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The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1880 -- Volume 02, No. 07

Phi Sigma

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March 9 - 1890

Editor - Hulin

Editorials.

"Here we are again" says the "Ole man" in the Pantomime, we would repeat his oft repeated words and with this open again to the Phi Sigma "The Voice".

Since we last edited the paper it has been our privilege to listen to the wisdom-fraught words of all of the members as expressed by them in an Editorial capacity. After such varied and sparkling themes have filled these Editorial pages we are somewhat loath to add our own dull words. We are reminded of the pleasure we obtained from listening to Mr. H. H. Beard's paper; though we had not the opportunity of hearing, yet we have learned of the excellent character of Mr. Whitman's paper, prepared, as it was, we believe, entirely by himself; Mr. G. H. Beard's paper, we understand, was of the first order and as such merited the claps' commendation. When we look back only two weeks, to the last issue of the paper, we remember the touching mention of "Waning Moons" and "Fleet Auroras" etc., and we rack our brains to find something equal to it. But our sentimental nature has been sadly neglected, and we have to lower

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ourselves from the pinions of imagination and poetry and come down to plain, bold Anglo-Saxon.

When we presented the voice to the class before, we had hopes that our membership would be nearly doubled, before we were again to fill the same capacity, but our hopes have been blighted, and whereas, Mr. Sawyer was then among our number, we cannot now count him as a member, although his resignation lies unaccepted on the table. However for all this we do not let our hopes die, but still look forward to that time, which we trust, is in the near future, when we have added three or four new names to our roll. We wait expectantly to number Mr. Fred Temple with the "Sapientiam Diligentes". If we succeed in acquiring this new member we expect to find him a valuable helper to our advancement in knowledge seeking. Personally we have known Mr. Temple to be a studious and diligent young man, and were glad to have had the pleasure of being present a few evenings ago when the chairman declared him elected to membership by a unanimous vote and gladly do we extend our hand to him, knowing by experience that his joining with us

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will be the means of helping him, we believe, as well as ourselves to higher intellectual attainments.

As we suppose that it is our place to give suggestions we will make one or two.
The class cannot afford to lose the valuable opportunity it now has of improvement, nor can it afford to lose any benefit it may obtain by increase of membership, and yet we do not now gain now so much help and encouragement as we might if only we would bring in three or four new members. There must be many young men of our age who live at no great distance, who would be glad to meet with us, many who we are acquainted with too, will we not then make an earnest endeavor to add their names to our faithful few? No matter if some little obstacle be in the way, if only they will take an interest in our meetings let us extend to them our welcome. At present too many duties are placed on a few and we necessarily do not obtain so much good as we might from our exercises. Let us remember that at best our meetings will probably be comparatively few, and with this in mind let us press on actively in the "recruiting service".

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Another suggestion we would like to give the class is that it continue its present course of extemporaneous debates. These debates are worth to us an amount which it is not easy to calculate in the power that we acquire from them of rapid, sharp thinking, which will always be helpful in a thousand different ways all through life. Extemporaneous speeches are likewise beneficial and aid us, in a little different way, to attain the same object.

In this number of the "Voice of the Phi Sigma", appears the first essay of a series the author proposes to publish on the life and writings of Sir Walter Scott. The paper shows considerable study of Scott and is written in a smooth and pleasing manner. The life of a man like Scott commands our praise and his written words our careful reading; as the writer of this biography, Mr. W. H. Beard says: "We shall find few who have lived better lives or have done more good and exerted better influence than Walter Scott."

We were very sorry to learn from Mr. Wilson that his condition physically and mentally, on account of a sad accident which has lately befallen him, has ren-

dered it impossible for him to send us in an article for this issue. He however is so kind and courteous as to hand us a written excuse, which we publish in this issue. We feel assured that the members after they have heard of the misfortune which has befallen this respected Phi Signite, will excuse him, as we already have done, for not having given us what we had expected. We knew that Mr. W. had not been feeling well of late but did not until now know of the cause of his affliction.

Of in "Widow and Worldiness" we have mixed the former with the latter rather indiscriminately, we hope that the members will perceive sufficient lines of difference between the two to distinguish the divisions of the article.

