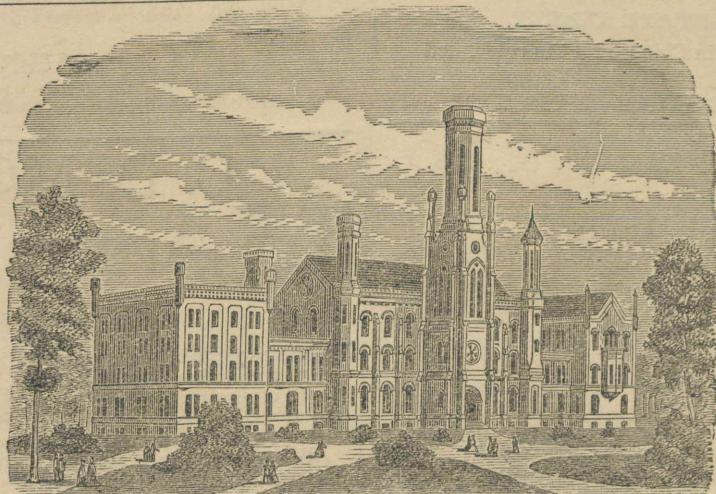


THE VOLANTE.

VOL. V.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MARCH, 1876.

NO. 6.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS, VIZ.: A SCIENCE COLLEGE AND YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

The next Collegiate Year opens September 10, 1875. The University embraces the following Departments, or Colleges:

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS: Douglas College.
DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED SCIENCE: Science College.
DEPARTMENT OF LAW: Union College of Law.
DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE: Rush Medical College.
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

I. DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

The studies of this Department extend through four years, and lead to the degree of B.A. Requirements for admission: A good common school education. Greek: Boise's First Greek Book, Greek Grammar, Xenophon's Anabasis—four books—Greek Prose Composition (Jones & Boise, Part I). Latin: Grammar, Reader, Caesar's Commentaries—four books, or Cornelius Nepos; Cicero, six orations; Virgil's Aeneid, six books; Latin Prose Composition. Actual equivalents accepted: Certificates of examination by other colleges, the Chicago High School, the Wayland Institute and other first class preparatory schools, will be accepted in lieu of examination. Courses of study in this Department are as follows:

COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY.

Metaphysics and Ethics: Psychology (Sir William Hamilton, Porter). Lectures, Moral Philosophy (Calderwood), Lectures, by the President.
Political Science: Political Economy (Carey's Works), Lectures, International Law (Woolsey), Constitution of the United States (Kent), Lectures, Prof. V. B. Denslow.

COURSE OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

(Prof. J. R. Boise, LL. D.; Associate, Prof. E. F. Stearns, M.A.)
Boise and Freeman's Selections from Greek Authors Homer, Herodotus, Plato; Grecian History and Geography; Homer's Iliad, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Demosthenes de Corona, Lectures; Essays, Plato; Lectures on Grecian Philosophy.

COURSE OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

(Prof. J. C. Freeman, M.A., B.D.)
Livy, Plantus, Writing Latin, Horace, Latin Prosody, History of the Augustinian Age, Tacitus' Annals, Juvenal, Roman History, Lectures.

COURSE OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE, LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

Fowler's English Grammar, Study of Words, Rhetoric (Bain), History (Talheimer), Compositions, English Literature (Taine), Lectures, History of Civilization (Guizot).

COURSE OF MATHEMATICS.

(Prof. A. J. Howe, M.A.)
Algebra (Loomis), completed from Chap. XVIII.; Geometry, completed from Book VI.; Mensuration and Surveying, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry.

COURSE OF PHYSICS.

Astronomy Lectures, Prof. T. H. Safford, B.A.; Natural Philosophy, Mechanics (Snell's Olmstead), Prof. A. J. Howe, M.A.; Chemistry (Barker's Elements) Lectures, Prof. C. Gilbert Wheeler, B.S.

COURSE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Prof. Ransom Dexter, M.A., M.D.; Geology, Mineralogy, Prof. J. O. Hudnutt, M.A., C.E.; Botany, E. S. Bastin, M.A.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

(Prof. E. Olson, B.A.)
German: Otto's Grammar, Whitney's Reader, Schiller, Goethe. French: Langue-lier and Mousanto's Grammar, Magill's Reader.

