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TEN O'CLOCK.

Once upon a dark night dreary, while with Latin I was weary,
With new Greek and Latin—Latin that I ne'er had read before;
While I sat there, nearly napping, gazing o'er that cursed Latin,
Suddenly there came a rapping, came a rapping at my door.
"Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, glancing now toward the lock,
Then I thought 'twas ten o'clock.
Ah! quite well I now remember, it was not in bleak December,
But in cold February, fifteen days had passed, or more;
Sad, I knew, would be the morrow, vainly had I sought to borrow
From my "horse" surcease of sorrow—sorrow caus'd by Grecian bore;
O perplexing, tiresome one! were he now here, his head I'd knock,
Even if 'twere ten o'clock.
Then the slowly flapping curtain—what's its color I'm uncertain,
'Tis drab perhaps, perhaps 'tis gray, perhaps 'tis neither, no more
Care I than you—idly flapping, it aroused me nearly napping,
Thinking of that startling rapping; and the lamp did'st gleam outpour,
And the whirling, dancing, ticking, lightly-running little clock
Softly murmur'd, "Ten o'clock."
Then my rage arose unbounded; what, cried I, is this confounded
Noise with which my ear is wounded?—noise I ne'er had heard before.
Quickly then the curtain snatching, conscious of some trouble hatching,
Then the string I firmly catching, fix'd it so 'twould flap no more,
When again across the stillness of the night there came a knock,
But, ah me! 'twas ten o'clock.
Then I mutter'd 'twixt my breathing, and within my ire was seething,
Anger'd that a bold intruder had disturb'd me mid such lore.
"Your impudence is quite surpassing, sir, your visit's most harassing!"
In the drawer the "pony" passing, "Come," I cried, "Come in the door."
In he enter'd, slowly saying, while the time-piece beat tick-tock,
"Gentlemen, it's ten o'clock!"
My condition was perplexing, the unwished-for entrance vexing;
My chum was out, the curtain down, shut, the transom o'er the door;
But I suave replied, "Thank you;" mentally I swore "you crank, you,
Go to New York, go, and hang you!" Here he gently clos'd the door;
Yet another moment paus'd he, with his hand upon the lock,
And again said, "Ten o'clock!"
Closed the door was, the lamp burning, and the pages slowly turning,
I studied on. The "pony" from the drawer I quickly tore.
My report the week succeeding? Barely, then, with all my pleading,
Did I scape a retroceding—expulsion from this wretched shore.
Then all my cunning was discover'd; my finesse did at me mock,
Who read after ten o'clock.
Now reclining, slowly smoking, while the darkness is unbroken,
By light o' mine, I hear a step fall 'cross th' unpolish'd floor;
While reclining, slowly smoking, the silence still remains unbroken,
Save a voice forever croaking, calling out at ev'ry door,
Like some black portentous raven, flying high from rock to rock,
"Gentlemen, it's ten o'clock!"

FAMOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

London Times.
The splendid collection of manuscripts brought together by the late Earl of Ashburnham has been offered to the nation, and the Trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for its purchase. This announcement will not altogether take the country by surprise. That wonderful library of printed books and manuscripts, which now rests within the walls of the old family seat of the Ashburnhams, in one of the fairest spots of Sussex, has long been an object to which the literary world has turned its thoughts. What would be its fate? Would those treasures which so many years of patience and enthusiasm and judgment had collected be again dispersed to the four quarters of heaven? or would they find a fitting home on the shelves of some great national library? Disquieting rumors have from time to time been afloat. Now a whisper of negotiations with Berlin, now the hint of a compact with some great city in the far West, has disturbed the equanimity and roused the fears of English scholars. Happily, such rumors, whatever their foundation, have resulted in nothing. Lord Ashburnham comes first to his own country with an offer. He is unwilling that the collections which his father formed, and with which his father's name will always be associated, should be broken up. But the printed books and the manuscripts of the library may be fairly separated, and accordingly the latter are now offered *en bloc* to the national library.
The Ashburnham manuscripts consist of four divisions, or we may even say of four separate libraries. The first is the great collection formed by Prof. Libri, which Lord Ashburnham purchased in 1848, a collection rich in codices of most ancient date, in illuminated manuscripts, mediæval literature, particularly that of Italy, and in most extensive correspondence of scientific and literary men. Next come the manuscripts brought together by the French collector Barrois, the strength of which lies in their invaluable early texts of French poetry and romances. The third portion is the Stowe library, which passed from the Duke of Buckingham to Lord Ashburnham in 1849. Here we have a rich store of material for English history, ancient charters, monastic registers, State papers, heralds' visitation books, and antiquarian collections. Irish history and literature are also well represented, for this portion of the Ashburnham Library includes the numerous and valuable codices which belonged to the Celtic scholar, Dr. Charles O'Connor. To the three great divisions which have been named is to be added the portion called the Appendix, a modest title which ill describes the numerous and well-chosen manuscripts which the late Earl acquired from time to time at various sales and from many persons and places. The exquisitely illuminated books, the rich bindings, and the long row of Chaucers, Wyckliffes, Oecleves, and other early English manuscripts, the historical papers, charters, and registers of this part

of the library prove what patience, good judgment, a ready purse, and the reputation of a great connoisseur can achieve. Altogether the Ashburnham collection amounts to something under 4,000 volumes, and considering the almost priceless nature of certain individual volumes, and the varied and high literary value of the different classes, it is no exaggeration to say that, as a private library of manuscripts, it stands unrivalled.
Among the most ancient manuscripts of the library, the one which is probably best known by repute is the Pentateuch of the Libri collection. Of at least as early a date as the seventh century, this codex is one of that small number of volumes which have descended to us to show what the artist's brush could do in those early ages. Executed probably in Italy, it contains nearly a score of large colored illustrations, of the greatest value to students of the history of painting and of costume. Of even greater interest, however, to the palæographer are the still more ancient Latin manuscripts, of which there are not a few. One of these, a portion of the Psalter, may be assigned to as remote a period as the fourth century, and would probably stand comparison with the oldest codices which even the Vatican Library could produce.
Unlitteral embarrass de richesse, in which an examination of the catalogues of this wonderful collection involves us, it is difficult to select volumes for special notice without feeling that we are doing a wrong to others of equal value which our space compels us to pass over in silence. To take things almost at random, we may turn to the catalogue of the Stowe collection, a thoroughly English one, and jot down a few of its treasures. First stands a volume, which is justly called matchless, containing upward of forty Anglo-Saxon charters, dating from the close of the seventh century to the period of the Conquest. The stimulus which the study of our early history and language has received of late years, renders the preservation of these ancient relics of national importance. Of kindred interest and value is the ancient register of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, written in the eleventh century, and adorned with drawings by an Anglo-Saxon artist. An original wardrobe book, or account of the expenditure of Edward II., is next cited, as well as inventories of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe, plate and jewels. The Stowe Library is also extremely rich in State papers. Foremost of these are the ten volumes entitled, "Hanoverian Papers," comprising the correspondence of the Electress Sophia and her son the Elector, afterward King George I., with members of both political parties in England, and other original letters, and, perhaps, next in importance for modern history is the extensive collection of correspondence and papers of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Charles II. But the student of an earlier period of our history will find a store of material in the twelve volumes of correspondence of Sir Thomas Edmond, Ambassador in France and the Netherlands in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Here, too, we

