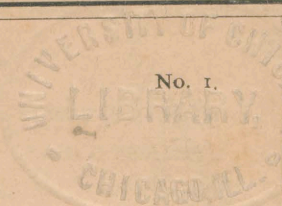


VOL. I.

JANUARY.

No. 1.



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1869

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"Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."
A FIRST-CLASS ORIGINAL MAGAZINE, FOR \$1.00,
For Boys and Girls, and for Older People who have Young Hearts.

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INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.

CONTENTS:

The Natural Sciences in Colleges.....	1
Louis XIV.....	4
About Photographs.....	6
Poem.....	8
Geneva.....	10
Motley's History of the Dutch Republic.....	13
In the Cumberland Mountains.....	15
Edgar A. Poe.....	18
The Sea.....	22
Slang Phrases.....	25
A Chapter on Ghosts.....	27
Editorial.....	29
Our New Meridian Circle.....	30
College News.....	32

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PROSPECTUS.

It shall ever be the aim of those who have charge of the INDEX to make it a true *index* of the internal workings and character of the UNIVERSITY.

The editors are chosen yearly, from the several classes of the Literary Department; thus giving each class an equal interest in its success.

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VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1869.—No. 1.

EDITORS:

E. F. STEARNS.
D. DEWOLF.

W. WHITNEY.
Z. D. SCOTT.

THE NATURAL SCIENCES IN COLLEGES.

It seems to be pretty generally agreed in modern times that we must have Colleges; that they are very essential to any thing like a high degree of mental culture. The idea is that young minds must have a long course of study, though there seems to be but little agreement as to what that course shall be. Some have already arrived at the conclusion that it makes very little difference, indeed, *what* the course of study may be, if it is only a long one. The heat of the argument lies wholly between the Classics and the Natural Sciences. Here blows are given and received thick and fast, and, in the opinion of some observers of the conflict, *each* of the combatants appears to come out *second best*, if such a result is conceivable. It is really painful to hear some of the sad laments of those good old souls who drew all their early sustenance from the old Greek and Roman authors, who have been highly "*cultivated*" into the "*knowledge*" that all of beauty and of worth is concentrated in the Classics, with whom even a nose is exquisite if it is only Roman, and a "*bend*" is graceful and becoming if only Grecian. Such good people confess to us, with sad and elongated visages, that "The Classics" are rapidly losing ground as a means of mental

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I

discipline, and that there is an end, in this vulgar, practical age, of all high mental culture,—that minds are not now, as in the good times of old, fed with food which has genuine nourishment in it. Then they will tell us what fine cultivation there was, when men spent the best part of their lives in becoming perfectly familiar with Latin and Greek, and learning to write Latin hexameters. They end with a sigh for the days when men set some value upon their intellects. People who have always lived at home, and have always been accustomed to a particular diet, and to one style of cookery, never find any body afterwards who can cook quite so well as their mothers used to, or who know how to prepare the very best dishes for the table. Just so a German, if his taste has been properly and highly "*cultivated*," will turn up his nose with disgust at the most savory preparation of a skillful French cook, and sigh all over—Germans always sigh all over—for the saur-kraut and sour bread of the fatherland. A painter might have stolen a most happy illustration of this whole discussion between the Classics and the Natural Sciences, if, having been present at the well-known colloquy between the Yankee gentleman—if it was a Yankee gentleman—and the Chinese waiter in regard to the material of a certain culinary preparation, he could only have put upon his canvas the rapid and significant alternations and changes of expression upon the countenances of the two parties, which attended the utterance of "quack-quack," by the one, and "bow-wow" by the other.

It is pretty generally admitted that the Natural Sciences, aided by Modern Languages, whether wisely or not, are rapidly superseding the Classics in our courses of study. The Modern Languages, as being too *practical*, as being of too much real every-day value, are not allowed much weight by either party in the contest. They are brought in by the Natural Sciences as an auxiliary to help secure the victory, just as the Democratic party recently adopted negro suffrage to some extent, as a necessary evil to brighten the prospects of success. It is a slight stooping to weak prejudices to secure popularity. A review of the well-fought field of battle at the present time discloses a kind of conglomerate or patch-work as the result of the conflict. A treaty is patched up. Students are treated with a limited allowance of Greek, on condition that the most time and attention be

given to accent, quantity, and dialectic peculiarities, by which alone the discipline of the language can be obtained in small compass. They are given a smattering of Latin, enough so that they can often translate Latin mottoes and so forth, when they meet them. English studies are pursued to a trifling extent by "going over" the whole field in a few weeks, and leaving nothing but a faint trace, and no memory at the end. Then come in the Natural Sciences, finished in a few terms, which are to complete the education.

But the Classics have their charges to make against the Natural Sciences. Is it practicable to teach the latter in our colleges so as to give even a fair knowledge of them? It is hardly necessary to do more than review the field which must be studied, to answer this question. The Natural Sciences have become so far developed that each one of them is a study for a lifetime. Each one is made up of a mass of minutiae and detail, which only constant practice and use can possibly retain in the mind, while, without the details no thorough knowledge is possible. For a student to go through a work on chemistry in a single term, to fix in his mind laws, and proportions, and compounds without number, to be retained only long enough to recite them, and sometimes not even so long, seems a monstrous absurdity, and a waste of time. No amount of class-room drill, of experiments, or even of patient, faithful study, will fix these things in mind so that they will be retained. The objections to Geology are even greater. Here there are almost no *general* facts to learn, no *general* impressions to be gained. The student must attempt to burden his mind with innumerable names of periods—names which of themselves are sufficient to create a taste and a longing for the worst Greek roots on record. He must puzzle himself with "Rocks: kinds and distribution;" until even his voice in recitation comes to have a melancholy tone; and then the names of fossils and remains—names made up of the odds and ends of all the classics—finish, polish, and tone down his "mental culture." We recently had knowledge of a student—an excellent scholar—who, after giving his whole mind to his Geology lesson, and after endeavoring to have it fresh on his mind for recitation, was able to say to the professor that one of the most important names in the lesson commenced with a "*P*." We have known others who have gone carefully over the Geology of a particular period, and a day

or two afterwards were unable to recall the name of a single epoch of the period. Such learning as this will hardly survive long enough to grow rusty. All the real knowledge capable of being retained, which is gained by a couple of terms' study in these departments, might just as well be acquired in a few weeks. At the end of such a course of study, the student must undoubtedly be "*cultivated*." He is ordinarily obliged to confess that he feels a kind of general brightness, although he may be unable to perceive any distinct and separate sensations which make it up.

Unless all the Natural Sciences can be reduced to a kind of popular form, so as to deal in general facts and general ideas, so as to give the skeleton without the body, in our humble opinion, they might as well be neglected entirely by ordinary students. Such can be contented with knowing the results arrived at. On the other hand, if all the Natural Sciences can be presented in as attractive and general a way as that in which Agassiz and Gould have presented the subject of Zoölogy, we should find them well worth studying, but they would not then occupy time enough to claim the prominence of a distinct course of study.

On the whole, then, our Colleges seem to be got up on a plan similar to that on which our Students' Association last year got up lectures. They first exerted themselves to the utmost to procure lecturers, and then were obliged to spend all their remaining energies to secure an audience.

LOUIS XIV.

IN the year 1664, the gladsome chimes of Catholic France rang out the news that a child was born to the nation. Good men hoped, and bad men hoped. Simple peasants cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and hoped too. Good men hoped that inefficiency, vacillation and puerility might be buried with the reigning monarch. Bad men hoped confidently and chuckled. Said they: "Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? From so imbecile a monarch can there spring a strong-minded Emperor? Let the money of Richelieu perish, and let Mazarin be assassinated—then will we hold high carnival in the presence of our gods." The peasants and tradesmen, with the heel of oppression upon their necks, and the bonds of servitude upon their wrists,

could but for a moment raise their eyes to heaven, and exclaim: "Mercy! and send us righteous rulers."

The child grew to manhood. We will say nothing of his youth, save that he gave indications of the fact that Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. were antipodes. When of kingly majority, he received from his mother the reins of government, together with her chief counselor, the able Mazarin, upon whom had fallen the mantle of the wonderful Richelieu. The haughty spirit of young Louis would brook no restraint, and Mazarin—whose idea of chief counselor was to be king, save only in name—died in time to save himself from being deposed. Then, trammelled by no hereditary appurtenances save power, Louis stood before France, and called for a cabinet; not a body of able, ambitious men, who had more brains than the king, and an ambition that it should be so admitted, but a body of animate tools. Said he: "I am the mechanic; I will fashion the structure with mine own hand." He started on his career with the intention of shaking Europe with the tread of his armies, and of staggering monarchs by the exhibition of his power. To this end, France must be at peace with herself. So he took the great political economist, Colbert, for a counselor, who nursed the vitals of the empire, gave her powers of endurance, strengthened her feet and ankle-bones that she might take long marches, and hardened her fists that she might strike effective blows. Thus France was a body without life. The emperor of France breathed that *in* in the person of Conde, Turenne, Luxembourg and Vauban—a body the tenant-house of a matchless intelligence. It lacked a will. Then came Louis, and what a will. Shall we call it iron? No: refine the iron, once, twice, seven times, and from the result name the will of Louis. From our knowledge of the man, and the resources at his command, we might almost anticipate history. Prussia, Spain, Hanover, Holland, must know that Louis lives. Even now, the profligate Charles of England was under obligations. So Louis sends his cohorts thundering along the banks of the Rhine, and over the plains of Prussia, leaving desolation in their rear, and finding consternation before them, till, before the hitherto unconquerable host, stands the Genius of Freedom, who exclaims,—"Hitherto, and no farther." Liberty, torn, bleeding, and pushed to the wall, will not perish. Heaven sends a man, or deputizes the elements to work victory, and so it was even before

Louis. Holland well-nigh took a place with the things that were, but are not. Before Austria were held up the horrors of dissolution; Spain trembled for the succession; and English statesmen talked incoherently of France, when it was Louis they meant.

Again, we might almost anticipate the workings of his policy in his own kingdom. Vain and ambitious as he was, Flattery won its way to his court, and was fondled; Virtue and Merit might go elsewhere than there. Freedom died, and was buried. Manliness was put to sleep, and selfishness, immorality, and vain-glory were in the ascendancy at the court of Versailles. An ardent Catholic, and believer in the idea that the unity of the church is inseparable from a perfect monarchy, he lit the torch of persecution, and sent the Calvinists, the Waldenses, and the Huguenots in flight to the mountains. The edict of Nantes was repealed, and the golden age of France was, in part, counterfeit. Louis died in 1714, a heart-broken old man, with little peace and many regrets.

