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The
Voice
of the
Phi Sigma

F. E. Whitman - Editor
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Editorials

We are extremely glad to be able to present to our many readers this evening a paper issued under circumstances differing somewhat from those existing at the issue of any other paper in America -- The peculiar facts existing are these -- On an enormous salary we employ a regular correspondent in the eastern states -- at this time a very important section of the country. We have a highly paid eastern correspondent who has been spending his time & our money in a way which is so far from the right way to act that we are bound by principles to discharge him from our employ immediately.

But, to look on the pleasant side of the matter, our private lines connecting this office with one in Washington is in perfect running order and we are enabled tonight & for all issues in the future to present you with the latest items of news from the capital and also editorials upon the various events daily enacted there.

We do not wish anyone to infer that our editorials are bought and wired to us -- No indeed -- we have a competent corps at our home office who are fully able to cope with all the "topics of the times."

Not many issues past there appeared a continued article in the Scientific department of this paper which has not yet been finished -- We realize how eagerly the concluding part of the contribution is looked for by our readers and feel that it is but right that we should make an apology & endeavor to fill its place. The writer of the article on the "De Lesseps canal" has his time so occupied by private matters that he was unable to aid us in the Issue with the conclusion of his very interesting paper. He contemplates entering the Romish Church -- another example of the inestimable influence of woman for good or evil -- generally for good.

We wish it distinctly understood that the management of this paper has changed hands. Those who have been previously employed will be kept on staff -- as far as

practicable. All who fail to perform promptly the parts expected of them will be summarily discharged. There are many waiting to fill all the places, who are as talented as those now occupying the positions.

The last makes us think of the late strikes -- in fact strikes which are taking place every day. Every member of the trades union can grow eloquent over the poor women & emaciated children employed in various factories for barely enough to pay their car fare &c &c and they are always ready to rail and rant at the moneyed employer. Like all other questions of any account there are two sides to this one. We were just on the point of speaking about this question at some length when we happened to remember that the same subject is to be debated on at some near meeting and we will not encroach upon the debaters' territory.

There seems to be no reason to hope for the final success of alleged two great schemes before the American public. One is the Worlds Fair of 1883 which is now about given up and the other is the De Lesseps Canal.

There seems to be no need of this fair now. Five years ago today the Great Centennial Exposition was opened amid great pomp in the city of Philadelphia. The people of the two worlds travelled to visit it during its six months of successful life -- each believing that he had in all probability visited the last Worlds Fair that would be held.

The world was getting too populous to admit of it -- it was too much labor & expense to transport exhibits across the lands & seas to show them: -- these & many other reasons were given to support this idea. But how far short this all was. A great and successful exhibition was held in Paris three years ago. One has been held more recently in Australia & now another "International Exposition" has been started for this country.

The benefits arising from these "Fairs" are enormous; but wisdom must be employed in deciding when where & how often these must and ought to be held an in

this case reason seems to say that this is not the place, the time nor the occasion for a repetition of the success of six years ago.

In regard to the Canal it may be observed that, as was predicted in this class before, it is a very necessary thing for a canal like this one to have the protection of some government. It is very clear also that under the present management when government aid is needed France will be called on. It is plain enough in the light of these facts, that it is very necessary for the preservation of the Southern Republics that the United States be the ruling power. Advices from Central America report great dissatisfaction among those living there & trouble with those coming there. The Reports say also that the Engineer has threatened to call on France for aid -- a literal fulfilment of the Phi Sigma prophesy. Moneyed support is not what was expected, work is not progressing well, unforeseen difficulties present themselves -- in short the Isthmian Canal does not look like a success -- Perhaps this will wake up the man that is going to join the Catholic Church.

