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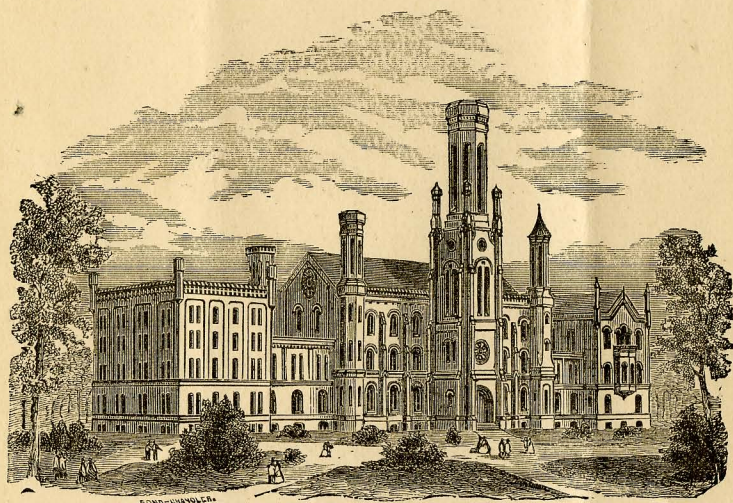
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APRIL, 1868.





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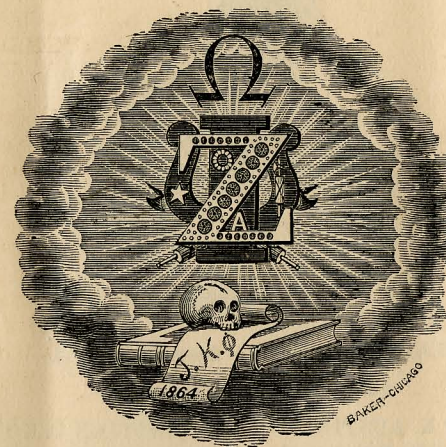
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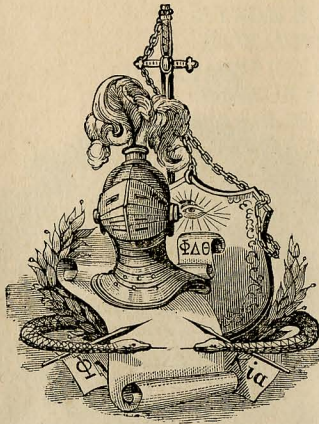
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 Ich frage viel nach Geld und Gut, ..... Heinrich F. Frind.  
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 To DORRANCE DIBELL, OF MOKENA, ILL. . . SECOND PRIZE.

# CALENDAR.

1868. June 21, Anniversary of Christian Association, 7½ P.M.  
 " " 22, Term Examinations begin. Freshman Prize Declamations, 7½ P.M.  
 " " 23, Junior Exhibition, 7½ P.M.  
 " " 24, Sophomore Prize Essays, 3 P.M.  
 " " 25, Commencement, 2 P.M.

## VACATION OF ELEVEN WEEKS.

1868. Sept. 10, First Term begins. Examination of Candidates for Admission begins.  
 " Dec. 21, Term Examinations begin.  
 " " 23, First Term ends.

## VACATION OF TWO WEEKS.

1869. Jan. 7, Second Term begins.  
 " Mar. 9, Term Examinations begin.  
 " " 31, Second Term ends.  
 " April 8, Third Term begins.  
 " June 30, Commencement.

# INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1868.

THE CYCLE of another College year is nearly completed, and we are called to the task of representing, in the pages of the INDEX, the work and progress of our noble University. First, then, let us introduce you to the INDEX itself; for it may be supposed that you do not recognize the personage; yet, be assured, it is the veritable INDEX which you have seen, perhaps, a score of times, only it has adopted a new style of dress, a fashion which we hope will please you all, for we certainly think it is neat, and much more convenient than the old one.

While we somehow feel sad at parting with the old familiar form which has greeted us for so many years, and whose origin dates back nearly to the commencement of the University itself, still, we love improvement and thrift too well always to be content in the same little "flower pot," mentioned in the Editorial of last year. True, we can not now, even with extended space, fully represent the growing interest and strength of our Institution; and in the following pages can make only a few passing allusions to it; yet, we trust that the "fitness of things," in the new form and appearance of the INDEX, will justify us in making the change. There are such things as appropriateness and respectability; and the prophet perhaps referred to the opposite of these when he said, "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." And so we think it has been with our College paper — too short and too narrow to be an appropriate and respectable organ for our school. The time has passed when a single sheet, issued but once a year, can do justice to an institution like ours. We form our opinion of an institution by its representative. This is our only way. Then let us have a fair representation; but, in sending out to our friends this pamphlet, we do not claim for it that perfect standard which we so ear-

nestly advocate. In getting out of the rut of custom, the first step must necessarily be short. This short step we have tried to take, with the hope that others coming after us will bear onward the enterprise, by issuing not only a yearly, but a monthly magazine, showing the true literary *status* of our school; and it is not too much to say that, in general, Western Colleges are backward in urging, through their own periodicals, their claims to equality with Eastern Colleges.

