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Phi Sigma

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Sunnyside—Home of Washington Irving.

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The Practical Benefit of Phi Sigma

The year of Eighteen Hundred and Eighty Nine is drawing toward its close. Within a few days its volume will be closed and its record ended. Before the Phi Sigma will again assemble for the practical work for which it was organized, its members will be dating commercial bills, legal documents, business letters, and - who knows? the tender missives of love - with 1890 as part of the date, or scratching 1889 which they have just down simply complimentary as a tribute to a 365 day habit. This is the season of retrospection; of looking backwards; of comparing the bright hopes and resolutions of January with December fulfillment or attainment. May we not then, in the spirit of the time, glance along the line of Phi Sigma accomplishment to see if we can find cause for satisfaction, or stimulus to further effort, in results of the past. We do not propose to look at details, pick out what was done in this month or that month, study the work of individual members, or usurp the office of critic to lay bare faults or exalt merits

of particular meetings, but to look at the past in a broad way and answer the question what is the practical benefit of Phi Sigma. He, who inculcates a ruling principle of right action does more for his fellow-men than he who performs toward them a single meritorious act. It is the glory of the Divine One whose birth we are soon to commemorate that he was able so to live and so to speak as to implant ruling principles of faithfulness of kindness, of unselfishness, in the hearts of his associates and his followers throughout the ages. and for this reason more than the fact that he healed cases of physical infirmity he has the strongest claim upon our highest thought and affection. We may therefore reason, without ignoring the fact that Phi Sigma confers much direct benefit, that its main and highest value lies along the line of its suggestiveness. We will not underrate the power it has to inform the mind that is within us upon interesting topics, the direct knowledge of which, ~~has~~ ~~been~~ is important and valuable, but if it imparts to study ~~also~~ and activity along high correlative lines its useful

ness is more real though probably less conspicuous. In other words we hold that it is in the inspiration furnished by Phi Sigma toward high attainment that its highest practical benefit is to be found. It is well to learn about philosophy; it is well to be informed upon journalism; It is well to be familiar with the names of the leaders and know the events of the Crimean war, but such knowledge is local, ephemeral and subject to the caprice of memory, but the mental discipline gained through such study is more abiding and the stimulus toward enlarging the boundaries of our thought and knowledge becomes strong. We walk with new delight in the elysian fields of learning, We company with the great of earth, Insensibly, it may be, new and higher ideals of life, replace lower and more commonplace ones, Almost imperceptibly, it may be, the soul and mind are transformed and we find ourselves longing and striving for the highest personal attainment, the highest accomplishment, the highest usefulness. It is perhaps with pardonable pride that we scan the record of Phi Sigma to observe that from our midst have gone forth missionaries to

the heathen, ministers to preach the gospel, doctors to heal the sick, lawyers to settle disputes and establish justice in the earth, teachers to enlighten the ignorant, while there are still with us business men proving in their separate spheres that in an age ~~if~~ when the commercial spirit is selfish and avaricious and grinding and business men generally are engaged in pursuing exclusively the evanescent dollar there can be men to whom the dollar is not an idol and in whose estimation the intellect is at least of as much importance as the pocket book. Who can say how much of the inspiration toward these pursuits has flown from the Phi Sigma or how many an one has been stimulated to make the most of himself or herself through contact with Phi Sigma ideals? This is the last Voice of 1889. — Looking at the record of the year we may entertain a certain satisfaction for what has been accomplished, but let us not forget that beyond literary papers and social pleasures is the ever flowing pervasive spirit of progress, emanating from our meetings. Let us give this spirit a kindly welcome. Let us heed its beckoning through the coming year. It may point

upward along steep and rugged paths where self-conquest and self-denial must be practiced to follow:- it may lead along through pleasant vales by green pastures and still waters in exact accordance with our desires but whithersoever it guides we may be assured that we will advance toward the mountain top of learning and that even by the way we may look with pleasure through the clear atmosphere of truth upon an ever widening horizon of thought while here and there upon the landscape the beautiful structures erected through the skill and patient industry of earnest intellectual workers will reward all the effort of our ascent.

Irving and his Times.

1783–1859.