There is a question which has more or less & will some more excite the attention of the people of England and America -- that is the subject of an International copyright. This ought to & probably will come up before this class. It is a well known fact that the publishers of the Standard Series Lakeside & seaside Libraries which contain very much of excellent reading matter of all classes -- history - biography - fiction to pay little or no fee to the authors whose writings they publish. (What they do pay is a small sum paid simply out of courtesy & not forced by law) It is also well known that much of the cheap literature which once flooded this country and was of a class very hurtful to the public good has been displaced by the present class at no greater expense. (The Franklin Square Library consists largely of reprints of books published by the same house in better form -- the cheap form being needed to cope with the Seaside &c)

Now if every American publisher printing and selling a book by an English author is obliged by law to pay a certain sum on each book and English publishers have to do

the same the result will naturally be that the cheap editions of good books will cease to come out & the miserable cheap trash will take its place. Good Authors don't very often die poor because they were not paid for their work -- Their money often goes because of mismanagement and squandering. The question seems to be -- do we want to, for the benefit of Authors, discontinue the present good state of cheap literature & replace it with the trash that once was to be found all over the country?

Much has been said about the corrupted state of American politics and of the comparatively better conditions of those of Great Britain. We do not feel able to speak on the comparative state of the politics of the two countries for the very reason that we are not enough acquainted with the inner workings of either country, particularly of England and for this reason we will not speak upon it & hope that others similarly situated will do likewise. We are forced to believe however that America could bear a comparison. As to the condition of the politics of this country fifty years ago & today there is ample room for study & tho't. In many respects those evil customs & practices that were in vogue in bygone days have been abolished and new competing influences have been introduced but it is quite probable that the reforms out balance the steps backward. As an example a number of years ago it was not an uncommon thing to see a Senator or Representative in the Senate or House, drunk; but now adays when a Public man is seen in an intoxicated state in his seat or during the time for conducting public business it means political death to him. There are many places of political corruption which would be too long & tedious to be spoken of at length here. Power is often misused & this is especially true of our public men. The Star - *xxntes* are being unearthed now & reveal wonderful things to one immersed in public matters and even to some of them. Many of the unwarranted expenditures in that line were the outcome of placing a man in a position where he had almost absolute power.

There are many things that we see around us in both national & municipal government which we would all like to see remedied but which we ought not to denounce as the worst in the world until we find out about some of the other bad things.

The deadlock in the senate has been spoken of at length by papers all over the land for many weeks & we could be but repeating what they have said to speak here. It is a lamentable fact that public business is neglected for the sake of so small a matter as one vote. But there is a question right here of a good deal of interest. Ought the minority to rule? That seems to be the bone of contention in the Senate as much as the party measures.

In regard to the question as to who is President, Garfield or Conkling? the Voice boldly announces that it is in favor of Jas. A. (This isn't paid for but we expect it will bet. friends will please not ask for the cigars.)

When we think of the state of water in the pipes yesterday morning and also the mortuary reports in the papers we would seem very dull if we tho't nothing about the water supply. No one will deny that it is growing scanty and also more filthy. While we are engaged in devising a way for increasing the supply we ought also to make a way for cleansing the water or rather getting it where the water will keep pure. It is fortunate that both changes are necessary at the same time -- one will help the other along.

In the first place the crib is getting unsafe -- in fact came very near being carried away by ice during the past winter. In the next place the prevailing winds are from the city toward the lake & it would seem that the sewage would be carried out as far as the present crib certainly. Now, in view of these present conditions would it not be wise to put a crib -- a good strong one with a large base -- out about 1 or 1 1/2 miles from some point in the lake shore about 20 miles north of this city -- these on the shore at that place build very large pumping works & connect them with the city by means of a tunnel or tunnels, large enough to preclude all necessity of an enlargement for many years to come, with the city tunnels & mains. In this way it seems that the existing

difficulties in regard to scanty & filthy supply would be obviated & also the danger of having the pumping works burned as in '71 entirely overcome. These ideas are entirely cribbed.

We would seem to be overriding all good usage & braking well tried custom if we neglected to speak about the present and future of the class.

Our class we are sorry to admit is somewhat like the old man's horse that died. We raised the membership to a good high number 12 & then the members began to drop out. We will probably have for the rest of the term eleven active members which is the number we have enjoyed for some time past. One or two more would not be entirely out of place. When next fall term opens it will probably find the membership nine. We hope that the member who has changed his abode to the other side of the city will be able to attend the meetings under some such arrangement as will be used during the present term. Mr. Mabbs will probably be able to join the class again in the fall making ten members. With such a membership to start on there is no fear for the future. But, as is not unlikely to be the case more members may leave that we are at present counting on. In case the class dwindle down to such an extent that it will be useless to continue under present rules it seems to the Voice that the following course would work well - Let a chairman and vice chairman be elected at the next regular election to hold office one year or until another election. Let the next following election be arranged for a time when all the members can be bro't together and the occasion be made a sort of reunion. Let the chairman keep all class papers and consult with the vice chairman when practicable in regard to arranging the meeting. This same plan is very successfully used by school & college alumni associations & class organizations.

