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PROSPECTS OF DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

It is the opinion of many persons in this country that England is drifting towards a democratic form of government. They forget that the aristocracy of England have a very strong tenacity of life, and the people will probably find it is as difficult to get rid of it as Sinbad found it to get rid of the Old Man of the Sea, that would still ride upon his back at such a rate. The English democracy do not seem inclined to rectify matters by any revolutionary outbreak. The claims of the country appear to be opposed to any vehement mode of changing the existing order of things. The history of the nation exhibits this.

Looking at the doings of the time of Charles the First, we find that, though the beheading of a King and the creation of a commonwealth did look awful enough in the eyes of Europe, the people of England required thirty years of goading from a very despotic sovereign and a rapacious court to make them resolve on regicide. It took them the space of a generation to get into a regular democratic rage. A hundred times did the people, by their representatives, beseech Charles Stuart to be on good terms with the nation, and to let the parliament act for him. But no. That would not be Kingly. It was not so in

the old time before him. What was a King if he was not a King?

“——the mob

At last fell sick of imitating Job,”

and at the end of thirty years they did what they should have done long before, if they were not a very patient people, attached to old observances, and not desirous of change. Look at the Revolution. It was a revolution of rose water. One King was driven out of his realm and another brought into his place with far less violence than would attend the removal of a Parisian apple-woman's stall. The license of a revolution had no charms in the eyes of the order-loving Islanders. When the ghost of popery was laid in the Red Len, or the monastery of La Trappe, the people very quietly took up with a system of things only a trifle different from its antecedent.

Coming at another great English crisis, we find the people of the Thirteen Colonies protesting their loyalty and deprecating any infraction of the constitution, at a time when they were goaded to the very edge of rebellion. Even after the men of Massachusetts had flung the hyson into the sea at the *Tea* wharf—after the bloodshed at Concord and Lexington, the colonists set forth in substance what the barons did in the reign of Henry the Third. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*—specifically what the people said to Charles the First—no taxing without representation.

Thus we see how the Anglo-Saxon genius has been generally averse to violent revolution, and attached to the system of operating by constitutional principles. And so it is at this moment. Not alone in this country, where, even in the perturbed building up of a new order of things from the confused circumstances of rebellion and war, the absence of impracticable theories and bloody excesses was so remarkable to the gaze of the world, but, over the way, in the England of these changeable times, has that slow and unventuring Anglo-Saxon principle been exhibited. In 1848, there was a talk of a Chartist rising, and enormous old London imitating Milan, Paris, Vienna, and the other combustible places. But no such thing. There was a great fright. The plethoric metropolis was in a mortal panic—and the worship of the constable's staff multiplied by thirty thousand was continuous for a month; but no more. It was not in the nature or history of the people to go madly to work.

They appealed to the constitution, or a possible constitution, and went to their discontented homes. But when they think they are *on the side* of that illusory constitution of theirs, how they do ramp and rage! Witness the Gordon Riots in 1780, when the people threw the capital into fits, in their hatred of popery! This very vehemence only showed how deeply that *constitutional* principle is rooted in the minds of the people of England, in contradistinction from any thing like furious revolutionary outbreak—from theoretical impulse.

As we have said, it will probably be some time before the English people have done away with the evil influence of their aristocracy. The reformers of England who have any chance of succeeding, are engaged in “digging up” the hopes of the democracy “from the foundation of the constitution.” That is, they are going to work, by means of the franchise, and a diffusion of knowledge and comfort among the people. For this purpose they, some years ago, set on foot a “Freehold Land Society”—the result of which they expect to be that, first, the people will have increased votes, and next, increased means of livelihood. A society was formed, with a capital of a million of pounds, to purchase large estates and parcel them out into forty shilling holdings, such as confer the franchise. The large estates now belonging to individuals would belong to the masses, and the land monopolies of the nation be broken up. The people, encouraged by the secure possession of their own little bits of ground, would cultivate them with assiduity and hope, and thus acquire habits of industry which would be a blessing to their households, and habits of independent thought which would tell favorably for liberty at the hustings.

Mr. Bright and his associates hope to be enabled to cover the whole land with a network of societies, all affiliated on this Freehold Society. It is a very noble attempt, but a very arduous one. It is in fact saying to the people—“Help yourselves!” The aristocracy of the land, and the manufacturers of England will give no encouragement to a revolution which is to benefit the great lower class—and which would have the effect of reducing the profits of all employers. The industry of the people would be exercised more for their own homesteads and household gods, than for *bosses* and landlords; and this the latter are aware of.

It is to be regretted that the progress of the English people in the path of salutary change should be so slow. But so it is. The genius of the people cannot be changed. They will proceed, by constitutional means, to combat the aristocracy. They besiege the fortress by slow sap and mine, and do not think of carrying it by a *coup de main*. Perhaps, after all, it is as well this should be the strategy of the reformers of England, seeing that society there is terribly artificial, and held together by the nicest links and most delicate dependencies of industry, commerce and convention. Revolution in England would be a bull in a china shop. The idea is not to be entertained. The shop-keepers and fund-holders turn pale at it. Then there is a regular army of near 700,000 soldiers—the best in Europe—within a couple of days journey of London or the Lands End. Nothing for the English *demos* but time—time the Avenger. Violent work has not done so much for the other nations of Europe. King John says:

There is no true foundation set in blood.

And, though we believe bloodshed and violence necessary when despots grow intolerable, yet it would seem that the surest foundations are those laid lowest and quickest. Human nature does not seem to love violent dislocation—violent transitions; it does not thrive on them. England would not keep her commonwealth more than ten years. The puritans who ran away from religious persecution in England could not do without the *old custom* in Massachusetts. Man is, certainly, more a bundle of habits and traditions than an animal of abstract philosophy. All his history proves it. John Bull has a superstitious faith in the *constitution*. It is his Juggernaut. Whenever his redemption comes, it must lie by act of Parliament as heretofore. But he does not despair that a democratic parliament will yet, possibly very soon, ameliorate the destinies of that pauperized island. Bull is a strange animal. He has a dogged hope which is not easily cowed.

READING.

