

rival in the same manner in which the Wesleyan orator treated the representative of Gates, we believe that student would be hooted by every one in the university. On the whole the Wesleyans have acted in a very hoggish manner and have shown a spirit of littleness and of selfishness strangely at variance with the teaching of Him Who commanded: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

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LITERARY.

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The following from a recent number of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* concerning a former professor of the University of Nebraska may not be devoid of interest to those acquainted with the gentleman:

"People are asking 'Who is Mr. Woodberry?' The question was asked with emphasis at the time of the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the noble ode, 'My Country' signed by the name of George E. Woodberry. Mr. Woodberry's ode, and several of his sonnets—notably the one, 'Peace to the World from North without a Gun,'—had aroused an interest in him before their publication in the book in which the 'North Shore Watch' is the leading poem. Now that people are cutting the leaves of the new volume, and reading the praise of the poet in every print in which it is reviewed, interest in his personality is most natural. 'Where does Mr. Woodberry live??' 'Is he young or not young??' 'How does he know the North Shore so well??' Ask his readers. It has been discovered that Mr. Woodberry is a quiet citizen of Bevery where his ancestors lived before him. He was born in Bevery and is living there now. He is in his early thirties, and has been known to many persons as a writer and student as well as a man of practical affairs. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1877, and went West as professor of English in the University of Nebraska. He remained for two years, then was occupied with editorial work for the *Nation* for two years. He returned to his Nebraska position for two years and for the past seven years has lived on the shore he celebrates in his thenorody, except during absence in Europe. The 'North Shore Watch' was privately printed a few years ago, but it now reaches the public for the first time. It is said that several of the strong and well-considered articles of modern books and writers which have appeared in the *Atlantic* during the last few years came from Mr. Woodberry's pen."

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The antiquarian mind of Walter Scott loved to dwell on the feudal period of European history. For him that epoch had more charms than contemporary life could furnish. Delighted from his youth by mediaeval ballads and sight of rusty armor he spent the fortune procured by his pen in erecting for himself a castle with all its accompaniments, in order to live a life somewhat like that which he so loved to hear and read about. His novels, too, are replete with evidences of his liking for the past. He delights in describing the knight and his trappings and the incidents of the tournament. But it is his fault to present only the better side of the life he depicts. The big sounding vows taken by the candidate for knighthood and the pompous ceremonies accompanying do please the ear and dazzle the eye. But while the spirit of chivalry was an agency that aided materially in the transformation of mediaeval society into modern, it is not always to be assumed that beneath this pomp and parade there was not

the actual fact of unfaithfulness to duty characteristic of many a knight high in the esteem of his fellows because dexterous in concealing his guilt. Furthermore, feudal government was government by a class, and the vow which bound a knight to deal honorably with his equal or his superior did not, in general restrain him from maltreating the one below him in rank. Scott, on the contrary, would leave one with the idea that after all the age of feudalism was not so hopelessly bad as is usually imagined, but was, rather, an age of romance, where, in the reign of violence, which so disturbed peaceful pursuits, was offset by the attractions of the tournament and the chivalrous fulfillment of every pledge.

The "Talisman" illustrates the point in question. The scene of the plot is the Holy Land at the time of the third crusade. The chief characters are the Sultan Saladin, Richard I, of England, his kinswoman, Edith, and a Scottish knight, Sir Kenneth. King Richard, Phillip of France, and the various lesser leaders of the crusade had come with their respective forces to try again to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. But while they were in camp in Palestine Richard had fallen sick with fever, and as he was the leading spirit of the movement the other crusaders thought it necessary to await his convalescence. But Richard was by nature domineering; it was galling to his companions to endure his reproaches and captious complaints. Accordingly, during his sickness the other leaders determined to make a lasting peace with Saladin and return with their armies to Europe. Sir Kenneth was chosen to carry their proposal to the sultan. He performed his mission and returned accompanied by a learned Mahometan physician who came to attempt to cure King Richard. After the physician had demonstrated his ability to work a cure he was allowed to try the effect of his wondrous talisman on the king, and soon Richard was well again.

But meanwhile his enemies in the camp had not been idle. Conrade of Montserrat, with a determination to cause dissension against Richard at any cost, induced Leopold while in his cups to offer an affront to England's standard. The violent Richard was infuriated; he hurled the flag of Austria to the ground, and ordered Sir Kenneth to guard the English banner the following night. During the night Richard's queen, Bereugaria, in a jesting mood, seduced Sir Kenneth from his post by sending word that Edith, whom the young and obscure knight had long regarded with affection, desired his presence. When Sir Kenneth returned the flag had been made away with. Though overwhelmed by his disgrace he spurned all thought of flight from the camp. When morning came he went like a man to Richard's tent and made known the results of his withdrawal from his post. Only the most persistent entreaties of his family and attendants, and especially the startling fact made known to him by the far famed hermit of Eugaddi; restrained the king from inflicting death on the knight. Better counsel at length prevailed, and Sir Kenneth was made the bond-slave of the physician who had saved Richard's life. And thus the knight abandoned forever as he thought, the camp of the crusaders and the emoluments of knighthood.

But a better fate was in store for him. The good physician, who was, strange to say, none other than Saladin himself, caused Sir Kenneth to be disguised and to be returned to serve as Richard's attendant. He gained the king's favor by saving him from the murderous assault of a half crazed individual who was spurred on by Richard's enemies in the camp. Finally by the aid of his intelligent hound the disguised knight was able to single out the traitor who had stolen England's banner. Conrade of Montserrat was found to be the