

REUNION

OF THE

EVERY SATURDAY CLUB

*5th MARCH, 1878*

Committee of Arrangements

MR. WM. F. WHITTEMORE  
MRS. CHARLES W. ELLIS  
MRS. GEO. F. KIMBALL

CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Riverside Press

1878



# Organization of the Every Saturday Club,

NEWTONVILLE,

1877-1878.

---

PRESIDENT.

MR. GILMAN H. TUCKER.

VICE PRESIDENT.

REV. J. COLEMAN ADAMS.

SECRETARY.

MRS. W. S. SLOCUM.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MRS. C. W. ELLIS.

REV. J. C. ADAMS.

MRS. A. G. SHERMAN.

MR. A. G. SHERMAN.

---

At a regular meeting of the EVERY SATURDAY CLUB, January 19, a committee was chosen to make arrangements for a Social Reunion of past and present members. The date fixed upon was March 5; and a cordial invitation having been extended by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts to meet at their house, on the evening of that day some sixty ladies and gentlemen gathered at the spacious Roberts Mansion. After a social hour, shortly before eight o'clock, the company were ushered into the drawing-room, for the evening our banquet hall, and were speedily seated at the tables bright with lights and flowers. After grace by Rev. Mr. Worcester, the bountiful repast was duly discussed, following which were the literary exercises. Of these quite a full report appears in the following pages, though the Committee regrets that the limited space at their command made necessary some abridgment of each of the universally excellent responses. Most acceptable music was furnished by friends from abroad; and the company separated about one o'clock. No excuse is offered for the very personal character of much that appears in this volume, as its circulation will be confined to the members of the EVERY SATURDAY CLUB.



# CONSTITUTION.

---

## ARTICLE I.

### ORGANIZATION.

SEC. 1. THIS organization shall be known as the "Every Saturday Club."

SEC. 2. Its object shall be the study of English Literature and the literary and social entertainment of its members.

## ARTICLE II.

### OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The officers of this Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Executive Committee.

SEC. 2. The President, Vice-President, and Secretary shall be chosen annually by separate ballot, at the opening meeting of each year.

SEC. 3. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, *ex officio*, and four members, who shall be nominated by the President, subject to the approval of the Club.

## ARTICLE III.

### DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings, to submit to the Club any business that may be brought before it, and to declare all votes.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to perform all the duties of the President during his absence.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of the Club, to take charge of its

correspondence, and notify new members of their election to the Club.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to prepare the literary entertainment of each meeting ; assign parts to members, giving them at least two weeks' notice ; receive and propose the names of candidates for membership, and provide places for meetings.

#### ARTICLE IV.

##### MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1. The number of members shall be limited to forty.

SEC. 2. Any person may become a member, when there is a vacancy, by a two-thirds vote of the Club.

SEC. 3. Candidates for membership shall have their names presented to the Executive Committee, and upon their recommendation be voted upon at the next meeting of the Club.

SEC. 4. Every member shall be required to sign the Constitution and pledge themselves to do what they can to promote the interests of the Club and the purposes for which it is organized.

#### ARTICLE V.

##### MEETINGS.

The meetings of the Club shall be held upon alternate Saturday evenings, at 7.45 o'clock, punctually.

#### ARTICLE VI.

The meetings of the Club shall be governed by the Rules of Parliamentary law as laid down in Cushing's Manual.

#### ARTICLE VII.

Any section of this Constitution may be altered, amended, or suspended by a two-thirds vote of the Club.

## CATALOGUE OF MEMBERS.

---

† 1872. REV. J. COLEMAN ADAMS.  
 † 1874. MARY A. ADAMS.  
 1872. HATTIE E. ALLEN.  
 1874. ESTHER E. BARRY.  
 1870. LIZZIE C. BOGARDUS.  
 † 1870. REBECCA T. R. BRIGGS  
 (Mrs. A. G. Sherman.)  
 † 1870. CHAS. A. BURGESS.  
 † 1870. JULIA A. BURGESS (Mrs. J.  
 H. Willey).  
 † 1877. HENRY N. BAKER.  
 † 1877. MRS. H. N. BAKER.  
 † 1873. EDWARD W. CATE.  
 † 1875. ALFRED W. COLE.  
 † 1875. MRS. A. W. COLE.  
 1876. LEON C. CARTER.  
 1876. MRS. L. C. CARTER.  
 1875. CHAS. S. CRAIN.  
 1875. MRS. C. S. CRAIN.  
 † 1872. SARAH CRAIN.  
 \* 1870. HARRY E. DARLING.  
 1870. HERBERT L. DARLING.  
 1870. GRACE DARLING.  
 1872. REV. J. R. DANFORTH.  
 1872. JOSEPHINE DANFORTH.  
 1873. WM. F. DAVENPORT.  
 1873. MRS. W. F. DAVENPORT.  
 1874. MARY F. DAVENPORT.  
 1870. JULIA DENNISON.  
 1870. ELLA DENNISON.  
 † 1875. MRS. CHAS. W. ELLIS.  
 1872. C. AUGUSTA GILE.  
 † 1873. EDWARD W. GREEN.  
 † 1873. MRS. E. W. GREEN.  
 † 1870. HENRY C. HAYDEN.  
 † 1870. MRS. H. C. HAYDEN.

† Present Members.

1872. M. ISABELLE HANSON.  
 1874. JOHN S. HAYES.  
 1874. MRS. J. S. HAYES.  
 † 1877. MARY J. HOOGS.  
 † 1877. FANNIE S. HOOGS.  
 † 1875. WILLIAM HOLLINGS.  
 † 1875. MRS. WM. HOLLINGS.  
 † 1877. REV. E. FRANK HOWE.  
 1873. REV. J. S. JENCKES.  
 † 1870. ADDIE L. KIMBALL (Mrs. C.  
 A. Burgess).  
 † 1873. GEO. F. KIMBALL.  
 1873. MARY I. LINDER (Mrs. J. S.  
 Jenckes).  
 1870. SILAS W. LANG.  
 1871. GEO. K. LITTLEFIELD.  
 1870. HELEN M. LITTLEFIELD.  
 1874. JENNIE LORD.  
 1870. GEORGIE MOULTON.  
 1875. GEO. W. MORSE.  
 1875. MRS. G. W. MORSE.  
 1870. NATHAN T. PULSIFER.  
 † 1870. ELLEN C. PULSIFER (Mrs.  
 G. F. Kimball).  
 † 1870. ANNIE A. PULSIFER (Mrs.  
 W. S. Slocum).  
 † 1870. MRS. J. L. ROBERTS.  
 1875. S. EUGENE SARGENT.  
 1873. WM. G. SINCLAIR.  
 1873. MRS. W. G. SINCLAIR.  
 † 1870. AUSTIN G. SHERMAN.  
 † 1870. LILLIE L. SHERMAN.  
 † 1877. ABBIE A. SHERMAN.  
 † 1877. NELLIE S. SHERMAN.  
 † 1877. JENNIE W. SMEAD.  
 † 1877. A. AMELIA SMEAD.

\* Died.

1870. GEO. B. SMITH.	† 1870. MRS. G. H. TUCKER.
1870. MRS. G. B. SMITH.	† 1877. GRACE TOMPSON.
† 1873. JAMES J. SMITH.	† 1877. STEPHEN H. TYNG.
† 1873. MRS. J. J. SMITH.	1870. L. GERTRUDE VALENTINE.
† 1870. WINFIELD S. SLOCUM.	1870. ELLEN VALENTINE.
† 1871. EDWARD T. SLOCUM.	† 1872. LIZZIE WALWORTH.
† 1875. WM. F. SLOCUM, JR.	1872. REV. FRED'K. WOODS.
† 1877. WM. F. SLOCUM.	1874. MRS. F. WOODS.
† 1877. MRS. W. F. SLOCUM.	† 1873. H. MARIA WALKER.
* 1877. HENRY O. SLOCUM.	† 1875. JOSEPH H. WILLEY.
† 1870. JOHN G. TOMPSON.	1875. HENRY M. WILLARD.
† 1870. MRS. J. G. TOMPSON.	* 1870. CLARA B. WHITNEY.
† 1871. GILMAN H. TUCKER.	† 1870. WM. F. WHITTEMORE.

† Present Members.

\* Died.



## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

---

A LITERARY club, organized for the mutual improvement of its members and held strictly to the self-imposed task for eight years, is something of a phenomenon, when at the end of that period it can boast, not only a sustained but increasing interest, a larger and more regular attendance, and can show upon its roll of members at least fifty per cent. of the original workers,—this too in a suburban community proverbial for its frequent and rapid changes. Such in brief is the record of the Every Saturday Club. To trace somewhat in detail the story of its eight years of work is the purpose of this Historical Sketch.

In the early fall of 1870 a few friends, who had spent together many bright hours of the summer just past, suggested among themselves the possibility of continuing through the winter their social meetings and combining therewith a course of reading that should make them at once profitable and pleasant.

It augured well the success of their plans, that these friends in council arranged for their first meeting as they were gathered about the hearth-stone of one whose face, illumined not more by the ruddy fire-light than by the bright radiance of her warm welcome and hearty sympathy, was to them as a friendly benediction. The Club has good cause to remember the generous hospitality of Madame Valentine of sainted memory, always extended with an open hand, accompanied ever by the precious aroma of a true life which inspired to purer and higher purposes all within its holy influence.