It would be hardly pardonable in us to open a full discussion of this question here, or to reply to the caterings of some of our Eastern periodicals, yet we will take the liberty to say that, while the East may excel the West in splendid endowments, and overgrown libraries, the West now stands her equal in the thoroughness of her instruction, and in advance, in the life and enterprise with which she masters it.

Educators, both East and West, now agree that colleges should be planted in the centres of enterprise, where young men may feel the inspiration of life, and carry it with them to the class room, and from the class room to the scene of action; that college humdrum is not all there is of an education; and that an educated *stupidity* is not in demand in the market of the nineteenth century.

To know something is one thing, to *do* something with the knowledge which you have acquired, is quite another thing. Now, while we do not claim for this spirit in education an existence in the West alone, yet its preponderance here is an argument in favor of western institutions. To speak with reference to our own University — the past year has been one of signal success. Nearly every department has received a new impulse, and an increase of strength — a strength derived from the consciousness of rapid progress to ultimate success. The students, too, feel a growing pride in the gradual, and almost rapid increase of their numbers, and though their Alma Mater can not boast, like other institutions, of time-honor, having passed through only a decade of years, yet, with her present attainments in thorough scholarship, and her executive ability, they feel conscious that her rank is among the best.

Living as we do at the commencement of her career, witnessing every conflict for the mastery, and experiencing, ourselves, in time past, some of her trials, why should we not feel

a joyous pride at every step of her progress? Should we raise our voices high in praise of the hand that reared us, none would be surprised. Think it not strange, then, that we interest ourselves so much in the welfare of our Alma Mater, and with loud praises herald for her a still more glorious career in the future.

Though the year past has been singularly characterized by a steady increase of interest in matters of a general and literary character, yet it has been subject to some changes.

Prof. Hudnutt is at present on leave of absence, engaged as Resident Engineer on the Pacific Railroad, an enterprise for which no one, in point of skill and experience, is better qualified. His return next year will be gladly welcomed by all who have had, or expect to have any connection with him.

Prof. McChesney, for the past few years absent in Europe, has returned, and expects soon to enter upon his duties as Professor. Though we have not been able to enjoy his instruction, he has not forgotten the University, but has collected a cabinet of specimens, mineralogical and geological (and *Theological*, for aught we know), which now only awaits the building of the north wing to put us in possession of "one of the finest collections in the West, for the purposes of instruction." With twenty or thirty tons of geological information, surely that department ought not to fall behind the others.

Dr. Burroughs has been engaged during the year in other than his regular duties, as the welfare of our growing institution seemed to require his labors in another direction. While he has given his attention to the financial interests of the College, with such eminent success that we trust he will soon return to us as a teacher, the department of Moral Philosophy has been under the charge of Dr. Northrup, and that of Mental Philosophy, of Prof. Warren. Both have left none but the most pleasant recollections in the minds of the students, who feel grateful for the most efficient aid rendered in the prosecution of their studies.

But those who have long been with us, whose names are familiar to all our readers, found that an increase in the number of students called for a corresponding increase in the num-

ber of instructors; and this has resulted in the addition to our Faculty of one who has long stood high among the educators of our country — Prof. James R. Boise. Prof. Boise is too well and too favorably known to need any extended notice from *us*, yet the following paragraph, clipped from the *Standard*, of this city, may not be out of place:

“Prof. Boise has filled, for fifteen years, with eminent success, the chair of the Ancient Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor — an institution of the first class, in all respects. Previous to this, he had spent ten years in Brown University, where he had graduated in 1840, and where he taught — first as Assistant Professor, and afterwards full Professor of Greek. Resigning this professorship, he spent above a year in Europe, studying at Halle and Berlin, and traveling in Italy and Greece. \* \* \* Several valuable contributions to classical literature have been made by Prof. Boise. Among these may be named a work on Greek Prose Composition, and an edition of Xenophon’s *Anabasis*, with notes. He is now preparing a similar edition of the *Iliad*. His works are adopted as text books, and are highly valued. As a teacher and disciplinarian, Prof. Boise had no superior in the Faculty with which he has been associated; while as a Greek scholar, he ranks with the most finished in the country.” We take it as a compliment to the University that he decided to come here after a visit of several days, hearing and instructing the Greek classes, and fully informing himself of the position and prospects of the institution.