We hope to hear from future editors on the subject.

Isn't it in order to make Mr. Dean a corresponding member? There are many topics for editors to scribble on but we have written so much already without probably really saying much that we will leave some of the best themes for someone else to write up.

For all that is interesting in our paper tonight you will have to thank Mr. W. H. Beard who was our appointed assistant & who has come to our aid with an article on "Telephones" and also Mr. G. H. Beard who kindly assisted us with a part of an article on the late Lord Beaconsfield. We need not speak at further length on these articles -- they stand on their own merits.

Our funny editor has been sick for some time & our 25 cent jokes has had all its jokes cut out by ourselves & the other editors who have borrowed it.

A Few Words on the Telephone

When first we thought of writing on this subject we intended to give a complete explanation & history of the Telephone, but on studying it, we found it was altogether too wide a subject for our spare time and limited ability. We must content ourselves therefore with a short sketch, speaking only of the Reiss and Bell telephones. It appears that the idea of transmitting sound by other means than that of the atmosphere was thought of, and to some extent used by the ancients, but that of using electricity as an agent was not successfully demonstrated till just 20 years ago. A German named Reiss succeeded in transmitting musical sounds by a simple instrument which we will try and explain.

Before doing this it would perhaps be well to say that sound makes a certain impression on the air, causes a series of vibrations, and the higher a sound is the more rapid will be the vibrations. The more intense the sound is the larger or more ample will be the vibrations. Now electricity has been found to have the power of reproducing sound vibrations with great intensity even at a long distance.

Reiss's method was as follows; He constructed a small box having a hole in the front in which he fitted a funnel by which the sound was to enter the box, he then made another hole in the top of the box into which he fitted a tightly stretched membrane & to the inside of this was affixed a small rod of platinum which hung pendant resting lightly however on another piece of Platinum which was fixed to the bottom of the box. From these two pieces of platinum ran the two wires to the receiver at the other end of the line. On making any noise near the funnel the vibrations would enter the box and the metal point which was resting on the lower piece of metal would be jerked off from its resting place by the vibration caused by the sound on the membrane at the top of the box. The result would be a disconnection of the electric current - the circuit for which you perceive was made complete by the two points coming in contact. Immediately the

vibration passed, the point would return to its resting place and again the circuit would be formed, thus you see the vibration or rather vibrations are transmitted to the wire and by it reproduced at the other end.

We will now try and show how the sound was to be reproduced at the further end. First a sounding board was made on which were placed two wooden supports to hold a small iron rod. Surrounding this rod was a coil of wire through which the electric current passed.

This current thus passing intermittingly (as the connections and disconnections occurred at the other end), magnetised the iron rod causing it to vibrate, and in so doing give off similar sounds.

This telephone would transmit musical sounds but would not reproduce the articulations of the human voice. An instrument that would do this was at last invented simultaneously by Mr. Gray of Chicago and Mr. Bell of Boston in 1876.

We will describe the Bell telephone. It is about 7 ins long and is made in the shape of a tube with one end enlarged. This end has in it a small hole surrounded by a cup or funnel and is used as the mouthpiece. Below this hole is fixed a thin metal plate which acts as the diaphragm to receive and also to give off the sound vibrations. In close proximity to this but not touching except as it vibrates in the electro-magnet, and surrounding this magnet is a wire coil from which pass the wires running to the other end. When a person speaks into the funnel or mouth piece it causes the metal plate to vibrate, which vibration is transmitted to the magnet, and from that to the coil of wire, the electric current on vibration then travels to the other machine, and repeats the sounds in the same manner as they were received. We should like to give our readers some statistics in reference to the commercial use of this most-useful invention, but we cannot do so at this time except that about 4000 are in daily use in this city. This probably has been one of the most remarkable inventions in its coming into such daily and extensive use so much so that we suppose any of the large commercial houses would not

consider they were able to get along without it even if it cost ten times what it does, but which four short years ago they knew nothing of. It is daily increasing in use as we understand the companies are about 400 telephones behind.