According to the records, the first meeting of our Club, yet unchristened, was held on the evening of the 24th of September, 1870, at the residence of Mr. Whittemore, Highland Ave-

nue. There began our work, the event heralded by the sweet melody of the Christmas Carol. The genial spirit of Christmas must have brooded over the scene, for since that night in these eight years not one discordant clang has been heard disturbing the pure harmonies of the Christmas Chimes,—for it is not presumption to compare even to these our pleasant evenings of labor together. With numbers rapidly increasing it was soon found desirable to draft for our guidance a form of Constitution. This was reported to the Club together with its present name, October 22, and both were adopted. The former, though crude and imperfect, served its purpose for just three years; and October 4, 1873, gave place to the present Constitution as it appears on the third page of this pamphlet. For the first year, and until February 17, of the second, when his resignation was reluctantly accepted, Mr. H. C. Hayden served the Club most efficiently as President. During this time our work was modestly confined to readings from standard authors and of some fourteen of Shakespeare's plays. The weekly meetings were in charge of a committee of two, appointed each month, who were enjoined by the Constitution to notify members of their appointment to read, at least *three days* in advance. On motion of Mr. W. S. Slocum, November 4, 1871, this time was increased to one week; by a second change, October 12, 1872, two weeks' notice was required; and in another year was inaugurated, what is now the habitual practice of the Club, the publishing of the programme of the winter's work and all appointments at the reorganization in the fall. A useful commentary this on our standard of preparation. The *original* work of the Club seems to have been commenced at the New Year's meeting of 1872 by a poem from Mr. Hayden, and papers on "New Years and its Customs" by Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Tucker; but it remained for our second president, the last named gentleman, to inaugurate the admirable methods of study and discussion adopted by the Club for the last six years and to which so much of its success is due. President for only three months at the close of our second season, Mr. Tucker yet succeeded in inspiring us with much of his own literary enthusiasm, and by his ripe scholarship gave direction most wisely to our future course.

The first fruits of these new methods appeared at the meeting of February 30, 1872, when Shakespeare was the author discussed in three original essays by Messrs. Tucker, Slocum, and Whittemore, the divisions being Life, Times, and Works. From the season of 1872-73 forward to the present time, with slight digressions, a consecutive course of study in English literature has been pursued, beginning with Chaucer and Spenser. And thus at fortnightly meetings (for at the beginning of our third year it was found not desirable to meet oftener than every two weeks), some sixty-seven authors have been discussed in separate essays, by ladies and gentlemen of the Club: three evenings have been spent upon ballad literature, two on the history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one on the novelists of the eighteenth century; and now we find ourselves listening with keenest relish and maturer judgment to the sweet singers and ready speakers of our own time and nation. Occasionally the work of the Club has been varied by the introduction of collateral themes. The alternate meetings of one winter were devoted to the prominent schools of painting. Several evenings have been most agreeably spent in a resume of the individual reading of the members of the Club. Centennial reminiscences furnished one most delightful entertainment, and a timely discussion on pottery was welcome to all, this present season. Of results, need anything be said in view of these pertinent facts? Only this: the Every Saturday Club has become an acknowledged power in the community of which its members are a part: it has excited and fostered an appreciative and discriminating love for pure literature; to all within its influence and teaching it has given a hint at least of the secret of self-culture; to those who have followed its course of work, has been secured a comprehensive and intelligent glance along the whole line of English literature; above all, habits of study have been encouraged, and self-reliant judgment and power of expression cultivated; until with a continually rising standard, more and more exacting in its requirements, one who receives now an appointment from the all-powerful four of the Executive Committee realizes that he is required to produce work that will not only be good, but excellent, and whether it is so or not, he knows

that an attentive audience of critical listeners will bear true testimony. The following pledge, known among the members as the "Iron Clad," was adopted in 1872, since which time but one willful neglect of an appointment is known to have occurred : "We the undersigned agree to support and abide by the Constitution and general rules and regulations of the Every Saturday Club. And in order to maintain the good standing and general welfare of the Club, we hereby pledge our word of honor to perform such duties as may be assigned to us by the Executive Committee, or provide a substitute from among the members of the Club, who shall perform such duty, unless excused by the Committee."

Five gentlemen have filled the office of President since Mr. Tucker's administration : Mr. Whittemore, 1872-73, 1873-74 ; Mr. W. S. Slocum, 1874-75 ; Mr. Burgess, 1875-76 ; Mr. Sherman, 1876-77 ; Mr. Edward T. Slocum, 1877. Change of residence necessitated the resignation of the latter ; and January 5, 1878, Mr. G. H. Tucker was chosen President for the balance of the season of 1877-78. Three secretaries have thus far most faithfully served the Club : Miss Ellen C. Pulsifer (Mrs. Geo. F. Kimball), 1870-74 ; Miss Julia A. Burgess (Mrs. Joseph H. Willey), 1874-77 ; Mrs. Winfield S. Slocum (Miss Annie P. Pulsifer), 1877.

The social entertainments of the Every Saturday Club form no unimportant feature of its history ; never suffered to interfere with the legitimate work, they have yet been indebted largely to it for their uniform success. Intimate acquaintance and thorough sympathy, the results of many hours of labor together, — these with the consciousness of an earned hour of rest, give to our pleasures a racy and exceptional character rarely attained.

The Club has many kind friends who have opened their doors with liberal welcome both for our work and play ; but among them all those deserve special mention whose broad halls and ample rooms are fit symbols of their hospitality. Twenty-five meetings of the Club have been held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Roberts, and at least as many times as the Club has years have we enjoyed the good cheer dispensed from their ample board with liberal hand. It is not for me to particu-

larize in this sketch concerning our evenings of social pleasure. Twenty of them we have had. And it matters not whether it be a Christmas reading, or a Dickens' party, or a Watch-night, or a Wassail celebration, or an Old Folks' party, or a Reunion, or a Supper, each alike, true to the reputation of the Club, is the best of its kind and better than all that has gone before.

Thus very imperfectly have we glanced at the eight years' record of the Every Saturday Club. The recollections of its members, better than my words, can make it complete. Like a fair leaf from some old Missal of the Middle Ages, it lies open before us, not a blemish upon its fair face. Clear and firm are the characters which chronicle there the work done, week by week, so cheerfully and with such conscientious care; and here and there, as in the old manuscript, some artist monk would, for very love of his task, introduce the graceful initial, the brilliant bit of coloring, or perhaps a delicately traced decoration, we note—not out of place but blending with the rest in an harmonious whole—the red-letter days of our pleasures, the bright memories of golden hours, and the sweetly twining friendships, all of which, and in no small degree, have characterized the history of our Club.

Fadeless as those volumes to whose pages some chastened ambition was content to consecrate a life of genius and opportunity, if only a perfect work might be left as the record thereof, let us hope the memories of the hours spent in the labors of the Every Saturday Club, will be to all its members.

The following statistics may perhaps be of interest:—

Average attendance: first, second, third years, 25; fourth, 26; fifth, 25; sixth and seventh, 27; eighth, 30.

Twenty meetings have been devoted to reading Shakespeare. Twenty-two to Miscellaneous Readings, eight to Art, and seventy-five to Study of Literature.

Three picnics have been held, and the Club has enjoyed some twenty social gatherings.

## EXERCISES OF REUNION, 5<sup>TH</sup> MARCH, 1878.

---

IN introducing the LITERARY EXERCISES of the evening MR. TUCKER spoke as follows :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE EVERY SATURDAY CLUB: It is my agreeable duty, first of all, to congratulate you on this pleasant and auspicious meeting. This ample house, whose every appointment announces “large-hearted hospitality,” these generous tables, set out and adorned by the hand of taste, the fine spirit of sociability with which the very air is filled, — these have already bid you a hearty welcome.

We meet to signalize the prosperity of the Every Saturday Club, — now in the eighth year of its existence, — to congratulate one another, to dwell somewhat on that which it has accomplished, on what it is now doing, on that we hope it will yet do.

This Club had its origin in a desire for intellectual improvement and social enjoyment. Its success thus far, I think we may say, has proved the reason for its being. Though it has not achieved great things, it has yet accomplished a good deal, for its members. How dark, dreary, oppressive, and narrow, would our daily life be, weighted down with its routine duties, manifold cares, and not a few anxieties, — these chains which bind us to the car of mere existence, — were it not for that higher life which opens and broadens before us, through the awakened intellect and the enkindled heart.

The desire for knowledge, — if it was by that sin that the angels fell, — by a curious paradox, it is by that passion that man shall rise. Books, — they are to us the companionship of the

best thoughts of all the ages ; they are such company as come and go at our lightest wish ; always at hand, but never intruding ; always inviting us, but never impertinent. The great thing is, for us to break through the dull habits of mere life-routine, to put by mere ease and emptiness, and grasp hands with these great authors ; to set ourselves down to right reading and study. Though one may have a good deal of courage, not a little strength and determination, yet how few can do this single-handed and alone. And the desire for social intercourse is one of the strongest human instincts. But there is no association that is at once so attractive and so satisfying, as the bond of kindred studies. And it serves in a triple sense : it allures us to the acquisition of knowledge, and its high inspirations, it answers the general appetite for social and friendly intercourse, and cultivates that intercourse upon a worthy and solid basis. Instead of the emptiness, and worse, of gossip, the threadbare talk of shop, the weak dilutions of newspapers, it gives us thoughts of life worth thinking, words worth saying, and helps us "to higher levels rise." I say nothing of other decided advantages, such as the vivifying contact of mind with mind ; nor of exciting those all-impelling motives, a generous spirit of emulation, and a well-directed ambition.

