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Editor - H. B. Wilson

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Editorials

As this number is the beginning of another volume of the paper, it may not be out of place, in commencing to say a few words of the "Voice" itself.

That it has been carried on very successfully in the past all will admit. That there is still room for improvement, is also evident. Whatever has been good about it in the days gone by, let us retain and add thereto; whatever has been bad, let us omit, and beware that the like enters in no more.

The plan of having the paper edited by the different members in turn instead of having several successive issues brought forth by the same person, has been carried out with many benefits resulting therefrom to the "Voice" and to the members. It has certainly proved itself worthy of being adopted and followed in the year now before us. The custom also of having the editor, write an article as well as the editorials **etc.** for his own paper should we think be adhered to, even more rigidly in the future, than may have been the case in the past. Of course there may be a difference of opinion among the editors on this point, and there very likely will be whenever one cannot or will not take time to write his article, but nevertheless we think the class should hold him responsible for it.

The place where the greatest opportunity for improvement lies is, we think in the composing of the articles themselves; and we are speaking now not of the writings of the editors only, but of his assistants also. We should bear in mind the fact, that we can never become too well acquainted with the subject upon which we intend to write. The more we study it, the more we reflect upon it, the clearer and more forcible will our ideas be when we come to place them on paper. And when we have got that far, when we are ready to commence writing, our work is only partly done. Then comes the task of conveying those ideas to others in a clear and lucid manner, of embodying our thoughts in grammatical language of clothing them in proper sentences and with appropriate words. And to do this time, perseverance and practice will be required.

But if the result be a clear, pure and forcible style of expressing ourselves, we shall certainly be well repaid for all our labor.

A careful reading or study of some good rhetoric would help us greatly; and it might be well to have one at hand when writing, so as to become familiar with what constitutes a good style and what detracts therefrom.

The election of officers for the ensuing term, takes place tonight. There is however little excitement over the occurrence, which is perhaps owing to the fact, that there is no **wire-pulling** or log-rolling going on and no mules, rails or lies have been introduced into the contest. A free ballot, fair count and honest returns are guaranteed, and they will all be in tonight, so we hope that all will stay and see that men are elected who will insure a prosperous and successful term for the class, that is as far as it lies within the power of officers to do so.

Next meeting occurs the debate on the tariff question. As each debator is to have double the time that has been heretofore allowed, we expect to see the questions well handled by both sides.

We trust that in connection with whatever debates we have this fall, there will be no such delays or postponements as we had to endure last year. The added preparation, gained by postponing, hardly makes up for the loss of interest on the part of the members, and the loss of time to the class.

We have decided unanimously, to have our programmes of a more varied character in the future, than they have been in the past. We think this change is for the better; we hope it is, but we do not yet know, with full assurance, that it is. We would like very much to be able to tell the class that this term is going to be a successful one, but we cannot. We cannot because we know not one great factor which will of itself

almost suffice to make our future meetings successes or failures; and that factor is the manner in which the members discharge the duties assigned to them. But we do know that this factor is made up of efforts of each individual member. If each does his part well, this factor will be for good, and the result will be success

Editor

Anonymous, G. H. Beard & C. H. Small will please accept our heartfelt thanks, for the valuable assistance they have rendered us, in giving to this paper whatever of merit it possess.

Editor

Minnehaha

"He journeyed without resting
Till he heard the cataract's laughter
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
'Pleasant is the sound!' he murmured.
'Pleasant is the voice that calls me!'"

Many times I had read these lines and as often had long to see the falls made famous by Longfellow's beautiful poem.

This summer my wish was gratified and one July day we stopped at Minnehaha station, five miles from Minneapolis.

The Creek of Minnehaha is the outlet of the long winding Lake Minnetonka. It flows quietly along through a level meadowland till suddenly and without warning it takes a leap of forty feet and hastens on through the thickly wooded land.

It seemed to me that it must be surprised after winding along the monotonous country for so many miles to suddenly find itself among so many beauties. It seems to tell the tale of its travels and sing of its happiness to the grand old trees that bend far over its surface, as it goes over its rough and rocky bed.

The volume of water is very small but it is beautiful past all description as it falls, sparkling in the sunshine, among the trees and shrubs that grow almost to the water's edge.

The falls are well named for they do not roar or rush, but simply and joyfully laugh.

I thought as I looked on the beautiful picture before me of the Indian maiden, Minnehaha, and of the proud old arrow-maker, and I almost expected to see Hiawatha come out of the woods beyond.