Hoping that the paper may receive your favorable criticism, when you remember the short notification given us, which has made a difference in the number of our own contributions, we place before you number 7 of the 2nd Volume of the "Voice of the Phi Signite".

"In Mine our romantic town" Edinburgh
on the 15th of August 1791 was born
Walter Scott. This world has seen
many great men, and many good
men, but few that have been both
great & good. Such ~~was~~ was the
subject of this sketch. As a child he
was a general favorite with the people
in the house. As a boy he was loved and
admired by his school mates, and as
a man ^{esteemed of all who knew him and} of whom it has been said he
passed thro' life without a single personal
quarrel". Walter was the 9th child
of a large family of twelve. His father
a writer to the signet (the second degree
of law in Scotland) and also his
Mother - Anne Rutherford - were con-
nected with ancient Scottish families
distantly ~~connected~~ ^{related} with many of the
nobility of Scotland. A fact that
Scott was naturally and
especially proud of. During his
early life he was weakly on account
of his partial lameness - indeed
almost all thro' his life he required
the aid of a strong stick when
walking. When between two & three
years old, he was sent to some ^{relatives}

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in the country, in hopes that
country air & diet might be beneficial
to his health. This change of residence
(though ^{to me} so young) seems to have had
quite an effect on his after-life
living at Sandy-Knowe, within
a few ~~of~~ miles of the ancient town
of Kelso, a place abounding in
historic incidents. It was indeed a
suitable "holled" for the "starting"
of such a plant - a fitting bringing
up place for a boy who as father
to the man that later on should
astonish the world with such
delightful ~~stories~~ and such interesting
stories. He loved nothing better
than to lie beside an old
shepherd on the green sward
listening to the border-stories and
songs. Amid the ~~sea~~ natural &
beautiful scenery of that country
Walter spent a year, in which
he was storing his mind though
unconsciously with much that in
later days would bear precious
fruit. With truth did he exclaim
in after years

"Caledonia stem and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child"

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Having much improved in health
he was sent to a private school when
7 years old, and soon after he
commenced studying at the Edin-
burg High School - passing thro'
that, and the University,
He was a quick student though
somewhat idle always liking best
those studies which it was not
necessary for him to learn.

As he said in 1826 when speaking
of himself. "I was never a dunce
or thought to be so, but an
incorrigibly idle imp, always
longing to do something else ^{than}
what was enjoined me to do".

In this way tho' hating Greek
he ~~learned~~ gained quite a knowledge
of German Italian & French.

When not studying he spent ^{most of} his
time reading, he was intensely
fond of Romances & History.
reading anything & everything
that came in his way.

He gained much knowledge
that was useful to him in
listening to stories & ballads
and also in collecting ancient
songs. traditions & songs.

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After finishing school he was
apprenticed to his father as a
writer, and to study law.
When 21 he was admitted to the
bar. 8 years later than this
he met at Lilsland in Cumberland
Charlotte Margaret Carpenter
a lady of French parentage.
He proposed marriage and was
accepted, being married Dec 24
1797. The couple settled at
Lasswade, and it is from this
time that Scott's real life work
began. He was appointed in
1799 as Sheriff of Selkirkshire
at a salary of £300 per annum.
In this year appeared his translation
of Goethe's tragedy "Goetz von Berlich-
ingen". During the next year or two
Scott spent much time collecting
ancient ballads & in 1802 he
published "Minstrelsy of the Scottish
border" in two volumes, adding a
third the following year, much of
which was his own, in imitation
of the ballad style. His next work
was the editing of Sir Tristram
supposed to have been written by
Thomas the Rhymer in 1700

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In January of 1805 appeared
the "Lay of the last Minstrel." which
was admired by all. and at
once decided that Scott was
to be one of the greatest of English
Poets. In this piece are to be found
the first results of his antiquarian
research, also showing his love of
romance chivalry & history.

The descriptions in this poem, are
very fine. indeed descriptive work
was something that Scott especially
excelled in. Having now an income
of about £1000 per year he decided
to give up any idea of legal
advancement and devote himself
entirely to literary work.

Soon after this he entered in partner-
ship with James Ballantyne an old
school-mate, who was engaged in
the printing business in Edinburgh.
This venture was a secret one, and
proved to be a heavy ^{pecuniary} loss to Scott.

