

The Voice  
of  
Phi Sigma

March 9, 1880

Volume II

No. 4<sup>7</sup>

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

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

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As we suppose that it is our place to give suggestions we will make one or two. The class cannot afford to loose the valuable opportunity it now has of improvement, nor can it afford to loose any benefit it may obtain by increase of membership, and yet we do not 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."

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.

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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 rendered 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 member after they have heard of the misfortune which has befallen this respected Phi Sigmite, 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.

If in "Wisdom and Worldliness" 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.

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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 2<sup>nd</sup> Volume of the "Voice of Phi Sigma."

"In mine own romantic town" Edinburg on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August 1771 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 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 9<sup>th</sup> 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—where connected with ancient Scottish family distantly related to 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 relative in the country in hopes that country air & diet might be beneficial to his health. This change of residence (though to one so young) seems to have had quite an effect on his after life. Living at Sandy-Knowe, within a few miles of the ancient town of Kelso, a place abounding in historic incidents. It was indeed a suitable "hotbed" 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 poetry 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 natural and 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 stems and wild \_\_\_\_\_ Nurse for a poetic child."

Having much improved in health he was sent to a private school when 7 years old, and soon after he commenced studying at the Edinburg 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 speaking of himself, "I was never a dunce or thought to be so, but am incorrigibly idle imp, always longing to do something else than what was enjoined me to do." In this way tho' hating Greek he gained quite a knowledge of German, Italian, and 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 and ballads and also in collecting ancient traditions and songs.

After finishing school he was apprenticed to his father as a writer, and to study law. When 21 he was admitted to the bar. 5 years later than this he met at Gilsland in Cumberland Charlotte Margaret Carpenter a lady of French parentage. He proposed marriage and was accepted, being married Dec. 24, 1794. 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 pounds per annum. In this year appeared his translation of Goethe's tragedy "(?)Goetry von Berlichingen." 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 *Der Tristrem* (?) supposed to have been written by Thomas the Rhymer in 1280.

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 4000 pounds 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 partnership with James Ballantyne an old school mate, who was engaged in the printing business in Edinburg. This venture was a secret one, and proved to be a heavy pecuniary loss to Scott.

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

Scott was now living at Ashestiel 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 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 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 "Waverly" but not being satisfied with the work he threw it aside and did not come across it again till eight years later when he finished it. It was published by Constable, who gave Scott 700 pounds for it, but the work was anonymous as he feared it might hurt his poetical reputation. It was received with general satisfaction and applause. 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," and "Harold the Dauntless," and 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 as the poet of the people. But Scott's glory was not to end 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 imperfect 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 valuable character and unaffected manners as for his great genius. He 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." 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 charitable & as Good.

W. H. Beard



## Wisdom and Worldiness

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

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A very witty and sentimental Almanac publisher remarks that Young Ladies at the breaking up of an evening party are like arrows, because they cant 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 conclusion of a certain evening gathering. – Editor.]

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

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

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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 answer him with the time-honored explanation that it is an inward check to the outward man. But the charioteer's answer, "Because it stretches" showed a more thorough knowledge of the practical workings of both elements of the companion.

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

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Our passions act as the winds that propel 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.

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

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"Mike" said Dennis, "Mike d'ye 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, ov ye ain't moity quick it's only fifteen shillings aich we'll get for recovering the body!"

## 13-15-14

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 you 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(?) lawyers, in times of respite, snatched from amidst the hours, days, aye 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" & based 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 16. 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 play things & 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 hand, 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 permitted to arrange the blocks irregularly in the box. Of course we saw our chance. (Had we not solved it every time so far?) We took him up at once. We shook hands. He arranged the blocks and we then commenced to re-arrange them. We could do it faster than before, our experience was aiding us—1,--2,--3,--4--5,--6,--7,--8,--9,--10,--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 began 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 cane, 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 molecular action, which had taken place within, he trusted, that by bringing the disconnected parts into close union, 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 directions we sought for a time the seclusion, which is offered within the stately mansion, of a relative of one of our uncles, which mansion you may have seen, it being situated on the outskirts of the town of Elgin, Ills. & in full view of passengers traveling 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 enfeebled condition. However, we cannot refrain from the following reflections.—13,15,14—Thus they stand. So let them remain. Perchance they are fated to remain so, paired but ill matched. Just in the condition 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 unlucky puzzle. No. We have only lost by it. We could not count before. Now we say 11, 12, 13, 15, 14. Alas! Alas! Have we been enlightened any in philosophy? 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 cracked brain. But you must have heard enough of our sad tale. We know that you will let us off from that article now. So Goodby,

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 means 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 excepted of course.

H.B.W.