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# The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1886 -- Volume 08, No. 06

Phi Sigma

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This is the last number of the Voice that will appear this year. In glancing over the history of the class during the year the most striking novelty we find is matrimonial fever or shall we say storm that struck the class. Since the last number of the preceding volume, in Nov of '85, no less than five of our number have sought happiness in married life. We wish them joy!

The second noticeable fact is that several old an honored members have left our ranks. The 'old settlers', so to speak, are retiring from active life. Sometime we may follow the lead of the Calumet club by holding an "old settlers" reunion.

Although we have these vacant places to sigh over, still we have also to rejoice in welcoming back to the class some who left us to study in the East.

We have reason to be happy in having several new names in our little book. There are still a number of vacancies. We hope they will be filled soon so that we may begin a new year with a full membership.

There are three grave problems to be decided by the American people in the near future, namely 1st Revenue reform; 2d the labor question; 3d the anarchist or socialistic question. A large number of our best citizens would add a fourth, Prohibition

As the parties now stand the Democratic party seems most likely to champion revenue reform. The bulk of the party favore it, and their attempt to effect it in the last Congress failed, owing to the defection of a small minority under Mr. Randall.

The labor question is more obscure Many people believe that the laborers are wronged. A large class of writers and speakers are continually declaiming against the cruelty and oppressions of the capitalists, and foretelling some kind of a social upheaval which is to set matters straight. We agree with the Nation which

calls upon these gentlemen to stop their idle declamation and furnish a "bill of particulars" and some scheme of legislative interference.

But we have even a more serious problem to solve. In our midst are a body of men who are working to overturn our civilization and set up in it's place an ideal system devised by some speculative philosophers. Now their success means the destruction of our government. The problem is this; Are we to suffer men to organize societies and teach doctrines hostile to our social existence? How far shall we indulge free speech? What check shall we put upon it?

The prohibition vote has ~~almost~~ more than doubled since 1884. The largest gains appear in the Mississippi valley.

Many inferences often most diverse may be drawn from election returns. One inference that can be drawn from the recent elections is that Civil Service Reform is a political necessity. Some candidates have been defeated because they were opposed to it; others, spoilsmen, have been defeated by discontent arising from the distribution of offices. The applicants who failed to get offices laid up grudges against their respective congressmen and refused to support them for reëlection, so that politicians are beginning to see that it is for their interest to have no offices to bestow.

## On the Morning of the Pilot's Arrival at the End of an Ocean Voyage.

What a full, glad hour it is! How it stands out in the memory, even after it is long past, with a vividness that makes the mere thought of it give one a thrill!

We have been tossing on high waves all the long weary night, tossing on high waves as to our ships, and tossing on hard berths as to our individual selves. At fitful intervals we have waked — that is to say, waked wide, for we were never more than half asleep — and given mutual sympathy for common ills, and marked the high speed of the vessel, and applied our tired heads to our hot pillows, to toss once more. Suddenly we are all awake at once. What was that sound, rising so distinctly above the plash of the waves, and the noises on deck, and the monotonous roar of the engine — the sharp quick sound of an alarm bell. Cling! Cling, clang, cling! How suddenly and sharply the sound rang through the boat. We are flying no longer; the mighty engine is beating slower and slower; the boat heaves and rocks as we cease our rapid onward motion. In an incredibly short time the machinery is still, and, in the sudden hush which has waked five hundred people at once, we are waiting, — awake, alert, questioning.

A hasty scramble for the nearest garments, an excited fire of speculations — the wildest being that it may be New York harbor, where we will not be for thirty-six hours yet — a tumbled head thrust out at the curtain side; a short quick interchange of question and answer with a passing waiter: "Why are we stopping?" — "Pilot coming on board;" — cries of excitement and delight as the answer is reported inside, and in another moment we are tumbling up to the moist early-morning deck, where a small, eager crowd is already pressing close to the railing, on the side where the pilot is coming on board. To the rail we, too, are hurled with a pitch of the vessel, and, grasping an iron rod for steadiness, we become all eyes and expectation. The sun is not yet up, but the sea is quite light with the coming morning. Everything has a "ready" look, as though on the verge of something. A few rods from us, rising and falling with the waves, her sails all spread, and her flag — our flag — unfurled to the morning breeze, rides the sturdy sailing-vessel that has brought our pilot out.

