sweet maid that was the guiding star of his youth.

Lilith handed the stranger some water in a cup made of oak leaves, into which unnoticed she had slipped some of the contents of the caldron. The stranger unhesitatingly took the cup and drank the contained fluid, not noticing its bitter taste until too late. He knew he was poisoned; he felt the burning sensation in his mouth and throat, soon felt as though his body were afire. He turned to seek the open air, but a convulsion threw him on the floor of the cave where he lay in horrible agony. He tried to scream, but his tongue seemed tied with living fire to the roof of his mouth, and he could not move it. The poison had had its effect, and the stranger lies dying on the floor. All had not occupied but a moment's time. The poor witch saw all, and repeating, "Lilith shall win her lover," she threw herself upon her unconscious lover just as Azrael's sword fell, severing its soul from the body; but the sword severed not the bonds that unite one soul to its body, but two. A moment later Azrael left the mountain, and flew through space, preceded by two souls in loving embrace. Lilith had won her lover.

L.

Banquo.

INTRODUCTION.

HE STUDY of character is, undoubtedly, one of the most delightful and absorbing of occupations. Many minds, indeed, find in this activity the sublimest heights, the profoundest depths, and the most intense poetry of existence; and why should they? How ennobling! how truly grand, are the rich beauties of a great noble character! Taking flight with imagination, and borne on the wings of angels, we soar far aloft into the delicate atmosphere of fine conceptions and sublime endeavors. Past the rugged beauties of firm foundation-stones, o'er heroic scenes of hard fought battle-fields, we mount, at last, through fleecy clouds to calm and gracious seat of virtue, truth, and love. Kneeling there we drink deep draughts of pure, soft air, while melodious spirit-voices sing of emulation to the soft, and point to things divine.

Surely, this forms part of Shakespere's magic art; witness in proof thereof Othello, King Lear, and Hamlet. But this delightful strain is developed more highly, perhaps, in Macbeth than in most other works of our greatest master. Then a wonderful genius took its full swing and trod upon the bonnds of nature and of passion! There the matured genius of a grand, master hand swept in magnificent impromptu o'er the strings of nature's harp! There a grand inspiration is painted with overmastering impetuosity!

In this play the characters of Macbeth, Lady Macbeth and Banquo are, and will ever remain, themes of delightful study. There is, however, something peculiarly hazardous in offering an original criticism upon one of Shakespere's characters. So much so, indeed, that we should refrain from such a venture were it not for the old adage, "many

men, many minds." We find ourselves, after careful study, unable to accept either of the favored estimates of the character of Banquo. Furthermore, we are so imbued with the plausibility, to say the least, of our own theory that we are led to offer it for consideration. Let us, then, proceed to examine, first,

THE ACCEPTED ESTIMATES OF THE CHARACTER OF BANQUO.

Before considering objections to the accepted estimates of the character of Banquo, it is, of course, logically proper that we state what those estimates are. This we shall do in a few words. So far as we have been able to discover these estimates reduce, mainly, to two divergent and totally antagonistic views. We say divergent advisedly; for, strangely enough, this antagonism develops from a common point of agreement. This point of agreement is based on Act I, Scene 3, where Macbeth and Banquo first appear in the play. From this noted interview, also, between Macbeth and Banquo, on the one side, and the weird sisters on the other, are developed the antagonistic estimates that we are to consider. The adherents of both opinions agree that in this scene Banquo is as strongly tempted to evil as Macbeth is. But here concord ends. The one party finds in Banquo a silent and cowardly accomplice to Duncan's murder. While the other party sees in him the man who resolutely fights against evil, and who, in contrast to Macbeth, successfully keeps his "bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear." Of the critics who maintain the former estimate of Banquo, Flathe, though, perhaps, the most violent in his language is, nevertheless, a fair criterion. He regards Banquo as a silent accomplice in Macbeth's murderous designs, believing that these must be carried out in order to ensure the fulfillment of the prophecy with regard to his own posterity! On the warning given to Macbeth by Banquo in I, 3, 123, Flathe says: "Here we have the first glimpse of the deceit and falsehood practiced by Banquo upon himself. * * * Banquo would so gladly esteem himself an honorable man; there-

fore he warns Macbeth, although as briefly as possible, against the devil. He knows that a mere warning will avail nothing, but he ignores this, wishing to be able to say to himself, when Macbeth has attained his end, "I am guiltless, I warned him against the devil." Had Banquo been really true how differently he would have borne himself! The opinion of Banquo antagonistic to this, which has been already mentioned, is upheld by Steephens, Clarke, Coleridge and a host of others. Indeed, we may say, it is almost universally accepted. Having thus made clear the conclusions to which we dissent, let us address ourselves, secondly, to the consideration of—

OBJECTIONS TO THE ACCEPTED ESTIMATES OF THE CHARACTER
OF BANQUO.

And first as to the opinion held by Flathe and those who agree with him. We may remark at the outset that this opinion is decidedly unpopular. Nor does this unpopularity arise from sickly sentimentality. But taking root deep in the thought of the play it springs from a clearly defined consciousness of a departure therefrom. But let us descend to a more particular discussion. It will be remembered Flathe holds the opinion that Banquo practiced the grossest deceit and falsehood upon himself; thereby becoming the accomplice of Macbeth. Now it may be remarked, in general, that if this be true, then we give up all idea of a contrast between Macbeth and Banquo. They must, therefore, be regarded merely as murderers in a different degree. But Lady Macbeth, herself, serves this purpose in the play, in that she is the accomplice of her husband. Thus, then, three of the principal characters are reduced to blood-guiltiness.

But, furthermore, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth by their crime, and by its consequences, take the pivotal place in the action of the play. Moreover, they commit the crime unaided, and assume its responsibilities. It is upon them, too, that the reader is led to expect retribution to fall. What part, then, does Banquo take in the play? He takes no part in the mur-

der of Duncan, beyond silently allowing his suspicions to be verified. He is forgotten in the interest attaching to all that portion of the action ; and, moreover, he falls before Macbeth begins to reap the whirlwind. Such an interpretation, then, makes Banquo contemptibly villainous, which even Macbeth is not, and renders his character useless to the play. But we are made to take a far deeper interest in Banquo than the case would warrant, if such were a true estimate of his character. Moreover, we feel a firm conviction that this interpretation mars the beauty of the play. These considerations, alone, would ensure the rejection of Flathe's proposition. But a consideration, in detail, of the play itself furnishes conclusive evidence of his error. Read by itself, without reference to other parts of the play, scene 3 of Act I, offers no proof of guilt in Banquo. We challenge any one to read it, thus isolated, and to substantiate by it a charge against his loyalty. Only a mind with a theory to uphold can ignore the almost violent contrast between Macbeth and Banquo there presented. Nor, indeed, is there anything in all Act I that taken in itself, affords a presumption against Banquo ; although, it is true, he evinces uneasiness at the " rapt " manner of Macbeth. This latter fact furnishes Flathe with the foundation for charging Banquo with complicity in the murder, when in Act II, on the night of the murder, he separates himself from his arms. In order to make the point clearer we give the passage with Flathe's comments upon it. Banquo enters with Fleance bearing a torch before him. After some remarks about the hour, Banquo says ;

"Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that, too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!"

Steevens says, "this passage shows that Banquo, too, is tempted, by the witches in his dreams, to do something in aid of the fulfillment of his hopes. But in his waking hours he

holds himself aloof from all such suggestions, and hence his prayer to be spared the 'cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose.'" On this passage and criticism Flathe comments as follows: "A stranger or more forced explanation of this passage can hardly be imagined. * * * * As he has already done, Banquo here endeavors as far as possible to assert his innocence to himself, while, for the sake of his future advantage, he intends to oppose no obstacle to the sweep of Macbeth's sword. It is, therefore, necessary that he should pretend to himself that here in Macbeth's castle no danger can threaten Duncan, nor any one else. Therefore, his sword need not rest by his side this night, and he gives it to his son. He must be able to say to himself. in the event of any fearful catastrophe, "I never thought of or imagined any danger, and so I laid aside my arms." And yet try as he may, he cannot away with the stifling sensation of a tempest in the air, of a storm-cloud destined to burst over Duncan's head this very night. He cannot but acknowledge to himself that a certain restless anxiety in his brain is urging him, in spite of his weariness, to remain awake during the remaining hours of the night. But this mood, the sensations, must not last, or it might seem a sacred duty to hasten to the chamber of King Duncan or to watch it closely, that its occupant may be shielded from murderous wiles. To avoid this Banquo denounces the thoughts of Macbeth that arise in his mind as 'cursed thoughts.' So detestably false are they that a merciful Power must be entreated to restrain them during sleep, when the mind is not to be completely controlled."

Thus is seen what construction Flathe and his party put on this difficult passage. A passage, all the more difficult to us because we agree with him in thinking that the "cursed thoughts" Banquo refers to are thoughts relating to Macbeth, and not, as Stevens suggests, temptations to disloyalty on his own part. But in all criticisms of character we should be careful not to attribute to them a greater knowledge of affairs than they possess. The reader necessarily has a deeper in-

sight into a character, and knows more of what is to come, in a drama than an actor therein ; because all that happens is laid before him or suggested to him. Thus in the play before us, we have been privy to the interview between Macbeth and his wife, when the murder was agreed upon. Moreover, we have been told of all Macbeth's thoughts since the "all-hails" of the weird sisters. Now if we read the play to this point, striking out all those parts of which Banquo was necessarily ignorant, it will at once be manifest that he had only been given grounds for a certain ill-defined and more or less evanescent uneasiness. This uneasiness, too, when counterbalanced by the great and good reputation of Macbeth reduces almost to absurdity. Therefore, we conclude that Mr. Flathe has fallen into the error indicated ; and that Banquo is not only free from the strictures laid upon him, but has so far, at least, given no ground for a presumption of his complicity. Mr. Flathe holds, it will be remembered, that Banquo practices deceit and falsehood upon himself. How then does he account for the speech in II, I, 20 ?

"All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth."

This speech was addressed to Macbeth, it will be remembered, on the night of the murder, and without necessity of any sort. Surely it is inconsistent with self-deceit. Yet again Banquo called the attention of Ross and Angus to the "rapt" manner of Macbeth, and seems twice on the point of narrating the adventure with the weird sisters. Surely, this is most unnatural under our hypothesis ; unless, indeed, we make of Banquo another Iago. No doubt, Mr. Flathe will stoutly defend this theory of his up to the point of the murder, and with some show of reason. But what will he do after the murder ? How will he explain satisfactorily to those who have no hobby the following speech ?

" Look to the Lady :
And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
 Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight of treasonous malice !”

It would hardly do to say that Banquo deceives himself here; and persuades himself that he knows nothing of the murder when, in reality, he has foreseen it all along. Mr. Flathe will doubtless say, however, that this is a consummate piece of useless villainy. We say useless, for be it remembered there has not been the slightest shadow of a reason to suspect Banquo. Nevertheless, he tries to deceive himself and those around him.

But finally in Act III, Scene 1, we have given us a soliloquy by Banquo, which seems to us to level Flathe's criticism with the dust. The scene is laid in a room of the Palace at Forres.

Enter Banquo.

“Thou play'd'st most foully for't. Yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity,
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them--
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more!”