In an old house near Fulton Street, New York City, whose site is now covered with a block of fine stores, was born Washington Irving in the year 1783. That very year, in a solemn conference in Paris, was signed the treaty which recognized the independence of the United States, gained in the Revolution. The same year, General Washington surrendered his commission as commander-in-chief of the American army, and retired to Mt. Vernon. Upon the adoption of our Constitution, a grateful nation elected him to the presidency, in 1789. Thenceforward law and order, peace and plenty reigned.

Meanwhile France was being torn to pieces by the great Revolution. The Republicans, the Girondists, and the Royalists, each striving against each, and all for self, made the reign of Louis XVI indeed a Reign of Terror, for it was not the king who ruled, but the masses, and that too the vilest of the vile.

While our new nation was quietly

prospering under one president after another, England under George III was troubled with great political disturbances. In France, Bonaparte had overthrown the Directory and made himself first consul of the republic.

Then came our War of 1812 with England, the chief result of which was the recognition of the fact that American sailors are the peers in valor and patriotism of any seamen in the world. In the Analectic Magazine, of which Irving was editor for a few years, he wrote several sketches of those famous naval heroes of the War of 1812.

In 1815, at the close of this war, Irving went abroad for a little tour on the continent, but his anticipated pleasure trip proved to be an absence of seventeen years. During these seventeen years abroad, George IV reigned in England; Napoleon was deposed and banished; Louis XVIII and Chas. X reigned in France, till the Revolution of 1830 brought Louis Philippe into power; Frederic William III ruled in Prussia; and Europe acknowledged the independence of Greece.

In the U. S., during the early part of

this century, the questions of finance, national banking system, maritime laws, free trade, tariff, Slavery, States' rights, nullification, and annexation, were discussed with much warmth and perhaps with some bitterness. But Irving escaped all the bitterness, and knew of the discussions only by the newspapers and his private correspondence, for he was quietly pursuing his literary labors in England, sending his works to be published in America, as well as nearer his own door. He inherited English tastes, and his extensive reading of English works, his residence there, and the friends he made, all tended to confirm his English habits. Nevertheless he was sturdily American in his principles, was fond of New York and his American friends, and was always a looker-on in England.

All this time, his native land was gaining ground, not figuratively alone but literally. All lands west of the thirteen original states, to the great river, the river Mississippi, had been formed into territories, and these had been admitted, piece by piece, as States into the Union.

Difficulties arose with the Indians of these new lands, and scarcely, with large sums of money, could they be bribed to move to the far West. On Irving's return from Europe in 1832, he travelled in company with an Indian Commissioner to the newly-opened countries, and the trip had its influence upon his subsequent writings.

The ten years that he spent in America was the ebb-tide of our country, especially the administration of Van Buren, 1837-'41. It was an unheroic, an unfortunate rule, rather than a bad one. Under Harrison, Irving was sent as minister to Spain, and lived in Madrid from 1842-1846.

Meanwhile, many States west of the Mississippi had been admitted into the Union; and soon the question of the annexation of Texas brought us into conflict with Mexico. The Mexican War, 1846-'48, resulted in the acquisition of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and fixed the southern boundary of the U. S. as it now stands.

Upon Irving's return from Spain, he took up his residence in a quaint,

pre-Revolutionary house near Tarrytown on the Hudson. There, at Sunnyside, he lived quietly till his death in 1859. There, he wrote the biography of Washington, the one whose name he bore, whose hands had blessed his head in childhood, and whose character he so heartily admired.

During these peaceful years the nation was steadily advancing. The electric telegraph had been invented, and pronounced a success. The Smithsonian Institution was established at Washington. Gold was discovered in California, and thousands rushed to seek it. Expeditions were sent to explore the North Polar Regions. Engineers went to find a route for the Pacific Railroad. A commercial treaty was made with Japan, thus opening that country to America, and subsequently to the civilized world. And the World's Fair was held in the Crystal Palace in New York City.

At last the year 1859 came, and the people of the U. S. were called to mourn the death of Washington Irving, "The Prince of American Letters." For full fifty years he had been creating for his native land, a literature which should

adorn his own and after ages. He was our first author who wrung from the reluctant reviews of England and Scotland an acknowledgment of the power and originality of American genius. "The literature of the New World was no longer a scoff and a byword." "Except Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, no other author of Irving's time received such a munificent reward for his labor, no other was so much praised and loved."