In dwelling upon books and studies, we would not forget the greatness of the present day and time to us. Our duties lie here. All study is a means and not an end. The stronger and larger we grow, the more we can *do* ; for *action* is the purpose and end of life. Our studies only enable us to bring to our individual aid to-day the help, the comfort, and the inspiration of the great mind of the past. Thus reinforced, what ought we not to be able to accomplish !

The literature about clubs is one of the charming curiosities of letters. Who has not heard of the Mermaid Club, of which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were the leading spirits ? And the quaint lines of poor John Keats ?

Shades of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

Have you ever heard of the Club which Emerson undertook to carry on at his home in Concord? This grave sage, animated doubtless, by the same spirit which is the life of our own petted Association, conceived the idea of a Monday Evening Club. It embraced Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, a Brook farmer, a farmer neighbor, two city youths, one of whom was George Wm. Curtis, and the sage himself. Curtis has recorded, as a participant, rather a lively account of it, which I think you will pardon me for reading. He says: "I went to the first Monday evening very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius, without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners on the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the sahara of silence with a solemn '*saying*,' to which, after due pause, the honorable member for blackberry pastures (T.) responded, by some keen and graphic observation; while the Olympian host (E.), anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more *staccato*. Miles Coverdale (H.), a statue of Night and Silence, sat a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes, and suit of sables, made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery, which he weaves into his stories; while the shifting presence of the Brook farmer played like heat lightning round the room.

"I recall little else but the grave eating of russet apples, by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night.

"The Club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato (A.) was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver, for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson (T.) charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods; while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters,



sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a net of clear sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element, — and any chemist knows how much else goes to practical food, how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential.

“The Club struggled on valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether.”

Such was the history and fate of one notable club. Curtis says it was dissolved from too much sugar. I beg respectfully to differ from him. I think I see a precisely opposite and more fatal reason, — the entire lack in it of the saccharine element, which element, everybody knows, next to salt, is one of the best preservatives. That club clearly perished from the want in it of the feminine, otherwise saccharine, *sweetening* element. This assuring presence of the ladies, whom we have always with us, has saved us to a better fate, — and may they always remain our “better part.”

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* In closing I offer this sentiment: “The Every Saturday Club: Though it is made up of sugar and salt, may it never melt.”

*Sentiment,* — REMINISCENCES OF THE CLUB.

Still o’er these scenes the memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impressions deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear. — BURNS.

Mr. WHITTEMORE responded. He said he had lost his carefully prepared speech, and was therefore compelled to speak extempore. He revived many pleasing memories, but in place of any report of his remarks he has by request substituted the accompanying Historical Sketch.

*Sentiment,* — ENGLISH LITERATURE, NEW AND OLD.

Friends, among us now, there is  
A name with Vice connected,  
Yet an unspotted life is his,  
No duties are neglected;  
Tell this riddle if you can —  
J. Coleman Adams is the man. — SPHINX.

REV. MR. ADAMS, our Vice-President, responded :—

Ever since I was charged with the duty of responding to this sentiment I have felt a growing sense of dignity and importance. It has seemed as if I was becoming the representative of the literature of the English tongue for five centuries or more. And I have come here to-night in the mood of the constable of whom Starr King tells, a little snip of a fellow, who was threatened, by a big ruffian whom he went to arrest, with a good shaking if he did not clear out. "Shake me, if you dare," said the plucky little man. "But remember if you do it, you shake the whole State of Massachusetts." I suppose none of you knew in greeting me, that you were shaking hands with the authors of fifteen generations. But you are to be pardoned. I could not show my commission. You are not to blame for your ignorance.

But it need not appall you to stand in the presence of a minister-plenipotentiary of the Court of English Letters. You have been in much better company these five years back. You have been admitted to an audience with these illustrious men whose humble servant I am to-night. In the fortnightly literary banquets of the past five years, you and I have been royally entertained by men and women out of the best society in English literary circles, lords and ladies, peers of the nobility of letters in any tongue. As I have sat here to-night, reveling in the rich associations of the time, and full of the keen pleasure which society of this sort must bring to the heart of a man, my thoughts have been busy imagining a symposium of authors, in which they who have instructed and inspired us should sit down to the board together. If we could gather about this table the men and women who have made the old and the new literature, we should gladly resign our seats and stand up all the evening. What a scene that would be! Dan Chaucer revived and seated at a board whose good things no doubt he would love to eat. Francis Bacon and Emerson side by side; Sir Thomas Browne should be there and Charles Lamb, though we should have to put good, genial Dr. Holmes between them, or two such whimsical characters would make trouble. Alexander Pope would be here, too, in spite of the presence of Joseph Addison and Lady

Montague. John Milton should sit beside Mrs. Browning, if we might venture to separate husband and wife, while the courtly Spenser might sit upon his other hand. Here we should see Samuel Johnson and Thomas Carlyle, growling over the times like two inspired grizzly bears, and Leigh Hunt twinkling like a mild star alongside the meteoric splendor of Byron. We could put Scott and Wordsworth and Coleridge together, and be sure that Coleridge would keep the others quiet if not entertained; and if Dryden would come and Prior, we should make quite a poets' corner. But it would not be complete without our own Whittier and Longfellow and Bryant. And I fancy that one half the Every Saturday Club would eagerly inquire "Where's Dickens?" and the other half would hunt for the benignant spectacles of Thackeray. Then they should be alongside Richardson and Smollett and Fielding, their great predecessors. Do you ask who should preside over this royal feast? There is but one Shakespeare, and the Almighty gave him to the English speaking people. And whom shall we seat at his right hand? Whom indeed! It is hard to find a companion to an incomparable! There are few other names fit to be breathed in the same breath with that of Shakespeare. There are not many minds that even deserve the praise of being called Shakespearian. But if there is one mind out of the new literature destined to be likened to the peerless mind of the old, it is the mind of a woman. And the seat upon the right of the one which you will gladly vacate for William Shakespeare, I am sure our courteous and beloved hostess will resign with that grace of which she is peculiarly the mistress, to one of her own sex, and yield the second place in this symposium to George Eliot.

I hope you ratify my selections of those who shall take the honorable places in this assembly. And will you suffer me just here to speak of one or two notable points in reference to the old and new literature. The fact that these intellectual joys to-night, as well as the studies of the past years, have not been the sole privilege of the masculine intellect,—so often miscalled *the superior*,—reminds me of the more frequent appearance of woman in the new literature than in the old. That is one of its characteristics. Woman contributed but little to that elder

literature which they read but little. Their awakened interest and study of literature in these later days, is the promise of that more prominent part which they are destined to take in producing the literature to come. And while I tremble lest I affront any lady here by seeming to call her strong minded, I really do not see how to avoid saying that such an event as this, with such participants, ought forever to silence any benighted man who opens his head to talk of woman as weak minded.

And there is one other characteristic of English literature, both old and new. It is an honest literature; it is mainly a clean literature. The few stains on it serve only to show the prevailing cleanness more vividly. It is a literature loyal to moral ends. Thank God, the Anglo-saxon has always made art the handmaid and not the mistress. He always has dipped his pen in his conscience. And there is no greater glory of our literature, old and new, than that trait which a great critic counts a blemish, that it has always subordinated æsthetic to moral aims.

Let us congratulate ourselves anew, that we have so noble a literature.

*Sentiment.* — OUR POET.

Now hear, oh hear in what exalted strains  
 Sicilian Muses, through these happy plains,  
 Proclaim Saturnian times, our own Apollo reigns.      ROSCOMMON.

Hark the numbers soft and clear  
 Gently steal upon the ear.      POPE.

Rhymer come on, and do the worst you can.      DRYDEN.

MR. HAYDEN responded :—

THE first *Club*-meeting, ever held  
 Was damaged, by a stain ;  
 Of members it had only two,  
 And one of them was *Cain*.

A subject being well discussed,  
 One of the members said,  
 " My arguments don't reach the heart,  
 I'll try them on the head."

It quickly broke the meeting up,  
Left one mind very dark ;  
But Cain the first Club-President,  
Thus early made his mark.

That Abel-Club of olden time  
To us sad memories bring,  
We'll leave them with a Cane-a-Knight  
While of our own we sing.

Our honored "Every Saturday"  
In peace will e'er remain,  
None of its gallant Presidents  
Will ever "act like Cain."

Another Club was later formed,  
I think 'twas in November,  
Powhattan was its President,  
And John Smith was a member.

One Pocahontas begged to join  
That Club of early days,  
Her father was quite sore displeased,  
For he the Club had raised.

They talked the serious matter o'er,  
Throwing aside all fun,  
Knowing that if one point was lost  
The Club would number *one*.