Thus have we sketched meagerly the life of this man; great, as some men count greatness; brilliant, as some men count brilliancy; wise, as some men count wisdom; and honored, as some men count honor. Yet, if we could look at his life as He who created him looks at it, we should find it barren of rich results, compared with the life of an humble Huguenot minister, whose limbs he racked, and whose breath he took.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

"BLESSED be letters!" Welcome visitors—even during study hours—to students' rooms. Kindly reminders of other days, acceptable conveyers of present news, sweet—of remembrance and esteem from loved ones far away!

We have received one—one containing a picture of her whom we call—well, no matter, the name shall be "nameless here for evermore." Well we knew there was a photograph in the envelope before we broke the seal; and so were not wholly taken by surprise. It was taken out; we looked, we saw, we were conquered—the likeness was *so good*.

There was just the expression that we so much admired; the

hair was flowing in graceful folds as we always liked to see it; the easy position, too, which always made it so agreeable for us not to hasten away; the very same dress with which we took our last buggy ride, all were there brought out in characters fair to look upon.

How changed then seemed our lonely den! Whether we were there or elsewhere it mattered not. Greek, Latin, mathematics (dearly loved) were for the time forgotten; and we were at peace—on easy terms with all mankind.

Long time we sat and gazed, filled with pleasurable emotions, as if we had been lapped in "soft Lydian airs,"

"Such as the soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out."

But still photographs are in great part humbugs! even though they be *so very life-like that they almost speak*, and all that sort of thing. What matters it though the hair appear never so real, you can't muss it! What though the eyes are faultless as regards color, we see none of the lively motion common in conversation, no merry twinkle of humor, no beaming forth of the soul within, for whose use, as windows, the eyes were formed! The mouth may be perfect as to shape, but it gives forth no reply in gentle voice to any of your earnest inquiries—like the gods of the heathen, it speaks not! And the hand, never so *handy*, gives back no warm pressure to your grasp. And even though you should, as the husband did to the miniature of his wife, kiss it "o'er and o'er again," it will never kiss back again!

Nevertheless, very much might be truthfully said in favor of pictures. They are a source of pleasure, oftentimes, if not of satisfaction, when the original is far away; they are agreeable *companions* when you desire to be alone; they are also an easily-disposed-of elephant when you have an engagement out—put them in the album, and they will say never a word. And upon the whole, until some better means is devised, I am convinced that we—students—should hold in grateful remembrance the memory of him who first taught the sun to take pictures.

"Green be the turf o'er thee!"

Happy the student whose album is full of photographs.

J. O. E.

POEM.

(Read at the banquet of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO,
Tremont House, June 25th, 1868.)

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND, CLASS OF 1867.

Some things were made to grow quickly aged,
Fold their dead arms and pass away;
Singing their song for a single night only;
Smiling their smile for only a day.

But some were made to be young forever;
Time hath no power to dim their sight;
Children are they of the roseate morning,—
Their homes, the sun-kissed hill-tops of light.

Of such are the visions that Memory paints us;
Of such are love, the soul, and truth;
For these there are braiding no funeral garlands;
Theirs is a life immortal with youth.

I've seen a brook, all the Winter season,
Through freezing days and nights of chill,
Keep laughing and tinkling its bells of silver,—
For the heart of the brook was Summer still.

So, friends, though time comes swiftly, eager
Our young heads to white with his Winter-snow;
Though his wintry breath and hand so frozen
Chill our blood yearly to heavier flow;

Yet the stream of our truer life need not be frozen;
Sing may it ever, deep within;
The soul may dwell in living sunshine,
The Memory-land be eternally green.

I've known a mother, when all were sleeping,
And the midnight was passing on velvet tread,
Steal softly away to a little bedroom,
To talk to the spirit of her child that was dead.

With silent key, a drawer is opened,
A drawer as sacred as a mother's deep love;
And, lo! there's naught but a little wardrobe
Of the cherub that's been twenty years singing above.

Poem.

9

The brow of that woman is lined and wrinkled;
Her feet Life's path have almost trod;
But her heart's as warm, and her love as bounteous,
As the day she received her child from God.

Ah! 'tis coming again and again to that drawer;
And warming herself by its holy light,
That has kept her inner life warm and spring-like,
While the years have been sifting her head with white.

And so, my brothers, as years go past us,
And we find ourselves growing care-lined and cold,
Let us often come back to our dear Alma Mater,
To drink of the young life we lived here of old.

We've gathered to-day; we've come at the bugle-call
Each year Alma Mater sounds out for her boys;
We've come to crown her with festival-garlands,—
We've come to drink of her festival-joys.

And, oh! as the road of our life grows a-weary,
And its travel is making us foot-sore too soon,
'Tis sweet to come up thus, a while to wander
In the grottoes, so cool, of the times that are gone;

To cull from their sunbeams, and cull from their moonbeams:
To pluck from their bird-songs and gather their flowers;
And all, from them all, weave a chaplet of beauty
And glory, to crown these festival-hours.

Why, singing the songs that we sung in old time,
Telling again the stories we told,
Re-living in memory our young lives over,
Oh, boys! we can never, can never, grow old.

For the way to grow old is to cut the dear tendrils
The heart stretches out toward the bright gone-by;
The way to keep young is to foster those tendrils,
That not the tiniest ever may die.

You've stood sometimes on a hill at evening,
As the sun to his bed in the West went down,
And seen him pour a mellow radiance,
Like a mist of gold, on a distant town.

And he gathered the mist in knots and eddies,
And set those eddies and knots on fire,
Till, like the face of the sun in brightness,
Shone every window, and dome and spire.

So, friends, no matter how long be the distance
That onward the current of years may have rolled,
Over the hill-tops of college-memories
Hovers a purple-edged mist of gold.

There's a calm light resting on every tower,
From every window a glory streams;
While every dome and every spire
With a rainbow lustre quivers and gleams.

Oh! light, that goldens those happy times,
When, college boys, we laughed and sung!
Shine down through all our coming years,
To light our paths and keep us young.

Oh! memory bright of college-life!
Dear fountain brimming cool and sweet!
Pour ever down thy shining stream,
To chant its songs to our plodding feet.

Oh! breezes sweet of college-days!
We need the breath of your healthful air,
To cool the fever out of our lives,—
To keep the silver threads out of our hair.

Oh! waves that broke on those happy shores,
Full of the ecstasy of joy!
Come whisper to each of us here to-night;
"Keep thou forever the heart of a boy."

GENEVA.

THERE is no city more eligible in point of my journeying, or more elegant in view of itself and its surroundings, its institutions and history, from which to converse with you old associates, as well as initiates in the college halls, than that which heads this page.

Enthusiastic anticipation arouses my sober experiences, for I am about to quit the well known scenes of Europe and make fresh adventures in older lands. Cheops shall greet me from his Egyptian tomb; classic Greece and the isles of the Ægean sea shall recall their proud history, and the Holy Land, holy to the three monotheistic religions of the earth, to the Moham-

medan as well as to the Christian and the Jew, shall confirm to me the writings of the Book.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that the city in which I am now tarrying, to learn the Italian and the mysteries of art, was the adopted home of Calvin, but you may not be aware that it boasts Voltaire and Rousseau for its citizens, and a brilliant company from other lands as its admiring guests. Geneva has been the boulevard, the outpost of Switzerland; and as this country has been the refuge of exiles, the asylum of popular institutions in Europe, its chief city has served as a focus of intellect and the arena of moral triumph.

Nature has placed Switzerland, and history has confirmed her, as the heart of the eastern continent, while prophecy looks forward to the time when the pure blood of her democracy will course through the sickly body of European monarchies.

Though in space but a spot, and in number but an inconsiderable cipher, as Greece among nations, the force of her ideas has been felt in every state; after she had defended herself for centuries, all Europe pledged herself in her behalf, cherishing the little prodigy, the family of sturdy cantons that still flourished, though

"Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endure the purple robe."

We have a proof here that neither blood nor language is the best cementer of a people.

Geneva left France, to which she was joined by speech, customs, and descent, to link herself to a chain of German Cantons with the sole medium of principle, the love of liberty. Since the union, the valor of the German Swiss, the deeds of William Tell and the mountaineers, have only been equaled by the *eclat* of ideas of their Southern brethren.

No city of Europe has given light to so many distinguished beings as Geneva; its old houses seem remarkable for the exalted souls they once encompassed, and what fitter abode could be found for these heaven-born children of Genius.

You have heard of the beauties of Lake Geneva; of her "crystal face, her clear and placid bosom," and of her banks, now wild, now smiling.

Geneva lies at her foot, on both sides of the arrowy Rhone that flows here from the nursing lake. The city of to-day is seated

on two hills, having been fortified ages ago by the Romans, in the midst of a considerable plain deserted by the retreating mountains.

The old town remained fortified until the revolution of 1846, and clung in a cluster about the summits of the protecting hills, but the continued reign of peace without and progress within has scattered its houses down to the shores of the lake, and two stately quays, with numerous elegant bridges, line and bind the shores.

In the days of the fortification, when the city gates were wont to close, irrevocably, at ten o'clock at night, a youth, named Jean Jacques Rousseau, apprenticed to a harsh engraver, returned from strolling too late to gain admittance into town, and fearing the certain scolding that awaited his appearance in the shop, the next morning, he quit his native city and soon entered upon the brilliant course of his after-life as democratic socialist and *litterateur*.

This story may conclude my contribution, though I wish to add the most profound regards for the revered President and Faculty of our University. If it were proper to particularize, I might thank the Doctor for storing my mind with Paley and Butler, which seemed hard and useless then, but is all required in my present contact with an unbelieving world; I may refer to Prof. Sawyer, the mathematical pleasure I anticipate in viewing the Pyramids, and to Prof. Stearns, the perspicuity of Latin inscriptions I have scanned on tablets, tombstones and monuments; I acknowledge the value of Prof. Boise's *Anabasis*, now that some of its parasangs are to be re-traveled, and I hand over to Prof. Matthews this whole essay for criticism, awaiting the inevitable "So;" meanwhile signing myself,

Your foreign deputy,

WM. W. E., JR.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

At the hands of Mr. Motley, history has assumed a new form. Her old dry bones have been covered, and her skeleton has been rounded off, until she now appears full of life and beauty.

