

point of style to "Night Thoughts." But, while Bombast was thus easily pleased with the poets and authors of the day, and could cite with rapture selections from the standard literature of both ancient and modern times, Simplicity was content with fewer books, but read and enjoyed these with peculiar pleasure. His favorite work, indeed it was the one he was reading at the time, was "The Vicar of Wakefield." He told me he particularly admired all the works as well as the character of Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Cowper, Irving, and Whittier. In answer to my inquiry whether he gratified his taste wholly by reading standard authors, he replied to the contrary: "For," said he, "that which is beautifully simple is often passed by unappreciated, and is superceded by some thing of more show but of much less real merit. 'Cotton's Fireside' for instance, my favorite poem, is a work of real beauty, yet the poem has not met with popularity; but I have hope that some day the work will have a place among the highest literature. So also it is with 'McHenry's Pleasures of Friendship.' Though the writer was not deemed worthy of the notice bestowed upon more fantastic authors, his works will ever be read with simple, honest pleasure."

The stage now coming to a stop, Bombast with great pomp and parade took his leave. Every one met him in the most gracious manner, and praise was every where lavished on his empty merits. As we rode by I saw over the door of that station "Present Popularity." I can not tell now how long we rode further, but after many hours we again came to a stop and Simplicity quietly got out of the coach. Over the door of that station I saw the name "Immortality."

I was taught by my reverie this: that, though fantastic show, whether in nature or art, can please for the moment, thought can dwell only upon what is consistent with simplicity and truth. Though true genius meets only with calumny in its own time, for the temporary injustice it will shine the brighter through all future ages. They, whose literary endeavors reap a full harvest on this side of the tomb, are but comets or meteors in the grand heavens of literature; while they whose genius lives after them are calm, still, steady luminaries shining on forever.

THE SOPHOMORE IN THE COUNTRY.

BLITHE as the pilgrim-bird that comes in spring
From other lands to build her nest and sing;
The thriving hero of one college year
Returns to recreate from its hard career.

From his smooth tongue an easy volume flows,
'Till children gape, and cry, "How much he knows!"
He walks the village with a saucy swing,
And on his finger sports a ciphered ring;
A jaunty hat slants o'er his eyebrows twain,
Athwart his boots he taps a rat-tail cane,
His Grecian symbols on his bosom flash,
And o'er his "muzzle" sprouts a new moustache.

The young girls giggle, solemn codgers scowl,
The old maids fan themselves, the babies howl,
His cousin smirks and prudishly behaves,
And vows she will not kiss him — "till he shaves;"
His mother eyes the arch of labial hair,
And half mistrusts some mischief lurking there;
Ponders the bristly omen just begun,
And fears the future of her fledging son.

His aged grandma, horrified to know
What "wicked" crops beneath his nostrils grow,
Lets loose the tumult of her doting soul,
And vents her grief she can no more control:
"Alas, my boy, I loved ye once — but O!
Ye look so savage when them whiskers grow
I couldn't take ye for my darter's son,
Nor make you seem the darlin' little one
I rocked the cradle for in years gone by.
That dreadful, dreadful upper lip — O my!
Now don't go down to visit uncle John,
Or see the Joneses with that 'fruzzle' on;
And oh! *don't* keep it on till Sabba' day,
What would the folks that knew ye say?
They 'll take you for some rowdy buccaneer —
That dreadful, dreadful upper lip — O dear!

"I have been proud o' ye, my grandboy; ah,
I thought ye'd be a blessin' to yer ma,
But now, alack! my cup is full indeed,
I've leaned on nothin' but a broken reed:
I'd knit yer stockins an' be willin' to —
I hoped ye'd be a minister — boo-hoo!"

From the Companion.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE *Nation* for February 4th has the following: "We should look in vain in this country for any periodical peculiarly the medium of the higher class of teachers, such as the professors of colleges and the heads of the best preparatory schools. There is no public ground on which the professors at Yale and the professors at Harvard can meet as such and compare experiences, or offer contributions to the development of their special departments, or criticise doctrines new and old, or weigh the merits of recent text-books. In this respect they are less fortunate and less intimately united than the teachers of grammar and primary schools, who find what nearly corresponds to their wants in the state conventions, county institutes, and official educational monthlies."

Is it not a fact that, while our public schools are improving so rapidly, while every attempt is made to seek by experiment, by consultation, by every means to find the best mode of conducting them and to avoid the faulty ones, our higher colleges are at a comparative stand-still? The need of more communication between the professors of different colleges seems to us a pressing one. Comparatively little progress can be made by one man studying his own experience only. The results of the experience of all, or at least of many, are needed to develop the greatest improvement. No invention, not even the simplest, is at first perfect, nor is it often perfected by the inventor himself. The suggestions of others are needed. Defects which either seemed irremediable or did not occur to him may by another be easily disposed of. Much more are the results of the study and the experience of many required to perfect the art of teaching. It is not every learned man that can teach. To know a thing and to be able to impart it to others are two distinct things. A special tact, genius, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, is a prerequisite of a good teacher. But even with this granted, there is no branch of knowledge, no profession that requires so hard and so constant study as does this very profession of teaching. Real progress in any study for which there is no enthusiasm — in which there is no interest must be slow and tedious. Children may be so enamored with their

play, and see so little need of study, as sometimes to make it almost impossible to interest them, but for students in college whose only object is to study there can be no such excuse. There *may be*, however, studies such that not even college students can become interested in them — such that they are unavoidably what are commonly known as "bores," but these, if any such exist, are rare, and the fault when any branch becomes such can almost always be traced to the professor.

One great secret of success in any department lies first, in the choice of a good model, and second, in imitating the beauties of our model while we avoid its faults. That great advancement may be made by thus studying models, is beyond dispute, but, as Quintilian says, he that follows must always be behind. By our western colleges the various eastern colleges of note are taken as models, and if the highest success can be gained by imitating the model as closely as it is possible under the existing circumstances to do, then surely our western colleges will achieve it. For too many of our teachers we fear that it is enough to stamp a law as good, or a system of teaching as the best, to know that it is used at Yale, at Harvard, or at their own model, whatever that may be. They seem to think that colleges have now been in existence so long, and the manner of teaching in them has been so carefully studied by men of great ability, that it is impossible that any improvement can be made upon it, entirely overlooking the ideas, that scholars are constantly changing, that the education received before entering college now is very different from that formerly received, as well as that the kind of education required is continually changing.

While our western colleges are thus imitating those in the east, the latter seem to have settled down into a state of self-complacency; each Professor studying alone in his own department, and by himself deciding upon the plans to be adopted for the instruction of his pupils. He reaps the fruit of his own experience only, and goes on from year to year, perhaps thinking it impossible that students should ever have any enthusiasm in his department, any real desire for study for the sake of the study, and never dreaming that a little effort on his part, a little variation from the regular routine of the book, a few suggestions pointing out the most interesting portions of the study and their practical appli-

cations, would stir up his pupils to new exertions and infuse into them new life.

Something is needed then to break up this routine and to offer opportunities for instructors in the same and in different branches to consult together, to compare experiences, and to unite their efforts in seeking for the best methods of teaching. A national convention to be held at Poughkeepsie on the 27th of next July seems to be a movement in the right direction. At this time steps will be taken for completing the organization of a permanent 'National Society for the Promotion of Philological Studies and Research in America.' While the immediate object of this meeting will be to discuss more particularly the amount of time to be devoted to the languages, and the question of the order in which they should appear in the college curriculum, yet it is evident that views of the manner of teaching will also be interchanged, at least in private, among the large number of teachers gathered there.

THE OFF-SIDE.

THERE are some writers, thinkers, and speakers, whose first rule of thought is "I beg leave to differ." Most subjects of thought have two sides, and with all such these gentlemen of the "off side" have little difficulty. They are, however, invariably to be found maintaining those views of the subject which are the least generally acceded to. But some subjects have really only one side, and the discussion and consideration of such ones tend only to develop, expand, and make clear the views and thoughts upon that side. While discussing such topics gentlemen of the "off side" are in their element, for then they attempt to face almost universal opinion, and to disprove that which has apparently been proved many times beyond a doubt. All thought is so ghost-like in its nature, that we can never attempt to embrace it without having a vague suspicion that, after all, it may not be there, and on this account very shrewd and ingenious minds can sometimes do much to convince us that the effort to embrace was a very silly impulse on our part, which had nothing but our own weakness of mind to call it forth. The brightest lights of Philos-

ophy shine by means of a doubly refined subtlety and ingenuity of argument, which denies the existence of the world and even of the mind itself. The ornaments of history, in these days, are those authors who can whitewash the ancient devils into saints, and repaint the ancient saints into devils. Much genius has been very justly loaded with honor for very eloquently apostrophizing mice and vermin; for discovering deep wells of truth and beauty in the shallow cup of a single flower; and for elevating the inattractive and tedious prose of every day life to the sublime heights of rapturous poetry. Gentlemen of the "off side," then, scarcely need defence. They are a necessity to mind and to the development of thought. If it can be done consistently with the most profound respect for their genius, they may on some accounts very properly be called the rats and vermin in the nurseries and store-houses of thought. At least they are the keen-eyed prowlers who make it their duty, their pleasure, and their means of support to discover and destroy noxious insects and animalculæ, and to remove all impurities from these store-houses, while at the same time they very often devour or destroy that which ought to be preserved.

This off-side spirit clearly originates in a desire, which pertains to all thinking minds, to avoid the common traveled roads of thought, and to pioneer the way in new directions and into new fields. Its fruits are generally a reputation for originality and for mental power. A little ingenuity goes a great way in the production of these fruits. A great part of the ingenuity used is very profitably devoted to the expression of thought. Reputation is often won by a skillful juggling with words; oftener still by a highly artistic and striking combination of them. Here are found startling paradoxes and striking speeches of all kinds. They are never intended to be studied or critically examined. Such packages are very clearly marked by the manufacturers, "hands off." A kind of willful mental blindness is oftentimes necessary to high enjoyment. We need it in order to fully appreciate a picture for instance. To fully enjoy a picture we must believe ourselves among its scenes and incidents while we know better all of the time. So really to enjoy these paradoxes and startling speeches we must willfully believe in their truth and vitality, and not permit ourselves to examine them carefully, or in any way to discover the wires that move them. Nevertheless on account of

the enjoyment, which they thus ingeniously persuade us to manufacture for ourselves, we readily bestow reputation upon the authors of such things.

But in frequently forcing the mind to find plausible arguments for peculiar views there is undoubtedly a great cultivation of mental power. In all ordinary thought we are by no means sure that our minds are original. Indeed we can be tolerably certain that they are not. We read so much, talk so much, and so unconsciously appropriate and adopt what we read and hear, that our minds can never positively claim any of our usual thoughts as their own offspring. By original thinking the powers of the mind are necessarily greatly strengthened and developed, while the keen pleasure from the exercise well rewards the effort.

By their efforts these off-side thinkers afford much amusement to their observers. We often condemn them as unscrupulous quibblers, but after all we can not help admiring their ingenuity. There is always satisfaction in seeing a weak side prevail against a strong one solely by the force of shrewdness, and honor is quite as justly awarded to agility as to strength. Off-side authors are generally very popular. There is a certain freshness in their views of subjects, which always makes their works attractive. Their books are often read simply from curiosity to see what they contain. They attract attention, just as the latest style of advertisement upon the street does, by arousing so much curiosity by their strangeness, that men can not be content to let their curiosity go ungratified.

