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Ed  
W.H. Beard  
Fred. Temple  
Ed  
C.H. Small  
~~Ed~~

Altho' we are some weeks out of regular date yet we come when the time comes for us. Now we don't want to appear egotistical and for fear the preceding statement might make us appear so we will just state why we are here. In the first place we didn't intend to be ready tonight with the issue intrusted to our care and after our mind was once changed (i.e. to be ready) the reaction was so great that it brought us precisely on the correct time. Secondly – We had none too much time to spare and as you all know there is a little labor connected with this editorship. Again Mr G.N. Beard powers of persuasion are well developed and he brought them in play in connection with us – (we expect he will again tonight.) Lastly – We had an abundance of such good articles ~~that~~ and we did not wish to hinder the class from enjoying their words of wisdom & instruction. These are the reasons that another number of the Voice can be placed on file.

The second of Mr W.H. Beard's articles on Scott will be read tonight and we need give no words of recommendation. His former contributions have given a better index to this than we can give. Good as the previous ones have been yet this, we think ~~it~~ surpasses them. Our youngest number, Mr. Temple, furnishes us an interesting article on "Superstition". This has been furnished in a manner & with -----ctitude(?) that is mostly of heeding and following. Mr Temple is already showing great ability and we esteem him as one of the best members we have.

Our lately constituted cor. mens.(?) has sent a very interesting & welcome sketch of Cape Cod the last of a series. We are glad to note the interest he still takes in our class altho' separated from us by a broad and busy land.

Since the last issue – the  $\Phi\Sigma$  has elected new officers. As Ch.man Mr Hulien & Vice Ch.man Mr. Wilson. Those are solid men and we look forward to a busy and prosperous term under their leadership. Some one has said "Be prosperous & you'll be happy" & that applies also to us ~~if we are prosperous we will be happy.~~

These are times of great political activity ~~and a few for~~ ----(compo.)

### Our Nation's Chief

Again the year has rolled around in which the United States, this greatest republic the world has ever known, is to choose its chief executive officer for the next four years.

The Nation appreciates the vast importance of this question and already the subject is being warmly discussed and the qualities and abilities of the various aspirants thoroughly reviewed. When, fifteen years ago, the cloud of war rolled away and a day of peace dawned upon this nation, our commerce was found nearly destroyed. Our manufacturing and agricultural industries greatly impaired and our credit almost ruined. Realizing the state of affairs, with characteristic energy the people set to work to build up anew the injured interests and when Gen. U.S. Grant, the value of whose services as a general in the war will never be over-estimated, took the executive chair such was the state of our national life. 'Tis true that Gen. Grant entered upon the duties of his office in a very trying time and at first managed the country creditably. U.S. Grant received the highest honor it was possible to confer on a general --- again as in choosing him president the people showed their confidence in him and, in his recent journey around the world, all nations have vied with each other to do him honor.

Ought not a man to be satisfied with this? One would think so and yet it seems he is not. Many of those who helped to elect Gen. Grant to the presidency were very disappointed in his administration. Although people are loathe (sic) to acknowledge it, it is nevertheless true. The manner in which he administered the duties of his office brought the republican party to so low a state so that it barely secured the election of President Hayes. It was this same fact that gave both houses of congress into the hands of the Democratic Party.

In the face of this do we want Gen. Grant again? Let alone the precedent established by Washington, the unwritten law of the nation, and even then is Gen. Grant the man above all others? 'Tis a disgrace to our Country to say that we cannot get along without a military ruler; it is a disgrace to say that we have no other man as fitted to rule.

Is it possible that men forget so soon the services rendered to the world and particularly this nation by E.B. Washburne or overlook the labor of one of its greatest statesmen J.G. Blaine? Shall all this labor and service go unrewarded? Ought the United States to pass unheeded the great work of these men and heap its gratitude upon one who himself acknowledges that he has received all the honors man could desire? That it ought not is apparent to everyone. To find out whether or not the people will do what is right and just we shall be obliged to wait.