History should be the mirror in which past events may be clearly seen, together with the various relations which they bear to one another. In order to interest us, the events which it records must appear life-like. They must be so set forth that we may seem to be in their very midst, and to be acquainted with the various characters introduced. As the child before the mirror reaches after his own image, thinking he has found a new companion, so we must be carried back by the mirror of history until we find ourselves the companions of those whose history we are reading; discussing the same subjects they discuss, striving to look into the same future they look into. The more prominent personages introduced must be made to seem our every day associates. Their characters and their ruling motives must be so thoroughly understood, that, knowing the circumstances surrounding any one of them, we can at once determine upon the general course of his action. We must see them—we must know them, not simply hear of them and their deeds—in order to be interested in, and to remember their history.

But the history of the leading personages of a nation is not its whole history. We must take still broader views. No great event occurs in a nation's history, without some great and evident cause, which has long been working, and gradually gaining in power. Nations *grow* to the events which take place in their history. Frequently the whole tone of society is gradually changed preparatory to these occurrences. The great events are but the grand results of the workings of minor events heaped one upon another. This whole undercurrent of the nation's history will be so placed before us by that historian who most deeply interests us, that it will be both seen and felt.

The descriptions, too, must be striking. No other objects strike the mind so forcibly and are so long remembered, as those

which are seen; and just in the same proportion as we seem to see the objects described, will we be interested in, and remember them. It is not enough to interest us in the description of a battle, to know that the day was calm and beautiful, that 2,500 men were opposed to 20,000, that General Jones commanded the right, etc., etc.; but, in a concise form, the whole picture of the field must be set before us; the form of the line of battle, the advantages and disadvantages of each position must be, not read of, simply, but clearly seen; we must be made spectators, watching every movement, sympathizing with the one party or the other, calculating the chances of success for each.

To be deeply interested, then, in the history of a people, we must become as one of them; and it lies with the historian, alone, to make us such. While Mr. Motley fails to come quite up to the standard we have marked out, yet in most respects he fully reaches it. While he does not always succeed in clearly presenting to the mind the geography of the country, and the different positions of which he speaks, the actors introduced are so life-like that they seem your companions. You read their characters, little by little, from their actions. As he himself says, it seems unnecessary for him at the close, to sum up the different traits, and thus set forth the characters of the different individuals. You have already read them for yourself, as they showed themselves in deeds, words, and writings. You know Philip as the plotting, bigoted tyrant, zealous for nothing except absolute authority and the Catholic religion; confining himself to the minor details of government, because unable to comprehend the broader and grander duties of a great sovereign; on the same day sending forth to different persons dispatches absolutely contradictory; equally false to his best friends and to his most determined foes; a man planning murder and assassination by the wholesale, and with no other pretext except the slightest suspicion. Such is Philip, one whom you can not but despise, not shown to you by the author's words, but learned from his own writings, his own words, his own actions. William of Orange also appears to you no longer simply a name which you honor, but a man whose noble, self-denying disposition you are compelled to love, while you look with wonder and admiration upon his diplomacy and perseverance. For the people of the Netherlands, too, you feel a strong sympathy. Your feelings of anger rise with theirs. With

them you learn the character of their despot, and with them are ready to overthrow him.

Thus, by Mr. Motley, are you made as one of the Netherland people. Their oppression almost becomes your oppression, and their victory your victory. You enter into the spirit of the times, and the history becomes no longer a dull, dry, dead mass of facts to be learned as a task, but a true, living history, a book both pleasant and profitable to read.

IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

ABOUT the middle of May, 1863, I spent a day at the head of the Sequachie Valley, and the impression made upon my mind by the surroundings will, I think, never be forgotten.

My situation was any thing but pleasant. Twenty-four hours before, I was forty miles from the place where I then stood, and had performed the journey on foot, with but a few minutes' rest at a time, over the roughest country I have ever seen. We had waded streams of water, forced our way through dense brakes of laurel, clambered up the Cumberland Mountains, sometimes upon our hands and knees, and sometimes climbed around the deep gulches that open in their sides.

But the most unpleasant part was the fact that our way lay through a section of the country infested with Indians and Rebel guerrillas, whose business was to intercept Union refugees, as they made their way to the Yankee lines, and send them south to garrison forts, or swing them to the limb of some sturdy oak, as their inclination might prompt them. Before commencing our tramp the previous morning, our guide, known as the Red Fox, on account of his being long-winded in traversing the mountains, informed us that it would be necessary to travel forty-five miles before daylight next morning, that we might pass the head of the Sequachie unobserved by the Rebels, who generally kept that place guarded. This was understood to be the most dangerous part of our whole journey of three hundred miles.

Almost certain death behind, fear of falling into the hands of savage Indians, or more savage guerrillas, and the hope of reaching the Union lines in safety, filled us with the desire, to use one

of Cæsar's expressions, "to leave nothing undone in regard to speed."

During the day a heavy rain fell, which greatly impeded our progress, and at daybreak next morning, instead of being five miles beyond the pass, our guide told us that we had yet to run the greatest danger; and run it we must, for to remain all day where we were, was more dangerous than to go forward. We had stopped a few minutes for rest, and, as usual, every "renegade," as the Rebels called us, was stretched out on the ground; but the guide, who, on all such precious occasions, had taken a seat with us on the ground, did not even sit down, but glanced impatiently, first at the dawn, which now began to appear behind the hedges of clouds that were creeping over the eastern sky, then at the weary men lying round him, and lastly, at the forked lightning which gleamed from the dark bosom of a cloud rising in the north.

From his uneasy manner, I knew that he was solicitous for our safety. I approached him and asked his intentions. He said, "*We must go forward*"; but I fear the result, for the Rebels are almost always watching this place, and scouting its vicinity for miles on both sides. But for the rain yesterday we should now be *out* of this danger; but it is a poor rule that won't work both ways; so, by the aid of that storm now coming on, I hope we shall avoid the Rebels, and once more be in a fair way to reach the Union lines." Speaking thus, he turned to those lying on the ground, and said: "Up, boys, and let us try it again." "Do it, and the buzzards of these mountains will have the best feast they have had for a long time, for I see you are a good company," said a hoarse voice at our right, and, on looking round, we saw step forth from behind a tree a man, who evidently had been there since we stopped. Throwing a gun across his shoulder he advanced, saying, "I am glad I happened to see you, for two of the worst companies of John Morgan's men are encamped just ahead of you, and are in no friendly mood, for several of their men have been picked off during the last few days, and, in my opinion, they would show mercy to no one."

"But we *must* pass there, for to remain here is certain capture," replied the guide.

"If you will follow me I will take you where you will be safe for the day, and at night I will show you around these men."

The plan seemed to our guide the best one that we could adopt, so with few more words the stranger started off, followed closely by us all, for we were anxious to arrive at some safe retreat. I confess I felt some doubts as to the honesty of the stranger, for I thought he might be a rebel himself, and be working a game to capture us, but, as our guide seemed not to fear him, I quietly followed.

Down the side of the mountain, over rocks and upturned trees, and across deep gullies we passed. We had not gone a mile when we turned into a cavern in the side of the mountain. "Here," said the stranger, "is shelter from both rebels and rain;" which proved to be true, for we could go far back into the cave, where the storm that had begun to rage could not reach us. It was yet too dark to see what kind of a place we were in, but our friend told us we were at the head of the Sequachie Valley.

When the storm cleared away the sun lighted up mountain and valley, disclosing the most beautiful scene I ever beheld.

I went from the cave and sat down on a large flat rock that projected over the stream which ran the whole length of the valley. The trout and perch were sporting in the crystal water; the air seemed laden with the perfume of ten thousand flowers; the drops of rain on the leaves glittered like diamonds, and, far away in the retreating cloud, a rainbow bent its majestic arch, the ends of which seemed to rest on the mountain tops on each side of the valley.

All nature seemed joyful and full of life. The birds, the trees, the gentle south breeze floating down the mountain's side, each seemed to speak with voice of praise, and an eagle, the proud emblem of American liberty, mounted from a neighboring rock on tireless wing, as if to approach the throne of the Giver of all life.

Man alone was wretched; man alone was sinful. Man alone, of all God's creatures, offered not praise to Him.

With such thoughts as these I fell asleep. Hard travel and over exertion had very much fatigued me, consequently I slept long and well. When I awoke the sun had sunk far in the western sky, and the mocking-birds were singing their evening song. I returned to the cave and found my comrades eating their scanty meal preparatory to the night's travel. Our stranger friend was there too. He was one of the many mountaineers, who, through

all the trouble, had remained firm to the Union. His long hair and beard, streaked with white, and his deep-set eyes presented a peculiar appearance. His looks assured me that he was willing to perform his part. Darkness came on, but as we left our retreat the stars smiled on us, and seemed to bid us hope.

EDGAR A. POE.

MANY are accustomed to read the writings of Willis, Longfellow, Cooper, Holland, and a host of other American authors, without asking who they were, or when and under what circumstances they wrote. This practice is much better than no reading; and, indeed, very frequently such information is beyond our reach: but could we, in making the acquaintance of authors, learn not only their thoughts, but also their lives and the surroundings which influenced their thought, we should read with greater interest and profit, cherish with greater care our American literature, and become more truly American ourselves.

Of our authors, few, if any, can lay greater claim to genius than Edgar Allan Poe. His name is familiar to us all, and the Raven, "perched upon the bust of Pallas," is a well-known picture; yet few are acquainted with his life. "Nor do we care to know more of it, the wretch!" perhaps chime a dozen voices in conscious self-righteousness. Ah! your very expression of contempt is our apology for commencing this article with a name so common.

The reputation of Poe is that of a dissipated villain. The character of Poe is a strange, anomalous, and in many respects a bad one; but not so strange, anomalous and bad as many suppose. When living, his genius was acknowledged, but since his death, only two or three have written original sketches of his life. Others, looking for their data to these sketches, founded upon personal observation, have written reviews and critiques of Poe's life and labors. But these original sketches, so far as we have seen, seem to lack one thing essential to their value: viz., veracity. Hence reviewers who look to any one of these must be misled, and fail to make their own papers of value. Perhaps in harsh raillery none have outdone that porcupine-natured Scotch

writer, Gilfillan, and we think none have written more unjustly. Always delighting in withering language, he seems, in speaking of Poe, to have given the reins to his evil genius, and after heaping up concentrated abuse he closes with a sentence humanity should have made him leave unsaid, even were Poe a drunken highwayman, the despoiler of happy homes and the slayer of infants. He says: "We can not but say, ere we close, 'peace to the well-nigh putrid dust of Edgar A. Poe.'"