Off-side thinkers on the whole are generally quite harmless. They please themselves by constantly differing from other men and assigning plausible reasons for so doing, while other men are in turn pleased by witnessing their efforts and watching their ingenuity. If such thinkers ever do any harm by tearing down and destroying what ought to be preserved, their damage will soon be remedied in all important matters. The most ingenious sophistry, when placed where it is exposed to constant investigation, must eventually be overthrown and its influence be destroyed. But, on the other hand, such minds are indispensable to the growth and progress of thought. They are almost always the pioneers of discovery. In endeavoring always to be wrong they not unfrequently are accidentally right, or rather in always trying

to differ from the views of other people, they are quite apt to be right when the opinions of most people are wrong. Any thing so weak and susceptible to error as human thought can not long go right without the corrective influence of some minds who make it their business to find flaws in the advances made, and to tear away and remove without consideration whatever defiles or conceals the truth. On the whole then, off-side thinkers are a very acceptable class of society, and we may, without objection, be amused at their failures, admire their ingenuity, and profit by their success.

TEETHING.

"A BABE in the house is a well-spring of happiness," says an English poet, to which Fanny Fern responds, "a well-spring of botheration!" I am inclined to think that when Fanny gave vent to her feelings thus caustically, she had special reference to the time of teething. Teething is a long, tedious, painful process, and the doctors say one that puts the entire system into general disorder; but while mamma is wearied by attention through the day, and papa's sleep is badly broken in upon during the night, (all good papas take care of the baby), every one pities rather than finds fault with the little unfortunate. Various have been the means devised to lessen the pains of teething, from the old-fashioned Spanish silver dollar (which we ourselves used) to the modern rubber-ring, and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which is now deemed as necessary in all well regulated families as a baby itself. Judging from the notices in the public press (we have no other means of judging, Mr. Editor), parents should consider themselves fortunate in living, and children in being born in the days of Mrs. Winslow.

But this is not the only teething period in life. Never do I see a boy who has reached the sentimental age, so that he is bewildered by the smiling look and pretty speech of some school-girl, fancies himself to be dying of love, and dedicates to her whom he loves to distraction (of course) some pathetic verses as

"Oh! how I love you charming Nellie,
You are as sweet as apple jelly,"

without saying, not that he is a ninny, a fool, or any such thing, but

simply that he is teething. I wonder why it is that so many folks old enough to have their third set of teeth find so much fault with those cutting their first. There is, too, a teething in letter-writing. Who does not remember his first boyish attempt to write a letter? "Letter-writers," "Guides to Good Society," and "Books of Etiquette" are but so many varieties of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Perhaps there is no place where so many are teething as in college. From the green Freshman to the grave and reverend Senior, all are in various stages of this malady, painful, but necessary to all healthy children. Even though they are past the sentimental age, how many days of concern and nights of sleeplessness are endured to bring forth certain essays, orations, and debates, which when once brought to perfection, like the first teeth, are small, fragile and of little use, and are speedily shed to give place to others more substantial. I do not find fault with those in the teething period, but on the contrary warmly sympathize with them, and welcome as great benefactors of the race the Mrs. Winslows who prepare in a cheap and convenient form a panacea for its relief.

EGYPT, THE EARTH'S ANOMALY.

By Egypt you will understand the land and not the people. The people of to-day, a mixed race, possess few if any original traits. Even of old, though learned, cunning, and powerful, the Egyptians could not be called a more peculiar people than the Greeks or the Jews. But the more we study the wonderful arrangements of this narrow evergreen tract of the earth's surface, and watch the steady flowing of its single stream, its creator and unfailing benefactor; look off at the unfruitful mountain chains on either hand and at no great distance from the stream, whose only purpose seems to be to guard the winding valley from the encroaching sands that sweep up from the Sahara and Arabian deserts; or look up at the blue, blue sky in which barren clouds are idly floating, which are as dry as the sand waste and send no rain, the more intelligently we must affirm that Egypt is the earth's anomaly. What land like this lies between neighboring deserts and receives no more rain than they and yet is fruitful? It

is an island in a sea of sand, and yet more prolific than any one washed by waves of ocean. All the East used to come down to Egypt to buy corn, though they must needs cross the desert to reach its rich oasis. It would seem that Egypt is the beautiful belt given by repentant nature to adorn the unsightly body of the desert and to repair the error she had committed in creating such an abnormal region.

This fruitful tract only five or ten miles broad, covered yearly by the waters of the Nile—and such is Egypt and nothing more—interrupts the blasting sweep of earth's vast waste, turns back the sand waves that come across Africa in the Sahara 4,000 miles, and, relieved in great part by the Red Sea, puts in bounds the wilderness of Arabia that reaches hither 3,000 miles from the confines of Persia. Whoever saw mountains without shade except that of the rocks; without torrents unless those of its own decomposing surface; or that support no life save that of the eagle and the jackal? Yet such are the sand and rock-girt hills that confine the valley of the Nile. No brooks issue from their sides to enlarge the river which must flow on uncheered to the sea, not winning a single rivulet during its course of 2,000 miles through Egypt; not even a palm-tree or a hardy shrub springs from their coolest clefts, and the faithful moss does not seek to cling to their bleached rocks; but man has chosen their caverns from remotest time as safe and imperishable tombs, and has erected his temples out of their limestone and granite folds, and embellished his dwellings with their alabaster and precious stones.

If the mountains are unusually prolific in furnishing durable material for architecture and all other forms of art, the temperature of Egypt is also favorable to their preservation. Undergoing no great or sudden change from heat to cold, nor any modification whatever in its dryness, it neither breaks, loosens, nor defaces, as in other climes, but rather embalms, freshening the colors of the brush and sharpening the outlines of the chisel. We blush to recall that the magnificent monuments of Egypt, which nature is striving to preserve for latest time, have been so sadly and wantonly thrown down, broken and gashed by human hands. Their makers seem to have provided against all other calamities, but alas! their own kind, who should most respect the beautiful and the grand, has been the first to undermine and destroy.

It will not be necessary to more than mention the central and chief anomaly of this land, that is its river, whose eccentricities have been already made known. In other countries a flood is a synonym for disaster, and at home levees confine the rising waters of the Mississippi, and all possible means are employed to prevent an inundation. Here the overflow of the river is hailed with joy and sacrifices, and the longer it remains and the wider it spreads the brighter is the promise of harvest. Criers are sent all through the provinces to make known its rise as measured on the Nilometer, and their proclamations determine largely the price of food and the probable tax of the coming year. We read that the old Egyptians dreamed of a new Nile in heaven.

CAIRO, *February*, 1869.

W. W. E., JR.

BUDDING POETS AND GERMINAL POETRY.

A NEW disease has lately come among us. It is fast spreading from room to room. The marks of its desolation are seen on all sides. All classes, from the jolly and healthy First Year Preparatory student to the grave and learned Sophomore, pale from long years of hard study by the mid-night lamp, seem subject to its ravages. Indirectly the editors of the INDEX have especially been made to feel the terrible results of this disease. Before, weighed down by care and by the *weight* of the *matter* which has been given them to bear, they are now completely overpowered by this new calamity, and stretch forth their imploring hands for help. Who, like the "Good Samaritan," will come to our aid? The disease so prevalent just now is an old one, and its symptoms are well known to all, but its treatment is difficult. Powerful remedies are necessary to break it up. Unpleasant doses must be given to patients more than commonly averse to them on account of the nature of the malady. But something must be done, or our magazine will be flooded with *poetry* (?) and be found entirely lacking in *prose*.

Suffer us to moralize a little for our own benefit and that of our readers. Young men starting in life should set before them a noble purpose—a lofty aim. Mediocrity can be reached with little plan and no definite purpose, but a full and complete development of the powers can be gained only by aiming high. The

poet's rank is a high one—one worthy of the best endeavors of any person. A poetic nature truly refined is one of the best of heaven's gifts. But "of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes." We believe in the old theory; *poeta nascitur, non fit*. High-sounding words arranged in poorly-measured verses can not so dress those thoughts which are the birth-right of all, that they will astonish and captivate the reader and confer immortal fame upon the author of the work. Nor does nonsense, carefully expanded and adorned by an occasional rhyme, constitute poetry. Poetic thought beautifully expressed is a necessary element, and a poem, unless it be burlesque, which lacks this is worse than common-place.

There seems to be what perhaps may be called a poetic period in the life of every college student if not in the life of every one. We well remember our own, when, with the aid of a class-mate, we endeavored to write a poem for the society paper taking as our model

"The boy stood on the burning deck," etc.;

how we succeeded after long and hard study in completing two stanzas, in which the measure and sentiment of those lines copied from the model were truly fine; how, when we had supposed the production lost, it one evening again made its appearance in the paper for which it was intended together with more added as a take-off, and how we could never determine just where the original ended and the take-off began. This was our first and last attempt to write poetry, as we immediately concluded that we were not born to shine as bright lights in the poetic firmament. Having had the disease ourselves, then, we know how to sympathize with those who now suffer its evils. But having passed through them so safely, we feel that this word of advice with regard to its treatment, joined with our sympathy, will not be out of place. By all means resist the demands of the unnatural craving produced by the disease as long as possible, but when resistance can no longer be successful and there seems to be nothing left but to yield, free the mind hastily but perfectly, and then still more hastily deposit the production in the fire, and quiet will again be restored. This prescription, if carefully followed, will be sure soon to remove the disorder.

That those who have entirely failed in writing prose should, as

a last resort, attempt poetry is perhaps not so strange, but that those who are cultivating a good style of prose-writing, and in that department can make their mark, should become displeased with their success and bid for even the lowest position in the department of poetry is surprising. But for one to attempt to write poetry who has not fully mastered the rules of prosody, and has no ear for measure to guide him, nor thought in his brain to express, is simply absurd. We can conceive of but one set of circumstances in which a student should neglect the practice of prose-writing in order to take up that of poetry, and for this reason we know of but one student in this University whom we consider *born* a poet. If, when studying hard to write prose and to cultivate an elegant and vigorous style, a student is found still to write in measured lines, and, unconsciously to himself it may be, to make the required rhymes, while a web of healthy and beautiful thought is seen to underlie all, then we can congratulate him upon the gift with which he is endowed, and bid him cultivate with the greatest care the talent which has been given him. For him to bind himself down to prose would be almost a sin. Let such ones alone compete in the poetical arena.

WHAT-YOU-CALL-IT, OR LOVE'S LABOR FOUND.

THERE is a sound o'er every sound the pride,
Beloved by youth o'er every sound beside,
It does not boast the sweets of melody,
Nor vie in music with the bird or bee,
And yet, for softness and for soothing grace,
No other sound could ever fill its place:

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

THERE is a sight, the sweetest sight in life,
Sweeter than sweetness, though with sweetness rife,
A kind of play whose acts are from the heart,
Whose every witness longs to act a part;
No one who sees it ever can refrain
From zeal to witness such a sight again;

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

THERE is a taste which all agree to be
Luscious and precious in the first degree;
It fills the place of every other bliss,
It is the sum of joy and happiness;
Where 'er we roam through fruitful lands or waste,
The lips insatiate fondly turn to taste

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

IN olden times at every husking bee
There was a custom, rife with life and glee,
Each beau should bring the maiden of his heart,
And in his husking make her bear a part;
And, if he found a certain kind of ear,
Could claim from her, and none might interfere,

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

THERE is a custom, even now extant,
As rich in sweets as any chap could want,
If any maiden chances to put on
A fellow's hat she has no right to don,
No matter how she may pretend to feel,
He has a right, a perfect right, to steal

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

THUS have I shown by strict analysis
And then again by special synthesis,
How rich, how grand, how mighty and how free,
How gay, how choice, how full of life and glee,
How delicate, how sweet, how luscious to the phiz,
How tempting and how full of beauty is

A sometimes prophetic,
Always poetic,
Often pathetic,
What-you-call-it.