Will Mr. Flathe have the temerity to suggest that Banquo again “practices falsehood and deceit upon himself” in this passage? What! after Duncan is murdered? In a soliloquy after Macbeth is crowned? But further, does not the whole tenor of the soliloquy show first reasoning on the problem of “royal hope” for his posterity? Compare it with the musings of Macbeth in I, 3, and observe the remarkable similarity.

Thus falls to the ground the theory of Banquo's silent complicity in the murder of King Duncan! In the dust that rises from its ruins we see a brighter hope, a nobler character for the gallant Banquo; and a striking contrast flashes 'mid the beauties of the play.

Let us now turn our attention to the second estimate of the character of Banquo. This is, it will be remembered, that Banquo presents a contrast to Macbeth in that, though tortured by temptation, he remains virtuous and loyal. In order to realize this theory more fully let us consider Banquo as he is represented to us. Macbeth says of him :

“Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared : 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear : and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.”

Surely this is high praise. Moreover, it furnishes indirect testimony against Flathe ; for his Banquo is far indeed from “ royalty (nobleness) of nature,” Gervinus, too, falls before the scythe ; for his Banquo, who wilfully shuts his eyes, and falls, having done nothing in a field full of dangers, is equally far from a “dauntless temper of mind.” Now the first reference to Banquo occurs in Act I, Scene 2 ; and although we concede that the scene is interpolated, we attach no little importance to it. It is almost certain that this scene replaces one originally written by Shakespere ; and we believe we are not too bold in saying that this allusion was caught from the spirit of that original scene. We infer that Macbeth and Banquo were generals of renown, comrades in arms, pillars of the state, and gentlemen of high character and reputation. To the former, perhaps, attached a shade more of glory, though rather from his connection with the royal family than from any superiority to the gallant Banquo. This latter, then, is a frank, brave, loyal, and able soldier ; honored by his countrymen, and loved by his king. But in the midst of all his warm-hearted loyalty he is, all at once, to engage in a fierce struggle with “ black and deep desires.”

We note, first, as of considerable importance that the weird sisters in I, 3, speak only of Macbeth. Thus in line 30,

“ A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.”

This would seem to imply that he alone is the objective of their machinations. But taking up the interview we can only repeat what has been already observed with regard to it. It seems, however, that the advocates of the theory now under consideration agree with us as to Banquo's innocence in this scene. They rather infer the effect of it from what follows it. Therefore we need not combat the inference of his guilt. Thus, Coleridge says : “ But O, how truly Shakesperian is the opening of Macbeth's character given in the *unpossessedness* of Banquo's mind, wholly present to the present object—an unsullied, unscarified mirror. Banquo's question are those of natural curiosity—such as a girl would put after hearing a gipsy tell her school fellow's fortune ; all perfectly general, or rather flawless. But Macbeth, lost in thought, raises himself to speech only by the witches being about to depart.” “ Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.” Now, it is certain that Banquo noticed the effect produced on Macbeth by the “ all hails ” of the weird sisters. Indeed, we have his word to this effect. “ Good, sir, why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair.” Moreover, it is equally certain that he was disturbed by the persistent preoccupation of Macbeth ; therefore his remark, “ Look how our partner's rapt.” Therefore, also, is annoyed, and as it seems to us, rather impatient, “ Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.” If now, Banquo, though loyal, was himself assailed by dark and murderous thoughts, why did he take no step to surprise Macbeth's intentions ? If such were his condition then *a fortiori* he suspected Macbeth. Furthermore, he had noticed and was annoyed by the suspicious manner of his “ partner.” Surely his fears, had he been sorely tempted, would have been of a nature far from trivial. The hypothesis, too, renders the warning given Macbeth in this scene inexplicable so far as we

are concerned; for it lacks the force of an effective effort by one who was in Banquo's assumed position. Surely, had he been loyal, and assailed, as we suppose, his "wisdom" would have interpreted aright Macbeth's thoughts on this occasion. He would have spoken, not more earnestly, for the speech is earnest enough, but more vigorously and unguardedly. But futhermore, all Banquo's speeches in I, 3, are wholly innocent; and there is a marked absence of any fair ground for our supposition. What, moreover are we to do with this speech, "New honours come upon him," &c., occurring as it does? At best it is an unpardonable break in the thought connection; which, it seems to us, is resumed in the next speech. But, finally, we reach a passage any interpretation of which that does not incriminate Banquo must, it seems to us be forced.

"Macbeth. Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The interium having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts to each other."

"Banquo. Very gladly."

Certainly Macbeth means to hold out a covert invitation to crime. Yet Banquo, despite his struggles and suspicions, accepts it. Surely this is a near approach to guilt.

Again, is it not remarkable that Banquo nowhere speaks of his interview with the weird sisters? Surely, this fact weighs against our supposition. But we do not, in any event, convict Banquo of stifling his fears? Does he not wilfully close his eyes while every throb of his heart should have been ladened with fear for his king? But, if this be true, is he not a silent accomplice? Let us now turn to I, 4, where Macbeth and Banquo first meet the king after treasonous thoughts have assailed them. Why the striking contrast that is here presented? Surely, "the cursed thoughts" that call forth the deep drawn prayer of II, 1, would recur to him here. But his very form glows with loyalty. Observe the warm-hearted freedom of his words.

Yet again, how can we reconcile with our theory the honest, frank, and joyous freedom of Banquo in I, 6. Here

at least there are no "cursed thoughts," and at a time, too, when they should have pressed most heavily upon him. And now, as to Act II, Scene 1. It is on this scene that the theory of Banquo's struggles against evil temptations is founded. These temptations, it is inferred, result from the "Hails" of the weird sisters. But if he has undergone such a bitter struggle against them, then certainly it would be unnatural for the "cursed thoughts" to refer to any one other than himself. This though, would be additional proof that his suspicions of Macbeth should have been serious. How, then, can he separate from his arms? He who has had so much reason to suspect Macbeth! He who has had such a wearying fight to preserve his own loyalty! He who is, therefore, the more ready to detect the treasonous designs of his partner!

What, though the time and place now adhere, "have made themselves," and that their fitness did not now unmake Macbeth! Banquo loyally gives himself up to an ecstasy of confidence, and trusts "the Lord's anointed temple" to hospitality.

It seems to us that we must needs convict Banquo of complicity in Duncan's murder. But hold! Macbeth enters in the midst of Banquo's prayer, and a conversation about the King ensues. Suddenly, without cause or connection, Banquo turns to Macbeth and says:

"All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed *some* truth."

Most remarkable! Farewell temptation and loyalty! Reason and probability are forced to the wall in endeavoring to maintain innocence here. If it be suggested that Banquo tries to sound Macbeth's intentions, we reply that if amid his own struggles against disloyalty his suspicions of Macbeth have been so serious as this would imply, then he has been culpably negligent. Nor does this single and late attempt excuse him. Furthermore, he again accepts a yet more pointed and insidious invitation to talk matters over with

Macbeth, even though with a proviso ; which, by the way, is singularly difficult to reconcile with the theory as we have reduced it.

What now will our hypothesis do with the soliloquy of III, 1. Surely this must be viewed as a satisfied acquiescence in what has been done. As some huge spider, with nets all spread, he gloats from his hidden corner over the fruits of an excellent snare. He *fears* that Macbeth has played most foully for the crown ! *Fear*, indeed, " 'tis absurd !" He would have *known*.

Thus, then, we reduce the two conflicting estimates of Banquo, with which we started, to one. This, we admit, is the point at which we have aimed. Both opinions, it will be remembered, started with the presumption that Banquo was assailed by temptation. The first viewed all his actions from this standpoint, and convict him of complicity in crime. The second, realizing the inharmony of this conclusion with many passages of the play, decided that though tempted he triumphed over evil. We cannot assent to either opinion, and, therefore, must offer a substitute. Let us turn, then, with modest deference to those whose opinions we reject, to

AN INDEPENDENT ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF BANQUO.

We think that the assumption, upon which are founded the views we have considered, is erroneous. Just here there occurs to us a thought that equally affects these two opinions. This is that the antecedent probability is against them. Critics of both parties admit, so far as we can learn, that Macbeth's mind was rendered temptable "by previous dalliance of the fancy with ambitious thoughts." That "his guilt in its germ was anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." That "before he could cool, the confirmation of the tempting half of the prophecy arrived, and the concatenating tendency of the imagination was fostered by the sudden coincidence."

This was not the case with Banquo. Moreover, in I, 3, it is evident that Macbeth is of a far more excitable and super-

stitious nature than Banquo. For these reasons the "All Hails" of the weird sisters were calculated to have an effect on him altogether disproportioned to that which they would have on Banquo. In addition to this we must observe the marked effect upon Macbeth of receiving the thaneship of Cawdor. But if we consider in this light the "Hails" of the weird sisters to Banquo, and his cool reception of them, we see that the effect on him was not very great; nor indeed was it calculated to be. We must separate the natural and actual effect on Macbeth from the natural and actual effect upon Banquo. It is, therefore, both unnatural and illogical to presuppose Banquo equally tempted with Macbeth; or, indeed, to take it from granted at all. Granting, then, that the vicious temptations of supernatural agencies fell unheeded on Banquo's loyal heart. Observe the amazed contempt of his address to the weird sisters, especially in—

"I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate."

Their "Hails" cause *him* no start. *He* has only reasonable wonder at their sudden disappearance, and is easily satisfied because self-uninterested. He has not been "rendered temptable by previous dalliance of the fancy with ambitious thoughts."

"*Banquo*. The earth hath bubbles as water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?"

And again,

"Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?"

Finally, throwing aside all thoughts of them, observe the careless indifference of his reply to Macbeth,

"*Macbeth.* Your children shall be kings."

"*Banquo.* You shall be king."

"*Macbeth.* And thane of Cawdor, too, went it not so?"

"*Banquo.* To the selfsame tune, and words who's here?"

Thus although Banquo has noticed the "rapt" manner of Macbeth, we can easily see from his demeanor that it has, as yet, made no deep impression on him. But now this is to be forced upon him. In a moment the prophecy is fulfilled in part. Note Banquo's contemptuous surprise.

"What, can the devil speak true?"

Oppose this to Macbeth's

Aside. "Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind."

Then comes the revelation:

"Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?"

We can almost see the light flash, for an instant, in Banquo's eyes. Then an expression of pained, annoyed surprise. Finally, banishing such base suspicions, he warns his partner against dallying, or even jesting, with such thoughts; thinking, no doubt, that nothing more serious was intended. Thus, preparatory to telling the prophecies of the weird women, he says, "Cousins, a word, I pray you." Fixing his eyes on Macbeth his uneasiness is increased by the expression on Macbeth's face. This calls forth the remark,

"Look how our partner's rapt."

Then reasoning with himself, rather than addressing his companions, he adopts the first excuse that occurs to him. This is seen in his next speech:

"New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to the mould,
But with the aid of use."

Finally, he gladly accepts Macbeth's invitation to "speak our free hearts each to the other ;" accepting this as conclusive evidence of the unworthiness of his thoughts. Viewing things from the lofty purity of his own soul, he is unable to conceive of the murder of his king. All his uneasiness arose, no doubt, from an indefinite fear of Macbeth's evident dalliance with the "royal hope."

