

and down, down in the secrets of his own breast. He learns these, not by collecting facts, not in the Roman or Greek books, not by Calculus, not by alambic and retort, but having what these may give, controlling all to the end, at his dinner, in the street, on his solemn midnight bed when the stars from their distant homes are meekly looking in at his window. Our education is our physical and mental harmony."

The temptation to copy an ode from the "Poetic Corner" is too strong to be resisted:

"When fierce, incessant, July heat
Made chins and faces sweat
One evening I shaved my cheeks
Some comfort to beget—
I met a man whose knitted brow
Seem'd cloudy with despair,—
His face was dotted o'er with moles,
With here and there a hair."

"Young student whither wand'rest thou?
Began the sapient sir,
Does love of air thy step constrain
That you should make this stir?
Or, haply, prest with beardless pain
Too soon thou hast a care
To wander forth like me to mourn
The paucity of hair?"

"I've seen the summer's sultry sun
Two dozen times return,
And every time my barren face
Those blazing rays did burn,
O man! while in thy early years,
How filled with woe and pain,—
A butt for every favored one,
And woman for a name.
A host of troubles take the sway—
Thirixine passions burning,
Which ten-fold force gives nature's law—
All life is but a yearning."

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In nature's lap caressed,
And have their faces nobly clad
And chin with hair the best,
But oh! what crowds in every land
Are beardless and forlorn,
And grieve thro' all their weary life
That they were ever born."

"Some men whose heaven-erected faces
The rich, thick, hairs adorn—
Can shave and shave and then have graces
While others yearning mourn."

If I'm designed a beardless slave,
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
Ere planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
Such cruelty and scorn?

Or why have some the hair and will
To make their fellows mourn?"

"O death, the sad man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my barren chin
Is laid with thee at rest,
The great, the bearded fear thy blow
From joy and pleasure torn,—
But oh! a blest relief to those
Who, scraping—laden mourn."

Shakespeare--Properly so Spelled.

It appears somewhat singular that a man's name could possibly be spelt in as many as fifty different methods, yet some authorities attribute even more than this to the name of our greatest English poet. In common use, however, we are not troubled with such a great variety, but three forms are prevalent,—*"Shakspeare," "Shakspeare,"* and *"Shakespeare."*

There is said to be only six authentic signatures of Shakespeare, but it is here our difficulty meets us—each of them has its peculiar interpretation. The numberless articles written on the question, seem only to make it the more doubtful whether such "an awful writer" ever wrote his name twice in the same way. We are, however, enabled to gather from his autographs that the pronunciation we now follow is correct, and, if we had no further evidence as to the proper orthography, our pronunciation would warrant the use of the full number of vowels.

Among the contemporaries of Shakespeare, there may also be found a great number of spellings, but on the whole the most common is the longest form. In Ben Jonson it is invariably so, and later Milton in his sonnet on the poet uses the same form.

In the etymology of the name—certainly one of the best criteria for correct orthography—we have a better reason for adopting the full spelling. The name was doubtless first applied to some warrior famed for his use of the spear (or as it would then be spelled, "speare"). The expression "shake the speare" was as common as our "brandish the sword" is now, and abundant evidence for this may be found in the early English literature. Considered then in the light of its derivation, the name should be spelled "Shakespeare"; but the *Encyclopedia Britannica* takes excep-