I venture then to praise so rich a gem,
 And let no voice my zealous praise condemn,
 For he, who strives to win himself a prize,
 Must keep it always fresh before his eyes
 "The gods help him who tries to help himself:"
 And I would win, not earth-born filthy pelf,
 But sometimes prophetic,
 Always poetic,
 Often pathetic,
 What-you-call-'ems.

LOUIS XVI.

"WHAT an age!" exclaimed Hutten in the fifteenth century, "studies flourish, minds are awakening." "It is a joy merely to be alive." So might any enthusiast exclaim in an age of activity, and so especially might the strong nerved philosopher exclaim in the seventeenth century, when Voltaire, and Montesquieu, and Rousseau were sowing the seeds of revolution. It is better that the air should be rent by destructive tempests with some hope of ultimate purification, than that a poisonous miasma should continually pervade it undisturbed. These satirists and political philosophers were mostly responsible for the storm which was to break in fury during the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Liberty is a blessed thing to free and protected citizens. But it seems to oppressed and tithe-burdened ones a very divinity, for whose sake no sacrifice or service is too great, and about whom they will riotously crowd when they may, pressing near according to the distance they have previously been removed from her.

Louis XV. was a riotous monarch who left the country impoverished and out of patience on account of frequent imposts, and left likewise an empty exchequer. Then came upon the scene the ill-starred Louis XVI., a man of wild temper and well disposed, but unable to appreciate the position of affairs, and still less able to remedy them. Friends and flatterers turned him to their will, and what with the inefficiency of the King, the haughtiness of the Queen, the extravagance of the Court, and the dawning of liberty in the minds of the people, one might look for stormy times in France. Necker was called to the Bureau of Finance, but he was too able, too honest, and too bold, so upon

demand of the nobility and clergy; exit Necker. Calonne came in and started gloriously, but when Necker's ready money was spent he was in distress, and went out of office. Then came Lomenie de Brienne, who in his subserviency saw no other way of raising revenue than by tax on salt and such things, and imposts on the middle classes. He was burned in effigy every day until the financial extremity was so great, and the clamor of the nobles that thronged the streets of Paris was so loud, that he was compelled to resign.

Then returned the indispensable Necker, who enlarged the popular assembly with such loud approval that King and nobles dare not refuse. A constitution was framed, and the assembly that claimed the people as its patron would not be dissolved. About the streets of Paris were knots of Frenchmen who talked of rights. There were demagogues among them. Prominent among these was the brilliant advocate Desmoulins, who seemed beside himself with enthusiasm for the new order of things, and, what was worse, he had the rare gift of communicating his spirit to others. The court had been removed to Versailles. The Swiss guard had been summoned thither, and there was a rumor that Necker had been dismissed. This was enough, and all Paris was insane. The armories were broken open and thirty thousand muskets were placed in the hands of the people. The alarm bell was rung; the Bastille was stormed. The keeper, true to the last, was taken with several of his comrades, and their blood preceded the torrent which was speedily to come. Necker returned in triumph; a new order of things was proclaimed. The estates of the clergy were renounced; the income of the nobles was forfeited. All were to rank equally as citizens. Again it was reported that the King was in conspiracy, and a hideous, half-starved mob swarmed out to Versailles and demanded the return of the King to Paris, where was enacted the farce of Federation, and all with uplifted hands swore attachment to the constitution. Necker had departed; Mirabeau, whose eloquence was the King's defence in the assembly and whose mind was the King's strength in counsel, was gone. Haughty demands now thickened about the deserted King. He became sullen and defiant; he would have no sworn priest; he would not declare the emigrants traitors; he was resolved to fly. He fled, but not far. The people brought him back; they suspended his royal prerogative

till he swore allegiance to the constitution. The frightful factions were becoming still more insolent and powerful, and the hitherto weak King more firm. They demand the punishment of unsworn priests, emigrants and conspirators: he says "No." They demand war against Austria and Prussia: he yields with tears. They demand the calling of 20,000 troops to Paris, and he says "No." They are irritated and form in a rude mob led on by a butcher and a baker. They come into his presence and with drawn daggers and angry words demand assent to their propositions. He defies them and says "No."

Soon follows the storming of the Palace and the slaughter of 6,000 men. The days of September, the Reign of Terror, had begun. Good men bade France a long adieu and departed for other lands, all save those who were slow in their preparations, and these watered with their blood the young Republic. At last on the 21st of January 1793, amid a stormy assembly, Louis XVI. mounted with firm step the scaffold; and granted to his people the distinction they had so long coveted of being regicides. We have naught but pity for the unfortunate monarch. He fell upon times when to be born a king was to be ordained for the scaffold, and he fulfilled his destiny. The epoch illustrates the inevitable and heartless character of reform.

LOCAL.

THE Tri Kappa society held its fifth anniversary on Thursday evening, March 4th. The exercises consisted of an introductory address by the President, D. Dewolf; orations by E. F. and C. A. Stearns; a debate on the question, "Should horse cars run on Sunday," conducted on the affirmative by C. E. Taylor, and on the negative by H. K. Hopps; and the reading of the society paper, "The Sepulchre," by W. L. Farnum. Excellent music was furnished by the choir of the Indiana Avenue Baptist church, led by C. E. Brink, a member of the society. The solos sung by Mrs. Orcutt and Miss Kittie Burroughs were especially fine. The oration upon "Agitation and Agitators" by C. A. Stearns was acknowledged to be the best effort of the evening.

WE rejoice to learn from our exchanges that several institutions have been blessed with a revival of religion during the present

season. Daily prayer meetings have been held here for a number of weeks and there is considerable interest among the students, though but few conversions yet.

THE Sophomore class begin the study of Homer at the opening of the spring term, using, of course, Professor Boise's new text book. It is sufficient to say in praise of this work that a second edition is already required to meet the demand for it.

AN exchange gives as the work of a "third floor" etymologist the following derivation of velocipede; "*vel* from the German *viel*, much, *oc*, corrupted from the English 'oss, horse; and *pede* from the Latin *pes*, foot; *id est*, 'much horse on foot.'" One of our own "third floor" analyzers derives the same word from the two Latin words *volo* and *pes*, and declares the true meaning to be, "I wish I was on foot." Perhaps he has tested the pleasures of velocipede riding.

IN one of our exchanges appears a paragraph, which has also been published in several other journals, to the effect that our University may yet lose the property given to it by the late Senator Douglas. We assure our friends that our *Alma Mater* is in no way concerned in the case now pending before the courts, but that the property in litigation is land sold by the administrators of the Douglas estate. Certain irregularities in the sale of this land have given rise to the suit, but these do not at all affect our college property, which was given to the University by Mr. Douglas himself previous to his death.

A PROMISING youth, somewhat advanced in college-life, lately wrote to an influential friend on this wise; "I have some hope of obtaining a situation on an editorial *corpse* in this city, and a note of commendation from you would be of much service to me." One can hardly suppress the inquiry, how much the world would lose if here and there an editorial *corps* were actually a *corpse*.

EXCHANGES.

OUR exchange list has been increased since our last issue by the following names: *The Brunonian*, *Beloit College Monthly*, *Willoughby Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Union College Magazine*, *Hiram Student*,

Indiana Student, Seminary Magazine, Yale Literary Magazine, Trinity Tablet, American Builder and Journal of Art, Home Journal, and Round Table. Where is the *College Days*? We have missed it from our table.

In some respects the paper form of journalism is preferable to that of the magazine, but on the whole in our judgment, more real good to both readers and writers can be gained by the latter form. In a paper of the size of most college papers there is too little space in which to give variety to the matter, and at the same time to handle properly subjects requiring thought. The result is that our papers are filled with items of local interest, local jokes, etc., and short articles suggesting, but by no means discussing, matters of importance to colleges. Still, real genius and ability is required for editing a paper of this sort that will be in every respect readable. Most of our exchanges come in the paper form, and our opinion on this matter is probably that of the minority.

The Madisonensis is a paper published alternate Saturdays at Madison University. Judging from the single copy which we have examined, it is a very readable paper, and we compliment the editors upon the interesting manner in which articles are presented to their readers. The editors seem to have been careless, however, in reading the proof, as we find parts of sentences repeated, words misspelled, letters out of place, etc., which injures the general appearance of the paper very much. We are pleased with the paper as a whole and shall always give it a hearty welcome to our table.

The following are the contents of the *Union College Magazine*: "The Velocipede," "Flatterers," "Object and End in View in Life," "Poetry," "On the Wing," "Alchemy," "Editor's Table." The author of the article on "The Velocipede" after discussing his subject in its general bearings makes a practical application of it to colleges and college studies. He says: "The College 'Curriculum' is a road whose travelers are often, and now as much as ever, under the hands of professional and unprofessional inventors. The necessity for a velocipede to carry one into a 'liberal education,' is as much felt, as that for one to an up-town house or a seat in Congress. It seems slow now, if the Curriculum—which got to mean the chariot as well as the course—runs on four wheels. Why should it not move with less friction

and get over the ground quicker with only two? * * * * *

It is the fashion of modern times to try to increase the speed, sometimes by taking off one or another wheel; sometimes by adding the well known "fifth wheel;" but oftener by inviting pupils to select which set of nicely balanced wheels they will bestride, or inducing them to content themselves by driving a single hoop. Of all the mass of things which must be at some time learned, by a man who expects ever to attain the position from which he can begin to acquire what may be called a 'liberal education,' it would seem that the wisdom of the world might by this time have discovered what may to the best advantage be taught in the four years that separate boyhood and manhood. If this has been discovered, it should be made the required college course; or, if there are several forms of it, they should be made the required college courses. But there should be no velocipedes allowed on the regular college track."

THE OREAD, published at Mount Carroll Seminary and edited by a corps of ladies, is before us. It is one of the largest papers with which we exchange, and we are glad to notice that some of its advertisements are crowded out for want of room. This shows real life and work on the part of the editresses. The paper does not appear to be at all ashamed of the sex of its editors, but bears plainly on the face of most of its articles the marks of woman's mind. An article, under the title "Just Married," complains severely of the wickedness and injustice of men, and prophesies a bright future for women and a general overturning of society when their "dear little heads" (as men call them) "have had time to fit themselves for some of the positions which *men* now monopolize." The fair editresses, however, clearly show that they are not quite so "old-maidish" as the article in question would seem to show, for immediately following this they place another article headed "Moonlight Musings." Then follows quite a pathetic article upon "Memories," as if all was done that could be done to render the *necessary* punishment pleasant. *The Oread* seems to be having that success which it certainly deserves. The March issue was the third number of the first volume.

The following able criticism we clip from the *Cornell Era*:

"No. I, Vol. I, of the INDEX UNIVERSITATIS, a monthly magazine, issued from the University of Chicago, is upon our table.

The first article is entitled, 'The Natural Sciences in Colleges.'

The writer finds fault with the method of study generally adopted but offers no better. 'Louis XIV,' is a well written sketch of the life of that monarch. 'About Photographs,' is a sentimental article, evidently written with the photograph of the author's lady before him, full of italics, quotation marks, dashes and poetry. A letter from and about Geneva; a review of Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic; a sympathetic article on Edgar A. Poe; and a description of the "Meridian Circle at Chicago," with a decidedly limited article on "Slang Phrases," a racy "Chapter on Ghosts," and the "Editorial," complete the contents of a magazine which, if the first number be an index, will be ranked among that large, but respectable class, called mediocrity."