W. H. Beard

A Story of the Colonial Times

As a ship sails into the harbor of New Haven the most conspicuous objects that meet the eye of the sailor are two lofty rocks barren and are on the side facing the water but covered with verdure on the top. One of these lies on the Eastern side of the city and the other on the West. Toward the pleasant city lying between there for centuries the homeward bound sailor has been accustomed to steer his tempest tossed ship - looking forward with glad anticipation to the warm welcome which he knew awaited him from his wife and other loved ones. From the little plains between these two rocks rise the many spires of churches, the lofty tower of the city hall and the many beautiful buildings of the far famed "City of Elms." East and West Rocks for so they are called - stand like two giant sentinels to guard the inhabitants of the valley, to watch over their institutions and maintain them safely - like, as M.P. Willis said, - "two monster exclamation points after the sentence "Oh how beautiful!"

On the top of East Rock is a rustic cottage the lone and solitary abode of a hermit surrounded by an aged chestnut grove which has stood for centuries unmoved by repeated wintry blasts, unshaken by the storms of many an autumns. On West Rock there is a somewhat scanty growth of trees of various kinds whose green tops, ever waving in the summer when the valley below is still and scorched, enchant the eye and whose many tinted foliage gives great beauty to the old rock after the first frosts of autumn. The latter rock, on account of its beauty and easy approach, is the favorite resort of the school children of all ages and especially the students of Yale College. On almost any pleasant day in the warmer parts of the year, little parties may be seen wending their ways westward, to spend an afternoon on the aged landmark.

On such an excursion several school boys wandered one pleasant spring day many years ago and, after walking thro' shady streets and grassy lanes - over little bridges beneath which danced and rippled sparking brooklets, they came to the foot of

the rock which towers up almost perpendicularly for five hundred feet on the side facing the sea. A walk of a few moments bro't them to a narrow and tortuous foot-path following which they began to mount the rock. Tumbling over great stones and dragging themselves up by grasping the scraggly shrubs which find rooting here and there; they at last reached the top - tired and exhausted. This fatigue was soon overcome, however by stopping for a short time in the shade near at hand and filling the lungs with a few draughts of the vivifying sea air which came in frequent and refreshing gusts from the ocean.

The view from their position was magnificent. Beneath lay a few scattered dwellings. A small stream ran down among them and on its banks were several factories, the deadened hum of whose machinery was frequently wafted to the children by the fitful breezes. Before them at a distance of several miles stretched out the blue waters on Long Id. Sound and beyond it could be seen the dim outlines of the Island itself. At the left lay the city - its busy streets humming with traffic - its "long wharf" stretching its mighty arm a full mile out into the harbor. On all this the sun was shining brightly and the whole scene was one of great variety and unusual beauty.

After feasting their eyes for a time on this picture furnished by nature herself such an one as only nature can furnish - the little pleasure party started off to seek that part of the rock where the trees were thicker and where the air was filled with the perfumes of a thousand flowers. They meandered carelessly along picking here and there a flower stopping to gather a fern now and then - listening to the birds singing in the trees just clothed in verdure and soon came to an opening where the soil seemed to have been all swept away by the wind and storm.

On one side of this open space stood a large rock or rather what seemed to be several rocks thrown together in a heap. On closer examination the rocks proved to have been all united once but, by the action of time and the elements, it had been broken into several pieces which had fallen in such a way as to form a small cave. To