find Sir William Coventry's papers, of the time of Charles II.; the letter-books of James, Lord Chandos, Ambassador at Constantinople, 1681-1688; Alexander Stanhope's dispatches from the Hague, 1700-1705, and the correspondence of Richard Phelps, Secretary to the Embassy at Turin in 1744, and Under Secretary of State in 1764. Here, too, is the original diary of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, for the year 1688, and here is the letter-book of Sir Samuel Luke, the original of Butler's "Hudibras," containing his correspondence while he held Newport Pagnell for the Parliament in 1644 and 1645. Nor should we omit a volume of 100 letters addressed to Secretary Craggs by John, Duke of Marlborough, and his indefatigable spouse, the lady contributing three-fourths of the number, and throwing in also an occasional postscript to her husband's less effusive missives.
An important feature in the Ashburnham Library is its noble series of manuscripts of Dante. Of the "Divina Commedia," or portions of it, there are between twenty and thirty codices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, some remarkable for their readings, others for the beauty of their writing and ornamentation. In addition there are some fifteen volumes which contain commentaries on the "Commedia," as well as other works of Dante, notably his "De Monarchiâ." This simple statement is enough to show that we have here a collection which surpasses any private library of manuscripts of the great Italian poet, and fairly rivals the national collection. Add it to the latter, and the result will be a series which might almost compete with the great libraries of Florence.
We cannot here do more than name the best of the numerous French romances and poems which enrich the collection. A very handsome and highly valuable manuscript of Perceval la Galois, the work which stands at the head of the Saint-Graal literature, is of the thirteenth century; of the same date are two copies of Agolant, one of the Charlemagne *chansons de gestes*, a Garin la Lohérain, an excellent text of Parthénopex de Blois, and a Renard. Of rather later date are a most valuable manuscript containing Guiron le Courtois and other pieces, a unique romance of the Round Table, and a Chatelin de Coucy. And lastly, there is a collection of saints' lives, etc., in a volume written in England in the twelfth century.
Students of early English also will have nothing to complain of when they turn for material to the Ashburnham collection. They will find a Psalter of the eleventh century, with Anglo-Saxon gloss; a volume of homilies of the end of the twelfth century: texts of Piers Plowman, of Chaucer, Gower, Oecleve, Hampole, and other writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; one of those rare collections of mysteries or plays of the fifteenth century, and nearly a score of Bibles and New Testaments and portions of the Bible of Wycliffe's version and Wycliffite tracts.
We have reserved to the last our notice of that portion of the collection which appeals more especially to the eye. First to

mention the various specimens of binding, of which there are many which have finely cut ivories inserted in the covers. The earliest one is a very beautiful example of Italian work of the seventh century. A grolier and several fine specimens of richly tooled leather bindings are also to be seen. But all these are cast into the shade by an ancient copy of the Gospels, of the tenth century, magnificently bound in covers of silver-gilt and engraved metal, enriched with a perfect blaze of jewels and enamels. For its splendor and costliness, and still more for the artistic merit of its repoussé work, this binding is certainly one of the finest in existence.

The illuminated manuscripts are of immense value. The schools of England, France, Italy, Flanders, and Germany are represented, the first three by numerous examples, and all by one or more manuscripts of the very first order of excellence. Of English manuscripts the first to attract attention is a psalter of the fourteenth century, ornamented with miniatures and borders drawn with extreme delicacy and colored with the most exact harmony. But this is eclipsed by a Book of Hours—a perfect marvel of the finest workmanship of the fifteenth century, which probably stands alone among the productions of our native artists of the period. Nothing can surpass the richness of the designs of the borders or the minute working of the details of the miniatures. The French school is well represented by a delicately illuminated psalter of the middle of the fourteenth century, ornamented in the style which is conspicuous in the manuscript executed for that great collector, Charles V.; by a Boethius, of the fifteenth century, illustrated with miniatures of the finest execution; by several volumes of the same period, filled with miniatures in colors or camaïeu; and by a *Livre d'Heures of the time of Francis I.*, in which is a series of paintings of the most perfect finish. Of the Italian school there are several beautiful volumes, but we must be content with noticing two only of exceptional interest. First, a "Book of Hours," written in the beautiful handwriting of the famous scribe, Sinibaldo, of Florence, in 1485, probably for Lorenzo de Medici. The miniatures of this volume are remarkable for the small scale on which they are drawn and for the finish of the painting, while the borders are some of the richest examples of the fine star patterns which give so much grace to Italian manuscripts of this period. The second manuscript is one of those rare volumes which render famous any collection to which they may happen to belong. Known as the "Albani Missal," after its former owners, it was purchased in Rome in 1848 by the late Mr. James Dennistoun. It is a manuscript of officers, and was executed apparently for Alemanno Salviati, gonfaloniere of Florence and brother-in-law of Lorenzo de Medici, and given by him to one of his relatives of the house of Barocelli. The calendar at the beginning is ornamented with most exquisite medallions in the best Florentine style, and the borders and initials throughout the volume are in no way inferior. But the glory of the book consists in five full-page miniatures, each the work of a master. The first is by the hand of Amico Aspertini, of Bologna, the pupil of Francia, and is signed by him. The next is attributed, with apparently good reason, to Lorenzo di Credi, and the third and fourth, though unassigned, are of the highest excellence. The fifth crowns the book with a St. Sebastine, a composition full of tenderness and grace, which at once proclaims itself to the delighted gaze as the work of Perugino, and renders needless the inscription, "Petrus

Prusinus pinxit," which is to be read at the foot of the painting.

Such are a few of the specimens of this extraordinary collection. In autographs, again, it is singularly rich. The Libri collection of the letters of Italian scholars and men of letters of the Renaissance period is wholly unmatched and wholly beyond the reach of any possible rivalry; the materials are not in existence for making any similar collection. This, indeed, may be said in general of by far the greater part of the manuscript portion of the Ashburnham library. The eminent book-seller who negotiated the sale of the Hamilton manuscripts to the German government has already been in treaty with the Earl of Ashburnham on behalf of the same eager client, and though the Earl has generously preferred to allow the refusal to the Trustees of the British Museum, there is little doubt that the government, which gave £85,000 for one collection, will gladly give less than twice the money for another which is five times as numerous, as well as incomparably more valuable. Setting aside the unique Botticelli "Dante," and certain historical manuscripts, the Hamilton collection is by comparison almost insignificant. But even if Germany hesitates, America is certain to be ready. Chicago is already looking to a bequest made by a wealthy native of some \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 for the purchase of a library, and though the widow of the benefactor has a life interest in the bequest, the astute financiers of Chicago would find no difficulty in raising immediately such a sum as £160,000 on the security of the reversion. We will hope, however, that our own treasury will give no chance either to Germany or to Chicago.

The Teachers that Teach in Illinois.

It is by some persons considered an open question whether education educates.—There is no question that educational machinery properly lubricated with cash, moves smoothly, taking in at one end of its curriculum thousands of bright-eyed urchins, and turning them out duly at the other end after five or six years, with more or less of knowledge. But the machine seems to be out of gear in Illinois, and the urchins will have a poor show, as the following answers given at an examination by several teachers in Adams county, Illinois, holding first-grade certificates, would indicate:

One named as three living American poets—Shakespeare, Byron and Longfellow.

One teacher thought Shakespeare was dead, thought he died in Indiana about twenty years ago.

Another said "Pilgrim's Progress" was written by Longfellow.

Another said "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written by Byron.

Another thought a bicycle was a musical instrument.

Another did not know what a telephone was.

Another did not know that Congress was in session the past winter.

Another thought that Frelinghuysen was a machine.

Several had not heard of the Vienna or United States floods, or of the Star-route trial. Most of them are men teachers, and these are only part of the answers.

It now appears that arsenical poisoning is not confined to green colors, but that wall papers and articles of dress of a mauve, fawn, or red color, may be equally poisonous.

If you make your youth a savings bank you will not need any one's charity in old age.

Gotham Gossip.

NEW YORK, May 8th, 1883.

Warm weather seems at last to have settled down upon us, although the heat is as yet noticeable principally during the three hours immediately following noon. The mornings and evenings are decidedly cool and overcoats in consequence remain any, thing but drugs in the clothing market. This cool weather is having its effect on the business of these Bonifaces who seek to provide comfort in the shape of out-of-door drinking resorts. A great many of these places are ready for the reception of guests, but while a stove still radiates warmth there is no satisfaction in shivering in the open air. The list of out-of-door resorts will be materially improved by the addition of a novel summer garden at the Casino Theatre. It is to be established on the roof of the famous Mooresque Building, and is to be gotten up and furnished in the Moorish style throughout. The floor is to be laid in cork so as to deaden footsteps. Six hundred miniature Moorish lamps will light up the place; fountains will sparkle and tropical plants will exhale their fragrance. The roof has been so arranged that its centre may be almost entirely removed. Around this open space a railing will be built, and then one may look down into the auditorium below and admire the beautiful Moorish designs, the fantastic lamps set off by the silk hangings, and drink in the strains which a choice orchestra will send forth. This place will be a decided and charming novelty, and if the management is strict enough to keep out the *demi-monde* patronage it will become quite a resort for nice people who will have to stay in town during the summer, as well as for out-of-town visitors. It is to be opened about June 1st.