We congratulate ourselves on the appearance of our first number, and recommend to the consideration of the editors of the *Era* the following precept of Quintillian, X. I. 26. "*Modesto tamen et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne, quod plerisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.*" We also extend our congratulations to the *Yale Courant*, which has been favored in like manner by the *Era*.

COLLEGE NEWS.

We clip the following item from the *Yale Literary* at the request of its editors.

MEMORIALS OF THE RECENT WAR.—By the liberality of a gentleman in New York, a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1848, a sum of money has been placed in our hands for increasing, arranging, and binding the collection in this library of pamphlets, hand-bills, manuscripts, etc., illustrative of the recent war. This collection has received many rare and curious documents by the kindness of graduates and friends of the college, whose opportunities at the North and South were particularly good for rescuing from destruction such historical relics. Before proceeding to bind up what has already been accumulated, we solicit further contributions, that a collection designed for permanent reference in so public a place may be as complete as possible. Any thing illustrative of the war will be acceptable, even duplicates of our present possessions being very useful to others in exchange. In New Haven and in New York, we can send for such contri-

butions, and the cost of transportation from any part of the country will be cheerfully paid.

ADDISON VAN NAME, *Librarian*.

YALE COLLEGE, *January*, 1869.

THE SEARS READING ROOM.—"The Sears reading room is a success. Since our last number the enterprise has grown from the embryo to a complete and healthy organization. The number of members is now about one hundred, and is rapidly increasing as the real value of the institution becomes more and more generally recognized. At the room may be found the best papers and periodicals of the day. The room is well attended and makes a pleasant addition to our college life. The experiment may be fairly considered to have succeeded. We recommend any who have not joined to do so immediately, not only because the institution belongs to the students and should be supported, but because it will be profitable to themselves." —*Bruonian*.

THE following are the names of College Presidents recently elected, and the institutions over which they preside; Rev. R. A. Howard, D.D., Norwich University; Rev. P. M. Bartlett, of Windsor Locks, Marysville College, East Tennessee; and Rev. Joseph Harper, D.D., University of Alabama.

REV. FRANCIS VINTON has been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical Polity and Law in Episcopal General Theological Seminary.

"SHALL there be two college periodicals?" is the question now under consideration among Ann Arbor students.

HENRY VINCENT, Robert Collyer, and Senator Williams of Janesville are among the speakers who have lectured before the students of Beloit College the present year. The whole number of students who have graduated from that institution since its organization in 1847 is 134.

The Madisonensis informs us that active efforts are making to obtain the repeal of the act of the Legislature by which the College of the City of New York was incorporated, on the ground that the advantages to be derived from the institution are not commensurate with its expenses.

By official reports there are in Ohio one hundred Colleges and Academies, about one fifth being Colleges. The attendance of students at these institutions in 1867 was 15,122.

THE accomplished wife of Hon. Schuyler Colfax was a former student at Willoughby. Girls who come to this college all marry well. We fear this important announcement will overrun our college.—*Willoughby Collegian*.

RACINE COLLEGE has a smoking room, well furnished with carpet, pictures and the like, where students can retire and enjoy their cigars. A billiard table is also furnished for their amusement. What next?

ITEMS.

PRECOCITY.—A friend in a neighboring village is blessed with four little boys, the oldest of whom are twins. He also has in his garden a dwarf pear tree, which blossomed this year, and bid fair to bring to maturity six or eight fine pears. He naturally felt quite anxious that they should not be molested until they should ripen. One day, when he was going away with his wife, it was decided to leave the boys at home with an aunt. He called the twins (who are about four years old), and told them they must not pick any of the pears. Upon his return he missed one from the tree. Calling the boys to him he asked them if they had picked any. One of them, who, at such times, was spokesman, replied, "*No, thir ; me shake de tree and him drop off.*" Not wishing to punish them, the father talked to them, telling them they ought not to have shaken the tree, and then let them go. A few days after he was again going away, and before starting he called the boys and told them they must not pick the pears nor shake the tree. Upon his return he repaired to the tree, and, to his surprise, he found one pear hanging by the stem, and carefully eaten entirely around the centre nearly to the middle of the core. He was disconcerted and yet amused at the ingenuity displayed by the boys in their efforts to dodge his instructions, and calling them, he asked them if they had picked any pears. "No, thir," said the spokesman. "Did you shake the tree?" "No, thir." "Well, what did you do?" "*Me bite him to see if*

him was wipe, and him was wipe." Gravity was no where, and the boys "camped" on the field.

A MINISTER had happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large but, to a practised eye, the deduction of even one was perceptible.

"What keeps our friend, farmer B. away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. "I hope it's not socinianism that keeps him away." "No, your honor," replied the clerk, "it's something worse than socinianism." "Worse than socinianism! God forbid it should be deism!" "No, your honor, it's something worse than that." "Worse than deism! Good heavens! I trust it is not atheism!" "No, your honor, it's something worse than that." "Worse than atheism! Impossible! Nothing can be wore than atheism!" "Yes it is, your honor, it is *rheumatism!*"

ONE day as we were riding in a railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, and were gazing thoughtfully upon the beautiful scenery as it sped by, we observed in a seat before us a tall, gaunt specimen of *genus feminum*, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question. And time proved that she possessed a "most inquiring mind." Before her sat a gentleman with his hat draped in mourning. After shifting her position several times, she nodded familiarly to him, and asked him in a tone utterly incapable of imitation;

"In affliction?"

"Yes, madam," replied the gentleman.

"Parents? father or mother?"

"No, madam," said the gent.

"Child, perhaps? a boy or girl?"

"No, madam, *not* a child," was the response, "*I have no children.*"

"Wife, then, expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer,

"Hum—cholera? Maybe you're a trading man?"

"My wife didn't die of the cholera; she was drowned. I am a trading man."

"O, oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitress. Hesitating for a brief second: "Save her *trunk?*" she asked.

"Yes, the boat was saved and my wife's effects," said the widower.

"Was they?" said she, her eyes brightening. "Pious wife?" she continued.

"She was a member of the Presbyterian church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came:

"Don't you think you have g-r-e-a-t cause to be thankful that she was a pious woman, and that her trunk was saved?"

THE following comparative statistics of the great cities of the world are curious: London possesses the greatest number of engineers, carriages on hire, printers, booksellers and cooks; Amsterdam the greatest number of usurers, collectors of curiosities and amateur painters; St. Petersburg takes precedence for coachmen; Brussels for boys who smoke; Naples for porters and guides; Madrid for idlers; Berlin for beer-drinkers; Florence for flower-girls; Dublin for thieves; Geneva for watchmakers; Lisbon for bailiffs; Rome for beggars; Paris for hair-dressers, men of letters, tailors, milliners, photographers, pastry cooks and advocates. London consumes the most meat and beer; Stockholm the most water; Smyrna the most coffee; Madrid the most cigarettes, and Paris the most absinthe.

THE largest circulation ever attained by an American book was that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which nearly 400,000 copies have been sold. School books, however, must be excepted, for of "Webster's Spelling Book," no less than 35,000,000 copies have been sold—the largest run obtained any where by any book—while his dictionaries have had an aggregate sale of two million copies. In music books, Lowell Mason's "Handel and Haydn Collection," about half a million. Almost 2,500 volumes are now annually published in the United States.



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for such purposes, and from which it is very difficult to protect a new light during both its ignition period and its feeble, flickering period. Some new lights are never disturbed by these breezes, but it is because, from their very nature, it is evident they will soon either burn out themselves, or be outshone. Those lights which science most fiercely assails with hostile breezes, and more especially those upon whose combustible materials, when once apparently extinguished, she never tires of dashing cold water—such lights as these, it may be pretty generally observed, are the most promising lights of all. Having abundance of heat and fire in themselves, they gradually revive again and increase in spite of persecution, and eventually develop heat enough to create breezes of their own—fierce counter-breezes, which sweep every thing before them.

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INDEX UNIVERSITATIS

VOL. I.—MAY, 1869.—No. v.

E. F. STEARNS.
D. DEWOLF.

EDITORS:

W. WHITNEY.
Z. D. SCOTT.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

WE are by no means justified in supposing that the "Development Theory" was reduced to hopeless fragments when its first crude form, as given to the world by Mr. Darwin, was exploded. All new lights in science must have their feeble ignition period, their subsequent doubtful, flickering period, as well as their final, bright, steady, brilliant, illuminating period. Sometimes, indeed, they must at first be apparently extinguished altogether, for a time, by hostile scientific breezes, which are always easily raised for such purposes, and from which it is very difficult to protect a new light during both its ignition period and its feeble, flickering period. Some new lights are never disturbed by these breezes, but it is because, from their very nature, it is evident they will soon either burn out themselves, or be outshone. Those lights which science most fiercely assails with hostile breezes, and more especially those upon whose combustible materials, when once apparently extinguished, she never tires of dashing cold water — such lights as these, it may be pretty generally observed, are the most promising lights of all. Having abundance of heat and fire in themselves, they gradually revive again and increase in spite of persecution, and eventually develop heat enough to create breezes of their own — fierce counter-breezes, which sweep every thing before them.

Vol. I.—No. 5.

I

This prolonged and highly metaphorical discussion of lights and their biographical generalities has an important bearing—a very important bearing—upon “Darwin’s Development Theory.” There are some reasons for believing that this “Development Theory” is one of the obstinate, inextinguishable lights. Or—to set metaphor entirely aside—it may be the veritable mythological dragon whose teeth, each in its own humble sphere, will greatly out-dragon the dragon after the ponderous body of the latter gently sleeps in death. Darwin is down. There are at last many indications that science is thoroughly tired of pelting him and of drenching his theory. But Mr. Darwin nevertheless struck a light and kindled a flame (this is metaphorical again), which may never cease to break out in new spots, and to take to itself new forms while science exists. The present article will endeavor to get hold of this new light, and will try so to direct its rays that they will throw dazzling and effulgent brightness into the dark perplexities of the modern *woman question*.

The idea of turning the troubled vision in this direction for light was very indirectly suggested by a recent article in *The Nation*, headed, “Is there any such thing as Sex?” The argument was a laborious effort, free from any suspicion of irony, to show that the distinctions of sex, like many other things, pertain to a low order of civilization. The writer claims that the necessary tendency of a higher civilization, and of greater true refinement, is to obliterate the distinctions between the sexes. One powerful argument advanced in support of this view must not be lightly considered. True progress in this life, says the article referred to, must be in the same direction, and have the same general characteristics with that which shall go on in another life under more favorable circumstances, when our powers are expanded and unhampered. But we have abundant assurance that the future life will wholly obliterate the distinctions of sex. There will be neither male or female, but all will become as the angels, with habits, and tastes, and pursuits, all in common. Hence, the nearer our civilization approaches to this state of affairs, the higher and more perfect it will be. Grave and learned opinions are afterwards quoted to the effect that, if boys and girls should only be educated exactly alike, there would soon cease to be any difference in their natures, dispositions, and pur-

suits. Here then, possibly, we have the basis of a “New Development Theory”—not of the types of animals from the lower to the higher, but of the types of mind and innate characteristics—a development which is still, of course, necessarily from the lower to the higher. (Dare we say it? Does the “lower order of intellect” ever “manipulate” an obnoxious writer? If so, then of course the above view is incorrect!) What a bright hope, and what a fair prospect of fame and immortality has the writer of the present article before him if he can only theorize for the intellectual as brilliantly as Darwin did for the animal! How much more attractive, too, is the field of his study and observation! He has no call to capture, dissect and study slimy reptiles and loathsome beasts. He need hold no converse with chattering monkeys, fiercely affectionate and horrible gorillas, and hideous ourang outangs—not he! He need only bring his higher order of intellect into close communion with as many individual specimens of the lower order as possible, study them accurately, and reach his conclusions in accordance with observed facts. This is a task sometimes perhaps a little laborious on account of the chaotic tendencies of intellect in its lower orders, but it is a task which is nevertheless rarely painful or unpleasant. It is like botanizing in a sunny land.