~~He~~ In 1806 he was appointed as
one of the clerks of the Court of
Sessions but did not receive any
remuneration till six years later.

In 1808 he published his poem
entitled "Marmion" which is

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considered one of his greatest works and for which he received from the City of Edinburgh 1000 guineas.

Scott was now living at Acheatie where with his wife and children he seemed to be spending a very happy though busy life. Rising early in the morning (sometimes lighting his own fire so that he might save the servant-work) dressing neatly (a special and rather usual characteristic of a literary man) he would write till noon with only the interruption of breakfast then be ready to spend the afternoon on horseback in hunting or in some excursion. Always fond of dogs and of children he would allow them in his room even while at work, often laying aside his pen to have a game with them the children or to tell them some stories or song. On Sunday that "driest" of days in Scotland, he would lunch with his family on the green grass, and gathering the children around him, repeat bible stories to them and answer their many questions. A good father as he was a good man. He once said, when a friend was praising

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his eldest son that he had "like the Persians" & taught his children three things - "to tell the truth, to shoot, and to ride. All of his children being as fond of riding and of athletic sports, as he himself was. Some 8 years previous to his publishing "Marmion"; he commenced his first novel "Waverley" but not being satisfied with the work he threw it aside, and did not come across it again till a eight years later when he finished it. It was published by Constable who gave Scott £700 for it, but the work was anonymous, as he feared it might hurt his poetical reputation. It was received with general satisfaction and of play in 1810 appeared the "Lady of the Lake" which was and is one of his most popular poems. From 1811 to 1817 he published in succession The "Vision of Don Roderick", "Rokeby", The "Bridal of Triermain", The "Lord of the Isles", The "field of Waterloo" & "Harold of the Dauntless" & also some others of less importance. Scott was now to turn his attention & genius to something else than poetry, for Lord Byron had taken his place, to please the public mind as the poet of the people

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But Scott's ~~was not~~ glory was not
to had here, for 17 years did the public
"hang with delight on the varied"
creations of the potent enchanter."
"As the old mine gave symptoms
of exhaustion" says Bulwer-Lytton
— "The new mine, ten times more
affluent, at least in the precious
metals, was discovered."

But of his prose writings we will
not speak here, hoping to be able to
give some account of them & of Sir
Walter at Abbotsford, in the next
number of the 'Voice'. If this un-
perfect sketch will interest any of
us in a farther study of the life
& works of this man, we shall feel
that we are twice paid for the
time spent, having already found
it time most profitably used as
far as we are concerned. We shall
find few men in history, who
have lived better Christian lives,
and fewer still who have done more
good and exerted a better influence
than Walter Scott. We will
close with a short quotation
from Mackenzie. "This gifted man
was distinguished as much for his
amiable character and unaffected
manners as for his great genius. He

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was charitable without ostentation,
delicate in the manner of giving,
liberal in the value of the gift.
He often did kindnesses which
occupied his mind, engaged his time
& imposed considerable trouble
upon him". "~~In discharge of his~~
~~official duties, which were.~~ Might
this glowing tribute be paid to more
great men of history? Would that
more men who have been as great
might have been ^{as} unselfish as charita-
ble & as good.

D. W. Davis

Wisdom and Worldiness.

It is a mean man that will give a cat a bird stuffed with sawdust.

A very witty and sentimental Almanac publisher remarks that Young Ladies at the breaking up of an evening party are like arrows, because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver until they get one. [We ourselves would not attempt to deny or second the above statement. We have had but little experience about Young (or in fact Old) Ladies being in a quiver at the breaking up of an evening party, but might have had more, had we only waited a little longer the other night until the final conclusion of a certain evening gathering. - Editor.]

"A kiss from my mother" says Benjamin West "made me a painter."

Books are but white paper unless men spend in action the wisdom they get from thought. Bulwer.