To the lover of literature, the wonderful stream of books, papers and periodicals that pour from the press, with equal profusion in this country and Europe, suggest exceedingly interesting and indeed important problems. Where does it go to? Who reads all this? What, in all this mass, is worthy to be singled out and treasured up? And how shall I separate the good from the bad, and get forth pleasure and profit from the literature of the world? It is more than important, it is a serious question, "what shall we read?" in this age where pre-eminently the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, but the swiftness required is, the swiftness of thought, and the strength is the strength of will and brain. Let us take a glance at the general character of the issues of the press. It shows us at once that far the greatest part of the literature is of a light and ephemeral character. Novels, tales, and sketches are on every side, with here and there a book of poems or of travels, frequently biographies, more rarely essays, history, and philosophy. School books and works of science are numerous. The great demand, however, is for light reading. The whole miserable mass, bound in yellow covers, is indiscriminately gobbled by the public. Let one speak who has read it with interest equal to that of any one. In considering this mass of literature let us take a text from Bacon: "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business." If he whose studies serve for delight can make them serve also for ornament and ability, so much the better. In this age of activity so intense, and development of resources so rapid as "almost to make one dizzy to contemplate," to combine pleasure with profit, improvement of the mind with practical influence, to read judiciously is more than ever a high aim. Will it be always a task to read in accordance with your taste and at the same time profitably? I heard a lecturer on science say, and the audience believed it, "If you get interested in the wonders

of nature, novels will lose their attractions. You will never wish to look at one again." Science is labor; but it is also recreation. Were it not so, would Agassiz be so absorbed in his natural history, his fishes and his insects, or would Audubon have traveled the wilds so many years to gather specimens, and study the habits of the animal kingdom? With these men each discovery was an occasion of surprise, triumph, and rapture. Was not the knowledge that compensated their task sweeter than the interest of a novel, read with heated brain, but dropped, at the end, with half disgust by the wearied, sated reader. There are intellectual pursuits not less interesting than novel reading, and far more profitable. Even the dry subject of mathematics has its interest for those who pursue it till they gain an insight into it. When they rise higher, and apply it to astronomy, their enthusiasm can be appreciated. History, to him who will persevere for a short time, becomes very interesting. By the nature of the case it must be so to an enquiring mind. As we have curiosity concerning even insignificant individuals about us, as we study characters daily, so we have a higher and more profitable curiosity about the personages and events of history. Before the really great events of human life, the high-drawn plot of the blood-and-thunder tale grows insignificant and contemptuous. You are unwilling to lay down your history till you know the result of that battle, the fate of that man, the effects of that measure; and the benefit you most appreciate, perhaps, is the ease and effectiveness with which the facts you have learned fall in with your arguments and illustrate your points.

It is not difficult to become interested in some kinds of literary enquiry, and it is a trite remark that reading one book leads to another, on the same or a collateral subject. Not interest alone, but enthusiasm takes hold of the reader. The love of books grows on what it feeds, and the thirst for knowledge, the dislike, even pain in some cases, of incomplete mastery of literary conquest, all incite the inquirer. Every book and article deepens the impression, till the train of investigation becomes luminous before him. Is the study of history, for instance, severe? Why, then, does anybody, save the antiquary and the professional man seeking for precedents, pore over its pages? But, objects one, suppose there is no taste for

it? The answer is, a little resolution at the start will amply repay the pain of fixing the attention at first. Are you a philosopher, prone to seek the reasons of things and apply broad principles? History affords the facts on which to speculate; the character whose "kinks" you may straighten. Are you a debater, and do you know the power with which history is wielded in discussion? Are you imaginative? Read history, ancient and modern. It sometimes rises to the grandeur of poetry, and imagination throws around some of its scenes a veil of glory such as invests, in the minds of the traveler, old historic places and monuments of by-gone times.

Enter into the spirit of the stern old Romans, and the cultivated and beauty-loving Greeks. The barbarian incursions that overwhelmed Europe in the dark ages, and the expeditions of Norseman and Dane, have even poetic interest. The rise of the English constitution, aside from practical value, claims attention by great events, familiar names, and the elegant style of our historical writers. Read these, and what gave force to the illustrations and dignity to the expressions of an Alexander Hamilton, a Webster, or a Calhoun, may add to *your* knowledge, *your* culture and *your* influence among men. It has been said that much reading may cramp the mind rather than invigorate; that it loads the memory only to be a drag on invention and imagination. Such a result as this would be truly deplorable, especially if one is to be a writer. But the mind that cannot digest and assimilate reading congenial to its thoughts, would make small show in an independent original course. It requires *more* force of mind to produce anything worthy of the world's notice, independently of books and hints from other men, than with all these aids,—the reading of years, the infusing into the mind, which must follow, of thought and style. Repetition, delicate blows whose marks are scarcely perceptible, in time shape the marble into form and comeliness, till the statue stands forth for the admiration of men. The bird, in the fable, dropped pebbles one by one into the pitcher, till at last the little water at the bottom came within its reach. It is the same with mind and matter. Impressions many times repeated become fixed, and as the native marble is the substance of the statue, so the native mind remains, and if at all active gives reality and color to knowledge and observation, as they

in return give form and spirit to it. If a weak man becomes weaker, will not a strong man become stronger by reading? Reading may be compared to observation of what is about us, men and things. "The book of nature" was Shakspeare's chief book, and the results of his reading and reflection still delight and interest mankind. If we can read the one book without detracting from our originality, why not others. Sir W. Hamilton was a prodigy of metaphysical learning, yet he proved himself a great master of reasoning, and handled with ease the abstruse reading of many years, when called upon to use his pen. Here "originality" was not quenched. He reduced systems of philosophy to tables and classes, and criticised, rejected, modified or adopted. Stray thoughts, hints among forgotten writers, grew into place and importance under his comprehensive view. He rose on the ruins of systems, and marked an era of progress in philosophy. Science is taking huge strides. Many workers contribute to its advancement. If the reader needs to enlighten his own mind, if he is not a drone, he will influence the society in which he moves. If he writes also, and speaks in public, may he not, may not each one, help to mark the progress of the age in thought. But in view of the multiplication of books, let us take pity on our fellow-men, and let the pen be idle unless we can add something new and valuable to the mass of literature.

THEODORE.

In brief, the story of his life was this :—
 Three centuries and more had passed away
 Since Jesus' birth in Bethlehem; and he,
 Of whom I tell thee, was a chieftain, born
 Of Christian mother, but of heathen sire.
 This was a bitter fountain of a stream
 Of bitterness. For when in evil hour
 His mother gave her heart to one who loved
 The gods she loathed, and loathed the Cross she loved—
 She married immortality to death,
 Faith to distrust, and hope to dark despair:
 Discordant wedlock, whence discordant fruit.

Fondly she dream'd, by ceaseless prayers to win
 Her spouse to Christ. Vain hope! her broken troth
 Hung like a leaden weight on every prayer;
 And he, a haughty consular of Rome,
 Scorn'd her low creed, himself incredulous,
 Yet loved the lovely votary. And when
 The sweet pledge of their bridal joy was given,
 And she would dedicate their child to God,
 With equal scorn he yielded to her tears
 A thing indifferent. In a lonely cave
 Amid a group of trembling fugitives,—
 For hatred then pursued the Christian name,—
 An aged priest baptized him Theodore.
God's gift, his mother whisper'd. And thenceforth
 She poured upon him, him her only child,
 The priceless treasures of a mother's heart.