Close up to us, below us, as we look over the rail and down, is the egg-shell row-boat, out of which he has that moment mounted to our deck. Two lusty sailors from the sailing-vessel are pulling the tiny boat back to their own. How high the dark blue waves are! How they threaten to engulf the pigmy craft! How the sailor lads

bend and fall, and send her now up a watery hill, now over the foaming crest, now down down into the gulf-like hollow, where we see them no more. We hold our breath. Up they come! — up the next blue slope, over the white crest, down into the gulf again. We have started and are leaving them in our shining wake. They seem a long way from her of the snowy sails; will they reach her soon, brooding and waiting for them on the waves?

We watch till the little boat is only a speck; then she disappears altogether, and we can only hope she is safely back, as we turn to watch the prodigal glory of the sunrise which is turning our path behind to molten gold. We are as fresh, as glad as the morning; we know the joy of Noah when the dove brought back an olive branch; we have a pilot aboard who knows the path in the midst of the waters, and we are almost home!

Florence A. Warner.

# The Tale of a Four Leaf Clover.

And so you have asked for my story?
But how shall I tell it in words?
If you ask for a story told bravely and well,
You must go to the crickets and birds,
For I am not learnéd in story-book lore,
And no one has asked for my story before.
All my life long, in the meadow
Where you found me to-day, in your seeking,
I have lived a life so simple and quiet,
That I feel quite abashed to be speaking
To one who has lived in the great wide world,
And traveled its whole width over;
I know but the scene of my meadow there,
I am only a four-leaf clover.
The story you ask me to tell you
Is our family secret; we clovers
Are careful and modest about it,
And keep it from curious rovers;
But to us, 'tis a dear old legend,
And when you have listened awhile,
You will know why it is that our four small leaves
Are said to bring Fortune's smile:

— — — — —

Then listen; a thousand years ago,
Or two, or three, or more — I cannot tell —
There lived, in Saxon land, a wise good king,
Beloved of all that in the land did dwell;
But even spite of love, and watchful care,
For many weary weeks, on bed of pain,
In silent darkened room, the King had lain.
He had not heard the birds, nor breathed the air
Of Springtime, when it whispered through the earth,

Nor watched the meadows growing richly green,
Nor heard the music of the merry brook,
Nor, in his own grand palace garden, seen
His favourite blossoms open, one by one,
To meet the gracious glances of the Sun.
Flowers, rich and rare and exquisite, were brought
To cheer the weary hours of each new day;
But in the sick-room's languid air oppressed,
They drooped and faded, till the King said: "Nay,
Leave ye the flowers in Nature's gentle care,
This is no fitting place for things so rare."

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One day, a little maid, a peasant's child,
Having great love and pity in her heart
For the dear King, and longing for a part
In some kind action which might comfort him
Felt, in her anxious heart, a thrill of joy; —
"I'll hurry to my own sweet bank!" she cried,
"And I will gather, from the brook's green brink,
A bunch of clover — not the common kind,
With only three small leaflets on a stem,
But clover of a larger growth, with four
Of those green petals, and I'll carry them
Up to the dear, sick King; — he sure will love
Their fresh, bright faces; and this little thing
Is all that I can do to please my King."
Then, through the palace gate, and up the stair,
Straight to the chamber passed the little maid,
And, softly stepping, trembling half with fear
And half with joy, the clover bunch she laid
Close to the bedside, — then, with noiseless feet,
Slipped from the room, and quickly hurried back
To hide her head low in the meadow-grass
And, softly whispering, tell the clover heads

The thing her loving heart had brought to pass.

— — —

And when the King, waking from troubled sleep,
Opened his eyes, to find the clover bunch
Close by his bedside — suddenly there sprang
Up to his face a happy, glowing light.
And to his heart it seemed as though a voice
From Nature's self had spoken, at the sight.
Was it the maiden's love which wrought the change,
Or was it magic in the simple clover?
Something had turned the tide; all was not over;
The King came back to life, and health and strength.
What could the grateful people do but say:
"The secret power of happiness and health
Lies in this clover, for it saved our King,
Let it henceforth be sought like rarest wealth
For with its gaining cometh each good thing."