But no, all those things have passed away, and the Indian has been driven from his beautiful home, and instead of the wigwam of the arrow-maker is the ugly little unpainted shed of the ambitious photographer.

How said it is that on the sublimest works of nature must be left the mark of the money making schemes of men!

For hours I lingered near the falls and listened to its music, and thought of its beautiful story, till they told me 'twas time to depart.

Then as we slowly walked away and its music grew faint in the distance, its laughing seemed changed to sobbing. Had it so changed, or was it the solemn sadness of my soul?

Anonymous

Chicago. Oct. 20th 1880

Editor of The Voice.

My Dear Sir: -- In these times of fierce strife between parties & between men, when hopes for success are so eagerly cherished, its attainment so earnestly doted upon, -- the grand question of success seems more vividly than ever presented to our view. ----- Partly for the sake of learning for myself & partly in view of finding something suitable for The Voice, I have undertaken a course of reading (not yet completed) on this subject. ----- The profit and the pleasure I have derived therefrom you can perhaps appreciate only if you have made a like effort yourself but now the hard question arises: How to make this of benefit to the class. That the members should obtain the same good as I have, nothing short of a thorough reading of the volumes for themselves will suffice: I therefore, take the liberty to mention Prof. Mathews' "Getting on in the World," E. P. Whipple's "Success & it's Conditions," Samuel Smiles' "Self-Help" & "Character" and Emerson's "Conduct of Life", and to suggest, nay, to earnestly urge upon your readers the advisability of a careful perusal of the same. ----- But as to my intentions with regard to The Voice: To take up the different subjects under this head, suggested by these authors would be, I find, impossible and perhaps unprofitable, as the books themselves are within reach; I have, therefore embodied in an article, which I humbly forward herewith, for the present members of few things I have learned on what appear to me to be among the first elements of success. I have endeavored to say nothing particularly original; ---- but more especially to notice a few points which I think may be useful in a practical way.

Very Truly Yours,

Gerald H. Beard

Some Conditions of Success

"The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each others' heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe strings." Carlyle.

Perhaps there is no practical subject in which young men, -- if they be worthy the name are more deeply & more earnestly interested than what is commonly called "Success."

This is most natural, & almost most necessary; for if, at that period in life when a man virtually determines the nature of his whole career, success is, to him, a matter of indifference, he may will be counted out of the race in the whirl of this nineteenth century.

But that this latter is not the case, we think we may cheerfully admit; for under the very nature of circumstances, the attention of almost every young man is, at sometimes, arrested, and the question, "To conquer, or to be conquered," forced upon him, and he compelled, at least, to open his eyes to the importance of the issue.

Not here then does the trouble lie; but because dreaming of conquest is not victory; -- because thinking of, or even planning achievements is not success, -- do we see on every hand lamentable examples of the truth that

"Of all sad words by tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

We may not stop here to discuss the full meaning of "success," nor even to offer anything like a complete definition of the word; but the many conceptions of some of our best writers may be summed up in the idea of doing our duty and doing it well, for the sake of doing it well; -- success, noticeably, being a means & not an end. This indeed, at first thought, seems simple & easy enough; but consider a moment, & we shall see that it is, of all things, the most difficult; for to "do well" is to do our best; & to "Do our best" --- what does it not require? We not but three things, and they stand first

and foremost among the characteristics upon which true success is and must be conditioned. They are Energy, Decision and Determination. First in importance, because with them they carry incalculable power, because without them, all other qualities are never so useful, -- generally useless. First, too, to be noticed, because they are most likely to go unnoticed. ---

Energy! Force! Vigor! Activity! They speak for themselves. They need no explanation. We hear them mentioned, and our eyes flash fire; -- we see them acted out in all their living, burning reality, -- and our blood flows more warmly, our pulses beat more quickly in natural response, weak, feeble though it be! But because we know their power and do not avail ourselves of them; because we admire their strength & yet do not make them our own, -- do we need to have sounded and & resounded, echoed & re-echoed in our ears, the truth of their vital importance & of our pitiable need, if haply we come to our senses ere ____ time is wholly gone by. -- We hear Emerson speak of his "Plus Man", & our souls yearn to be like him. Then why not exert ourselves to energy, -- & be sure, energy will bring forth more energy; vigor, more vigor; force, more force.