It is indeed a compliment to the literary taste and moral sense of the people that the works of Gilfillan have gone out of print.

The one who seems most justly to merit rebuke and censure is the editor of Poe's works, Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. At one time he and Mr. Poe entertained bitter feelings toward each other, but afterwards friendly relations were resumed, and so much faith placed in them by the latter, that at his death, he desired Mr. Griswold to act as his literary executor. Mr. Griswold accepted the position and proceeded to perform the work, though with such evident reluctance and bias of mind that we almost wish he had followed the instructions given by Mr. Poe himself upon a former occasion, when he said: "With your present feeling you can hardly do me justice in any criticism, and I shall be glad if you will simply say after my name, 'Born 1811; published Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque in 1830; has resided latterly about New York.'" The Rev. of Mr. Griswold's name demanded that he should forget past differences, but the *Satan* of his heart would not permit him to render an impartial verdict.

At the time of Poe's death, N. P. Willis published an article in *memoriam*, which, while it may be as far from the truth as other articles, is valuable as furnishing their counterpart. While others have seen only the dark side of our poet's life, and painted it in their darkest colors, Willis has seen only the bright side of his character, and shown us a straightforward, sober, faithful man of genius. Gilfillan, while he acknowledges the ability of Poe, would concede as much moral excellence to his Satanic Majesty as to him. He finds no love, no pity, no benevolence, no honor, no soul in him. On the contrary, Mr. Willis finds all these virtues in his character; he tells us of the undying devotion of Poe's mother-in-law to his cause, and the lasting friendship of noble and pure women, whose attachment could only be attained by noble qualities.

It is very generally understood that Poe was a wild, dissipated man, having no respect for any one; but Mrs. Osgood gives her willing testimony to his tender, almost idolizing, love for his wife, his polished, gentlemanly conduct in the society of ladies, and the high esteem in which she held his friendship. In this connection, Willis gives us an item with which those who rail against Poe should soften their invectives. He says: "With a *single glass of wine*, his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost, and though no signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane." His dissipation was not the benumbing of the sensibilities and the mire-wallowing of the brute; but the sudden reversing of an engine, powerful for good, equally so for evil, the quickening of the latent ability to do evil, by throwing overboard the will. Perhaps this kind of dissipation is no more excusable than that of one who disgusts us with his incoherent gibberish; but while we censure him, we should draw the veil of pity and forbearance over his misfortune.

The outline of his life may be given in brief. His parents were both actors. He was born in January, 1811, in Baltimore, and at an early age was left an orphan, and adopted into the family of J. Allan. At the age of five, he went with Mr. Allan to Europe, and spent four years there in a school at Stoke Newington, England. In 1822, he came back to America, and soon entered the University at Charlottesville, from which he was expelled for being generally wild. Soon after his expulsion he entertained the project of joining the Greeks in their struggle with the Turks, and for that purpose he again went to Europe; but the next we hear of him, the American minister at St. Petersburg is summoned to assist him in escaping the consequences of a spree in that city. He then returned to America, and soon entered the Academy at West Point. For a time all went well, but after a few months he was dismissed. This occurred in 1829 or 1830. About this time, his first poem appeared, *Al Aaraaf*, which was so favorably received, that he determined upon literature as a profession. With this determination, he entered upon the work to which he gave his life, first in Richmond, Va. While there he married his cousin, Virginia Clem. New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston were each at different times the field of his labors, he being connected with the most prominent papers and magazines of the country. On the

evening of October 7th, 1839, he died in Baltimore, from the effects of a debauch.

Such is the bare sketch of the life of one of the most remarkable *American characters*. To fill out the sketch to a comely memoir would far exceed my limits. As a writer he was strangely original; his imagination was wonderfully fertile, and his analysis of character, and the impulses which stir the souls of men, was most acute. As the result of such a combination of characteristics, he has given us a collection of prose and poetry unequalled for their individuality, and their improbability. He knew the power which the mystical has upon the mind, and without ever stepping beyond the confines of the possible, he used that power with its greatest force. He involved his characters in circumstances which, to the common mind, were possible only through supernatural agency, and from which only supernatural agency could release them; but with his powerful analysis of cause and effect, pins, cobwebs, even the murky air, were vocal in pointing to natural agencies. Even his most improbable stories, as "The Adventures of one Hans Pfaall," are so surrounded with mock history and philosophical speculations, that when we close the book we almost involuntarily ask ourselves the question, "Why couldn't this have happened?" Poe's manner of composition was methodical and mathematical. When we read his description of the way he composed "The Raven," while the poem loses none of its beauty, it is divested, in part, of the legendary belief which personifies the melancholy of his own nature in the Raven of the poem.

The whole character of the poem, the melancholy, the length, the refrain, the very title, were arrived at by a mathematical reasoning, and the first verse written was,

"Prophet! said I, thing of evil, whether bird or whether Devil."

The subjects of Poe's articles, both prose and poetry, are strange and weird, and there is strangeness and weirdness pervading the articles themselves; but, withal, beauty is their prominent characteristic, and is it just for us to suppose that there is no beauty of character in one whose thoughts are so beautiful? To think thus would be in opposition to all our preconceived ideas of character. We do not wish to defend the vices and faults of Mr. Poe, but we do wish to claim for him more of soul and true manhood than many of his critics allow.

THE SEA.

PERSONS who consider that whatever is, is right, will naturally sympathize with the eulogies occasionally pronounced upon the ocean. They will indulge in rhapsodies after the manner of M. Michelet, dilating upon its wonders, its beauties, and the many benefits which it confers upon mankind. Although they may possibly be right, we are all at times apt to agree rather with the philosopher who wished that he could have been consulted at the creation of the universe. If that gentleman had made a few sea voyages, and if his advice had been taken, we should probably have had a world without an ocean. When a man has been at sea a few days, he begins to ask with some bitterness, what is the good of all this weary waste of water. * * * * Assuming, in order to take the extreme case, that he knows not what it is to be sea-sick, supposing that he can get up in the morning after a night passed in a fetid atmosphere, and struggle with a drunken set of furniture without a sensation of squeamishness, that he can eat his meals in defiance of tempests, and smoke on sea with as much equanimity as on shore, he is still without positive sources of happiness. Every one knows the misery of waiting for a train at a railway station, pacing the platform wearily, and occasionally turning in to the refreshment room to feast upon stale buns. The passenger on a long voyage has precisely the same situation prolonged for days or weeks. The chief differences are, that the platform reels to and fro, that it is continually damp and pervaded by noisome smells, and that the waiting-room is inconceivably close. The food may, perhaps, be better, as indeed the imagination refuses to picture any thing more than the stale victuals which lurk under fly-blown covers at a so-called refreshment-room; on the other hand from sheer *ennui* one is generally driven to partake of ship meals to excess, which is rarely the case at the railway.

Two or three topics may be urged by way of consolation. It is, for example, not unfrequently asserted that the sea is beautiful; the advantage of such assertions is, that the person who denies

them may be held simply to avow his own insensibility. Yet, in general, we may hold it to be demonstrable that no object in nature is on the whole less beautiful than the sea. * * *

A heavy surf may indeed do much to set off the beauty of a fine cliff, but at a distance from the shore the wave of real life is an almost contemptible object. The phrase about mountain waves can not conceal the fact that at most they would be insignificant undulations on land, and that they are rarely able, with the help of the wind, to knock to pieces so delicate a machine as a ship. If any thing, the ocean is perhaps grandest in a perfect calm, when its effect is not frittered away by subdivisions into petty mounds and ridges. Yet even at its best, the effect is poor as compared with that of a great plain. The view of a distant line of hills, or even of a cathedral spire, often gives to such a plain the dignity which arises from the suggestion of limitless expanse; and in traveling along the most featureless of European steppes or American prairies there are some objects to serve more or less as milestones, and so to help the imagination to realize the distance traversed. But the circle visible from the deck of a ship has a radius of not more than five or six miles, and there is no visible proof that the view is not always bounded by the same identical horizon. The waves might, for any thing that appears, be like the fifty elephants which some eastern potentate caused to be driven round in a circle so as to delude the visitor with the appearance of an indefinite multitude; their number impresses us no more than the bars in his revolving cage ought to impress a squirrel. Day after day we see the same succession of objects, with enough variation to make us sick at one time and to leave our dinners at another, but yet varying within singularly narrow limits. In short, when regarded with dispassionate eyes, we find it is impossible to deny that the sea is a monotonous and singularly commonplace object, excepting always the cases in which it serves as an admirable background to fine coast scenery. But why there should be so much sea out of sight of land is a problem which to our present understandings must be abandoned as inscrutable.

There are generally to be found on board ship a few persons who seek relief in affecting, and perhaps at times in really manifesting, a noisy exhilaration — in bad puns and small practical jokes, and

some of those conventional symptoms of high spirits which pass muster among a dreary company. Persons of more normal temperament will find it easier to adopt the opposite alternative. They will linger lovingly over meals, and lie in their berths as late as is compatible with breakfast. At other times they cultivate the frame of mind appropriate to the inter-sermonic space of a Scotch Sabbath, when the native peasant discovers a congenial form of amusement in calmly spitting over a bridge. The genuine sailor can be perfectly happy in a waking doze, or in pacing backwards and forwards with as many thoughts as the Polar bear at the Zoological Gardens. The passenger who has had the misfortune of a tolerable education, and therefore suffers from occasional intellectual cravings, must seek for some kind of spiritual opium. * * * The most popular and obvious prescription is a volume of sermons, and the benevolence of some steamboat proprietors has made ample provision of such spiritual sedatives. But, as a rule, the dose requires a little sweetening. Most persons, from habit, shrink too much from the sight of such a medicine to be capable of taking it kindly. The mind's stomach instinctively rejects it. The choice will generally lie between a solid history, which has the merit of flattering the patient into the belief that he is doing a virtuous action, and a novel of the maundering domestic school—one of those admirable performances which seek to flavor a diary with a dash of the sermon. The mind is thus, as it were, pleasantly tickled without being roused into over activity. And it may be wise occasionally to take a few turns upon deck, or play the lively game of shovel-board with a strict view to the improvement of the appetite.—*From the Saturday Review.*

RICH.—The story is told in "College Days," that at one of the rhetorical classes in Ripon College, a preparatory student had written an essay on the subject of the habit which some people have of bestowing too much attention on the affairs of others. He had enunciated his topic in a very modest way, when the professor, who had failed to catch the words, interrupted him with a question calculated to throw light on his subject. Turning to him, the young man responded innocently, but firmly, "Mind your own business!" Great confusion ensued.—*Qui Vive.*

SLANG PHRASES.