On account of the the (sic) other vastly more important parts of our paper we will not consume more time in what is commonly called "Editorials" but proceed at once to read an article on ~~Walter~~ (over)

### Part II

#### Walter Scott at Abbotsford

In this article of Scott's Life at Abbotsford it will be necessary at first to cover a little of the time which was reviewed in our first Sketch.

It had long been the desire of Scott to become a Scottish "Laird" or Landowner. His income was considerably augmented in 1811 when as Clerk of Session he came into a

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yearly salary of £1300. It will be remembered that he was appointed to this office some years previously. Encouraged thus, he decided to obtain money from his publisher on the Promise of a new Poem, with which to purchase some land he had in view.

On the banks of the Tweed (Scotts favorite river) lay a piece of land, owning the charming title of "Clarty Holes". This was entirely unimproved and could be bought for £4000.

He finally decided to purchase ~~this~~ it, and gave it the pleasanter title of Abbotsford, the land having once belonged to Melrose Abbey, which was not far off.

Half of the amount was paid by his new Poem, "Rokeby" which we have already mentioned.

The removal to Abbotsford took place in 1812, before the house was completed. Scott spent much of his time in overseeing the work, though continuing his literary work even amid the din and confusion of house building. Thinking and planning ~~no doubt~~ of his Stories and Poems with shovel or hammer in hand, and placing his thoughts on paper while at his desk.

Writing to a friend he describes it thus "As for the House and the Poems there are twelve masons hammering at the the (sic) one, and one poor noddle at the other," so both are in progress. About this time Byron was attracting ~~the~~ attention, his Poems were commanding the interest & praise of all. Some letters from one to the other were the commencement of a true and permanent friendship between the two Great Poets.

Scotts charity & goodness is shown in the way in which he defended Byron when public opinion was against him, and in Childe Harold that wonderful poem of the younger poet ~~are these words~~ he speaks of his friend thus,

"The minstrel who called forth a new creation with his magic line, and, like the Arcosto(?) of the North, Sang lady love and war, romance and Knightly worth."

While speaking of the friendship between these two great men, we may spend a moment in noticing Walter Scott's social position. He who started his life as quite an humble person, though remotely connected with good families, the place he made for himself amongst the greatest & wisest of the world was through his great energy & genius and may well bring to our minds the saying "There is always room at the top" ~~of the ladder.~~

In 1813 Scott was offered the Poet Laureatship (sic), but it was declined, as he had already (sic) two public offices and Southey – according to Scott suggestion was appointed.

In 1814 he completed & published the Life & Works of Jonathan Swift in 19 (?) Vol. After this task he took up the neglected manuscript of Waverly which had twice been thrown aside, he decided to finish & publish it, it was carefully copied, so that none should know who was the author. On being sent to Constable the publisher, he offered £700 for it which was considered at that time a very large sum, authors generally getting from £50 to £100 for their best stories. But Scott refused it saying it was too much, if the novel was not a success, and too little if it was. It was finally published on an equal division of profits between publisher and author. During the writing of Waverly which was in three volumes Scott wrote three Essays for Constable for the Encyclopedia Britannica (sic). The subjects being Chivalry, Drama, and Romance. Scott received £100 for each.

The last two volumes of Waverley were written in the incredibly short time of three weeks. The success of this, Scott's first Novel was much greater than was expected,

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6000 sets being sold inside of six months. In 1815 the Last of Scott's great poems was published "Lord of the Isles." Its success was small though the Poem is finely written. The people were ready for something new, And that something was Byron's Poems. Scott of course was dissatisfied (sic), but not cast down. In his own words to Ballantyne "Since one line has failed, we must just stick to ~~another~~ something else" this was said while working on his second novel Guy Manuevering (?) to which he turned when he heard the news about the Poem. and It was finished & published just 5 weeks after. After the Battle of Waterloo, Scott took a trip to the continent, to see the Battlefield & Paris. While abroad he sent letters to his people at home which were afterwards published under the title of "Paul Letters to his Kin folk. While at Paris Scott met many of the great men of the day. As deputy Lieutenant of Selkirkshire (sic) he wore the handsome uniform of that office, this his la--eness (?) led to his being thought to be a soldier. The Czar (?) Alexander was thus led to enquire in what engagement he was wounded. He also met The Prussian General, "old Blucher" and last but not least ~~he~~ met the Duke of Wellington, whom he had the pleasure of meeting several times, later on, in London. Scott is said to have considered his introduction to Wellington the greatest honor of in his life. The literary result of this trip was the Poem entitled the Field of Waterloo which tho' it sold quite extensively was considered inferior to any of his previous poems.