Now it must be borne in mind that Banquo does not have another conversation with Macbeth until the night of the murder. His vague uneasiness, therefore, doubtless grew fainter and fainter, in his waking hours, and finally vanished "into the air; and what seemed corporal melted as breath into the wind." Indeed, the closing speech of I, 4, would seem to imply this. Duncan replies to Banquo, whose speech is omitted,

" True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendation I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care gone is before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. "

If now we have substantiated our theory thus far, the "cursed thoughts" of II. 1, of course refer to Macbeth ; and Banquo's thoughts and actions are perfectly natural.

But in this scene we come to what would appear to be the most serious obstacle to our theory. Indeed, it seems almost conclusive of Banquo's guilt, and we were surprised not to find a note upon it. But Banquo tormented in his sleep by "cursed thoughts" of Macbeth's treasonous designs feels especially uneasy as he wearily goes to his rest. Therefore, and because the "time and place adhere" so well, upon meeting Macbeth he turns suddenly upon him ; and without warning, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, he says,

"All's well.
I dreamt last night *of the three weird sisters*,
To you they have showed *some* truth. "

The bold attempt to surprise unguarded treachery fails.

Banquo is satisfied by the calm demeanor of him who stared when addressed by the sisters. Macbeth says,

“ I think not of them :

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.”

“*Banquo.* At your kindest leisure.”

“*Macbeth.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.”

“*Banquo.* So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.”

With this stern, though veiled good-night, he retires to rest. We believe the vague fear that Macbeth might *murder Duncan* presents itself to Banquo's mind for the first time, perhaps, in this scene. He is stunned to be aroused with the news that his “royal master's murder'd.” Moreover the contrast in this scene between Banquo and Macduff on the one side, and Macbeth on the other is worthy of careful consideration. If Macduff's conduct indicates innocence, then Banquo's does also. If “finallie, such was Macbeth's over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and triall of the offenders herein, that some of the lords began to mistake the matter, and to smell forth shrewd tokens, that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe,” then per contra Banquo's modest grief indicates innocence. But further on, in this scene, occurs a speech by Banquo that is particularly significant.

“Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.”

“*Macduff.* And so do I.”

Evidently they suspect Macbeth ; as do, also, Malcolm and Donalbain. This, then, is a manly, courageous declaration of war against Macbeth ; and it is not a little remarkable that his windy verbosity is cut short by it. The scene following this is considered by critics to have been written by some hand

other than Shakspeare's. But reflecting on the extract given above from Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, the store-house of the play, and on the agreement that closed the last scene, we were particularly struck with the following :

" *Macduff*. Those that Macbeth hath slain."

" *Ross*. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ? "

" *Macduff*. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm and Donaldbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the dead."

" *Ross*. 'Gainst nature still :

* * * Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall on Macbeth. "

" *Macduff*. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested, "

Can it be that in Shakspeare's scene the murder was instigated, and these conclusions arrived at ? In any event, the reader is made to imagine that this has been done. Surely, the investigation was careful and sure that tied down the suspicions of Banquo and Macduff. Therefore, Banquo's soliloquy in III, 1, harmonizes entirely with our theory ; and no speech in this sentence offers serious difficulty to us. Indeed, it would have been unnatural for a man in his position not to have thought and acted as he does there. Thus the natural course of events shuts Banquo out from certainty and from action, until at last, as he falls, doubt bursts its bonds, and he cries :

"O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly !

Thou mayst revenge, O slave ! "

Finally we come to a scene as powerful as any that the literature of the world can boast ; that in which Banquo's ghost attends the banquet. But the proper limits of this essay are already overpassed, and the true relations of our subject require only a single comment upon the scene. Some critics contend that it is Duncan's ghost and not that of Banquo that first appears in the scene. But Macbeth himself disproves this. Before the ghost's first appearance Macbeth says to the murderer who appears at the door :

“ But Banquo’s safe.
Murderer. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trehned gashes on his head,
 The least a death to nature. ”

Now, after the ghost first vanishes and before its reappearance, Macbeth says :

* * * “ The time has been,
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end ; *but now they rise again,*
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools . ”

This incontestably proves that the ghost was Banquo’s. But is not this, perhaps, a little incongruous if Banquo was morally as guilty as Macbeth ? Is not this true, also, even if Banquo merely neglected to use due precaution for Duncan’s safety ? But if our theory be true then there is a holy propriety in the appearance of the ghost and in its effect on the murderer.

CONCLUSION.

No ! we do not believe that a single treasonous thought ever entered the spotless casket of Banquo’s loyalty ; and we believe a failure to realize this must needs force us to accept him as his very opposite. We believe Banquo a pure, noble, loyal nature. We believe him who, from the grand heights of his noble soul, was unable to penetrate the filthy clouds that hovered below his feet, enveloping Macbeth from view. We believe him to be a man untainted with treasonous thoughts after, as well as before, his interview with the “secret, black, and midnight hags ;” a man from whose immaculate and heroic front the darts of vicious suggestion recoiled upon their directors unheeded and unnoticed by their intended victims. We believe that the true contrast presented by the “great master” in Macbeth and Banquo, is between the low, selfish, vicious ambition of a corrupted soul on the one hand, and on the other hand, the lofty, pure, and philanthropic ambition of a hero.

To conclude, Dowden says : " There is a line in the play of Macbeth, uttered as the evening shadows begin to gather on the day of Banquo's murder, which we may repeat to ourselves as a motto of the entire tragedy—

' Good things of day begin to droop and drowse.'

It is the tragedy of the twilight and the setting in of thick darkness upon a human soul. We assist at the spectacle of a terrible sunset in folded clouds of blood. To the last, however, one thin, handsbreadth of melancholy light remains—the sadness of the day without its strength." ICI.

University of Va., June, 1886.

Macaulay. II.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.



STORY made familiar to us in early childhood records how, at the meeting of the roads and standing on opposite sides, too valiant knights, in "armour bright," waged heavy war of words as to the metallic composition of the shield, whose one side presented gold to the eye of the observer, and the other less brilliant silver. The moral we were usually taught to derive therefrom was contained in the trite remark, more ancient even than the story itself, that there are two sides to every question. To our mind in maturer years it presents the moral, equally as interesting, that no matter how bright, how attractive one side of an object may be, it is perfectly compatible with the course of nature that there should be another side which if not indicative of absolute repugnance, is still far less engaging and interesting. With small difficulty we may transfer the simile from objects inanimate to those of animate

existence. To us it is well-nigh impossible to comprehend how small great men sometimes become under peculiar circumstances, and experience truly seems to illustrate the doctrine of divine writ: "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last." History tells how Cicero, whose statesmanship guided the destinies of the eternal city, whose eloquence overawed "for awhile even the desperation of conspiracy," failed ignominiously when he courted in verse the fickle muse of rhyme, and the great Roman satirist of the silver age has re-remarked, with rare humor, "If he had done all things as he has done this, he would never have lost his head." Frederick the Great, covered with the honors of victorious war and successful generalship, yet lived to cause even obsequious courtiers to smile at his attempt in verse, and thus great in council and battle, became even ridiculous beside the brilliant Frenchman, whom he alike loaded with honors and maltreated. Thus it may be said of Macaulay, that if anything could have dimmed the brilliancy of his position on the pages of English literature, he could have done nothing more effective in that direction than the poetical attempts he has left behind him. In this respect he recalls vividly to our mind the remark of a celebrated English author in speaking of a very eminent politician. He became too smart, overreached himself and failed in consequence thereof. It would have been impossible for mere heresay evidence to have convinced us that Macaulay ever attempted to write poetry, so entirely, in our view of his character, was he unfitted for communion with this inhabitant of fabled Parnasus. Between the lines of all his rythmical compositions stands out in bold and unmistakable characters the pungent proverb, if we may use the expression, of the ancient Roman bard: "*poeta nascitur, non fit.*" Macaulay by nature and education was as much unsuited for poetical ventures as he was to become a cannibal with African savages, wearing the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun." In fact we are seriously inclined to doubt whether he ever penned a line that could be called poetic in the true and legitimate sense of the

word. We would have it borne in mind that we do not desire to designate under the appellation of poetry such lines as jingle with pleasing sound and give pleasure to the untutored and unlearned ear. "Tittlebat Titmouse" has perhaps written in the memorable page of Miss Ragg's album as complete a jingle of words as the language could well afford, but we should pause many, many times before we denominated as poetry any effusion of that eminent gentleman. In poetry, as in all things, it is necessary in order to judge correctly, to fix some standard of comparison before summoning the object of criticism before the tribunal to be dissected as it may please the critics. In this regard our standard must necessarily differ widely as we are accustomed to look at different objects differently, and to have the same object produce on different persons directly the contrary impressions. Indeed, poetry, to our mind, need never be transmitted to paper. We have looked intently on faces of "classic oval, with ringlets fluttering free," that aroused in us feelings more eloquent than the majestic hexameters of Homer's, or the musical pentameters of Byron. We have read in the expression of faces the grandest of tragic epics, the softest of lyric lays, and the sweetest of love songs. In the ethereal blue of eyes has been seen such lines as never mortal hand penned. We have listened to voices, whose every "tone was poetry's own," and in the exquisite touch of a hand has been felt more true poetry than ever genius devised or industry preserved. Feeling and the power to produce true feeling is at last the only legitimate definition of poetry in its proper sense. We feel the true poetical sentiment when listening to the roar of old ocean, and when, in the thunder of its waves, we heard the stately measure of the classic epic; we listen to the murmuring of gently eddying brooks and are pleased to find in its delicate babble the more exquisite sentiment of the lyric; we look upon verdant fields covered with grazing cattle, and we discover to our feelings pastorals more delicately shaded than the pen of Theocritus drew for the imaginative Greeks. Poetry, then, is more or less

poetry in the true conception of the word, as it serves to excite the same passions and feelings as the objects of nature. Poetry is an art, as much so as the art that teaches the sculptor to chisel out of rough marble living statues, and as an art, it can only reach its ultimate good when it reflects back nature and its creatures. No better idea of poetry can be found in our language than that contained in "Poetic Principle" of Edgar Allen Poe, a man who, no matter what may have been his characteristic traits in life, has shown by his actual performances in versification that he understood as well, perhaps, as any poet, who has adorned the ages with his genius, the true poetic principle of genuine poetry. Says he in the beginning of his interesting and unique essay : "Indeed I scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating soul." This elevation of soul is as essential to poetry as breath to life or air to fire. Any person of ordinary intellectual capacity could very easily take a compendious dictionary and perhaps with care and industry arrange words into lines rhyming with each other and producing good sense both rhetorically and grammatically. We take the completed and manufactured poem ; we read it over. Undoubtedly we are pleased. We lay it aside with flattering comment on the ingenuity of the author. But with reflection we find that it has touched no responsive chord ; it has awakened no feeling. We have, to speak truly, regarded it with much the same admiration that an infant directs towards its rattle or some other trifling plaything. To better illustrate our meaning it may not be inappropriate to recall the idea of some modern writer, in discussing the difference as to the respective merits of Demosthenes, the eloquent Athenian, and Cicero, the rhetorical Roman, in their capacities as orators.

