

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA POET.

Paul H. Hayne entered the college of Charleston in 1845 at the age of 16. He proved himself a master of elocution and composition, easily surpassing his fellows in both branches. The Hayne family are born orators, and Paul might, perhaps, have equalled his uncle's reputation in that particular, had his life been a public one, and his voice been stronger. In his student days his manner as a public speaker was graceful, his gestures were fit, and his personal presence before his audience was of that winning quality which is sometimes called magnetic. His voice is soft and musical, and, while it lacks sufficient power to fill a large room, its effect is manifest, marked as it is both by emphasis and sympathy.

When but eight years of age, his uncle, the famous governor, taught him to shoot; and from that time he has always had a hearty liking for field sports, accounting it by no means his feeblest power that, on a return from the field, he can show at least as many trophies as the majority of skilful huntsmen. Of course there came with this devotion to the field, an accompanying fondness for horse-back riding. One favourite horse of his was a handsome gray, whose name of Loyal fitly described the faithful nature which the horse and dog, alone of our domestic pets and servants, seem to possess. Loyal would ill brook any attempt of a stranger to mount the saddle; but to his master he was always gentle, eating out of his hand and following him about the yard like a dog.

Hayne graduated at the college of Charleston in 1850, and soon after studied law and was admitted to the Bar, though he never practised. As to Longfellow, Lowell and Bryant, literature seemed farther than law, and whiffs from Parnassus persistently blew through the office window. At that time Mr. Hayne's fortune was such that he was not compelled to "work for a living," so that he was enabled to write poems without thoughts of the butcher and the baker. In 1852, the year after he attained his majority, the young poet was married to Mary Middleton Michel of Charleston, only daughter of William Michel. Her own descent is worthy of remembrance, her father having been, when but eighteen years of age, a surgeon in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. Dr. Michel was wounded at the battle of Leipzig, and received a gold medal at the hands of the late Emperor, Napoleon the Third. Miss Michel's mother was a descendant of the Frasers of Scotland.

In 1861, when hostilities broke out between North and South, Hayne espoused the Southern cause, following whither he was led by conviction and feeling, by personal friendship and local attachment, and by all the inherited political tendencies of the family blood. His health was not rugged, but he was assigned, early in 1861, to a position on the staff of Gov. Pickens of South Carolina. He, however, was compelled to give up his military ambition, and for the next few years wrote almost constantly in support of what was so soon to become the "Lost Cause." His numerous war lyrics bore such titles as these: "The Kentucky Partisan;" "My Motherland;" "The Substitute;" "The Battle of Charleston Harbor;" "Stonewall Jackson;" "The Little White Glove;" "Our Martyr;" and "Beyond the Potomac." The last named was singled out for praise by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a lecture on the poetry of the war.

The close of the struggle found Hayne poor and sick, but not utterly disheartened. His beautiful home in Charleston was burned just before the victorious Northern army took possession of the city, by the bursting of a bombshell; and the next year the poet removed with his wife, boy and mother to a secluded spot on the Georgia railroad, a few miles out of the city of Augusta, Georgia. Here he has since made his home. "Copse Hill" is the name of the home which the poet has occupied for the past twelve years; and, certainly, the little house shows that romance has not yet died out of the world, and that all the poets do not house themselves in brick walls or brown-stone fronts.

Mr. Hayne's cottage, made of unseasoned lumber and neatly white-washed, stands on the crest of a hill in the midst of 18 acres of pine lands, utterly uncultivated and affording the solemnity and seclusion which nature alone can give. Many of Hayne's poems show the influence of the Southern scenery at his very door. The interior of the cottage is cheery; for it has been patiently decorated in a fashion at once artistic and home-like by the hand of Mrs. Hayne. The walls were so uninviting that she determined to paper them with engravings, carefully selected from the current periodicals of the day. The room in which Mr. Hayne works, as now adorned, is fairly entitled to be described by that most aristocratic of adjectives, unique. Pictures of eminent men, views of noted places, and scenes of public interest are so arranged as to leave no breaks on the walls. The mantel and doors, even, are covered with pictures, some of them framed in paper trimmings, cut from the journals of fashion.

Mr. Hayne's library consists of some two thousand volumes, partly saved from his original valuable collection of books, but accumulated for the most part by his labours as a book-reviewer. His desk, at which he always stands while writing, is made out of the two ends of the work-bench used in building the cottage. Mrs. Hayne has contrived to transform it into an antique bit of furniture. The little book-

cases near by are made of boxes, partly covered with pictures like the walls of the room.

In person, Hayne is of slight figure and medium height, having piercing eyes, full lips, and a dark complexion. In manner he is inclined to be calm and reserved. All his life he has been in somewhat feeble health, especially as regards his lungs. "I have never known," he says, "since I was 16, what it is to feel perfectly well." But he worked assiduously, even to the indulgence of that habit of enthusiastic poets—getting up at night to capture a fleeting idea.