The profits derived from this were given to fund for the relief of Widows & Orphans of Soldiers killed in battle. Before this Poem had left the printing room, Scott was at work on his third novel "the Antiquary. Of This novel, 6000 were sold in six days, which show very clearly how books were appreciated. it was Scott's favorite novel.

In the same year (1816) the two Novels "Black Dwarf & Old Mortality (sic)" were published forming the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," published by a different publisher, and as the work of Peter Pattieson, edited by Jedediah Cheishbotham. But these disguises were unavailing every-body agreeing ~~them to be~~ that they were the work of "the author Waverley" who ever that might be.

During 1816 the work of enlarging & beautifying Abbotsford took place, transforming it into the noble mansion it is today. Scott spent a large amount of money on his property adding to it from time to time all the adjacent property he could purchase. Much of this was too highly paid for, as the property owners knowing how anxious Scott was for the increase of his domains, naturally took advantage of him.

The Estate of Abbotsford is estimated to have cost in all the large sum of £71,000 or about \$350,000. This sum(?) seem tremendous (when we think of it) for an author to spend, But this was Scott hobby, and like most hobby, it was expensive. While speaking of the cost of this property, it will be in place to mention something of Scotts resources. He had quite a good income from his two public offices and from interest on money left him by relatives, but his work gave him a tremendous amount, he made about £15,000 or \$75,000 by his Poems.

And ~~his~~ the total amount received ~~must~~ for all his literary work must have been not less than £250,000. While Byron who thought his publisher very liberal received only £15,000 in all. And Thomas Moore, during 40 years made £35,000 including £500 a year paid him by Mr Power of London for his Poems.

Thus Scott's dream of an Estate and title – a place among Scottish nobility was realized, and not through any partiality, but through his work & genius.

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Rob Roy in 1818 was Scott's next production followed by Heart of Mid-Lothian, a story which was exceedingly liked

From this time on till his death even in the times of his sickness & great bodily pain, came story after story. Some even when it was impossible for him to hold a pen, so that they had to be written at his dictation.

Indeed his Genius seemed like some life-giving stream, which flows resistlessly(sic) on, passing all obstacles, making it's ever broadening way even if through the sharp rocks of pain & trouble, beautifying, nourishing, and cheering all it comes in contact with, by it's refreshing influence. Yes even after the stream had lost it's individuality and had passed out to ocean, it's ~~inful~~ influence was not lost, but ever returning to us (as it were in a gentle ~~rain~~ and refreshing rain.

In 1820 Walter Scott was made Baronet – by George 4<sup>th</sup> who rightly appreciated his work, & thus rewarded his labors. It was the first creation that George 4<sup>th</sup> made on his coming to the throne. He was also offered in this year the title of L.L.D. & D.C.L. by Oxford & Cambridge but as it would require his presence at these places once a year, during co--eration (?), he did not accept them.

And still one more honor came to him before the year closed he was unanimously elected too(sic) the Chair of the Royal Society of Edinburgh

We now come to the only record of his life ~~to~~ which in any way could be called a blot, that of failure of his publishing house in the crisis of 1826 Constable & Co failed and as Scott had been largely paid by Constable in bills his wealth was gone and he was liable for a private debts of £10,000 and a debt of £120,000 which he was partly liable for. His expenses at Abbotsford had been great, but the debt was largely due to poor management with his works many having been published by thousand which were unsalable (sic).

He would listen to no compromises though they were offered him by his creditors, all he asked was time. And nobly did he work to pay these debts, debts which he need not have paid but which he felt in honor bound to pay during the short space of 6 years he paid off the private debt of £10,000 and reduced the commercial debt to £54,000. Selling his House at Edinborough. Living quietly and working so hard that it hastened his death he succeeded in paying this tremendous amount. In February of 1830 Scott was attacked with paralysis, though continuing to write several hours every day. A little more than one year later he had a second attack. It was recommended (sic) to him to take a foreign trip which he did in a ship furnished by the Admiralty remaining at Malta till the Spring of 82. But his time was drawing to an end, and returning home he died; with all his children around him on the 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1832 at the age of 61.