The other members of the Faculty have presided over their respective departments with their usual becoming grace and dignity, and the best record of their actions will be found in the progress of the students under their charge.

The financial prospect of the University was never better than at the present time, when it is expected that by the end of the year, the University will be out of debt, the remaining wing of the building in process of completion, and most of the chairs wholly or partially endowed. Though this can not be positively promised, there is every reason to expect it will be accomplished.

The building for the Theological Seminary will also be

erected this summer, just north of the University, and will probably be ready for use at the beginning of the school year in October. We understand that already nearly \$25,000 has been raised for this object.

### POETRY.

THE imagination is one of the primary elements of man’s mental constitution. Beaming forth in childhood, it plays and sparkles amid the dews of his youth, lights the path of stern, rugged manhood, and as old age comes laboring on, it stretches out from earth, and mingles its rays with the dawn of the Infinite and Eternal. It is, as it were, the artist of the mind, adorning the halls of memory — man’s great picture gallery — with rich and rare selections; frescoing the forming walls of the mind with all that is beautiful, and perfect, and grand. And to determine its influence, and follow its various modifications, would be as difficult as to compute the number of the stars, to mark the boundaries of love and enthusiasm, or calculate the beauty of the flower. Indeed, its position in the mental economy is paramount, its influence, all-pervading.

The propriety then, yea, even the necessity of its cultivation, will not be disputed. And certainly, to attain this end, there can be found no better method than a careful study of the purest expressions, the master strokes of the imagination, as exhibited in poetry. No one has finished his education, who has failed to inweave with his intellectual woof the delicate fibers and charming colors of “heaven-bred poesy.” And while it may not constitute its main texture, without loss of strength and vitality, still, as painting, music, and sculpture are the ornamental fringe of a nation’s life, so poetry may form the rich embroidery of man’s intellectual greatness, and gracefully fringing its border, impart charm and beauty. Like the tender plant which blooms amid Alpine crags and snows, by its beauty and fragrance relieving in some measure the harsh and chilling scenery; thus poetry enlivens and beautifies all the sterner qualities of the mind.

We are told that the mighty range of mountains, which divides our continent, is filled with veins of gold, many and

deep. Hence we find that those gloomy regions are lighted up with the fires of civilization; that those dark masses have been overturned and handled. Thus the poetry of man's life forms the golden veins of his intellectual greatness; and every where, running into and branching through the huge mass of his mental acquisitions, they confer inestimable wealth and splendor, and present charming attraction for new adventure into the realms of fancy, new exploration into the regions of thought, new openings into the mines of truth.

But there is no excellence, which in its perversion and improper use, does not convert to a most terrible engine of evil. This is true of poetry. And having now advocated its judicious perusal and acquaintance, I can with less hesitancy censure that constant and excessive indulgence in it, which many advocate, and into which all are liable to fall. Its rich and varied expression, its lively and charming style, its apt and life-like illustration, its terseness, simplicity, life, and consequent strength and beauty, render it exceedingly attractive and fascinating. So all-pervading is the vein of its originality, so unbroken is the chain of its excellences, so easy, yet so delicate and accurate is its pencil, so high, yet so faithful its coloring, that the reader is held to the page, and urged, hurried forward with a fond fascination. Hence the extreme danger of becoming too deeply engrossed in it.

Poetry is a fire, by which you may light the torch that may guide you with delight through the boundless realms of thought and knowledge, but into which it is venturesome to enter, and from which none can hope to return with full strength and life. The fire of the volcano, if it were possible to check and control it, would impart to the whole mountain a constant and general warmth, quicken all vegetation, and clothe its rugged sides with leaf and fruit; but, fed too abundantly, unrestrained, it pours forth lava, smoke and ruin. Thus it is with the imagination. When properly nourished and guided, it influences the whole mind, quickens all intellectual growth, and expresses in beauty and wealth; but unduly pampered and excited, it glows into a consuming flame, withering the mental life, and blasting the mental power.

Poetry does not possess those properties requisite to devel-

oping and strengthening the human mind, but rather those which please, entertain, and enrich. It is not a staple article of food, upon which one may *live*; but just as certainly as indulgence of the bodily appetites and passions will tend to debilitate the physical nature, and prevent the proper development of the physical frame, so an undue allowance of mental stimulus, an improper pampering of the mind, will impair the mental strength, and disorganize the mental powers. It is a luxury, a sweetmeat, which should be used only as a dessert, — occasionally and in moderation.

