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ARISTOPHANES, THE COMEDIAN.

In the palmy days of Athens, when the stern, rigid manner of life was gradually yielding to the effeminating influence of excessive intellectual culture, there arose a natural desire for mental relaxation. As laughter and merriment are the most satisfactory respites for the mind wearied with severe thinking, comedy, reasonably enough, began to supply the place of the polished periods of the tragedy. These comedies were represented at public expense during the Dionysian festival of Bacchus, which was celebrated three times a year, in the open air. On this occasion, a prize for excellence in tragic and comic composition was awarded by public acclamation. To be thus honored was a subject of special ambition to Athenian dramatists, who were as jealous of popular applause as a devoted lover of his mistress' smiles. Here it was that Sophocles usurped the throne of Aeschylus, and carried his undying laurels, to be in turn superseded by Euripides, his inferior. Hither the ambitious novices hastened with their hard-earned productions, eager for popular approval. The senator leaves the public assembly, the farmer his grain, the judge adjourns the court, the artizan closes his shop, the philosopher leaves off philosophising,—all hurry to the theater, to hear themselves or their friends ridiculed, to laugh with them, and enjoy the *wit* of the comedy, but neglect the moral. Such was the popularity of the comedy.

If one great object of the study of the classics is to obtain an accurate acquaintance with one of the most brilliant and interesting periods in the history of the world, no pages will supply a more important contribution to this knowledge than those of the great Athenian humorist, Aristophanes. He lays the flesh and blood, the features and coloring, upon the skeleton of facts presented by the historian. He weaves their peculiarities and faults into a delicate framework, which is easily perceptible through the covering of jokes and lively burlesque.

The poet was born about B. C. 444,—probably at Athens. Notwithstanding the fact that his father may have come from Algeria, it was fully demonstrated in a suit brought against him by his enemy Cleon, that Aristophanes was a genuine Athenian. He commenced to write very young,—so young that his first two comedies were published under an assumed name, it not being permitted to enter the literary contest under twenty years of age. He supplied the Athenian stage

with dramas for thirty-seven years; yet of the forty comedies known to have been written, only eleven have come down to us at this date, and these, strange to say, were preserved by St. John Chrysostom, the worthy father of the church.

After a life full of stirring contests in art, he died 380 B. C.

His comedies are of the highest historical importance, inasmuch as they contain an admirable series of commentaries on the existing evils at Athens, and a bitter satire on the important characters of the times. Of course too much reliance must not be put on what the *humorist* says; yet, with all his known exaggeration, there remains sufficient evidence of his truthfulness. No doubt the fact of the author's depending upon popular appreciation for success, determined the nature of Athenian comedy. Then, as always, there were political parties struggling to obtain the administration of public offices for their own benefit. The intelligence of the audience was greater and would require something loftier than mere coarse buffoonery. They had to pamper the audience, and with courtier-like servility be in harmony with their appreciation of wit and humor, their sympathies, social and political, their passions and prejudices. For these reasons they were so often bitterly personal and so exclusively political. The comedies of Aristophanes were particularly so, because of his wise patriotism and longing desire to restore Athens to her former prosperous condition. We can all testify how much greater the impression produced by burlesque and ridicule than by a laborious treatise, written with logical precision. The people of common minds, to whom the satires of the comedian are generally directed, can understand and appreciate more fully the clever buffoonery of the comedian than the stately periods of the moralist. They supplied the place of the political pamphlet, the literary review, the popular farce. The *freedom of comedy* was to *them* what the *freedom of the press* is to *us* of these times. Nothing was too high for his caustic satire, nothing too low and gross to minister to his purpose. The lightning of his ridicule struck everywhere and everything,—letting "no guilty man escape." He delights to burlesque those of contrary political opinions, and never tires of holding up to public contempt his enemy Cleon, the demagogue. Against him he directed his stinging witticisms with never-ceasing bitterness, dressing up his characters in ludicrous costume. For instance, he makes fun of the war party by clothing in fantastic wardrobe, with a large shield covered with a Gorgon

face, and long, immense plumes in his helmet: yet, with all his fierce decorations, a rascally coward. The noble Socrates is represented seated in a basket, philosophising among the "Clouds," in the comedy against the sophists, named from the chorus, "The Clouds."

It is impossible to appreciate the beauties of Aristophanes fully without reading the original and even then a great many of his allusions are lost to any but an Athenian audience. In fact, many of his puns and jokes are entirely untranslatable. The coarseness of sentiment displayed, which, as some consider, renders them objectionable for College reading, cannot be defended: it can only be excused on the ground that the wildest license was not only permitted but actually demanded as parts of the ceremonial of Bacchus' festival, so gross was the morality of pagan religion. But it would be stretching the point to say, as some of his enthusiastic admirers have said, that he was like Brutus, concealing his real purpose under the mask of a buffoon: that he wrote comedy merely through patriotic zeal for the welfare of Athens,—to preserve his fellow-citizens from corrupting influences. Instance the comedies of the "War," where he is striving to instil the love of peace into the minds of his audience—urging them to abandon the rugged hardships of War and welcome back to their beloved city prosperous Peace. The "Plutus" was directed against the *then*, as *now*, all-prevalent love of wealth. The "Clouds" satirized the speculative doctrine of the sophists, with whom he confounds the noble Socrates. In the "Wasps" he pours out his righteous indignation upon the heads of those who were so fond of litigations that they would go to the court room early in the morning and stay all day, neglecting their business, their family, and everything except law cases. The point of the satires of the "Frogs" is chiefly critical, and directed against the tragedian Euripides, whom Aristophanes is never weary of holding up to public criticism. Yet he would probably have contented himself with the reputation of being a clever satirist or professional humorist. But with all his caustic wit and sarcasm, it is astonishing how little effect his comedies had on the acts of the people. Even the stinging personalities and abuse in the "Knights" with which he "cuts up Cleon, the tanner, into shoe leather," and which he intended should drive out those noisy and corrupt demagogues who ruled Demos, the impersonation of the "people," for their own selfish ends. Even this produced no impression.