His life had indeed been one well spent, and a deservedly glorious one, though his wealth was gone his glory remained

A few months before his death he said the following words... "It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed I should wish blotted." It seems to us that there can be, comparatively few novel writers that can say that, if they would speak truly. Much do we hope that this short and imperfect sketch may induce you all to study the life of this Christian man as an example of steady purpose to do righteously, and live peaceably with all men.

(signed) W.H. Beard  
Bart.



## Superstition

The general subject of superstition is one on which a good deal may be said that is interesting.

But we will consider but one form of superstition which is believing in signs. If you look for a definition of the word superstition you will find that it does not say any thing about the belief in signs and omens but a person, who believes in signs is called superstitious; so why should it not be admissible to call believing in signs a superstition?

There are a great many signs which are really of service to us, in foretelling events; as the astronomical signs which tell what kind of weather we are to have, when we are to have eclipses and many other events which would be wholly obscured if it were not for such signs.

Superstition does not consist in the believing of these signs, it is the bulk of good and bad omens which the ignorant believe foretell events and which as they believe are under the direct agency of supernatural powers.

It is not the signs that foretells the event but the event that makes the sign.

It is among the very ignorant that the most superstitious people are to be met with. People who have been brought up to believe in signs are generally very timid about signs which is principally on account of some horrible event which has been foretold: for instance: It is believed to foretell (sic) that a person will die, when he hears the howling of a stray dog if the dog (~~is~~) is facing him. Now it is enough to scare anyone to find out all at once that he has but a few hours to live.

Then if the sign does not come true, as is very likely the case, it does not seem to shake their faith in the sign. Perhaps it meant some one else who was in the neighborhood or perhaps it did not mean you should die immediately. If there is a possible chance for them to find any one to whom such an accident has occurred they will believe it was on account of that sign. In the case of a person's dying it would be easy to find one who has died, for there is not a day in which someone does not die.

A story told of a German perhaps illustrates that fact better than anything else could do. it is as follows: Hän's wife woke him one night and said in a whisper Hans, the dog is howling. Hans, who was very sleepy, said go to sleep. After a while she again said Hans the dog is howling. Well the dog howled all night and in the morning as she looked in the paper sure enough there was a man died that very night in Philadelphia.

There are many educated persons, who are slightly superstitious. It may be from books they have read and it may be from their training. Many cases there have been when a nurse girl who was superstitious filled the child's head with such stories and they have been retained and have made such an impression that it is almost impossible to believe they are false.

These people will not commence anything they are very anxious should succeed on Friday as it is an unlucky day.

Never sit down to the table to eat when there are just thirteen present for before the year is finished there will be one of the number finished. That is very good as far as it goes,

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but there is, or rather was, a family in which were just thirteen members and after they left home each year they had a reunion and everyone lived to be fifty years old.

Here is another sign. When the ground hog comes out of his hole in the early Spring and sees his shadow he immediately returns to his hole & for six weeks after that it snows. We need not go back very far to find an example of this most wonderful sign for we have one before us. This very year the ground hog came out of his hole and saw his shadow and; we did not have any snow after that for six weeks. I suppose you can say it means either that there will be snow for six weeks or that there will not be snow for six weeks, just which suits to the occasion.

Some people believe in dreams. In the days of old our Heavenly Father conveyed his wishes to his people by means of dreams, but that time is past. Then the people did not have any guide but now we have the Bible to tell us what are His wishes. Of course there are times when our dreams come true but it is the merest accident. To believe that every dream one has means some thing is simply absurd. Dreams are (~~absurd~~) the result of getting the mind rivited (sic) on one subject. One very often thinks about the same thing when he is asleep as he ~~has done~~ did when he was last awake.

I heard of an old woman who the day before she died dreamt she was going to die, but that is very easy to explain she knew her health was failing & she had been thinking about dying the previous day and consequently dreamt about it.