In poetry there is not found material sufficiently durable with which to lay the foundations of strong mental character, nor sufficiently ample and solid from which to hew the pillars of intellectual greatness.

Very contracted, and very unsubstantial, or at most of but moderate dimensions, of but indifferent composition, must be that mental structure whose only foundation is a painted excellence, whose strongest support is an ideal virtue, whose most serviceable apartment is a hall of intellectual condiments and excitants, whose safest stairway is a flight of the imagination, whose whole upper story is a wild and unsettled fancy.

#### STRUGGLE ON.

Struggle on, struggle on. Not all life's way  
Is dark. Perhaps e'en now, before the day,  
Black night is waning. That star, the harbinger  
Of morn, shines forth for thee, to guide thy steps,  
To cheer thy heart. However thick the gloom,  
Or fierce the storm, not always may the clouds  
Withhold from thee the sun's glad light; ere long  
Their silver lining will become thy dress,  
And bright, far brighter then, the light of day  
Will break upon thee. Look! light is dawning,  
Morn's at hand, day appears.

Struggle on. Does thy road  
Seem rough, uneven, winding? Life is full  
Of "crooks and turns." Think not to thee alone

The way is slippery ; that thy feet only  
Waver, stumble ; that thou alone dost fall ;  
Like to thine are all the paths of life ;  
Like to thee is all the race of man.

Struggle on ! Art thou weary, sad, oppressed ?  
I know 'tis said " life has its ups and downs ;"  
But 'tis not all uphill. Nor is the goal  
Always obscured from sight ; but soon the prize  
Draws near, and growing bright, invites you on.  
Already you approach the summit. Beyond,  
A smiling future holds rich store of cheer  
For thee, and kindly waits thy coming.

Struggle on ! Does thy future seem a blank,  
And thy past life a failure ? Thou hast a work  
For which the past hath but prepared thee.  
Thou yet shalt see thy future life connect  
With that which is ; shalt know how well thy present  
With thy past stands linked. He who gave thee life  
And strength, has also given that life a path,  
And bounds, and for that strength assigned a work,  
And pointed out a duty.

Struggle on ! Let not thy heart grow cheerless ;  
Let not inaction seize thine arm, and rust  
Thine energy. Let not the palsying touch  
Of sloth arrest thy steps, or thwart thy purpose.  
Let not grim death o'take thee, ere thou find'st  
A cure for his fell stroke. Let not the grave  
Encompass thee, till from it victory  
Is wrested, and around thy brow is wreathed  
Immortal life. Oh rest not, wait not, then,  
Until thou hast a pass through heaven's gate,  
And won a title to an heavenly mansion.

Struggle on ! Struggle on !

### THE PRESENT WANT.

A LITTLE boy, when asked : " What are you good for ?" promptly replied : " Good to make a man of." It was a noble reply, and expressed a worthy appreciation of the end of his being.

The crying want of the world, never as large as to-day, is *men* ; and if this demand is to be met, boys are the stuff of which they are to be made.

Men are needed every where : in the family, the school, the pulpit, at the bar, and the world knows only too well, how much they are needed in commercial circles and in politics ; men with honesty of purpose in all their dealings, of tender consciences, and moral back bone, who will not be turned from the path of rectitude by the " voice of charmers, charming never so wisely ;" nor be overcome by the threats of power. Moral corruption in high places has reached an alarming pitch, until the chief offices of a great people are not unfrequently held by blackguards and drunkards. This may appear like an unwarrantable statement ; but unpleasant as it is, facts are stubborn things, and " 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

We want men, in all the walks of life, who will " be just and fear not ;" whose ends, at which they ever aim, shall be " their country's, their God's, and truth's."

" How shall we educate ?" is *the* question more than any other now agitating the public mind, and many are the solutions proposed. But that school which fails to send forth men (excepting schools for young women) is not merely a nuisance, but a positive curse. Is there an institution in the land that can truthfully hang out the sign : " Men made here ;" it is deserving of patronage, for it is the hope of the world. To attempt any other course would be as foolish as was Governor Yates, when he commissioned a regiment for the war, with staff and company officers complete, before there was a soldier for the ranks. Once we have the men, the offices are easily filled.