As was said of St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes:

"The eels went on eeling,
The pikes went on stealing;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred their own way."

C.

HOW GAUCHETTE WAS CALLED.

The sun glanced charily in at the windows of the green-room of the Royal Theater, as if ashamed to be seen in an attempt to enliven such a place. A place where one could write his name in the dust on the portraits of Shakesperae, and where the bust of Siddons was exceedingly fly-specked on the nose. Where the property-man had left such signs of his presence as dragged plumes, and rusty swords, and old guns and buskins in various stages of collapse. For it was in the days of Arnold, before Chatham had put his liberal hand to the wheel of the Royal Theater. Even the *Premiere's* brother, from having so long been "made up," to glow behind the footlights, looked pale and over-worked in the obscurity. He was studying his part, and had repeated these words a hundred times:

"This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the god's delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she."

He was balancing his voice upon a new inflexion, when Gauchette, satin breeched, and not over-confident, entered the room. She was neither pretty nor graceful, but she had eyes of a certain fire and magnetism. The kind of gift that an actress likes best to utilize, and can spread over the widest ground. Indeed, she was the smallest and plainest of all the *ballets*, and as for her identity, she was, why, merely *Twenty-One*, as they were counted off. She had not even the honor of a name, so far as the company knew. But St. Maure, who was the *Premiere's* brother, and leading gentleman of the Theater, called her *Gauchette*. She never doubted the propriety of the title: she even bore it with a kind of dignity, because it was his gift, and it was no trivial thing for Number Twenty-One of the *ballets* to be noticed by a "star." She paused on the threshold, playing with her little rapier, and watching the flash of it in her hands.

"M'sieur?"

"Eh, Gauchette?"

"Did you ever know of Peg Woffington?"

The young actor laid down the pencil with which he had been making his lines, and leaned back in his chair. It was a red leather chair. St. Maure's face was dark, and it was natural for him to pose himself well. "H'm," he said, after a moment's pause, "dead, isn't she?"

"Unhappily, yes. But I will tell you a secret."

She crossed the room, and drew a stool alongside of him, seating herself upon it. He looked at her, doubtfully. Perhaps her masculine garb repelled him, for, actor though he was, he clung to primitive traits in a woman.

"Well?" he said, scanning her costume, which even in the dim light, showed itself rich and artistic.

Gauchette, who was frankness itself, cast down her eyes, and patted her satin knee with ostentatious bravo. "Do you not recognize him, then?" she said. "Sir Harry Wildair, M'sieur." "A-h, indeed! He insults my conception of him." The color ran high in her face, and then ebbed slowly. She had hoped for his praise; but, meeting his displeasure instead, she had only to brave it. "I intend to be like Peg Woffington," she declared, "and I will tell you why." She settled the periwig on her head, and looked up into his face pathetically. "Because, in the first place, she was beautiful, and I think I shall die unless I grow handsome! What good does it do to learn the *pas seul*, if one's ugly? I have it well now, but *sac-r-r-re!*" rolling the expletive out with the ease of a scene-shifter, "No one observes it. They have eyes only for Mam'selle your sister, and Lili. One might as well be dead as plain!" She shook her head, and tossed out her small clenched hand. "You, M'sieur, you don't know what it is to be that,—to have people shrug the shoulders, and laugh in the sleeve, and sneer. O, it is terrible! * * * But there will be an end. See!" She drew from her pocket a portrait cut from some common periodical, and held it up triumphantly. "That, M'sieur, is Peg Woffington, and — I have her eyebrows and *her eyes*! That is all. But then, I don't wish for anything more. See, the pale, demure face, and the little cap—that is nothing. A box of powder, and a bit of muslin will do. But look! *The eyes*, M'sieur—compare them." And she lifted her own.

St. Maure glanced from the scrap of paper to her face, and from her face back to the paper, and then looked out of the window.

She had not shrunk from the examination, for conscious power is not afraid of scrutiny. But she tapped her rapier against her foot restlessly.

"Well," she said at last, "is it not true? Can I not be *Lady Terenley*, and *Sylvia*, and *Lady Betty Modish*, and the rest? What do we need, we on the stage, but a pair of eyes that can talk, and cajole and sway the crowd? Nothing, by my faith! Let *Sir Harry* turn his eyes on some lady in her box, and, *Ciel!* how her heart beats!"