II. COLLEGE OF SCIENCES.

The Sciences, and their application to Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, Civil, Mechanical and Mining, Engineering, and Navigation, will be the special subject of instruction in this Department.

The course of study extends through three years, and leads to the degree of B.S.

The course for the first two years is the same as that in the Department of Literature and the Arts, excepting that Modern Languages are substituted for the Ancient. In the third year the opportunity is given to students for special study in the direction of the professions of Medicine, Agriculture, Engineering, Navigation, etc., according to their own choice.

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PROF. J. W. CLARKE, Geology and Mineralogy.
PROF. RANSOM DEXTER, M.A., Zoology, Comparative Anatomy and Physiology.
E. S. BASTIN, M.A., Botany.
E. OLSON, B.A., Modern Languages.
PROF. W. A. HOLMES, Drawing.

III. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

FACULTY.

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And the Professors in the University, in their several departments.

In view of the scarcity of good preparatory schools in the West, and of the great importance of thorough preparation, in order that the collegiate course may be pursued to advantage, the Trustees established a Preparatory Department, at the origin of the University, and have endeavored to make it a first class school of preparation for college and general academic education. There are two courses, of three years each, preparatory to the Departments of Literature and the Arts and the College of Sciences, embracing the studies required for admission to these departments. Besides these there will be classes in Practical Arithmetic, Geography and English Grammar.

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THE VOLANTE.

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Vacation is the most delightful season of the year. This is a great moral truth, and we claim the right of its discovery and enunciation. Vacation has always interested us as containing an inexplicable paradox, a proof of that other paradox, that change of occupation constitutes recreation. It is wonderful to see how pale and listless the average student will become on three lessons a day and ten hours sleep, and mark with what vigorous health and beaming countenance he comes back from a week's vacation, during which he has attended six dances, read a dozen novels and made a hundred calls.

WHATEVER our personal and editorial excellencies may be, (and they are legion,) omniscience, or, in other words, ubiquity of the cognitive faculty is not one of them. We do not even aspire to the honor of being a United States Directory, and therefore cannot be supposed to know the habitation and calling of each of our graduates and former students. Now the famished appearance of the personal column is a frequent matter of complaint in college papers; and to remedy the evil, one editor is usually placed in charge of this department and leads a dog's life, writing postal cards, reading newspapers and committing to memory the alumni catalogue. This we cannot afford to do, and would therefore again ask the co-operation of alumni and former students in making the Personals a sort of General Intelligence Office. Any information relating to the University or its offspring will be gladly received and be sure

of an insertion. The past generations of students, therefore, cannot quote to us, the *College Herald's* quotation:

"Ye do not answer us, ye do not hear,
We are forgotten, and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we go or come, or whence, or where."

We were rejoiced, a couple of years since, to see active measures undertaken to beautify our College Campus, and are thankful that so much was done to render it attractive. It naturally follows that it is with sorrowful hearts we behold the ravages of the woodman's ax, and realize that the places of those stately trees are not being supplied by others of a hardier growth, and we ask, why is it? Are there no trees which can be obtained for this purpose? or is the policy of the institution averse to this means of decoration? Cottage Grove is fast losing its grove-like appearance, and unless something is done to supply the places of the trees which are so rapidly going to decay, this part of the city will soon be as destitute of adornment as a desert. Had a slight expense been incurred a few years since in planting trees, instead of having a campus almost bare, as is now the case, we should scarcely have missed the oaks which seem unable to stand civilization. We would further ask about those gates, that should be, but are not. Soon our grounds will more nearly resemble a pasture than an ornamental yard. The time has been when the lawn was holy ground. Why should it now be trodden ruthlessly under the foot of straying herds? We hope the attention of those who are in charge may be directed to this matter, and that something may be done.