It may not be generally known that there is quite a boom again for frog's legs. The cook at a club tells me that he has an enormous demand for them and a leading fish dealer says that the supply does not nearly come up to the demand. Frog-catchers by the hundred are now at work in the New England States and along the marshes of Long Island.

Speaking of frogs legs reminds me that the annual dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club will shortly be held. This club is composed of worthy gastronomical pioneers who mean to show the rest of mankind that almost everything in the finny world is edible—shark fins, dog fish, in fact everything which the ignorant world looks down upon with contempt, aversion or disgust. They have a perfect *chef*, however; and what he does not know about making an apparently worthless morsel appear not alone as a toothsome, but as a positive delicacy, is not worth knowing. I am afraid, however, that he is very much like the Frenchman who professed to be able to make a very fine soup with a cobble stone. He washed his stone and let it boil and then he put in pieces of meat, quantities of vegetables etc., to such an extent that everybody was amazed at the strength and flavor of the dish. Finally, however, some one asked him how the soup would have tasted had he not put in any vegetables and meat into the kettle and then the ingenious cook had to subside. I am afraid however, that previous discussions of Ichthyophagous dinners will have the effect of somewhat diminishing the success of the present one. I know the last one came very near breaking up several households and being the direct cause of three wives determining to seek separations from their husbands. As everybody knows when one eats fish, he has to drink. It is a law of nature that fish like to swim. Now when you eat large quantities of fish you must

drink much. Imagine, therefore, a gentleman coming home in the small hours of the morning, and in endeavoring to utter the word Ichthyophagous. The effect is enough to stamp even a blue ribbon apostle forever as "a nasty drunkard."

The present exhibition of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is undoubtedly the best and finest displays of works of art this city has ever known. Over half a million of dollars have been presented to the institution since General De Cesnola, the discoverer of the Cyprian antiquities has been placed at its head, and its steady growth is now an assured fact. The two west galleries have been reserved for the loan collections, and so crowded are the walls with famous and in some cases almost priceless pictures as to fully show what a foothold the Museum has gained among the patrons of art in New York.

W. H. Vanderbilt sailed for Europe last Saturday. He says that he does not intend to buy any new pictures but he has already ordered—as malicious people say—a couple of acres of canvases. "William," as an old Wall Street magnate famous for his wit said, "is never small. He never sends around the corner for a pound of coffee when he wants to drink a cup of the fragrant beverage, but he buys up a plantation. It is the same way with a picture. Other men purchase something that they like, or give an order to a painter for such and such a subject. William does not do this. He goes to Meissenier, or Makart, or Munkaczey or some other famous artist and says: 'I want five square yards of canvas, and I want you to paint something on it.' They do it and William always pays well, providing the picture is big enough." All the same Mr. Vanderbilt has done a great deal for art. For, although he may not be able to criticize pictures and run other people's works of art down as some other rich men do who never buy a canvas, he has afforded American artists plenty of means of study. The effect of his retirement from the management of his different roads has been slightly felt in Wall Street. Vanderbilt was not a "King of the Street," as Gould was. His financial genius never made the street tremble, and at the same time made every hurt operator admire the man who dealt him the blows under which he staggered. Whatever Vanderbilt did, he did by the sheer force of overwhelming millions, and had he tried the game long enough, the Wall Street geniuses would have taken them away from him in a very short time.

Baseball has regained its pristine glory in this city. For years it has languished but now it is really the sport again. Even on ordinary days four or five thousand people gather at the Polo Grounds, and on great match days as many as ten and twelve thousand fill the field and grand stand. The Metropolitan Exhibition Company who have rented the grounds are making a wonderfully good thing of the enterprise. Last year on a capital of \$20,000 they netted a profit of \$40,000. This year they are bound to make \$100,000.

A Lion once put on an Ass's skin and went out walking in The Woods. Meeting an Ass, the Lion said: "Good morning." "Good morning to you, sir," retorted the Ass. "Who are you?" "I am an Ass," said the Lion. "Beg pardon, but you are a lynx," said the Ass. Then the Lion went along until suddenly he tumbled to the joke, whereupon he killed himself. The moral of this is: "Never make an Ass of yourself."—*Kansas City Journal*.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions, if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

The Closing Lecture of the Course of Scientific Lectures, Delivered Before the Senior Class by Prof. Wm. H. Zimmerman.

The twelfth and last of the course of scientific lectures was delivered on the 10th of May. As the closing lecture, it consisted of a series of experiments varied in character, yet all the effect of galvanic action. The subject of the two preceding lectures was "Practical Photography," and photos completed during those lectures were presented, during this lecture, to the class. Experiments were made as follows: Galvani's flash was produced by drawing the ends of electrodes across a file; ignition of platinum wire and production of the incandescent electric light was effected; a spiral of platinum wire was ignited and fused; Zimmerman's hydro-electric or parlor lamp, self-lighting and extinguishing, was exhibited and explained; the electric arc light between incandescent carbon points, both in air and under water, was produced, (the first light of the kind ever made at this College, and perhaps in Westminster); heavy copper wire was rendered red hot in contact with carbon plates; electric (auroral) light was exhibited in rarefied gasses, as follows:

Geisler's tube, containing hydrogen rarefied for showing stratification of the light; tube of Becquerel, containing rarefied air and a metallic sulphuret (the sulphuret becomes phosphorescent after the passage of the electric current); tube with double envelope containing quinine solution, to show the fluorescence of that body; tube containing pearls of uranium glass in rarefied air, to show the green fluorescence of uranium glass; tube containing a vase of uranium glass, to show Gassiot's cascade.

The Ruhmkorff coil and electric tubes, together with a fine battery and connecting cables used in this lecture, were presented to Prof. Zimmerman by an esteemed friend of his in Philadelphia.

It may also be remarked that out of the multitude of experiments performed during the course of lectures, though many were very delicate and difficult, no single failure occurred to mar in any way the beauty and certainty of the illustrations.

The last experiment was the rapid decomposition of water, and occasional recombination of the separated gases. The editors, thinking that it would prove interesting to the readers of the GAZETTE to read at least a part of one of these lectures, as it was originally spoken insert, at their own solicitation, the concluding portion of the last of this term's lectures. It is as follows:

In concluding this series of lectures, or perhaps better these long hour exercises, with the class among roughly illustrated facts of natural science, I deem it proper to the great and exhaustless subject we have approached, as well as due to you and in justice to myself, to offer a few closing thoughts, which, though they may add no new force, may serve to fix more certainly impressions already formed. The study of Natural Philosophy is the study of the material world, and in its widest sense must be traced back to the very origin of our race, for ever since man awoke to the consciousness of intellectual manhood the spectacle of the heavens above and the constantly changing aspect of objects on his terrestrial home, must have engaged the primitive awakenings of his uttered or unexpressed emotions and thoughts, and inclined the energies of his mind in the direction of a natural philosophy, however simple, which embodies all the replies which his infantile inquiries encouraged or surrounding nature suggests. But the exact scien-

tist of to-day informs us that isolated and vague observations, and the barren admiration of phenomena, which provoke attention or excite curiosity, do not constitute science; this can only exist where there is a mass of accurate knowledge, in which the facts are related to each other and studied in connection with the causes which produce them. This process of co-ordination or relating is only possible after a considerable collection of facts has been accumulated; but it then becomes inevitable from the very constitution of the human mind. This is fully exemplified by the efforts of those philosophers whom history places among those nations that rocked the cradle of our civilization, and sung the patriarchal lullaby in the morning of humanity—efforts to explain the mechanism of the external world—to bring all the facts which nature presents to us under one thought, and form thereby one great, all-comprehensive system.