The following letter was written by a father to his son in college: -
"My Dear Son - I write to send you some

new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I keep back half, and only send you five. Your own mother and I are well except that your sister has got the measles, which we were afraid would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not you are a donkey and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

Affable young man who is smoking his after-supper cigar on the roof of a Broadway stage asks the driver why the check-strap is like conscience, intending of course to amuse him with the time-honored explanation that it is an inward check to the outward man. But the chariteer's answer, "Because it stretched" showed a more thorough knowledge of the practical workings of both elements of the comparison.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance. Sir W. Hamilton.

Our passions act as the winds that pro-

pel the vessel; our reason is the pilot that steers her. Without the winds she would not move; without the pilot, she would be lost.—
French Proverb.

"How dare you say 'damni' before me?" severely inquired a clergyman of a loafer. "How did I know you wanted to say 'damni' first?" retorted the bad man.

There was an immersion to take place on the banks of a certain river. Several colored converts had already been baptised, when the officiating minister led another into the water. Moving cautiously into the stream, for a suitable depth, it happened, unfortunately, that the location of the stepping off place was miscalculated, and all at once minister and convert were floundering in ~~the~~ water fifteen or twenty feet deep. The preacher succeeded in clambering back upon the ledge of rocks, without much trouble, but the darkey frightened out of his wits, struck wildly across the stream. Arriving at the opposite shore he crawled heavy and weary upon a log that projected into the river, and shaking himself like a wet dog, and looking back with an expression of intense disgust exclaimed: "Some white man is going to lose a nigger by this damn foolishness yet."

If the mind, which rules the body, ever so far forgets itself as to trample upon its slave, the slave never forgets or forgives the injury, but at some time will rise and smite its oppressor.
Longfellow.

"Mike", said Dennis, "Mike I've see that? I'll fall overboard, and you'll jump in and rescue me, and we'll divide the reward, which'll be a pound apiece." "Agreed", said Mike, "here goes," and a minute later he was floundering in the water. But no sooner had he fallen in than Dennis, to his inexpressible horror, remembered that he didn't know how to swim, and so, instead of springing in and rescuing the drowning man, he stood leaning over the rail, staring at the bubbles where Mike had sunk. Once Mike came up, but Dennis gave no sign. Twice he came up, but Dennis could not move or utter a word. For the fatal third time he came to the surface and faintly exclaimed: "Denny, av ye ain't mighty quick, it's only fifteen shillings aich we'll get for recovering the body!"

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Our honorable chairman desired us to aid, in our feeble way, the worthy editor of the present issue of the "Voice", by handing to him an article. But alas! we will have to crave your pardons, Chairman, Editor, members all, for being somewhat negligent in this respect. Perhaps, if left in ignorance of our present condition, you might be loath, and rightly so, to excuse us for this seeming breach of duty, so we will try to relate to you, a little of our recent sad experience; - trusting, that by so doing, your hearts may be somewhat softened, and our punishment correspondently lightened.

We were rash, we were headstrong(?) - We have but merited the fate meted out to us. -

"They all do it" - Thus it appeared to us. We read it in the papers. It came to us wafted on the breezes of spring. And every friend we met seemed driven by some fiend, fate or whatnot, to mention it in his

conversation. - at length we thought that this object, which was gaining the attention of honorable judges, in their leisure moments, - of learned (3) lawyers, in times of respite, snatched from amidst the hours, days, and weeks, oft spent in the fruitless hunt for cases. - and the attention also of our willing, but never available, guardians of the public peace, - we thought, we say, that this object, might with all fairness, make a slight inroad, upon our ^{own} oft ill spent time. - and so concluding, that what everybody was doing, we should do also, we obtained (but by good chance did not, and have not (as yet, paid for) a "Crack Brain Puzzle" & gazed upon the wondrous squares. - We read with care the directions. They were very plain. Assuredly a child could follow where they led. - We took out block number 46. We placed the remaining fifteen irregularly in the box, and moved until they were in regular order. - The thing was done! 'Twas very easy. We saw no puzzle in it. In truth we had been swindled out of our money, - but no! 'twas yet in our pocket. Consoled