Florence E. Homer.

Newspapers.

What is a newspaper? We are often compelled to ask this question of ourselves, when we read some of the matter which newspapers contain. From the name one would expect a fair, impartial narrative of daily occurrences, simply and truthfully told. Whatever the editorial comment — if there was any — might be, the plain facts would also be printed. Our expectation would be disappointed.

The real newspaper is primarily a money-making project. It's object is purely selfish. The idea of instructing the public has no place in the mind of the newspaper man. Editors love to make rhetoric upon the press, as if it was pure philanthropy that lies at the root of it. Well, literally, it is philanthropic to work for oneself. The interest of this phase of journalism is it's influence on the policy of

the paper. The pecuniary interest puts a restraint on free utterance and causes partiality. When there is a dearth of news, it leads the editor to invent something starting or curious, or to invade the domain of the magazine. The thousands, who read nothing in addition to the newspapers are craving for food. They hold their money in their hands. Of course they must be fed with something, and they are not choice. We find also that the contents are more commonly treated and arranged according to their popular interest, than their intrinsic value. So also news is suppressed or stretched according as it conflicts with or supports the notions of the subscribers. For example whether a newspaper supports gold or silver, prohibition or high-license is largely determined by the views of its constituency. The

struggles of the business manager also appear in the ~~manner~~ style in which such news as murders fires, scandals etc is written up.

We are told that the newspaper holds a mirror before the world. If some historian a thousand years hence was to base an estimate of our customs and daily life on the newspapers would he not say something like this? "The last quarter of the 19th century is marked by its crimes, scandals, devotion to sports, contempt of rectitude, but preeminently by rascality in high places." In short the sensational is the mark of almost every newspaper, something to sell the paper.

Another power exerts a large influence on journalism, namely Politics. Their influence is subordinate to that of money. To succeed in this department the novice needs to be an ex-

pert in all kinds of lying, from the delicate manipulation of facts and specious comments up to bold flights of fancy. In general it has been asserted by a reliable independent journal that it has never heard of any man's discharge for lying, if the lie was profitable.

The political side of newspapers and politicians are of a kind. They subordinate everything to party; honesty, veracity, the public welfare and everything else. Argument is disdained. Vituperation and falsehood prevail. Whether politics has corrupted the newspaper or have been corrupted by it, would be difficult to find out.

A reaction against this black and shameful condition is seen in the rise of independent journalism, although this reformation for the most part is yet political, still there is ground for hoping that the other phases

country. Following the traditions of their Honorable guild they filled up gaps in the news out of their own heads, and contradicted their falsehoods in the next letter. The first authentic newspaper was the "Weekly Times", London 1644, almost contemporaneously newspapers were started up all over Europe and America. For many years there was a censorship of the press. Then a stamp tax followed. Editors have been persecuted as fiercely as religious dissenters. The press was the avowed and dreaded enemy of tyranny. The liberty that we enjoy today, in common with all English-speaking peoples is largely due to those brave men who were not afraid to criticize and oppose kings and aristocratic parliaments.

Chas. R Abbey

# Shakespeare's "King Lear."

The story part of King Lear is simple & easily told. As it has come down to us, it is half legendary & half historic, and the scene dates back in British history, or perhaps better, back of British history, to about 800 or 900 B.C. This brings the events parallel with the reign of Jeroboam over Israel.

Lear's only children were three daughters, Gonorilla, Regan & Cordelia. All of these he loved greatly, but the special object of his affection was the youngest, Cordelia. Becoming old in his reign, he conceived the idea of confining his succession in the kingdom to the one who should make the greatest profession of love for him. The oldest, Gonoril, called all the gods to witness that she loved him better than her own life. Regan with great ~~oaths &~~ protestations declared that Gonoril's expression could not begin to discover the boundlessness of her affection. But Cordelia being called, & knowing the hypocritical pretentions of her sisters, who were already betrothed, said in briefest words that she had always loved him & should continue to love him as her natural father; & adds in a very common sense (~~sort of~~) way:

"Why Lov my sisters husbands, if as they say
They love you all? Haply when I shall wed
That lord whose hand ~~shall~~ must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care & duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters
To love my father all."