The most jejune, thin, starveling exercise in our literary societies is the declamation. It exists from suffrage and tradition rather than a conviction of its importance as a means of drill; and though our hatred is not so inveterate as to wish its total extirpation, its departure into the vast unknown, its utter evanescence into aerial attenuation, as it were, we heartily desire that some change should be made which shall prevent its fate-like regularity of occurrence. Sometimes there are even two declamations on a programme, and then, though there be "mackerel enough for four," *ad nauseam*, should you not like mackerel, you must "help yourself to the mustard." There could be no objection to the substitution of a dramatic recitation, or of the rendering of some portion of Shakespeare; and besides answering all the purposes of drill, it would be vastly more

acceptable to the audience. There is certainly enough ability in each of the societies to insure a dramatic entertainment twice a month, and this would be a real balm of Gilead on the wounded sensibilities of the auditors. At all events one would enjoy a respite from those trepidations and heart-beatings with which he watches the timorous prep make his appearance, and be saved from the awful foreboding that perchance he must again be dragged on to the bloody arena by Spartacus, lend his auricular appendages to Antony, or for the hundredth time witness Cato preparing to let his bowels out. At the very least let the title of each declamation be placed on the bulletin, that the conspicuous absence of auditors may teach taste and discretion in the matter of making selections.

On March 4th the delegates of the Northwestern College Base Ball Association met at Waukegan to frame rules under which the spring campaign will be opened. Owing to the absence of delegates from Beloit and North-Western University, the representatives of Chicago and Racine felt justified in framing only general rules, and transacting routine business. The possession of the championship which has hung with quivering balance, and was decided last year by Evanston's regaining the silver ball which she set rolling a few years ago, probably had something to do with her lukewarmness in the matter of the convention, though there is good reason to believe that the absence of her delegates is attributable to an oversight. We hope that there will be no difficulty in settling the main point as to who may properly enter the college nines, and that no room will be left for quibbling. We would give warning, however, that three institutions so varied in character and different in interest as Evanston, Racine and Chicago, must have definite rules in order that no ground exist for hard feeling. We believe that all parties are disposed to deal honestly; but it must be confessed that there is a temptation, when the nines are so well matched, to introduce by some evasion, an outside player to insure the victory. Some boys would not molest orchards, even if hedges did not exist, but how much better it would be if hedges were numerous and impenetrable?

That venerable document which men call Catalogue, but students, Doomsday Book, asserteth no fiction when it declares that our institution is situated in a locality universally admired for its healthfulness. The lake which almost laves our walls acts as a talisman to ward off most of the bodily ills which men suffer in less favored situations. During the past few weeks, however, nearly half our number have been afflicted with an infinite variety of colds, which extend, according to grade, from the tip of the nose to the cells of the lungs. When men are too proud to blame themselves, too courteous to blame each other, they generally unite in heaping maledictions on some third party.

Therefore the weather has been thoroughly execrated; the barometer treated with contumely as a vile accomplice, and one prep has remembered Tice daily in his invocations, as the source of all our woes. While we admit the utter maliciousness of the weather, and feebly second (not being profane) all that is said of it, there is at least one thing which most of us have omitted in our *index rerum damnandarum*. Some one has been seized with a frenzy for the cleanliness of the building, and accordingly a small deluge has swept over the halls quite frequently of late. Now abstractly considered, anything clean, from a building down to a collar, or one's finger nails, is good; but relatively considered, the health of half the students is too exorbitant a price to pay for the luxury of clean halls; for we cannot doubt that this moistening of the wood-work joined with the damp atmosphere has caused de-boistering of hadkerchiefs so frequent for a month past. Therefore, let dust accumulate, if it will, until the weather is cured of its eccentricities and condescends to give us its vernal smile; for we are of more value than even cleanliness.

With the approach of Summer begins again the agitation of the now thoroughly national game of Base Ball, and active preparations for the season's work.

So far as Chicago is concerned, it seems very likely that the game will have a popularity never exceeded, and only approximated to, by the success of '71.

Of course the *Garden City* expects to fly the Centennial Pennant, and Chicago amateurs, catching the enthusiasm so prevalent, are making earnest endeavors to secure for the game what it has never before received at their hands, that is, earnest, honorable and systematic attention, and for that purpose, they have effected a permanent organization of the amateur clubs of the city.

The University nine, as one of these, and we may add with becoming modesty, by no means an unimportant one, will doubtless receive material aid from the organization, and so be better prepared to compete for the *College Championship*, which of course is the important consideration with us.

Since success seems so certain to light on the banners of Chicago players, we can and ought to go into the struggle with high hopes, and show that our centennial metal is not less effective in its line, than our professional brothers'. We should at least win glory for ourselves, if not the success we desire.

There are some things which must be observed by the nine, if they would have that harmony among themselves, which will insure successful playing, and merit the confidence which we are sure the college is willing to bestow, whenever it can be assured that there is sufficient ground for it.