There was dash and defiance in Gauchette's voice as she said this, but it evaporated quickly. St. Maure had not turned his face towards her again, but sat staring out the window. It was at all times difficult to tell what he was thinking about, this fine young actor, whose genius fenced him in like a rail. But it seemed to Gauchette harder than ever that day. She did not like the ring of his voice when he said:

"If I remember what they say of Peg Woffington, she had an unpleasant utterance. You are not like her there, Gauchette." He smiled faint-

ly, and Gauchette's face flushed with satisfaction. She had a few things, after all, of which she might justly be proud.

"No, M'sieur, I have not her voice." And she asserted it slowly, in her own delicious cadences.

He had been rolling up a pile of cigarette, and lit one now in her presence, with the freedom of men of his class.

"In the first place," he remarked, "you say she was beautiful. Is there no other reason why you wish to imitate the Irish Peggy?"

"Yes. Because she was good. She *was*," asserted Gauchette, as St. Maure's eyebrows arose a hair's-breadth. At the same time there was a blush mounting from her chin to her forehead. "She was charitable, and amiable. Mr. Garrick, her husband—"

"Her *what*?"

"Mr. Garrick, her husband, was stingy with the tea leaves and things, and he tried to make her mean like himself. It drove him to distraction, that she would give away so much: for while he was counting the tea leaves, she was figuring out in her mind how many pounds sterling she should give to the next worn-out actress who might come in her way. What disparities! She was very good-natured, too. *Ciel!* what a laugh she had, and what merry words they tell of her! How she mowed down Colley Cibber's conceit with her sharp little tongue! How ready she was to help those who had less talent than herself! How she charmed the people! How great she was!"

St. Maure leaned forward in his chair, to fix his eyes upon her. "Gauchette," he said, gravely, "there are some things in life which generosity and conviviality cannot make up for. Will you listen while I tell you what I know of Peg Woffington?"

Gauchette shifted uneasily on her stool. "Why, yes, M'sieur. You will tell me nothing to make me unhappy? Don't. O, if you have any pity for me—don't take away my future! Don't rob me of the hope of making a *coup* some time on the same boards with yourself, instead of this miserable, hateful, shameful *pas seul*!"

Her eyes were full of tears, and St. Maure caressed her cheek. "Nothing is shameful that is innocently done," he said. "Many a time I have said of you, 'her dancing is the purest I have ever seen. It is unconsciousness itself. It is the movement of a child. *There is no sin.*' It is the sentiment of the heart that makes an action good or evil. I defy a man with a spotless mind to do an evil thing. I defy you, Gauchette, to commit a crime with the soul that is in you to-day! And you would leave this estate, you would forsake the *ballet*, to become—Peg Woffington! Shall I tell you the truth? You *have* her eyes,—there's a striking resemblance. The same liquid overgrowth; the same—shall I say it?

devilish humor beneath. You have them, Gauchette, but, I implore you, don't use them!"

There was in St. Maure's ordinary manner that unnatural coolness which indicates a torrid heat within call. Something of this was manifesting itself; yet, strange to say, Gauchette did not observe it, so hard to overthrow is conscious genius: is a steady aim. She folded her arms upon her breast. "I have resolved to imitate Peg Woffington," she said, firmly.

He stared at her, haughtily at first, then with eyes blazing. "Drop your sex!" he burst out. "Play the rake: unwoman yourself, if you please! But if you do, I turn my back upon you!"

They were desolating words to Gauchette. She darted a look of fright and indescribable horror at him. "Mon Dieu, don't say that," she cried.

He was striding up and down the room. "Hear me out," he said, rudely. "She was a vile, unscrupulous woman, Peg Woffington; a scandal to her sex, and an outrage to her profession! A dastardly, leprous chit, with a soul on which chalk would have left a white mark! And here comes a girl who would imitate her virtues, who would learn the black art of her charms, who would be like her! Can I call such a creature my friend? Faugh! Go, Twenty-One! Shorten your skirts—coax out your good looks, they are growing fast; take care of your steps; cultivate the handsome, the wiley, the impish, and, by my soul! You will have a mad, bad world at your feet!"

He flung his book across the floor, and stood up hot and trembling. Gauchette did not stir. She sat on her stool, with her feet crossed, and her hands in her lap, her face upturned. An ashen pallor overspread her lips. St. Maure stood staring at her, and there was a long silence.

"This room is small," he said, at length. "There is hardly accommodation for two." He spoke with the mocking gravity of which he was capable. But still she did not move.

"This room is very small," he said again, and Gauchette staggered to her feet. She passed a hand across her eyes, and gazed at him in exquisite misery. "M'sieur, you wrong me—you wrong me cruelly—"

"There is hardly accommodation for two," he interrupted, as if he had not heard her.

She buried her face in her hands, and fled past him; but she turned back in the hall to say, as the door was closing, "If you should ever—want me, M'sieur—you will call me?"

"If I should ever want you, yes," he answered, cruelly. He closed the door, and sat down at the table, his chin in his hands. The little rapier lay on the floor, and he kicked it out of sight with the toe of the sandal in which he had been rehearsing. Presently he arose, and went out. The room had grown too small for even one.

They were a good-natured set—her companions, and when Gauchette was no longer seen with St.

Maure, they only shrugged their shoulders significantly, and made a passing comment: "St. Maure has grown tired of his little amusement." That was all.