A. M. Fisk.

Three Noted Americans

It has recently been the privilege of the writer to be personally associated with three famous American citizens whose names are household words throughout our country. Who has not heard of Robert J. Burdette, Bill Nye, and James Whitcomb Riley? A brief association with these men is exceedingly interesting. We therefore propose to speak briefly of their characteristics and let them tell more of themselves in their own words. Speaking of them in the order named Robert J. Burdette is the first we that claims the attention. If we had never seen Mr. Burdette or been told that he was a small man we might suppose he was a large man with an imposing personal appearance. Something in the name is suggestive of this idea. It is a good stanch Scotch name, and we naturally associate with it the robust descendant of a sturdy highlander and we would be unprepared to meet the small, genial man who greets us so heartily with a most winning and attractive smile upon his face

This smile is one of the most noticeable characteristics of Mr. Burdette. It is not an insipid, vaporous, meaningless smile such as appears in the prints of tailor's fashions but it is a smile full of intelligence, illuminating the face and radiating good humor and good will from every line, curve and feature of it. This smile silently says at once "I am your friend and am glad of it. I am interested in all that concerns you. If I can serve you in any way don't hesitate to call upon me" and you believe the smile and would be willing to accept its sincerity under any circumstances.

It is this open frankness, this genial good will outflowing upon every person with whom he comes in contact, that constitutes the magnetism of the man. The contrast between Mr. Burdette and Mr. Nye is quite striking. Mr. Nye is tall and seeming more portly. He does not by any means appear to be a humorist in ordinary conversation but rather the successful business man. He seems to make a studied effort to keep back the flow of humor with which his writings abound but it is a difficult

task for him to do this and he will occasionally give forth an odd and inimitably droll remark with a perfect gravity of demeanor that ~~xx~~ might excite the envy of an Apache chief

In conversation Mr. Burdette is earnest vivacious, witty, brilliant, possessing a fund of anecdote and incident concerning eminent men that seems inexhaustible. It makes no difference how many other men may be about him he is the center and soul of interest for the party and ~~from~~ when ~~he~~ that joyous, rollicking contagious laugh ~~of his~~ breaks forth, every one who hears it must laugh also. There is no help for it. It is irresistible. Mr. Riley has an indefinable charm of manner. On a June morning when we observe the softness of the sky, the beauty of the sunlight, the delightfully fragrant quality of the air, the richness of earth's carpet, we say how lovely is this morning, and don't stop to reason why, so it is in meeting James Whitcomb Riley. One's whole soul goes out to him as naturally and spontaneously as water runs down a hill. Probably this is because of the sensitiveness of the man. He impresses you at once as possessing a

large heart, full of human sympathy which is the first requisite of the true poet, and this is evident in the tone of his voice, the look, the grasp of his hand the quality of his conversation. Although high in public esteem and favor ~~he~~ he is one of the most modest of men and seems to be utterly unaffected by all the praise bestowed upon him by critics, or all the honor conferred by his fellow men.

Upon the request of the writer Mr. Nye and Mr. Riley wrote and forwarded to him autobiographical sketches. and Mr. Burdette sent one he had prepared for the Boston Globe.

All of which we will consider part of this paper.—

Sunnyside.

Northwards from New York City along the east bank of the Hudson River, runs the old post-road, which has been famous during more than a century of American history. Along this road has been heard the rumble of the post-chaise, and the tramp of the armies of the Revolution. Now all is peace. Great elms and oaks overarch the broad, smooth road in solemn grandeur, and the stone walls on either hand are clothed in beauty, almost hidden in woodbine and ivy. Beyond these walls lie green lawns and meadows, extending on either hand to the elegant country residences of New York millionaires, or the picturesque homes of humbler folk.