I DOUBT whether there is a language on the globe which excels our own in richness of expressive metaphors which are in every-day use among the common people; grand and sublime ones, like those of Milton, are common to all languages, but like a man's best suit, they must be reserved for special and grand occasions. The great have had exalted figures for their great thoughts for ages, but it has been left to be the crowning glory of the American people to invent expressions of power for every-day use. We Americans come to the point at once, and say what we have to say in unequivocal *English*. True, the thought is sometimes clothed in a figure, but that only enhances the effectiveness of the expression. In common parlance an animal does not die; "it kicks the bucket." One man does not whip another; he "gives him Jessie." Does a man make a failure in any thing he undertakes? No. "He fizzles." Does he ever give up after he has begun a thing? Never: but he sometimes "hangs up his fiddle." No American ever gets mad. He only "gets his back up."

At this point I can not refrain from quoting two extracts showing the command of language which some preachers possess, especially in the use of expressive adjectives. The first is by the renowned Dow: "There's something so fascinating in the first blush of evening that it's enough to make a man strip off his jacket of mortality, and swim the gulf of death for the sake of reaching the *splendiferous* splendors that decorate the opposite shore."

The following is from the lips of a Kentucky divine: "My beloved hearers, Heaven is a glorious, a beautiful, a *splendiferous*, an *angeliferous* place! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, it has not entered into the imagination of any Cracker in these here diggings, what carryings on the just made perfect have up thar."

We have also invented a remarkably refined method of swearing. Instead of the rough oaths of the vulgar, we have, among the genteel, such elegant expressions as "darn it," "the dickens," "good gracious," "I declare to goodness," etc., etc.

We have even gone so far as to enter the lower regions, take from the presiding genius of the place his lawful title, and dub him *the deuce*. In most cases the authors of these expressive phrases are unknown. Their names have passed into forgetfulness, but their deeds live after them. "To acknowledge the corn" is an expression of recent introduction, which has now become very common. The following story is told of the origin of the phrase: Some years ago, a raw customer from the upper country determined to try his fortune at New Orleans. Accordingly, he provided himself with two flat boats, one laden with corn, the other with potatoes, and down the river he went. The night after his arrival he went up-town to a gambling-house. His luck proving unfavorable, he lost, and when his money was gone, he bet his "truck," and the corn and potatoes followed the "cash." When completely cleaned out, he returned to the boats at the wharf, when evidence of a new misfortune presented itself. The flat boat containing the corn, was sunk, and a total loss. Consoling himself as well as he could, he went to sleep, dreaming of gamblers, potatoes, and corn. It was scarcely sunrise, however, when he was disturbed by the "child of chance," who had arrived to take possession of the two boats as his winnings. Slowly awakening from his sleep, our hero, rubbing his eyes and looking the man in the face, replied: "Stranger, I acknowledge the corn—take 'em: but the potatoes you can't have, by thunder."

The expression *some pumpkins* is said to have originated with James Fennell, the celebrated tragedian. When quite a lad he made a tour through France, with Mr. Walker, the celebrated philosopher, and his son. Speaking of this journey, he says: "Mr. Walker, from his position in front, had a wide range of vision, but young Walker and myself could only look down. Wishing, however, to see all we could, we kept peeping through our little windows. As we were passing the famous Cathedral of Rouen, young Walker, peeping through his little square, exclaimed, 'Look, Fennell, what *immense* pumpkins!' His father, who had been attentively gazing at the building, turned around, exclaiming: 'God! can you be looking at pumpkins while you are passing such a Cathedral as this?'"

Young Walker remarked that he did not know what he was passing, for he could see nothing above the ground.

During the rest of the journey, whenever they approached a stately building or towering spire, Fennell invariably exclaimed: "Look! Walter, there are *some pumpkins*." It is almost needless to say, it became a favorite, if not common saying, as it is to this day.

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

THERE is no end to the need of reformers. When religion shall be entirely straightened out to the satisfaction of all; when science has secured for itself a perfectly firm and solid foundation; when literature and civilization have both had their finishing touches, and can safely be pronounced good—all of which, we may be sure, will not happen in our day, good friends—there will still remain promising fields for the reformer to flourish in. Almost every field of effort has had some attention from this benevolent class of men; but there are some departments—not always unimportant ones, by any means—which have been left in total darkness. Many parts of our large cities seem to be shunned by the gas-lights for the very best possible reason for putting gas-lights there, namely, because they *are* so very dark and gloomy. So it is with many departments which sadly need the light of reformation; they have escaped illumination by keeping so very dark. The ghost is an institution of the latter kind. An institution invented while the human mind was in its infancy, it has always retained the crudeness and roughness of workmanship which belong to the first efforts of every art, and which particularly mark products dating in the earliest, the undeveloped period—the childhood—of our noble race.

It needs but a glance at the institution to see that it has never been properly worked up. Real talent has toiled on, tediously and vainly, in common and crowded fields of effort, while it might have gone straight to glory, in a blaze of brilliancy, if it had only used its powers of originality in working up a few first-class characters among ghosts.

Our ghosts, like our angels, are all alike. Even our angels, which are really first-class and lovely characters, grow a little stale from laboring under this misfortune; but what can be said for our ghost, who never has been made a first-class character?

He is neither deep nor brilliant. He has neither the dignity of manhood in his conduct, nor the cuteness and cunning simplicity of childishness. He has no variety whatever. He always wears the same grave face, and performs, in the most stately manner, the same simple and unmeaning pranks. If I were obliged to have ghosts in the house at all, I should like to choose the ghosts of little boys and girls — particularly little girls — running about, and acting prettily and naturally, as even the ghosts of children must. I am not sure that such ghosts would not be a good thing to have in the house. We might become very much attached to the little things. But who ever heard of children's ghosts making their appearance? Such an innovation would make a sensation. Such variety in the institution is unheard of. Even Shakespeare, while he gives his ghost something to do which is consistent with the majesty and solemnity of his character, yet manages to endow him with all the essentials of the traditional ghost. He speaks a sepulchral language; he walks only at night; he always chooses the same haunts, and comes and vanishes like the most ordinary ghost.

Now the reformer ought to work a complete revolution in this department. We ought to have religious ghosts, literary ghosts, scientific ghosts, playful ghosts, etc., as well as bloody and mercenary ghosts. Up to the present date, blood and money have been the only powers sufficiently potent to disturb departed spirits. One would think such spirits would sometimes be interested for the religious welfare of their friends, but they rarely are. If we are to judge from the indications given by our ghosts of the nature of the other world, it is a world most sadly like this one. It is, indeed, even more disagreeable than this, for the desperately gloomy and low-spirited state of the few stray strangers who have visited us from thence, is any thing but inviting or suggestive of extraordinary bliss. Why may we not occasionally have a good-natured, round-faced, jolly ghost; one who should look as if he were enjoying himself; who should return to earth with no more desperate object in view than to see the world, and ascertain what is going on? Why must our ghosts always don a white night-dress, and stalk around in the dark? If they can appear and vanish at their pleasure, and are not ashamed of themselves, why can not we sometimes have them dressed fashionably, and appearing by daylight, like respectable people?

Noon is quite as pleasant a time to walk as midnight, particularly in the winter, and our ghosts would like it when they should once get used to it. Why, too, must we always have them engaged chiefly in the interesting occupation of flirting with terrified human brethren and sisters, or rapping on every wall or post they come to, or disturbing articles of furniture — all with the most imperturbable gravity? Will not some one give us an original and first-class ghost?

EDITORIAL.

THE laws of society on some points are now almost as fixed and irrevocable as those of nature, while sure and speedy punishment is in store for him who attempts to resist their authority, or to evade their commands. Society is willing to judge of each new-comer within its sphere, in part, from appearances; but he must have some testimonials to present, some letters of recommendation, if he would immediately take the highest position he is fitted to occupy. For him to attempt to enter without a formal introduction, is to start at the bottom of the hill and to rely upon his own strength to force his way up. Our INDEX UNIVERSITATIS is now about to go out into the world for the first time as a monthly magazine, and we feel called upon, formally, to introduce it to the public, lest it should be left out in the cold, from lack of care on our part in this important particular.

Our *Alma Mater* has long been well known to the public through her Trustees, her Faculty, and her Students, but, most of all (and we leave it with each one to judge how pleasantly), it has been known through the extended travels of our respected and honored President, and his personal interviews with leading and wealthy men. However beneficial this acquaintance may have been to the public, we can not refrain from saying that it has been extremely beneficial to the University, having placed it upon a sound financial basis. The parent has been so successful in the world, that its child, our INDEX, has been encouraged to try its fortune, and, notwithstanding this is a democratic country, it still

feels that it can go forth strong and confident by reason of its high and noble birth. Children resemble their parents. But while there may be a resemblance, both must not be judged by the same standard. The fully matured oak we measure by tens and twenties of feet, but to measure the acorn, we descend to inches and parts of an inch. So, in this case, the child must not be expected to show forth the same amount of learning and erudition as the matured mother, nor to present so august and dignified an appearance. We can not expect that its thoughts will be so deep, nor its expression of them so graceful and elegant, as those of a matured mind. It is enough if germs can be discovered, strong and vigorous, which shall grow, and, in the future, bring forth fruit worthy of such a parent.

Since our *Alma Mater* is so well known, a formal introduction of its child seems almost unnecessary. It is too much to ask, that this, the youngest and most verdant offspring of so illustrious a parent, should be compelled to undergo the trials and tribulations of such an introduction. It should rather be regarded as a child who was born into the society in which it is to move, and who has grown to mature years within its circle.

