

Ariel is Shakespeare's genius of imagination. What could better personify his ease and grace than the elfish sprite? Who could better express the versatility of his genius than Ariel?

"I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality."

But Prospero must leave the Enchanted Island and return to his home. Ere he departs he gives Ariel his liberty, and destroys his magical books. Thus Shakespeare, as he leaves the theatre and a profession he had never loved, promises himself a life of ease and comfort in his home at Stratford. No longer must he force his genius against the natural current of his spirit, no longer urge his thoughts to irksome duties, but with Ariel we hear him singing,

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossoms that hang on the bough."

IN THE LIBRARY.

I never enter the library without a feeling of awe something like that which Dante must have felt in the "Inferno," when he speaks of the air being filled with sighs and sounds of distant sobbing, and strange, misty forms flitting swiftly by.

Think how many men have labored all their lives for immortality; and all they have left behind,—the thought and painful research of months and years of labor,—is bound up between the covers of some of these mysterious things we call books and which we handle so carelessly without even a thought of the living souls which have brought them forth in hope and fear.

I have always been interested in mathematics, and look over the books in that branch so often that we have become quite well

acquainted—at least we always recognize each other in a friendly way. There is a subtle influence which seizes me the moment I enter the doors, and draws me to that alcove and urges me to take down some one of those curious volumes and look within. It may be that I cannot understand a word of it; it may be in German, and on a higher branch of mathematics, of the first principles of which I am ignorant, but that does not take away its interest in the least. Think of the lifetime that may have been put into it; of the triumph that came when it was finally completed, and the congratulations and joyous hope of fame; and then if we could only unlock the mystery of those curious differentials, surely there would be a world of revelation; we should read the immutable laws of existence, and that secret of the ceaseless, tireless motion of the great earth and all its sister worlds, which was kept so long hidden from the piercing insight even of the wisest. But whatever one of these books it may be that I open, a hundred arms, light and airy as thought, but strong as steel, reach out and twine themselves around me, stealing even my thoughts—the robbers!—and leaving me, like the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, bound hand and foot.

I was in the library one June afternoon, sitting comfortably in an arm chair at the back of the mathematical alcove, and, to tell the truth, more engaged in such dreamy thoughts as the above and in wondering at the secret of that power which they had over me, than in following the demonstration of the Napierian Analogies which was my ostensible occupation; when I thought I detected a slight motion among some of the books. Instantly rousing, I watched more closely, nor in vain; for presently, after a considerable rattling noise, as though there had been a dozen rats behind the books, I saw the back of a book on popular astronomy swing back as though on hinges, and out stepped a portly gentleman with round, full face and dark hair and whiskers. He was neatly dressed in the modern style, and after climbing down to the floor—for he could not have been more than eight inches in height—he walked around with as much

self-possession as if he had been doing the honors of his own house. I looked curiously to see the authorship of the book from which he had come, and saw on the back the name R. A. Proctor. Alas! my friend, I know you now, thought I. And now the rustling grew louder, and on all sides I saw the little fellows scrambling down in a very comical manner, but as soon as they reached the floor they instantly showed by their dignity of demeanor that they felt themselves both honored and honoring by being in each other's society. They seemed to be of all nationalities and times, for there was the greatest diversity in their dress and speech, and yet all seemed by some subtle sympathy to understand each other perfectly and scarcely to need the kindly services of the gentleman who had first appeared, to make themselves perfectly at home.

Among the last who came out from their places of concealment were two who wore the garb of ancient Greece. There were several others of the same nationality, but these were the most noteworthy. To one of them I was introduced by Mr. Todhunter, who had clambered down from the top shelf among the first, and who spoke to me quite affably and was very kind in pointing out distinguished men. In fact, to him and to Mr. Hatton, whose hiding-place was an immense "Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary," I owed the pleasure of meeting several notabilities that would otherwise have been unknown to me. He of the ancient dress, to whom Mr. Todhunter introduced me, was Euclides, and his companion he told me was Archimedes; and I noticed then what had escaped me before—that the latter held in his hand a golden crown, to which he kept pointing and of which he was very proud.

Turning my attention now to the main groups, I found that my friend who had appeared first was nowhere to be seen; but all thought of this was soon lost in the groups before me. They were principally Englishmen and Frenchmen, but there were besides these, many Germans and other Europeans, and some who, by their curious dress, I supposed must be Arabians, and there were also a few Hindoos.