He was making a great success in a new part. The flattery had perhaps turned his head. He was working like a slave, they remarked; the lights burned in his room till morning. He consumed a great deal of *rouge* in those days, and his physique was not quite so nobly proportioned as it had been. He had passed from Comedy to Tragedy, and the new field suited his abilities far better. The theater was packed from night to night, from week to week.

Among the *ballets* who filled the wings during the action of the play, was Gauchette. She did not rightfully belong there, but she took up the standing room nearest the stage, studying the "business" closely. She always stepped aside to let the others pass, before she went on, and so brought up the rear, as she was appointed. She had learned to dance accurately, and her figure with its slow development was acquiring grace. Her feverish desire to be observed had given way to indifference. She danced more slowly, and with greater mechanical precision. She was nearer to that for which she had yearned. Now and then some one leaned from a box, to catch a better glimpse of her. She had heard no expression of praise as yet; but they had none the less been made.

It was rumored among the company that Number Twenty-One of the *ballets* was about to give up dancing; that she was studying for Comedy, and that there was a growing intimacy between the Manager, Chatham, and herself. But when they put the question to her squarely, she always parried it with, "Do I look like it?" They thought inwardly that she did not, and went away unenlightened.

One night, during a protracted engagement of St. Maure's, Gauchette, in ordinary dress, stood in one of the wings. He was cast for *Brutus*, but he had not yet been called. She could hear him in the green-room, rehearsing his part with unflagging energy. She was familiar with the play, and knew when he would come on. He would be obliged to pass her, and she had not seen him thus for months. As the call-boy muttered his name, St. Maure bounded forward. A half-uttered exclamation sprang to his lips when he saw her. She thought it was "Gauchette!" and started towards him so that her hand touched his toga.

"Did you call me, M'sieur!" she whispered.

But he was already on the stage, and the house was applauding. She saw his stately acknowledgment, and then the action of the play as it proceeded. She did not remain longer.

His engagement closed with distinction, and the opening of the spring season of the following year, he was to appear again. In the mean time he had

gone on a starring tour through "the States."

In the autumn, there were bills announcing the debut of a young comedienne. *Sir Harry Wildair* was posted for the Royal Theater, and the name of the actress was La Blanche. On the first night the house was crowded, for although Chatham's enterprises, through profligacy of stage effects, were not always successful in a pecuniary way, they could be depended upon for attraction.

La Blanche by turns shivered and burned in her dressing-room. She shut her eyes as she walked past a mirror on her way to the green-room. When she went in, it was with a scared droop, and conscious shrinking of the figure. The gaiety, the glitter, the jauntiness of her costume were belied. She met the measurement of those ruthless eyes,—an ordeal more trying to the debutante than her first step upon the stage—with a terror that was unmistakable. The actors surveyed her dubiously.

"She is going to be struck," one of them said. And La Blanche heard the prophecy. There was a kind of paralysis stealing over her limbs, her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth: she was about to fall, when some one handed her a glass of wine, and supported her kindly.

"Creep out through the wing," they said, "and get your first sight of the house now. There will be time to try it several times before the curtain goes up. It will re-assure you, *Sir Harry*." And she went. She walked out tremulously, and peeped through a crevice of the curtain. It was appalling! The hum of innumerable tongues that would soon have her at their ends, the countless eyes of which ten minutes later she would be the focus. She felt her limbs slip from under her, and sank upon her knees. Her altered position changed the range of her sight. She saw the first proscenium box, and, with the level lids of a much-observed person, St. Maure surveying the crowd. She had thought him still on a starring tour.

When she came back, they said in the green-room, "It was all that she needed. She had worked herself up to some horror that she could not define. It was better for her to know exactly what she was to meet." And they advised her to go again. But she coughed slightly, fingered the diamond at her throat, and said, No, it was not necessary. She had no fear.

It was well, for the little bell rang a moment later, and she would have had no time. There was no disconcertion now, no hesitancy, not the shadow of fright. La Blanche, the piquant, the dashing, the bold little figure stepped upon the stage. With the flash of a dare-devil smile, she met her audience, and electrified it. For a moment she did not speak, but stood toying with the jewelled bottoms on her coat.

A shout went up that rang to the roof. It sank away, revived, rose to a "Brava! Brava!" fol-

lowed by silence. She was beginning her lines, and her voice was heard for the first time, so sweet, so full, so effortless, and charged with such a fire and reckless gaiety. Some one cried from the galleries, "Brava, Peggy!" But this was hissed down, and drowned in "Brava, *La Blanche!* *La Blanche!*"

O, it was the moment of her triumph. She could be *Sir Harry Wildair* without being Peg Woffington!

She went through the first act with spirit and effrontery. Her swagger, her pout, her laugh, the shrug of her exquisite shoulders,—they could not have said which was most entrancing.

In the green-room, she was ravishing. They said she was keeping up her part off the stage, lest she should lose her hold of it when on. She received their congratulations calmly, and met the wild delight of Chatham with an ingenuous smile. "Did I not say I could do it? I should not have gone on, if I had not been sure."