Not being satisfied with this answer, & unable to gain a greater expression of affection, Lear marries his two eldest daughters to the Dukes of Cornwall & Albany, & resigns to them all his lands & his power, leaving to Cordelia nothing, ~~and~~ but banishing her from his presence. The King of France however, out of pure love for Cordelia marries her & carries her home.

Lear having given up his authority, his two daughters turn upon him in a most unnatural way, deprive him of every comfort, & drive him out from his own home at night into a black & pitiless storm.

One story relates that he went over to France where he was kindly received by Cordelia & her husband, who returned with an army & restored him to his throne.

Shakespeare however, following another legend, makes Cordelia come over with an army to protect him; her army is defeated, she & Lear taken prisoners; she is killed in prison, and Lear dies of a broken heart. —

Such in brief is the outline of the story on which Shak. based his marvelous drama. He took this old legend which had been bandied about by many a playwright to no purpose, & which had virtually been dead for hundreds of years, & caused to grow out of it what is universally conceded to be his master-tragedy."

The play contains two distinct & well-defined plots, — one subordinate to the other. The characters to be borne in mind as we run hastily through it, are twelve (in number) — or ~~that~~ a baker's dozen if we throw in the Fool to make up for the shortcomings of some of the others. ~~(It should be remembered always).~~

They are two Kings, three Dukes, two Earls, three Daughters, and two Sons: Lear, Kg. of Britain & a King of France; Dukes of Burgundy, Cornwall & Albany; Earls of Glostr & Kent; Goneril, Regan and Cordelia daughters of Lear; ~~and~~ Edgar & Edmund, sons of Glostr, — (Edmund being an illegitimate son), and the King's Fool.

The principal plot is of course ~~that~~ the one connected with Lear & his daughters; the subordinate ~~one~~ is that of the Earl of Glostr & his ~~two~~ sons. These ~~two~~ continue throughout to revolve about each other, Edmund being the connecting link between them ~~two~~. On the one hand is a credulous father in contact with ~~the~~

~~two elements of~~ true affection & ~~of~~ hypocritical love from his daughters; and on the other hand a credulous father in contact with ~~the same two elements~~ true affection & hypocritical love from his sons. ∧ On the result of these ~~two~~ contrary forces the whole play turns.

While it is not intended for a religious play, perhaps not even for a moral one, still one can scarcely restrain his imagination from building upon it an allegory having for the underlying ~~with~~ the old proverb, penned at about the time in which the scene of the play actually lies: "Open Rebuke is better than false love".

One of the most obvious features ~~of the~~ that impresses one in reading the play is its rapidity. In every sense it is rapid. Abrupt in opening; of hurried and intense action; quick transitions from one scene to another, and everything hastening on to the untimely end, — yet not so untimely perhaps, but from the nature of the circumstances the most natural. Just as the boat, caught in the mighty maelstrom draws nearer & nearer its natural end, approaching faster & faster till it disappears at last in one overwhelming engulfment.

As the play opens we are introduced at once into the action of it. The statement at the mouth of Kent & Glostr, the King's Counsellors, of the predetermined

decision to divide the kingdom, is followed immediately by the actual division of it, & the work of Kg. Lear begin. The first five lines give us a decided hint as to the vacillating character of the old King, in his supposed change of conduct towards the Duke of Albany.

Kent. – "I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall."

Glostr. – "It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for Equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety."

The first real intimation of his actual mental weakness is in the consistent way in which he proceeds to divide the Kingdom according to the expressed affection of his daughters; giving largely to those who expressed largely, & most vehemently attempting to prove his declaration to Cordelia that "nothing can come of nothing" by withholding from her all share in her rightful inheritance, & disclaiming her as daughter, all because she could not "heave her heart into her mouth" & vie with the vile hypocrisy of her sisters.

Evidently he had expected to give largely to her; but thwarted in his plan by her simple, plain reply, he is first vexed, then angry, works himself into

a towering rage which grows & bursts in a storm of passion upon the devoted head of her whom at heart he loved more than his other daughters with all their large professions, more than all his domains, more than life itself.

Lear. - "Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes { devours his children
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied & relieved
As thou my sometime daughter."