I was his chosen guardian. No light watch,
 No easy vigil; for his home, unlike
 The moated fortress of a faithful house,
 Was ever open to the spirits malign.
 But not an arrow reached him. From himself,
 And not from hellish fraud or violence,
 His ruin. O, mysterious web of life;
 Its warp of faith, its woof of unbelief;
 The mother teaching prayers the father mock'd!
 And yet, her spell was earliest on her child,
 And strongest. And the fearless Theodore
 Was call'd by other men, and call'd himself,
 A Christian. Love, emotion, gratitude,
 All that was tenderest in a tender heart,
 All most heroic in a hero's soul,
 Pledged on Christ's behalf. And oft I hoped,
 Hoped against hope, that his was real faith,
 A graft, a germ, a blossom,—hoped till I
 Could hope no longer, for I never saw
 That warrior (he was trained to arms) prostrate,
 A broken suppliant at the throne of love.

The hour drew on that tried him. Constantine,
 The first of Christian emperors, was now
 Marching with lion springs from land to land
 Triumphant. Him to meet in mortal fight
 Maxentius hurried, vowing to his gods
 That, if they crowned his eagles, he would crush
 The Cross throughout the universe of Rome.
 And Theodore, won by his mother's prayers,

Was with the faithful army; when it chanced,
 In sack of a beleaguer'd city, he saved
 A Grecian maiden and her sire from death:
 Her name Irene, his Iconocles;
 Among the princes he a prince, of all
 Fair women she the fairest of her race,
 Not only for her symmetry of form,
 But for the music and the love which breathed
 In every motion and in every word.
 Yet both were worshippers at Phœbus' shrine,
 Fast-bound in midnight-dark idolatry.
 And, when the enamor'd Theodore besought
 His daughter of her sire, Iconocles
 Made answer, 'Never shall my child be his
 Who kneels before the malefactor's cross,
 Thy choice, Irene or the Crucified.'
 And she by oath affirmed her father's word.

Then was there tempest in the swelling heart
 Of Theodore; truth struggled and untruth
 In terrible collision. For an hour
 He paced before his tent irresolute;
 Now cleaving to his mother's faith, alas,
 More hers than his; and now by passionate gusts
 Driven from his anchorage, a helmless bark.
 Conscience was quick; and God's spirit strove with him.
 'T was mine to ward the powers of darkness off;
 And singly with himself the awful fight
 Was foughten, and, oh, woe! forever woe!
 Was lost. And he said, 'Adam chose to die,
 Not circumvented, not deceived like Eve,
 But braving death itself for her dear sake.
 So will I die. I cannot leave that spirit
 Angelic in human form enshrined.
 She must be mine forever. Life were death
 Without her.' And straight entering, where she lean'd
 Upon her father as white jasmine leans
 On a dark pine, slowly, resolvedly,
 As measuring every word with fate, he said,
 'Irene, if the choice be endless woe,
 For thy sake I renounce my mother's faith;
 I cannot, will not leave thee. I am thine.'

— *Yesterday, To-day and Forever.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

One of the unreadable, or, at least, not clearly understood dramas acting in the Present, is that in which Thomas Carlyle appears an actor. A faint glimmer of light is seen from the man scarcely sooner than we find ourselves again in almost hopeless darkness, and while we attempt to thread the unthreadable paths, to fathom the unfathomable depths, to read the unreadable characters about us, we but deepen our consciousness of the unsolved mystery. His genius throws no light on the tangles and brambles in his own character, perchance, because "genius is erratic." Can the living Present claim, as her own, a man who is absorbed with such delight in the story of the deeds, lives, culture and institutions of ages past that he can see no comeliness in the perfected culture and civilization of his own age? Nor will he heed the grandly eloquent words, sinewy as steel, and sharp as its keen edge, which the voice of progress, republicanism and liberty sends ringing through the profound darkness and gloom of the ages past, compelling barbarism and superstition to stand abashed, or, if he heeds, only mutters the ominous voice of prophecy, "It shall come to naught?"

Carlyle is indeed an anomaly. A man of so noble a nature, with an organization so sensitive to all that is grand and noble, whose genius needs but the act of heroism to "set it all ablaze," but who averts his sensitive sympathies from, and blinds his eyes to all that is grand and heroic in his own age, as if dazzled by the radiant acts of the Past, and unable to behold aught now, is indeed an anomaly. He hears only discord in the grand old Pæan which free, progressive, republican America chants before the altar of Liberty; but reverently bows before its first faint dawning in his motherland, and as in its seventeenth century it casts glimmerings of light across the western sky, he sees in it revelations of the divine, looks upon the advocates of it as God-like, the very embodiment of greatness of soul and nobleness of character, and the names of them synonyms of liberty in its broadest sense; yet, with the meridian glory of those principles developed in his own age, he feels no sympathy, nor

sees aught noble in the advocates of them. Heroism, fidelity to truth and convictions, "eternal glories" revealed in men, were resplendent only in that century of the Past—growing fainter at its close—all together gone out in our time, and present history is dark with human stupidities and baseness; all acts of to-day are selfish, savorless, lusterless, unheroic. The ages past drifted on the essence of their greatest deeds, and the culmination was then, while now we are in the ebb-tide. Mr. Carlyle's unsympathy for a living Present and reverence for an ideal Past is no new phenomenon. Present events, it is sometimes said, are little more than repetitions of the Past, yet the Past ever carries with it a kind of halo; its ugliness and deformities are lost sight of, and the essence, or fragrance, if such there can be, is wafted on the winds that bring their history down to us. Thomas Carlyle is simply halo-struck—in his thoughts of the Past he is ever discovering "eternal splendors" shrouded in mortality, but in his prophetic vision, omens, fraught only with evil and disaster, forecast the sky. His conceptions of the ideal are indeed lofty; yet we have no sympathy with one who can find excellence and congenial surroundings only by delving in the mold, oblivion, and musty acts of the Past, while he refuses to see some of the grand, steady strides which the century is making toward the *ideal*. That his searching pen has rescued some of the truly noble characters of history from the depths of opprobrium and infamy to which historians would consign them, is undeniable. Yet, to our mind, his pen is far too harsh and gall-dripping at mention of chroniclers of the Past, or contemporaries who are so stupid as not to perceive the divine in the human, which is so patent to him. Committed to the principles of republicanism and liberty, as he is, there can be no excuse for unsympathy with free, liberty-loving America, whose name is symbolic of what is grand, noble and heroic in the century. Jealousy and rancor so embitter his utterances that we can but poorly reconcile his worship of the unshapely, unlovely child of Freedom in its swaddling-clothes of the Past with his unconcealed scorn and worthless contempt of its strong, true, noble manhood.

EDUCATION OF BUSINESS MEN.