A higher standard of manhood is demanded. It is time to cease toasting and féting men of position who are moral bankrupts ; if they persist in their evil practices, let them be treated

as such conduct deserves. More than this, there would be fewer libertines to pollute the social atmosphere with their unhallowed breath, did society "cut" the licentious, and show regard for worth rather than pretence, to the man rather than mere manners.

To attain to this standard depends in great measure upon the teachers of the youth. The man or woman exerts a greater influence in the formation of character than do the text books. And that teacher who inspires the pupils under him with nobler aspirations, and holier resolves, gives them an exalted idea of humanity and the dignity of life, has God's approval upon his labors. But, on the other hand, the one whose personal intercourse has an opposite tendency, causing them to place a low, mean, and despicable estimate upon life, I care not how loud sounding his titles may be, or how rich he may be in all the learning of books, he is not fit to be an instructor of the young — was never commissioned of Heaven to this work; and no man is called to teach, any more than to preach, who does not feel "woe is me" if I teach not.

Were this test strictly applied, how many so called schools of learning would be closed! How much fewer in number would teachers and professors be! And yet will any one say that it would not be a blessing to us and to posterity?

### COMMENCEMENT.

THE commencement week of last year deserves special mention.

Considering the character and variety of the exercises, together with the signal interest manifested on the part of the friends and patrons of the school, it is conceded to have been the best in the history of the College. The large number present to witness the exercises, was a cause of special cheer to the performers, who, after spending a term of four or five years in laborious study, felt themselves in part compensated when they saw their friends present to witness their success. We hope that the commencement next June will be honored by a still larger gathering.

Concerning each particular exercise, we have space to make but a few general remarks.

The contest by the Freshman class for the "KEEN PRIZES" for excellence in declamation was considered by all very commendable. Every performer deserves high praise.

The prize essays of the Sophomores were excellent, and among the best that have ever been produced in the University.

The Junior orations were also creditable to their authors, and were generally well delivered; at least, sufficiently so for all practical purposes, as they seemed to elicit showers of bouquets from the "belles demoiselles" in the audience.

Class day exercises, which were held in the grove in front of the University, were full of the true ring, and delighted a large audience, which was by no means glad when they were ended, so rich and spicy had been the feast.

The exercises of commencement day proper were witnessed by the largest gathering ever present at the University on such an occasion. Each graduate deservedly won for himself the praise of a delighted audience, which seemed to speak for him success in the future.

We are glad at this early date to be able to furnish our readers with the programme of exercises for class day next June.

It will be substantially as follows:

|                               |                            |                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------|
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| CLASS HISTORY,                | - - - -                    | J. F. Wilson.    |
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| IVY PLANTING, AND ADDRESS, by | -                          | L. T. Bush.      |
|                               | IVY SONG. (Original.)      |                  |
| POEM, - - - -                 | -                          | D. B. Butler.    |
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| PROPHECY, - - - -             | -                          | A. B. Hostetter. |
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| ORATION, - - - -              | -                          | H. C. Mabie.     |
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| PRESENTATION OF PRIZES,       | - -                        | J. A. Miner.     |
|                               | MUSIC.                     |                  |
| COUNSELLOR'S ADDRESS,         | - - -                      | E. P. Savage.    |
|                               | FAREWELL SONG. (Original.) |                  |

## IN MEMORIAM.

THAT we should be called to record two events so similar in their nature and circumstances to those recorded in our last issue, seems like a strange coincidence. "He whose footsteps are in the sea" has visited us again, and though we are unable to tell why, in one case, so fair a flower should have been plucked, yet we would bow in submission to Him "who doeth all things well," and learn lessons of wisdom from all His providences.

Mulford C. Armstrong had but just finished his course of education in the University, and with the honors of his graduation still fresh in the memories of all, had taken hardly a step across the threshold into the activities of life, when he was overtaken, and fell a victim to a relentless fever; an event which saddened the hearts of all who knew him; and it is with peculiar sorrow that we record it, since he filled the position of Senior Editor of the INDEX last year. The hand that wrote so tenderly the "In Memoriam" in that issue is now palsied in death, and calls for another to record, though it may not be with that same tender touch, his own fate.

To say that Mr. Armstrong was a young man of uncommon promise, is to say but little of him. His character and abilities were of a rare type, and his life was a worthy example for our imitation. To give our readers a more correct idea of what he was than we can do in this brief space, we insert the following resolutions of respect and sympathy, passed by the Faculty and students of the University:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his mysterious providence, to remove by the hand of death our beloved friend and brother, Mulford C. Armstrong, a member of the last graduating class of the University; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we have received, with sorrow inexpressible by words, this deeply afflicting intelligence.