Does the day dawn cold & gloomy? Life is needed more. Does it greet a tired body or a weakened nerve? Energy is needed more. Do the Fates evince new boldness? Force is needed more. By hard battles with our adversaries we gain strength; by long warring experience. By experience, we know how to meet them; and by strength we are able to meet them. And whatever else may be said on this subject, we take it that when such authors as Emerson & Bulwer & Smiles give us their deliberate opinion in such words as the following, that there is something in it, and that that something demands our careful attention. --

"What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor." Bulwer Lytton.

"Success is constitutional, depends on a plus condition of mind and body, -- on

power of work on courage. " Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"It is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit, so much as purpose; -- not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically & perseveringly" Sarah Smiles.

"A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy." "Ninety percent of what men call genius is talent for hard work." ^{Wm.} Mm Matthews.

"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men between the great & the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination; -- an honest purpose once fixed & then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world, & no talents no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man, without it." Sir Thomas Buxton

We do not say, nor do we suppose, that all are capable of equal exertions, -- of equal power, -- nor, consequently, of an equal grade of success, but to our mind there is no shadow of doubt that many of us think of success, -- certainly in any large measure, -- as only attendant upon the lives of those on whom Providence has bestowed "special rights"; and is so estimating, fail to perceive the grand possibilities within the reach of one & all who earnestly devote their lives to energetic labor. How many of the attainments, -- how many of the successes of others, which we ascribe to inborn ability or genius, are properly attributable to plain, but real intensely real energy, decision & determination.

And oh! is it not important, that in these days of our youth, when our whole natures thrill with ambitions high natural & right that we no longer be blind to the grandeur of that inheritance which places in us the immeasurable power to will and to do!

Not here may we cite them, but list, oh listen to those men who have been greatest among the great, because they have been grand, living, real powers for good

in this world, -- & hear them pay with one accord their willing tribute to that parent of success, hard, honest, energetic toil; then let us turn with new zest to our labors, determined to give them, whatever they be, our truest, our utmost endeavor. --

So far we have said little in actual words of Decision & Determination; but those who have at all followed our thought must surely see at once that, while different characteristics, they are essentially one with that Energy which avails; for hand in hand they go to be its guide. Facts alone can prove the inestimable value of the ability to decide correctly, & to be determined wisely. These things must, to a large extent be cultivated, at first, it is not so much importance how we decide & on what we are determined, as that we do decide, & are determined.

Napoleon said that the reason the Austrians lost in the great battles he fought with them was that "they did not know the value of five minutes." His prompt energetic decisions were indispensable to his victories.

And so in this battle of life, More & more shall we find it out, -- that the man who has not enough self-reliance to decide at once upon a certain course, & who is but half determined to act upon it when it is decided, will suffer inevitable defeat. Here again, we have abundant opportunity for improvement, even in the smallest things of daily life.

When Sire Sydney Smith heard, before the Battle of Waterloo, that the Duke of Wellington had determined to keep his position at all events, he remarked, "Oh, if the Duke has said that, then of course the other fellow must give way." When opposing forces, of whatever shape, find out that we are determined to keep our position at all events, they will as surely be conquered. Think of this, & ever after know the value of determination.

But the magnitude of our subject seems to increase with every line we write. We are aware of all that might -- yes, & needs to be said right in connection with this phase of the subject of success, -- about the necessity of physical culture, -- the

wisdom of concentration of aim, -- the expediency of caution & tact, & the many other conditions which follow in the same line -- to say nothing of the immense results to be secured therefrom; but we may not venture more. Only one thing: Let nothing we have here suggested be construed to underestimate or overlook the necessity of a pure & noble spirit pervading all our actions.

Deplorable beyond all conception, are such qualities as energy & determination if not guided by moral principle; & often, oh how often, mean, sordid, dispicable, -- unless prompted & controlled by that brightest of a diadems, -- a noble Christian character.

Life has been compared to an ocean; -- & well. Young men! We leave the harbor, -- our voyage to make but once! Flag ensigns, brilliant trappings, bands of music, -- may be beautiful & bright; but when the storms arise & billows roll, & thunders roar, & lightnings flash, our only trust, our only hope lies in the soundness of our craft, & our own unswerving attention to duty. The sea is white with sails around us, & alas! it needs not that we make much headway, ere we see the sad & gloomy sight of wrecks, wrecks, wrecks on every hand.