A wealthy banker made a characteristic and truthful reply to a hint that he had not passed through a collegiate course—"I am educated." If we consider a true education to be the symmetrical development of the whole man, then it would not be difficult to find among the many successful business men, examples of those who, though regretting the absence of early literary and scientific culture, have not come into contact with living men to no purpose. Wealth usually comes according to certain great principles which it takes "brains" to discover and apply. But we shall insist, in this article, upon some of the necessities and advantages of personal efforts for mental training. These necessities and advantages have reference both to the individual and to society.

If, while the young man is looking forward to commercial pursuits, while yet the faculties are strong, and the habits unformed, the elements of some one science, or of several, were mastered, one foreign language acquired, the foundations of true success would be laid. It is the experience of all business men, that the mind can endure one kind of labor for only a limited time; then, if the boundary is passed, a trip to Lake Superior, or to Europe, more or less successful, tells the story of exhausted brain power. Examples are not wanting to show that pleasure and health can be secured by the course recommended; and that, on the other hand, often men keep on racking their brains with business because they know nothing else. This is unnatural, and brings unhappiness and disease. We have seen the missionary, Carey, relieving the burden of a toilsome life, adding to his own enjoyment and the wealth of science during his leisure hours. Franklin began, a printer, but he did not, in his old age, need to waste his last and precious hours, as did Charles V., in making worthless machines; some of his most valuable contributions to human knowledge and wisdom were made at a period when some men would have been mending hen-coops, or talking foggy politics with foggy men.

A gentleman of the medical profession, in this city, has shown

that it is not impossible to do much for geological science in the midst of a busy life; and, while presiding over a scientific society, takes time to cultivate his mental powers.

The first steps in gaining habits of thought, to one who is engaged in business, are slow and painful, and, therefore, comparatively few business men get out of the usual routine of buying and selling; use business exclusively to make money, and see no way in which to make it educate them. In England, if I am correctly informed, more time is taken for personal improvement. Young America, in his haste to get rich, permits his business to make a literal slave of him. He seldom takes time to look at the clear, blue sky, for his eyes are too intent on the yellow dust; he seldom inquires what bird is singing, for there is ever ringing in his ears the price of prints or stocks. There are happy and honorable exceptions to this rule. Some men who have acquired wealth, and with it the capacity of enjoying it, know how to dismiss the cares of business from the home circle, and recruit the energies for the proper hours of business. These do not return from a European tour loaded with pieces of the original cross, bottles of holy water from the Jordan, relics of saints, or silks and laces from Paris; but they come to us with stereoscopic views of interesting historical places, persons, and scenery; they return to distribute in their parlors juster views of European society, manners, and civilization; they enliven conversation, and lend a charm to their own lives and those of others. If a man of business wants to know how much education is necessary, we should say, all he can get—mental discipline such as can be acquired in the study of the Greek models of style and thought would be found valuable. It was a custom among the early settlers of New England and even of South Carolina to send their sons to the great universities of Britain. At a later period such men as Robert Morris carried culture and mental vigor and acuteness from the walls of New England's own colleges to the active duties of life. If a young man points to Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor and shows what such men have done and enjoyed, then would these same self-educated men shame the idlers by their replies. How much have they missed by failing to receive early advantages! and none regard the deprivation more than these same men. Commercial colleges would divorce the hope of success from

the idea of severe mental discipline; they would make us believe—contrary to all the experience of philosophers and practical book-keepers—that there *is* a right royal, *i. e.*, a *lazy* highway to learning for the business man; and there are some of their pupils who begin business with the sentiment of America's humorist—"The fust thing I intend tew do when I get ritch is to becum respektibul." If, indeed, the mind is a kingdom, it is worth enriching; if a jewel, it is worth polishing; if an instrument of power, it is worth sharpening.

But chiefly as the education of business men may affect society is this question interesting. The world has little room to care for the success or failure of a Wall street broker, but it does want to know the *cause* of failure or success, believing that these have not come by chance.

The question has been often asked, why wealthy and ignorant men—for there are some such—have no interest in the education of the world. Surely, some say, they ought to see what they have lost by not being educated. But this is the very thing this class of rich men does not see. But the man who is going through life with his eyes and heart open does see such a need, and tries to make most of the little he has. We wish to suggest that if our kings of commerce, great and small, would cultivate a few ideas, ever so general, of political economy, they would not only be able to communicate the views of Carey or Greeley, but many would be able to throw much light on the vexed questions of government finance by original study and research. A young man entering business could well afford to spend a year or two with the usual studies of a Senior College year and some lectures in a law school in order to come in contact with professors having broad views and students having accurate habits of thinking, and this even after engaging for a time in business.

In any family a course of reading or experiments in the common principles of chemistry, botany, natural philosophy, and even of mental science, is highly desirable; but for this some preparation on the part of the husband and father is required. Libraries of *choice* books can easily be obtained, and interesting lectures may be secured by the business man's money to enlighten himself and family in as pleasant a way as at the theatre. Great interest is already awakened in this direction.

Business men have money to travel in the Old World, and they are beginning to have eyes to see what is needed. They begin to appreciate art, for their parlors exhibit paintings and portraits and their grounds give opportunity even to the hoddie to study sculpture. Their increasing libraries furnish thought for leisure hours; their dailies, weeklies and monthlies keep them alive to the import of events which are now forming history.

This spirit has not yet spread so much to the rural districts. Ordinarily, if you step into a gentleman's counting-room with a subscription for Ireland, a petition to abolish the Franking Privilege, or to close saloons, he will, from previous study of the problem, tell you very quickly what he will do. But, ride to a rich farmer's house. Patent Office Reports, "franked," from the Representative with whom he had the honor to shake hands, ten years before, at a political caucus, furnish his mental pabulum. To explain your mission, and get his signature, you have to stay all night, and if not successful, pay your board-bill and leave circulars; while a business man would have shown you the door, or signed a check, in two minutes.

It was this education of head and heart which taught John Jacob Astor to found a library; he had learned a little of the value of truth, and knew his was a better monument than Versailles palace. Mr. Peabody's address to his trustees, in Baltimore, and Abbott Lawrence's letter to the authorities of Harvard College, show that a thorough mental training, a *self-education*, a broad intellectual character had been the cause, and the effects were Lawrence Scientific School and Peabody Institute. It may not be invidious to mention among others such names as Mr. Purdue, of Indiana, to show that our growing West is not destitute of such rich men.

Eloquently did Mr. Choate tell the people of Danvers, "To these uses, and these enjoyments; to mental culture, and knowledge, and morality,—the guide, the grace, the solace of labor on *all* its fields, we dedicate this charity."