The Egyptian priests clothed their physical knowledge upon the Greek mind, and Thales assumed *water* a universal principle, nourishing at once the sun and earth and planets. Plato's two distinct principles, *matter* and *form*, gave birth, in their combinations, to earth, air, ether, fire and water. From Anaximander's *infinite* arose the countless all; while the *air* of Anaxagoras became the sovereign of the world. It is true that the exact meaning of all this, taken in its literal sense, appears at the present day (to the eyes of science only it would seem) sufficiently unintelligible. Yet, while there is due to those early thinkers much praise for the boldness of their thoughts and the successful collection of some valuable facts, in the elaboration of their systems experiment played no part, and observation held only a secondary place. The *a priori* concept was that to which all facts had to be accommodated or suffer rejection, and about which crystalized the whimsical irregularities which have served so successfully in the obscuring processes of subsequent metaphysical foggings.

The experimental method consists, says the scientist, in observing facts instead of trying to divine them; in carefully examining what really happens, and not in reasoning as to what ought to happen. It is, therefore, entirely independent of metaphysics, which has always proved a false ally; in fact, as long as the dominion of metaphysics lasted, science continued to run in the old ruts, which it did not leave till (thanks to the teachings of heroic scientists) the conviction became established that there is no way of arriving at physical truths but by the help of observation and experiment. The experimental method is usually called by logicians the method of observation and induction. From the observation of particular facts it ascends to the general law which embraces them; being very different in this respect from the method of deduction employed in mathematics, in which we always descend from a certain and absolute principle to the different consequences which flow from it.

At the present day, after numberless discoveries which have introduced most material changes in our social condition, physical science has attained a very high degree of perfection. It is to the experimental method that we owe this result, and it is by remaining true to this method that we must hope to achieve fresh progress.

But we cannot, however, it is said, be too often reminded that the really great men, and those who are the sole permanent benefactors of their species, are not the great experimenters, nor the great observers, nor the great readers, nor the great scholars, but the *great thinkers*. Thought is the creator and vivifier of all human affairs. Actions, facts and external manifestations

of every kind, often triumph for a while, but it is the progress of ideas which ultimately determines the progress of the world. Unless these are changed every other change is superficial, and every improvement is precarious. It is, however, evident that in the present state of our knowledge all ideas respecting nature must be conceived either with what is regular, uniform, and obedient to recognized principles, or else with what is irregular, perturbed and disobedient. Of these two divisions, the first belongs to science; the second to superstition.

But depth of thought like this tends only on to deeper depths, and the end comes not. We must pause, yet over the vast expanse we may cast an eye, and, with the poet, in passionless composure address

"Serene philosophy,
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee what were unenlightened man?
A savage roaring through the woods and wilds,
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life."

To you, my young friends; I sincerely commend the study of the natural sciences.

Rightly pursued, new fields of pleasure will constantly open before you, and experiences of rapture will be no small portion of a life industriously spent in this way. The world about us is everywhere full of glory, but the dull eye of ignorance beholds it not. The thorn that pierces and the fire that burns are but pain-producing angels ministering to our happiness by protecting us from the evil to which our want of a proper love for nature exposes us all. Knowledge is the expression of that love drawn out by the liberal processes of education, which, when it works upon a noble mind, brings to view many latent virtues and perfections that, without its aid, would never be able to make their appearance.

Yet the most elaborate and manifold apparatus of education or instruction can impart nothing of importance to the passive and inert mind.

The work of education is, after all that may be done for us, mainly within our own hands. We must do the taking in, the digesting and the assimilating, and, indeed, carry on all the processes in the work of individual mind-building.

Degarando has truly said: "If all the means of education which are scattered over the world, and if all the philosophers and teachers of ancient and modern times, were to be collected together and made to bring their combined efforts to bear upon an individual, all they could do would be to afford the opportunity of improvement."

Our institutions are many; our teachers numerous; books, pile on pile, are more or less accessible; yet all these are but instrumentalities; with these at our command and the fruitful fields of the vast universe spread out before us, we have but to take the guiding hand of nature, and everywhere be lead to nature's God.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this one life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us; so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so fill
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall ever prevail against us, or distrust
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

The Face Against the Pane.

It has been truly said that half the world knows not how the other half lives. We pass along among our fellow-men from day to day, knowing not what cares and sorrows, what anxieties, what hopes deferred make the heart sick. Poverty, disease, and death may be about us and we know it not. Each one travels along thinking his own burden the heaviest, forgetting too often,

alas! that other hearts may be more heavily afflicted; that other lives may be more hopeless still, that the sky of others may be of midnight blackness, while his clouds may be few and like those of a summer's day. Who has not sometime in his life seen a face pressed against the pane? and what does it mean? Does not that act tell us that that heart is sad? How many there are in this world whose lives have been darkened by circumstances which have prevented them from reaching that goal which their hearts have craved, or drinking of the waters of that fountain of success for which their souls have thirsted? Poverty with its galling chain has bound many a man where he stood, and with a voice, stern and loud, bade him remain, and attempt not to gain his freedom, though his soul may be burning within him to mingle in the world and take the place which he feels he could fill so well. The longings which fill that burdened heart, the cries which rise are those of anguish too deep for utterance. The man feels with a bitter heart-rending cry the full deep meaning of the words, "It might have been;" and does it not take courage, courage born of trial and affliction, to say, "Thy will be done?" And O, how hard it often is for us, when sorrows and reverses come and bow the spirit down, to look up with confidence into our Father's face and say, "Thy will be done." The face against the pane! See that child-like form, that wan and weary face, with its expression of loveliness and misery. It is a child, whose life has been one of darkness and gloom, instead of being, as it should, one of brightness and joy. Its face is pressed against the pane; out of the window, away beyond it looks, as if it would pierce the veil and see the mysteries of eternity, or if it would melt the world into compassion and tenderness, entreating it to be kind to the poor, neglected child. The home is full of the evidences of poverty and wretchedness, the comforts of life are not there, often the very necessities are wanting; the father, once a father indeed, now no longer looks with loving smiles upon his little daughter, no kind words greet her now, but curses rest upon that little head, whose crown so early has become one of sorrow. O, it seems to me that the punishment of those who embitter the youthful years, those years which should be a time of innocence and joy, will be greater than we can imagine! Surely God will visit them with His severest judgments, for He loved the little children, and has told us that except we become as they we can have no inheritance in the kingdom above. Home should be made the dearest, sweetest spot on earth, the spot where the earliest and strongest ties of affection should ever linger. There should be no face pressed against the pane for want of happiness and hope around the home fireside; no attraction should be greater than that of the place of our first love, a mother's love. Then,

"Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home."

Knowing then that so many hearts are sad and sorrowful, so many lives filled with disappointments and unsatisfied longings, should not we be kind to all? For we know not how much influence a kind word or look may have on the future destiny of some poor wayfarer, whose thoughts may be turned toward the good and pure, and whose aim may become a noble life, the fruits of which may be of lasting benefit to mankind, and our reward shall be great, knowing that we have saved a soul from death and faithfully done the will of our Heavenly Master.

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LINTHICUM & GWYNN, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MAY, 1883.