Premising that it is a *College* nine concerning which we are speaking, we will suggest a few things for their thought.

The first thing needed, is *good, diligent* players, regardless of cliques or clans, and some means by which a worthy man can be substituted in place of an unworthy one.

While it is very desirable that there should be a leader, or captain, it should never be forgotten that the other members are men of equal worth and standing, and that some of them, at least, are possessed of a tolerable amount of feeling.

Then there should be some definite, regular amount of practice, entered upon and kept up.

Diligence is usually better than brilliancy, and we think it not less true in base ball than elsewhere.

But duty is not all one-sided, therefore it should be borne in mind that the nine must feel that they are sustained and supported by the College with all the sympathy, forbearance and confidence admissible, and, we may add, with a little of that sympathy which reaches the pocket.

In some respects our boys do not, and cannot, have the opportunities afforded other college clubs; but it is in our reach to make these deficiencies more than good, by means that are within our reach, and with but trifling expense.

Our success will be exactly measured by our desires, and the question now is, do we want the Silver Ball?

We regard it as one of the advantages of our institution that the vast and busy population about us afford avenues of labor whose remuneration is sufficient to support the poor student in comfort. While we honor every one who is courageous enough to battle with adverse circumstances, and rejoice that there are so many here with strong hands and active heads, we cannot but think that those who are not obliged to work possess rights which should be respected. The man is a moral hero who can leave his couch between the hours of four and six A. M.; but he can have no "call" to make all others heroes. Each morning, long ere the little lark has risen, or rather, long ere the time poets ascribe to his rising, and before the bibulous roisterer has returned from his "little lark," there is a simultaneous discharge of alarm clocks, a banging of doors "on whose hinges grate harsh thunders," and the tramp of number twelve boots whose united sound immediately brings the nervous student up to a right angle in his bed. Were this interruption only momentary one could again "draw the drapery of his couch around him and lie down to pleasant dreams," but the whole morning is parcelled out amongst the different squads of workers, and about the time the last squad leaves the building the first returns. These and other causes make the hours between five and seven a time of waking pain to those who are not favored with the most rigid embraces of Morpheus; and to be thus dangling over sleep, seems to us like being placed in a ducking-stool over Lethe; all is well until some Vandal, with a yell, leaps upon the beam, brings you out of the blessed pool, holds you suspended a moment in misery, umps off and drops you again into blessedness, from which

you are dragged again and again. We are most innocent when asleep; at the utmost "we only dream of sin." I love everybody from eight o'clock, A. M. one day until five o'clock the next; during the intervening hours I swear at those who disturb me; not from malice, but because they won't let me be innocent. Some of these morning noises are unavoidable, and we would not complain, even if we felt our rights infringed by them. But there can be no excuse for much of the confusion, because we have heard a student creeping stealthily into his room at one o'clock, lest somebody should suspect him of being elated; heard the same student stride forth four hours afterward with the confidence of a prince, and noted the contrast. By the plan of the building, a somewhat unfortunate arrangement of the halls is necessitated, and every disturbance is rendered ten-fold more annoying from the startling distinctness of its echoes. The mantle of our charity is capacious enough to cover all ordinary and many extraordinary cases of disorder. It is even large enough to hide ourselves from the Faculty; but its ragged edges refuse shelter to him who would make us a moral hero like himself, and only succeeds in making us swear.

One of our Catholic college papers in a recent issue, had the following on Sectarian Catholicity: "We must occasionally call the attention of our Protestant exchanges to the utter ignorance which they manifest in regard to the dogmas of the religion which we glory in defending." We are thankful for this information, as it gives us an opportunity of confessing, in common with most modest men of both sects, our ignorance in regard to many of the dogmas and much of the history of Catholicism; for life is short, and the history, doctrines, decrees and miracles of the Church are exceedingly long, and we never yet got any further than the seventh volume of Butler's Lives of the Saints. But is it necessary to trace its progress "from Peter to our own glorious Pius IX.," in order to form an approximate idea of the teachings of Catholicism? Must we wade through all the ponderous volumes which form the polemic theology of Romanism, seeing that if we neglect one little decree or teaching of the Church, we are heretics? Since the Church requires *complete* uniformity, if we cannot believe one dogma, what is the use of proceeding further? According to Rome's own canon of judgment, one specimen will determine the quality and value of the deposits in the largest mine. What then if the Latin Church has many golden truths and a service so replete with imagery that its splendid symbolism almost makes palpable the mysteries of the Christian faith? Are not such alloys as Infallibility, Temporal Power, Intention, the damnation of all who die out of the Church, Transubstantiation, absolution from divine obligations, such as oaths, the superiority of ecclesiastical allegiance,—are not these sufficient to corrupt the purity of the mass of Rome's teachings,