THE BACK HAIR.

THE GRAVE, THE GUTTER AND THE KITCHEN FURNISH THE SUPPLY.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to learn how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in market, as there are few women who are willing to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant-maids of Auvergne and Brittany. The present demand, however, greatly exceeds the supply, and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great centre of traffic in hair) deals with Spain, the Orient and the two Sicilies, for forty tons a year of dark hair, of which she makes upwards of 65,000 chignons annually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combs," which thrifty servant-girls save up and sell, clippings of barber-shops, faded curls, worn-out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a snarl of combs, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are afterwards washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs, chignons that abound in the market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grades of the \$50,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1874, during which year 18,000 pounds were exported to Europe. In 1875 the exports of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over \$25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pauper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an unscrupulous commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepulchre, the gutter, or the servant-girl's comb.

LORD NELSON AT QUEBEC IN 1782.

In our last edition occur the following misprints:—Instead of the "arch agitator Du Robert," read the "arch agitator Du Calvet;" instead of "1730" read "1780," and instead of "for" read "four," "Cooper" instead of "Cowper."

SYMPOSIUM; SYMPOSIAC.

Some dispute having arisen regarding the use of the words "symposium" and "symposiac," the *Christian Intelligencer* is moved to make a brief study of them. The Greek verb *synpinkein* means to drink together. From this is derived the noun *symposium* used by Sappho and Pindar, and the noun *symposium* (Latin *symposium*) used by Pindar, Theognis, Herodotus, etc., to denote a drinking together. The latter word was soon appropriated to the drinking together which followed the eating together at the banquet, the post-prandial conversation over the cups, of which after-dinner toasts and speeches are the modern representatives.

The word was also used sometimes to denote the place where such banquets were held; and even the pamphlet report of them issued for the information of those who had been compelled to send "regrets."

One of the laws which Minos gave the Cretans forbade them to drink together unto intoxication; a direction which has not yet lost its force. Chrysostom warns his hearers that for Job's children, the place of their *symposium* became their sepulchre. The *symposium* among the Athenians is sufficiently described in the dictionaries of antiquities.

Cicero objects to the word as too limited in its signification, having no relation etymologically to "the feast of reason and flow of the soul." He prefers the Latin word *convivium*, a living together, because on such occasions, according to his judgment, man lives more truly and superlatively than on any other!

Of course, it is in this sense that the Greek word stands as the title of Plato's treatise in which Alcibiades is represented as leading the conversation at such a *symposium*. It is also the title of treatises by Xenophon and Plutarch.

The corresponding adjective derived from the verb, is *symptotikos*; applied to the tunes to which the drinking songs were sung, the rules by which the *symposium* was governed, etc. Such rules are alluded to as prevailing at the

Persian Court under Ahasuerus (Esther 1:8); and Cato expresses his delight at that one which required a speech from the master of the cups.

These rules were administered by the *symposiarchos*, the ruler of the *symposium*, who, where each guest paid his *symbolon* or share of the expense, was chosen by the votes of those present. Of this office the son of Sirach writes:—"Have they made thee director? Be not lifted up; but be among them as one of them," etc. This officer was called by various titles, king of wine, master of the feast, etc., (compare John 2:9.)

The word *symposiarchos* came into English at an early day, through the Norman French, in the form *symposiarchus*. Richardson says that "Cotgrave and Heliand" have it.

From the name *symposium* the Greeks formed the adjective *symposiaktos*, expressly distinguished by Plutarch from *symptotikos*. It means what is appropriate to a *symposium*, in the good sense.

And this word readily passed over into Latin. Aulus Gellius says that it was applied to minor philosophical questions discussed in *convivio*; and, when he refers to Plutarch's treatise entitled *symposium*, does it by the words, in *libro symposiacorum*, or in *symposiacis*. The word is, of course, an adjective with *quasi-nuncius* understood, or "an adjective used as a noun."

The French have the same word as a noun, *symposiaque*, happily Englished by a Boston lexicographer as "Philosophical Table-Talk." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had doubtless breakfasted, dined, and supped with the Greeks for many a day before he won his title.

Symposiack has also good authority as an English adjective. Sir Thomas Brown writes:—"When we desire to confine our words we commonly say they are spoken under the rose; which expression is commendable if the rose from any natural property be the symbol of silence."

And it is also tolerable, if by desiring a secrecy to words spoken under the rose, we only mean in society and computation from the ancient custom in *symposiack* meetings, to wear chaplets of roses about their heads." (V. E. 5, 22, 7.) And Jeremy Taylor has the noun *symposiack* also:—"As one said of the witty drunkenness and arts of the *symposiack* among the Greeks, that among them a duncie could not be drunk." (R. P. § 11.)