In different seasons of the year the all-absorbing topic of conversation with some people is the prevailing fashion. This subject has, no doubt, been well discussed this spring. Many have been heard speaking of the fancy hats or bonnets and the stylish dresses they intended to have made. Students at school are not generally so particular about being in fashion as those who are mingled in the society of the gay world; but I have heard one of our dignified seniors say that "he would wear a coat with only one side to it and no sleeves at all, if it were the style." In the male sex this mania is not confined to young men alone; for many widowers, and even old bachelors, are seen strutting around the streets trying to find something that is stylish, but cheap. There are many exceptions among married men. The proper fashion for husbands is to attend strictly to their duties and strive to make home happy and comfortable, and establish there the first impressions of piety and industry; for such impressions will have a lasting influence. There are many husbands who do not follow those fashions which are proper for them to follow. In the opposite sex we are inclined to believe that fashion is confined almost exclusively to the young; for old maids who follow the fashion, as well as the young ones, are always young, in their own opinions, or else they pretend to be young. There is scarcely any use, though, in speaking of different sexes; for ladies are the fashionable creatures of earth, and fashion belongs almost exclusively to them. Some of the fair sex often have the latest and most fashionable style on their heads; the latest and most fashionable style on their bodies, and the latest and most fashionable style on their brains. It always takes a lady six times as long to put on a new and stylish bonnet than it does for her to take into pieces an old one and make a more stylish shaped bonnet out of it. This is one disadvantage of fashions for ladies; that is they waste about three-fourths of their time in fixing and putting on their stylish dresses. A gentleman was heard to say the other day that he had an engagement to escort a lady to an entertainment, so he called about half an hour before time to go to the entertainment, and the mother of the young lady told him that her daughter had begun to dress about two or three hours ago and that she thought the girl would be down in a few minutes. After waiting somewhat over an hour the lady came in and viewing

herself in the parlor looking-glass, found that her hat was not fixed exactly to suit her, and took fifteen minutes longer to arrange every thing about her head to suit her taste exactly. Instead of being attracted by the gaudy dress of the young lady, the gentleman was utterly disgusted with her, for when they arrived at the place for holding the entertainment, they found that it was nearly over. Although this may be somewhat exaggerated, those boys who have sisters, can bear witness to the fact that this story bears a close relation to the truth. It would not be so objectionable to follow the prevailing fashion to a certain extent; for instance, it would be seemingly proper to purchase and wear an article which is at the same time useful as well as ornamental; but to waste so much time in trifling work which results in unbeneficial and worthless articles, is perfectly ridiculous. Fashion, like every thing else, can be carried to extremes, and when carried to extremes it becomes a nuisance rather than an attraction. The gay world will continue to move in her fashions as long as the world lasts no matter what is said on the subject.

Scientific investigation can not but make a very forcible impression upon an attentively searching mind. Much real benefit is derived from such a course of mental discipline. Every important movement of the day, practically scientific principles in some way effect. Its importance for pleasure as well as profit can not be doubted. Our present Senior Class, we think, appreciates this fact, for the interest manifested by them in every lecture and endeavor of the Professor speaks their meaning plainer than words. Much experimental science was dealt with, and every principle thoroughly demonstrated and explained during our final course of lectures, and every experiment, no matter how delicate or difficult, presented with perfect completeness its intended principle. No failure, no mistakes, and an attentive audience all speak for the success of these lectures, as well as the impression of science upon the mind. The final lecture will be found in another column.

We have determined to publish, in the place of our regular June number, five dailies, which will contain a complete account of our commencement exercises.—We will send them to regular subscribers without extra charge, but if you, our subscribers, need more than one set of them, they can be obtained by sending the subscription price, which is 25 cents, in postage stamps or otherwise to the editors.

A Word to Our Subscribers.

We are desirous of obtaining, before the close of this scholastic year, all the money which is owing to us by subscribers. We are sure that you intend to send us the amount, but have put it off from time to time, and thus have delayed till now; but please do not delay any longer, as vacation will soon be here.

Irving Literary Society Anniversary.

[From the Democratic Advocate.]

The exercises of the sixteenth anniversary of this society were held at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 27th ult. A moderately large audience was assembled to encourage the young men with their presence and their quarters. The programme consisted of two parts, the first of which was literary, the second dramatic. The entertainment was inaugurated by a short address from the president, Mr. F. H. Schaeffer, who alluded in appropriate language to the purpose of the organization, its origin, progress and present prosperity, and to the fact that this is the centennial year of the birth of their illustrious prototype, Washington Irving. After welcoming the audience and sister societies, he introduced Mr. A. L. Miles, who delivered the anniversary oration, on the subject "He Loved His Country Best," having special reference to the pure and ardent devotion evinced in the life of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. Mr. Miles is a very pleasant speaker, and his oration was listened to with interest while he traced the career of Emmet from the time he first began to plan the freedom of the Irish nation, through his trials and dangers, until he finally came to a tragical end upon the gallows, not omitting to show the influence of the true-hearted woman upon whom Emmet had bestowed his earnest affection. This oration closed the first part and fittingly introduced the second, which consisted of the drama "Robert Emmet," founded upon the incidents previously mentioned. The following was the cast of characters:

Robert Emmet—The Irish Patriot.....	F. H. Schaeffer
Darby O'Gaff—A Sprig of the Emerald Isle.....	E. H. Flagg, Jr.
O'Leary—An Old Soldier.....	W. I. Todd
Dowdall—Friend to Emmet.....	J. L. N. Henman
Sergeant Topfall.....	W. H. White
Corporal Thomas.....	T. J. Shreeve
Lord Norbury.....	L. Sellman
Baron George.....	G. Gist
Baron Daly.....	F. P. Fenby
Connor—Jailer.....	A. Galt
Maria—Emmet's Wife.....	Miss May Zimmerman
Judy O'Dougherty.....	F. Mc. Brown

They were all dressed in appropriate costumes and performed their parts creditably, but a few were particularly enjoyable. Mr. Schaeffer, as Emmet, had a prominent part, and delivered his instructions and addresses to his band of patriots with good effect. Mr. Flagg, as Darby O'Gaff, was a veritable "spring of the Emerald Isle," and he and his Judy (Mr. Brown) furnished the audience considerable amusement. The mishaps of Sergeant Topfall (Mr. White) were also very laughable. Miss May Zimmerman, daughter of professor Zimmerman, in the character of Maria, Emmet's wife, rendered the several parts in a highly creditable manner. After the close of this drama the audience was further entertained with an amusing farce, entitled "The Fellow that Looks Like Me," setting forth a few incidents in the life of a man who tried to relieve himself of his shortcomings by explaining to his wife that there was another fellow that looked just like him; but when his wife and the waiter boy acted upon what he said as true, he became involved in a serious dilemma, and finally attempted suicide by stabbing with a pistol and shooting with a sword. Mr. A. C. Willison, in the character of Cupid, the waiter, was very entertaining. This closed the exercises, the intervals in which were occupied with enjoyable music discoursed by members of the Westminster Brass Band.

Mr. E. L. Gies, of Reisterstown, has been licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Reisterstown M. E. Church South. He is a graduate of Western Maryland College in the class of 1882.

New Windsor College commencement begins June 10th and closes June 14th.

Hymeneal.

[From the Democratic Advocate.]

A large number of friends and relatives assembled at the M. P. Church on Thursday afternoon (May 17) to witness the marriage of Dr. Edwin B. Fenby, of Baltimore, and Miss Martha Smith, daughter of Mr. John Smith, of Westminster. At 4 o'clock, the appointed hour, the bridal party entered the church, preceded by the four ushers, Messrs. Hildegrist, of Baltimore, F. Cunningham, of Westminster, J. Smith, brother of the bride, and F. Fenby, brother of the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. D. Kinzer, pastor of the church, and the wedding march by Prof. Cushing, of Western Maryland College, of which institution the groom was a student and the bride a graduate a few years ago. The bride was handsomely and becomingly attired in blue satin, with hat and gloves of a contrasting shade. She is a great favorite in Westminster society and amongst her old college friends, many of whom came some distance to witness her marriage. The happy couple left on the 5. p. m. train for Baltimore, followed by the best wishes and congratulations of numerous friends who accompanied them to the depot. Amongst the friends from a distance were Rev. E. D. Smith and wife, formerly Miss Jamie Bratt, a graduate of Western Maryland College; Miss Jones, of "Walnut Grove," Patapsco Neck; Mrs. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Hildegrist, Dr. Frank Harrison and Dr. James Billingslea, of Baltimore. Congratulatory telegrams were received from friends in Baltimore.

The officers of the Browning Society are as follows: President, Miss Ada Smith; Vice President, Miss India Cochell; Critic, Miss Aline Richardson; Recording Secretary, Miss Mattie Boyle; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Ames; Librarian, Miss Jennie Wilson; Treasurer, Miss Maggie Lockard.

The officers of the Philomathean Society are: President, Miss Agnes Lease; Vice President, Miss Ella Wilson; Recording Secretary, Miss Alma Duvall; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ida Gott; Treasurer, Miss McKee; Librarian, Miss Minnie Stevens; Critic, Miss Mollie Stevens.

Pennsylvania College has 25 Seniors, 20 Juniors, 32 Sophomores, 30 Freshmen and 47 Preparatorians—total 153.