Following this idea it has been said that when the Athenian ceased addressing the people of his town they departed with feelings wrought up and desired to fight the enemies of their country. On the other hand when the Roman audience

listened to Cicero, they wondered at his beautiful diction and ornate expression. Here then in a few words is the real distinction between the orator and the accomplished rhetorician. By applying the same test we may easily distinguish the true poet from one versed only in the mechanical theories of his art. The former wields the magic wand that sways the passions of the human breast, letting them play or restraining them at pleasure, as the legendary Eolus mastered and controlled the winds. The latter we admire, as long as his page engages our attention, we often wonder how human skill could have devised such precise measure, such well-selected words, we exclaim involuntarily, "How beautiful," we lay the book on the table, and before it reached that receptacle, the lines we have been reading cease to affect us. Another important and indispensable element in the composition of true poetry must be a keen sense of the beautiful and the power to impress it upon others. So essential indeed is this quality, or rather sense to the perfection of poetry that Poe has defined the poetry of words to be, *The rhythmical Creation of Beauty.*" It must not be the mere beauty of words, the mere beautiful in expression, but above all it must comprehend the beautiful in thought and sentiment. In this connection it must be not mere word painting, any more than the application of brilliant colors to canvas produces an artistic painting. The poet who employs this method of composition is as inferior to the true poet as the mere idler in the art is to Raphael or Michael Angelo. Quick to receive the impressions of the beautiful in nature, he must understand the more difficult task of making others feel the beauty of the object he admires. In the vast store-house of nature he must look for his models. In the murmur of flowing waters, in the roll of thunder and the flash of lightning, in the songs from the tiny throats of birds, in the undulating outline of blue-robed mountains, in the stillness of night and amid the silvery rays of the moon, he must find his poetry, or rather feel it, and feeling it, must convey the sensations to the senses of others. Next to an

appreciation of the beautiful, it is most essential to possess *Fancy* and imagination. As a learned writer has observed on the subject, no poet can write truly great poetry who sticks too closely to the truth. In the more stern realities of life there can be little poetry to find, and what is found, has been voiced by countless multitudes. In the realms of fancy, in the domain of the imagination, he must let himself be borne on airy wings. Nothing is too fanciful to be properly used in the art, but like the wily Spendius and courageous Mathô in search of the veil of the Goddess Tanit, he must if it is necessary, tear the very covering from the face of the coy muse. In fancy then poetry finds its most congenial home, and whatever victories it achieves over the mere commonplace of life, it must there find the arms wherewith to conquer. Every man sees for himself the objects of nature, but few men are endowed with fancy rich enough to give those objects new appearances, fresher impressions to the less observing minds of others. To make our feelings the feelings of others, to have them see things with our eyes, is then the highest mastery of the poetic art. To fancy rather than truth the poet must look for the realization of his success, for from this source he must draw the raiment of imagination that stamp thoughts as his own. If we analyze any of the great poems that are destined to live the length of the ages, we will find that these contain more or less exaggeration, and this very art of so blending exaggeration in communion with truth, and so blending it that while it reaches the noble and sublime, it never degenerates into mere bombast and thus become ridiculous is the highest majesty of art. We purpose thus to review Macaulay in his poetical capacity by these standards and in our humble opinion to attempt to decide his true position in the dangerous, but noble company in which he has assumed a place. His mental activity in early youth and in manhood's sterner occupation, we take it, were little calculated to form a poetic character or temperament. Deeply endowed, by nature, with a strong and

and manly sense of truth, and imbued with an intense desire to meet the unsentimental facts of life, nothing he has given us in his correspondence or writings denotes anything that even indicates a rich imagination or poetical cast of mind. It was hardly to be expected that the profound statesman and parliamentary orator, the accurate and learned historian of constitutional England, just and judicious critic and essayist, should have excelled in a department of literature whose choicest parts are culled from a land "where fancy soars sublime." Practical as business man and in every field of literature which he had previously illustrated with his pen, we should have been ready to hail it as the eighth wonder of the universe if he had proved himself a great and true poet. With rare insight into the character of men and books, and rare knowledge of facts and rare ability in presenting them to others, he possessed exactly the qualities most befitting him for the scope of literature in which he most distinguished himself, and these very same qualities were his chief obstacles when he attempted the more subtle and intricate art of poetry. Indeed in the whole body of our English letters it were difficult to find a character more unsuitable for poetic principles, than we discover in the person of the learned Macaulay. His poetry is nothing more than beautiful description. Description which he might have written in his graceful prose equally as well as he has done in rhyme. But with all justice and consistency we may say of him, transferring his great faculty of description from prose to poetic measure, he has written some of the finest rhythmical descriptions in the language. It will serve our purpose, to lay before the observation of the reader, parts of his poetical ventures from which we are to draw our conclusions. One thing in Macaulay's nature well-nigh transformed him into a poet; we refer to his patriotism as demonstrated in both his prose and poetical works. In his "Lines to the Memory of Pitt," he has well-nigh reached the true poetic plain, falling only a little short of what might

be called real poetry. After paying a glowing tribute to "Britain's Isle," he has said of the "great commoner :"

" Stood forth in the tempest of doubt and disaster,
Unaided and single the dangers to brave,
Asserted thy claims, and right of his master,
Preserve the conquer, and saved thee to save."

This stanza plainly shows us that he could carry even into the domain of poetry that judicious discrimination in regard to men that so strikingly characterizes his other writings. For Pitt he feels as only an Englishman can feel, and even we, who know him only through the medium of history, accept it even in its poetical attire as a not overdrawn tribute to the memory of one who guided his country in some of her darkest moments of despair. We find, even in this little poem, his old propensity to write of men and treat of facts rather than give himself up to be led by the imagination. Perhaps in this instance it is best, for when we seek to treat of historical personages in prose or rhyme, it is most appropriate that we should see them in the light of history. His political war-songs contain a certain kind of humor, but after all, we are bound to confess it much the same humor that has produced in poetry the famous 'tale of the dumplings. These are good enough in their way, containing some well directed thrusts at his political enemies. In his "Radical War Song," he has shown his Democratic, or rather, we would more properly say, Whig tendencies by probing with a pen only gently satirical the unfortunate characteristics of his Tory opponents. The last verse may illustrate with great happiness to us, who have been by no means free of the curse of nature as contained in demagogues, the character of the ancient politician, and presents to us a sample by no means too highly colored of the promise often made to the people by those playing statesmen at their country's expense. A really natural picture is contained in the following :

" Then, when the high born and the great,
Are humbled to our level,
On all the wealth of church and State
Like Aldermen we'll revel,

We'll live when hushed the battles din,
In smoking and in cards, sir,
In drinking unexcised gin,
And wooing fair Poissardes, sir."

Indeed, it is extremely unfortunate that a great mind should leave behind it such compositions, which can only serve to detract from rather than add to, an already great name and reputation. When a great writer thus seeks to do injustice to himself, it is more than a pity, that some Byron is not hard by with his satiric pen to deter, as he did in Sir Walter Scott's case, the great author from injuring merited and deserved fame. Superior to the last mentioned ballad is the one on the "Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge," in which he well described an average Protestant clergyman during the times of the Catholic agitation in England. The good soul hastened away in response to a letter from his political friends, and below we present a good picture of the devices used by politicians to arouse the fears and prejudices of innocent folk. This startling epistle contains among other items the following terrifying information :

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome came over ;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover."

This no doubt serves well to give us a picture of the average English clergyman during those days of excitement, and any one having read the history of the Lord George Gordon Riots, can easily understand the perturbation of the clerical recipient of a letter containing such information. Here then, while we find a good sketch of the times, and their incidental politics, these political essays are utterly worthless as pieces of poetry in the true sense of the word. To the reader of the morning paper, we have no doubt they caused a passing smile, and after performing that beneficent function, it is a great pity

they could not have passed from the stage of literature. In the "Damon in a Churchyard" Macaulay has attempted what is, perhaps, and in many respects, the most difficult venture that can be made in verse. He has in this short poem attempted to query into the philosophy of life and its problems. This has been done with some show of success, but we can see plainly how it pales before the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" by Thomas Gray. In these two selections may plainly be discerned the difference between the two poets, the poet who feels and with whom the whole world feels, and him who merely understands the placing of words in their proper place. Gray has truly blended into his reflections on life much that is poetic, and everything that is beautiful. On the contrary Macaulay has brought out the realistic side of man's play on the flitting scene of life, but not the poetry of human existence. It may be said to be, in the words of a famous poet, "of the earth, earthy." A single stanza will amply suffice to point out our meaning :

"Here learn that glory and disgrace,
Wisdom and folly, pass away,
That mirth hath its appointed space.
That sorrow is but for a day;
That all we love, and all we hate,
That all we hope, and all we fear,
Each word of mind, each turn of fate,
Must end in dust and silence here."

It is in exactly such lines as these that Macaulay shows his greatest incapacity for writing true poetry. Everyone who has thought at all over the vanity of human desires and triumphs pleasure and joys, has thought precisely the same thing and not a few have expressed themselves in a more poetic manner on this subject, as our literature is here to show us. Perhaps the best of all Macaulay's detached poems, is the one having for its subject Pompeii, for which he was awarded the Lord Chancellor's medal at Cambridge in July 1819. In this poem there are undoubtedly to be found some very striking and historically beautiful passages, but ever and anon comes back the

refrain bringing to our ears the true merit of the poem : "Descriptive, Description." That this poem is a remarkable performance for a student for his then years, there is no denying, and it is greatly to be regretted, that this was not his last attempt in verse, for then the world of letters would have remained under the shadow of doubt, and the knowing ones would probably have recorded that he might have been a great poet. Fine as the description is of the destruction of the lost city, we are inclined to think Bulwer has told the tale quite as beautiful in prose as Macaulay has done, and in the character of Glaucus the Athenian and the blind girl he has added a certain amount of sentiment that the poem lacks. It seems to us that from this very poem those experienced in the poetic lore of our language might plainly have foreseen that this man, no matter how strong his powers for describing stirring scenes, could never be a great poet. In this work, however, he shows that great bent for word painting that so ornaments his prose and spoils his poetry. After the battle of fire with the mother earth he has described with great force the appearance of the buried city in the following lines :

"The morn all blushing rose ; but sought in vain,
The snowy villas and the flowery plain,
The purpled hills with marshalled vineyard gay,
The domes that sparkled in the sunny ray.
Where art or nature late hath decked the scene
With blazing marble or with spangled green,
'There streaked, by many a fiery torrent's bed
A boundless waste of ashes, of hoary ashes spread."