The only way to study any order of mind is to observe the manifestations of its leading tendencies. If in the leading tendencies of the female mind we can find any aspirations towards the manifestations of the lower characteristics of the higher or masculine mind, our theory will then have plausibility, and we can wait patiently for a more abundant accumulation of facts fully to establish it. The theory promises magnificently at the outset. We may begin with the universal recognition of the fact, that the higher activities of the female mind manifest themselves upon *dress*, which is also the lowest manifestations of the higher or masculine order of mind. Here we have a very definite line of contact for the two. Now a development from the one to the other, or an assimilation is taking place at this line of contact, and the entire promise of this “New Development Theory,” will be staked upon the truth of the following proposition, viz.: That the styles of dress of the two sexes are quite rapidly becoming alike, and that the assimilation is from

that of the female towards that of the male, as is necessary to accord with the development theory.

In proof of the proposition thus laid down it is first necessary to present to the mind a very striking contrast. Every body has seen pictures of the good old-fashioned ladies of the time of Queen Elizabeth. There is little enough in this style of dress that apes the male dress of the period. If the writer were a lady, or a newspaper reporter, some attempt would here be made to describe the style of dress for ladies in those barbarous days. As it is, that style of dress must be left to impress itself upon the mind from remembrances of the finished artistic illustrations of them found in pictorial histories of the times. These shall furnish one side of the contrast. What now is the other side of it? Why, certainly, the progressive, modern "Bloomer" style. Is not the contrast sufficiently striking, and does it not bear out very strongly the proposition stated? But these may be called extreme cases. Indeed they are extreme cases; but it is the chief object of this argument to show that all the intermediate steps from first to last, that all stages of progress may be seen any day by a little observation. The assimilation, perhaps, began with the style of dressing the hair. It became common for ladies to wear the hair short like that of gentlemen. A very little ribbon (ribbon is a thoroughly feminine article) alone distinguished the head of the female from that of the male. But the combat deepens. Bonnets are at last thrown aside, and hats are worn in their stead. To be sure they are a little different in shape from those of men (if any one can tell what that shape is!) and they have the inevitable female appendages, the ribbons; but the resemblance is made as perfect as possible without imitating exactly. For ladies' riding-hats the similarity is still greater, for here we often have quite startling approximations to the silk hat and the amidon. Look a little farther and find collars, both linen and paper, of all styles, made articles of feminine toilet by a few extra fancy touches. The regular neck-tie is often added, and then the head and neck are properly "developed." Then, again, there is no necessity for looking very far to find starched linen bosoms, with sacks so cut as to serve all the purposes of vests and to resemble those articles remarkably, although touched with a few peculiarly feminine characteristics. The next step in regular progression was to make the cloak so as to resemble a gentleman's coat. The necessary genius

was not wanting to accomplish this rather difficult feat. We had the pleasure of studying a work of art of this kind very recently. It had a strange, mongrel look. It was both a lady's cloak and a gentleman's coat. The set and shape belonged to the cloak style, the cut and trimmings to the coat style. What seemed the skirts, the semblance of pockets had. The pockets were not there. Oh no! But the black braid trimmings were so arranged, and the buttons were so placed behind, that the design of the maker to imitate the divided skirts and the pockets of a frock-coat could not be mistaken. When matters had progressed thus far, it surely needed no intermediate chrysalis state between this and the elegant Bloomer costume.

This article proposes to attempt nothing farther. To be sure this is only a pebble on the seashore of science, but it may prove sufficiently suggestive to thoughtful young men to induce them to begin a system of study and observation, which shall enable them to answer the interesting query which heads our key article in *The Nation*. It is surely a pleasant and profitable (?) field for study, and at the same time a very promising one, for it is altogether probable that many other tendencies of the female mind are taking the same general direction, and that the present political agitation upon the woman question is comparatively insignificant, being only the surface action of the resistless, advancing current of a higher civilization.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

No reader of the daily press can fail to see indications of the rising greatness and importance of China and her people. Within a few years there has been a wonderful change in the relations of that vast empire with its teeming millions to the rest of mankind. The bigotry and prejudice, that formed for so many ages as effectual a barrier against foreign intercourse as the great wall itself against Tartar invasion, has at last been successfully broken down.

Paradoxical as it may seem, somethings are better after having been broken. The soil does not disclose its wealth until it has been broken up by the plow and the harrow; a colt is never serviceable until after he has been well broken; and it is not

until the pride of a man's heart has been broken, that there emerges the highest moral sublimity—the highest development and the intensest activity of the powers and the capacities of his being. This principle is true of nations. China has become *serviceable*, and has assumed altogether a new interest since her conservatism has been broken down.

Philosophers speak of "carrying up all things to unity;" and while the unphilosophic mind may fail to apprehend the significance of such language, yet the fact, that the interests of nations and individuals are intimately and necessarily linked together, is so apparent in the signs of the times, that hardly any one can fail to perceive it. The telegraph, the railway train, the steamship, commerce and emigration, all speak in dialects of their own the oneness of the hopes and sympathies of a common humanity. China and the Chinese no longer stand in the way of this unification.

When Marco Polo entered China, in the thirteenth century, the first beam of European civilization shot athwart the firmament of the "Celestial Empire." This was the precursor of a wider diffusion. To-day we read of the five million square miles of China, swarming with four hundred millions of human beings all speaking the same language and reading the same literature, freely accessible to the enterprise of foreigners in commerce, industry, and religion.

But the Chinese are not only inclined to be hospitable to foreigners; they also manifest a desire to reciprocate—a disposition to emigrate and cope with foreign enterprise. At the present time a Chinese embassy is making a tour of the civilized world, under the guidance of one of our own countrymen. And it is unreasonable to suppose that the arts, the methods of industry, the modes and appliances of civilized governments, and the new habits of thought and life with which they will be brought into contact, will escape their scrutiny, or that they will fail to secure a speedy introduction for them into their own country. Already upon our Pacific coast, among the various nationalities lured thence by the rich mineral wealth of its western slope, representatives of China may be numbered by the thousands, who keep up, by a constant communication with the ports of eastern Asia, their old customs and habits of social life; and whether or not these customs will become for a time the prevailing ones is a ques-

tion that demands serious thought. It would be, indeed, a dreary picture to contemplate, this of the possible ascendancy of a people so morally corrupt and socially degraded. Yet this is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Although their energies have been for so long a time crippled through effeminacy, still they have had intellectual activity enough to invent the compass, the art of printing, the manufacture of porcelain, of paper, and of gunpowder; and so industrious have been their labors in agriculture, that their land is thoroughly irrigated and almost literally a land of flowers. These things, not to mention other facts, such as the existence of a judiciary system for over two thousand years, display wonderful skill, fixedness of purpose, and indomitable perseverance. But we think we discern in their readiness now to be instructed, and to be associated with the brotherhood of nations, indications that lead us to anticipate brighter days for China, and better for the world.

If we are rightly informed, the failing of other nationalities in general, seems to be theirs in particular; *they are right in theory, but in practice delinquent*. It is said that education is the only highway to rank and influence among them; that ability is the only recognized qualification for office; and that their government, although pusillanimous, is based upon philosophical principles; so that when American and European civilization shall have awakened Asiatic indifference, when Western activity shall have coalesced with Eastern contemplation, then may we expect to see a liberal and vigorous government, adapted to a new and worthy type of Chinese character.

Some persons, thoughtlessly as it seems to us, attach but little importance to the growing influence of this densely-peopled empire in its new relation to the world. They are interested in it only as it affords a market for their fabrics and manufactures,—only as its network of canals affords a quick return, and a cheap means for the transportation of porcelain and bamboo, cotton and tea, etc. But we can not forget that near the eastern border of this empire lay the cradle of our race, where thought first moved to action, where systems of philosophy were first developed, and where first the human intellect was most profoundly agitated in reference to the sublime truths of life and being, the consideration of which have unsettled minds the most stable, and dazzled eyes the most penetrating. May there not be something symbolical in the

approaching completion of the circle of civilization? The child leaves the cradle, and maturing amidst the struggles of life passes again into a sort of second childhood, down into a sort of second cradle, soon to leave that also to enter upon a purer, higher life. May we not contemplate the human race as about returning to its cradle, and soon to enter upon a new era? And if it is too chimerical to expect that the key to some, at least, of those philosophical problems that have puzzled the metaphysicians of all ages will be found, where, perhaps, in the search for *noxious wild flowers* it was lost, yet we may reasonably cherish the hope that the day is not remote when the sentiment of the poet will be fulfilled —

"An' man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be an' a' that;"

that man is about to tread a higher sphere of existence, with purer and nobler views of life in its relations Godward and manward.

DUNEDIN.

METAPHYSICS.

THERE is a doctrine held by some metaphysicians, that "Whatever one knows he can tell." Man, with all his power of invention, has never yet been able to produce an infallible standard by which to judge of the knowledge and ability of individual members of the race. The rule above given is the most practical that has been produced, and is, perhaps, the best, but it is far from being a perfect one. If we know only what we can explain to others, how small a stock of knowledge must we all have at any age, and how near maturity must we arrive before the first dawn of real knowledge rises in our mind. The child learns to talk while scarcely two years old, but how little can he know of the language which he uses. The names of many material objects he may be able to apply correctly to the objects when they are presented to him, but how few of these objects could he, or could we so describe to one who had never seen them, that there could be no possibility of mistake. To give some of the essential elements of each one is comparatively easy, but to define, in words and names whose full meaning we know and can explain, each

object, excluding every thing which does not belong to that object while we include all of its various characteristics, is an undertaking which few are able to accomplish. But so far we have spoken of names of simple objects only. How much is the difficulty increased when we come to consider names of classes! Can any one so describe the elements which go to make up the commonest ideas of life, say "house," or "tree," in such a way that, while he excludes by his description every thing that is not a house, he yet gives such a description of house in general, that the picture is clearly before the minds of his listeners, so that the simplest and ugliest hovel which can be honored by the name of house, and the grandest, stateliest and most complex mansion, would be instantly recognized as members of the same family, and rightful claimants of the same title? Yet the body of our language is composed of these same names of classes — these general terms which have nothing to correspond to them in the external world. If now we consider those abstract notions, those *thoughts* which are born and exist in the mind alone, and of which each one must make a definition for himself, the obstacles which stand in the way of our explaining to others our knowledge become insurmountable. Our knowledge must, indeed, be meagre, if this class of metaphysicians have furnished us a true measure.