As eloquently, and as kindly, did Edward Everett say in Faneuil Hall, on the 20th of August, 1855, of one we have named above, words which could be said of many humbler in their pretensions, but as munificent of soul: "He had felt, himself, the want of superior education, and resolved, that, as

far as he was able to prevent it, the rising generations of his young countrymen should not suffer the same privations. His views were not limited to a narrow utilitarianism. *He knew the priceless worth of pure truth.* Material prosperity may flee away; commerce may pass into new channels; populous cities, in the lapse of ages, may be destroyed, and strong governments be overturned in the convulsions of empire; but Science and Truth are as eternal as the Heavens, and the memory of him who has contributed to their discovery or diffusion, shall abide till the Heavens have departed as a scroll."

MADNESS OF HAMLET.

Try to place yourself in the circumstances of Hamlet. Let your father die, and in one short month, see his brother, a baser man of baser metal, filling his place in power, and the wedded husband to your o'er-hasty mother. Then, when grief at your loss and shame at your gain weighs you down, crushing all the finer sensibilities of your nature, let the ghost of your dead father come to you and tell that his death was fratricidal murder of the most cowardly sort, that he

"—was, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched."

Let that spirit urge that you permit not his bed to be

"A couch for luxury and damned incest."

Let all your acts be watched, and, yourself estranged from your mother and your uncle-father, hear yourself at every turn called mad. Feel that intrigue is rampant, and even assails her you love, but whom duty to your father forbids you to claim; feel that your old school-mates are false to you under the guise of blandest friendship, and finally discover that they are the instruments of a plot, the upshot of which will deprive you of your dear head, and send you, your purposes of vengeance unaccomplished, to be companion to the wandering spirit of your father. Try to place yourself in all these circumstances, and, at every step, as provocation is heaped on provocation, stop and consider what would be your emotions; consider what would be your purposes, and, the supreme sense of right and

wrong holding sway, how you would execute those purposes. Thus weighing Hamlet in the balance of your own feelings, measuring him by the measure of your sensibilities wrought to their highest pitch, it is becoming to judge of his character. He was called mad, but by whom? By Horatio, his bosom friend, who had seen the father's ghost, and to whom he confided many of his trials? No, not by him, but by Claudius, who murdered his own brother, and in every act of paternal regard that he sees in Hamlet is reminded of his own guilt; by Gertrude, profligate in the memory of her husband, who is stung by everything that brings her ungrateful course before her mind; by Polonius, whose every word is but the echo of base adulation and sycophancy which seek for favor rather than to be faithful; by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who pay the forfeit of their honor with their own cheap heads, aye, and by himself too, but how? "I am but mad, north—north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a heronshaw." Many now call him mad, and perhaps with only such reason as they judge others of to-day mad. Much of the madness of to-day is legal madness, not real; and many of the dissertations on the subject are written for base purposes rather than for the sake of science and truth. But what was his madness? After the interview with the ghost of his father, in arms demanding that his cause should be avenged, the outburst of Hamlet is the index to his after-course,

"Oh, all ye host of heaven! O, earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold my heart.
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!"

Here we find explanation for his after life. There is seeming insanity in his course with the loved Ophelia, but who that can appreciate true, life-absorbing love, will call it madness, but rather a conquering of love and overcoming the despair and

madness which threaten. Even Polonius, who strove to make himself and others believe the young prince mad, was compelled to acknowledge

"Though this is madness, yet there's method in it,"

and the king betrays that he suspects that something more dangerous to himself than madness is working in Hamlet's mind, when he asks,

"And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?"

As modern men view things when they grant insanity to men for a cloak, under which to commit black crimes and go unscathed, perchance Hamlet was mad. Indeed, he was so, if a great purpose, taking possession of the soul, nay, the whole being, showing itself uppermost in every thought and action, making every cherished thing—fortune, love, self—subservient to it, if this is madness, then he was mad; and so are many more characters of real history that the world call good and great. Not that I would name Hamlet with them, but if this be madness, then were Paul and Luther and Cromwell and Napoleon madmen.

Hamlet's great purpose was to avenge his father. But why so slow? 'tis asked. We seldom meet a character capable of such fine sensibilities as his. His education was of the best. His heart was cultivated, indeed, cultivated overmuch—so that he was ever turning his thoughts inward, analyzing the principles of right and wrong and the motives of the heart. He lived in a war-like age, but in its midst he kept his heart fresh to generous impulses, while it revolted from everything mean, base and treacherous.

When such a nature is transformed to become the author of crime or vengeance, we must look for no common outburst. The sensibilities that are keen to appreciate the beautiful and the good, when reversed, are quick to grasp hold upon the most perfect, because the most scathing revenge. The crime that appealed to him, aroused and set in action all that was evil. Had he, in anger, rushed upon and slain his uncle he would only have done what a grosser man would do, and still in his heart he would have felt that the foul crime was unavenged.

He must extort from the criminal confession of his crime; must make him realize its weight, and feel the keen pain of regret; must torture him with remorse and finally end his existence in most perfect anguish. To accomplish this he was compelled to plan and plot, one thing after another being rejected, till his revenge felt itself appeased. Hence his dallying; not the result of cowardice or madness, but the legitimate course of a nature like his.

We have viewed an imaginary character as a real one, but in so doing we have tried to get at Shakespere's conception.

THE MUSQUITO.

The slee, auldfarran, wee-bit thing,
Just watch it roun' at night!
Wi' hummin' wing it flees about,
On some ane's nose ta light.
An' syne at rest it canna be,
But soon begins to show
Its gratefu'ness an' love for ane
Wha proves to be a foe.

Whane'er it lights it luks about,
An' syne, as wi' a wull,
Begins its wark; an' sucks awa',
'Till ance its wee kyte's full.
That is, an' it be no disturbed,
But seldom this is so,
For aften owre the head it gets
A whuff that lays it low.

Its lane effect ere long assumes
The form o' quite a lump—
An' on the head instead the nose,
Ye'd tak' it for a bump.
'Mang a' the insects o' the air,
Nane hae more cunnin' ways:
For which, in fact, we think it awes
This word o' simple praise.

ENIGMA.

WIT VS. ORTHOGRAPHY.

Wit is originally condensed; it consists in the concise expression of a novel idea, or of an old one in a new light or a new dress. Often it appears in the shape of an inference suggested, which does not attach to the idea as commonly expressed. Sometimes it shows itself in the connecting of thoughts which the mind is accustomed to consider antagonistic.

The varieties of wit are as numerous as man, for every man has something akin to an appreciation of the ridiculous, the funny, or the quaint in his nature and will occasionally develop it in remarks more or less witty. Although the species of wit are so numerous there is a classification possible, and many of the masters of the art have attempted to make it. They divide wit into a number of classes, distinguishing them as: Irony, Sarcasm, Humor and the like. There is one kind of wit, however, which does not appear in the catalogues, either as genus or species, yet is none the less a distinct variety, and one familiar at least to the American public. It is this with which we have to deal in this article. How to call it we have not yet determined, nor do we find any valuable suggestions on the point though the would be wits of this class, whose productions appear in our various college papers and magazines, are legion. Neither do we know how it was yclept in days of yore, though it existed then, otherwise we might know the name of its inventor and name it for him.