Finally she stepped between  
Those two Club-Members there,  
Appealing to their intellects —  
And thus she did declare :

"I never more will ask to join  
A Club of any kind,  
And yet I know that Clubs were made  
Just for the savage mind."

On this Octennial festal night,  
In this delightful place,  
We look with pride upon the child,  
Its beauty and its grace,

A living thought-child of eight years,  
Of all our minds a part,  
By forty members weekly fed,  
On literature and art.

First on *tough* Shakespeare it was fed,  
Then *Chaucer*, for a diet;  
But when it swallowed *Bacon* whole,  
It grew more *fat* and quiet.

It ate Sam Johnson at a meal,  
Took Milton for a lunch;  
Made a full dinner on Charles Lamb,  
And then it begged for Punch.

Another time when faint, it took  
King Arthur for a roast,  
And finished up the frugal meal  
With Elizabeth on toast.

For eighteen months its gray-haired nurse  
In fear watched o'er the child;  
The hearty little cannibal  
Grew very fierce and wild.

But soon the greedy child grew weak  
From appetite so bold,  
And out to Waltham where we went  
It took a serious cold.

A quiet, young, and skillful nurse  
Soon took the child in charge,  
And when well fed on song and art  
Grew healthy, strong, and large.

Two years it thrived as well it might  
On Pope and Addison,  
With other bits of English food —  
Spencer and Tennyson.

This very intellectual child  
Grew somewhat out of joint, —  
The members recommended then  
Fresh air at Rocky Point.

And still another nurse was called,  
His name we need not tell,  
Who Locked its understanding up  
With Angelo and Raphael.

Another thought that Walter Scott  
Quite novel food would be,  
One gave him Byron for a soup,  
And Hannah More for tea.

In twelve months' time he'd eaten up  
Lord Chesterfield and Hood,  
He smacked his lips on Whittier  
And said "'Tis very good."

You oft have seen its table laid,  
From time to time we know,  
Have seen fine paintings on its walls  
By Ancient Murillo.

Among the dishes you have seen  
Leigh Hunt and Thackeray;  
Dean Swift is there, and Robert Burns  
Who sung Scotch-Minstrelsy.

Sir Walter Scott and Edward Young,  
Goldsmith and Richard Steele,  
Longfellow, Bryant, Laurence Sterne,  
Enough for any meal.

Then Wordsworth, Cooper, Thomas Moore,  
Coleridge and Hawthorne too;  
A little sweeter dish we have  
In Lady Montague.

Sir Walter Raleigh and Carlyle,  
Herrick and Holland — then  
Sir Isaac Newton on the list,  
Most nourishing of men.

There is Walton, Barrow, Butler,  
And Crowley of renown;  
Three others, rather solid food, —  
Hume, Robertson, and Browne.

And such a feast on Emerson  
 Only three nights ago!  
 Its fire still sparkles in our eyes,  
 Our cheeks are yet aglow!

Rich Pottery, quite beautiful,  
 And vases do we see,  
 As bright as Rubens' Flemish heads  
 And on them *E. S. C.*

By seven nurses this dear child  
 Has been well fed and 'tended,  
 All its inalienable rights  
 Have thus been well defended.

It now is under special care,  
 No better nurse could take  
 And feed this young distinguished child  
 On intellectual steak.

Our host has entertained it here  
 A dozen times at least,  
 Has given it praise and hearty cheer  
 And many a joyous feast.

Here is the child! How fine it looks,  
 We'll give it now a toast;  
 "There's not a Club outside the 'Hub,  
 A better one can boast."

And when the child full-grown shall be.  
 Upon Fame's course shall run,  
 The Judge may say, that *E. S. C.*  
 The Race of mind hath won.

*Sentiment.* — OUR OLD MEMBERS.

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink,  
 Old friends to trust, old books to read. ALONZO OF ARAGON.

In reply to a request from the chairman of committee for the substance of his "speech" in response to the above toast, REV. F. WOODS writes as follows. . . . "A never to be forgotten evening. Another brilliant to gem the Iron Crown, if we are cynical enough to believe the creator imposed a hardship



on us, when he bade us live. What excellent feeling, wit, beauty, eloquence, not garnished, but simply attended by the flowers and bounties which covered the tables.

"But to put my speech in writing! Do you call that a *speech*? Why, it was an *oration*,—a monumental pile of magnificent eloquence that defies the pen. Compare it with anything in Cicero, in Burke. Oh, now, do me justice: especially since I am asked to make good my claim by putting the oration in writing. There is the cruelty, absolutely cold blooded. You cannot be the *gentle* man, we all know. Some uncouth enemy of mine has forged your name to blight my reputation. Is not the lightning sublime? and can you put the lightning in writing? My oration blazed out, illuminated the heavens, dazzled myself and was gone, and now you ask me to put it in writing. Ah, mine enemy! Have I found thee? I am proudly conscious that although my pen is literally a gold pen, it is quite unequal to the task of gilding words to equal those with which I so distinguished myself, and honored the occasion which called me out on the evening of March 5.

"But to modestly forget my own greatness, let me say for my wife and myself, we shall never forget the old members of the Every Saturday Club, nor the brilliant gathering which represented its present condition and mirrored its past history.

" 'As one who walking in the twilight gloom  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens.'

"I expect to be willingly haunted to the end of life by these gracious memories of the days of old."

*Sentiment.* — OUR PAST PRESIDENTS.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make *our* lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time. LONGFELLOW.

MR. BURGESS responded:—

When it was mentioned to me that I might be called upon to respond for our past Presidents, my mind went back to the old

and familiar list of illustrious names, we used to learn and recite at school, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and so on through the list. Then the thought occurred to me, No, no! this cannot be the galaxy of stars whose light should shine through me to-night. We have a grand and glorious list of our nearer neighbors, who have served us faithfully and without recompense except the pleasant satisfaction they have had of seeing the Club advancing steadily in strength year by year. As in the beginning a large majority of the members of our Club were ladies, how could it be otherwise than that their choice for the first President should be a gentleman of culture and executive ability. The slightest intimation that each lady was to be provided with a new *sewing machine* as the price of her vote, would have been *frilled* down to the last *stitch*, *hemmed* in, turned over and *basted* on both sides without stint; and this no doubt would have been accomplished without *seeming* to *ruffle* the feelings of other gentlemen present. So brilliant a success was the first term of this gentleman, that he *overcast* all opposition and secured a second.

Mr. Burgess, after referring very pleasantly and in a humorous manner to the five other Presidents ("A man of pronounced opinions against woman's suffrage;" "The young gentleman known as Mr. Toots;" "A limb of the law;" "He who could plan a sleigh ride on bare ground to Waltham;" "The one who starched and spiced us up a little," and "Another young limb"), closed with the following sentiment:—

Seven ex-presidents this Club can boast,  
 No more, no less, are covered by this toast;  
 Should all of them incline to speak at once,  
 But one of them could truly play the dunce.  
 The "Iron Clad Oath" would be his reason  
 Why he said a word on this occasion.  
 No personalities to-night must rub,  
 But long live the Every Saturday Club.

*Sentiment.*—THE HULL MANSION.

Its hospitable gates  
 Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train  
 Of daily guests; its board with plenty crowned  
 Revives the feast-rites old.

JOHN PHILIPS.

MRS. ROBERTS read the following sketch : —

The Hull mansion seems to be a link binding together the Newtonville of to-day with the Newtonville of the past. It was erected more than a century ago upon the estate now owned by Governor Claflin, as an addition to a house built nearly a hundred years before. This addition, however, did not include the whole of our present home.

The part in which we are now gathered was built in 1814 by General Hull, who came into possession of the estate by his marriage with Sarah, daughter of Abraham, who was the son of Joseph, son of another Joseph, who was the son of one John Fuller, who came to Newton in 1644, and bought a thousand acres of land covering what is now known as Newtonville. About thirty years ago, your host, wending his way from his dear loved Boston, in search of some quiet country retreat, stopped at a little station called Hull's Crossing, when a sale of land was going on. Mounting a sugar box in his usual timid manner, he bid off several acres of land. Then sauntering up a pleasant lane, now known as Walnut Street, he was attracted by the substantial home-like appearance of the Hull Mansion ; so much so, indeed, that he soon after bought it, and had it removed across the intervening fields, to its present location. It seems to have been the ambition of each of the owners of the mansion to build an addition which should excel that of his predecessor ; hence the conglomerate architecture, combining the styles of several centuries—the *middle* portion, including our library, dining room, and rooms above, emanated from the brain of the before mentioned Joseph Fuller. This front part, containing four rooms above, and the room in which we now are, then divided by a partition into two rooms of equal size, was the work of the leisure hours of the old General. Your host, not willing to be outdone by the others, who have in each case given their attention to *front* improvements, contemplated overtopping them all with a French roof, but at length decided to bring his forces to the rear, thus giving us three stories of *length* rather than height, and placing us under the necessity of occasionally answering the question which is the L and which is the main house. But do not for a moment think that your host would be

content to have charge only of the rear guard ; he comes to the front, and anticipating, no doubt, the effect of the country air upon the intellectual development of the rising generation, and the demands of the Every Saturday Club, removes the partition which divided this apartment into two rooms, thus affording us the space which gives us the pleasure of your company to-night.