The very origin of general terms shows that there must be a vagueness about them — that they must contain a certain indescribable element, which it is useless to hope to remove. The mind may be able to recognize the various elements of its idea when they are presented to it, and to reject those which do not properly belong there, but to give an account of all those elements which go to make up the idea is beyond its power. General ideas are not the same in different minds. With different persons they have reached different degrees of expansion — of development. They begin with a nucleus, and grow by constant additions to their nucleus on all sides. The rough and ill-defined parts are gradually rounded off and smoothed as new matter is added, and thus the idea gradually develops, constantly changing its form and dimensions; in rare cases, perhaps, finally arriving at perfection, but far oftener always remaining in an unfinished state. And yet can we say that we have no knowledge of these general ideas? That at no time do they appear to the mind as

more than an ill-defined shadow of something still more undetermined? Just as the mind recognizes a simple object of the external world when presented to it, although it can not describe it, so it recognizes these general ideas when they are brought before it while it is still unable to present their true and faithful photographs to the minds of others.

These names of classes play an important part in our everyday language. Without them science and all our knowledge must always remain in a crude and undeveloped state. But at the same time that they are so necessary to science, they are yet one of the greatest clogs to the rapidity of its growth, so difficult is it to define them accurately, and to be sure that they convey to the reader or hearer just as much and no more than to the one using them. There has been no other source so fruitful in the production of error and discussion as these general terms. It is important, then, to find the best way of defining these terms, so that the ideas to be conveyed by them may be made clear to all. There are two general methods of defining terms, but it is difficult to attain perfection by the use of either one alone. A combination of the two, therefore, is far the most common, and conduces much to accuracy of definition. These two methods are the positive and negative methods. It is often much easier to tell what a thing is *not* than what it *is*. The negative phase, so to speak, of the human mind seems always to be more fully developed than the positive phase. How often do we receive as an answer to some question asked, "It is *not* so and so," instead of "It *is* so." And in seeking for a name, a word, or a number, how repeatedly do we declare it is *not that*, before we can say it *is this*. But not alone is it easier to define a term negatively. The mind can often comprehend much more readily a definition separating its object from other things, than one fully describing the object. It can sometimes feel, as it were, that there is something wanting to the full expression of the idea better than it can drink in and adopt as its own the fullness of a positive description. Especially is this the case with general terms. So complex are they in their nature, so many different elements, each perhaps loosely defined, enter into their composition, so wide is their range, and so general is their meaning, that the mind wearies of attempting to separate the elements and to describe them. It demands, rather, that by a few bold strokes it be made

to discover and to define for itself the limitations; that, as it is unwilling to accept the false ideas presented to it by others, it be compelled to present to itself the true picture in all its clearly marked characteristics.

E. F. S.

THE CLASSICS MUTILATED.

A TALE OF INDECISION.

In tempus old a homo lived,
Qui loved puellas deux,
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which he amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même, un beaux matin,
Non possum both avoir,
Sed si malim Semantha Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Semantha habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls,
Et both sunt very agathai,
Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin, the youthful anthropos,
Philown the duo maids,
Resolved proponere to Kate,
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Semantha there,
Kai quite forgets his late resolve,
Both are so goodly fair.

Sed, kneeling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his flame to Kate,
Dans un poltique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Semantha's eyes,
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the dernier vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And, offering each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein!"

—Selected.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE writer of the "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, presents, in his article upon "The Philosopher," a view of metaphysics, which, although it is not new and is far from being flattering to the science, is put in a forcible manner, and contains much well worth consideration. His opinions of the utility of philosophy, however, carry with them their own refutation, by showing that the world's best minds have drawn much of their nourishment from the study of philosophy, and have reached their highest development by striving to solve its mysteries. We quote the following from him upon this subject:

"Looking back along the line of ages, there appears to us a line of great figures—figures almost more notable in their calm than those of the greatest practical agents the world has ever seen. Bacon, for example, in the rich Elizabethan age. The greatest of English poets is on the same scene, and with him a sovereign of personal note and mark, great statesmen, and some of the most picturesque and noble gentlemen—Sidney, Raleigh, Essex—that ever adorned England. Yet even in presence of Shakspeare it is difficult to say that Bacon is not the most illustrious—for his deeds? alas! no—his deeds damn the man—but because of his transcendent eminence as a philosopher. It is thought, and thought only, that gives him his supremacy. It is needless to pursue through history the names of those who have now on the same ground a long-enduring fame. Yet the science which has conferred this fame has become in modern times the most unsatisfactory, the least beneficial, the most impractical of all knowledges. Amid the busy world in which every man has his work to do and his burden to bear, to walk over real thorns that tear his flesh, and burning plowshares that penetrate to the bone, the greatest thinkers have but lived to prove that nought is every thing and every thing is nought. Their researches have only led them to the conclusion that nothing can be found out. It is the labor of Sisyphus, never ending, still beginning, which has cast over them the mist of splendor through which posterity beholds them. Instead of expanding our horizon

and bringing new truths to our knowledge, the only practical issue of their labors has been to reduce the number of our beliefs, and make us uncertain of all things. Each new thinker who has risen in the world of modern philosophy has taken something from us. Even the concession grudgingly made by one has been annulled by his successor. Let one man afford us the cheering certainty that our consciousness is a reality, and that we can know and be sure that we live, another comes after him to declare, no; that something lives of which we are a part; something which we can not understand, yet may believe; and that this something is the sole reality in the universe. If one grants us the power of perceiving the image of things so truly as to be able to trust in our conception of them, another contradicts him with the assertion that the images alone exist, while of the things we can have no assurance; and a third follows with the still more disheartening warning, that we must not trust even those images, our minds being like a distorted mirror, full of false reflections. A discouraging, humiliating, unadvancing science, making progress, perhaps, in method and form, but, so far as result goes, arriving only at the conclusion that it is itself a delusion and an impossibility. All other knowledges have contributed something to the common stock of human profit: philosophy alone has given us nothing. She has bidden us believe that we live as shadows in an unreal world—that nature and all her glories are but the phantasmagoria of a dream—that the skies and the winds are but so many notions of our own uneasy, restless brain. While we, the ignorant, have been roaming, not uncheerily, about a world full of sunshine and of moonlight, she has groped on from one darkness to another, losing a faculty, a faith, a scrap of feeble certainty, at every step. Such is the story as traced even by her own votaries. Yet it is this constantly-failing, constantly-dissatisfied science which has given their chief title to immortality to some of the names most known and famous in the ordinary world."

"Let it be understood to begin with that the present writer has no pretensions to touch the history of philosophy as a philosopher should. It is with the eyes of the outside spectator, or, as the subject of this sketch (*Berkley*) expresses it, the *vulgar*, that we regard its strange, long-continued, unproductive toil. We do not attempt to take up its phraseology, or to explain its changes, so far

as they come under our notice, from within, but from without. Without overstepping that barrier which separates the external sphere, in which every thing is real to our rational faculties, from the internal, in which all is image and idea — some notion, we think, may be given of what was going on at a certain period in the inner circle, and how its movements effected, and were effected by the outer shell of practical existence. The eighteenth century was full of philosophy and philosophizings, and yet it can not in any way be described as a philosophical age. It is an age of rude contact, wild prejudices, petty motives, every thing that is most foreign to the principles of pure thought. If there had been any practical tendency in the science to elevate men's minds, and bring them to a better atmosphere, a more fit opportunity for the exercise of its influence could not have been. But this is an agency which no philosopher claims. In utter disinterestedness, without hope of gain or reward, the thinker goes on in his sphere within a sphere. The world and its doings are nothing to him — men and their ways are beneath his notice. While the world beats the air in its fierce fever, while it fights and struggles with all the perversities of life, he stands, in the dim camera obscura of his own consciousness, gazing at the reflections of things turned topsy-turvy by the laws of nature. Is it a real world that is outside? No. It is but some phantasm, probably quite unlike the moving current of images that come and go. There are no things in his universe — these are but thoughts; or if any thing exists besides thought, it is that something — be it God, be it devil, be it matter or substance, or howsoever the word may change — a vast darkness, which no man can fathom or define. The great raging sea outside has little influence on the calm flux and reflux of his tidal river: now it ebbs to some bare unity, called, it may be, Idealism, it may be Sensationalism; now it rises in a tide infinitesimally greater, to acknowledge a duality of mental power. In endless succession come these fallings and flowings. The spiritual conception rises with Descartes, rises with Spinoza, ebbs with Hobbes, begins to mount with Locke, swells to a spring-tide in Berkeley, falls back to the lowest water-mark in Hume and the philosophers of the Revolution. Yet how small a space is represented in this coming and going! From Descartes, who was sure of himself, to Hume, who was sure of nothing, the distance is scarce so much as might be repre-

sented by the line of glistening pebbles or muddy bank between high and low water-mark. And so far as the big universe was concerned, these great thinkers might have been but so many children weaving their endless, bootless games upon the margin of the stream. Man knew as much and as little of himself at the end as at the beginning. He knew as little of the speechless forces round him; he was as ignorant of whence he came and whither he was going. It may be said that true philosophy proposes no end to itself, and is beyond all vulgar longings after a result; but we reply, that our estimate of its extraordinary, brilliant, and bootless labor — a labor which has confessedly occupied some of the finest intellects in the world — is made from without and not from within. No one questions the strange interest of these inquiries to all who get within the magic circle. But to what purpose is this waste? asks the bewildered spectators; and neither from within nor from without is there any reply.

FROM ZERO TO TEN.

COLLEGE journals, led by the *Cap and Gown*, have for some months past been giving prominence to College Government. To such an extent has this already been carried, that we should not now feel justified in giving place to this subject in our columns if we did not consider it to be one of great importance. We believe it to be the duty of college publications to take a stand upon one side or the other of all questions of college polity, and to defend that side with all the influence they have. Yale and Beloit are advocating a change in the organization of their trustee boards, while others are ventilating the marking system in all its phases. To this latter subject we give our attention, and wish to place our influence in steady, firm opposition to it.

The reasons both for and against the system are nearly the same in all schools; but, as students advance in age, arguments and considerations which were once apt in some degree, lose their force, and cause those teachers who use them to lose the respect of those under their charge, and to become mere measures rather than wellsprings of knowledge and instruction.

The marking system we believe to be the product and cherished

offspring of weakness and want of courage on the part of instructors. In the first place it acknowledges the inability of the professor to interest his class in study, by other means than fear or reward. We fully agree with the advocates of the marking system, that in some cases, with some professors, it is necessary; but such cases we commend to the careful consideration of trustee boards. Let them weigh well the matter, and see if the place can not be better filled. The force of these remarks can be seen in almost any school where the marking system is adopted. Those professors who place the most trust in the marks they give are those who are least respected by their students, and the ones who are the most apt to get into ruts, and stay in them. The principle of the marking system requires the professor to stick closely to the text of the book, and to give to each student a chance to gain his usual marks based upon his exact knowledge of the text; thus, if not theoretically yet practically, the avenues of free thought and research are shut and guarded by fear of the dreaded zero. Professors, too, under this system are apt to curtail investigating thought, and become what too many already have the reputation of being, viz.: dried specimens.

Again, this system indicates and promotes a want of moral courage. It allows the instructor to shirk his individual responsibility, to turn over to a *system* what belongs to himself personally, and to hide behind that system when unpleasant duties devolve upon him. A student may pass on from day to day receiving his low mark, unconsciously becoming more and more careless, till reckoning day comes, when he is suddenly made to face the fact that he is "below standing," and an admonition is administered. This is done perhaps by a college officer with whom he has never come in contact before, and "by order of the Faculty." Thus each professor is simply a member of a body whose meetings are secret sessions, and personal responsibility is below par. On the other hand the absence of this system leaves the responsibility more with each professor, when, if he feels at all its weight, unpleasant as may be the duty, repeated failure will be met with personal reproof and counsel. Such reproof and counsel never fail to be more effectual than those administered upon general principles. These remarks are not the product of theory, but the result of observation among the faculties of different institutions.