and cause us to turn away without seeking further? We say nothing of the Church's marvelous inconsistencies, (for, being a heretic, one cannot expect to comprehend holy mysteries,) such as following at one time St. Augustine's doctrine of grace, and then going over to his opponent and teaching the rankest Pelagianism, by imposing penance and selling indulgences, when its coffers needed refilling; nothing of the *piae fraudes* which Rome's theologians, from the Fathers "down to our own glorious Pius IX.," have united in indorsing; nor will we mention the absurd miracles which are related of holy saints and monks, and with ecclesiastical sanction, are practised even now (such as the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood at Naples,) wherever the people are too ignorant to detect, and too faithful to suspect, the imposition. We merely say that the doctrines named above, to say nothing of such *political* doctrines as the denial of the right to freedom of conscience which even American Catholic journals dare re-assert, are quite sufficient to convince us, without further inquiry, that we are too stiff-necked to ever bend and draw draughts of salvation from the Roman trough. In fact, we confess to having chewed, instead of eschewed, divers Arian and Gnostic heresies, and rolled them as sweet morsels under the tongue; still we are not so far gone in our paths of error as to say with our contemporary, "If our brethren of the college press will satisfactorily prove that there is anything to be ashamed of in our religion, we will eagerly forego our belief; we know, however, that this is impossible." This is the other side of the equation of which the words of a Scotch Calvinist form one member—"I am open to conviction, but I would like to see the man who can convince me." We do not therefore attempt the conversion of our Catholic friend, but merely justify our unbelief and ignorance. The lack of acquaintance with Roman doctrines which many Protestants display is largely owing to the ignorance of the Catholic laity, who are scarcely any better informed in regard to their own creed, that is, its debatable points, than their Protestant neighbors. Notwithstanding the teaching of the Church to the contrary, five out of every seven Catholics believe that the absolving *power* belongs to the priest.

In the last analysis, both Catholic and Protestant rests his creed on a faith which is incapable of logical justification; were it otherwise, it would not be faith. Given, faith in the supremacy of the Church, and there is nothing inconsistent or even absurd in Romanism; granted, a belief in the Scriptures only, and the right to private opinion, and there is nothing sceptical in Protestantism. Since each of these faiths is the necessary foundation of dogma, no amount of argument, nor any degree of ecclesiastical lore, can convince one of the truth of the other's belief. Since this is so, the very least that a Protestant can do is to be charitable, and we hope that we are charitable enough not to feel unkindly towards our Catholic friends because their unswerving allegiance to that Church which consigns us all to eternal torments does not permit them to reciprocate our charity.

LITERARY.

DRINKING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What an unquenchably thirsty year!
My throat has turned a mutineer,
My soul is steeped in brine.
I am a fish on burning sand;
An arid waste of gaping land.
O give, O give me wine!

The very winds my thirst sustain;
No moisture soothes, no dew, no rain;
No drink will satisfy.
I drink as much as I can stuff,
I drink, but cannot drink enough
To drown my throat's parched cry.

What a fierce dog-star rules the day!
It steals my spirit's strength away,
And makes my marrow shrink.
If I should love (which Heaven forbid!)
I'd love as Roman Horace did,
The lass that gives me drink.

And if my words your thoughts express,
Pray heaven the vine to doubly bless,
Ye happy, drinking throng.
O Urban! grant a cooler year;
Give us good wine and better beer,
And grace thy days prolong!

SOUTH AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The City of Tucuman—The Last of the Bards—Social Life—Its Corruptions.

Tucuman, Argentine Confederation, Jan. 1, 1876.