Some, while gliding flightily & lightly, o'er the treacherous waves, are shattered to a thousand fragments by the fury of the first fierce gale. Some float carelessly & listlessly, up & down, hither & thither, -- nothing heeding, nothing doing, -- only drifting, drifting, drifting, -- till they wake at last, to feel the fearful shock of their (inevitable) ruin. More are driving recklessly and madly o'er the angry sea, -- caught by a well-nigh irresistible current of evil & of sin, & urged on by the wildness of their course, -- till they strike with fearful crash, the rock of their destruction, & sink beneath the waves in terror and despair!

These are only pictures, only shadows of an awful, great reality; and in that great reality, shall we not find our warning, and determine, oh, how earnestly determine to be ready, to be firm & to be true.

Then the storms may gather round us, -- & they surely will; then the billows break upon us, -- & they surely will, only to leave us better, stronger, nobler, that we have been tried and have overcome. And then, when this short course is run, when sailing into port, -- how faintly now can we (concuire) the deep, unalterable joy of looking back upon life's stormy main, -- the tears all shed, the sorrows all ended, -- the struggles all finished, -- to see through all, a life of good success, -- & in the blissful peace of that supreme satisfaction, to enter into our "Desired Haven".

Gerald H. Beard

A Summer on A Dairy Farm

It was my privilege this summer as some of you know to leave the noise and commotion of this busy metropolis for the quiet and refreshment of the country to exchange the rumble of the elevated road for the chirp of the cricket. It was a pleasant change, and especially so during the warm days of summer and too after the arduous duties devolving upon me as correspondent of "The Voice." What is more fitting that I should give to you on this the first meeting after your vacation the benefit of my observations and experiences as a dairy farmer? With your permission I will proceed so to do. It was in the early part of June last that I boarded the western bound train of the N. Y. C. & H. R.R.R. After riding all night I left the train at Rome and took a train going north; a ride of about three hours bro't me to Watertown the county seat of Jefferson county. Having to wait there several hours I spent the time in looking about the city. It is one of the prettiest little cities that has been my pleasure to visit. Walking from the depot through an arcade I came into a large open square around which centers all the business of the city. In this square congregate the farmers as they come in to trade. Starting from one corner of the square is the principal residence street Washington. A broad, pleasant thoroughfare with a macadamized road lined on either side with trees. The residences are of wood or brick few of stone they are surrounded by pleasant grounds that presents an inviting appearance to the passer by; they are not stately or grand but elegant in their simplicity.

The whole city has the appearance of wealth (wealth that is counted by the thousand not by the hundred thousand. Along one side of the city runs the Black river spanned by a suspension bridge. The population of the city is about ten thousand. About 3 P.M. I took a seat in a dirty two seated open vehicle called a stage. After a ride of about two hours over a pleasant county road I arrived at a town among the hills of Jefferson county, there I met the gentlemen with whom I was to spend the summer; a

short ride brought us to the farm. The farm consists of about 140 acres in an oblong shape, two or three of them being woodland, a creek runs the middle of the farm the narrow way. Just up the hill from the creek is the house with the milk house adjoining, and two large barns. Consider yourselves introduced to the farm. I have call it a "dairy farm", by that I mean that the chief occupation of the inhabitants is the keeping of cows and the manufacture of the cream into butter. That is the business of all the farmers throughout that region. A farmer that does not keep ten or a dozen cows is not much of a farmer; some have as many as 75 or 80. There being where I was twenty cows to milk, every night and morning I soon became initiated as a milker.

Follow me if you please as I come in from the barn some evening with two large pails full of milk. We enter the milk room -- a small room with four large, shallow pans that will each hold about 300 lbs. of milk, these pans are set in larger pans through which cold water is allowed to flow from a spring when the warm weather necessitates it. I strain the milk into one of the pans that has been emptied and washed out for the purpose. All this evenings milk is put into this same pan, tomorrow evenings into another, the other two pans are for mornings milk. Thus by having two pans for mornings milk and two for nights the cream has time to rise and sour before the pans are needed. The pans are emptied by skimming off the cream and then pulling a plug out and allowing the sour milk to run through a pipe into a barrel outside of the house, from which it is taken to feed the calves and pigs. Those four pails that you see in the ice chest in the corner contain sour cream to be churned tomorrow morning. Sour cream makes better butter than sweet. Passing from this room into the next - you will also please allow yourselves to suppose that it is now morning -- we can witness the process of making butter. The churn is that box about 2 ft. cube revolving on a horizontal axis; inside is a paddle that revolves the reverse of the churn itself. The cream is put into the churn which is then tightly closed and I sit down and commence my morning's exercise of turning the crank which revolves the churn. After turning for

an hour or more the cream begins to "brake", that is the butter begins to separate from the butter milk. A few more revolutions and the churning is finished. We now draw off the butter milk and wash the butter. This latter is done by putting into the churn two or three pails full of cold water and turning a few times, then drawing this off. The butter is then taken out and washed in that shallow box on the table, and the salt work in. It is then put into tubs ready for the market. We made about 30 lbs. of butter at a time; during the summer they sent to the N.Y. market about a thousand pounds. This is the process of making butter as I saw and engaged in it.