On the tenth day of last June, I was one of a party of four who were driving northwards along this grand old post-road. On the right hand, the rising land was crowned by the mansions of Cyrus Field and other wealthy gentlemen, each house connected with the main road by a long shaded driveway. On the left, the ground sloped gently towards the Hudson, a half-mile

away, and, surrounded by its fine lawns, groves and gardens, the Alexander Hamilton homestead could be seen. Jay Gould's palace lay also on the left slope a few miles further north, but before passing that, we drove down a winding road towards the river. The way was thickly wooded, and delightfully mysterious in its unexpected turnings. We crossed a murmuring brook and, at the last turn of the road, such a picturesque scene met our eyes! The noble Hudson River with its highlands beyond formed a beautiful background for the picture. A green lawn, dotted with tall graceful trees, was the foreground. And in the midst was the daintiest of stone cottages, Sunnyside, gabled and turreted and vine-clad.

We drove up to a little, white, arched and pillared portico, rang the bell, and were ushered through a narrow hall into a large parlor beyond. We were expected, and had scarcely time to look about us, before two dainty little maiden ladies about fifty or sixty years old entered. It verily seemed as if poetic justice had chosen

these dainty dwellers for this dainty dwelling-house. They were so small, so quaint, in their black silk gowns and white lace caps. One, I suppose it was the younger, had a little red bow on her cap. I talked with her, and she told me that she and her sister were nieces of Washington Irving and had lived with him till his death. He had never married, had travelled much abroad, and on his return had determined to build a study for himself in this pretty spot. He bought an old Dutch farmhouse which once stood here, and remodeled it. She showed me a picture of the little old farmhouse, and it looked so different from Sunnyside that I think he must have rebuilt it almost from the foundation. By degrees the idea of a study grew into a house complete, and the result was Sunnyside. The kitchen and servants' rooms were added last, and were in the form of a pagoda, joined to the cottage by a short gallery.

The parlor in which we were sitting opened on to a porch, with the Hudson flowing far below, beyond the edge of the

(between which and the river the steam cars rumbled along) bluffs. Fortunately this modern traffic does not injure the beautiful scene, else the dear little ladies would be heart-broken. In the parlor hung a half-length portrait of Irving when a young man, and a very fine-looking young man too.

We were shown into the library, and saw the table at which he wrote, and the deep leather arm-chair in which he sat. We took turns sitting in it and found it very comfortable. Near by stood a bust of Irving upon a pedestal, and around the room were bookcases. Quaint Dutch scenes hung over the mantel, and a tile which he had brought from the Spanish Alhambra lay on the table. At one end of this small library was a recess, partly curtained off, and in the recess a chintz-covered lounge, such a cozy place to lie and read.

Some one asked for a drink of water, and we were shown across the hall into the dining-room, and given a drink from the ice-pitcher. Whether well-water or spring water I know not, but doubtless Irving had often drunk of

the same. In this room hung a later but much inferior portrait of Irving. It was poorly painted, the ladies said, and not to be compared to the portrait in the parlor.

All good times must have an end. The hour we had spent at Sunnyside seemed all too short, but the afternoon was passing away, and we had quite a drive before us. The ladies showed us the pretty vines that covered the walls of the cottage, sixteen different kinds I think they said, and then walked across the lawn to where our carriage stood. Goodby, goodby, we said, and as we drove off, I looked back to see the sisters, hand in hand, crossing the grass and nearing the little arched portico. They looked around to watch us depart, and — I could not help it, — I threw a kiss; and, as we turned into the woods, I saw them just entering Sunnyside.

A. M. Fiske.

Daffy-down-dilly.

"Said Daffy-down-dilly, as she still
worked away:
The earth's hard today!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet (it's cold) - but I'll
do what I can.
It's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the dear
spring is dead.

"So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about,
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring
green and gold.

"O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty
together."

Every well-regulated paper should contain at least one story. As this volume of the Voice is especially dedicated to Washington Irving, the story should be from his pen. Since the present writer has lately visited Tarrytown, has drunk from the road-side spring from which Major André drank, a few moments before he was captured, has seen the monument which marks the place of his capture, has looked with deep interest at the home of Katrina Van Tassel, and gaged down into the beautiful valley called the Sleepy Hollow, she feels that it is peculiarly appropsiate that, choosing from all his writings, she should tell his famous tale:—

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

The tale is too long for the limits of this paper, so she begs leave to tell it more briefly, often using, however, the words of the author.