When this reaches you, you will be frozen up, and we shall be sweltering under a tropical sun. I fear it is much warmer here than in Parana, as indeed it ought to be. But the fashion of the cities makes the heat more unendurable. Fancy a checker-board of narrow streets with one story houses, forming an uninterrupted line of white wall, and you will see that it must be exceedingly hot. Off to the west rise the Aconguja Mountains; while we are sweltering with the heat, we can see the distant peaks glittering with snow—O, for a few days among them! When the thermometer shows 10 degrees below zero, take your Horace and read the 29th Ode of the Third Book. Fancy the shepherd an Indian boy innocent of clothing, or at best with a ragged shirt dangling about him, and the sheep, goats; put in the background three ranges of mountain peaks towering one above the other, and a limitless plain stretching off from their foot, and add in the distance this white, glistening, Spanish City, "Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae." Alas for the picture that it bears so little resemblance to the stately home of Maecenas! Yet almost every day I see a rustic Horace on his bobtailed nag ambling off to I know not what Tarentum. Shall I describe one to you,

such as we saw the other day on a little excursion I made with some friends out into the country? Picture to yourself, then, a small mud house situated on a green hillside, with a lovely valley stretching out before it. In front of the house is a *ramada*, that is, a shelter constructed of dry twigs supported on a framework of poles, designed to keep off the rays of the sun. It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and six gentlemen have ridden up and with their horses tied to the poles of the ramada, are seated under its shade talking with the family. There are two daughters, and what is more natural in a country like this than a dance on the well trodden earth beneath the ramada? So after serving *mate*—which in even the poorest houses is often served, as here, in a cup heavily ornamented with solid silver,—the guitar is brought out—the guitar which is *par excellence* the instrument of the country; you never find any other. A young man fingers it in a dreamy way while the abonica—a slow dragging polka is danced; then the quaker, a species of flirtation with the handkerchief, which when well executed is really entertaining to the spectator. Now comes Horace. He is a gaucho, whose dark face is well covered with wrinkles, and whose hair and beard are well powdered with white. A dirty and ragged poncho takes the place of the toga, while a still worse chiripa partially covers the lower extremities. He takes the guitar, at the sound of whose strains Neira issues from some unobserved quarter and takes her seat by his side. Poor Neira! she is sadly thin and has not busied herself with her dark locks for many a month. The two confer a moment, and then break out into song, a melancholy, monotonous chant in a minor key, which celebrates the day, and the dance, and the strangers. It is sung in distichs, between which Horace fingers the guitar and the two frame the lines that are to follow. These two beings can neither read nor write, yet they are improvisators, perhaps the last remains in civilized lands of the minstrels of the middle ages. There are many of them; I see them occasionally in the outskirts of the city, among the mud ranchos and paja huts, entertaining little groups of their own condition; but the country is their proper home. Here they have no possessions but their guitar and the gift of song, lodging where night comes upon them, and are welcome guests with something of the sacred character of the old minstrels. They do not accompany themselves, like the bard in the *Aeneid*, with singing the labors of the sun, but instead, with details of life such as they have seen it. A murder, or a sharp cut with the knife, the carrying off of some Helen by guile or by force, an adventure with a lion, a spurt of guerrilla warfare, such as now exists in the neighboring province of Santiago del Estero, where a family of caudillos have just been driven out and is still exerting its influence, to keep the country in turmoil—a border warfare, in fact, as romantic in its incidents as that which gave us the ballad of Chevy Chase—these are his materials. He is the chronicler of the present, and if some fate should preserve his productions to a distant posterity

they would serve as a basis to reconstruct the picture of this society, which must soon pass away, as Percy's Collection and I may even say Homer, have served in the past. For I cannot but see in the gaucho cantor the same phenomena which originated these ancient productions. If his compositions are made, so are the old English ballads; and the metaphors and illustrations are all drawn from the life of the plains, reflecting, as in the mirror of a clear lake, all his surroundings.

Am I a faithful chronicler? Then I must add a feature much less agreeable of this excursion. We stopped at another house where the proprietor, wishing to entertain us, called up a little fellow in his shirt to sing to us. He was not more than six years old, yet the song he sung was conceived in the vilest language imaginable; the host was nevertheless exceedingly fond of the accomplishments of his protegee. As we rode away I inquired of my companions in regard to this phenomenon, and was told that it was a fair specimen of the nurture of the children. They are not taught to read or write, but as soon as they can lisp, their minds are filled with vulgarities, which in later life produce the social corruptions which are the curse of South American life. From the highest to the lowest these people, with few exceptions, do not know what virtue is. I would not on any account, except the most absolute necessity, bring up a family in this country.