But making butter is not the only occupation of a dairy farmer; he raises grain and vegetables for his own use and for market. One of the first things that I engaged in was hoeing corn. And after having been one of three to go twice over a four acre field I was satisfied that it was not the most enjoyable part of a farmers work. The keeping of twenty cows and three horses necessitates the raising of considerable hay with which to feed them during the winter. Haying and harvesting occupied most of the summer. Notwithstanding the hard work I enjoyed it and was benefited in health and appetite. Furthermore there are many pleasures in haying that one unacquainted with them cannot readily appreciate. Perhaps foremost among them is pitching hay during a gale of wind. To fully enjoy this pleasure it is quite essential to have on as large a hat as possible, to be sure you may have to follow said hat up and down hill until you are quite exhausted but it is part of the sport. You proceed to load. Thrusting your fork manfully into the hay you raise it aloft to deposit in upon the wagon, but, there comes a gust of wind, from whence it cometh you know not, nor whither it goeth except as you not the direction your forkful of hay takes as it sails mid air across the field. Happy are you if you get the wagon loaded without further mishap. But the pleasures of haying are not all in the field. Perhaps you think you know what it is to perspire, but believe me my friends, you can have no appreciation of the privilege until you have pitched hay on a hay-mow. Then is when it is genuine pleasure to perspire. Many times I

stood on a mow high up among the rafters and received the hay as it was pitched up and pitched it further back with the perspiration oozing out and trickling down my face and dropping off the extremity of any proboscis like drops from an icicle on a spring morning. That is what is meant by "perspiring freely."

But a farmer's life is not one of continued labor even in the summer. There are days when pleasure takes the place of toil; during the summer there were days when it rained and we could not work, there were picnics to attend, there were pole raisings &c that engaged our attention. It is the custom, as you may perhaps know, for the men in rural towns, during a presidential campaign, to show their enthusiasm for their party and the party candidates by raising liberty poles and making the occasion one of political demonstration. These poles are tall, straight trees cut down, smoothly shaved and then painted. It was my pleasure to attend a Republican pole raising. It was an inspiring scene to see the slender pole slowly raised upright, and to see unfurled from its top the stars and stripes amid the loud hurrahs of those sturdy farmers. If the welfare of the country depended solely upon such men as they, there would be little cause for anxiety. The speeches on the occasion were made by leading Republicans of the county and were very good both in subject matter and delivery.

There were other things that occupied some of our time during the summer that I might speak of; I might mention carting wood or cutting corn or digging potatoes -- a more congenial occupation is handling potatoes with and knife and fork -- but enough has been said for you to know what is implied by A Summer on a Dairy Farm.

C.H. Small

No Name

"Rah for Garfield & Arthur!!!

While reading over our critic's reports a while ago, we could not find a scratch of the pen about Hancock or anything that he ever did, but we did find Garfield spoken of twice, the first time in a report of April '79, so we at once concluded that he must be the candidate of our choice and hence the above explosion.

The base drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band. Let all the debators of the Phi Sigma bear this in mind.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said, "Your honor is right and I am wrong, as your honor generally is." -- There was a dazed look in the judge's eye and he hardly knew, whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

Scene -- Exposition building -- Green-horn from the rural regions making a circuit of the gallery is tickled at something and smiles. The smile being contagious a bashful maiden in one of the stands catches it and follows suit. The fact is noted by the young man from the country who steps up to the stand and the following dialogue occurs --

G-h "Don't you remember me?"

B.M. "No."

G-h "Didn't you used to live in Indiana?"

B.M. No. I" never lived in Indiana."

G-h "Oh! I thought you did and that you knew me because you smiled at me."

B.M. (Finds herself in somewhat of a dilemma, but ventures the

following) "Sometimes we smile at folks we don't know."

Exit G-h pondering over this latest revelation

Moral -- See that the road is clear before you smile.

The rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gather the fellow that rides a bicycle
every time.