We are prepared together with the committee appointed by the University of Cambridge, to say, that this is very fine, but we must insist that this is not poetry. In all his miscellaneous poems, we find much the same strain running through them. Here a fine description of some event, as the "Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad," some political campaign song, there some glowing relation of feats of arms as the "Battle of Iony," in which he has made famous the storied white plume of the valiant Henry of Navarre, or the lay on the "Armada"

of Spain in which he tells with eloquent pen of the stout yeomanry of England and their victory in support of "good Queen Bess." In none, however, do we find an example of true poetical temperament. We see the scenes shifted by a hand artful in the arrangement of words, in fact the hand is visible everywhere, but the heart is likewise everywhere wanting. In the "Lays of Ancient Rome" Macaulay is best seen to advantage, and if he has not succeeded in giving us true poetry, he has successfully brought out in an interesting way, a period so surrounded by song, story and myth, that it may ever prove an attractive theme to all cultured people. In this venture he has sought to open a new field of English poetical composition, and has industriously laboured to introduce the Roman singer into the company of British bards. In the preface to these lays of ancient days may be found some very ingenious suggestions and not improbable solutions of questions concerning the poetry of Rome during the prehistoric period. In his theory of the existence at Rome of minstrel songs, corresponding to the songs of the early Trouvères or Troubadours, he advances a doctrine that is not only well supported by his own arguments, but also by the early history of the literature of all countries, that have attained to any degree of civilization. He has sustained his theory in this regard by references to the early Roman writers, who have made mention of the productions of the youthful Roman muse. To our mind there can be little doubt that such a lyric literature existed, consisting of songs to be sung on festival days in the time of the Republic, telling how "Brutus did through the streets of Rome the Tarquin drive when he was called a king," or how Cloelia was borne on the yellow breast of Tiber. Then also there must have been lays composed to be sung by boys at private feasts, ere more degenerate days had substituted in their place the fairer sex. All these views Macaulay has ably presented in the essay accompanying the poems, and which for the life of us we cannot help liking better than the more rythmical composition. Thoroughly versed in all the

classic literature of Greece and Rome, closely scrutinizing the notches on the path of the ages, he has reproduced, as hardly anyone else could have done, in modern language the actions and deeds of ancient heroes. Why he should have chosen the legendary history of Rome rather than the more poetic and æsthetic legends of Greece, a little observation cannot fail to make plain. Outside of Grecian culture, there was little in the Grecian character, fickle and unsteady as it was, to attract such a man as Macaulay. On the contrary he found in the Roman character much that was similar to his own. If the Romans possessed any marked traits they were uprightness, steadfastness of purpose, manliness of conduct, and steadiness of character. The Greek life was a poem, there was music in their words, poetry in their every day affairs, but Macaulay in poetry, as in prose, always seems to prefer to picture characters and their actions in the light of his own criticism. The lay on "Horatius" which tells how stoutly he kept the bridge "in the brave days of old." is supposed to be recited some hundred and twenty years after the incident to which it refers. The poem contains in rhyme the story of the attempt of Lars Porsena of Clusum to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, and to appreciate it we must imagine ourselves patricians of the bluest blood of Rome. There is one verse in this poem that has a peculiar interest to us, and on this account, rather than for any intrinsic merit, we will take this opportunity of quoting it. It has been said that in the last days of the war between the States, when the Southern army was sorely depleted, a resolution was introduced into Congress, to put under arms all those who were able to bear them. A gifted son of the South, who has since sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, electrified the body by making use of the following verse:

" The harvest of Arretium
This year old men shall reap ;
This year young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;

And in the vats of Luna
This year the must shall foam
'Round the feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have marched to Rome."

We may well picture to ourselves the impression of this timely quotation on the feelings of the auditors in the last flickering moments of the Southern government. The verse, besides being well written, contains nothing extraordinary in itself. Some of the noblest lines in the poem are those addressed by the brave Horatius to the Consul, when he volunteers to hold the farther side of the bridge until it may be hewn down. They present a fine representation of that simplicity, patrician sympathy and loftiness of character that so distinguished the defenders of the early Roman Republic. We are not surprised at the success of people, whose noblemen spoke like this :

" Then out-spoke brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate,
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods. "

In this verse he gives us with the utmost truth, as legend and story would have us believe, a true idea of the patriotism and manhood of citizens who left the plow to rule the State and command armies. In this poem he seems to have assumed the character of a plebeian, and this good plebeian cannot refrain from following a custom that is even now fashionable, and lamenting the good old times that are generally worse than the present. Those days, we all know, who know history at all, were days of conflict between the two orders, and we find mention of the party struggles and unjust agrarian distinctions in the following verse :

" Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the State,
Then the great men helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great :

Then lands were fairly portioned,
The spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old. "

The verse describing the falling of the bridge, contains one of the finest similes we ever remember to have seen anywhere. So fine, indeed, do we consider it, that we shall simply quote it without comment, as it speaks for itself:

" And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane ;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea. "

Macaulay seems to have so graded his poetry in these lays as to represent the progress of the Latin Literature. Horatius he intended to be purely Roman, but in the "Battle by the Lake Regillus," supposed to have been written, as he himself tells us, ninety years after the lay of " Horatius " and his valiant deeds, he says that the Greek influence is perceptible, for by this time the Romans had begun to become acquainted with the elegant Greek models and classic literature of the Grecians that gave to the world a Plato, a Homer, and an Euripides. The poem describes the last attempt of the twelve Latin cities under the lead of Mamilius, the Latin Dictator, to bring back the dethroned Tarquins to outraged Rome. The Romans long believed that the tide of battle was turned in their favor and victory given to their eagles by the timely intervention of the Twin Gods, Castor and Pollux, riding their mythical white chargers. This, the poem has well brought out and tells us how they brought the news of the victory to the anxious Romans within the city walls. It was believed that they stopped at a fountain near the Forum and refeshed themselves and their horses, and the Romans, remembering with gratitude their memorable services, dedi-

cated to them a temple on this spot. The lay under consideration was supposed to be sung at the feast of Castor and Pollux, which was held annually in their honor on the Ides of Quintiles. The twelfth verse of this poem is remarkable for the fact that here Macaulay has drawn from his imagination, and graphically described how Lucretia outraged in life, came back to "false Lextus" to avenge in the spirit her wrongs :

"A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
Sate spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago,
So spun she and so sang she,
Until the east was gray,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked, and fled away."

With this notable exception there is nothing of any especial merit in the poem, which only records how the battle was fought and the feats of the Twin Gods and their ride to Rome and the consternation and joy their presence created for those awaiting news of the battle. The "Prophecy of Capys" resembles the other two above mentioned, but as regards merit, we should hesitate to place it along with them. It is a lay supposed to have been sung on the occasion of the triumph of Manius Curius Dentatus over Pyrrhus. It contains an account of the birth, rearing and training of the two heroes of Rome, Romulus and Remus. It is written in the same metre as "Horatius" and the "Battle by the Lake Regillus," but contains nothing that merits special attention. The last of these poems, Virginia, differs essentially from the others in form and in that it tells us not of feats of arms and the din and pageantry of battle, but of the saddest, basest incident that the legends of any country has presented and transmitted to posterity. To enjoy this aright, to feel it deeply, for this is Macaulay's one poem in which we are permitted to feel, we must be good, sturdy plebeians ; we must have fought

in our imagination by the side of Licinius and Sextius; we must have shouted ourselves hoarse about the constitutional rights of the common people, and advocated with our eloquence the Licinian laws. This poem deserves mention for the simple reason that in our humble opinion, it is the only rhythmical composition of Macaulay that contains any poetry. In describing the death scene of Virginia, he for a moment becomes a poet in spite of himself, and making for the reader an oasis in the poetical desert which he has cast around him. After describing the foul seizing of Virginia by the boot-licking Marcus and the judgment of the wicked Appius Claudius, wickedest of the wicked Ten, in lines that even Byron might have envied, he has given to us the last earthly meeting between father and daughter in these beautiful words :

“And then his eyes grew very dim and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, ‘Farewell, sweet child, Farewell !
 Oh ! how I love my darling ! though stern sometimes I be,
 To thee thou know’st I was not so. Who could be so to thee ?
 And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear
 My footsteps on the threshold, when I came back last year !
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
 And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown !
 Now, all those things are over—yes all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needle work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays ;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man’s bed, or weep upon his urn.
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua’s marble halls,
 Now for the brightness of thy smile must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way !
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief like a kite’s upon the prey.
 With all his wit, he little deems that spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave ;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow
 Foul outrage which thou know’st not, which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me around the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now my one dear little girl, there is no way but this.’
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.”

This verse is truly representative of the Anglo-Saxon character with its strong tendency to home life and fondness for family ties, so strong indeed is this trait in their character, that it has long since become proverbial that "an Englishman's house is his castle." If Macaulay was anything, he was the sturdy Saxon in character, who has lived to illustrate with his deeds every page of the history of English-speaking peoples. We can easily understand that he could have been the author of this stanza, if we recall the occasions upon which, after having held the Senate of the nation entranced by his powers of speech, he stepped into the lobby of the House of Commons to pen those affectionate letters to his sisters that reflect as much credit upon his heart, as his more widely known works have done on his intellectual powers. The above scene is nature in its loftiest sphere, and this very nature brings with it the poetry of existence. In writing those lines the poet describes not merely scenes of triumph and the carnage of victorious warriors, but he felt deeply the sentiment and thought contained in them, and every reader as long as the language is read and understood, will have his words of praise for the brave Centurion, his tear for the chaste Virginia and her unfortunate beauty, and his curse for the scoundrelly patrician.

After having laid before the reader such selections from the poetical works of Macaulay as we considered most likely to give true insight into his character as a poet, we may proceed more intelligently to view him with his relations in regard to the standards we attempted to fix in the foregoing part of this necessarily incomplete sketch. With a tendency ever to investigate facts, collect and collate them; to write of men and their characters; to criticise and judicially to decide their rightful place in our literature, he possessed none of those requirements that have led to lasting reputations among the company of English singers. We may say with great truth that the matter-of-fact qualities in his character that predominated above all others are utterly incompatible with the conditions of true poetry. He sees nothing beautiful

in the fields of earth, bearing on their breasts the tall, waving grain. There is no music for him in the songs of the forest songsters. To his mind spring returning to enfuse new life into nature's inanimate creatures conveys nothing poetical. Where he has attempted to paint nature, he has given us nature as painters have transferred it to canvass, and not nature in her own sublime simplicity. Everywhere we find in his song the relation of some hero or heroic people, and he has succeeded in making them do heroic actions and speak heroic words, but he has been unsuccessful in making them talk or act poetically. With great justice it might be said he has transferred his history from prose to poetry. We cannot consider the pen that produced "Horatius" and the "Prophecy of Capys," equal to his "Warren Hastings" and "Milton." The description is at all times beautiful, both in conception and arrangement, but at last we wake to find that it is mere description, which can never be akin to the art whose votaries brought tears to the eyes of mortals and held Athenian audiences spellbound for hours. The hand of the Master Mechanic is visible on his pages; the perfect metre, the well-chosen words alike betoken the finished scholar and thorough student, but the music of his verse is not produced by touching those heart-cords, the vibrations of which teach us that we possess that "one touch of nature that makes us all akin." If we read Tennyson's beautiful poem of the "Idyl and the Brook," we hear, as it were, the merry babbling of the waters as it leaps from pebble to pebble, we see the "sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers." On the contrary, in Macaulay we never experience those softer symphonies of nature that appeal so strongly to us; we hear only the strains of studied music.

He has perfect knowledge of the quasi-historical events and has described them, as he has done in his prose, in metre and classic language, but he has failed of the mark as regards the writing of poetry, in the manner of the great bards. As regards fancy and imagination, we feel that we can truthfully

say that absolutely no trace of it is to be found in his poems. He possesses none of that subtle fancy, that acute imagination that has given to the English world of letters "Queen Mab" and the "Dream." He has gone deeply into historical and legendary records, and has stated them in verse as he found them and the ancients left them, but he breathed no new features into them, nor peopled them with the creations of his own imagination.

Fancy, as we have observed above, is an ingredient of all true poetry, and it is this very faculty that tends to make the poet's sentiments his own, for the poet only excels as he is superior in fancy and the imagination and in the mode of expressing them.