Sleepy Hollow is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere.

The place seems under the sway of some witching power, and the good people, descendants from the original Dutch settlers, are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs. They frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. He is said to have been buried in a neighboring church-yard, and his ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head. This spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this haunted region there abode a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed

it, "tarried", in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a corn-field.

In his little log school-house he did his duty; especially did he mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." — Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

He eked out his scanty living by "boarding round," and by acting as singing-master for the neighborhood.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels, especially as he carried the whole budget of local gossip from house to house.

He was a firm believer in ghosts and witchcraft and read Cotton Mather with delight. But when he went through the Hollow after dark, he was so frightened at the slightest noise that his only resource was to sing psalm-tunes to drive away the evil spirits. How often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a

pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman. Among those who attended his singing-school was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. As his eyes wandered over the fat father's abundant acres, his heart yearned to possess the damsel who was to inherit these domains, but when he entered the comfortable home, his peace of mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of this

pretty daughter. But Katrina had other admirers, one in particular named Brom Bones, a nickname for Abraham Van Brunt, who was famous all the country round for his Herculean frame & strength, his dexterous horsemanship, and his madcap pranks. Though Katrina was a decided coquette and had many lovers, yet when Brom Bones came a-sparking, all others deemed it wise to retire. All but Ichabod; he, under cover of his character as singing-master, made frequent visits at the house; and soon Brom and his companions began to persecute Ichabod by playing all sorts of practical jokes upon him.

One fine autumnal afternoon, a messenger came clattering up to the school-house door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making to be held at Mynheer Van Tassel's that evening. Ichabod dismissed the school an hour earlier than usual, and spent much time on his toilet. He borrowed a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness; and, thus gallantly mounted,

he sallied forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.

Toward evening he arrived at Katrina's home. Old farmers and brisk little dames, buxom lassies and awkward lads, thronged the house. Brom Bones was the hero of the scene, having come on his favorite steed Daredevil, full of mettle and mischief. Ichabod was enraptured not so much with the charms of the buxom lassies, as with the abundance of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, and did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion

as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor.

Now came the sound of music and the dance began. Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance was figuring before you in person. The lady of his heart was his partner, and Brom Bones secretly brooded his revenge.

After the dancing, all told ghost stories; tales of mournful wailings heard about the tree where Major André was captured, and legends of the woman in white who haunted that region. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been

heard several times of late, patrolling the country. Indeed Brom Bones affirmed that he had been overtaken one night by this midnight trooper, and had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch; and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flame of fire.

The revel at last broke up, but Ichabod lingered to have a tête-a-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was on the high road to success. What passed, no one knows, but he sallied forth quite desolate and chop-fallen. - Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival! Heaven only knows, not I!

It was the very witching hour of night. As he rode along, stories of goblins came crowding into his mind. As he neared that dreadful tree of Major André, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle answered; he saw something

white in the midst of the tree; he heard a groan; — his teeth chattered, his knees smote against the saddle, — it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another. He passed the tree in safety and came to a little stream, gloomy with sheltering woods. Here the old horse would not go further, but snorted and dashed from one side of the road to the other. Ichabod peered ahead and beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.'

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — "Who are you?" He received no reply. "Who are you?" Still no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor

into a psalm tune.

Just then the shadowy object bounded into the middle of the road, and appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. Ichabod got his horse started at last and tried to outride this apparition. But the stranger kept up an equal pace on the opposite side of the road. On mounting a rising ground, Ichabod saw the form of this mysterious rider in relief against the sky, and behold - he was headless! Ichabod was horror-struck, and his horror was increased by seeing that the head was carried before, on the pommel of the saddle.

He rained a shower of blows upon Gunpowder and dashed ahead, hoping to give the spectre the slip — but the spectre started full jump after him. Ichabod's saddle girths gave way; he clasped old Gunpowder round the neck; the saddle fell and was trampled underfoot by his pursuer. Jolting on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, he had much ado to keep his seat.

An opening in the trees now cheered

him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. He saw the church dimly glaring through the trees. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge", thought Ichabod, "I am safe". He cast a look behind, just as he gained the further end of the bridge; to see if his pursuer would vanish according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone.

Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Breakfast, dinner, — but no Ichabod. Search was made. The tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced

to the bridge, beyond which on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not discovered.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. The people shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. It is true that several years later an old farmer, who had ~~been~~ down to New York on a visit, brought word home that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin, and partly in mortification at having been dismissed by the heiress; that he had kept school in a distant part of the country; had studied law, and had now risen to be a justice.

Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and

always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story around the winter evening fireside. The school-house is deserted, the bridge is regarded with more awe than ever; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied Ichabod's voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

A. M. F.

Children's Corner.

"Playing 'Injun.'"

Quietly swinging in her hammock
Sways a maiden to and fro,
While below her in the garden
Laughing and playing the children go.

Hither and thither their footsteps wander;
None more merry in all the town.
Fun and frolic are at their heighest,
When, lo, a few rain-drops come pattering down.

"What shall we do!" says sober Charlie.
"Don't want to do in!" cries little Elsie.
"I'll tell you what," says valiant David,
"Let's play Injun under the trees!"

"There's a great big umbrella I saw in the woodshed,
You know Mamma threw it away last fall."
Off he dashed and was back in a moment;
"I guess it's big enough for us all."

Closely they gathered beneath the umbrella,
David and Charlie and quiet Lo, —
Short for Lois, — a slender maiden
Holding a baby who loved to crow.

Elmer and Franklin, the "young professor",
Staid little manikin, three feet tall;
And dainty Elise, or rather Eliza,
(Iza, they call her) the sweetest of all.

"My back's getting wet!" "It rains on
my shoulder!"
Such were the cries which arose on each side
"Let's find another umbrella", said Elmer.
"O, yes, let's get lots"! the little ones cried.

Off they scampered to search for umbrellas;
With quite an assortment they soon
came again,
A brown one, a green one, some black and
some faded.
"We're all ready now for you, big drops of rain"!

The open umbrellas were clustered together
"What a splendid tent!" "O, isn't this nice!"
"Now Lois please tell us a fairy story,
We'll all be just as still as mice!"

Their voices are hushed for a while, and
the maiden
Sways in her hammock, to and fro;
From her sheltered nook upon the verandah
She watches the children there below.

They soon tire of stories and long for adventure.
"Let's make a procession," she hears one say.
"Why, yes! the white folks don't like Indians,
And so we'll have to go far away!"

The tent of umbrellas is broken to pieces;
Each piece is a shelter for one sturdy child;
David and Charlie and Franklin and Iza,
Elmer, and baby with Lois so mild.

Six umbrellas, one after the other,
In Indian fashion they file along,
While gently the maiden still swings
in her hammock,
And through her mind many fancies throng.

But chiefly she thinks of the years
that are coming,
When these children to manhood
and womanhood grow;
And wonders if life will then seem as real
As it did in their childhood, long ago.

A. M. Fisk.

A little brother and sister, aged respectively six and four, were accustomed to have their supper an hour before the older folks in the family. They had been taught to say grace before eating.

One night, being very hungry, they hurried through the blessing as fast as possible. Lifting their heads, they wondered why their auntie did not give them their supper at once. "I don't think you deserve any supper after such a blessing", she said. "I don't believe we do either", said four-year-old, "let's say it over again."

After tea they were put in their little cribs beds, and were overheard making the following remarks:- "What do you suppose God thought of that blessing, anyhow!" "I guess he thought it was just thr——up!"

A. M. F.

Kathie Fay's Christmas.

(by a twelve year old girl.)

The wind howled dismally around Mrs. Fay's old tumbled-down cottage, which once had been a pretty country residence in a suburb of Boston.

The lamps were not lighted within the cottage but Kathie was getting supper. Mrs. Fay was lying on the bed, tired out with a long days sewing.

"Daughter," she said at length, "has Charlie come home?" "No, Mama," said Kathie, "but he will be here in a very little while I know," she added hastily, for she herself had begun to wonder where her brother was. For, oh, how it did snow! but of course Mama must not know that, for after Mr. Fay's death Mrs. Fay was very nervous. Kathie had heard one of the neighbors say, it had hurt Mrs. Fay's pride to live in a little shanty in the country. Kathie hoped it had not hurt very much, but she was only nine, and didn't understand all people said.