Artemus Ward seems to have been the first to see the use which might be made of odd, unmusical combinations in exciting mirth, and he worked the vein which he discovered to the full extent of its usefulness. It must be remembered, however, that he never depended for his wit alone upon his ludicrous method of spelling. Others were not slow to see the value of Ward's suggestion; and Nasby hastened to add to the mirth-provoking characteristics of his satire upon prominent political men and manners, the additional charm of outrageous orthography.

Billings, too, was shrewd enough to see that saws and proverbs, pithy expressions of trite truths, etc., would lose nothing by appearing in a dress of uncouthly-spelled words. The

history of the writings of these three men is the history of the wit of bad spelling, and from it it seems possible to draw some general truths concerning this class of wit, which may be of practical benefit to some of the numerous "unlettered muses" of our college exchanges.

It is plain that odd spelling is only funny because it is odd. When *was* is spelt as frequently with a *z* as with an *s*, the former spelling will no longer excite a smile.

When Galileo announced that the world was round and was in the habit of rotating over an axis once in twenty-four hours, it might truly have been called a pointed remark. To-day, he who would escape the accusation of dealing with the trite and commonplace might do better than to imitate the old astronomer. If Franklin's discovery that lightning and electricity are identical loses its startling significance and falls to the condition of every-day knowledge in a few years, is it not possible that the lapse of time may have some effect upon Artemus Ward's discovery that unmusical conditions of letters are funny.

Let the Nasby-juniors, and the Showman's descendents remember that "Pogram" is as good a name for a deacon as any other when once we have got used to it. "Petroleum" may be a very smooth and oily proper name, but is not to be used as a *nom-de-plume* by every humorous author with complete success if it once becomes familiar. *X roads* is no wittier than *cross roads* unless we interpret literally the old saw, "brevity is the soul of wit."

The practical truth to be deduced by such persons from these reflections is that this is the day of witty spelling, but the present hour is quite late in the day, in fact it approaches sundown, and hereafter he who desires to become famous for his wit at the expense of his reputation as a speller must find some new road to this kind of eminence. The old one is out of repair.

In this connection nothing could be more noticeable than that the great lights of bad orthography seem fully to appreciate the fact that the time of popularity for their favorite style has gone by. Ward, long before he ceased his career as a humorist, conformed in a reasonable degree at least to the rules laid down in Webster's Speller. Petroleum V. has ceased to bid for popularity by bidding defiance to the fundamental principles of common-school education, while Billings finds it necessary to em-

bark in an almanac speculation to keep up the flagging interest in illiterate aphorisms. The moral of this "Ower true tale," is summed up in few words:

If these masters of popular wit can no longer make their really witty productions entertaining by an uncouth garb of misspelled words, how shall college paper correspondents make their poor spelling interesting when used to clothe commonplace thoughts.

OURSELVES.

Well, what of "Ourselves," do you ask? Not much, indeed, we must confess. But who must bear the reproach? The editors, of course, by common consent. To this, however, we enter protest. We find from our own experience, and observation in the experience of others, that Alumni and students generally demand more local notes and items of interest, connected with Alma Mater, in the college publication. They ask that we should relate college jokes and incidents; tell of marriages, deaths, rushes, hazings, suspensions, public meetings and private encounters—in short, that each month we should be able to give as many items of interest accredited to our own University as really occur to all the colleges of the country. There is no class of persons that would more gladly seize upon locals than editors; in fact, they have a perfect mania for them. But, alas! our own time is so occupied that we can not manufacture interesting, ludicrous, and thrilling incidents; and, indeed, should we so use our spare moments, the Faculty might decide that our editorial and student life had better end. It is pleasing to listen to or read tales of midnight encounter; but it is sometimes a little dangerous to participate. True there are many little occurrences which are enjoyable to those participating—provoking side-splitting laughter—but we only realize how insipid they are when we attempt to amuse others by their recital and elicit hardly a sickly smile. Much of the humor of life is that which occurs in our commingleing with each other and is dependent for its richness upon the time and

place, which cannot be reproduced. We would gladly publish much local, but it must exist before we publish it.

With the present number we enter upon our second volume. In the past we have endeavored to conserve the interest of the University, and so, of its students. It has been our aim to have our columns filled with the productions of students, and thus to create a taste for literary effort which is far too apt to be neglected for the amusements of the campus or the attractions of the city. Our policy in this respect in the past shall be the same for the future, with such improvement as we may get from experience. It would be well for students, instead of grumbling at what they have not, to use what they have. Those who spend the entire time of their student-life in collecting facts, committing the contents of text-books, making no use of the facts they get, but fondly dream of a glorious future, are in danger of ever living in the future and not in the present. No one expects that the productions of undergraduates will equal those of Macauley or Scott, Irving or Emerson, but we learn by failure and acquire perfection by experience. In our *Index* we cannot hope to rival *The Atlantic* or *The Overland*, but we do hope to improve ourselves in literature and show to our friends evidences of advance.

THE elections for the present term in the college organizations show the following results:

ATHENÆUM.—President, A. P. Burbank, Vice President N. E. Wood, Secretary, C. A. Beverly, Librarian, J. Newman, Critic, D. Klinck, Literary Editor, E. Olson, Political Editor, R. M. Springer, Local Editor, C. D. Armstrong.

TRI-KAPPA.—President, C. A. Babcock, Vice President, Z. D. Scott, Secretary, W. L. Farnum, Sub-Secretary, T. P. Maryatt, Treasurer, E. Brigham, Librarian, A. J. Sherman, Critic, D. Dewolf, Second Critic, Frank Ives, Editor-in-Chief, E. Bliss, Associate Editors, J. E. Sutherland and Z. D. Scott.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—President, N. E. Wood, Vice President, H. F. Gilbert, Secretary, L. W. Tichenor, Librarian, G. E. Eldridge.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.—President, C. A. Barker, Vice President, N. E. Wood, Secretary, J. Newman, Treasurer, Z. D. Scott.

DR. SMITH IN EUROPE.—Letters have been received from Rev. J. A. Smith, from London and Paris, bringing the welcome report of his safe arrival there, and also that, amidst London fogs which, as he expresses it, "go to the bone," he has not forgotten the University of which he was always so fast a friend. It may not be generally known that Dr. Smith went abroad accredited as the representative of the University, and that during the year which he will be in Europe he will do what he can to secure additions to the library and cabinets, and also make the beginning of a museum of art and classical antiquities. He has already made such good use of the few days he has had there as will add several hundred volumes to the library, besides many objects of interest to other departments. All the leading London publishers, McMillan, Trubner, Routledge, Marston, &c., responded nobly to his application, and made donations of their publications, as did also a number of authors, clergymen and scientific and literary men. He has also made arrangements to secure, from the establishment of D. Brucciane, plaster casts of the most interesting objects in the British museum, Greek and Roman sculptures, &c. A year of equally successful labors will bring noble acquisitions to the University, and, with the splendid collection which Prof. McChesney is now opening, will make by far the finest museum which has yet been opened in the west. Dr. Smith, at last advice, was in Rome attending the great Council.