In Macaulay's poems there is no beauty of thought or sentiment, but everything is given up in striving after ornateness of expression and accurateness of the rhythmical measure. Shelley perhaps excelled above all English poets in this particular branch of poetry, and we should search long before finding in Macaulay anything that approaches the "Cloud" and the "Skylark." If Macaulay's rhythmical compositions, for so we think they may be more properly called, contain nothing that is truly poetic, they contain much that is beautiful in measure and word-painting, and he has truly pictured the scenes of ancient deeds, with a pencil "striking, resistless and grand." Like unto the many currents of a mighty river magnificent period after period is rolled upon us and before we recover from one, another even more beautiful presents itself, and we lay them aside with half regret to find that we have not admired poetry, but a mere artful structure of words. Often we imagine to ourselves that he is approaching the truly poetical sphere, we find ourselves surprisingly disappointed, and our hopes are borne off in the realm of the mere commonplace. One thing above all characterizes them, and that is their absolute purity of thought. If he has not risen to the level of a great poet, he has not descended, as many very great poets have done, to cast a spot of impurity over his poems

for the purpose of making them more piquant. In short, we may say of the rhythm and compositions of Macaulay, with its grandeur of expression, with his purity of thought, with the splendid flow of its diction, that it, at times, so nearly approaches poetry, that we may say of it, as Justin McCarthy said of Bulwer's eloquence, if it is not poetry it is poetry's illegitimate brother.

M.

Don Miff.

✧ IT IS known to every one that the faults of a friend are less likely to pass unnoticed than are those of one in whom we take small interest. And, in approaching this book, it is with some fear that its blemishes and imperfections may become all too prominent; because, however slight they may be, their magnitude must assume undue proportions to one who would have the book perfect and its author's name enrolled even higher up in the list of literary men than it already stands in the list of educators and conversationalists of this country. And in the two latter capacities he has a most enviable reputation. The high repute of his learning and his talents had led us, during the weeks of waiting for the book, to hope that we should find in him a Moses to lead us of the South out of the land of darkness literary and into a land whose wonderful streams of literary milk and honey, astoundingly rich and numerous, should contain some richer or more sought after than his own. Mr. Dabney is a Virginian, by birth, though he has been a resident of New York many years; and there is a mutual affection between the State and her sons which cannot be destroyed by separation of time or place, however great. For are we not the possessors of one of the three celestial em-

pires of America? And are we not the inhabitants of a State even more celestial than either the Bay State or the Palmetto? So that, while we wished and hoped for a great book, we read page after page of this with eager fear, with dread lest our wishes prove in vain, and our hopes without fruition; read with the heart of a friend, but with the head of a foe.

The introduction, sugar-coated with the deceptive title, Chapter I, was a delusive snare against which, with its closing words of mockery, we had been forewarned, but which we read despite the warning. We saw in it an apparent striving after effect—after the effect of humor, of wit, of learning. It is oppressive, as the magnolia's redolent perfume on what were otherwise the balmy atmosphere of May. Or, rather, it is like prolonged inhalations of *sal ammoniac*; which, while a sniff now and then aids at times the exhilarating effect of even the purest air, would not voluntarily be attempted as a substitute for the God-given, life-giving atmosphere. And after the introduction we laid the book down for several days, nor resumed the reading with mighty anticipations of pleasure. But, if hope springs eternal, not less does disappointment meet us at every turn; certainly, at almost every turn of the leaves after this pseudo Chapter I, was there a disappointment in store for us. And now that we have finished the book we would heartily thank the writer; and, at the same time, modestly congratulate him.

We shall devote a few words to the book, a *resumé* of whose plot we shall attempt, but take the liberty of pointing out, in desultory fashion, what seem to us a few of its merits and demerits.

There are enough good things, sayings bright and sayings cynical, in the book, to enliven the pages of four or five good novels, and rather too many for those of one.

The portrayal of the Don's character is admirably done, and such as to arouse within us a deep sympathy with that hero in his misfortunes, together with a reverence, no less deep, for his strength and nobility. The only notice of the

book we have seen was confined to a statement that his treatment by his father was a wild impossibility. But his father is within the realms of probability; and we can even pity the unfortunate man while turning from him with aversion. Indeed, the brutal scene on that Sunday afternoon is just what one would expect from such a father; and though it arouses our indignation and causes our blood to boil, yet we look back upon it with compassionate sorrow for the stern tyrant of whom counterparts may be found even in Virginia and even to-day. As for the wealthy foster parents, the phenomenal musical attainments, the heroic rescue of the three drivers from the gaping jaws of death, and a few other forced turns of the plot, we only sigh, while wishing that such things either were in life or were not in the books. And we think that Mr. Dabney mars his book with his savage attack upon Virginia orthodoxy. For the orthodoxy of the days "befo' the wah" has been but little modified or mollified; and his many Virginia readers will find this treatment far from pleasing. Not that we believe a man should mask his feelings that his book may sell; but that the subject is one we cannot stand, and one whose obtrusion in the pages of our fiction meets with no favor, but with earnest protests. It may be dogmatism, cowardice, puritanism, or what you will, but many Virginians believe, even unto this day, in the divinity of Christ, and in the horrors of a hell; and, so believing, do not find it pleasant to be jeered at for their faith.

The sad story of his sad love is well told, and in the telling there is pathos which would keep us from venturing to read to others certain passages whereat the voice grows husky and the eyes bedimmed. Pathos he does not often use; but he can handle it in a masterly way, and Mr. Page himself can not be more effective than Mr. Dabney. Again, he reminds us of Mr. Page, in his negro dialect; while here he is not so successful as the author of "Marse Chan," this may be due to the fact that he has made but little effort. At all events, he is, in our judgment, surpassed here only by the great master of whom all Virginians are justly proud.

We are inclined to think that he has been more successful with Mary Rolfe than with any other character who plays a part in his tragedy. Alice Carter is overdrawn; though, at times, when he has his "mustang" well in hand, he gives us a charming and not impossible woman in her. Lucy is less distinctly drawn, and we are left to love her for what others say of her rather than for what she herself says or does. But not so with the lovable Mary, whose words and deeds win our affection; whose very weaknesses make her even more lovely—weaknesses due more to her unfortunate training than to her nature; whose love, in its constancy and depth, makes one wish that he, too, could win such a wealth of woman's treasure; but, even in forming the wish, one stops to mourn over its sad unfruitfulness of good to her or to him. Alas! the pity of it.

We owe Mr. Dabney a debt of gratitude for the manly stand he takes on the side of his people, and for the many words of admiration and of defense he has for them. A course in pleasing contrast with that of Mr. Cable; who, by the way, comes in for a severe castigation even more effective than any of the many well deserved he had as yet received. Here and there, too, he throws in a word which clearly marks the pleasant side of slavery; as this, with its satire:

"And I am not so sure that the outsiders were not having a merrier time than the insiders. For every now and then, throughout the evening, my grandfather might have been seen passing glasses of toddy or egg-nogg to one or another of the favorite old servants, as he observed them in the throng; and Charley and I saw that the rest had no cause to feel slighted. And all had their share, if not of toddy, at least of that without which all toddy is a delusion and a shadow. Then, the sound of Jones's fiddle could not be kept within doors, and such of them as despaired of forcing their way through the masses around the windows and doors, had formed rings, where, by the light of the wintry moon, the champion dancers of the two farms exhibited to admiring throngs what they knew about the double-shuffle and the break-down; and the solid earth resounded beneath the rhythm of their brogans. To me, I remember, they seemed happy, at the time; which goes to show how little I knew about happiness, and I believe that they too were under the same delusion; but their early education had been neglected."

To our taste, there are no *skifrienda* in the book; though

we think the whole *compressi endum* and that some things *erosienda*. We think that it is better than anything Crawford has done; but hope for even better from Mr. Dabney now that he has once mounted his "mustang." TOMASSINI.

Fay.

HE.

My craft glides merrily o'er the sea,
And my heart is light and gay,
For at every bound
Of my good ship sound
I am sailing nearer thee.

The wind is fair on the ocean wide,
The white caps crest the wave,
The billows swelling
Seem ever telling
The charms of my fair young bride.

When my good ship lands and the pealing gun.
Sends forth the news o'er land,
The bells will ring
And the chorus sing,
"The lady fair is won."

And then again on my good ship "Fay"
I'll sail the ocean deep,
But by my side
Will be my bride
To cheer me on my way.

SHE.

Would that my lover were here with me,
On the shore where all is calm,
For the waves are rolling
And bells are tolling
The storm far out at sea.

The waves roll high, the clouds grow dark,
The winds are fierce on the main,
The billows roar
And the torrents pour,
And I fear for my lover's bark.

Now a rainbow gleams through the blackened sky,
O well for the gallant "Fay,"
For through the gale
I see her sail—
My errant knight is nigh.

But I wonder why when the ship's so near
No signal do I see,
For the buoy's past,
But not a mast
Shows on th' horizon clear.

The minster bell tolls out on the shore,
On the sward there's a maiden's grave.
The good ship "Fay"
On their bridal day
Sank down to rise no more.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With this number of the MAGAZINE the present corps of editors conclude their labors for the session. The labors have been almost literally theirs, for if there is anything of which the average University student has a right to be proud, it is the total indifference exhibited towards the success of their college journal by those from whom it must necessarily receive the greatest support and encouragement. It is indeed quite easy, when a number has appeared compiled well-nigh entirely by the efforts of the constituted staff, for some supernatural critic and literary genius, who has never contributed an article to its pages, to pronounce it, with sage-like mien and prophetic tone, as very poor and not up to the usual standard in literary merit; but if this same critical person would occasionally contribute something in the form of an article, we have no doubt it would tend in no small degree to preserve the MAGAZINE from the benighted darkness, that he so much deplors. It is a fact, that scarcely requires any additional proof, that such journals must of necessity be of inferior or superior quality of literary merit, as it is supported or not supported by the students whose literary organ it purports to be. We have by no means expected or hoped to escape criticism, for criticism is as essential to the healthy conduct of a journal as the pruning knife when applied to decayed vines to give place to the more vigorous branches, and we only insist that such criticism be just. We can never hope to have a magazine that comports with the true dignity and reputation of the University until it shall receive the hearty financial support of the great body of students, who now depend in a great measure on the kindness of friends for an opportunity to read what should be found on every student's

table. We desire to make one last appeal to those, to whom we must look in the future, for that encouragement, which in the end can only insure substantial success. We ask everyone to give this matter their earnest consideration, and not to meet us with the time-honored argument, noticeable only from its antiquity in the past, "twas ever thus." We have every desire and every intention to maintain the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in the honorable and noteworthy position to which it is entitled in the college world, but this we can accomplish only by a hearty coöperation from every one connected with the University, and this coöperation, we are free to confess we have not had. The staff of editors of the MAGAZINE have zealously labored to fulfill the expectations of those who committed this important duty to their care; they received it as a public trust; they have done all in their power to administer it as such, and whatever faults and defects caviling critics may have found in its pages, they are satisfied within themselves of having administered their arduous task with a single eye toward the general good, and in this respect, to use the words of the antique Roman, "conscious of right, their souls but laugh at the falsehoods of fortune."