To all attempts from Kent & others to dissuade him from completing this rash & foolish act the crusty old monarch has but one sentiment in reply: "The bow is but drawn; make from the shaft."

And now begins a series of of stormy scenes and passionate strifes. Kent, the faithful & devoted servant of Lear, bares his breast before that imaginary bow

& says: "Let it fall, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
+ + + Reverse thy doom
And in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness. + + + Revoke thy doom
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat
I'll tell thee thou dost evil."

His only reply is a banishment from the Kingdom on penalty of death if he is found there again.

Goneril & Regan come in for an exhibition of their character which is little less than fiendish, & we are hurried along the stream of events with ever increasing rapidity & never ceasing violence.

Here in the First Act, & even in the first Scene, we have set before us the character of nearly all the principal actors, - especially in most striking contrast the character of these three daughters. The perfect honesty & sincerity of Cordelia is seen in the patience & really Christian forbearance with which she, for the sake of principle, calmly beholds her lawful share of the Kingdom slip from her grasp, - too modest to display her tenderness before the world & to buy a dowry with it. The perfect diabolism of Gon. & Reg. is seen in their first act after receiving the divided crown. In the

light of a father's gift, within the echo of their profuse acknowledgments of affection, in the face of the ungrateful treatment of Cord., which they look upon without protest & without remorse, they calmly sit down & together map out a course of conduct towards the old man if he doesn't render them obedience! Gon. is always foremost in planning; Reg. in execution. It is Gon's deliberate scheme for her servants to pick a quarrel with the ex-Monarch, & so furnish ground for depriving him of the 100 followers he had stipulated to retain; & this plan is just as deliberately carried out.

In certain traits of character Cord. resembles her father Lear; but how she could have two such sisters or he two such daughters seems a mystery of the play. Probably it is well for the tragedy that Mrs. Lear had made her Exit before the play begins.

At the close of the First Act, then, we leave the old King, stung by remorse for his rash act, which in a calmer moment, but too late, he sees; harrowed by the malignant ingratitude of his too powerful daughters; deprived of the wonted solace & comfort of his Cordelia, struggling against the forlorn hope of his own sanity & seeking solace in the wit & wisdom of his really wise Fool, who is henceforth given unusual prominence.

In the mean time the subordinate plot has

not turn backward ~~(as coming forward)~~ ~~(in its growth)~~ as introduced & soon ~~and~~ Glostr & his two Sons, become well known ~~as the other participants~~. | The Bastard Edmund is very soon singled out as unmistakably become the main actor here. All the will and intellect & smartness of the whole play seems to centre in ~~around~~ him. He sets himself down in the begining as a "plain villain", & appears as a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of fellow; there is a light-hearted carelessness above, but a malignant villainy beneath. His first speech reveals his one aim: "Edmund the base shall top the legitimate." To secure his brother Edgar's birthright is his object, & that he is bound to accomplish, "no matter by what means".

He begins his long series of scheming & tricking by taking advantage of his own father's credulous nature & alienate his affections from, & set him at enmity with his own Son Edgar.

It is well to notice briefly these two characters ~~at~~ in their introduction. In Glostr we find a kind of sentimental affection coupled with a certain credulity that at times becomes actual superstition. He attributes to the late eclipses of the sun & moon the discords and disasters so rife at that time. Add to this trait a not over-scrupulous sense of right & wrong, & a positive

The Second Act is devoted principally to the development of the subordinate plot. It shows how Edmund sets Gloster & Edgar against each other by means of a forged letter, & makes Edgar escape for his life before the wrath of his father. It also brings to an issue the quarrel of Gon. & Reg. with their father, ending with the old king being driven out into the darkness of the night to face a cruel storm, without a word of pity or entreaty from his kin, with a word of sympathy from

"none but the fool; who labors to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries."

And now comes the most wonderful & weird and indescribable if not incomprehensible scene of the play. The Third Act opens on the heath amid

"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder
Such groans of roaring wind & rain, I never
Remember to have heard", (as Kent describes it)

The old bare-headed king appears, in whose poor brain Reason is now completely dethroned, wildly denying that he feels any discomfort from the storm. "The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there."