"Kathie," said her mother, "tonight is Christmas eve, isn't it?" "Yes, Mama," said Kathie from the pantry, where she

was cutting bread. "How different from last year!" sighed her mother. "But what is that, Kathie? Charlie does not make such a noise when he comes in," as the door downstairs burst open and some one came running in.

"Could it be robbers, Kathie! and, oh, that will that is in my drawer, — you know deary how it was; a man can't be found that had something to do with it, and we can't have any of the money until he is. I suppose he is dead and we shall be poor all our lives, oh dear!"

"Mama", said Kathie, "I'll see what the matter is"; and she ran out into the hall. "Oh, Mr. Bright, is that you!" she said as she saw who it was. "Yes, Kathie", he said in a very sober tone. "Why, what can be the matter with Mr. Bright to make him so sober, he is the funniest man I know", thought Kathie.

"Kathie, something has happened, where is your mother?" "O sir, she is so tired," interrupted Kathie, "please let me do whatever you want. She thought you were a robber, and that made her very nervous." "Well, Kathie," said Mr. Bright slowly, "you get your hat and cloak and

come with me. A little boy has been hurt and I am trying to find out who he is".
"All right," said Kathie, and she ran back in the room. "Mama," she said going up to the bed, "it was only Mr. Bright, but he wants me to go with him. Something has happened, but I will be back in a little while." Then catching up her hat and cloak, she went back to Mr. Bright, who took her to his carriage that was standing at the door; and when they were driving along the road, he told her about the accident.

As he was driving from the city that evening with a friend, they saw a little boy in front of them. Just then the horse became frightened and, taking a sudden leap, knocked the boy down. As Mr. Bright did not know him, he thought possibly Mrs. Fay, whose house was the nearest might, though she had just moved into that neighborhood.

When Kathie reached the spot, what did she see but her own brother Charlie lying on the ground, all wrapt up in horse-blankets. "Oh, it's my brother," she cried clasping Mr. Bright's arm, "it's my brother!" and she jumped down on the

ground by him. "Charlie," she cried, "don't you know me?" He slowly opened his eyes. The strange gentleman that was standing by, started at the sound of her voice. "I used to know a lady with a voice just like that," he said to Mr. Bright. She was a dear friend of my wife. Her name was Katherine Fay." "Why, that is the name of this little girl," interrupted Mr. Bright. "Her father is dead, and they have had some trouble with the will; some man can't be found, that has to do something before they can get the money. But, come, we must get this boy home. Why, what's the matter!" "Her husband dead! where does this lady live?," asked Mr. Taylor, for that was the gentleman's name. "In the white cottage", replied Mr. Bright. "Why, there goes Taylor, what can be the matter with him? But come, Kathie," he added aloud, "as this is your brother, we will get him home and get a doctor."

When they reached the house, they found Mrs. Fay laughing and crying at once. "O Kathie," she cried, as soon as she saw her, "this is the man, and the money is all right, and we will be rich now.

How is Charlie! Dear me, dear me!"

The doctor, coming in at that period, quieted them down, and on examining Charlie he found the only damage that was done was a sprained ankle.

Mr. Bright then declared that he felt so happy that he must have them all over to spend Christmas. For he and his wife were so lonely every year, they did want some one to help them have a good time. So it was decided that they should all go over to Mr. Bright's. And what a good time they did have! So much candy and good things to eat, and such beautiful presents. There was nothing to compare with Kathie's tiny watch and Charlie's skates, they thought.

When they were tucked up in bed in Mrs. Bright's cozy spare-rooms, Kathie exclaimed, "It's the happiest Christmas I ever had!" And Charlie perfectly agreed from his bed in the next room. And I think it must have been, for Mr. and Mrs. Bright did everything in their power to make the children have a good time. They themselves enjoyed it so much, that, when the next Christmas came around, they declared they couldn't stand it without the Fay's.

So it was decided that every year they should spend Christmas together, and so Kathie had many another happy Christmas.

Margaret Hyde Lyman.