It has been a matter of curious consideration that the South, having produced so many illustrious orators and statesmen, should have produced so few names that have become prominent in the world of letters. One explanation of this will doubtless be found in the peculiar temperament and inclinations of the people of this section of the country, but a scarcely less valid reason is to be found in the training of our youth. In our own institution, which is justly famed as the greatest of Southern universities, and one of the greatest in America, graduation in English is not even required of applicants for the degree of Master of Arts. In other words, an University situated in an English country and supported by English speaking people, confers its highest literary degree on

persons of whose excellence in their own mother tongue she has no official knowledge. It is hardly to be expected that many great literary names should be found among the alumni of an institution whose honors and rewards rather withdraw from than attract the student to his own language. It is small advantage, we take it, to send forth graduates fully acquainted with ancient and foreign languages, as sciences, but having no knowledge of English in its scientific rudiments and principles. He goes out into the world familiar with Horace, Virgil, Homer, Plato, Molière, Freytag, but in the great majority of cases, knows little about the great body of English letters. In our humble opinion no nation nor people have produced a literature superior to ours, but if the youth of the country are made acquainted with its beauties and attractions during the years spent in acquiring knowledge and culture, they can scarcely be expected to do anything for its advancement and ornament.

If it is necessary to instruct the developing mind in the mysteries and elegant phrases of other languages, we fail to see why our own, the one that is most used and with which familiarity is most essential to culture in American every-day life, should not be included in a degree that is supposed to convey so much honor to the recipient. When we have one opportunity to display our knowledge of foreign languages and the sciences, we will have many, many opportunities presented to us of showing our efficiency or ignorance in our own vernacular. The predest arrangement reminds us of the lawyer, who would have been learned in everything if he had known more law, and we think it ought to be said that the fortunate possessor of this high degree would know something of importance in all departments if he only knew more English. We humbly submit that if we wish to have Masters of Arts in the true sense of the term, the greatest but homeliest of arts, thorough instructions in our own tongue, be included and be given the place it deserves beside the other less useful languages.

In the student life of the University there is one thing that has attracted our attention in no small degree, and that is the small amount of general reading that is done by the average student here. We would not by any means underrate the importance of the class work done for the daily lectures or the labor necessary for standing successful examinations, but there are standard works not usually taught in schools and colleges that are as necessary and requisite for the education of accomplished people as the knowledge of the exact number of feet in a peculiar measure of ancient verse or the ability to solve the most abstruse problem of mathematics. In fact, we remember to have heard a learned professor once remark that as far as his class was concerned, he much preferred to have a student whose habit it was to spend a certain amount of time every day in beneficial reading, to one who devoted all his time to the subjects under the supervision of his chair. At this particular period of life, it is necessary for most men to read as much as possible and become acquainted with the polite literature of their language, as they seldom have an opportunity for so doing in after life, when embarrassed by business matters and their incidental annoyances. Besides the benefits to be derived from such a method it must also serve the purpose of an elegant and instructive amusement in relaxation from routine work and its harassing difficulties. It is the one common ground upon which we may meet in congenial communion, instruction and pleasure, and the only school in which can be acquired the polish that must ever be the finishing touch, as it were, to a scholarly education. On our book-shelves we shall always find our best and most beneficial friends. Friends always the same, always bearing patiently with us, and while holding out to us the good hand of fellowship, must also tend to lead into loftier resolves and fresher fields of knowledge. As in the walks of life, we should choose these friends judiciously, so in books as men the same rule will hold: "That evil communications corrupt good manners." In the standard works, however, of our es-

sayists, historians, novelists, and poets, we cannot fail to find a great deal that will interest and please us, and much more that will instruct us by widening the range of our objects of thought and softening the asperities of our nature. A short time given every day to this purpose, must in the end prove a great benefit to those who adopt it and make them something more than mere laborers in the drudgery of University education.

Y. M. C. A. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VA.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God in His all-seeing Providence to remove from our midst our brother, LEWIS M. PATTERSON, of North Carolina; and whereas, we recognize in his loss that of a sincere and earnest Christian and laborer in the cause of Christ; therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Virginia has sustained a real loss, and we, its members have been deprived of a friend whom we had learned to honor and to love.

Resolved, That we take this opportunity of expressing to his family and many friends, in their bereavement, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and be spread upon the minutes of the Association and a copy sent to the family of our deceased brother.

W. H. VENABLE,
THOS. H. HADEN,
JOHN B. MINOR, JR.
Committee.

COLLEGIANA.

Again the Final Celebrations are upon us, and throughout the length and breadth of the land has been heard the voice of the college orator and the sweet tones of the young lady graduate. We trust that the celebrations of the session of 1885-86 may not be inferior to those that have gone before. After the work of the session comes pleasant relaxation from labor, and nothing should be left undone to make the closing scenes as pleasant as possible for all who are to participate in them. We have no doubt that Terpsichore, "muse of the many twinkling feet," will have her usual large number of devout worshipers, and that the orators, those that represent the two societies, and the distinguished exponents of eloquence from a distance, will furnish intellectual entertainment for even the most fastidious. But even amid all the pleasures of retirement from work and the prospect of seeing their families and unmentionable loves again, there is a certain sadness always at the close of each session, in parting from those with whom we have formed intimate and close relations of friendship and amity. We trust that all the graduates who do not expect to return will become members of the Alumni Association, and thus bind themselves by close ties to their mother institution. Not the least advantage to be derived by the acquisition of young and energetic members, is the infusion of new life and fresh vigor into this august body, whose energies have so long lain dormant. There is, however, another service they can perform for their Alma Mater, by making themselves useful and progressive men, and thus linking with their own successful ventures and achievements, the enhancement of her already well-known name. In this way they may also prove beacon lights to encourage those who are after-

wards to become workers in the vineyard of knowledge and learning. To the success of our fellow-students of the session, we regret that we are only able to assist them with our hopes, which we trust are well founded, and with good wishes, and in their career of life we wish them as the birds seem to say to the hero of affection, "Good luck ! Bravely onward !"

In speaking of our final celebrations, it leads us to make some remarks upon the manner in which the finals are arranged and as to who should be in a manner responsible for the expenses incurred. Heretofore, we have frequently observed at the celebration of the societies in their separate capacity and also at the joint celebration of the two societies, that many chairs upon the platform are vacant on account of the absence of their members and the members of the faculty. It is, in our view of the case, the duty of the different members who remain here to do everything in their power for the success of these entertainments, and they should at least lend their presence to the scene, in order that the two Societies may make as handsome an appearance as possible. It should, on the other hand, be the pleasure as well as the duty of all the members of the faculty to be present on such occasions, and thus to encourage those who have labored under them during the year, and also to show their appreciation of the services of the distinguished gentlemen who came here for the purpose of delivering the addresses to the young men of the institution. The work of the Literary Societies here, when properly entered into and pursued, is a good one, and all aid and encouragement, no matter how indirect it may be, will go to show that their efforts are appreciated by those whom they are accustomed to honor and respect. In reference to the expenses that are necessary for the successful completion of these celebrations, we have always considered that the two Societies and the Final Ball Committee should be assisted by an appropriation from the funds of the University. In the

past all the funds that could be gotten together have been dissipated in this manner, and each year their members have returned not only to find empty coffers, but also not unfrequently heavy indebtedness. Last session one of the Societies had accumulated something like three hundred and fifty dollars, and among the first reports to greet the assembled members was an account of the indebtedness of the body. If financial assistance was given in the arrangement of the Final Ball, the tickets, which are so expensive as to be only accessible only to a few, might be in the reach of every one. As the matter at present stands, the committee cannot lower the price, for then funds would be inadequate to meet their expenses, and a great many of the students are denied a pleasure that should be open to each and everyone of them. We trust that an alteration may be made in this direction by those having the authority to do so, and, instead of an entertainment participated in only by a few, we may have an University Celebration in the true sense of the word.

On the evening of the first Thursday of the month, Prof. Dunnington closed the series of lectures given during the session by the professors of the University in the Public Hall. Taking for his subject "Chemical Analysis," he illustrated it with remarkably numerous experiments, that gave additional interest to the occasion. The custom of having a lecture once a month in the Public Hall from one of the professors proved an instructive and interesting diversion, and we trust that next session it may not be allowed to fall into disuse.

We are indebted to the kindness of the Chairman of the Faculty for a programme of the final exercise of the University, which we submit below :

Sunday, June 27,

8 P. M.—Report by the President of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sermon before the Association by the REV. WM. E. HATEHER, of Richmond, Va.

Monday, June 28.

Meeting of the Board of Visitors.

8 P. M.—Celebration of the Washington Literary Society.

Medalists: R. G. BICKFORD, of Virginia; J. G. COVINGTON, of Kentucky.

Tuesday, June 29.

10 A. M.—Meeting of the Society of the Alumni.

11 A. M.—Joint Celebration of the Literary Societies.

Delivery of the MAGAZINE Medal.

Address before the Literary Societies by HON. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky.

8 P. M.—Celebration of the Jefferson Literary Society.

Medalist; G. W. ANDERSON, of Georgia; C. A. SWANSON, of Virginia.

Wednesday, June 30,—Public Day.

9½ A. M.—Meeting of the Society of the Alumni.

10 A. M.—Delivery of the Diplomas. Close of the Session.

Address before the Society of the Alumni by JUDGE CHARLES E. FENNER, of Louisiana.

1½ P. M.—Meeting of the Society of the Alumni.

2 P. M.—Alumni Luncheon.

The following thrilling episode was witnessed by one of the reporters of the MAGAZINE and has been described in the following graphic language:

AN OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK!

On Monday June 21st inst., as Mr. Spot, of the Grove, was returning from a visit to his friend, Mr. T-y-l-r, of East Lawn, a ruffian of low degree attacked the above named gentleman with murderous intent. Mr. Spot defended himself nobly, a few gentlemen and one lady witnessing the bloody scene. Our friend proved himself to be a gentleman of great courage (a fact hitherto unknown) and frequently won the plaudits of the assembled crowd. Lack of space prevents us from entering into particulars, but suffice it to say that Mr. Spot came off victorious to the utter discomfort of his opponent, and with the congratulations of his friends. May he live long and prosper!

Below are some of the graduates of the University of Virginia, who during the present year have been honored with professorships in the different colleges of the country.

Prof. Wm. George Brown, of Albemarle county, now of the South Carolina Military Academy, a distinguished graduate of the chemical department, to the Chair of Chemistry and Geology in Washington and Lee University.

Rev. J. A. Quarles, of Missouri, to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Washington and Lee University.

H. C. Brock, Esq., Bachelor of Letters of the University of Virginia and former assistant in Latin, to the Chair of English in Hampden Sidney College.

Prof. W. W. Smith, of Randolph Macon College, to the Presidency of that institution to succeed the Rev. Dr. Bennett, who is also an alumnus of the University of Virginia.

Mr. F. P. Miles, a student of the present session in the chemical and scientific department of the University, to the Chair of ~~Mathematics~~ *Chemistry* in Blackburg College.

Not entirely in the academic line: Rev. Kinloch Nelson, Professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of Easton, Maryland, to succeed the late Bishop Lay, who was also an alumnus.

A young and gallant student of the University accompanying a young lady from the depot, and observing she was carrying a lady's bag, commonly known as a *reticule*, asked if he might have the pleasure of taking her *cuticle* for her.

We give in this number to the public the last of the songs contained in the collection of the minstrel troupe and burlesque Mikado:

OPENING CHORUS.