People are becoming less and less superstitious every day and it is to be hoped that the time is coming and near at hand when it is will be extinct.

[signed] Fred. Temple

### Miscellany

For six long tedious weeks we have been pondering over what Mr Hulin said in the first lines of his editorial ~~of~~ in his last paper. It was "here we are again says the Ole man in the pantomine (sic)." Now we ~~can~~ saw and understood that he was there and also how an "Ole man" could have said it but what we couldn't see was the pantomine part. If it was a pantomine no one could have said it. If some one said it, it was not a pantomine. Will the gentleman please explain.

How many "hidden treasures" there are! Did any of the  $\Phi$  sigmites ever dream that their number embraced a great & rising astronomer? It is so. Speaking with the gentleman alluded to (Mr W.H.B) we asked him which was the more useful the sun or the moon. "The moon" said he, and to our inquiry why he tho't so he said that in daytime when the sun comes it is light anyway but the moon often lights up awful dark nights and so helps people more. Delighted with his answers we asked him for his theory regards the movements of the sun and he said the earth stands still but the sun moves over it once in 12 hours. "But" interrupted we, "how does it get back when it must to go always from east to west?" Oh! It goes back in the night when you can't see it because of the darkness. We went away pondering.

If I own a mare & she has a calf I claimed the colt. That's all fair & straight. Here is another example. Geddie has red hair - ie. He has a girl & the girl has red hair. C! For particulars enquire at this office.

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Pretty good scheme, that at last meeting wasn't it? Ex chairman conducts the meeting. Appoints his opponent in debate on Extem. speech on "Annexation of Canada." Then ~~takes notes~~ writes all the time the gentleman is speaking. We suppose it may be one of two things that caused him to do so. He wanted to take notes on probable arguments and get ready for them or he didn't know any better – that is – he never knew that out of courtesy to the speaker he ought to listen, or at least pretend to, no matter how poor the speaker or the words spoken.

A Card  
Mr G. Hamilton Beard  
Professional Poet.

begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to supply all styles and qualities of verse to order in quantities to suit & at the most reasonable rates.

Would be pleased to submit estimates for epics & epithalaiminium  
N.B. To the trade to editors who are desirous of preparing for the contingencies for the coming 4<sup>th</sup> of July season Mr Beard would intimate that he has on hand a large stock of Casualty Obituaries childrens sizes which he will close out at cost.  
Orders recd at this office.

Cape Cod

Before we proceed to take a further survey of the Cape let us glance back two centuries and more to the time when this country began to be peopled. How strange the appearance of the small vessel that we see riding at anchor in Cape Cod Bay. Stranger yet does it seem when we know that it has weathered a voyage of more than four months on a stormy sea, bringing its one hundred and one passengers from England to this unknown and ~~unhospitable~~ uninviting shore. At too, how strange these passengers appear to us; their style of dress so quaint and so unlike our own. But a nobler and a braver band of people it would be hard to find. As we watch this vessel ten or a dozen men push off from it in a small shallop, they make their way to the shore of the Cape and land. For several days they make explorations in search of a place for settlement. During this search they have their first sight of indians who attack them unawares and whom they drive off after a sharp fight. As they climb one of the largest hills they find partly buried in the sand, a lot of indian corn; the very hill is pointed out at the present day. We remember some few summers ago standing on this hill to see the sun as it slowly sank into the Bay to rise the following morning out of the ocean.

Their search is without success and they leave the Cape; sailing directly across the Bay they land at what is now called Plymouth. This place meets their desires and they return to the vessel to report, and on the 21<sup>st</sup> of December 1620 the passengers of the Mayflower all landed on Plymouth Rock where they make a permanent settlement. We will leave them here and return to their Cape.