"St. Maure is in the first proscenium box," said one of the supers. "I wonder if he knows *La Blanche?*"

The rest of the play ran smoothly. Gauchette's enthusiasm mounted higher and higher. Nothing could have exceeded the *abandon* of her acting. She was called again and again. Her limbs, her features, her muscles seemed charged with an elasticity that had no limit. A note was sent her between the acts, sealed with a coronet, and assuring her that the writer was enslaved. She tore it up, with a frown, and went on the stage, handsomer, more bewitching than before.

Once, near the close of the last act, she was within a half yard's space of St. Maure's box. He was regarding her with a certain disdainful awe. Gauchette backed a step or two while waiting for her cue, and with no change in the eyes coquetting with the house, whispered, "Did you call me, M'sieur?" Whatever the answer may have been, she was seen to droop suddenly, the blaze of her eyes went out, she stammered, and lost her lines.

They thought she was ill, and the curtain was rang down. But there was no such dampening of her ardor on the remaining five nights of the week, and Gauchette reaped her first laurels.

St. Maure was always in his box, collected, critical, never applauding her. He watched the progress of that drama of homage opening before her. How the quantity and quality of her flowers advanced: how the crested *billets* were supplemented by leather cases with gold clasps. For it was *Sylvia* that trod the boards the following week, and afterwards *Lady Betty Modish*.

He was told that the green-room, which had been wonderfully touched up, since old days, was taxed to its utmost capacity: that there were select gatherings there, of which La Blanche, as on the stage, was the "star." He was obliged to elbow

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his way through the crowd that surrounded her carriage, as he went out of the theater. Worse than all, he was forced to encounter the misery of her sovereign eyes, which at rare intervals rested upon him. He never heard a syllable against her name. Outside of the theater she was called "The Little Oyster." His own engagement opened in the spring, and the scenery of *Lady Betty* was removed to make way for *Othello*. On one occasion, when he had rendered *Cassius*, they said it was fine, the "lean and hungry" look he had! If he was less understood by the masses than he had been before, he was more inviolable to the criticism of connoisseurs. If there was less spontaneity, there was more perfection of detail. He came on with a confidence such as no accident could affect. If six out of ten had forgotten their part, St. Maure would have come off with colors flying. Socially he was not petted. He had lost the genial humor that had once made him popular. Now he was only a stern, just, rather sad young man. His presence commanded admiration, and he was strong in his art: these things seemed to satisfy his ambition. He was said to be the most conscientious worker on the English stage, a reputation for which he had striven, and which he was proud to possess.

One night, he was cast for *Brutus*, an old part, in which he excelled. As the curtain rose upon the final tableau, St. Maure was discovered upon a magnificent funeral pile, on the plains of Philippi. This scene was greeted with wild applause. It had never before been so effectively rendered. St. Maure himself admired it, as he lay there fanned by the lapping flames. The soft, dull blackness of the sky, unlit by stars, the phalanx of weird figures bearing torches, that surrounded him; the attendant majesty of his fate. The curtain was rung up the second time, and for a moment the sublime picture was repeated. Some one observed the pile sway slightly, and a girl's figure darted from a wing, to put an arm under it. There was a crash, which snapped the slender limb which had for a moment sustained the weight. A cry of horror, and the curtain slid rapidly down.

The actors carried St. Maure to his dressing-room, and slipped him gently from their arms to a couch. He lay back, gasping and conscious, his mouth pinched with suffering. A surgeon—half a dozen surgeons were summoned, but there was no fracture, no outward indication of an injury.

"It's internal," he groaned. And they knew that it was.

"Gauchette"—

She had thrust her way through the surgeons, saying, "He will ask for me, and he must not agitate himself." She was deathly pale, and her limp arm hung at her side. There had come that half-articulate sound, like a sigh—"Gauchette—" She took his hand in her uninjured one. "Yes,

M'sieur, I am here. I—have waited—a long time. I suppose you did not want me before."

He tried to speak, but could not.

"Did you ever want me before?" she asked.

He bent his head humbly.

"Poor M'sieur! And I should have been so glad to come!"

He smiled faintly. There was no longer any contraction of pain in his features. Those who understood, knew that a profuse inward bleeding was going on, a surging away of life on some strange tide that could not be checked. So weak was he, that even the long lashes on his cheek ceased to flutter fitfully as they had at first. So slow, so reluctant was the yielding of the young vitality, that the heart on which Gauchette had laid her trembling hand, beat against it with a certain combative force.

Slowly the action grew weaker, and more irregular. There was a longer interval between the beats. Gauchette's eyes dilated into a despairing blank. Suddenly she cried, "He's dead," and buried her face in the Roman toga that swept the floor.

La Blanche had outgrown "the breeches parts," as stage parlance vulgarly names it. The dash, the bravado, the *aplomb*, all had left her. She had taken to a different style of acting, and they said it had not required so much study to effect the change as one would suppose. She was harrowing in *Camille*. Soft-hearted people wept for hours after seeing her. They sat breathless over the superb energy of her *Ariadne*. The pathos of her voice was more endearing to the heart than her witchery and talent had been to the head.

Among her former associates, whom she never discarded, it was said that she felt St. Maure's death. That, for the sake of old companionship, so strong in the actor-heart, she had forgiven bygones, and mourned for him deeply.

It was not likely that she would play *Sir Harry Wildair* again; it was rumored that that had been the root of bitterness between St. Maure and herself. At any rate, she was too clever to risk her reputation on any thing so foreign to her present mood. And they were right.