this the children hastened and peered into the opening. All seemed black as night, which seemed only more dismal and impenetrable when compared to the bright sunlight which shone on every thing around. At length one bolder than the rest entered into the aperture, stealthily and carefully, probably expecting every movement to have some goblin or witch or other horrid creature dart out upon him and his companions. But no such thing appeared and, when once he had reached the inner parts, the cave was not so dark as it seemed from the outside. To grown people often - far too often - obstacles appear which seem unsurmountable but when the task is taken up fearlessly & with a fixed determination the mass seems almost to melt away and after thought reveals a frequent phase of human frailty. Thus the boy found the entrance easy and looking up saw a crack through which a few rays of sunlight stole in to relieve the darkness & where a summer shower might easily beat an unwelcome entrance. A few dry leaves covered the bottom and here and there a lazy snail crawled blindly about. That seemed to be all within. The party examined the rocks all around without finding anything noticeable but just as they were turning to go away one of them saw what looked like rude letters cut into the stone. Closer examination strengthened the first conclusion and finally by careful scrutiny they read in moss covered time worn and a first but rudely cut letters the words "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." What could that mean? Was it only their childish imaginations that interpreted the scratches thus or did they really behold the writing of some primeval man? they queried. It never occurred to these young minds that such a sentiment would never have been expressed in any probability in a very distant age nor did they undertake to arrive at the time in which it must have been written by consulting the language & the forms of the letters. None of these useful means occurred to them. All they know was that they beheld cut in the rock before them, evidently by human hands, an inscription. The moss, which almost hid the scratches, betokened age. That they were astonished it is useless to state. Various vague theories were conjured up in their childish minds to describe the origin of

those mystic words and each was discarded as soon as advanced. They fancied themselves great discoverers. Without doubt they had found something which they themselves had never heard of and, for aught they knew, no one else was aware of.

Building fleeting aircastles and wondering what the outcome of their great discovery would be they prepared to continue their wanderings but just as they started a band of dark clouds appearing in the west and the rising wind betokening a storm admonished them to hasten homeward.

That night found several excited children telling their friends what they had seen & done on the previous day. But their great glee was destined soon to be quieted and their ignorance dispelled by their parents; for the people of New Haven were well acquainted with that Rock and its surroundings and knew all the traditions connected with it.

Those children have grown up now to manhood and womanhood but not one of them has forgotten the following explanation of the mysterious inscription as told them on the evening after their adventure.

In the middle of the 17th century the rising Kingdom of England was ruled by a weak and profligate sovereign - Chas. I. By his unreasonable and overbearing manner he had created great dissatisfaction among his subjects and the people's representative - the parliament - was almost continually engaged in a strife with the Sovereign. At last the troubles were given over to the *arbitrament* of *arous* [arrows?] and England was plunged deep in Civil War.

The culminating fight of this conflict between the King and Parliament was the battle of Naseby, fought in 1645. The army of the King was here commanded by the King himself and his son, Prince Rupert. At the head of the forces of the commonwealth was Oliver Cromwell. Under him a father and his son-in-law, Edward

Whalley & Wm. Goffe, held subordinate commands and by the side of these John Dixwell fought valiantly in this closing battle of the war.

The royal forces were completely routed on the Field of Naseby and the King fled to Wales. Thence he went to Scotland and was there given up as a prisoner. By the Commonwealth under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell a charge of treason was bro't against the unfortunate monarch and, after a short trial, if we are to trust the muse of history, "the king was illegally condemned and unjustly executed". Ten years of uncertainty passed away - the power of the commonwealth gradually waned and at the expiration of that period a son of the former Sovereign ascended the throne. All who had been engaged in the previous disturbances, with a few exceptions - important ones for us -- were pardoned by a decree of the King.

Sitting in the "Royal Court of Justice" which condemned to death the former monarch might have been seen the three valiant commanders at Naseby, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell.

Realizing their great danger, at the accession of Chas. II in 1660 many of the judges fled to foreign countries, some were seized and executed, and three - those just named fled to the New England Colonies. (It is not known at exactly what time Dixwell crossed the ocean but it is supposed he fled at about the same time the others did so.)

Here they stopped for a short time in Cambridge but Goffe and Whalley, fearing discovery, fled to New Haven and stopped at the house of a minister.

The King was untiring and very diligent in his search and sent two commissioners to America to hunt out his father's murderers. The Judges learning of the arrival of these men hastened to some more secure retreat and, stealthily fleeing in the direction of West Rock took refuge in a small cave on its summit.

Weary, tiresome, lonesome days must have passed in that wild place. Shutout from their fellow men - deprived of their loved ones, these men who once sat in the councils of the English Nation were now paying the penalty for their rashness and folly

in a solitary, dismal cavern in the wilds of America! Ample time was afforded in this wretched place for these statesmen to consider the dire results of their deed. It is an easy matter for us 200 years after to look back and see their great mistake and think how we would have avoided it. But they, untaught by the history that has been rolled up since their day, thought so radical a revolution as transferring the power from the King to the people at a single stroke entirely possible. Such errors as theirs go to make up a powerful series of lessons which men of modern times would do well to study and remember.