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Cape Cod was settled mainly by this same noble, industrious class of people, and for many years it was a thriving place, but for some years past it has been on the decline: the old people dying one by one and the young people moving away. Where there used to be thriving villages, now there are but few houses remaining; some towns, however, retain somewhat of their former activity. Quite a number of Portuguese have settled on the Cape; they make quite good, peaceful citizens, but mingle very little with the Americans; their children, however, attend the public schools. As you may suppose in a place to which there is little migration (~~we not speak of~~ excepting the Portuguese now) the variety of names is not very great; and further, as the people are not very numerous they have intermarried so that it seemed to us as though every person we met was related to every other person there either by blood or marriage. Although isolated as the people seemed to be they are well informed as to what is going on in the world; they take the Boston papers which they read thoroughly. Whatever is occupying the attention in the cities is known to them; they were even going crazy over 13,15,14!

The next day after our arrival in Truro we sought for the post office. After walking about half a mile we came to a yellow building with the words "Post Office" over one of the doors, considering this the place we were in search of, we entered, when lo, and behold we were in somebody's kitchen! The "Post Office" consisted of a desk with a mail bag under it, in one corner of the kitchen.

The house where we visited is not far from the ocean. We could stand at the window and see the vessels as they passed by on their course; and at times, when it was windy, we could hear the roar of the breakers as they dashed against the shore. Several times we stood on the bank, which rises 125 ft. Almost perpendicularly from the shore, and gazed out upon the broad ocean dotted here and there with white sails, and now and then the smoke from some steamer was visible. How active the thoughts and the imagination in such a place! Byron well said,

"There is rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar."

One pleasant evening we had the pleasure of viewing the moon as it shone on the water. It was a splendid sight! There was the gentle murmur of the waves as they broke upon the shore, the broad, smooth ocean stretching before us, and the full, round moon shining over all. Could it ever be that this shore has been the scene of violent tempests! Ah, too true.

Near where we stood looking out on the ocean is situated the Highland Light. One afternoon about sunset we turned our steps toward the lighthouse; entering and ascending a flight of winding stairs we came into a small apartment fifty-five feet above the ground, here we found one of the keepers (there are three) just lighting the lamp. He had a in his hand a small lighted lamp with which he was lighting five good sized wicks, these wicks are supplied with lard-oil pumped up to them by ~~means~~ a machine run by clock work, the oil flows over the wicks continually during the night. The lamp is in a small, round room the walls of which are made of glass prisms; ~~and~~ as the rays of light pass through these prisms they are greatly intensified thus the light shines forth with great brilliance and can be seen many miles out at sea. This kind of light is called a "Fresnel light." When the weather is foggy they are obliged to keep in operation a "fog-horn". This is a large horn projecting from the side of a small building near the light house, it is blown by means of

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compressed hot air. The sound produced much resembles that of a steamboat whistle. The horn is blown at intervals of about thirty seconds, each blast lasting about fifteen seconds; it can be heard at sea at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles.

Notwithstanding all this precaution, vessels are now and then wrecked ~~along~~ on this coast.

About half a mile along the shore from the light house there is one of the Life Saving Stations which the U.S. has established along its coast. Taking a walk to the station one forenoon we were shown about the place by one of the men. We first took a look at the kitchen where preparations were being made for dinner. The men – there are seven to this station by the way – take turns in cooking, each one cooking a day at a time. We were invited to remain and partake with them but we had accepted a previous invitation and were obliged to decline.

We were next shown the apparatus which was in a large room adjoining the kitchen. There was a cannon with shot to which a rope was to be attached, the shot is fired over a vessel and on the rope there are instructions for making it fast to the vessel; there was a car so made that it can slide back and forth on the rope to bring the crew of the vessel ashore; there were two large life-saving boats, and other less important appliances to be used when vessels are in danger. The men at the station are obliged, when the weather is at all stormy, to patrol the shore to be ready to bring assistance to vessels in danger. They have helped several vessels and saved quite a number of lives since the station was established.

Our visit at Truro was now at an end and we left for Provincetown, the town at the extremity of the Cape. We spent here two very pleasant weeks, enjoying our visit in a social way, going to entertainments, receptions and the like. We may perhaps visit Provincetown sometime when it is alive with boating and other summer pleasures; a word or two then in regard to it may be more interesting than now, at present, at least, time will not permit of our saying more. From Provincetown we went directly to Boston and thence home. Our nine weeks visit was thus at an end.

C.H. Small.