Among those it has been our privilege to entertain, none have been more welcome, contributed more to our happiness, or left pleasanter memories of social intercourse, than the Every Saturday Club.

*Sentiment.* — THE CLERGY IN CLUBS.

Unskillful they to fawn or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims their hearts have learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

GOLDSMITH.

REV. MR. HOWE responded :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: The clergy I know, but that which puzzles me is the clubs. I think I have heard somewhere, and at some time, that one of the suits of cards is called clubs. But I cannot bring myself to believe that the authors of this toast suppose me sufficiently familiar with such matters to speak upon them. Besides if they desired to borrow language from that amusement they should have said, "The Clergy in Hearts," and assigned the sentiment to the other clerical member of this organization. But I discard this meaning of the toast as too trifling, not to say disrespectful.

I am strongly inclined to the opinion that there is intended an allusion to the spirit of controversy which is prevailing so largely among the clergy at the present time, and that the term "clubs," is employed to designate the arguments with which the assaults are made.

After some further allusions in a vein of pleasantry to this subject, and a very spicy statement of the advantages of being at the small end of a club in all controversies, Mr. Howe closed as follows :—

As for the Every Saturday Club, I am the last and least of

a long line of honored members from among the clergy. As I cannot hope to add to the honor which they have won for themselves, their profession, and the Club, I will strive that no disgrace come to these through me.

*Sentiment.* — OUR SCRIBES.

Scarcely they know that they are great or fair  
Or wise beyond what other women are,  
Or (which is better) know, but never durst compare.

DRYDEN.

MRS. W. S. SLOCUM responded : —

Though over four years a matron, this is truly my maiden speech. When first notified by the Chairman of our honored committee to respond to the sentiment *Our Scribes*, my hands went up in holy horror, visions of strong-minded advocates of woman's rights floated before me, — but is not obedience one of the cardinal virtues of our members? So with the meekness becoming the Secretary of the Every Saturday Club, I appear not as an orator but a martyr to this occasion.

Our Scribes, three in number, have been of the gentler sex, and in their line of duty have recorded upon the Book one hundred and forty-seven or more meetings of different natures, principally literary, but interspersed with entertainments which are memorable in the Club's history.

"Slow come up the memories sweet  
Which cradled in the past have been,"  
In future time may things as meet  
Find record on the leaves within.

Only force of circumstances have caused our Secretaries to lay down their pen to take up *other duties*. If the first one on our list is not duly honored, I trust she will remember that it is not becoming a *sister* officer to extol her merits, especially since the tie is not only an official but a family one. After introducing a foreign element to the Club she departed to keep records elsewhere, and Ellen C. *Pulsifer's* name, for four years upon the book, can be seen no longer. Miss Julia Burgess next took up the recording pen, which she wielded for three years; though in the course of events, her signature changed, still she kept her

post, and her chirography may be seen until the present season, when her literary efforts, with those of her worthy spouse, are *limited* to the making and singing of new *ballads*. In 1877 the present incumbent took the vacant seat ; though *she* brought no foreigner into the charmed circle, she trusts by the long cemented union of two of the old members, to be able to preserve the dignity of the office, — hoping that in the book of time there are yet many more literary entertainments, Dickens parties, and Club suppers, awaiting a pen to chronicle them. May the present Book prove all too small to contain the still unwritten statistics.

When the last leaf of this book of Records is written, may it be handed down to our *Honorary Members* and be numbered Volume One in the series which shall follow.

*Sentiment.* — NATURE THE FIRST GREAT BOOK.

How mean the order and perfection sought,  
In the best product of the human thought,  
Compared to the great harmony that reigns  
In what the Spirit of the world ordains.

PRIOR.

“Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,  
Where roll’d the ocean, thereat was his home.” BYRON.

REV. MR. WORCESTER responded : —

I think it is eminently graceful in a literary society to offer some recognition of the great book which furnishes the substance of so large a part of literature, and the imagery and language of so much more, — the substance of all books of science and descriptions of nature, and the imagery, and perhaps in the last analysis, all the language, descriptive of humanity.

We all recognize something akin to human nature in the life of the natural world. Not only in the affections of animals, but in the sweet modest violets, the daisies, the running brooks, in the fierce storms, and the firm rocks of the mountains, we perceive expressions of human qualities.

In that other book, which, if I may say what I think, I shall

call a still greater book, though even less understood, even more misunderstood, our great Teacher constantly directs our attention to the world about us for images of ourselves.

He saw in those who listened to His teachings, trodden ground, stony ground, thorns, and good ground. In the principles springing up in their minds He saw both tares and wheat. He called Himself the vine, and the disciples with their fruit, the branches. In the flocks which the shepherds led over the hills of Palestine containing both sheep and goats, He saw representatives of his followers; and in the cunning fox a representative of an enemy. And, if I may go one step further, the Divine Spirit which filled Him, and from which He spake, was represented by a Dove.

When I reflect upon these things, seeing that these cannot be remote analogies merely, but must be perfect expressions of the human elements they describe, I wonder much that we do not study more diligently that noble book of nature, reading everywhere, as they say now-a-days, "between the lines," the deeper human meaning. And when I inquire, how it is that nature is made thus to reflect humanity, I remember that He who made nature, made man in his own image; and that He being divinely human must impress His thought and His purpose upon every particle of His creation, so that there cannot be a line or a letter of that first great book which does not represent something of humanity.

*Sentiment.* — OUR HOST AND HOSTESS.

But our kind hosts their entertainment grace  
With hearty welcome and an open face;  
In all they do you will discern with ease  
A willing mind and a desire to please. DRYDEN.

In haste  
*She* turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to choose for delicacy best. MILTON.

*He* them full fair did entertain  
Not with forced shows,  
But with entire affection and appearance plain. SPENSER.

MR. ROBERTS responded :—

He welcomed the Club cordially, and said it had always been a pleasure to him to entertain them. While he had enjoyed the society of kings and queens in his own Club across the way, he was bound to admit the Every Saturday Club had grown to be a formidable rival.

*Sentiment.*—THE LADIES.

Charming woman can true converts make ;  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;  
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,  
We hear with pleasure and with pride obey.

BEN FRANKLIN.

MR. W. S. SLOCUM responded :—

To reply to this toast requires more knowledge, more eloquence and more wit than I possess. In that literature which we have studied in this circle I find much said of the ladies, and some, I fear, that we shall not be willing to accept. There is a line of Ovid : “*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui*,” or “The young lady is the least part of herself.” Addison, writing under this motto, says : “I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast his skin at her feet to make her a tippet ; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contributions to her muff ; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rock for gems, and every part of nature furnish out of its store towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it.”

We do not agree with this sentiment of Addison. It may sometimes be fitting for that term *lady*, but if we will adopt that nobler and far more becoming title of woman we shall never fall into such an error.

In a Sunday-school not a hundred miles from here a teacher asked a pupil, a small boy, what a synagogue was. He said he thought it was a girl. Some one said the boy had the right idea, for a synagogue is defined to be “a place of worship.”

Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were once upon opposite sides of a case about certain wheels. Choate's oratory was



grand, with his rhetoric and brilliancy he dazzled the jury. But when he had finished Mr. Webster had the wheels in court, and calling the attention of the jury to them said, "Gentlemen, here are the wheels." Mr. President, — In response to your toast I reply, Here are the ladies ! While I am not able to reply to the toast in fitting words, I can turn your attention from myself to these ladies to whom we are indebted for a large share of all that has been agreeable and profitable in this literary circle. Without the ladies the "Every Saturday Club" would not have lived out half its days. And in addition to this, as I look into the faces of you who are here and see your deportment, your pleasure at such a gathering, your manner and love for all that is noble, and manly, and worthy of homage, I trace that influence, sweeter and loftier than the Pleiades, of mothers, sisters, and wives, who have made you what you are to-night.

I am not one of those who believe that it is necessary for herself, or for humanity, that woman should rush into the battle-field of politics. The rough contests of the political world are not suited to the dignity and the delicacy of that sex. Even if man is ruler in political affairs, there is one back of the throne greater than the throne itself. That one is woman. Home and society do more to make laws, and execute them, than legislatures and chief executors.

You recall the reply of Madame De Staël to Napoleon when he asked in what manner he could best promote the happiness of the French people: "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Through home and society woman chiefly exerts her influence.

Our *parlors* are great educators. For myself I have an especial admiration for those who, having treasures of art and literature, or acquaintance with artists and authors, make their parlors a place where the less favored may come and share such pleasures.

But how can I sufficiently praise home. With what fitting words shall I mention this empire of woman.

We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon canvas ; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble ; but how

insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the work of woman at home. She works not upon canvas that shall perish, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear for good or evil, throughout its duration, the imprint of woman's training.

Mr. President, I propose this toast: "Woman's Court, Home and Society; woman reigns there and we are willing subjects."

*Sentiment.* — THE GENTLEMEN.

Sweeter and lovelier gentlemen  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
The spacious world cannot again afford.     SHAKESPEARE.

No regular response being made to this sentiment, the following lines, written upon the back of a programme in an almost illegible female hand, and evidently produced under the inspiration of the eloquence of the last speaker, were handed to the President.