*Resolved*, That by his death, literature has lost a scholar of refined and delicate culture, society a bright ornament, and the church a member, the daily beauty of whose life was such that

"None knew him but to love him,  
Or named him but to praise."

*Resolved*, That, while we deplore the loss of one so dear, his memory will ever be "pleasant, though mournful to the soul," and that his example, as an indefatigable and conscientious student, as a gentleman, in whom "were high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy," and, above all, as an earnest and consistent Christian, whose character was free from spot or blemish, should provoke us to greater zeal in self-culture, and to a more thorough self-consecration in the cause of Christ.

*Resolved*, That as the mere lapse of years is not life, and as he who has arrived into the measure of a perfect stature in Christ has fulfilled the prime intention of his being, the career of our departed friend, though chronologically brief, was really complete; and, therefore, we recognize, even in this afflictive dispensation, the hand of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That the sudden decease of two of the late graduates of the University, immediately after receiving its honors, should teach us all the vanity of learning and scholarship, except as they are subordinated to lofty ends, and, above all, consecrated to the Redeemer.

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathies to the parents, who have been deprived of a dutiful and loving son; to the brothers and sisters, who have lost an affectionate brother; and to the other relatives, who mourn a devoted Christian friend.

The friends of Mr. Armstrong will be glad to learn that a memorial of his life is being prepared, and will soon be published, in pamphlet form, by Mr. J. T. Sunderland, who was, for a large part of his course, both a class mate and room mate.

We are also called upon to record the death of Wm. Jones Esq., who was one of the most prominent members of the Board of Trustees of the University, and who, for several years, was chairman of the Executive Committee.

"He was also one of the most princely benefactors of the University; his contributions to its funds have been liberal and continuous from the beginning, and its success is largely owing to his generosity."

Appropriately to his honor, the southern wing of the University bears the title "Jones' Hall."

We learn with pleasure that his son, Louis C. Jones, has been elected to his place in the Board, making it worthy of note, that, as he was the oldest member of the Board, his son is now the youngest.

### A COLLEGE TALE.

'Tis said that at "Union," a college whose name  
Has long been renowned for *botanical* fame,  
On a Thanksgiving eve, full a dozen or more  
Of its eminent worthies, a vigilant corps,  
In their wonted resort met together in glee,  
Intent on inventing a classical spree.

There were Jim, Bob, and Harry, with Bill, Tom, and Ben,  
And Jake, Dick, and Jerry—all prominent men.  
The question propounded was what should be done  
To yield them the most and the jolliest fun;  
Which, debated at length with some vigor and skill,  
Was thus fully settled by Jerry and Bill:—  
It chanced their good President, President Nott,  
Had a host of fine turkeys, not far from the spot,  
Snugly perched in the trees in the rear of the manse,  
Quite securely removed from his perilous glance.  
Now the project of Bill was to charge on the roost—  
"First rate!" shouted Jerry, "that's worthy a boost,  
For dinner to-morrow, in private we'll feast  
On our pick of the lot, half a dozen at least."  
"Well, a bargain," cried Jim, "we will make with you two,  
Provide us the turkeys, we'll carry it through."  
"Amen!" was replied, "'tis a bargain, and fair,"  
So off with a sack set the mischievous pair.  
'Twas the still hour of night, a night, sweet and serene,  
Yet enrobed in a garb that befriended the scheme.  
Soon the spot was attained, and Bill clambered a tree,  
Where the ill-fated turkeys most thick seemed to be.  
At the foot, with the sack, Jerry stood to receive,  
Then quick with the turkeys to snatch up and leave.

Just then, strange to tell, good old President Nott,  
Chancing out rather late, was adjoining the spot;  
And hearing disturbance, though truly quite slight,  
In the trees 'mong his poultry, if haply he might  
Discover the cause, bent his steps toward the place.  
Jerry, something perceiving, with exquisite grace  
Spurred his heels to the house, without hinting to Bill  
Or securing his sack. The good doctor with will  
Took the fugitive's place, and the business began—  
"Here Jerry," said Bill, "There is sweet Sally Ann,  
Feel how graceful her neck is" ('twas stretched half a yard).  
Sally entered the sack—not a word spoke the guard.  
"Here, hug Auntie Peggy, luck bless her sweet face—  
Arrah! Jenny, my darling, for you we've a place—  
There she is." Thus too, Biddy, and Judy, and Jack,  
In turn by the doctor, were put in the sack.  
With the gobbler, said Bill, "That's a dinner, go on."  
So ere Bill reached the ground, sack and doctor were gone.  
Bill put for the college, and reaching the den,  
Was astounded to learn (unsuspected till then)  
Jerry hadn't been there, nor a turkey had seen;  
Then his story telling, he swore it was mean.  
The scene o'er the joke I need scarcely portray,  
Or the feelings of Bill—it sufficeth to say  
When morning appeared, there came with its light,  
To Bill and his comrades, a happy, polite,  
And warm invitation to visit that day  
Their good President's house. Fearing Nick was to pay,  
Yet equipped for the worst, off the company set;  
But with welcome surprise nothing evil they met;  
Just a short social visit, there seemed no mistake,  
Was all the good doctor had wished them to make.  
Nay, so pleasant an hour with his lordship they spent,  
Not a few had forgotten the wicked event.  
But, the dinner-bell rang—from the cabinet led,  
All were then introduced to a table well spread  
With dainties and turkeys, a bounteous feast,  
Quite surprising the party, poor Billy at least.  
The blessing invoked, thus the doctor began:—  
"Master William, just speak, this is sweet Sally Ann—