Gauchette's dare-devil smile never enthralled an audience again. The bubbling of her laughter intoxicated them no more. They talked of La Blanche's sweetness, of the dignity of her ways, but they never quoted *Sir Harry's* escapades, or *Faithful Betty's* follies any more.

She was playing *Camille* to a crowded house one night, and as the cry that thrilled many an audience before rang to the roof, there was a start forward. Some one ran from a box, and out at the nearest door. There was confusion on the stage, and the curtain was rung down. One of the actors came forward and announced that

Ma'm'selle La Blanche was ill—would be unable to proceed.

And thus it was that the public was first made aware of the dissolution that had been going on for months, as a flower dies, by slow mutations of its little time, for want of water. There is a simple slab in England, where one may read:

GAUCHETTE.

ON THE 11TH DAY OF MARCH, 18—,

ST. MAURE CALLED HER.

CONSUELO.

SUNDAY EVENING MUSINGS.

I stood at my study window,
Just opposite the temple door,
And watched the assembling worshipers—
Some twenty score or more.

And I asked myself as I stood there,
How many who thither move,
Shall join the great congregation,
In the court of the Lord above?

They had come to hear the "new preacher,"
Who 'twas said would get "the call;"
They wanted to hear him this time,
If they heard him this once for all.

And I could but smile to see them,
As they entered—the grave and gay,
With what strange conflicting motives,
I do not pretend to say.

But the freaks of poor human nature,
I noted in gait and dress,
As together the goodly people
To the temple's portals press.

Some early came and slowly,
And entered with stately grace;
As if as sure of a place in heaven,
As in this temple a place.

And to-day the village beauty,
Comes out in her "latest style"—
And I marked as the queenly creature
Swept in through the narrow aisle—

How many eyes exchanged glances,
And faces changed color there,
Which should have inward turning,
Or downward in silent prayer.

And the wink and the blink at the gate-way—
The ill-natured gesture and word—
And I thought of the sons of old Eli,
That troubled the House of the Lord.

But now the "new minister" cometh—
An example of meekness and grace,
And with him the "ruling elder,"
In his lengthened Sunday face.

And there is a hush at the gate-way—
Each "puts on his prettiest" now,

And his reverence slowly entereth,
With to each a reverent bow.

The last solemn peal has sounded,
And the crowd rushes in at the door,
And all seems as quiet and holy,
As ever was Sabbath of yore.

But no—two delectable lassies,
Who last night were late at the ball;
Trip up, and shake down their dresses,
Walk in, "the observed of all.

Now into the vestibule glideth,
A most scholarly-like little man,
But pauses a moment, I noticed,
His classical person to scan.

And later still, too, came another,
Attired with most exquisite care—
Had tarried too long at the toilet,
Now stops—just to "touch up" his hair.

So did each in their turn as they entered,
Thinking "surely nobody will see."
So I'll make of the court of the temple
A dressing-room extempore.

Now late a lone stranger approacheth:
Uncovered he stands—"tis the prayer"—
A moment remains, then departeth,
I trow not for why nor for where.

Another but peer'd through the window,
On the light and beauty within,
Paused awhile in reflection and silence,
Then turns from the awe-stirring scene.

And I thought at the Great Marriage Supper,
Shall I in the outer gloom stand,
And only see in the distance
The light of that beautiful land?

And again my head returned answer,
How many who thither have trod,
Shall walk in that upper temple,
In the light of the glory of God. J. P. D.

THE OTHER SIDE.

EDITOR OF REVIEW: *Dear Sir:*

"Alumnus" in the November No. of the *Review* tries to show that co-education has been a failure at Delaware College but in what way, it has failed he does not explain. He would have the young ladies "situated in a sphere exclusively their own," that they might not "work harm to the intellectual life of the student." Then, I suppose, having his intellect brightly polished in contact only with equally bright and deep intellects (*masculine* intellects of course!) he would have the females, shining and well dressed, adorned to please and properly labelled as to style, accomplishments and price arranged in regular lines when he would pass before them and by exercising his intellect (as yet uninjured) select the future

partner of his sorrows and joys. Ye Gods, behold the happiness of such a pair! Truly Mother Eve ought to have left the garden of Eden forever when she first caught sight of the first man, then Adam would have lived there in happiness alone until "the angel shall proclaim that time is no more". Then it would not have repented God that he had created mankind, and Alumnus would not now be suffering untold agonies because Delaware College has opened her halls to students of both sexes.

Bill Nye knew nothing of the evils of "Chinese cheap labor" until Ah Sia had beaten him at his own tricks; so we fancy, Alumnus knew nothing of the blighting influence of female society in the class room, until some unassuming but studious young lady had won the laurels. Is it quite true that "the college attained its highest degree of usefulness, when unencumbered with co-education?" Search the records for an answer. To say that because Newark has supplied the majority of female students their admission has made the college a local institution is manifestly unfair; when we remember that no provision is made for rooms and board for those who might wish to come from a distance, while young men may room and board in the college building. I wonder the young ladies do not in their turn clamor to have "the rascals turned out" for awhile, that they may take their turn in enjoying the full benefits of a higher education.