The final examination of the Senior class occurred on the 14th instant, and honors were conferred as follows: First, A. J. Smith, York, and W. L. McPherson, Gettysburg; second, L. A. Brewer, Funkstown, Md., and Huber G. Buehler, Gettysburg; third, G. W. Baughman, Shady Grove, and G. W. W. Amick, St. Clairsville; fourth, A. B. Ames, Columbia, and C. D. Hoover, Smithburg, Md. W. L. McPherson was appointed to deliver the Latin Salutatory, and G. W. Baughman the Valedictory.

An Old Story Newly Clad.

From the Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.

Sponsler, of Perry, wound up a glowing speech in the House on Wednesday with the quotation, "Vox populi, vox Dei," and sat down perspiring. Mackin turned to Crawford, who is a butcher at home, and remarked, enthusiastically, "Wasn't that a grand climax, now?" "It was the real stuff," assented the other Philadelphian. "I'll bet you \$10 you don't know what it means, though," said Mackin. "I'll just go you," said Crawford, eagerly. "Everybody knows it means 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'" "Here's the tenner," said Mackin, admiringly, handing it over. "I had no idea you were such a Latin scholar."

ROBERT EMMET.

Oration Delivered at the Anniversary of the Irving Literary Society, April 27th, by A. L. Miles.

In thinking of a subject most fitted for an occasion like this, where a body of young men meet to exhibit the progress of their past year's work in the way of literary attainments, it struck me as being most appropriate to settle upon some character in our world's history. And although the life which I shall endeavor to portray to you was one of defeat and misfortune throughout its entire career, yet there were in it those principles of gratitude and devotion which should be instilled within the heart of every young man and woman who would make life a success. The romantic circumstances and undoubted courage which surrounded his name have thrown around him such a halo that I shall have to confine myself in the brief time allotted me for this address to those special traits of character and life-incidences which evoked the sympathies of his fellow-men and left behind him the unepitaphed name which he bears to-day.

There are times when the sympathetic part of one's nature predominates over his better judgment; there are times, too, when sympathy and judgment are blended in one, and when the feelings of the heart are actuated by the principles of the mind, the lips must give utterance to the emotions. So in these times of peace and tranquility throughout our land, when the patriotic heart of most every American citizen turns to the green fields of the Emerald Isle with heartfelt emotions of sympathy and respect for the suffering sons of down-trodden Ireland, methinks it would not be improper to violate the words of his dying intreaty, I trust not the spirit of his wish, by recalling the memory and misfortunes of Emmet, the Irish patriot.

No where in history do we find a character more given up to the self-sacrificing devotion to his country, and yet no where a name more surrounded with blighted prospects, hopes unrealized and labors unrewarded. Born of parents who were the pride and boast of their country, the brother of those men who in the birthday of Ireland's freedom illuminated the political firmament and gave to their country a hope that her freedom would be immortal. Moulded in nature's happiest form for his destined service—with high intellect to master and employ knowledge—with imagination and feelings to sway the passions and command the heart—with the power of incessant labor to collect, discipline and perfect the valued materials of a revolutionary measure—he gave himself up to his own imagination, and fixed his eyes upon the one hope which he cherished above all else, but whose dawn he never beheld. Anxiety for the freedom of his native land was the power that urged him on, hope the lamp that illuminated his pathway, and misfortune the barrier over which he stumbled. Though defeat may have dazzled his eyes, it never once darkened his mind, for misfortune is often the surest touchstone of human excellence. Behind him was England, trespassing upon the rights and privileges of his countrymen, appropriating their genial and productive soil to her own use, who took from them their parliament, transported it into the British house to imprison beyond the seas in the abyss of English supremacy; and is even to-day feeding and growing fat upon the green pastures of Ireland, while the good-natured Irishman reluctantly turns his back upon the land he has learned to love and seeks refuge and protection under the constitution and laws of our own dear land of liberty. 'Twas these wrongs inflicted, I say, that actuated

the mind of young Emmet to his daring enterprise, and with an integrity which no force could bend he never faltered in his effort. But looking, as humanity should ever look, upon the bright side of things—dreaming of a sunshine that knew no storm—thinking not of the consequences which defeat would bring, but of the glory and honor with which success would crown him—picturing in his imagination his enemies vanquished, his arms triumphant and Ireland free, he put his shoulders to the wheel and fought for the cause he loved; for if there was ever a nationality that was characterized for devotion to their country, it is the Irish. A Scotchman loves a Scotchman, but an Hibernian loves the green fields of his youth.

Well has it been said that if success had depended upon the worth and virtues of one man, instead of expiating his love of country on the scaffold, he might have wreathed fresh laurels and repaid with service, and requited with glory the land of adoption." But "as there never was a hope without a fear to cloud the brightest, most inviting sky," so the clouds of misfortune poured forth their showers of defeat from every side, and while he did all that the skill and courage of one man could accomplish to dispell the impending clouds and let the bright beams of sunshine and hope, fall once more upon his plans and mature them—there was a power behind the throne—a serpent beneath the innocent flower that sucked the very life-blood from its roots and sealed the fate of young Emmet, which threw over his future destiny a veil which mortal eyes could not penetrate; and surely never was a dawn more splendid, overcast, or a fairer spring blighted in its promise. Do you ask me what this power, this poisonous serpent that nipped in the bud the seeds of liberty and crushed the hopes of that liberty-loving son of Ireland? 'Twas that same selfish blood-thirsty spirit that expelled him from college for advocating the cause of a republic; that same spirit of monopoly that is trying to extend the territory of England to-day far and wide, until she has a little world of her own beyond the sea. But I have not the time, nor is it my desire in this connection to dwell upon English influence in Ireland. Only would that there was an Emmet or a Patrick Henry here to-day to hold the reins of Irish government and restore peace and harmony to their country and plenty to her sons. But as it is, let us leave foreign nations to settle their own difficulties, and thank God that we have a home of our own that throws open her portals to the ill-treated of every nation who flee to her shores for refuge—a home where peace and liberty reigns, and man is his own free agent.

"The land of the free,
And the home of the brave."

I shall not enter into the details of that little union that was formed with Emmet at its head, and whose fate was the death of its leader. But what moved him to this wonderful effort is a question of the most vital importance in determining the character of Emmet. Why should he, unaided and unsupported, save by a few hundred humble men, out-numbered by the immense forces of the enemy, place his life in jeopardy and cast himself upon the surface of the political ocean, to be lashed by its waves and beaten by its storms, trusting to some gentle zephyr to pass over and waft him into the midst of success and victory? Why was it? His enemies say it was ambition; be that as it may, there is one thing true, that whatever else may have animated his mind, the chief cause which incited him to the so-called crime which sent him to the scaffold bearing the name of a martyr, was zealous and disinterested anxiety

for the freedom of his native country. No doubt he was not wanting in that ambition which humanity naturally possesses; no doubt he had a desire to attain for himself a name that would be held in memory when he had passed beneath the laureled shades of death; no doubt he had the greatest respect for his lineage and loved to know that he was looked upon with reverence and pride by his fellow men; but however great may have been his esteem for himself and his possessions—he loved his country best. And because he exemplified his love by his actions on the field of battle, was taken to the court of justice, and there upon the strength of one of the most eloquent speeches that ever came from the lips of a criminal, when the heads of a partial court were hung to hide the silent tear-drops that trickled down their cheeks, brought forth by an appeal like this: "Oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed Father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life." There in the midst of his years and the prime of his manhood, to bid farewell to the country he loved—the country of his birth, his passions and his death; the country whose misfortunes had evoked his sympathies; whose factions he had sought to still; whose intellect he had prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom had been his fatal dream.

It seems improbable that romance should find room to play its part in a life so devoted to the affairs of state as that of Emmet; but such was the remarkable fact, and that same devotion which he possessed for his country was manifested in another way, that same heart whose pulsations beat thick and fast for the love of his country, throbbed with no less warmth for her whose image was ever pictured in his mind that he might gaze upon it, even on the battle-field, when the smoke of the enemy blinded his eyes to all else beside, to whom Irving has paid such a glowing tribute in his "Sketch-Book," and of whom Moore spoke so beautifully when he said:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying."

Forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, for the sentimentality of the expression, but I believe that, of the two objects of his devotion, the defeat of the one was the death of the other. I believe that the pang of sorrow that pierced the heart of that most noble specimen of her sex never ceased until death had ushered her into the abode of sleepy silence.

Do not understand me to attribute this to any weakness in woman's nature! No, no, far be it from me to depreciate any of those noble qualities in her who makes home the crystal of society; who lifts man from the abyss of misery, and transports him to the very summit of happiness; whose kind acts and cheering words illuminate his pathway through the dark hedges and by-ways of life and welcome him home again with a smile.

Go with me, if you please, to the solemn dungeons of those prison cells, and there amid scenes of terror and distress behold that majestic form which once trod the battle field armed with the soldier's musketry, now bound down by the chains of a criminal; that manly countenance once so bright and cheerful now so careworn and sad; that eye, once so radiant with the hope of victory, now cast down by the shadow of defeat, looking through the tear-wet veil of death into the bright fields of immor-

tality! Linger awhile at the threshold of his prison door, and the sad scene changes, only to be attended with scenes more touching still—scenes which touched into sympathy even the callous heart of the jailer, when there entered another form—'twas the woman of his devotion; and though the heavy clanking of the chains smote dimly on her heart, with all her female loveliness and womanly beauty, she tried to suppress her sorrows and soothe his cares; but 'twas all in vain, for never did the crystal in the gem of the monarch's crown glitter with more brilliancy than did the tear of grief upon her palid cheek, and scarcely had the tear drops that marked the tenderness of their last farewell lost the savor of its sweetness, when she too ascended to meet him.

"Oh, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,

When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,

From her own loved Island of sorrow!"

Such was the closing scene in the drama of that life of trial and sorrow; such the pathetic circumstances that brought to a close one of the most thrilling stories that ever dotted the pages of history, and shut out by the portals of the tomb the career of one whose struggles through life were a failure, I admit, but whose name will be held in reverence so long as liberty has a lover, patriotism admirers, or Ireland a friend. But the mere twinkling of an eye, the mere tightening of the rope, and the lofty-minded patriot and ardent lover is no more! That tongue of the purest and sublimest eloquence is now forever mute. And to quote again from another poet who wrote of his unhappy death:

Like Sidney he died, but his mem'ry shall live
In the bosom of those who deplored him;
And pity her purest of dew drops shall give
To the sorrows of those who adored him.

Yes, literally speaking, he died an unhappy death, but only so. For it is only he who has experienced the sorrow and pain of life that can appreciate the true value of pleasure and happiness, only he who has been encompassed with the darkness of night that can enjoy the comforts of our luminous "King of day." And as in the lifetime of Emmet, there never was a sorrow so sorrowful but that he could glean from it some spark of encouragement; never a cloud so dense but that he could look through it and see a ray of light on the other side. So when the shadow of death came over him on that awful day of the execution his eyes were still turned toward the heavens as if in token of an eternal hope beyond.

"Oh, when shall that epitaph hallow his name?" Can it be that over his sepulchre there shall ever be but a black slab to mark the cemetery of departed heroes, whilst all around him are monuments engraved with the names of the dead? No! but only when the dead past has buried its dead and men shall act in the living future; when England has buried her faults, and "Ireland has trod into darkness her annals of shame;" and when in the words of his departing speech, "other men and other times shall do justice to his character."

Then shall the name of your Emmet resplendent,

Burn in your households and shine on your marts;

Then shall his tomb in your Isle independent,
Flame with an epitaph fresh from your hearts!

Then may you build for him temples to gild for him,

Gild with your labor, sweat hand unto hand;
Under your starry dome, Ireland your people's home,

Emmet's wide monument, laud! brothers,
laud!

CHAUCER.

"All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music."
* * *

He is dead, the sweet musician!
He, the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever;
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!"

Thus Longfellow sang of Hiawatha's poet friend, and they may fitly be applied to him whom we have chosen as the subject of our brief sketch. To no one does the English-speaking world owe such a debt of gratitude for his efforts as to the "Father of English Poetry," the God-gifted man whom memory will continue as long as humanity has a mind to appreciate talent or an intellect capable of comprehending the lofty flights and glorious imaginings of a poetical spirit. Perhaps it may be interesting to trace the race from its origin to the time when Chaucer began his career and instituted what is now known as the English language.

In the first century before Christ we find our ancestors in their incessant journeyings hither and thither, halting upon the banks of the Black Sea, and then again taking up their march to the westward under their great leader, Odin, or as some genealogical investigators say, Woden, leaving the border-land where they had camped, and which in their delight they had termed Godheim (the home of the Gods), and migrating still further to the northwest, according to a dream of this leader, which predicted that far to the west he should find a manheim, (a home for his people). When settling in Angleland, Saxeland, and Jutland, our ancestors continued tilling the soil and roaming the deep for several generations, until the inhabitants of the British Isles invited them to come to their relief and aid them in repelling the attack of their war-like kinsmen of the North, the Scots and Picts, who as soon as the Roman garrison was withdrawn from the province, issued from their mountain fastnesses and poured down upon their defenseless neighbors in overwhelming numbers. Thus it was that the "English folk" were introduced to these isles, which soon was to become the center of the English-speaking persons, and from which was to diverge the rays which would spread over the universe and make English a language not of the common people alone, but of some of the finest philosophers, scientists, rhetoricians and statesmen which ever were produced. Having repelled the invasion of the Scots and Picts, the descendants of Odin concluded that they liked the country very well, and that they thought they had better take charge of affairs themselves, and so immediately they took forcible possession. We find them settled in their new home a free, happy, contented and hospitable people. Their doors stand open in welcome to any weary wanderer, and round their ruddy hearths they tell the tales and recite the stories of their Saxon homes beyond the sea, and their scalds or bards sing the legends of their great mythical hero, Beowulf. 'Tis useless to trace the descent through the reigns of the great king Alfred and his descendants, through the various wars and conquests, through the times when Caedmon, Aldhelm and Cynewulf sang their gentle songs to the people, and traveling around discoursed sweet music upon their harps, until we come to about 1350. Early modern English dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. Up to this time the English language was spoken only by the lower classes; but now the long-smouldering rivalry between England and France broke out in a series of wars which brought victory to the English arms, and as this effect

was due mainly to the bravery and zeal of the English yeomanry, their language came to be more and more respected, and soon after it became the language of the court, and was used in all judicial pleadings. Then it was that this glorious writer stepped upon the stage, and in his seventy-two years did more for the cultivation and purification of the language than had been done in all the centuries preceding. It is as if issuing "from the noisome fen to the genial sunlight," when turning from the present æsthetic style of so-called poetry back to the sweet, pure, child-like simplicity of Chaucer's writings. He stands singularly alone. Up to this time no great writer had brightened the world of literature by his productions, and after his death no great name appears for a century and a half. It was as though the fresh morning ushered in by this genial poet had suddenly become clouded over.

Little need be said of his works. They are sufficiently familiar to every one to render this almost superfluous. Yet perhaps some reminiscences may be interesting in that it may recall some pleasant things to the mind and freshen the memory. In the Canterbury tales they are represented as a party of travelers journeying to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, and on their way stopping over night at a tavern in London. The landlord offered to accompany them, and proposed that, as

"Truly comfort ne mirth is noon,
To ryde by the way as domb as a stoon,"

each should tell two tales going and coming, and that the one who told the best tale should be furnished a supper at the expense of the others. This task, however, he was unable to accomplish, and he had only finished twenty-five tales when the angel of death flapped his broad wings over Woodstock, and the spirit of the poet took its flight to the realms above, while his body was consigned to a grave in Westminster Abbey, the first poet buried there. The House of Fame is one of his finest allegorical poems, and is represented in the form of a dream. He delineates himself as caught up in the talons of an eagle and borne on high to the House of Fame, where on a glittering dais the goddess of the realm reclines, and with womanly caprice distributes her favors or her frowns to the throngs of supplicants surrounding her throne. Chaucer, with keen poetic instinct, is imbued with a love for the sweet sounds, sights and odors in nature. Everything in Nature inspires him with fresh delight. Throughout all his poems there is a delicate play of fairy fancy. Chaucer's writings show him to have been a student to the last. The Miller's tale has, with all its coarseness, a rude moral running through it, while all his tales, although vulgar on the surface, when penetrated below the upper strata, present a moral which should be acted upon. And in conclusion, we need only say that he was the poet of the people, of nature and of humanity. W. I. T.