If Shakespeare, in these lines, has spoken truth,  
There 's little one can add to them, forsooth;  
If falsehood, then I'm sure it's not polite  
To give the lie to him, here and to-night.  
So with affection and, *perhaps*, a blinded ken,  
We ladies, to our poet, only sigh, —  
*Ah! men.*

*Sentiment.* — THE LAW OF CLUBS.

Men of large profession that could speak  
To every cause, and things mere contraries,  
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.     BEN JONSON.

What says my counsel, learned in the law?     POPE.

MR. MORSE responded: —

After some humorous and well understood allusions to Card Clubs and Sewing Clubs, and the special laws applicable to each, and speaking of the expulsion from the latter of those branded as "aristocrats," who refused to join in the general gossip, he proceeded: —

Then comes the Literary Club, made up, partly, of the aristocrats who have been politically ostracized from the last mentioned club, and they, generally, have an iron clad law in regard to taking part in the exercises; but these clubs, wishing to show that they harbor no law breakers, never call upon those to act who would break the law, if they could. And this is the perfection of human management in all institutions.

But I am reminded by the axioms, The greater includes the less, and The whole is equal to all its parts, that the lawyers of clubs are entitled to notice. Now, generally speaking, a lawyer will be noticed whether he is entitled to it or not; his calling is a modest one, and he may be designated by his excessive efforts to keep himself from notice.

Moreover, an ordinary judge of physiognomy can point him out, in any club, by his lean and hungry look; in the language of the poet, "they think too much, such men are dangerous," and I might add, especially so, at a collation.

. . . . In the most uncompromising pursuit of his object, the lawyer always appreciates a good thing, even outside his profession, and, consequently, he is found in large quantities at mixed clubs; it is the mixture which he most particularly appreciates, for he is found only in his primary and undeveloped stages at clubs devoted exclusively to his own sex. . . .

*Sentiment.* —MUSIC.

Call in sweet music, I have heard soft airs  
Can charm our senses and expel our cares. SIR J. DENHAM.

MR. TOMPSON responded:—

. . . . Music is no isolated subject whose limits can be easily circumscribed or its history compressed by condensation into small compass. It so enters into all things, and is in truth so much of life itself, that it can be considered at this time only in the abstract, and dealt with in the most desultory manner.

Certainly no worthier theme or one more noble ever inspired tongue or pen. From the earliest days of literature poets have sung its praises, painters and sculptors have enshrined its be-

neficence to mankind on canvas or in marble, historians have given to it in all times and countries their richest thoughts, yet the subject is not exhausted, and is indeed inexhaustible. From the time when first "the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy," the world has been full of music, pervading and filling all things with its subtle harmonies. Go where we will, we hear in nature, everywhere and at all times, real music, speaking to us in a tone that no one can fail to understand if he will only lend appreciative and attentive ears.

The greatest interpreters of music the world has ever seen have been close students of nature, and from its many invisible voices have drawn their grandest inspirations.

. . . . How it incites to martial deeds, and inspires to valor! How it soothes to rest and brings peace and consolation to troubled souls! How it tramples under foot sounds of discord and warfare! What tender emotions of love it awakens! How it pervades every relation of life! It blesses us in our prosperity and sustains us in adversity. We cannot disassociate it from life if we would, and surely we would not if we could.

. . . . Music is in every sense so thoroughly humanizing and Christianizing in its influences, I cannot avoid the feeling that it will prove a most potent agency in bringing about that Millennium which we all hope for in the good time coming. And in looking at it from this point of view, there always comes to my mind, involuntarily, with such never varying recurrence that I have come almost to believe it to be a *proof* that music *is* to aid in bringing about the glad result the poet dreams of in these beautiful lines of Longfellow:—

"Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease,  
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, Peace.

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,  
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise."

*Sentiment.* — POETRY — THE AROMA OF DAILY LIFE.

God sent his singers upon Earth  
With songs of gladness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of Men  
And win them back to Heaven again. LONGFELLOW.

MRS. TUCKER responded: —

How fitly may I praise thee  
Divinest spark, lighting the ages.  
I seem to hear a murmur,  
As from far-off, stranger shores,  
Growing louder, ever louder,  
Thrilling with the sweet old answer  
Only love can speak for love.  
Love alone produced the singer,  
Love for glory, love for man,  
Love for God, who gave the power,  
Deepest thought to understand.  
Do we praise the simple flower  
Blooming ever at our feet?  
No, we pluck, we clasp, we wear it,  
Breathe its fragrance, with a prayer;  
So with Poetry, let us, loving, feel it everywhere.  
Know you not how Miriam felt it,  
By the Red Sea's charmed waves,  
How the soldiers bled for country,  
Taught by mighty "Marseillaise"!  
Poetry comes with lifted finger,  
Every evil to redress, —  
Ever comes with gentlest soothing,  
To the heart by sorrow prest;  
Joy's own self is not more joyous.  
Careless, gay, and glad is she,  
Best of friends, our many sided Poesy.  
Praise thee, O Poetry! Beyond all words thy praise,  
Only to flowers may we in truth compare thee,  
Thou great inspirer, helper, cheerer  
Of our human race, —  
God given, not stolen  
From out the highest place.

*Sentiment.* — THE MATRONS OF OUR CLUB.

What is there in the vale of life  
Half so delightful as a wife. COWPER.

Our wives, the kindest, truest, dearest  
That ever bore the name.             ROWE.

He is the half part of a *blessed* man  
Left to be finished by such as *these*. SHAKESPEARE.

MR. KIMBALL responded :—

“The Matrons of the Club” I understand to be our married ladies, and I am expected to respond to this sentiment, and not occupy over three or four minutes. Why, I could talk as many hours about one matron—how short the time when we add seventeen! Am I expected then to do justice to this sentiment so dear to our hearts?

As I look upon this happy circle of friends, each and all enjoying this social evening, I can but ask myself the question, What would our Club be without its matrons? Had it been organized without them I doubt if it would now have an existence, and the Every Saturday Club would have lived only in our memories of the dim past.

Sir, the Matrons of the Club are its very life and soul. How readily, cheerfully, and ably have they ever responded to whatever was assigned them by our Committee, never failing, however difficult the duty.

I have been a member of many organizations of various kinds, but never of one where there existed such kindly feelings and good-will one towards another; and I feel sure that much is due the Matrons of the Club for their pleasant and helpful influences.

*Sentiment.* — ART. CLUBS, — ARTLESS AND ARTFUL.

Our court (club) shall be a little academy,  
Still and contemplative in living art.     SHAKESPEARE.

MR. DAVENPORT responded :—

How can I sing the praise of Art  
When 'neath her reign I daily smart?  
Did ever yet the toiling hind  
Enjoyment in the landscape find?  
Or captive, chained to conqueror's car,  
Join with the crowd in loud huzza?

'Tis true my walls are covered over  
 With women's heads and heads of clover,  
 Half-finished cherubs, charcoal sketches,  
 Birds, ruins, roses, rocks, and vetches ; —  
 But what to me is charcoal dirt ?  
*I want the buttons on my shirt !*

With business cares and toils perplexed,  
 By bores and failures sorely vexed,  
 I hasten with a father's joy  
 To play at eve with girl and boy.  
 What's this ? The baby must be ill,  
 He needs a homœopathic pill ;  
 He's bilious, surely as can be,  
 He has the jaundice, — only see !  
 But nothing ails the little fellow !  
*He's only streaked with Naples yellow !*

Some Newton friend begs we will come  
 And share the pleasures of his home,  
 Those ever fresh delights renew  
 Which with our townsfolk once we knew.  
 I dress in haste to catch a train,  
 Of ample shirt front mighty vain,  
 With nobby tie, and gloves of snow,  
 And feel myself quite *comme il faut*,  
 Just one touch more and I'm complete, —  
 I seize the jug of fragrance sweet  
 And quickly on my 'kerchief turn  
 The choice cologne from out the urn,  
 Then swiftly in my pocket thrust, —  
 Well dressed, with conscience of the just.  
 But as we wend our way along  
 An odor greets me wondrous strong, —  
 Why do the neighbors paint so early ?  
 This awful smell makes me quite surly.  
 Arrived, my finest bow I make,  
 My handkerchief in air I shake, —  
 O heavens ! my cologne so fine  
*Has turned out horrid turpentine !*

All this is bad enough, you 'll find,  
 But worse — much worse — remains behind ;  
 And he's in danger of his *life*  
 Who's married to an artist wife.

I'll prove my words, a witness bring :  
 He knows the sad events I sing,  
 A man forever sadder, wiser, —  
 The much relied-on Advertiser.  
 We asked him to a friendly tea ;  
 We sat around with jokes and glee ;  
 Home-painted china decked our board,  
 With teapot, cups, and plates 'twas stored.  
 Then of the cup that's said to cheer  
 I tasted, — this is something queer !  
 Must *everything* of Art now savor,  
 The tea has sure of paint the flavor !  
 Politeness nerved our smiling guest,  
 He drank two cups with seeming zest ;  
 But when he left, the awful truth  
 Blighted the flower of my youth !  
 The secret could no more be hid, —  
*Paint had been mixed in tea-pot lid ! ! ! !*

A sorrier man you ne'er set eyes on,  
 I live in daily dread of p(o)ison !  
 And this the epitaph I crave —  
 "ART, *only* ART has digged his grave !