Kent is there in his usual disguise; the Fool is present, & the most sensible one of the whole company; Edgar comes in, disguised as poor mad Tom, whom Lear, thinking

to be actually mad, asks most touchingly,
"Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?"
All this enacted amid clouds & darkness & the raging roar of the elements, & Lear howling above the noise of the storm,
"Blow, winds, & crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts & hurricanoes, spout!" —
all this combines to produce a tremendous effect upon the mind.

Lear is finally induced to get into the shelter of a hovel near by, & there is enacted a most grotesque and comical mock trial, in which Lear sits as judge over a court called to try his daughters. He first arraigns Goneril,
"I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father."
Kent is retained as counsel for the prosecution, and the Fool and mad Tom for the defense. But Lear is finally induced to lie down & sleep, and the case is dropped.

Meanwhile the French army has come over to take Lear's part. In the midst of the military preparations by Cornwall & Albany, we are let into some of the foul and dishonorable intrigues which are going on beneath the surface, between Edmund and both Goneril & Regan. Edmund is made an officer under Cornwall, while professing interest & obedience, he is violating every pledge which friendship owes, by his infamous intrigues. plotting

Gloster is captured & his Eyes put out by Cornwall's own hand, & without a protest from Edmund his son. One of Cornwall's servants, however, enraged at such inhuman conduct, rushes forward & slays his master; & Regan with all her tiger instinct does not hesitate to seize a sword & deal the servant a death blow from behind.

Cornwall being dead, his command falls upon Edmund in company with Albany. In the battle their Troops are victorious, & Cordelia is taken prisoner with her father Lear.

As we approach the end of the play, there is a certain pervading atmosphere which does not warrant our looking for a happy consummation. Indeed it would seem an inconsistency if everything should turn out fortunately after such a display of wickedness on the one side & suffering on the other, & we do not expect it.

We are led up to the closing scene by a series of accumulating horrors. Kent is instrumental in exposing the disgraceful intrigues of Edmund with Albany's wife & with Regan; in jealousy & shame Regan slays her sister & takes her own life; Kent comes forward at Edmund's challenge to substantiate his accusations with the sword, & Edm. falls mortally wounded. Cordelia & her father have at last found reconciliation, & it is most pathetic to hear the old man's simple crooning as the light breaks slowly in upon his darkened mind that that his own much loved but much abused daughter

has come back to him. He wakes from sleep & finds her kneeling at his bed side. To her questions he replies:

"Pray, do not mock me
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore & upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia."

And so they come together once more, nearer than ever before; Cordelia doing all in her power to charm away the sad, sad memories of the past, & soothe the reason that overbalanced mind; he contemplating with the greatest pleasure even the prison bars if only his Cordelia be with him again.

"Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds in the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: +++ and we'll wear out
In the walled prison, packs & sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon"

His childish mind was filled with childish happiness at the prospect.

But even this simple gratification is denied him. The "poor, infirm, weak & despised old man," truly "more sinned against than sinning" has not quite fathomed the depth of misery. There is one step more. This only one that is left who can make life for him worth the living; this only prop of his declining years, is ruthlessly snatched away. In her prison cell, & in the presence of her father, she is slain by order of Edmund before he died; and her death is the last and fittest act of that consummate villain.

The old Kings cup of bitterness is full. As he sits moaning & crooning over that lifeless form, & tries to call back the departed spirit, which will not come back, his five-times-repeated word "Never" is wrung from the very bottom of his great soul, and a heart-string snaps asunder at every expression.

"Never", he says as the first wave of sorrow rolls over him, and he begins to appreciate that she is really gone.

"Never," he repeats as he thinks of their great & mutual love no longer now to express itself.

"Never", - and his memory carries him sadly back to the great wrong he had done her, when he knew all the while that she loved him; and Conscience goads him almost to frenzy with remorse at the thought of those evil days & evil deeds.

"Never" rings from a heart overburdened with anguish

as he gazes at those marble lips & feels that it is too late for them to grant the forgiveness he fain would pray for. "Never", he gasps and he settles back in complete despair; every vestage of hope gone; the last clinging heart string sunders, & his spirit goes to be with hers. Whatever they had been in life, "in their death they were not divided."