CHICAGO has been having a rich treat in the way of music. First came Parepa, queen of the opera. With her beautiful person and a voice clear and cold as a silver bell, she always is repaid by the enthusiasm of large and refined audiences which attests more fully her power than any words of tongue or pen. Next, Theodore Thomas, with his orchestra. People had heard orchestra concerts before and did not look forward to this with much anticipation, and when it came, the few who first went to hear it were enraptured and went out to spread reports that could not tell half the truth because the truth was beyond the power of words, and return bringing their friends with them. Last came Carlotta Patti. Have you heard the crested canary? Have you heard the nightingale? Have you heard

"The tipsy boblink, struggling with the chain
Of tinkling music that perplexed his wings."

Sweeter and more beautiful was the voice of Carlotta Patti. But while we write there is a concert nearer by; for the last half hour a bevy of students in a room near by have been "patting," keeping time with their feet and singing, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me." They got this neither from Parepa, Thomas, or Patti.

"*The College Times* is out." We had begun to hear gentle murmurs of

"Where, oh where, is the *College Times*,"

sung to the tune of "The Hebrew Children," but we are glad to find that it was only a voice and not a reality. Our contemporary, as in its former issue, devotes much time to the INDEX, either directly or indirectly, benevolently telling us that our failure would be "desirable," that ours is a "charity paper," &c. We make no comment on this class of writing; let those praise who admire it. In our last issue we spoke of the *Times* as "anonymous," hoping it would change its policy in this respect. *The Times* protests at length that it is not anonymous, and indeed conclusively proves itself so by following our advice and publishing the name of its manager, Mr. E. R. Bliss, a gentleman in whose hands it certainly should be a success. But how does this kind of logic strike our friends? "It is published in the University of Chicago; unless the University is anonymous we fail to see that *The Times* is." That is:

Many things emanate from the University.

The University is not anonymous.

Therefore, nothing which emanates from the University is anonymous. So we might reason:

Many things are published in Chicago.

Chicago is not anonymous.

Therefore, no publication which says it is published in Chicago is anonymous. So we might prove that there is nothing anonymous. It is an old and trite saying, "Go away from home to learn the news," so in turning our attention away from our own columns, to *The Times*, we find that *we* "are making strenuous efforts to secure the services of the same gentleman who publishes that horrid anonymous thing—*The Times*." Now, to this we wholly and entirely object. We have never made the slightest effort to connect Mr. Bliss with the INDEX, more than we wish to connect every student of the University with it.

In good faith, however, we refrain from telling what some of the friends of the *Times* have tried to get us to do. But we would not have it appear that we saw nothing in the *Times* but references to the INDEX. Its article, "Chicago University as seen by a visitor," particularly pleased us in the way it hit at some of the salient faults of our University, especially the following:

"We then ascended to the observatory to see the Telescope. I felt about "gone up" when I arrived there, and was further enabled to realize the immense height I had attained by the frigidity of the atmosphere. I had no sooner seen the Telescope than I was seized with a desire to view some of the heavenly bodies through it. I modestly hinted at my desire and was informed that possibly I could. All I had to do was to find three well known citizens who would certify to the President of the College that I was of age and of good moral character. The President would then give me a letter to Professor Safford of the Observatory, who would give me a letter to the Hon. J. Y. Scammon, who would give me a pass which I must exhibit to Prof. Safford, who would give me a note to hand to Mr. Skinner, who would allow me to visit the observatory and look through the telescope if he had time and felt like it. I stood astonished; the feasibility of the plan and the convenience of the arrangement amazed me."

STUDENTS who admire Rev. Jessie B. Thomas, D.D., can but feel a hearty welcome to the late move of his church, which gives to the congregation, in printed form, his sermons, ever rich in thought, exercising, stimulating, feeding the imagination and the soul. Before us lies the sermon, *The Years Last Question*, preached Sunday evening, Dec. 26. We know not which passage is most beautiful—the whole is like a necklace of pearls—but from the many we select one: "Consider the silence of the flight of time. Men measure the hours with clock and bell—God works in silence. The sun strikes no stroke at mid-day. The earth drifts without sound or signal over the unseen line that separates the years. Day by day the sun swings through the sky; the morning and the evening, with their steady beat, softly measure the pulse of time; the velvet-footed seasons glide through the year, and summer and winter the steadfast stars keep their appointed round, yet out of their watch-towers comes no cry telling us of the hour."

GEN. J. O. HUDNUTT, who for the past two years has been absent from the University as Engineer on the Pacific Railroad, has returned again to the University and the class room. We have missed the Professor and often wished him back again, and now we give him cordial welcome.

MARRIED—In the Baptist Church at Oshkosh, Wis., Nov. 20, 1869, by Rev. F. B. Moulton, George H. Waterbury to Miss Julia P. Davis.

We always felt that George was in danger, and with tears in our eyes (?) used to warn him; but he only hardened his heart (to us) and would not believe our admonition.

EXCHANGES.—Qui Vive, Polytechnic, Miami Student, Lawrence Collegian, University Reporter, College Argus, Madisonensis, The Chronicle, Cornell Era, College Standard, College Review, The Campus, Indiana Student, Cap and Gown, National S. S. Teacher, American Builder, The Oread, Vidette, College Courier, The Targum, Journal of Education, Trinity Tablet, Educational Journal, College Days, Brunonian, Union College Magazine, College Mercury, Denison Collegian, Virginia University Magazine, Western Monthly, The Atlantic, Overland Monthly, Scientific American, Mothers' Journal, American Agriculturist, Cynosure, Western Rural, Prairie Farmer, The Standard, The Nation, Hamilton Lit. Monthly, Yale Lit. Monthly, Union Literary Magazine, Beloit College Monthly.

As our exchanges come in we regret to find that the INDEX is acknowledged by but few, the reason undoubtedly being that it has not been received by those failing to notice it. The fault is due to the unsettled state in which we have been in regard to Publishing committee. Craving pardon for the past we promise regularity in the future.

OUR EYE-GLASS.

WHILE glass is the same in hot, cold, dry, and Chicago weather, yet the appearance of things seen through it is often changed by the variations of that benevolent subject, the weather. Don't start back, for we are not about to discuss the subject, and only referred to it by way of metaphor. Vacation has occurred with all its pleasures, do not ask us to enumerate them, since we leveled *Our Eye Glass* at our exchanges and

the college world in general. What our impressions are, and the kind of atmosphere that we look through, may be determined from our notes quite as well as from any meteorological notings of thermometer and barometer.