What becomes of the declamation about "great fraternities," and "brotherhood of colleges," and "unanimity," when here at home "the Delta Phi men" and "the Athenaeon men," though classmates, leave the halls of their Alma Mater with hatred in their hearts the one for the other.

We are told that "it must have been under vastly different circumstances" from ours where "some students successfully recited in classes with ladies." Ahem! We did not know it was so bad as that! The recitations would doubtless be brilliant if the ladies were removed. Are our students so bashful as that!

Now it is a fact acknowledged by all that great and good men are the sons of great and good mothers, and as the world has for ages concerned itself with the higher education of young men, we think it quite time to devote some time and thought to the higher education of young women; and if Delaware College can educate but one sex it is but a fair and equitable compensation for past neglect to "turn the rascals out," and retain the ladies.

JUSTICE.

The new Anti-Clinker, invented by Jas. Spear, is so arranged that the cold air can be brought from the outside of the building by an attachment which is very easily made, and which when made adds ten-fold more to the value of a dwelling than the expense involved in introducing it.

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If one should judge the interest of the people of Newark for the *Delaware College Review* from the number of their subscriptions the paper would soon have to give up the ghost, if dependant upon their hospitality. One would think that the beneficial effects that the College has had upon the people of Newark would touch a chord of gratefulness; and excite some little concern as to her workings and prospects. The paper was founded to express the sentiments of the College, to afford a means for the students to write their thoughts upon various subjects, interesting and improving the minds of many, to mention the improvements of the town, which indirectly increase the advantages of the College. The local columns contain the news of the whole neighborhood, the reading matter is entirely different from the daily newspapers and periodicals, thus meeting the demand, gratifying the thirst for a class of literary information, to be found only in a college paper. We trust that you will give the paper a second thought, dealing gently with the faults, and conclude to subscribe for the *Review*.

FEELING the want of a trivial, humorous pleasantry to remove the heaviness and mechanical repetitions of Commencement Exercises; the Class of '84 are trying to introduce Class-Day Exercises. Other colleges have made Class-Day the marked feature of Commencement; not plunging to the extremes of ribaldry nor climbing to

the intricacies of learned and argumentative dissertations, but embracing the happy medium, half comic and half serious. The class meetings enlivened by the recital of little incidents of the many of college life, or the proposition of a member for the welfare of the class enlisting the sympathies and exciting the ingenuity of all disposed to the best advantage. These proceedings nourish the social and friendly bearing of each to one another, reconciling one to difficulties and binding firmly each to the support of the college. Smouldering energies of the class flashing forth in mirth and feeling, good will, the expressing of the visitors, as they wander from the campus laughing, "Resolving that there is nothing like Class-Day." The only hindrance to the establishment, is the want of a day. The societies and college use Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Your opinions, Faculty and Alumni, we would ask to the celebration of "Class-Day" on Thursday, one day after Commencement.

THE annual meeting of the Alumni of our college was held in Wilmington, on the 3rd of this month, and now students and friends most naturally ask, *cui bono?* and in answer, we can confess only to a sense of disappointment in the meagre results of the business meeting. There has been a feeling among the undergraduates that the Alumni in their annual meetings are not using all possible means for the promotion of their Alma Mater, and that in the bare fact of annual meetings and banquets and the transaction of regular routine business, the members of the association are neglecting, or perhaps, overlooking the purposes which led to their organization. Much, perhaps too much, has been expected from this branch of the Alumni Association, comprising, as it does, gentlemen of such high standing and influence. And while the students recognized and admired their zeal and enthusiasm they have thought that something more might be done. Next year will bring about the 50th anniversary of our college. There has already been some little talk of a celebration here; but the suggestion by one of the Alumni that the semi-centennial anniversary be brought under the notice of the students, and that they be requested to furnish some suitable memorial for the occasion, occurs to us as trifling and ineffectual. Just what part the students could play toward devising any ceremony for that day we are unable to understand. Even did they dare to suggest any schemes they might think practicable, it would be considered bold and presumptuous on their part. The Faculty have doubtless considered the question, but nothing is known as yet of their plans. They may feel assured however that the students are anxiously awaiting their announcement, and will meet all their demands with hearty and willing co-operation.

Exchanges.

The article in the *King's College Record* on "The Fate of the Freshman" is true to nature.

The bat fight or bat spat or fuss over a bat (take your choice) between the *Colby Echo* and *Bowdoin Orient* is apparently ended, as the last number of the *Echo* does not even contain a dying—we will forbear; however the petty wrangling between these two prominent journals is over. And in high time too, as the occupying of space and time on such a trifling matter, is degrading to the papers that indulge in it.

The *Richmond College Messenger* as a literary magazine, is a success, but as a college paper it is a failure. The *Messenger* contains well written literary articles, and is neat in appearance, but it is weak in editorials and locals. It wears the sober countenance so characteristic of most Southern papers.

The *College Transcript* for December is much stronger in literary matter than usual. The article entitled, "Lenore" is very well written. The writer has a good command of words, expresses his thoughts masterly, and possesses the faculty of increasing the interest in his article as he proceeds. The editorial on the Thursday entertainment was evidently written by the editor on his return from the concert in his "intoxicated" state. Music and its charms seem to have had complete control of his faculties and he wrote under its overpowering influence.