by this remembrance, we read again the directions, thinking that perchance we had not read aright. They appeared as simple as before. We determined to follow them once more, and see where we came out. - The same result as before. 'Twas clear there was no puzzle about it, nothing but mere child's play, in moving the blocks about. - It was enough. - We were disgusted and just in the act of consigning our blocks to the baby, to be used as playthings & scattered to the four winds of heaven, when our design was frustrated, by the entrance of a gentleman - Dare we say one of our own members? - who seeing of course the puzzle in our hands, desired to know if we had traversed its labyrinthine paths, and discovered the unsolved problems concealed within. - We very confidently assured him that we had, and that we could do it every time. - Such a confident air indeed did we assume, that our friend was led to express great surprise, and at once offered to bet his cane against our plug-hat, that we could not do the trick, if he were per-

mitted to arrange the blocks irregularly
in the box. Of course we saw our chance
(Had we not solved it everytime so far?)
- We took him up at once. We shook
hands - He arranged the blocks and
we then commenced to rearrange them.
We could do it faster than before, our
experience was aiding us - 1, - 2, - 3, -
- - 4, - 5, - 6, - - 7, - 8, - - 9, - 10, - ~~11~~
11, - - 12, - 13, - - - 15, - 14. - We had
not got the 15 in the right place, no
matter, we would soon remedy that.
Our friend smilingly remarked that he
thought we would and departed: -
Alas to what a fate he left us! We be-
gan to move our blocks again. We got the
15 in the right place, but upon looking
at the row above, it read 9-11-10-12.
What did it all mean? We felt a
slight pain in our head - We put up
our hand. There was a little crack
there, but what of that? We would yet
solve the problem & win that game, or
die in the attempt. Once more we set
to work. We fix our third row, but now
the second reads 5-6-8-7. - Another pain.
another crack. Would we give it up yet?
No! No! - Then followed more movings,
more pains, more cracks. - At length it

stood as before 13-15-14. We again felt
of our head, it was divided into many
parts, by the cracks, running this way
and that. - We were in a sorrowful
condition. We threw the puzzle from us,
and hastened ^{to bring} together our spreading
brains, by binding our head tightly round
about with a bandage. The doctor was
sent for. He made due examination of
our unfortunate cranium & announced
the conclusion arrived at. It was to the
effect, that as the several fractures had
not been caused by external agencies
directly, but arose from the great mo-
lecular action, which had taken place
within, he trusted, that by bringing
the disconnected parts into close un-
ion, by means of bandages around
the head, after the fashion of the one
already applied, the several parts
would unite again, and that no
serious or permanent injury would
follow our rash action. He advised
moreover the removal from our sight,
of the external cause of our mental
excitement & that we be kept in a state
of rest, removed from all disquieting
surroundings. - So following his di-
rections we sought for a time the se-

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clusion, which is offered within the
stately mansion, ^{of a relative of} one of our uncles
relatives, which mansion you may
have seen, it being situated on the
outskirts of the town of Elgin, Ills.
& in full view of passengers trav-
elling from here, thence, or from there,
hither. There for a time we enjoyed
nutritive food & found some of
the rest we needed. At least, in so
far, that now we are returned to your
midst, although in a somewhat en-
feebled condition. - However we can-
not refrain from the following reflec-
tions. - 13, 15, 14 - Thus they stand,
do let them remain. Perchance they
are fated to remain so, paired but
ill matched. Just in the conditions that
we fear our Hon. Chairman will find
himself, when he pairs off. Ill matched
she too long, he too short, 15, - 14.

We wonder if we have polished up
our mathematics any, over the un-
lucky puzzle. No. We have only lost
by it. We could count before. Now
we say 11, 12, 13, 15, 14. Alas! Alas!

Have we been enlightened any in phi-
losophy? Yes. We have learned that
two bodies (blocks in this case) cannot

occupy the same space at the same time.
But how dearly have we paid for the
knowledge! A stove-pipe hat & a crack-
ed brain. — But you must have
heard enough of our sad tale. We know
that you will let us off from that arti-
cle now. — So Goodbye,

Henry B. Wilson.

P.S. — a great discovery has been
made! An editor down east, says
he has solved the problem. He turns
the box around, rearranges the blocks,
and by this I mean, he gets them
into regular order. But then he has
to look at all the blocks sideways.
Just like editors! always looking at things
from the wrong direction or in the wrong
light. No wonder they can make black
white, and white, black. Beware
of them! — — — Present company ex-
cepted of course.

H.B.W.