"As well out of the world as out of the fashion," is a widely known adage, and almost as widely applicable. Princess — appears with a new chignon or a new hat and, straightway, the telegraph and the press are busy heralding the news over the land; and straightway ladies, in mad haste, are hurrying to their hair-dresser or milliner, that they may be the first of their circle to introduce the fashion. So it is in literature; at times it is the fashion to read Dickens, whether appreciated or not; again, it is the fashion to read Gates Ajar and hear Beecher. So it is in educational matters; the fashion now is to admit ladies to universities and colleges, no matter what schools there are already established for ladies or how poorly they show their willingness, perseverance and strength to climb to the same heights that men do; no matter about the logic of experience: throw that to the winds. The Macedonian cry is, Admit ladies to college, and many in hot haste are with boast following the fashion. The universities of Michigan and California are the latest converts that we notice.

"HAZING," at Princeton, is no more. President McCosh frightened the boys by threatening to hand over to the civil authorities such as should be discovered engaged in such sport.

COL. W. W. Folwell was inaugurated president of Minnesota University, December 22, in the hall of the university building at St. Anthony. Thus begins the career of an institution which for ten years has stood useless, "a solitary monument of anticipations that were."

WHAT "the woman who dared" did, was to propose marriage. She was accepted.

WATERVILLE College has recitations for the Freshmen at six o'clock in the morning. "The early bird catches the worm."

DR. MAUTHNER, a Jew, has been called to the chair of ophthalmic surgery in the University of Innsbruck. Thus is an old prohibition against Jewish professors broken down.

THE Sophomores at Cornell, on the evening of December 21, inaugurated the farce, the burial of Trig, in their University. From the account given in the *Era*, we judge that the affair was respectable for one of its kind. We laugh with zest, enjoying such things as the pranks of boys; they would lose their wit and become occasions for ridicule were they practiced by mature men. The truth is, that many students like to play the part of boy in the class-room, on the campus, and generally in every-day life, and still, by the Faculty and every one else, they wish to be treated as men. The two ideas are inconsistent. Much space is occupied in college papers, clamoring for rights; much more, however, might be accomplished in the right direction if students would be such as they wish to be treated.

SOME students at Amherst, with a perseverance and ingenuity worthy of a better cause, once glued the wings of one insect on to the body of another, and brought the queer-looking compound to Dr. Hitchcock for classification. Looking at it sagely, he said: "This is no new or rare species. It is very common in America, and it belongs to the genus *humbug*."—*Argus*.

A number of young ladies visited the laboratory of Professor A. W. Bonner, during his "extra" chemist days. Their cheeks were evidently tinted with rouge. The professor was making some sulphuretted hydrogen gas. He knew that bromine was one of the ingredients of rouge, and that sulphuretted hydrogen would turn it black. Accordingly he accidentally (?) let a quantity of gas into the room. Soon there was a commotion. One young lady discovered that the other's face was black—the discovery became mutual. The result need not be described. Moral: Ladies who paint should steer clear of a laboratory.—*Hamilton Literary Monthly*.

REV. J. B. Bittenger, D. D., has declined the presidency of Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington, Penn., solely because he fears that he does not possess the practical business talent required for the organization of the college.—*Review*

A little boy out west was asked if he knew where liars went. He answered, "Yes—they go to New York to write for the papers."

THE *Cap and Gown* hits the nail on the head. Columbia College has attracted much attention by the reforms it has inaugurated, but rumors come to us that everything does not work as desired. Recitations that before were poorly attended and unsatisfactory are so still. The *Cap and Gown* finally in plain words lays the fault where it belongs—to the professors. Men may be ripe scholars and able writers, but from our own observation we know that these things do not necessarily make them competent to instruct. Let professors study the art of teaching more, making it a specialty; then we shall hear less of the necessity of reform movements.

Was Cain able to cane Abel, or was Abel able to cane Cain? If so, was Cain cane-able?

The above query is under discussion; Sophomore and Junior vs. Freshmen.—*Mercury*.

THE following incident occurred to the class of '39, Williams College, in their Freshman year. One day while reading Horace a member of the class was called up on the ode beginning:

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;"

and rendered it: "I have eaten a monument tougher than brass, and taller than the royal pyramids." "Have you, indeed?" said the professor, "well, you had better sit down and digest it, then." The illustration on a fly-leaf of an old "Gould's Horace" serves to preserve the memory of the event, and at the same time furnishes evidence of the skill and genius of the artist. Not to see the pencil sketch of a greedy youth devouring the pyramids is to lose half the joke.

JOSH. Billings says, "If I was in the habit of swearing I wouldn't hesitate to cuss a bed-bug right to his face."

"UNTIL Professor Hart begins his lectures the class are to read Agassiz's Method of Study, in place of hearing Agassiz himself who is prevented from coming this year by illness in his family."—*Era*. We suggest to new colleges that they may make their career more brilliant by putting a few names, such as Bayard Taylor, Louis Agassiz, Dr. McCosh, J. R. Boise, Wm. Mathews or H. W. Longfellow, in their catalogues, as members

of their faculties. The text books and writings of these eminent scholars may be easily obtained.

A droll answer is said to have been given lately, in an examination at Cambridge. The candidate being asked who Wycliffe was, and doubtless having heard him called the morning star of the reformation, and that he died the vicar of Lutterworth, answered that the great reformer "was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and died Vicar of Wakefield."

SPIRITUALISM EXPLAINED.—Mysterious rappings proceed from the subderangement and hypereffervescence of small conical glandular bodies situated heterogeneously in the rotundom of the inferior acephalocyste; which, by coming into unconscious contact with the etherogation of the five superior processes of the dorsal vertebral, also results in tippings by giving rise to spontaneous combustions with certain abnormal evacuations of multitudinous echinoshyncus bicomis situated in various abdominal orifices. The raps occur from the ebullitions of the former in certain temperamental structures; and the tips from the thoracic cartillaginous ducts whenever their contents are compressed by cerebral inclination.—*College Mercury*.

EXPERIMENTAL philosophy—Asking a man to lend you money. **Moral philosophy**—Refusing to lend.

AN energetic senior is exercising himself in the art of phonography by taking down the prayers offered in chapel by the different professors.—*Chronicle*.

SIDNEY SMITH recommended, as the best system of wooden pavements for London, that the aldermen should "lay their heads together."

THE *Madisonensis* thus chronicles a marriage: "Departed this life,—of single-blessedness and joy, on the 12th instant, Mr. E. D. Craft of the class of '68. Thus 'moves this innumerable caravan of souls.' Another name swells the gigantic list.

"Into the *bridal* land,—
Oh who shall lead *us* there?"

"Who led *him* thither? 'T was but a girl;

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
But she stuck to his heart like shoe-maker's wax,
And stole our Craft away."

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