We do not wonder that professors who have long practiced the marking system are loth to give it up, for they are human as well as we; or that they are afraid to let go of this their anchor. Perhaps they have treated us as boys so long that they can not well change their tactics, but, that young professors, who as students have felt the inefficiency of, and disrespect for, the marking system, should adopt it, we do wonder.

One writer upon this subject says, "The one argument for retaining it is, it is *necessary*." Has the writer thoroughly tried both systems? Let him do so before he condemns either. Our own experience is not very extended, but, if we may believe those whose long experience and wide observation of all systems of teaching entitle them to speak with authority, the retaining of the marking system is *not* necessary. The most successful schools of our own country have grown and flourished upon the plan of individual responsibility both of students and of professors; and in German schools, better than which can not be found, marking is not known.

But we are "boys," it is argued, "we act like boys, and wish to be treated like men." We are human we acknowledge, and the same things that influence human beings elsewhere influence us as students. It is well known that in the lowest and vilest there is an innate honor and manhood when they are approached as men with souls. It is a law of moral as well as physical nature that like begets like, and our own observation within our own walls only attests the truth of the law — according as we are treated as boys we act as boys, and *vice versa*. This is frequently illustrated by the same class under different professors.

These considerations which we present are not those of a few, but are those which, to a greater or less extent, occupy the minds of students generally. A large per cent. of the "boys" of our Western colleges are young men, who, in war and politics, are men and citizens; and what they ask is, not more leisure and mental dissipation, but that they may be free from Reform School measures; that their instructors cut loose from the straight line of the text book, in some cases the one used a quarter of a century ago, and let them know something of other books and other men; that the avenues of thought closed to them be opened, and research in those avenues encouraged. That the

marking system is the *one* stumbling stone, the only cause of all college weakness we do not claim, but that it is one of the difficulties we do believe, and hope to see it removed. D.

ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

"WE are much indebted to the 'boys' of the Chicago University for a bit of quiet fun. The dreary drizzle of their *Index Universitatis*, for March, becomes a regular lachrymal pour as they discuss the Woman Suffrage question. The Chicago Woman Suffrage Convention of February 11th and 12th furnishes them a text, which they handle in regular *O tempora! O mores!* style, growing so lackadaisical and limpbacked as they proceed, that one longs to ring for their nurses to hush their wailings and put them to bed. 'And what *is* the counthry comin' to, whin thim crathurs is going to vote?' was Paddy's argument against Woman Suffrage. The *Index Universitatis* 'boys' echo it with sophomorical gravity, and *horresco referens* shudder. Excluded from association with women in the Protestant monastery, in which they are being educated, over the doors of which is inscribed 'SACRED TO MEN!' they have come to believe that woman is 'evil and only evil, and that continually.' They grow pathetic over the 'claims of infants,' which they fear the Woman Suffrage advocates propose to ignore, and are evidently afraid they are going to be left out in the cold!

"Dear boys! Don't be unduly anxious! Some woman will undoubtedly take each of you 'for better or worse,' one of these days, when, unless you are very unlike the men who have gone before you, you will be glad to forget the sophomorical nonsense concerning the sex you have written in your dull *Index Universitatis*. If young women were only admitted to the Chicago University, these "boys" would not have made such dunces of themselves. They would learn respect for women when they found themselves distanced by them in the race for college honors. If we are rightly informed, women have applied for admission to this monastic University, and have been refused. One of the hobbies of the Woman Suffrage advocates is, that women should enjoy equal educational facilities with man, and we assure them in their own language, that 'no rebuff, no scorn or ridicule will

cool their ardor or dampen their zeal, and no contempt swerve them from the path marked out.' They will persevere until they attain their object, and we expect at no very remote day to see the doors of the Chicago University swing open as widely and willingly to women as to men. The *Index Universitatis* will be readable then."—*Agitator*.

Some articles are worthy of keen satire; others of deep thought and sound argument in refutation, while for still others, all the satire and all the argument required is simply their repetition. Of this latter class is the above article which we republish in full for the amusement of our readers, as a comment upon itself, and to show the character of the sheet in this city, which advocates the Woman Suffrage movement."—ED.

SLEIGHS AND LADIES, OR LADY-SLAYERS.

A year ago last winter, the Tri Kappa-Society sent a delegation of its members out into the country to give some literary entertainments, for the purpose of raising funds with which to furnish the room in the college assigned to the societies. On one of these excursions, the delegation went by sleighs from one of the appointed places to another, and, lest a long and dreary ride should render them low spirited, some young ladies were invited to go also. At one of the places visited, some friends (?) prepared a mock scheme, and circulated it widely, headed, "The Magna Pedes Menagerie." At the next regular meeting of the society after the return of the delegation from this trip the following parody was published in the society paper.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a neighboring village passed
Some youths and maids, thro' snow and ice,
Whose flag should bear this quaint device—Menagerie.

Their brows were gay; their eyes beneath
Flashed like the falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The burden of each merry tongue—Menagerie.

In happy homes they saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,

Without, each merry visage shone,
And this, my friends, was but your own—Menagerie.

Oh! this is gay, a young man said,
And drew a blanket round his head;
But in that blanket strove to hide
A shivering maiden for a *side*—Menagerie.

Oh! spare the maiden's tender heart,
Beware of Cupid's winged dart;
These were the warning words that passed
From mouth to mouth thro' all that vast—Menagerie.

But each gay showman in the end
Forgot the intrigues of his friend,
And tried himself the honeyed art;
The show it seems was only *part*—Menagerie.

At early dawn, before the moon
And stars had ceased the mournful tune,
Which "Music of the Spheres" is named,
Got safely back the justly famed—Menagerie.

The parting scene was long and sad,
And many last farewells were bade,
It must require a heart of ice
To echo here the sad device—Menagerie.

"Oh! stay a maiden said, and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But yet he answered with a sigh—Menagerie.

Then, in the dim light, cold and gray,
Mournful and silent we moved away,
Though many hearts were won that day.
It's no more use for us to say—Menagerie!

OBITUARY.

Our University has again been bereaved by the death of Hon. James H. Woodworth, which occurred at Highland Park on the 28th of March. Mr. Woodworth was one of the earliest supporters of our University, and has always been from the first a ready and generous contributor to its treasury. In the funeral sermon, Dr. Burroughs stated that, during the whole time of his

association in this and other relations with Mr. Woodworth, he had never had occasion to *ask* him for a contribution to any object, but that he was always ready with a voluntary offering which was always to the full measure of what was expected of him. Mr. Woodworth has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the University from the beginning; for several years past has been its Treasurer, and for some time its Financial Manager. In his relations with the students he was always gentlemanly, kind, and obliging, and always ready to do for them all that was in his power. At a special meeting of the Student's Association held on the Tuesday following his death, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His mysterious providence, to remove from us by death the Hon. J. H. Woodworth, Treasurer of the University; therefore

Resolved, That in this providence our University has lost a liberal patron, a wise counselor, and one whose interest in its welfare began with its foundation and has ceased only at his death.

Resolved, That as students we ever recognize in the deceased, both in his personal relations and official capacity, a guardian and friend zealous of our true interests and comfort.

Resolved, That to the bereaved wife and family, who have always been forward in ministering to our needs, we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and also that they be inserted in the *Standard* and in the INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.

The funeral of Mr. Woodworth took place at the First Baptist church, on Wednesday, the 31st of March. The sermon, preached by Dr. Burroughs from the text, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," contained a short review of the life of Mr. Woodworth, and was a just and noble tribute to his memory. The students of the college attended the funeral in a body, arranged in the order of their classes. They again formed in line at the University and received the procession as it halted there for a few moments, while some brief remarks were addressed to the students and friends by Dr. J. B. Thomas, of this city.

LOCAL.

Col. Foster still continues his lectures upon Geology and physical Geography before the senior and junior classes.

Local.

Another secret society—the Psi-Upsilon Fraternity—has recently established a chapter in our university. The charter members are: A. C. Honore, W. B. Keen, Jr., M. O. Jones, L. Dyer, and W. W. Hall. The chapter was organized by a delegation from the Phi Chapter of the University of Michigan. The ceremony was supplemented by a splendid banquet, prepared by the members of the new chapter.

The following are the officers of the various societies for the present term :

President—F. E. Morgan,
Vice President—C. E. Taylor.
Recording Secretary—E. Brigham.
Corresponding Secretary—R. B. Twiss.
Librarian—C. A. Barker.

President—G. B. Woodworth.
Vice President—J. W. Riddle.

President—R. Leslie, Jr.
Vice President—F. E. Morgan,
Secretary—W. R. Breckenridge.

Assistant Secretary—R. B. Twiss.
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Critic—C. E. Brink.

GOOD FOR '68.—It is with pleasure we note the fact that Mr. D. Bell Butler, who graduated at our last commencement, and is now residing at Frankfort, Mich., has been elected Judge of the Probate Court. Bell, we are glad to greet you "Judge." Be just to the widow and the fatherless.

EXCHANGES.

The Brunonian.—We have looked this magazine over carefully in order to find how often it is published, but all in vain. We can not find any where within its pages a statement of the subscription price, or directions for mailing communications. As far as we can discover, it publishes no advertisement of itself: it may be too modest and retiring "to blow its own trumpet." Modesty, by the way, is said to be a mark of true genius and ability. In this case the two are at least closely coupled together. *The Brunonian* pleases us better than any other college periodical we have examined. Its articles are almost always filled with good sense, and are carefully written, while they are upon subjects which require thought and study, and which are, at the same time, live and interesting.

The Griswold Collegian is a magazine of twenty-four pages, published at Griswold College, Iowa. The subjects of several articles in the April number, as "Winter," "Happiness," "Life a Contest," etc., are better suited for school-girl compositions than for articles in a college periodical. We should judge that the writers of these articles, feeling the dearth of fresh and live thought on such subjects, made no attempt to be original, but gave their whole mind to the style of their writing. We quote a simple sentence from "Life a Contest," which speaks for itself:

"Be our sphere however high, be it however low; revel we amid the pomp and luxury of wealth and tinsel of fashion, or toil we through the cares and perplexities of poverty's inhospitable vale; tread we the gorgeously decorated halls of kingly palaces, or the narrow precincts of the rural cottage; whether it be our lot to traverse old ocean's surging billows and have our 'Home on the rolling deep;' to brave the snow blasts of Borealis in the eternal regions of ice, luxuriate amid the palm groves of the

sunny south, or inhabit the regions of alternate heat and cold—the same active, struggling, unremitting contest, the same warring of opposing elements and stemming of adverse currents challenges our energies, and tests our courage."

OUR Wheaton friends publish a monthly paper called *Voice of our Young Folks*. We did not expect *young folks* to give us anything from the stores of philosophical wisdom, or to charm us by the beauty and finish of their style, but we find ourselves agreeably mistaken in regard to this paper with so modest a name. The articles, as a whole, seem well written, and full of life. We notice that religious articles have a place in its columns; a feature, which, as far as our experience goes, belongs to but few college periodicals.

The *Qui Vive* represents Shurtleff College very creditably. We took up the March number, thinking to look it over carelessly, and to write a short notice of it, forming our opinion from what we should see at a glance. We find, however, that instead of simply glancing over it, as we expected to do, we have read the paper nearly through. No other commendation is necessary.