So the play closes with a dead march over the bodies of those four royal ones who figured so strangely in those intricate plots & counter plots.

Without going further into the details here, one or two of the general characteristics of the play should be noticed briefly. There are particular parts in the play which everyone that reads must especially admire; but an attempt to dissect & exhibit those parts would be mere foolishness. The very life & grace that made up their beauty & attractiveness would be destroyed by the separation from their surroundings. Only as we look at the parts in their organic unity and inseparable relation to the whole, can we get any adequate conception of their origin and import. This is one of the great beauties of the play. It is a massive cathedral in which all the parts are fitly framed & grow up into a perfect temple.

Again, there is such an air of reality pervading the whole,

(that) it is almost impossible to disabuse the mind of the fact that it is not real. It is not probable that all the misfortunes which befall the King Lear of the play ever did happen to any one man; or that all these circumstances ever combined in just such a way as represented; but they are exactly such as we could easily conceive of as happening to different individuals, and no violence is done to the imagination by putting them all upon one man. The same is true also of nearly all the other characters. We are looking through a microscope at a personified world of passion. And being thus magnified in degree, and made monstrous even in their condensed form & space, the vices & virtues are all the more prominently set before us, & carry with far greater might whatever lesson they may contain. There are many lessons which might be drawn by inference from the play, if that were desirable; but the most obvious thought, & the one which seems to grasp the whole meaning of these remarkable struggles, is that contained in Cordelia's last words to her father as they are together led away to prison:

"We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst."

Throughout the play there is something

tremendously effective in the hurried, energetic action of such a vast amount of material. Every scene is a new breaker of the incoming tide, dashing madly on, pushing itself further up than the last, until the flow is reached: all the requirements of nature are fulfilled: then comes the calm.

As one rises from a reading of King Lear, the impression upon the mind is like that of a dream, when often when awaking the memory aches to think how much has been lived through in so short a time. Those stately halls, regal palaces, royal persons; dirty hovels, camps, battle fields, dungeon cells; kings & courtiers; prosperity & adversity; those changing scenes; those fine situations, so intense, so rapid, yet so complete, — all these tell of the marvelous power behind, which we can but admire if not comprehend.

Newell

Socrates.

"Let us test the truth and our own selves."

Sometime during the year 469 B.C. the hearts of Sophroniscus, an athenian statuary, and Phaenarete, his wife, were gladdened by the birth of a son. That son was destined to make a great stir in his native city, indeed in the whole world; as no doubt he did in one home on that auspicious day in the year 469 B.C.

About the early training and home life of Socrates we know nothing. However we may presume that he received the ordinary training of an athenian lad — perhaps, reading, writing, arithmetic, rhetoric music and gymnastics. He also heard some of the sophists lectures; but he was too poor to avail himself of all the advantages that Athens afforded. He says, in the Protagoras, "that he attended the minor lecture of Prodicus, but the 50 min

lecture was beyond his means.

After getting his mental and physical training, Socrates turned his efforts to business. As was usual in ancient times he chose his father's trade, that of a statuary, probably akin to the monument business of today. It is said that one of his works was extant in the second century of our era. He pursued this vocation until he was about thirty years old. Then he found his mother's pursuit more to his taste and abandoned art for science. That is, to use his own phrase, he became "an intellectual midwife".

Socrates was of a practical turn of mind. He applied his common sense to everything he attempted. No work of art was so brilliant as to paralyze that keen sense. The teachings of Sophists and natural philosophy, the conduct and opinions of men were alike subjected to the burning scrutiny of his prac-

ical mind. It may easily be conceived how the imperfect and often grotesque systems, that attempted to explain nature, withered and decayed under the test. He believed that natural phenomena could be comprehended only by the Gods; and that, consequently, it was foolish for men to waste time upon them. He censured the Sophists because they aimed only at making adroit speakers — such as could "make the worse appear the better reason". He ~~reb~~ rebuked the people for striving after the things which are unable to satisfy even when attained as wealth, glory, power etc; but neglecting that which alone is able to give peace of mind — an upright life. The natural philosophers, the Sophists and the people were groping about in the dark for something that they could not get and that could not satisfy the longings of the soul

Socrates believed that he had a divine mission. He called himself "a gadfly sent of God" to prick men's consciences, to show that they were neglecting their souls in their struggles for fleeting and unsatisfactory objects. His mission had in addition an intellectual end, namely to probe men's minds, to convince them of their ignorance and superficiality, and finally to stir them up to mental activity. "Let us test the truth and ourselves" he said.