For the first time, the much read of, but never seen *Polytechnic* peeped into our sanctum, a day or two ago. In appearance it equaled our expectations, though it would be greatly improved by removing the advertisement from the front page. Typographically speaking it is excellent, and as nothing else could be expected, is well edited. There is a flow of humor throughout the whole paper, which is greatly relished after reading page on page of the heavy literary work of some of our exchanges.

In reading the *Swarthmore Phoenix* we find it as newsy and interesting as ever; but when we came to the article on "The Girl of the Period," we had to smile. We do not doubt that the writer was sincere in what he wrote, but alas! the demand far exceeds the supply. In fact, and we say it at the risk of falling into disfavor with our female friends, we doubt that such a girl is in existence. We have our "striving, eager, emulous believers in the superior nature of the female sex;" we have our "intellectual, absorbed bookworm;" we have our "giddy, butterfly of fashion;" our awfully poetical misses and our scientific misses, but a "strange" or good "mixture" of the above has never been found since the time of Adam.

will his splendid residence on Hillhouse Avenue, to Yale College, to be used as the President's residence, after Mrs. Farnam's demise, or for residences for two Professors. Those who know the place, judge that the President of Yale would need a salary of \$10,000 a year, or the two Professors \$5,000 each, to keep it up appropriately and live in it.—*P.A.*

The prevalence of typhoid and malarial fevers among the students of Yale College is puzzling the Faculty. The sewerage and drainage of the college buildings are perfect. Two students have died of typhoid fever, and one of these contracted the disease abroad during vacation. There are now, and have been a number of students more or less ill from malarial fever, but there is no great alarm, and it is thought that when cold and seasonable weather sets in sickness will disappear.

The latest striking feature in American College news is the foundation of a Correspondence University, an institution designed to give instruction by correspondence only. Already about thirty Professors and instructors have been engaged who will be paid according to work done. The intention is an attempt to reach a class who are desirous of participating in the advantages of University education, but are not in a position to take part in college life. The idea is certainly novel as well as striking; and the object being a good one, it is to be hoped that the numerous difficulties that will have to be faced will be easily and successfully overcome.

Wisconsin University has adopted many new features for the present year. She has added a new department of Pharmacy; many improvements on the University grounds; a large number of books has been added to their library, and electric bells placed in the recitation rooms. There is an increase from 19 of last year to 25 Professors which insures a better course of instruction. Also, the Scandinavian Literary Society entitled the "Nora," organized Oct 20th. All business and literary exercises must be conducted in one of the Scandinavian Languages. These are five in number: Danish, Swedish, Norse, Icelandic, and Feroic. The University has thus tried to give all connected an opportunity to solve the mysteries of the language of the North.

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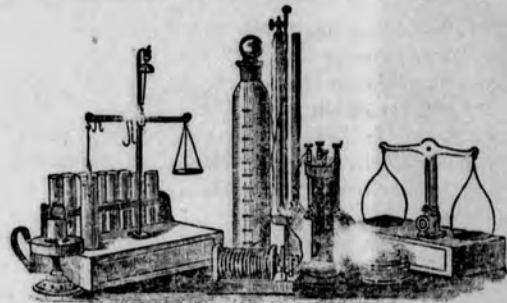
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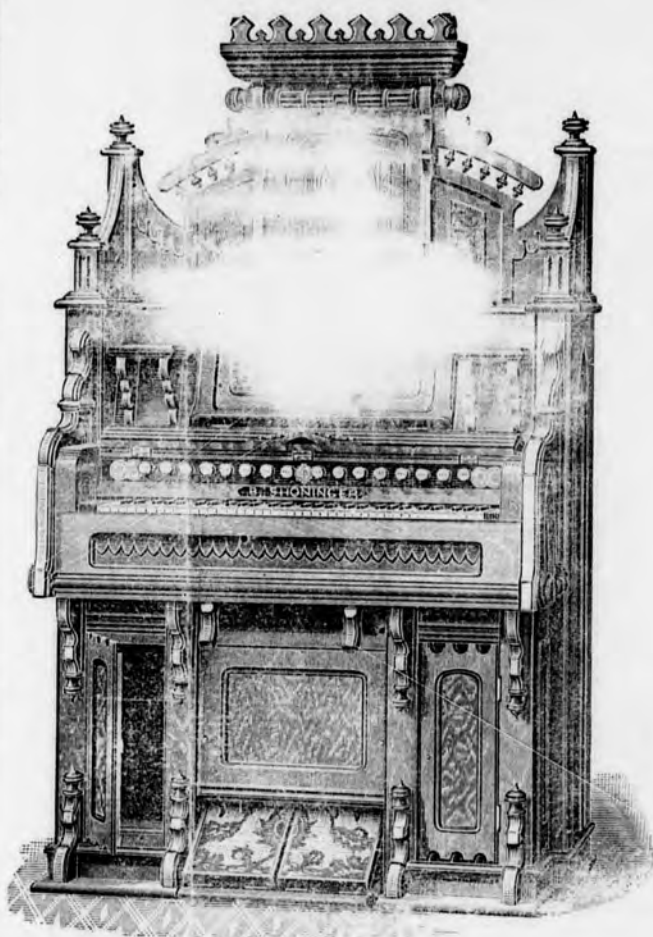
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