Does, then, THE INDEX need any formal introduction? The mind judges of nothing impartially but abstract truth, and we are willing to confess our judgment in this matter to be slightly prejudiced. We are almost constrained to deny the necessity of such an introduction, because we feel so utterly incapable of conducting it in a formal and polite manner. We are by nature bunglers at the ceremony, and we feel greatly relieved now that we have decided that it is unnecessary. But what a contradiction exists between this decision and the law stated at the beginning of our article! However, in our brief review of the ground, we have satisfied ourselves that this is a special exception to the general rule, and we hope that our readers will try to look at it in the same light.

OUR NEW MERIDIAN CIRCLE.

Our telescope, the largest and finest refracting telescope in the country, has now been at work about three years, and is acknowledged to be one of *the* sights of Chicago. We are glad to announce to the public, that still another instrument has been

added to our observatory: viz., a meridian circle; and, although it may not be so large and powerful an instrument as the former, it is in many respects a more beautiful one, and one which also stands in the first rank of its class. It is especially interesting to the uninitiated, on account of its complexity. At first, even in looking at the large equatorial telescope, you are somewhat mystified by the number of screws, clamps, circles, etc., which are seen attached to all parts of the instrument; but, after several visits, you become partially acquainted with them, and learn their use. Not so, however, with the meridian circle. If you are mystified by the appendages of the former, you are completely dumbfounded by those of the latter. Look where you will at the instrument, there are the screws, the clamps, the lenses, the mirrors, the microscopes, the circles, etc., apparently in the greatest confusion. You feel that, to learn their use, you must become a practical astronomer. Of course no detailed account of such an instrument can be expected, but a few items of interest may be mentioned.

The fineness of work required on such an instrument will be readily appreciated, when we consider that measurements of angles are made to the tenth of a second, and that this corresponds to the one-hundred and twenty thousandth part of an inch on the circle from which it is read. The instrument was made in Hamburg, Germany, by A. Repsold & Sons, who possess the leading establishment of the kind in the world. The telescope of the instrument is six feet five inches long, and has an object glass six and four tenths inches in diameter. The circle for measuring altitudes is forty-two inches in diameter, and is inlaid with two bands of white metal, which does not tarnish. These bands are divided, the inner one into spaces of 16' each, and the outer, into spaces of 2' each. To use these divisions, it is necessary to employ reading microscopes, by means of which the position of the instrument can be determined to one-tenth of a second. There is also a very ingenious arrangement attached to the instrument, by which the exact position in the field of view of the stars observed, is presented on a slip of paper. The whole cost of the instrument is about \$7,000. Its work will be to catalogue all stars of the ninth magnitude, found in a zone of the heavens included between thirty-five and forty degrees north declination. This is the work assigned it by the German Astronomical Society.

COLLEGE NEWS.

PROF. WAYLAND, of Kalamazoo, assisted in chapel service one morning some weeks since. We are always glad to receive calls from professors of other colleges.

THE Senior and Junior classes were favored with a lecture by Dr. Andrews, of this city, one morning last term. He related briefly the results of recent geological investigations which he has been making along the shore of Lake Michigan. He proposes a theory, which, if it can be proved correct, will be the greatest achievement of science during the present century. More concerning it hereafter.

DR. PATTERSON delivered a lecture before the students one evening near the close of the last term. Subject: "Recent Geological Discoveries." It was a fine production, showing the fallacies of the present theories concerning "world-building," as shown by the light of recent discoveries.

OUR *Alma Mater* was honored by a call from several distinguished generals during the week of the Soldier's Reunion. God bless the heroes of the war.

As many of our readers already know, Wayland University is now under the control of the University of Chicago. J. A. Miner, one of our last graduates, has been appointed principal. We congratulate our old college chum, and wish him success in his work. We doubt not that he will wear his honors with becoming grace. Miss Alice Boise is one of the assistants.

CAN a man live in two states at the same time? He can. Mr. Elon Lee, a member of the class of '68, still resides in his old home in Wis., and has also settled in the state of *conjugal felicity*. This paradox is also true of Messrs. T. P. Maryatt, and V. C. Lewis. The gentlemen last named are pursuing their studies as if nothing had happened.

THERE was a reunion of the students and friends of the University and Seminary at the close of last term. An address was made to the students by Dr. Everts. After this Dr. Everts was *watched*, and Mr. Burtis was *caned*. Refreshments then followed, after which the company gradually dispersed, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

GAS has been introduced into the University building.

INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.

CONTENTS :

Spectral Analysis.....	33
On Relics.....	38
A High Church Movement.....	41
The Augustinian's Story.....	42
College Epidemics.....	44
Literary Friendships.....	46
The Mountains of Life.....	48
Milton's Prose Works.....	49
Some Thoughts on Writing.....	52
A View and Review of Literary Societies.....	54
Music or Arithmetic.....	57
College News.....	61
Local.....	62

of their mystery and power and the simple causes of their occurrence readily explained; while now the science of spectral analysis reaching beyond our own world brings us into direct communication with the fixed stars. The first intelligence brought us by the prismatic spectrum was of the *light* of the sun. Who then, or even years after, conceived the idea that it would eventually tell us of the *material* of the sun!

The science of spectral analysis depends upon the fact, now discovered, that every substance, when burning, gives a spectrum peculiar to itself. In the solar spectrum we find the seven primary colors, crossed by numerous dark lines, which differ from one another in their intensity, their width, their color, and their position in the spectrum. This spectrum is always the same in every particular, while none formed by other light has been found

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SPECTRAL ANALYSIS.

DISCOVERIES, simple enough in themselves, and at first sight seemingly of little consequence, often prove to be of great moment. Such was the discovery of the solar spectrum. At first it was interesting simply because it proved white light to be a compound of colored lights blended together. Later, physical phenomena, which, while they remained incomprehensible, had been regarded with superstitious awe, were by its aid stripped of their mystery and power and the simple causes of their occurrence readily explained; while now the science of spectral analysis reaching beyond our own world brings us into direct communication with the fixed stars. The first intelligence brought us by the prismatic spectrum was of the *light* of the sun. Who then, or even years after, conceived the idea that it would eventually tell us of the *material* of the sun!

The science of spectral analysis depends upon the fact, now discovered, that every substance, when burning, gives a spectrum peculiar to itself. In the solar spectrum we find the seven primary colors, crossed by numerous dark lines, which differ from one another in their intensity, their width, their color, and their position in the spectrum. This spectrum is always the same in every particular, while none formed by other light has been found

which is precisely similar. The light from vaporized metals, however, produces spectra very different, some showing but one of the primary colors, some two, some more, but each metal producing a spectrum peculiar to itself. The dark lines play quite as important a part as the colors in distinguishing spectra. Several thousand of these are found in the solar spectrum when carefully examined with a telescope, and the variety of combinations of which they are capable by changes in their position, their width, or their intensity is infinite.

The art of testing for metals by the color of the flame produced by them when burning has been known for some time, but it was found that frequently, when a compound of two or more metals is burnt, the characteristic color of one of them is concealed by that of the other in the flame; thus, if a compound of sodium and potassium be burned, the intense yellow of the former effectually conceals the paler violet of the latter, and the flame appears to be that of sodium alone. The beauty of analysis by the spectrum, on the other hand, is that, no matter how many metals may be compounded, or how small the trace of any one of them may be in the compound, the characteristic lines of each metal will be found in the spectrum. The following experiment was performed in Prof. Bunsen's laboratory, showing the delicacy of the test by the spectrum: In a room containing 2,118 cubic feet, a mixture of 0.0482 gr. of chloride of sodium was burnt. It was calculated from the weight of the sodium salt burnt, and from the capacity of the room, that there was present, suspended in one part by weight of air supplied to the flame of the instrument, less than one twenty-thousandth of a part of chloride of sodium vapor, and yet the distinct yellow lines of sodium appeared in the spectrum. By careful study and comparison of spectra those of numerous metals and metalloids have become well known, and their appearance has been minutely described. An experienced observer, therefore, can, by a glance at the spectrum of any light, tell immediately whether the more common and important metals are present.

The science of spectral analysis, even thus far developed, has been of much value to chemists in testing for the presence of different metals. So easy, so simple, and so sure, it has gradually superseded the more uncertain and intricate means so long used for such investigations. But still another principle remained to

be discovered before it could attain to its highest perfection, or be of the greatest use. That law which was to extend the field of spectral analysis beyond our own planet, and to give it the whole heavens for its domain, still lay hidden from view. So far, the *cause* of the dark lines in the solar spectrum had not been sought, or if sought had not been found. In 1858 Balfour Stewart demonstrated the law that the relation of the number of *heated* rays emitted to those absorbed remains constant for all bodies at the same temperature, that is, the greater the amount of heat emitted the greater is the amount absorbed. Soon after, Kirchhoff proved the same law to hold in regard to the *light* rays. For example, the spectrum of the oxyhydrogen lime light is continuous, but if this light be passed through a flame tinged yellow with sodium, dark lines are formed in the spectrum corresponding to the bright lines of a sodium spectrum, showing that the sodium flame absorbs the kind of light which it emits. This law, having been clearly demonstrated by numerous experiments, offered an easy solution for the dark lines found in the solar spectrum. That these lines are caused by the absorption of certain rays of light is now beyond a doubt, and they are found to correspond to the bright lines found in spectra formed by the light from incandescent vapors of iron, nickel, chromium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, barium, zinc, and copper. The spectrum of the vapor of iron has 60 bright lines, and all of these precisely coincide with dark lines found in the solar spectrum, while, as a rule, the brighter the line in the iron spectrum the darker it is in the solar. It seems clearly proved then, that the light from the sun must pass through the vapors of the above metals before reaching us. But these vapors do not exist in our own atmosphere. That they are in the atmosphere of the sun is the only alternative. But it may be asked how we know that these metals are in a vaporized condition? Would not the results be the same if the metals were in the solid state and heated to the white heat? The answer to these questions is very simple. The metals while solid or liquid produce continuous spectra, but when vaporized they do not. It is therefore evident that if the light of the sun were passed through light emitted by heated solids, it would all be absorbed, according to the law of absorption, but being passed through their vapors, only those rays are absorbed which correspond to the bright lines in the spectra of those vapors. Thus the

theory that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere, and that this atmosphere is largely composed of vapors of metals has been confirmed by the researches of spectral analysis.