He used the dialectic method in his discussions "and thus laid the foundation of formal logic." As found in Plato the dialectic method is as follows, to assume a definition and then test it by bringing up all the objections that can be urged against it. The starting points of Socrates' conversations were definitions — either of a word or terms, or of a motive. Thus in

the Protagoras he seeks Hippocrates' motive in desiring to place himself under the instruction of Protagoras; and, later in the dialogue, on Protagoras' profession of his ability to teach virtue, he asks for a definition of virtue.

Socrates was the first to cultivate Ethics as a science. Ethical questions were his most common themes of conversation. Although he disclaimed the title of teacher, no one could be his companion without receiving instruction of the best quality. In his private conversations he urged his friends to practice virtue and discussed ethical problems in a direct manner. In his public dialogues, on the contrary, he seems rather to have convicted his opponent of ignorance of the theme and to have left the truth to be inferred from the conclusion of the dialogue, than to have given an exposition of some ethical axiom in a set discourse.

He himself was an example of applied ethics. His self-control, integrity and temperance daily furnished a final and convincing commentary on his precepts. His voluntary poverty and persistent refusal to take money for ~~his~~ teaching proved his sincerity. His powers of endurance were marvelous. Hunger, thirst, heat, cold and fatigue had no terrors for him. A noble life moves men more deeply than the most beautiful maxims.

The actions of this singular man were controlled by a divine spirit, — his "familiar spirit" or "daemon" — as unique as himself. This daemon never prompted him to do anything; but frequently restrained him from some proposed action. Whenever he contemplated doing anything he always waited to see whether his daemon interposed its restraining voice. He talked about it freely not only to his intimate

friends, but also in public. It was in obedience to this divine voice that he made no prepared defence before his judges, and it was the cause of his being accused of introducing new Gods.

The last scenes of his life were a fitting conclusion to his career. They display all the eccentricity and moral grandeur of the sturdy old man. The indictment charged him with denying the orthodox Gods, with introducing new Gods, and with corrupting the young men. Before his judges he bore himself with all the dignity and independence of a man who is conscious of no wrong done by him. The apology asserts with greater emphasis his opinions and stamps with approval his deeds. He holds such high language as this, "O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I shall obey

the God rather than you; —
but understand that I shall
never act differently, even if
I have to die for it many times;"
and after sentence was pro-
nounced — "there can no evil
befall a good man, whether
he be alive or dead, nor are his
affairs uncared for by the Gods;"
and the last words — "which
of us is going to the better fate
is unknown to all save God."
Thirty days afterward that pathetic
scene, so vividly portrayed by
Plato, took place in the prison,
surrounded by his weeping
friends Socrates died, calm
and serene to the end.

Chas. P. Abbey.

Wm Preston Johnston, in his article on A. S. Johnston at Shiloh, does not deviate from the time honored custom of Southern writers on the late difficulty although the official records of both sides have long been accessible to researchers, affording the opportunity of viewing the difficulty from either extreme or both, they do not seem to avail themselves of it. But we have the old fable, a very few confederates fighting generally both success, a great many federals endlessly repeated. They are apologists seeking to explain away their non-success.

The confederates were brave men, and fought against a nation of larger resources and sometimes against superior numbers; but to set their valor in relief, it is not necessary to grossly mistate the relative numbers of both sides. The unread Southerner who hears only his own side must estimate his prowess equal to ten Northerners.

Those, who do not highly esteem state legislators as a class, will delight in the proceedings of that body of eminent statesmen now assembled at Springfield. State-legislators are

schools for training statesmen, a vestibule to a larger sphere. From this point of view we can more intelligently study our dilletanti, law-makers and their interesting experiments showing the potential power of temporary speakers.

Freezing parties are now in order.

Somebody has inquired why the dynamiters do not blow up the Legislature. They are perfectly harmless, as inactive as a bear in winter.