Scene at the baseball ground. A ball was knocked sideways and caught on a fly. "Foul and out!" was the cry of the umpire. A charming high school girl looking at the game ejaculates: "Ah, really, how can it be a fowl? I don't see any feathers!" and she turned to her attendant with an inquiring look. "Well—oh! Yes, you see," he stammered, "the reason you don't see the feathers is because it belongs to the picked nine."—*Peoria Transcript.*

"Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside."—*Emerson.*

A Scandal at Yale.

A dispatch from New Haven, May 16, says: The publication of the following card in yesterday's issue of the Yale News has caused great excitement in college circles: "I hereby resign my membership in Chi Delta Theta. The reason for this step is the discovery of three instances of plagiarism, namely, 'Golden Hair,' 'The Dandelion' and 'The Lighthouse,' which have appeared over my signature in the Yale Literary Magazine. I plead nothing in extenuation, and simply ask credit for what I have really done in writing.

H. H. PALMER."

Palmer comes from Sioux City, Ia. He is 22 years old and a member of the present senior class of Yale College. He has always aspired to be known as a literary genius, and some time ago he was elected an editor of the *Lit*, the highest literary honor that can fall to the lot of a student. Soon afterwards he was taken into the Bones Society. He has contributed many articles to the magazine.

The January number of the magazine was conducted by Mr. Trumbull, who requested Palmer to furnish a poem. In compliance with this request 'The Lighthouse' was handed in and printed. About a week ago Mr. Trumbull found in a volume of Tom Moore's works a five-verse poem entitled 'The Lighthouse,' the first four verses of which were identical with those of the poem alleged to have been written by Palmer. The fifth verse, owing to its defective construction, is supposed to be original. Trumbull notified the Bones men and the Bones men summarily expelled Palmer. A delegation from the Chi Delta Theta called on Palmer for an explanation. At first Palmer pleaded unconscious cerebration, but finally admitted that he had been systematically using other people's ideas.

Palmer's classmates were so indignant over his action that they hinted to him that he would act wisely in leaving town at once. He has done this.

Owing to a breakage of our printing press, the GAZETTE for this month was delayed.

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POPULARITY OF THE DOCTORS.

Dr. Paxton's Speech at the Princeton Banquet in New York.

"I am informed, Mr. Chairman, that the physicians are increasing more rapidly than lawyers and ministers. Theological students are not so abundant as formerly, and, although there is a little spare room in the upper story for lawyers, the basement and first flight are crowded. [Laughter.] But there seems to be no limit to the demand for doctors, and no glutting the market with them. I think that a good sign of the times, for it confutes late theories of pessimism that people are growing weary of life, like carriers. The absorbing power of the country, as regards physicians, proves that there is one branch of native industry not menaced with over production or threatened by foreign cheap labor. [Laughter.] The fact is that the physician has the advantage of us. Many people will not go to church or cure their souls. Many others keep shy of lawyers and patch up their quarrels and give no retainers. But no class and no man thinks of dodging the doctor, regular or irregular. [Laughter.] I envy the popularity of the physician and his immunity from attack. The maddest communist has never cried, "Down with the doctor," nor dynamitted a clinic lecture room. [Loud laughter.] They have nitro glycerined court rooms and churches. More than that, there must be a secret power in these disciples of Galen. So, though reform is rampant in this land just now, though all sorts of abuses are attacked, monopolies menaced so far as I know neither Senator Boyd nor H. K. Thurber has preached a crusade against Dr. Ayers monopoly of Pectoral, [Loud laughter.] Jayne's Expectorant or Hostetter's Bitters, nor raised one indignant cry against Schenck's corner in Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. [Continued laughter and applause.] Yet these men have built marble palaces on the wreck and destruction of 1,000,000 stomachs. [Laughter.] I say it is high time for reformers and anti-monopolists to make it warm for Dr. Hostetter and Schenck as well as "railway kings," oil millionaires and Wall street concerns. Gentlemen, we yield the palm to the medical profession. It is the great popular profession. Deservedly so, for it takes us up when we lay ourselves down. [Laughter.] It gives us aid when we cannot longer help ourselves. It is full as the sea, and still it swells, and is a conclusive proof of man's desire and purpose to live as long as he can. Why, the patent medicines in this country, solid and liquid, would make a range of mountains or a lake big enough to float the navies of the world. [Loud laughter.] Yes, the doctors have us all, Fenian, communist, anti-monopolist, millionaire and pauper."

A Kentucky man, when dying, last week, told the watchers at his bedside that he saw Heaven. He probably had a vision of a big spring of living bourbon whisky, flowing between banks of sugar and lemon, with high-toned gentlemen standing on either shore shooting at each other with gold-plated revolvers.—*Kansas City Journal.*

The latest achievement of the perennial Chicago lady in London is to paint "a superb bull, haughty and dignified." It was not outlined from a stuffed specimen, but from between the chinks of a stout five-foot fence.

A juryman was asked if the judge had charged him: "Faith," said he, "the man lectured us a good deal, but I don't believe he meant to charge for it."

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Put Yourself in His Place.

This is a very trite saying, yet if it were heeded more in every-day life, how much more happiness would be shed around us!

The youth, the middle-aged, the old men of every vocation in life, should not be deaf to this maxim. In competition if one would "put himself in the place" of his more successful rival, the sarcastic remarks and unkind suspicions would not be heard; had he known the thought and time expended to excel, he would rather rejoice in his rival's success, though at the expense of his own. Reverse the case, and the exultation, the rude jokes at his rival's defeat would be suppressed, if he put himself in the place of his competitor, and know with what difficulties he had to deal, for perhaps it was not real merit by which the success was obtained, but by popularity.

Some minds are stronger than others; hence the strong-minded man never knows the trials with which his weak brother has to contend, and therefore he should not be his judge. Let him put himself in his fallen fellow-creature's place, and he will marvel that he stood the test so long.

When the man, who has struggled from poverty to wealth, is maligned, would the envious consider themselves in his position, and the manner by which his wealth was obtained and the long years of toil and privation be made manifest to them, where then would be their jealous feelings? They would be washed out in regret that they had not employed themselves in a similar manner; but now would be willing to endure the same, were they confident of as great a success.

Had the parties who were striving for power in our own most blessed Union put themselves in each other's places and reflected on the injuries which each have received, I doubt that we would have had that clashing of arms and resounding of cannon on every side.

"Put yourself in his place." Only five little words, yet how comprehensive!

To the tattler and slanderer what could be more applicable? Would they put themselves in place of those they are slandering, and had all the malicious things been said of them that they are constantly saying of others, think you they would not cease? Could all be written down that is tattled in an immediate neighborhood, or perhaps in one building, how many volumes it would compose!

If the Societies would put themselves in each other's places and know the doubt, the fear of a mortifying failure, and added to that the harsh judgments and prejudices of others, they might judge each other by good intentions rather than works.

A temperate man knows not the wrestling of the inebriate with the deadly appetite within him; he has no sympathy for him, no patience with his infatuation. Would he put himself in place of the temperate man, figuratively speaking, his detestation would be instantly transformed to the most sincere pity.

In the pleasures of life when we are tempted to envy, by putting ourselves in other's places, and knowing by what a severe discipline the happiness was arrived at, and how sparse is the happiness of many lives, we would crush down all jealous feelings and strive to shed around us all the sunshine possible.

In many cases the poor are objects of derision to those who are more comfortably situated in life; the young, particularly jeer and laugh if one looks a little odd or dresses a little out of style. If they think they are better looking than some one else, they do not fail to say so; but, if they remembered that it is "He that hath made us, and not we ourselves," no doubt they would withhold their opinion on the subject.

If the critic could put himself in the essayist's place and know the time spent in worrying over the unfinished task, much less that spent in labor, he would not

"View it with a critic's eye.
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