If you want to know who we are,
 We are students from varsity,
 We frequent Buston's bar,
 And get on many a spree.
 The town with red we paint,
 Our doings are queer and quaint,
 You're wrong if you think they aint!
 If you think we are very green,
 And apt to be taken in,

We'd like to know what you mean,
 For we lots of the world have seen !
 Perhaps yon think this throng,
 Can keep it up all day long—
 If that's your idea you're wrong !

SONG.—*Nanki Poo.*

If presidential sentiment is wanted,
 I've presidential *ballot* cut and dried,
 For which every party's banner may be planted,
 All other local banners are defied.
 Our " voting men " in serried ranks assembled,
 Never quail—or conceal it admirably,
 And I should'nt be suprised if *some one* trembled
 Before the mighty men of the Jeff Society.

And if you care for a song of a spree,
 We'll send the punch-bowl round,
 With yeo-heave-ho ! for our spirit's are free,
 The wide is red, and great our glee.
 Hurrah for the punch-bowl round !
 Yeo-ho-heave-ho !
 Hurrah for the punch-bowl round !
 To lay in a gutter in a howling breeze,
 May tickle a toper's taste,
 But the happiest hours a student sees,
 Is when he down
 In Charlotte town
 With a carriage at his ease, yeo-ho !
 No lectures to make him haste.
 Then drink the wine and off we go,
 As the hackman slings us round,
 With yeo heave-ho,
 Hurrah for the punch-bowl round !

CHORUS,—*Yum-Yum and School Girls.*

Braid the borrowed hair,
 Weave the supple tress,
 Though she is a " scare,"
 See her loveliness.
 As you black her face,
 Don't touch the coral lip,
 Emphasize the grace
 Of her ladyship
 Art and nature thus allied.

In this age of fashion and fashionables, it may not be amiss to publish some fashions most usually seen among ourselves, as worn by our dude friends, for they too have their place in the world of mode :

FASHION NOTES.

Mud color is a delicate color for summer trousers.

High water suspenders are frescoed this season.

Cravats are now worn on the feet.

Norfolk jackets are laced up the back, with flounces.

A Tulle Derby should be the lightest, most cloud-like piece of head-gear imaginable.

Mits are worn instead of stockings for tennis costumes.

Hair is worn *à la* Dr. Fawcett.

Mustaches are worn pompadour.

Borrowed silk hats are all the rage this month.

Patent leather handkerchiefs are in vogue.

Tin collars and tissue paper cravats go well together.

Canvas-back coats are worn décolleté.

One gallus passing over the left shoulder in place of suspenders is becoming quite popular with B. L.'s.

Crazy quilt dress suits are made with piquet polka dot facings, trimmed with rope for M. D.'s.

Celluloid dusters have taken the place of dissecting gowns.

Petro poker chips are much used.

India rubber cuffs are worn in hot weather.

Bed slats are very popular as walking sticks.

Previous breeches are worn as tennis costumes with ruffles.

White tarleton shoes with green bows are scalloped up the back and laced with trace-chains.

White tulle flasks with combination time locks will be very popular about the time of the finals.

We failed to get a list of the Eli Bananas for the April number of the MAGAZINE, in which it usually appears, and hence we present it in this. The asterisks are prefixed to initiates of this year. The Eli Banana, which does not profess to be a fraternity, was founded at the White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in 1875, and has had 112 members :

*G. B. Anderson, Va.,	*F. R. Lassiter, Va.,
G W. Anderson, Ga.,	*J. D. McKim, N. Y.,
A. H. Byrd, N. Y.,	E. M. Moore, Miss.,
L. M. Coleman, Va.,	*U. W. Muir, Ky.,
*F. E. Corbett, Tex.,	*W. C. Preston, S. C.,
*R. E. Hall, W. Va.,	*G. H. Smith, Va.,
*B. R. Harrison, Va.,	G. W. Smith, Ky.,
*C. C. Joyce, Ky.,	R. C. Taylor, Md.,
*H. P. C. Wilson, Jr., Md.	

Since the publication in our last issue of the romantic drama that was given to the public for the first time, the dramatic fever seems to have seized the youthful aspirer for fame and we are enabled to give for the first time to the public the following production :

SCENE IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE,—2 P. M.

"How now, Petro! What means that rugged scar athwart thy cheek?"

" 'Tis nothing, King, except that yester e'en I got me o'er this Range and did with yon accursed ice-barrel intermingle."

"Ah, shrewd and cunning cavalier! Thou dost avert the truth. This tale of thine is but a shift to down me circum-spection."

"Beshrew thee, but thou 'rt a clever one! I'll not deceive thee! That scar befell me in a brawl with that same recreant Paleface."

"Paleface?"

"Aye, Paleface!"

"He that doth prowl betimes about my palace i' search of 'plunder?'"

"The same, your Majesty."

"He taint thee with the rude pollution of his touch! O, that the Gods had erst ——"

"Abate thee, Sire! Turn off the faucet of thy wrath till I have told thee of my own joust, for sweet indeed the tale will fit thy mood."

"Give it to me, then, me noble Maginnis; thy silence doth rouze mine anger."

"Give o'er, then, me liege, while I do croon it thee! But yester'e'en, whilst yet I lingered on this boulevard, I did encounter this Paleface, still harping on my misfortune i' the deal!"

"O, Ven'mous tongue! What then——"

"An' thou cravest gore. Keep thine ears alert, and 't will be thine to battle on. Attend me now! When thus he did accuse me, as quick as i' were the echo of his speech he got the lie, an' e'en as quick his knuckles did I find familiar grown with this, me disc. 'T was then I massed me portions muscular, and so did I acquaint me with his frontispiece!"

"And how looked he, good Petro, when thou didst cease thy calisthenics?"

"As 'twere a far-gone cranberry had usurped his lineaments, and o'er their parts strange sediments bestrewn. Hadst thou unwittingly looked thereat, thou wouldst have thought thee 't were the very place whereon some double-barreled earthquake had lakely ta'en its roost!"

"'Tis well, me portly Pete, thou hast spoken nobly; thy speech doth smack of deeds most nobly done; hie thee to me palace where thou mayst receive thy fit reward!"

"That's me King."

[Exit]

It is a notable but not generally known fact that the University of Virginia has more alumni in the present Congress than any other institution of learning in the country, and more than any other institution ever had in any one session of Congress.

On the invitations to the Final Celebration of the Jefferson Literary Society the name of Geo. B. Anderson was by mistake placed for that of Geo. W. Anderson.

Prof. S. M. Barton, of Emory and Henry, Ph. D. of last session, has been with us on a visit.

Hon. Hunter Woods, of Kentucky, an alumnus of the University, and who has been appointed internal revenue collector under the present administration, was here sometime since on a visit.

Books Received.

SALAMMBÔ OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. *Englished* by Mr. French Sheldon. Saxon & Co.: New York and London.

In the translation of this great book Mr. Sheldon has made a valuable addition to the libraries of English-speaking people. The author has introduced into the realm of fiction a phase of life and history that may well interest the curious and entertain at the same time the lighter novel reader. He has given us in ornate style and diction a fine picture of the daughter of Harmilcer Berce, and the scenes amid which the young Hannibal spent his youth. We rarely meet a more graphically drawn scene than that contained in the pages describing the feast of the mercenaries in the palace grounds at Harmilcer. In the fiction he has mingled much of truth and has given us a good representation of the mercenaries employed by ancient nations for the purpose of exterminating others. In short, we can commend the book to all readers as

one of the highest merit, both as regards instruction and amusement, and it may be said of this work, that it only goes to prove how easily history may be arranged in the garb of fiction. The translator has in the main done his work well, but we would prefer to see the word *translated* instead of the modern *Englised*, which appears in the title page of the volume.

Among Our Exchanges.

The June number of the *Nassau Lit.* is with us, and for once this goodly apple is somewhat too mellow at the core, and its contents keep not pace with its elegant exterior. The prize essay on "Massinger" opens with a curl which like its methaphoric "towering billows" goes utterly to pieces long before the shore of its aim is reached. In continuation its author writes of "summits of genius," "characterization," "bold pencilings," and other such abstractions, perhaps, as are "absolutely necessary" to conceal the lack of a definite idea. Yet we would not do the writer the injustice to leave the impression that the article contains no spark of promise. He has attempted too much, has reflected too little. With more reflection he might give to the magazine of his Alma Mater better samples of his mental workings. The article on "Contemporary French Art" show that its subject matter has been even less well digested than that of the essay which treats of Massinger. Of the book notices some are good and show much skill of pen, while some are mere advertisements and contain no element of critical review.

It is with pleasure that we turn to the *Hampden Sidney Magazine*, whose editors have placed before their minds a high ideal toward which they strive, and in so doing find a

due measure of success. It can safely be said that no college of the same number of students can boast a magazine of equal merits.

In the *Amherst Student* there is nothing that can be read with the slightest interest by those unacquainted with the Amherst base-ball nine, which seems to have been unusually successful of late, in that it has lost only three games out of the four mentioned. The "Brown" nine seems to have fared equally as well, having lost only two out of the three games whose scores are given in the *Brunonian* for June 17th. This magazine attempts a little more than the *Amherst Student*, and succeeds only a little better.

The Vanderbilt Observer devotes a page and a half to the "Study of Greek," and brings up many of the reasons now-a-days given why the study of the Ancient Languages should not be abandoned for the Natural Sciences. It is well to know both, yet in view of the fact that the natural world furnishes a broader field of research for the active mind, a field which ever widens the further we advance and ever furnishes new beauties, and leads the way to the betterment of the human family, there must be some people who see the question differently and who prefer the reality of nature to the idle dreaminess, whether the dream be of the fiercer or the gentler human passions provoked by study of Greek or of Latin.

But we have not time nor space to discuss this question now, and so must pass to the *Wake Forest Student*, which, in the June number, contains much matter that might be read, though little that is readable. We have little doubt that "Free Education by Taxation" is good, but life is short.

The *North Western* is about as usual, and we leave the duty of criticising it to its editors.

The *Pennsylvania Western* contains some book advertisements, and perhaps something else, but this is very perhaps.

Of the *Caliopean Clarion* we would repeat our remarks on the *Pennsylvania Western*, save that it has no book advertisements.

The *Troy Polytechnic* and *Lafayette* are also on our table.

Bric-a-Brac.

An English lawyer would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his irritated lordship cried: "Sir, 'tis no use speaking; what you say to me goes through at one ear and out of the other." The advocate would not be silenced. "My lord," he said, "it's no wonder, when there's nothing between them to stop it."—*Ex.*

The heraldic device of the Smith family of Virginia is said to be a club flush and the motto: "Thus doth Poker-haunt-us."—*Ex.*

"I see," said Mrs. Follinsbee, looking up from her paper the other evening, "that they say that Modjeska has a lot of perfect sticks supporting her this season."

"That is entirely appropriate," replied the colonel with a diabolical grin.

"How is that?"

"Why, she is a Pole herself, you know."

Mrs. Follinsbee was so indignant that she did n't speak to him for all the evening.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Muldoon: "Mrs. Mulcahy, have you heard the new rimidy for hydrophoby?" Mrs. Mulcahy: "Phat is it?" Mrs. Muldoon: "Plasteur of Paris."—*Ex.*

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