Or a piece of Aunt Peggy sir, would you prefer?"  
 "Just—just"—stammered Bill with no little demur,  
 "Just a bite of the first,"—then a snicker arose,  
 And poor Bill colored up to the point of his nose.  
 So on round the board, each expressing his wish,  
 Was served to his dainty, particular dish.  
 'Tis needless to add how all relished their feast,  
 'Twas of course with delight—with the doctor at least.  
 Time passed, and they parted, acknowledging fair,  
 That the best of the joke was the President's share.

#### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

During the year the societies have been making progress, certain and sure, if not rapid. The Tri Kappa held its second annual public exhibition in the University Chapel, March 3rd, in which the exercises reflected great credit on the society, and were well received by a highly intelligent audience. This society, now in its fifth year, claims to rank at least *equal* to its rival, the Athenaeum, though its founders hardly anticipated that the little society, started as a preparatory school for the Athenaeum, would so soon challenge the claims of the latter to being, preëminently, *the* college society. It has sent out a few parties into several smaller towns to give exhibitions, which have made very fair returns for the time and labor employed. The fund thus obtained has been expended in helping furnish the rooms occupied by the two societies, for, after long and useless contention, they have at last united in a single room, and we hope soon to see that furnished as the character of the University demands.

The Athenaeum will give a literary entertainment some time during the present term, and judging from the previous exhibitions of the society, we have no hesitation in predicting a complete success.

On the whole, the societies are now in a condition, perhaps, best calculated to produce good results. Both flourishing and vigorous, on an equal footing financially, the claims of either to the first position must be based on the character of its members, and the tone of its literary exercises, while the pres-

ent healthful rivalry but tends to increase the interest, and call forth productions of greater literary merit. A promising feature for the future, is that of the joint meetings lately begun, in which the participants are chosen from both societies, and the surroundings are such as to inspire the performers with pardonable pride, and arouse them to greater exertions in behalf of their society.

#### LECTURES.

The Students' Association has been quite successful this year in the matter of free lectures. Able men from home and abroad have been secured, and the result has been beneficial and very satisfactory to all who have had the privilege of being present. The lectures in the 'Students' Course' have been as follows:

RICHARD EDWARDS, LL.D., President Ill. State Normal University, Bloomington—"The Golden Age is Now."

REV. JAS. DIXON, D.D., Milwaukee, Wis.—"Thought and his Chariots."

REV. J. M. GREGORY, LL.D., President Ill. Industrial University, Champaign—"What to read, and how to read it."

PROFESSOR SWING, Pastor of the Westminster Church, Chicago—"Michael Angelo."

G. S. PHILLIPS, (January Searle)—"Recollections of Remarkable Men and Celebrated Places."

REV. ROBERT PATTERSON, D.D., Chicago—"Antiquity of Man."

It is also expected that Rev. H. M. Gallaher, of Brooklyn, will deliver a lecture before the students during the present term.

It will thus be seen, that our lectures, though few in number, have been of a high character and on a variety of topics.

In addition to this, arrangements were perfected with the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Men's (Library) Association, of this city, by which the students were admitted to all the lectures in both courses, at half-price. That this arrangement was at once liberal and profitable on the part of the two Associations, and acceptable and advantageous to the students, is obvious. The limited number of

speakers in the student's course, is readily explained, when it is borne in mind, that these, with the lectures in the city would be about as many as could be easily attended without serious detriment to lessons. With some exceptions, arising from various causes, large and appreciative audiences have given the speakers a cordial and hearty welcome, and have shown that the efforts of the students to furnish first-class literary entertainment have not been unavailing, and that the opportunity to enjoy such has not been neglected by the citizens of this vicinity.