Hannibal

Carthage the birthplace of Hannibal was founded by the Phoenicians, in the ninth century B.C. But although dating back of Rome, she had at last to fall prostrate before that great and rising power, the future mistress of the world. Carthage was a maritime and commercial city; Rome was devoted rather to the arts of war than those of peace. Carthage through her commercial relationship had communication with all the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, and even with many upon the Atlantic coast, from the British Isles to the south of Africa. Moreover she had possessions in Spain and in some of the islands between Europe and Africa. So she was destined at some time or other to come in contact with the spreading and encroaching power of Rome. And there it happened that in the third century Sicily became a bone of contention between them and they went to war. The conflict lasted with varying successes from 264 till 241 B. C., when the Carthaginians were compelled to make peace renouncing their claims upon Sicily and agreeing to defray the expenses of the war. This is what is known in history as the "First Punic War." It furnishes us the story of Regulus, whose speech before the Carthaginians is so familiar to all college boys. The most distinguished general on the side of Carthage was Hamilcar Bareas, the father of Hannibal.

The subject of our sketch was born in the year 247 and it is said that when nine years of age, he was taken by his father into Spain being compelled at the time, to swear upon the altar eternal hostility to Rome. How faithfully and terribly he fulfilled that vow we learn from the Roman historians themselves. The years from 236-221 were spent by the Carthaginians in extending their conquests in Spain, at first under the leadership of Hamilcar, afterwards under that of his brother, Hasdrubal, Hannibal's uncle. These conquests aroused the envy and enmity of the Romans, and they entered into a defensive alliance with the colony of Saguntum, which lay on the eastern coast of Spain. Hasdrubal dying he was succeeded in the year 221 by

Hannibal, who was then twenty six years of age. He spent two years warring against the Spaniards, and in 218 besieged Saguntum, and after 8 months, took it. It is recorded of some of the inhabitants, that they pulled their goods in the market place, and setting fire to them, threw themselves upon the burning heap and so perished. While the siege was going on, ambassadors had been sent from Rome to Carthage to persuade the senate to order Hannibal to desist, but they were unsuccessful and after the fall of the town was declared.

Thus was begun the Second Punic War, which lasted from 218-201, a period of seventeen years. Having taken Saguntum, Hannibal, leaving his brother, Hasdrubal, with some forces to hold Spain, crossed the Pyrenees, designing the invasion of Italy. He passed through the south of Gaul, crossed the Rhone and commenced the passage of the Alps. This great military achievement, he accomplished after overcoming many difficulties and enduring many dangers: The native tribes of the mountains made almost continual assaults upon his soldiers, throwing stones and rocks upon them in the narrow passes, and killing all who strayed from the line of march, or fell behind the main body of troops. At one place the road had been entirely swept away by an avalanche and they were compelled to stop and build a new one before they could proceed. But at length Hannibal reached upper Italy with a force of about 26,000 men. He lost 83,000 on the march from the Pyrenees to the plains of that fair and sunny land. Nevertheless he beat the Romans under Cornelius Scipio near the Ticinus and under Sempronius in the battle of the Trebia, and in the mean time many of the Cisalpine Gauls joined his army. In the year 217 he crossed the Apenines and kept on his way towards the south. It was during his march about this time, that he lost one of his eyes from infamination, while passing through a swampy region. The next battle he had with the enemy was at Lake Trasimene. Here he led the consul Flaminius into a narrow passage between the lake and the mountains, and then turning, surprised and routed him, destroying his army. The terror and suspense at

Rome, when the first rumors of the battle reached the city, can hardly be pictured. Great was the consternation when the words of the praetor fell upon the ears of the anxious multitude: "We have been beaten in a great battle; our army is destroyed and C. Flaminius the consul is killed." It was in this crisis that they make Fabius Maximus dictator, He entered upon that guarded and cautious method of carrying on war, which has ever since born his name, being known as the Habian Policy." He always followed close upon the heels of the enemy, cutting off his supplies, and attacking him at all unguarded points, but never risking a decisive engagement. In this way he sometimes reduced Hannibal to very straightened circumstances, but gained no great battles. At length, the people, tired of his ways, gave the master of horses equal power with the dictator and attempted a battle and was beaten.

Then Varro and Aemilius were made consuls and took command of the forces. One would hold the chief command one day and other would hold it the next. The Carthaginians were well situated upon some rising ground and Aemilius did not think it at all wise to attack them. But the next day Varro led the army so near to that of Hannibal, that on the day after Aemilius was forced to make battle. The result was a most overwhelming defeat for the Romans.