Those beautiful woods had been and still were the hunting grounds of the Indian. The flowers that in the spring raised their heads from beneath the leafy covering thrown over them by unseen hands as the first frosts of autumn came on had never been culled by the whiteman's hand. The merry laugh of the school children had never resounded through the pleasant arbors; the chopper's axe had never been laid at the root of a tree in that shady grove, the quarryman's powder had never been lighted in the chink of that weather beaten rock. Occasionally in the night they heard a panther or a wildcat stealthily roaming near their hiding place in search of prey; but still they kept closely quartered in their rude retreat, venturing out only long enough to hurry to a large tree that grew near by, beneath whose shade a friendly farmer was wont to place their food, and they run back again to their cave. Within, this must have been very cheerless to those who had been accustomed to pleasant firesides and the merry companions afforded there. No soft rug covered the floor - only a few leaves per chance, which, in the fitful gusts, flitted about hither and thither as did those on which the Cumaen Sibyl was wont to write her prophecies. Unlike this mythical abode no door kept out the shower or wind; and roving animals might easily effect an entrance. Indeed this did happen, for, one night hearing a noise, one of the fugitives looked towards the opening and saw the glaring eyes of a panther.

On the next morning after the appearance of this unwelcomed visitor the judges decided that 'twere better to be hung on the scaffold than to be torn limb from limb by wild beast and so they fled from the cave to a farm house in the neighboring township of Milford. Here they enjoyed considerable freedom for about two years until their whereabouts were discovered.

From the earliest day people have been apt to differ from each other and this quality still continues the same. Indeed it is well that such is the case, for were it not so, the world would never have been able to hear the great masterpieces of Grecian oratory as they fell from the lips of Demosthenes; the glories of war would never have been recorded; progress of the literature of the world would have been greatly retarded if not completely dwarfed. There were disputes even in the good old Puritan communities. A feud in the churches of Hartford and the adjoining town of Weathersfield led to an emigration to a place forty miles farther up the River and the formation of a new settlement called Hadley.

Hither, after leaving Milford, they betook themselves and hiding in the house of the minister - Mr. Russel- would never have been discovered but for one short appearance after which Goffe and Whaley disappeared forever from the gaze of mortals.

The colonies were being devastated by a bloodthirsty band of Indians at whose head was the terrible chieftain King Phillip. Hadley was not free from the encroachment of these villainous marauders. After the manner of those good old days, a solemn fast was proclaimed for the first day of Sept. To the rude log meeting house devoutly walked the entire population of the settlement. With every family there went a sturdy colonist or more armed with primitive flintlock. When all were within the sanctuary the guns were left loaded at the ends of the pews and the brave husbands listened and prayed with hand upon their clumsy barrels. A few sentinels were left outside to arouse those within at the first sign of the approach of the Indians. Soon the alarm was raised

and the men rushing out of the meeting house found themselves almost entirely surrounded by red men.

Bravely they were resisting but to no avail when suddenly there appeared in the midst an old bare headed man from whose chin hung a long white beard. His clothes were old and his whole appearance was strange but he rallied the colonists with his sharp encouraging words of command and, after repulsing the Indians, fled from view never more to reappear. Some of the more superstitious colonists tho't him an angel of deliverance sent from heaven in answer to their prayers. Others were entirely unable to account for the mysterious deliverer. Sometime afterwards it was learned to have been none other than Wm. Goffe who from his window had seen the enemy's stealthy approach and had rushed to the rescue of God's people in their dire distress.

After the two judges had been in Hadley some months they were joined by John Dixwell who had probably remained in Cambridge - altho' his exact whereabouts were unknown. Here he remained some time when he retired to New Haven where he died.

Several letters have been found written by Goffe to his wife but purporting to have been written between father & son. Sad indeed were the words they carried and few are those who can read them without a tear.

Years after all this happened, someone wandering as did the children over West Rock discovered the inscription on the cave and tradition informs us that it is the self-inscribed creed of the brave judges who condemned to the scaffold England's profligate Prince.