*Sentiment.* — THE MARRIED MEMBERS.

Their meeting hearts  
 Consented soon, and marriage made them one.    ROWE.

From that day forth in peace and joyous bliss  
 They lived together long without debate,  
 Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,  
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state.    SPENSER.

MR. SHERMAN responded : —

I congratulate myself to-night that I am in that situation which renders it possible for me to respond to this sentiment, though some one longer married might better represent that honorable company here. It is worthy of observation that, while during the first two or three years of our existence as a Club, the unmarried members were in the majority, now the reverse is true. A well-known fact this, yet I doubt if any one is prepared to give a satisfactory reason for the very large number of marriages that have occurred among our members during the last



few years. Let me attempt to elucidate the matter. Every one will accept my statement that diligent study has characterized from the very first all connected with the Club. And the result? Not only have we acquired habits of thought and work which render all research in the vast fields of literature a delight, but, with minds expanded, and capacities for knowledge enlarged, we have come to hold higher and nobler views of human life. Something of the philosophy of right living have we learned, and as one after another has grown in enlightenment it has become possible for us to comprehend the Divine wisdom which teaches that it is not good for man to be alone, and we have taken to ourselves companions. Thus it is seen that marriage is but the legitimate result of the acquisition of knowledge! We have tasted the fruit from the tree of knowledge, and it is a matter of congratulation that, learning to discern good and evil, so many have chosen the good. But you say, "Are you right? What of those who have always been with us and are yet unmarried." Ah! look around you! Was there ever a school where there were not some dull scholars? Some, too, with brilliant intellects enough, perhaps, yet lacking the application to acquire that knowledge which with them is long in working into the heart, there to become an actuating power; for such we have still reason to hope.

*Sentiment.* — OUR HONORARY MEMBERS.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And perpetuates its graces. By degrees  
The human blossoms blow; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm. THOMSON.

MR. WILLEY responded: —

Some four or five days ago I received a notice from the chairman of the Committee on Arrangements that I should be expected to respond to the toast, "Our Honorary Members." After stating to me the nature of the Honorary Membership of the Every Saturday Club, he concludes with this very remarkable sentence: "Circumstances render you eminently fitted to comply with the above request."

Well, Mr. President, if the *circumstances* of which he speaks, consist of arising in the silent midnight watches, and taking up a lively tramp, tramp, for the purpose of soothing and silencing the cries of one of the aforementioned honorary members, I *am* eminently fitted for the task.

The honorary membership of the Every Saturday Club is at once of a novel and interesting nature. Among clubs and societies generally, honorary membership is acquired by a long term of actual service, or purchased for a consideration by wealth. But with us how different. Money cannot buy, ambition cannot climb to, the exalted position ; for our laws, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, declare that children born to members of the Club, and they *alone*, shall constitute our honorary membership. Mr. President, only those who have had the golden opportunity, can imagine with what joy and satisfaction we can stand before our fellows, and proudly exclaim, "Behold an Honorary Member."

Let me hope that our honorary membership may keep pace with the very flourishing condition of the Club, and that our roll of honor may continue to receive fresh acquisitions. Long live our Honorary Members, and although we very seldom hear from them *here*, may their innocent influence be felt more and more among us.

*Sentiment.* — OUR NEW MEMBERS.

Welcome Marcellus. — I am glad to see you.

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg ? SHAKESPEARE.

THE following letter explains itself : —

DEAR MR. WHITTEMORE, — Your request to send my response "condensed to 300 words" is received. 'Tis done. First I wrote it in full — 968 words ; then I condensed, then boiled it down, then condensed again, then redistilled it, and behold the result, —

"Misterpresidentandladiesandgentlemen.

"Indeed I am most happy to be with you this evening ; how "happy you can judge when I state that in order to keep this "appointment, I was compelled to forego a meeting with one

"whom I had not seen for three long, weary years — my mother  
"in-law." [47]

[This will never do, I've taken 47 words already, must try the telegraphic style.]

"Vividly reminded incident life John Phoenix California. At  
"theatre once asked stranger if he'd punch another stranger  
"with cane. Stranger number one complied. Phoenix intently  
"regarding stage meanwhile. Party third part indignant. Party  
"second part demands explanation. Phoenix explains 'Merely  
"wanted to see if you'd do it.'" [94] "When I received your  
"request was satisfied you merely wanted to see if I'd do it.  
"Daresay you thought I couldn't stop talking in five minutes.  
"Quite mistaken." [122]

[Here I ventured string of strictly professional plays on words, *e. g.*,  
"Toast and Tea," "Young Baker," "Doughty Knight," "Well-bred People,"  
"Rise Light at Heart to assume the Rôle," etc. Too subtle for telegraphic explanation.]

"Philosopher says, 'One subject man unacquainted with, seizes  
"first opportunity tell everything about it.' Exactly my position  
"to-night. If some of your seniors be Greene, what can be expected of  
"youngest member freshman class. Have n't even  
"pleasure acquaintance of many of my classmates." [165] "Would  
"speak of one, but to be Frank, How (e) can I? Talented Vice-president  
"just referred to his 'modified doxy,' and had his  
"own 'modified ism' laid bare. Rather say nothing than tempt  
"reply pungent with spice and Frank-incense." [203]

[Here belongs pun on Judge Slocum's name. Received with awe. Have n't space to include it. Will keep it for next year's dinner, by which time all will have forgotten it.]

"Among 'Newcomes' Clive and Ethel great pets of mine;  
"but Ethel has deserted us, and, save sadness of parting, not  
"S. Tyng remains. Despair not, ye bachelors disconsolate,  
"for there are still other ladies-in-waiting upon this our Queen  
"of Clubs." [243]

[Reference to Priam's son eating apple, and averting war, omitted for want of space; also all mention of gentleman, whose identity I studiously concealed, who spoke of being in the "wool hat trade," and not in the "British Ballad line."]

“If I’ve not done justice to the toast, please remember that  
 “*you* bade me launch my fragile earthen pipkin upon your sea  
 “of eloquence, and now that it is borne down by superior weight  
 “of metal around it, nothing remains but for our *more witty*  
 “friend” (pardon the puerile pun, brother W.) “to fire four or  
 “five minute-guns over its grave.” [299]    Selah. [300]

Faithfully yours,

HENRY N. BAKER.

*Sentiment.* — OUR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Such men as these are feathers, chips, and straws —

Carry no weight, no force.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MRS. HAYDEN responded : —

I think every lady present will unite with us in our indignant protest at the chaff that has been blown over “Our Single Gentlemen,” such as “Chips,” “Straws,” and “Feathers,” and which their bashfulness does not permit them to puff back to the sender thereof ; our sympathy for the forlorn and dejected, will not allow us to bear in silence any such imputations upon “Our Single Gentlemen” of the Every Saturday Club. For nearly eight years we have cherished a motherly interest in these same single gentlemen, who in all that time have been so ready to carry the weight of the Club. Their cheerful willingness to labor for our advancement in the study of Literature as well as for our enjoyment, their yielding equal rights and privileges in everything pertaining to the Club, and their gentle courtesy under all circumstances, have been unfailing. Let it not be said, such men as these are “feathers, chips, and straws, carry no weight or force with them,” —

But as,

With kindly feelings, and we trust with grace,

We now do meet them face to face ;

We ’ll tell them of their duty, and ask why

A timely, strong, and a persuasive cry

Should not be raised by every one

Against all bachelors beneath the sun,

Who, living in this age of Clubs, shall dare

To offer one excuse, or e’en declare,

That single blessedness will ever bring

The joys of which our married members sing ?

These single men can sing, or write a story,  
 Preach most delightful sermons about glory;  
 And some of them to courting are much given, —  
 Not of that kind which makes one dream of Heaven,  
 Only brief suits before a loveless jury.  
 O you poor souls ! it puts us in a fury,  
 For if one half the effort which you make  
 Was spent in trying some fair maid to take,  
 You'd very likely win a worthy case  
 And prove a signal blessing to your race.  
 Some have stepped out from the great thoroughfare  
 Of single blessedness, and now they share  
 Confiding joy — serenity of mind,  
 That bachelors can never hope to find.  
 We do respect your talents, bright and rare,  
 You occupy with dignity the chair ;  
 If you would only bend beneath the yoke,  
 You'd do as well as any married folk ;  
 And then, at breakfast, dinner, and at tea,  
 You'd say, " Now this is pleasant, I 'll agree."  
 On sweeter viands, then, your minds would feed,  
 With keener relish you would preach, or read ;  
 Then, in the morning, lovingly you'd say,  
 " What can I buy you, dear, in town to-day ?"  
 There are some heights to which you may attain,  
 But if the very highest you would gain,  
 If you would show you carry " Force and weight,"  
 Start off at once, before it is too late, —  
 Pass through the Golden Matrimonial Gate !

*Sentiment.* — PROPHECIES.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath  
 What's past and what's to come she can descry. SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. KIMBALL responded :—

In responding to this sentiment I find it much easier to record what is past than to foretell the future of this illustrious Club, whose fame has already gone throughout the earth.