Although for the most part there was general harmony, I heard some loud disputing among a number of Frenchmen and Englishmen, the nature of which I could not understand, though I could distinguish from time to time such words as "fluxions," "differentials," "limits," and noticed that they kept pointing to a small but most remarkable group of men which seemed to be the object of their discussion. Of this group I must speak more particularly. The most prominent one in it was an Englishman of grave and noble aspect, dressed in the style of the days of Queen Anne; and, oddly enough, he was followed everywhere by a frisky little black spaniel which he called "Diamond" and which, I remember, had a great ink spot on one of his paws. To this man all gave place; he seemed to me to be the acknowledged prince of the gathering, and yet in all his words and bearing there was a childlike simplicity. Conversing with this one, whom you will already have guessed to be Sir Isaac Newton, was a man of German appearance, yet who spoke in French, and who seemed to be a little uncertain as to whether he rightly belonged in that society; not that he was at all unworthy, for all seemed to do him honor, but he often went away in the direction of the metaphysical alcove, from which, on one of these excursions, he led back a pale, slender young man who held in his hand a barometer and some diagrams of conic sections. The latter I learned to be Pascal, and his more distinguished companion, Leibnitz. In this cluster of men I was also told to mark two Frenchmen, Lagrange and Descartes, the latter of whom I noticed to be very much interested in the youth who had the conic sections.

There seemed to be some dispute between two men, one a Frenchman named Leverrier, and the other a young man who wore the academic dress of Cambridge University. The former pointed to a round body of some size, which appeared to be suspended from the top of the library, and which he claimed to have found, while the other asserted that he had discovered it first. And yet the discussion, as is usual in such cases, was more heated between those who stood around them than between the claimants

themselves. However, as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of either of them getting possession of the ball, all united finally in honoring both of them for their skill.

There was another Frenchman there who came out from four great volumes entitled "*Mécanique Céleste*," in which he could have kept house very comfortably, so far as room was concerned. He joined with the others in doing honor to Sir Isaac Newton, to whom he seemed to feel indebted in a peculiar manner. I noticed presently that he took out from under his coat a kind of machine which he and a friend of his, a slight, delicate-looking American, with thin gray hair, were greatly interested in perfecting. They finally had it going so well that they put in a sort of cloudy mist, and turning the crank with sufficient rapidity, evolved any quantity of little worlds, with moons and rings and all the other appliances to match, and finally a burning and glowing little ball like a sun. The whole was very pretty, but at that moment my attention was diverted by seeing a gentle, womanly form come into the company. She was the only one of her sex that I saw, and yet she did not seem to feel strange or lonely. On the contrary, she seemed perfectly at home and conversed with many of the greatest of the company. She was treated with much respect by all, both for her womanliness and her high attainments. As soon as he who had brought out the machine, (whom you will have recognized as Laplace,) saw this lady, he left what he was doing, and approaching her with the greatest enthusiasm, took both her hands in his and exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Somerville: you don't know how much pleasure it gives me to meet the only woman in the world who can understand me!" Her reply escaped me, for just then Mr. Todhunter called my attention to an Englishman of rather stout and heavy build and having a massive head, who was earnestly conversing with a gray-haired, genial-looking man who had that indefinable air which marks an American. They had a diagram representing three straight lines perpendicular to each other, and they seemed to discuss it with all the ardor with which a discoverer would relate the finding of a new world. I learned that these were Sir Rowan Ham-

ilton and Prof. Benjamin Peirce, and that they were discussing a little invention of the former's which he called "Quaternions." And then there was a tall, scholarly-looking man, who I think must have been an Englishman. He seemed not to have so much in common with the others as some, though he was evidently highly honored by all. His name, as I was told, was George Boole, and when I saw him he was engaged in pondering a syllogism which he had written in the form of an equation.

There were many others, a few of whom I learned to recognize; but as I was looking at them I saw one approaching me whom Mr. Todhunter introduced as Lord Napier. I felt immediately that he had come to examine me in his Analogies, and I trembled with apprehension as he asked to see what I was doing. When I showed him the book a smile spread over his features, and he began to talk so fast and so learnedly about something I did not understand, and I became so woefully confused that when he asked me what I thought I could only stammer out, "Yes, I think so;" at which he became so angry that I don't know what he would have done, had not a great gong sounded and all started to scramble back to their places. I was infinitely diverted to see great, stout fellows get into slim, emaciated-looking books, and tall, slim ones crawl into great, fat tomes, until it seemed as though every one must have got into the wrong place. But soon all was snug and quiet except that the gong kept sounding louder than ever, until I finally thought it must be a bell; yes, it was the bell, and—oh, dear! I had dreamed away my two hours, and knew nothing of my lesson.

VOICES.

IN looking over the Printed Laboratory Notes of our Academic Senior who elects Analytical Chemistry, I saw the following written on a blank page, and in order that so useful an