About seventy-five years ago the old house of Mr. Russell in Hadley was demolished. As the workmen tore away the debris a slab of stone was lifted and beneath it was disclosed a large human skeleton. The workmen viewed it but a moment as the air touched its crumbling bones it mouldered back to dust! It belonged to the swarthy form of Whaley who once broke at the head of a victorious column thro' the ranks of Prince Rupert at Naseby.

A traveler may see beneath the waving elms in New Haven's public square a plain, white marble monument surrounded by a handsome iron fence and on this he may read the inscription - "Sacred to the memory of John Dixwell, one of the Regicides."

Busy traffic teams and magnificent equipages rattle and rumble over New Haven's elm-shaded streets and as they pass from one to the other some of the most magnificent will be found to bear the names of Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell.

Thus are perpetuated the name of the three fugitive Judges.

Doubtful Humor

A bootblack has been at work a long time on the large cowhide of a seedy granger when that individual began viewing the job & giving directions.

"Jus' touch up that 'ere heel a little Johnny" - "now fix that side a little and then he turned to put up the other foot. " Ugh" said he" - "It's asleep." "I'll bet yer 4 an' a 'alf it been dead a week" observed the boy with an injured expression about the nose.

Wm. G. H. says he can go with any one he please & you other fellows hadn't better talk - but he hasn't yet come across the one he pleases we notice.

"Mary, now you must not correspond with young men - you are not yet old enough" observed a careful mother.

Daughter - "Why mother don't you remember how awfully provoked you used to get at your mother when she told you that you cou--"

"Don't you say anything against my mother you impudent child. She was a great deal better mother than you ever had" angrily yelled the careful mother.

Our moustache trio - Sawyer - Moulton & Beard had better brace up. There is to be a puppy show here in a few weeks.

At the lecture at the 7th Congre Ch. last Sunday night was an uncommon sight - the representation of the black & white races & many divisions of each. Welsh - Irish, English, Scotch & Americans. Also many creeds - Methodist, Presbyterians, Congregational, & Catholics represented there, the last two of which were remarkably well blended in one pew.

W.H.B. is a model youth. He went several blocks Sunday after an umbrella "for his brother(?)" of course.

If you want to know how Conkling fares - ask the opposition in the last class contest.

Mr. Dean has gone west. Did you see the "injun stabbes he had in the class the last night he was here?

If you want to see some tall clubbing just run across Moulton as he goes home from the class with that whip stub.

Mr. Beard says he is going to let his hair grow long so as to look distinguished - like aw.. Buffalo Bill you know an - (This is official)

The following soliloquy was overheard on Monroe street after the last meeting.
 "Wonder if he thinks I'm a big fool. I'd like to know if I'm goin' to pronounce them words just as those fellows takes a notion to make me - Don't I know that la spell low au' tes - tis? I ain't going to have any more spelling' matches in that class anyhow - I can fix the time now don't you dull you organs of memory.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield

Not many days have passed since the announcement of the death of one of England's greatest statesmen was flashed across the wires.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield had breathed his last.

And now that life has been ended, - now that the last act has closed, - the picture remains to be drawn - the story to be told.

Doubtless, biographies and magazine articles of varied nature will shortly appear to demand our attention; but without waiting to gather new facts, or to imbibe a critical opinion from such, it may be at this time useful in some degree, and, we trust not wholly void of interest, to review shortly the principal features of the life & character of this great man.

As is generally known, Lord Beaconsfield was, by descent, a Jew, his ancestors having belonged to that portion of the race which had been driven from Spain in the fifteenth century, and after seeking refuge in Italy and elsewhere finally settled in England, to gain its protection from religious fanaticism and to enjoy the opportunities there offered for mercantile development.

It was at this time that the family exchanged its former Spanish name for D'Israeli - or, as used by the late Earl, Disraeli - in "remembrance of the God of Jacob who brought them thro' these many trials."

Disraelis' grandfather, - after whom he was named, - was a strictly practical man - a merchant, - while his father, Isaac Disraeli was, as completely, a man of letters, and it is, perhaps, due to his inheritance of many characteristics from both that we find in him so wonderful a combination of literary and political ability.