You have been told by those who have preceded me, what it has achieved in the past ; and for its future, I predict its course to be *ever onward*, ever searching and finding, in the vast field of literature, hidden treasures which will not come to us

unsought; each year developing and strengthening with its growth, adding wisdom and knowledge and power. We do not yet know how many illustrious authors we may claim from its ranks, perhaps receiving their first encouragement from the honest eulogiums of its members.

If the rapid advance in the coming years is in proportion to that of the past, I must leave its future glory and usefulness to the imagination of those who have so faithfully labored in establishing its reputation.

No words of mine can do justice to this subject, with its future possibilities open to each and all of the members of the Every Saturday Club.

*Sentiment.* — THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

To her whose name none need to tell, —  
 'Tis found where charming grace doth dwell:  
 To her whose heart on kindness bent  
 A loving light her eyes have lent:  
 To him whose clear and active mind  
 With mental feasts, has mirth combined:  
 And he whose store of learning leads  
 Our thoughts to feel their highest needs:  
 To those who planned this evening's cheer —  
 The Committee of Arrangements! here,  
 We raise the glass that sparkles bright,  
 And pledge to each our thanks to-night.     MRS. HAYDEN.

MRS. ELLIS responded: —

I suppose it's myself that you're making allusion to,  
 And bringing the sense of dismay and confusion to;  
 Of course some must speak, they're always selected to,  
 But pray, what's the reason the Committee's expected to.

Why call us up with your battery of flatteries,  
 When we've been so busy, and that's what the matter is.

Ah, that is the way in which able ones go about,  
 And draw a fine picture of what they don't know about.

For myself I'm relied on by friends in extremities,  
 And I don't mind so much if a comfort to them it is.

But the writing of verse is a struggle mysterious,  
And were 't not for Dr. Holmes I should now be most serious.

But I 've watched "his great feasts and stolen his scraps,"  
And now beg his pardon, which he 'll grant me perhaps.

I 'm down for a something, and since I 've begun it,  
I must give you a toast now before I have done with it:

"A health for our future, a sigh for our past,—  
We love, we remember, we hope to the last;  
And for all the bare lies that the almanacs hold,  
While we 've youth in our hearts we can never grow old."



## LETTERS.

---

*Friends, Old and New, of the Every Saturday Club:—*

We mention the *old* first, because that is the order in which it is said wine should be served ; it is certainly that in which friendships should be honored and preserved.

Further, to guard ourselves, let it be understood that *old* has no possible reference to age, but only to quality, for it has never yet been demonstrated that one ever yet has grown, or that one can grow, aged in the Every Saturday Club. To do that the congenial circle must be left far away. I am sure that however old I felt when *going* to one of the meetings, that feeling somehow oozed out of me, and, when *coming* from the gathering, I was ready to pronounce myself a lively young man yet. If able to be at the Social Reunion, I verily believe that some of the freshness of former days would return to my faded cheeks, and my form, bowed by so many summers, might become upright once more through the period of one happy evening.

Seriously, the Club but gives to its members individually what itself possesses peculiarly and organically,—a certain limited immortality. It has survived eight years, and takes rank beyond the Fathers, and Prophets, and Judges, even claiming a high-seat among the Patriarchs of Literary Clubs. Yet it is not one whit old. It shows no sign of age, if one at a distance may judge by this season's programme, which for variety, interest, and instruction, would be difficult to rival.

Now we are ready to mention the *new* friends ; but where are they? But two or three names can be discovered upon



the list of Officers and Essayists, not already familiar. If our generous Hostess will kindly introduce us we shall at once be resolved into *old friends*. But even this is unnecessary, for it can be logically shown that they are *old friends* already, without the formality of an introduction.

The Every Saturday Club has arrived at that state of maturity in which a *proverb* is no more doubted than an axiom. We are ready now for our proof.

First. "Birds of a feather flock together." Names represent persons. These new names are among the names of friends of mine, therefore they must be my friends.

Secondly. "A man is *known* by the company he keeps." These new names are among *old* friends, *well known* to me; therefore, if a man is known, they are well known friends of mine, without my ever having been introduced to them, or having seen them, and are old friends.

"Logic is logic, that's all I say!" only let me suggest that my *old* friend Bro. Adams, and my *old new* friend Bro. Howe, be not so captivated with this formula as to introduce it into their discourses. The rest would surely detect them if they did.

In reviewing the names of the members of the Club it gives us great pleasure to learn that four years have dealt so kindly with the circle. Change, but not chance, has come to you and to us. *Some* days have brought heavy burdens to each, and some *nights* have given no rest. But day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, have not failed to bear their blessings, and to crown the years with a happy fullness.

That the blessings may be multiplied, and the joys be continued with the increase of the years, is the sincere wish of

Your old-time members,

REV. & MRS. J. R. DANFORTH.

---

. . . . Be assured, dear Club, we have not forgotten a tittle of the many pleasures we have enjoyed in your good company, such memories are entwined with the minutest filaments of our hearts.

Drink, then, with us, in a flowing bowl of mocha or bohea,  
"The continued life of yourself, old friend and Every Saturday  
Club."

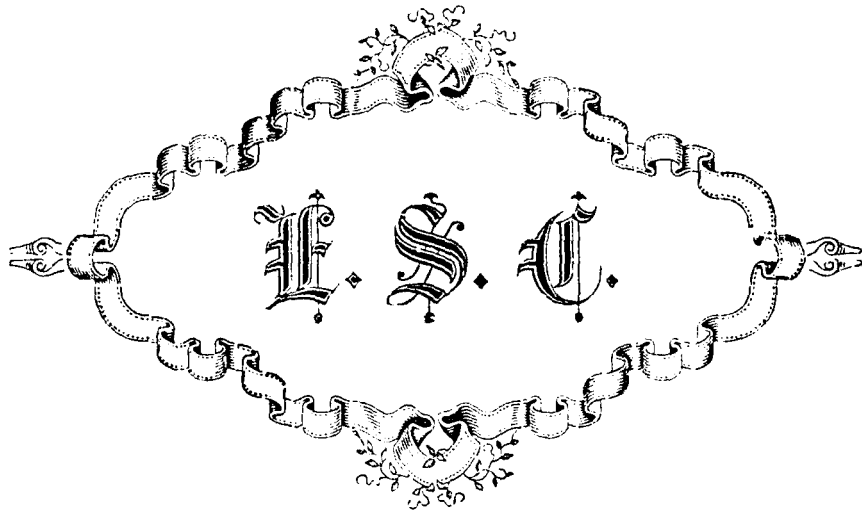
MY WIFE AND I,  
*Alias* MR. & MRS. W. G. SINCLAIR.

NEWARK, N. J.

---

Pleasant letters of remembrance and good wishes were received from EDWARD T. SLOCUM and REV. and MRS. JOSEPH S. JENCKES.





ENGLISH LITERATURE.

---

EVERY SATURDAY CLUB,"

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

1877-78.



# APPOINTMENTS

—OF THE—

## EVERY SATURDAY CLUB,

SEASON 1877-78.

---

OCTOBER 13, 1877.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

*President.*

E. T. SLOCUM.

*Vice-President.*

Rev. J. C. ADAMS.

*Secretary.*

Mrs. W. S. SLOCUM.

*Executive Committee.*

Mrs. C. W. ELLIS.

Rev. J. C. ADAMS.

Miss R. T. R. BRIGGS.

Mr. A. G. SHERMAN.

*Music Committee.*

J. G. TOMPSON.

Mrs. C. A. BURGESS.

Miss LILLIE SHERMAN.



Rev. J. C. ADAMS.

Mrs. W. S. SLOCUM

*Executive Committee.*

Mrs. C. W. ELLIS.

Rev. J. C. ADAMS.

Miss R. T. R. BRIGGS.

Mr. A. G. SHERMAN.

*Music Committee.*

J. G. TOMPSON.

Mrs. C. A. BURGESS.

Miss LILLIE SHERMAN.

<i>Subjects.</i>	October 27, 1877.	<i>Essayists.</i>
SHAKESPEARE . . . . .		
	November 10.	
ALFRED TENNYSON . . . . .		MRS. W. S. SLOCUM.
	November 24.	
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT . . . . .		C. A. BURGESS.
	December 8.	
THOMAS CARLYLE . . . . .		W. F. SLOCUM, JR.
	December 22.	
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW . . . . .		MRS. A. W. COLE.
	January 5, 1878.	
SYDNEY SMITH . . . . .		H. C. HAYDEN.
	January 19.	
POTTERY . . . . .		MRS. G. F. KIMBALL.
	February 2.	
BRITISH BALLADS . . . . .		E. W. CATE.
	February 16.	
BRITISH BALLADS . . . . .		J. H. WILLEY.
	March 2.	
RALPH WALDO EMERSON . . . . .		G. H. TUCKER.
	March 16.	
T. B. MACAULAY . . . . .		A. G. SHERMAN.
	March 30.	
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL . . . . .		W. F. WHITEMORE.
	April 13.	
"GEORGE ELIOT" . . . . .		MRS. H. C. HAYDEN.
	April 27.	
THOMAS DEQUINCEY . . . . .		REV. E. FRANK HOWE.