Many different spectra closely resemble each other. Great nicety of measurement is therefore always necessary to prove that lines in different spectra do not coincide. The instrument used in spectral analysis is constructed with a view to the closest comparison of spectra and to very exact measurements. A full and detailed description of this instrument would both exceed our limits and be tedious to our readers, but its general features may be stated in brief. When two spectra are to be compared they are placed one above the other a little over-lapping. A scale, divided into millimeters and constructed so as to be moved by a micrometer screw, is so attached to the instrument that its image can be cast upon the spectra. The whole is then examined by means of a telescope. It would seem that these arrangements alone would always give results sufficiently accurate, but so precise are the observations required that several prisms—and thus several refractions—are often necessary to prove that lines of different spectra do not precisely coincide.

It is always interesting to look back and watch the growth of a science; to see how, one by one, facts are gathered, how minor principles and laws are slowly developed, how even the grand principle itself is sometimes in sight and almost within the grasp, but escapes unnoticed, and finally, when after long waiting success is achieved, to see the true center found, the one grand law, which gives unity to all, discovered. The dark lines of the solar spectrum were first carefully measured by Fraunhofer, and they are therefore called by his name. But for some time after this, all observations of spectra were conducted in a disorderly and unsystematic manner. Kirchhoff and Bunsen were the first to form a definite plan for these observations, and to reduce them to system, thus preparing the way for facts to be gathered upon which a new science could be founded.

As early as 1814 Fraunhofer knew that the dark line in the solar spectrum known as D coincided with a bright yellow line found in spectra formed by other means; and this line has since been shown to be that of sodium. In 1842, also, Brewster noticed that a bright line found in the potassium spectrum was the same as the dark line in the solar spectrum known as A. An

experiment, giving all the facts upon which the present science of spectral analysis is founded, was conducted by Foucault in 1849, but as he failed to draw the inference from it the first law of the science remained ten years longer undiscovered. Although Mr. Stokes first discovered the law, he failed to publish it. Soon after, however, in 1859, Kirchhoff rediscovered it, and placed it before the public, and to him does the world look as the true discoverer, while it esteems and honors him for what he has accomplished.

The uses of this new science of spectral analysis are increasing daily, and the discoveries which have been made by it, both by their number and by their importance, give it a position in the first ranks of the useful sciences. At least three new elements, Caesium, Rubidium, and Thallium, have been discovered by its use, while metals which were formerly considered rare, have been shown to be distributed in small quantities almost every where. We have already referred to the great value of the science to chemists in testing for the presence of metals. A still more practical application of its principles has lately been made in England in the casting of steel. In a newly-adopted process of melting the metal, it is important to know the exact moment at which to shut down the cover of the furnace; time must be allowed for the escape of the gaseous products which are injurious to the steel, but if that time be prolonged, an injurious effect of another kind is produced. To meet this contingency, it is proposed to test the gases as they fly off by means of the spectroscope; and as soon as the particular color is observed peculiar to the gas, which begins to escape at the moment the molten metal is in proper condition, the manufacturer will have an infallible sign of the proper moment for closing the furnace.

But besides taking so important a position in the chemistry of our own globe, spectral analysis is also giving us the elements for a chemistry of the stars. Indeed this is more particularly its field. By means of our telescopes we have been able to learn of the size and motions of the planets and of a few of the stars, but until lately we have been wholly ignorant of the physical constitution of these stars, or even of our own sun. Many of them have been observed by means of the spectroscope, and upon nearly all of them have been found those elements in the constitution of the earth which are most necessary for the support of life. Some of

these stars are thus found closely to resemble our sun, while others lack some of the important elements in its composition. It seems highly probable, then, that each of these is a sun having its planets revolving around it, and that life in many respects similar to that on our own planet may exist on these planets.

Spectral analysis has also solved some other important questions in astronomy. Many apparent nebulae have been resolved by our large telescopes into clusters of stars. It is an important question, then, to determine whether there are any true nebulae. With this in view, Mr. Huggins has made observations with the spectroscope upon different nebulae. Liquid and solid bodies give a continuous spectrum, but gases, when rendered luminous by heat, give out light which is found to consist of certain degrees of refrangibility only, which appear as bright lines on a dark ground. If, now, the nebulae are clusters of stars, they must produce spectra like those of other stars; that is, the spectra of solid bodies. If, on the other hand, they are gaseous bodies, their spectra will consist of bright lines only. Over sixty of these nebulae have now been examined, and about one-third of them proved to belong to the class of gaseous bodies. In the same manner, the material of comets has been shown to be similar to the matter of the gaseous nebulae, while it may be even identical with it. The work of observing by the spectrum is being performed earnestly and faithfully. The science is still in its infancy, being now but ten years old, but it has confirmed many interesting hypotheses by the facts it has brought to light, and has given much positive knowledge for which we had long been seeking in vain. Is it too much to hope that its work, like its life, is but just begun?

ON RELICS.

It is not difficult to understand the intense and absorbing interest with which a traveler visits noted places of historic interest. A battle-field and its surroundings vividly recall the incidents associated with them. There is such a thing as communion with events. Not the most accurate and thrilling accounts of a battle can give us such full possession of the action and its movements—can place us in such perfect communion with it, as to stand for a

short time upon the spot where it occurred. Every feature of the scenery, every tree, every stream, every rock, every hill or valley has its story to tell, its impressive record to render up. The imagination has there the material to put together with which actually to re-enact the battle. It can there reproduce, with a truth and reality which attend its action nowhere else, the scenes which the spot witnessed long ago. The mind is forced to observe—is forced to become impressed and to remember by the electrical power which arises from this direct communion with events. With all the necessary external aids to the perfection of the picture the imagination acts with unusual energy and power. The roar of the cannon, the din and smoke and commotion of the battle naturally hover forever round a spot with which they have once been familiar, and, summoned by an active imagination, they readily come back again with the same spirit, the same interest and excitement that first attended them. They are the natural spirits of the place. They haunt only the spot of their birth, and only there can we visit and truly commune with them.

It is easy to understand, too, the interest which attaches to the birth-places, the early homes, and the early associations of great men; to the spots where their lives were spent, or to the scenes of their great achievements. Mind is never so far independent of its surroundings that the latter do not exert some powerful influence upon it, and play an important part in its formation and development; and by studying such influences—by becoming familiar with the same associations with which great minds were familiar, we study the great minds themselves, and become introduced, as it were, to a more intimate companionship, and gain a closer communion with them. In all such cases as these there is really something to call forth the mental energies in particular directions with peculiar force, to aid the mind in its study of the past, and to give life and reality to facts and incidents, which otherwise lie vague and lifeless in the mind.

But there is a taste kindred to these which it is not so easy to appreciate. What power over my mind, for instance, has a little chip of wood from a certain tree under which Luther rested in one of his journeys? I look upon it on one side, it is only a chip; I turn it over, still only a chip. It speaks no language to me. It tells me nothing of Luther. Luther never touched it, he never even

saw it. It never influenced his mind, or in the smallest degree influenced his course. It was not even a *chip* to him. How then can it be any thing more than a chip to me? What interest or worth can it possibly possess for me? What story can it tell? What picture can it impress upon my memory? Yet a passion for such senseless relics seems always to have had a place in the human mind. Some of them have commanded enormous prices. A scrap of dirty cloth, a bit of leather, an old stick, a piece of bone, or an old tooth—all too disgusting to be thought of—has become sacred and almost priceless, because some distinguished person once wore them, or had them, or saw them, or, at least, passed through or near the place where they were. We find similar articles to this day gracing collections of curiosities, or under pompous labels adorning parlor tables. Little articles said to have been made from the wood of rails split by President Lincoln have very recently brought their price in our markets. It is really amusing to see people examine such relics. They take them up with countenances all set to be interested. They turn them over and over, carefully and slowly, again and again; they read the labels and look again, then quietly lay them down without the least change of expression—with the most perfectly unsatisfied look that can well be imagined. The craving for these relics is about as sensible and brilliant as those periodical "wants" of the newspapers—"Wanted—a tear from the eye of Faith;" or, "Wanted—a feather from the wings of the wind," etc.

Many a stone, or tree, or fence, or other object associated with historic events has gradually disappeared in small portions to join collections of curiosities. No monument or memorial can be erected to the memory of any distinguished person or event in history, but the sacrilegious knife or hammer soon defaces it and makes it rather a monument of human folly, and of a total absence of all true honor and respect for the memories of the past. Can any one unfold to us the mysterious value and interest which these insignificant relics possess when obtained?

A HIGH CHURCH MOVEMENT.

Who painted the steeple?
 "I," said the pastor,
 "With my alabaster
 I painted the steeple."

THERE'S a "tragical tale" has happened of late,
 Up in W—; well, just a neighboring state,
 (Which no doubt you've all heard, but if not it is time,
 For I said 'twas 'of late' for the sake of the rhyme.)
 Of a student divine, from the place where they grow,
 Who left his "fond mother" just six months ago.

From old 68—that glorious band—
 He had gone with his license to preach in his hand,
 His name—well for short we will call him Sir *Draper*;
 (For further accounts see an October paper.)
 Suffice it to say, he had gone from his mother,
 As has done and will do, still many another,
 Had his call from a church—had settled to preach—
 To visit the people—to counsel and teach.

Now this church—'tis the building I speak of alone,
 And not of the people that give the church tone—
 Had begun to wax old, and its beauty was losing,
 For churches, like other things, grow worse by the using,
 And no more are the good than the victims of crime
 Exempt from the sickle of "Old Father Time."
 To be plain, the church was fast losing its color,
 And from white it was growing exceedingly duller.

Now Sir Draper had learned, in the days of his youth,
 In all situations to stick to the truth;
 And now that this house under his special care
 A TURN-COAT was turning, was too much to bear:
 It was turning without, though straight-forward within,
 From the emblem of truth to the emblem of sin.
 Often 'neath a rough garment a noble heart beats,
 Oft gloomiest sign-boards point to shady retreats,
 The *out* does not matter if it's all well within it,
 For "'tis not the bonnet but the head that is in it."
 But Sir Draper decided the church must be painted;

But not one of the people
 Would dare paint the steeple,
 And with none who dare do it was Draper acquainted,

For no ladder in town could he borrow or hire
 That would reach half-way up this exceeding tall spire.
 "I'll do it myself," said excited Sir Draper,
 "Though by it I get my full name in the paper,
 For likely our special, or reporter-infernal,
 Will send the whole thing to the next Evening Journal;
 Though you all refuse, my plan you'll not stop,
 For I'll paint it myself from its veriest top."
 The pastor was known to be good as his word,
 So went right to work as if naught had occurred;
 With a rope round himself, and made fast to the steeple,
 He swung himself off, while the wondering people
 Awe-stricken looked on, half expecting their pastor
 Would soon fall the victim of some foul disaster.
 Like Mahomet, 'twixt heaven and earth now suspended,
 To only his steeple and paint he attended;
 And he painted until it was all painted o'er,
 And the steeple as white as 'twas ever before.