IN a late number of the *University Chronicle*, published at Michigan University (a school at Ann Arbor), was an article severely deprecating the course of those parents who persist in trying to bring up their daughters in that town. From its spirit we judge the author to be some poor unfortunate, who has been superseded in the affections (?) of a fickle fair, by a more skillful rival, or else a "rustic moralist," unused to the "ways of the town." He makes the alarming statement, said to be true, that in any town where there is a large school, the proportion of ladies, that the waves of flirtation and folly leave high and dry on the strand of single-blessedness, is much greater than elsewhere, and draws the rather broad inference that the very atmosphere of a college is tainted, and advises all who have the welfare of their daughters at heart, to remove them from the baleful influence of Michigan University. What a commentary on the character of the students there! Without in the least doubting that the young ladies of that town are no better for the college being there, we would very respectfully, though perhaps thus showing our simplicity, suggest a milder remedy than such wholesale removal. If the students let the girls alone, indulge in no useless, senseless, heartless flirtations, and attend to that for which ostensibly they go to college, would not the evil be abated in a slight degree? If they will not do this, perhaps removal is all that is left, and in that case we venture to commend the example of a certain Professor, who, "by removing to Chicago, secured better educational advantages for his daughters." Perhaps,

on trial, Chicago would be found to meet the wants of *all* such. At least from all the indications it would seem that the female friendships of our students do not come to such a sad end as at Ann Arbor.

### MARRIAGES.

FIRST—PIENTKOSKY.—In Bristol, Wisconsin, October 1867, at the residence of the bride's father; Rev. Henry First, class of '66, and Miss Ellen Pientkosky.

HARPER—BALL.—In Argos, Indiana, February 12, 1868, at the residence of the officiating clergyman; Mr. James Harper, class of '69, and Miss Sarah Ball.

GREGORY—JUDD.—At the residence of the bride's mother, on February 27, 1868, by Rev. E. J. Goodspeed; Mr. Henry A. Gregory, formerly of the class of '69, and Miss Judd, all of Chicago.

SPRINGER—MILLS.—On April 23, 1868, at the house of the bride, by Rev. W. W. Harsha; Mr. Richard M. Springer, of Bristol, Illinois, and Miss Carrie Mills, of Chicago.

The BEREAN SOCIETY, that has long been so intimately connected with that which is most dear to the Christian student, has at last yielded to the force of circumstances. The other societies gave opportunity for all the literary effort that could well be made, while the Christian Association took charge of all the purely religious interests, so that the Berean seemed to have outlived its days of usefulness. From the loss of the old members who had left college, and from the inability of those who were left, to sustain it decently, it was thought best to dissolve the society. It therefore turned over all its library and other property to the Christian Association, which is now left in possession of the field of Christian labor in the University. Under its auspices daily prayer-meetings were held during the whole winter term, in which much interest was manifested, and which resulted in many hopeful conversions.

The READING ROOM has been well supplied with some sixty or more periodicals, among which we notice, as showing the character of the Reading Room, the *North British Review*, *London Quarterly*, *North American Review*, *London Saturday Review*, *Nation*, *Round Table*, and other leading foreign and home magazines and journals. Politics, Religion, Science, Art, Base Ball, general literature and finance furnish some thirty weeklies, and twenty monthlies, not to mention the quarterlies, so that if our students go forth into the world unable to converse three minutes on any subject not directly connected with their studies, ignorant of all that is now going on in the world, it will not be due to lack of means for gaining information.

During the first term of the year, the students organized, and put in operation, a "senate," taking the United States Senate for a model, and, evidently taking the cue from that august body, lately resolved themselves into a "Grant Club." In the capacity of a senate, they discussed more fully than was practicable in the literary societies, the political questions agitating the public mind — reconstruction, relations between Congress and the Supreme Court, and the like. As a fair proportion of the members of the "Grant" club would prefer some one else for the Presidency, we may be pardoned for being somewhat skeptical in regard to the usefulness of this organization.

With the SKATING PARK, the season has, on the whole, not been as favorable as was hoped. By the exertions of Mr. R. M. Springer (for it is injustice to no one to say that whatever has been done, is due to his untiring efforts,) the Park was fenced, and suitable buildings erected; but owing to the difficulty of flooding it, and the not over-favorable weather, it has not afforded its patrons as much pleasure as would otherwise have been the case. The first of these difficulties will probably be removed before another season, so that all may have unlimited opportunities for astronomical observations without the aid of the Professor.

