Lucifer himself sweeping his Plutonic streets.

One of the better-known sections of the memoirs is concerned with Franklin's notorious thirteen moral virtues, which he sought to inculcate upon himself in his attempt to realize the stature of the wise man. D. H. Lawrence, in his mordant essay on Franklin, leaps into a frenzy over these virtues. They are quite sombre, humorless, heavy, practical. In that frightening sub-division, Chastity, Franklin speaks of "using venery;" an execrable phrase, this, which frightened Lawrence badly. Only a dispassionate, objective, sombre person could conceive of such a phrase.

Here is the most striking similarity, then, between Flem Snopes and Benjamin Franklin: their moral views. What would be the result were one to attempt to set up a similar list for Flem? He is temperate, neither drinking nor smoking; he is usually silent; he is frugal and industrious. He is quite sincere in his determination to progress, sincere in his demonic glee over the stupidity of his unfortunate neighbors. Regarding the "use of venery," one cannot say, although Flem gives the impression, that he is at least impotent, incapable of reproducing in the lush Eula his "froglike" type of creature.

An ironic situation is there, which doubtless would have bothered Franklin exceeding: his noble moral virtues can be applied, not only to god-like person, towards whom he was struggling, but also to a despicable person, a dehumanized man, a personified principle of exploitation, like Flem Snopes. Were Flem to keep a little progress-book, such as Franklin used, it probably would have been as free from check-marks as was Franklin's. This type of conjecture is damning for Franklin, since it destroys the single-valuedness which he thought he saw in the virtues.

It must be admitted that Franklin was one of the great men of his century. A prolific inventor and an original scholar, he was a disciple of Pythagorean, a Mason, a bon vivant, a wit, and a sage. Flem Snopes, on the other hand, is in the end a revolting, disgusting, fulsome animal seemingly regarded by Faulkner with a mixture of incredibility and nausea, a bloodless, soulless wraith.

Obviously Franklin can not be compared with the odious Flem in every way. It is only in the less noxious qualities that the two men rencontre. Nevertheless, therein lies an inconsistency of Franklin's moral character. It is Janus-faced: it can face towards good, or, without changing terminology, it can obvert itself and stare into Hell. Flem stares into—and out of—Hell. Franklin grasps at Heaven.

Past president of the Farco-Caliopean Society, senior John Miller adds another poem to his English Honors Project, a collection of verse.

**Amusement Muse**

**By John Miller**

The comedy is curtained off the stage,
The last sweet drops of make-believe
Squeezed from hands' acclaim at curtain-call
To cloy our conversation as we leave.

No swallowed thought tragedians prescribe,
No pill, no purge, no cleaving empathy;
No phantom-hero Hamlet can emerge
To follow home in quiet dignity.

**North Watch**

**By John Hodges**

Stark cold
The wind rips the rag of hope,
A snow sogged boot drags forth
And ploughs
To fall inches from
A knee mark in the snow.
A waning spirit strives up and stumbles once again,
One corporal surge and yet another thrust—
Then rest.

The swirl of blizzard uncurls
A blued fist.
The fury of the storm sweeps down,
Inters its captive,
Leaves no mark
And howls defiance through the world.