Perhaps in days gone he'd been used to suspension,
 And so 'twas not hard—this later ascension;
 But whether or not, it is certainly rare,
 A preacher *suspended by rope in the air*.

Long life to you, Draper, may you reap all you hope,
 And not meet your end by the end of a rope,
 In whate'er you attempt, as in painting the spire,
 May you be as successful in "going up higher."

THE AUGUSTINIAN'S STORY.

As I had been reading, when opportunity offered, with a view to prepare an elaborate paper on St. Augustine, his character and writings, it will not be thought strange, that, at the close of a day's hard study upon the subtilties of Logic, among the labyrinths of Geology, and the mazes of Astronomy, I found myself, from some cause or other, suddenly in the company of an old Augustinian friar, and, by some means or other, in the neighborhood of the town of Bona, wandering among the ruins of what had once been the royal city of Hippo. The old man was talkative, and why not? He had lived long and seen much; and as, in the capacity of a *cicerone*, he called my attention to the various things of note and interest that we passed, we came in sight of

the convent to which he belonged. This afforded him a new theme, and beginning with the year of its foundation he rehearsed in minute detail all the circumstances connected with its structure, as well as the rise and progress of the Augustinian order of monks. But I could see that he dwelt with peculiar satisfaction upon every little circumstance connected with Augustine, the founder. "Oh! that you had heard," said he, "his deep-toned eloquence, when from yon façade he disputed the erroneous teachings of Pelagius, and magnified the doctrines of grace; an eloquence that swayed the minds of all who heard him, and whose ornate chasteness captivated both imagination and heart. He possessed all the luxuriance of Symmachus without a vestige of his barrenness. He knew well how to suit the action to the word, as, with a majesty and munificence all his own, he poured forth the rich wine of truth from the mingled depths of a great mind and a tender heart." Here I observed what my close attention had prevented me from seeing before (for I had been carried away by the old man's enthusiasm for his former master), that the perspiration had gathered on his forehead, for, though it was evening, yet the day had been warm, and besides, he wore the long black gown with the leathern girdle and the black cowl of his order. Beckoning him to a seat upon the base of a broken column, I seated myself upon its disfigured capital lying near by, and, though somewhat disconcerted by the interruption, he resumed: "I shall never see his like again. It was a sad day in Hippo—one never to be forgotten, when Father Augustine went home,—when the angel of light that had so often brought gladness and hope to desolate hearts triumphantly ascended to its own fruition. The forces of Bonifacius had invested the city, and the northern horde under Genseric the Vandal had for three months been besieging it, assailing the walls with their barbarous rams, and rending the air with their fiendish shouts. While this destructive work was going on without, the work of dissolution was going on within the convent walls; but there all was as peaceful as the bosom of yonder sea unruffled by the evening air. It was evening then. The sun, that but a little while ago passed the pillars of Hercules, passed then as now, flooding the Mediterranean and the whole landscape with glory and amethystine light. The rocky sides of Atlas seemed ramparts of sapphire above which the lofty range of icy peaks gleamed like crests of polished

silver. The subdued light lingered in the apartment where lay Father Augustine in the possession of all his faculties; and the face of the aged saint was radiant with heaven-born peace, though he was surrounded by sorrowing friends and pupils. The sound of the conflict enters the dying man's ear, and the tongue that had so often spoken comfort is again the instrument of soul-moving thought: 'Fear not those who can only kill the body.' The sun sinks beneath the western waters. The Vandal musters to the last charge, and with the crash of walls and the cry of 'The Vandal!—the Vandal!—the cry of the dying Father mingles: 'Nothing conquers but truth,—the victory of truth is love.' But," continued my *cicerone*, "I hear the convent vesper bell and must leave you." Whereupon I awoke.

DUNEDIN.

COLLEGE EPIDEMICS.

Do epidemics prevail in the outside world? So do they in college. Are they of various kinds in the outside world? So are they in college. Have they afflicted the human race from time immemorial? So have they afflicted students.

It is a lamentable fact that students are subject to the same ills that *common* flesh is heir to. Epidemics may not present the same symptoms among students as among other people, but they are epidemics nevertheless. Epidemics as contagious as the measles, as destructive to life and limb as a fire alarm, as enervating as the ague, and as weakening to the pockets as a run of fever have, one after another, swept over our institution like the waves of a tempestuous sea, engulfing all alike without respect to age or condition.

As it is often instructive, and, at the same time, amusing to review the experience of a severe trial, after having passed through it, let us, for this double purpose, recall to mind a few of the epidemics through which we have passed. They are all alike in the one particular, that they tended to derange the mind of the sufferer. The first was the "Club Epidemic." The symptoms of this malady were various, affecting different parts of the body according to the peculiarities of the individual. One set of symptoms was principally confined to the throat and lungs, though in

some of its advanced stages the whole person of the sufferer would be distorted into the most inconceivable shapes, while he indulged the fancy that he was making oratorical gestures. Sometimes, especially when several afflicted with like symptoms came together, the halls would echo to sounds "horse-iferous," "mulaginous" and indescribable; and yet the patients would imagine themselves to be true musicians. This variety included the debating, declaiming, and singing clubs.

There were also other varieties, such as the "glee club," having somewhat the effect of laughing gas; the "chess club" affecting the brain, and the "ball" and "boat clubs" affecting the muscles. "The first woe is passed, and behold the second woe cometh quickly." If formerly students had thought of nothing but clubs, now they thought of nothing but "associations." Even a very limited number of students afflicted with this disease would come together, and, in the sincere belief that they were "the students," would pass regulations affecting the interests of all.

Besides this, there were other varieties of this epidemic, such as the "Skating Park Association," deluding many into the idea that it was fine sport to test the relative hardness of ice, shins and craniums, in company of young ladies; the "Societas Cynicorum," delighting to torture the names of its victims into wretched Latin for public inspection, and many others too numerous to mention.

A year had not passed after this plague had spent its fury upon us, before another plague, and, in some respects a more fatal one than any which had preceded it, made its appearance. A noble young man of the class of '69 received the seeds of the disease into his constitution, while engaged in the mission work in a neighboring state. Poor fellow! He never recovered. Another martyr to the cause of missions! Hence this terrible plague was called the "Mission Work," or, "Marriage Epidemic." The former epidemic of *Association* may have had some influence in causing it to appear; however that may be, it soon became so contagious that the Faculty, as guardians of the general welfare and health of the students, were compelled to pass a regulation immediately removing from the college all who should hereafter be afflicted by it. The next in order, and the last, was a sudden zeal to gain some knowledge of the origin of man, his antiquity, and its relation to geology. It is still in our midst. Its results are not wholly worked out, but lie in the

future. Let us hope that this, the "Geological Epidemic," may not prove so destructive to scholastic hopes as some that have preceded it.

MORAL.—Students, like children, desire change. A year is enough for one thing. "Clubs" and "Associations" with their results are in the past; "Geology" is in the present. What is in the future?

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

AMONG the many virtues which literature inspires among her devotees is often found that of the most lasting and ardent friendship. There is a sympathetic feeling found among men in every condition and station of life, but that deep sympathy and friendship which united Johnson and Goldsmith, Schiller and Goethe, are not for men of the world. They who are accustomed to more noisy employment may form friendships of manners, of policy, of society, but their friendship is based on the principle of personal interest—changeable as fortune. They may regard each other with the same interest, but not with the same heart. Interior and intellectual considerations are the source of literary friendships. Actuated by the same impulse, living in an unrestrained communication of their ideas, and united in the same life pursuits, literary men form a friendship that survives the tomb. Johnson and Goldsmith, Gray and Mason, Burke and Reynolds, Hume and Robertson, Dryden and Congreve, Swift and Pope are men whose friendships are as immortal as their fame. Nor can we estimate too highly the influence of such illustrious friendships. They labored for each other, and happy he whose work could win the smile of approval or the words of applause from the friend of his lonely hours. When Goldsmith was discouraged and disheartened over the "Vicar of Wakefield" it was Johnson who first told him of its worth, and who first assured the author of its future rank in literature, and it was he who first brought before the world the beauties of the "Traveler." The most noble sacrifices, too, have been made by literary men to promote or defend the fame of their friends. Robertson aspired to write the "History of England," but he declined doing so, lest it should injure the plans of Hume. Dyson was the

defender of Akenside's fame, as Mason was of Gray's. This unity of feeling among literary men is often attended with most important results to the literary world. It becomes not merely a personal and selfish gratification, not merely the out-pouring of a loving nature, but a grand accession to literature itself. It was surely a lucky day that brought Addison and Steele together and united their labors. Writing and toiling together from the heart as well as the head they gave to the world a work which from either alone could never have emanated; and their varied stories are all the more attractive from the one being serious and careful and the other gay and thoughtless. But no literary partnership in the whole range of literature, perhaps, presents so noble a picture of generous and unselfish friendship, as that of the illustrious Beaumont and Fletcher—"The twin stars of English literature." Their labors through a long period of authorship are so interwoven as to make it impossible to trace the mingled productions of either. Bound by the closest ties of friendship this association was only severed by death.

Literary friendship often exists between men whose characters are very different. Their lives seem fuller and more complete when bound to those whose characters and dispositions are the reverse of their own. It is natural for man to long for that which he has not and to be that which he is not, and the trait denied to him he looks for in his friends. The union of the gay with the grave, the witty with the melancholy, the vigorous with the weak is often among the most fortunate of friendship. We find the mild and amiable Melancthon united by the strongest ties of affection to the warm and impulsive Luther; the careless, thoughtless Steele to the calm and elegant Addison; the bold and commanding Johnson to the gentle, retiring Goldsmith. This is a friendship of heart and not of disposition, of affection and not of worldly interest.

De Quincy says that every additional friendship only opens another avenue to misery. A melancholy attestation of his own few friendships! Though Pope found a place in the stern and wicked heart of Swift, the friendship between the misanthrope and satirist resulted only in misery. Thus the friendships of literary men do not always contribute to their mutual happiness. It would be strange indeed if such men's solicitude for their friends' welfare, their misfortune, or perhaps their downfall did