The revival of the *symposiack* meetings in the best form warrants the revival of the word *symposiack* in its best sense; and this license being thus modestly taken will, according to the dictum of Horace, doubtless, be granted.

LORD NELSON AT QUEBEC IN 1782.

The writer (author of "Quebec Past and Present") of the article under the above heading, and which appeared in your issue of the 19th inst., may, I think, find some fuller information about the visit of the great naval hero to Quebec, by reference to the "Life of Vice-Admiral Saumarez."

I say I think so, because I read some new and interesting details in a volume at Barbadoes, about four years ago; and, if I remember rightly, it was in the volume mentioned. I have it not now, nor do I know if it can be got here.

Montréal.

J. P.

FOOT NOTES.

WISE SAYINGS OF JEWISH SAGES.—The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.

Happy is he who fears God in the prime of life.

Who is powerful! He who can control his passions. Who is rich! He who is contented with what he has.

Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him.

He who denies his guilt doubles his guilt.

This is the penalty of the liar: he is not believed when he tells the truth.

It is a sin to deceive thy fellowman, be he Jew or Gentile.

Be the first to hold out the hand of peace.

Prayer without devotion is like a body without a soul.

Improve thyself, then try to improve others.

Beautiful are the admonitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.

The wicked, whilst alive, is like dead; the righteous after death is still alive.

DATES.—The attention of the poorer classes is directed to the suitability of dates as an article of food at once cheap and nutritious. Dates are extensively consumed by the lower orders in Egypt, as also by the Arabs in the Persian Gulf, with whom dates and bread form the principal diet.

Those in better circumstances cook them in different ways, such as frying them with a little butter or making them into an omelette with eggs. Formerly the only dates imported into the London market were those from Egypt, called *Tafilat*, which were and are still sold by grocers at from eightpence to tenpence per pound. But the *Tafilat*, albeit a large and fine-looking fruit, have a tough skin, and are far less succulent and nutritious than those now brought from Al-Basrah and the Persian Gulf. These latter are disposed of wholesale in boxes or straw sacks at from ten shillings to fourteen shillings per hundredweight, and are hawked about the street for from twopence to fourpence per pound. A more general demand for the fruit would pro-

bably lower the retail price; and it would be a great boon to the poorer classes if they could be convinced that one pound of dates, costing about threehalfpence, contains as much nutriment as half a pound of meat, and much more than the same weight of many of the articles of food for which they pay six or ten times the price.

THE PRUSSIAN ORDENSFEEST.—The Ordensfest, or annual festival of the Prussian Orders of Chivalry and Merit, is the most magnificent as well as interesting celebration of its kind in Europe. It brings together all the men of every social class who during the preceding year have been deemed worthy of especial reward by their sovereign, and seats them, without distinction of birth or official rank, at the royal table, honoured guests of the Prussian King, whose decorations they wear. They assemble in different saloons of the huge castle on the Spree, to which they are marshalled by Court officials through lines of stately body-guards and resplendent lacqueys. Gathered together in these chambers, each of which has a quaint title of its own, and is devoted on the day of the Ordensfest to the service of a particular Order, they are visited by the Emperor and Empress in state, attended by the whole Royal Family and Court, and hear their names, with the full description of the distinctions conferred upon them, proclaimed aloud by an officer of the Royal household. When this ceremony—which commences with the illustrious knights of the Black Eagle and terminates with the humble recipients of the "General Badge of Honour," the twenty-five years' service crosses, and the medals for saving life—is concluded, the whole of the *décors* are conducted by chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting to the great banqueting-hall of the castle, where they sit down with their monarch and his family to a sumptuous repast, at which the enormous festal resources of the Prussian household in plate, curious wines, and *personnel* are displayed with extraordinary lavishness and splendour.

BURLESQUE.

HARDLY EVER AT HOME.—When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell the other day Mr. Bird opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't," replied Bird. "She is out. She is perennially and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why, go down to the woman suffrage club-room; and if she isn't there, go to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; and if she isn't there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians; and if she has finished up there, look for her at the church aid society, or at the Ninth ward soup-house or the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or the St. Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her track, you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women and underclothing for the heathen than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handled flat-iron just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breast-pins for those niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin which—"

"All right. You just go down to the home for the one-legged and persuade those cripples to cry for the immovable hair-pins, and she'll order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to be taking care of them—just now, anyhow."

"Because I have a gum top for a feeding bottle that is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what you do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup-house with spoons; they must have it from bottles with a rubber muzzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em."

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she's a very large woman with a bent nose and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian fund and to the asthmatic asylum, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote them herself."

And with baby singing a vociferous solo and the other children clinging to his leg, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—

The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Duffer, *Treble makes the shirt for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.