We are glad to see coming to our desk every week as an exchange, the *Plymouth Pulpit*, a weekly publication, in pamphlet form, of the current sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. Vol. I., consisting of twenty-six sermons, is complete; and some five or six numbers of Vol. II. are at hand. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing these sermons the best that the pulpit of our day produces for the end which the ordinary sermon has in view. They are not philosophical disquisitions, or scientific treatises, or bodies of divinity, or in any sense of the word essays, moral, religious, or other. But they are sermons. They are living presentations of living truth to living men. They are not draughts from the cisterns of others, or yet from the stagnant reservoirs of dead theologies; but each sermon comes as a brimming goblet, sparkling and sweet, from God's springs of all truth and all religion—nature, the human heart, the Divine Word. We would beg leave, with all deference, to suggest to the excellent theological gentlemen to whose profound and faultless homilies we have the honor of listening on Sundays, whether it would not be a proceeding not altogether insane, for them to buy, during

the next year, one volume less of dogmatical, or at least denominationally dogmatical theology, and expend the money thus saved in subscribing for *Plymouth Pulpit*.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE rooms now occupied by the chemical department of the University of Iowa are five in number, viz.: two, 22 feet by 23, two, 22 by 10, and one 30 by 55, all with ceiling 15 feet high, and basement underneath. They are supplied with gas, water, and other necessary conveniences for laboratory practice, and are presided over by Prof. Hinrichs, who, from early youth, has devoted all his energies to the science of chemistry, and by his assistant, Prof. Emery. The time allotted to chemistry is double that allowed in the University of Michigan.

Prof. H. is devoting his life to scientific investigations, and teaches by lectures, not using text-books, which are a quarter of a century behind the times, but, at much labor and expense, holds communication with the most distinguished scientific men and institutions of Europe, and thus presents the class with recent discoveries, long before they could be obtained through the ordinary channels. The student feels that chemistry is a *live, progressive* science, and hence the great earnestness among those studying in this department. The light, shining every night till so late an hour, from the laboratory window, gives the pupil confidence in the teacher, and has stimulated more than one student to renewed exertion.

PROF. JAMES ORTON, of Rochester, N. Y., who led the late scientific expedition to Equatorial America, has been elected Professor of Natural History in Vassar Female College.

PRESIDENT WEBSTER, of the College of the City of New York, has resigned.

THE Yale Lit. thinks that Madison, Hamilton, and other "one horse colleges" in New York State, had better consolidate and form one grand University worthy the name, or else sink into first class academies. What do you think about it *Campus*? We make a suggestion for the benefit of our Yankee friends. Let

Harvard and Yale merge themselves into one grand monopoly, and show us how the thing is done.—*Madisonensis*.

THE University of Virginia has 456 students. The students are from twenty-one different States and nationalities. Most are from the Southern States, Virginia sending 175. New York, however, furnishes 3, Illinois 3, California 1, and Ohio 1. There are fourteen departments or "schools" in the University.

THE ancient College of William and Mary, located at Williamsburg, Va., at which Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Monroe, Winfield Scott, and many other illustrious men, received the better part of their education, now appeals for aid. The institution has recently received a legacy of \$5,000 from England.

THE Ohio University, situated at Athens, Ohio, was established in 1804, and is the oldest College in the State. But the largest institution in the State is Oberlin College, which numbers about 1,000 students. President Fairchild, of that College, is soon to publish a work on Moral Philosophy. He has been spending a part of the winter vacation in its final preparation.

The Brunonian has adopted a new plan of publishing College news. Instead of condensing from exchanges, it is the intention to publish in each issue letters from two or three colleges, written expressly for its own columns. Three such letters appear in the April number.

THE amount of tuition revenue in Indiana during last year was \$1,566,701.

THE Senior Class of Amherst College is to have a course of lectures during the summer term on Constitutional Law, by Prof. Dwight, of Columbia College Law School. Three Japanese have lately arrived at that institution to be educated for the ministry.

THE stonework in the Bowdoin Memorial Hall has been contracted for at something over \$40,000.

It seems probable that the Michigan Legislature will decide to admit ladies to the State University. The House favors the project by a vote of 62 to 22. The Senate is now discussing the question. Anna Dickenson and two other ladies have applied for admission to the Law School.

W. O. DUPAW, of New Albany, the richest man of Indiana, has given \$15,000 to a female college named after him.

A BLIND man is pursuing a college course at Shurtleff College. His brother reads his lessons to him, and he commits them to memory.

It is proposed to divide the State of Missouri into six normal school districts.

A school house at Leavenworth, Kansas, has been recently completed at a cost of \$160,000.

THE loss at the late burning of Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Ala., is stated to be \$200,000.

EDITORS AMONG YALE ALUMNI.—All graduates of Yale who are engaged in an editorial capacity, will confer a favor by sending their names to The College Courant, New Haven, Conn. We would ask of the newspapers of the country the courtesy of extending this notice, by giving it an insertion in their columns. —*Courant*.

QUERY.—Who knows of a college publication that takes *The Nation* for its standard of excellence; that *apes* it in as many ways as it can, and signally fails in each of those ways? If any one knows of such a publication let us hear from him.

THE Annual Report of the Board of Directors of Girard College, for 1868, lies before us. This institution, established for the benefit of orphans, is now in a prosperous condition. About five hundred students have been connected with it during the past year. Eighty have been admitted since the last report of the Directors. None but poor white male orphans, between the ages of six and ten years, can be admitted. Previous to his admission, every applicant must be bound by indenture to the City of Philadelphia, until the age of twenty-one years. The students are grouped into three large divisions, called forms. The course of study pursued by those in the highest form, is as follows: 1. English branches, continued. 2. Mathematics, including Algebra, Geometry, plane and spherical Trigonometry, Surveying, and Navigation. 3. Latin, French, and Spanish languages. 4. History, Moral Philosophy, and the Constitution of the United

States. 5. Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. 6. Drawing, Penmanship, and Book-keeping. The course of study in this form occupies three years and a half.

Although no minister is allowed to enter the institution, moral and religious instruction is given on all suitable occasions. On Sundays religious lectures or addresses are delivered by laymen, morning and afternoon, in addition to the usual daily worship. Only eighteen have been removed from the institution during the past year for misconduct.

THE following clipping will indicate something of the interest felt by the inhabitants of the Prairie State in educational matters:

Whole number of Universities and Colleges in the State.....	20
Whole number of pupils pursuing full collegiate courses.....	2,441
Whole number of pupils pursuing partial courses.....	1,618
Whole number of pupils in preparatory departments.....	3,299
Whole number of pupils graduating during the year 1868.....	384
Whole number of graduates since organization of institutions.....	3,127
Whole number of Professors and instructors.....	377
Total value of college buildings, furniture and grounds.....	\$2,758,385
Total amount of endowments, exclusive of buildings, etc.....	2,335,571
Whole number of volumes in libraries.....	100,476
Total estimated value of libraries.....	120,880
Total estimated value of apparatus.....	65,634

There are in the State twelve female seminaries having a four years' course, and three having a shorter course. These are, for the most part, very flourishing. The North-western Female College, Mt. Carroll, and Rockford Female Seminaries, and perhaps some others of which we know less, deserve especial mention.

ITEMS.

A POLITE BOY.—Harry had been told that whatever he asked for in earnest of heart would be granted of God. It was raining one day, and he wanted to go out and paddle in the pools that had formed. "Mamma," he said, "do you think Dod would stop yainin' a little while if I asked him?"

"Perhaps so," she replied.

Harry went to the window, and put out his head as far as he could stretch it. "Dod! Dod!" he cried, "stop yainin', please, I want to go out and paddle."

A flash of lightning and a clap of thunder made him dodge in his head, as you've seen a terrapin retire into its shell.

"Mamma," said he, "I guess Dod's angry because I didn't say mister."

By and by he tried it again: "I say, Dod—*Mister* Dod—won't you please stop yainin' a little?"

Coincidentally, the sun looked out from the clouds, and the shower resolved into a few rattling drops. "That'll do, Mr. Dod," he said, waving his hand in a rather patronizing manner; "I can put on my old hat."

The late Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, was of so large a frame, that, on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared: "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

At a Sunday School concert some time since, as was the custom, all present were invited to recite some passage of Scripture. A young fellow who wished to create some merriment, responded by rising and saying: "Judas went out and hanged himself." A young lady immediately rose and recited the selection, "Go thou and do likewise."

RUINED YOUNG MEN.—Call the "roll of genius" of the young men of the age, and ask where they are. De Balzac died of "coffee;" Frederick Soulie was the victim of "coffee" and licentiousness; Eugene Briffant died a madman in the Charenton Lunatic Asylum; Lowe Wiemars died, from opium eating and licentiousness, in a private insane house; Rabbe, after untold agony from a loathsome disease, took poison to end the torture; Alfred de Musset died a victim to the bottle and the cigar; Count Alfred d'Orsay was killed by the cigar and licentiousness; Charles de Bernard died from "coffee" and women; Henri Beyle died of debauchery; Collard died from tobacco and "coffee;" Gerard de Forval, after oscillating between plenty and want, abstemiousness and indulgence, went mad and hung himself; Eugene Sue was ruined by "coffee" and women, dying away from friends and home. Edgar Poe died of strong drink.

A "MAKE-UP" BLUNDER.—Very ludicrous mistakes are sometimes made by the "make-up" (the man who handles and arranges the types into columns and pages) in the hurry and anxiety of a daily newspaper office. The following laughable mixture of two articles—one concerning a preacher, the other about a mad dog—occurred in a paper the other day:

"Rev. James Thompson, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic for his health. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic feats. He ran up Trinity street to the College. At this stage of the proceedings he was seized by a couple of boys, who tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman."

MR. BEECHER'S FORGETFULNESS.—Dr. Joseph P. Thompson says Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's forgetfulness is the common phase of absent-mindedness—the omission or oblivion of minor things through the pre-occupation of the mind in something more important. He relates that Mr. Beecher, having prepared several letters for the mail, went to the Post-office and called for the letters in his box, which at once engaged his attention. Returning home, he took off his hat, and out dropped the unmailed letters. To punish his forgetfulness, he turned back again to the Post-office, walked up to the window and demanded his letters. The astonished clerk replied: "Why, Mr. Beecher, you were here five minutes ago, and I gave you your letters; there is nothing in your box." "What a forgetful fool I am!" exclaimed Mr. Beecher; and returned to his house, again to cover his shoulders with letters showering from his hat. This time he gathered them into his hand, and holding them before his eyes, marched back to the Post-office, and succeeded in depositing them in the mail.

ACCIDENTS OF SPEECH.—Pat has long labored under the imputation of making more accidents with the tongue than any of

his fellow-mortals; but it can be very easily shown that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, which reads as follows: "*My dear friend*—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, CALION. P. S.—Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which reads: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

It is said of the same character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark, as at first.

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ear marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate, who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's fortunate for your wife."

At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes hisself."

An American lecturer of note solemnly said, one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

That man was not an Irishman, who remarked that more women than men had been married in a certain year.

A Western editor once wrote, "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era? We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement is only equaled by that of the Hoosier, who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

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EDITORS.

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How ungrateful of you, whose best efforts depend
On the aid certain Ladies in secret may send:
CLIO *here* writes a lecture, URANIA *there*,
And more Muses than one prompt the musical Chair;
CALLIOPE sheds o'er the Classics delight,
And the lawyers have meetings with THEMIS by night;
Yet, if VENUS de Medeci came, even she
Could among her own Medeci get no degree.

In Logic a woman may seldom excel;
But in Rhetoric always she bears off the bell.