It is true that, as is usually the case, in one of these lives he became far more conspicuous than in the other, but nevertheless, such novels as Vivian Grey, Tancred and Lothair must have placed him in high rank as an author.

Of classical education, Disraeli appears to have had little or none; a boarding school &, for a short time the house of a clergyman, being the only place where he was sent to study, when a youth. As with his great predecessor, Pitt, this proved itself to be a great deficiency in after life, & it is to be regretted that a bias unfavorable to such education and its advantages was always noticeable in his theories & plan.

Having attempted to study law and given it up, he wrote & published when twenty-two years of age, his first work, "Vivian Grey". This was a keen political satire, and partly from its nature, partly from the ability displayed met with immediate success. It has been said to be 'full of thought, full of wit, marked by the most astonishing vivacity and of singular interest'.

We do not intend here to speak even of all his works or to furnish a compendium of dates, but it is interesting to notice that all Disraelis' first efforts and early successes, were of the literary character.

It has been said that the author of "Ikion in Heaven" & "Contarini Fleming" is well entitled to the name of poet; but whether this be so or not, it is certain that one of Disraelis' greatest hallucinations, at one time, was that he was destined to be the greatest poet of the age. Traveling in the East, as he did in 1828, he conceived the idea of his "Revolutionary Epic" which he there wrote; "for," said he, "the duty of the poet is to endeavor to embody in his work the spirit of his time. Thus an heroic age produced an Heroic Epic, the 'Iliad'; a political era the 'Aenid'; a national the "Divine Comedy"; a Religious, the 'Paradise Lost.'" The spirit of my time is Revolutionary and for me remains the Revolutionary Epic."

But the said piece was received with little favor, and harshly criticized & probably deserved no more, - and to use his own expression, he "hurled his lyre to limbo".

Such was Disraeli at the beginning of his career, but before we part with our subject for a time, let us notice one prominent characteristic which shows itself from the very first, and stamps indelibly his after life.

We refer to his irresistible, and apparently uncontrollable ambition for name, place, and power; - an ambition which while in its course worked, in many instances great good to his country and humanity, must yet we fear be judged extremely selfish.

Good projects, humanitarian schemes, even right principles - or, at least principles which at former times, he had held to be just, - we find constantly sacrificed to his indomitable thirst for achievement and fame.

His characteristic insincerity and willingness to change with what he considered the 'demands of the times' is shown in the following: "Yes, we must mix with the herd; we must enter into their feelings; we must humour their weaknesses; we must sympathize with the sorrows that we do not feel, and share the merriment of fools."

Some passages in Vivian Grey evidently express his thoughts of himself and better describe his burning ambition, than anything else could.

This, it will be remembered, was written when he was young & as yet unknown.

"For a moment he mused over Power; but then he, shuddering, shrank from the wearing anxiety, the consuming care, the eternal vigilance, the constant contrivance, the distracting vicissitudes of his past career. Alas! it is our nature to sicken from our birth after some object of unattainable felicity, to struggle through the freshest years of our life in an insane pursuit after' some indefinite good, which does not event exist!...

We dream of immortality until we die. Ambition! at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breath the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death." And again in "Young Duke" & "Contarini Fleming": "I felt all my energies. I walked up and down the hall in a frenzy of ambition, and I thirsted for action. There seemed to me no achievement of which I was not capable, and of which I was not ambitious. In imagination I shook thrones and founded empires. I felt myself a being born to breathe in an atmosphere of revolution".

“For I am one, through young, yet old enough to know Ambition is a demon, and I fly from what I fear. And Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not so high as man desires... Could we but drag the purple from the hero’s heart; could we but tear the laurel from the poet’s throbbing brain, and read their doubts, their dangers, their despair, we might learn a greater lesson that we shall ever acquire by musing over their exploits or their inspiration. Think of unrecognized Caesar, with his wasting youth, weeping over the Macedonian’s young career? Could Pharsalia compensate for these withering pangs?

View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena to the bitterness of such existence? The visions of past glory might illumine ever that dark imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles.” Can the wheel or the rack rival the torture of such a suspicion?”

To be continued

G. H. Beard

Typists’ note: As much as possible, all spelling and punctuation have been replicated from the original paper. Bonnie Burns 8/3/2003