But I have run on at a most alarming rate, being apparently in a communicative mood; at best, correspondence is but a poor substitute for conversation. Nothing would delight me more now than a few hours talk with you; but we must wait. I expect to go to Buenos Ayers on business in about ten days; as soon as the term closes. It is a long and disagreeable journey. While I would not for a good deal have missed the experience of this South American life, I am not anxious to extend it beyond its proposed term; still all my relations with the government are very pleasant, and my position is a remarkably independent one. We are all very well, and always hungry for Chicago letters. Our very best regards to University friends,

Very sincerely yours,

J. W. STEARNS.

LITERARY PARTNERSHIPS.

The history of partnerships between authors for the purpose of carrying on literary work, still remains to be written. The histories of literature, while they do not entirely ignore them, mention them so carelessly, and with such meagerness of detail, that the reader has his curiosity aroused without being able to satisfy it. Perhaps this is due in part to a lack of accurate and indisputable information respecting these literary combinations when they were most numerous, as in the Elizabethan age, in England, and in the 17th Century, in Spain. Lack of interest in the subject it cannot be, for any information regarding the celebrated authors of the past or present is always of great interest to

all educated persons. Hoping, then, that some future investigator will turn his attention to this interesting subject, we will, for the present, briefly consider those instances of literary partnership which are the most celebrated.

Without going as far back as the best period of the Grecian drama, in which, it is said, literary collaboration was not unknown, we turn at once to the golden age of the English drama. Play writing, in the Elizabethan age is known to have been a recognized business, exceedingly profitable to those engaged in it. Naturally, then, in this, as well as in every other paying business, partnerships were entered into by the successful dramatists. Whether they did this as a mere speculation for making money, or with the hope of gaining greater glory by uniting their genius, we do not pretend to know. Probably they had both objects in view. Among the more celebrated temporary partnerships of that age, were those between the famous dramatists, Marlowe, Nash, Lodge, Greene, Rowley, Dekker, Ford and others. The first two composed together, "Dido, Queen of Carthage," the second two wrote, "A Looking Glass for England and London," while Rowley, Dekker and Ford united in producing "The Witch of Edmonton." These, however, were only temporary partnerships of which there were a great many besides those mentioned. Of a far different kind was that existing between Beaumont and Fletcher. They spent the best years of their lives in writing together those works which have made their names inseparable and the glory of one the glory of the other. Just as in their private life they lived in the closest intimacy, sharing everything in common, so shall they live in the history of literature indissolubly united. Their success was probably as great as any which can be attained by the union of two or more authors. Their special faults, according to the best critics, were a want of moderation, a lack of depth in the delineation of human nature, and a proneness to resort to theatrical trick and exaggeration for effect. How much of this was due to their writing in union no one will probably be able to tell. English dramatists, however, did not monopolize the literary partnership. In Spain, at the time above alluded to, out of the number of forty-eight volumes of comedies then published, thirty-one were written in partnership. Two of them were composed by six persons each, and one by as many as nine. Think of it! Nine authors writing one play! Our authority neglects to inform us whether this play was considered nine times as good as usual, or not. A good reason for this extraordinary state of things is given in the national drama of Spain. These joint partnerships were easily carried out, because very great importance was attached to the structure and the plot of the play, while many of the characters had fixed attributes. A Spanish writer, in his eulogy on Lope de Vega says that "A drama thus compounded is more like a conspiracy than a comedy," and that such performances

are in parts necessarily unequal and dissimilar. In the French drama of this century these combinations have been quite common, but in the English they have occurred less frequently. The partnership between Emile Angier and Jules Sandeau is an example of the former, and that between Reade and Boucicault, in "Foul Play," of the latter.

Though so common among the dramatists in other departments of literature, such unions were until recently quite rare. Novelists have tried the experiment most frequently after the dramatists and with considerable success. George Sands' first novel, *Rose et Blanche* was written with the aid of Jules Sandeau. Dickens and Reade wrote "Thackeriana" with no particular success as far as popularity was concerned. When Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner announced to the world that they would write a humorous, satirical novel together, they raised expectation to the highest pitch. But the "Gilded Age" was a great disappointment, not worthy the reputation of either of its authors. A few years ago a story called "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other" appeared in a popular magazine. It was written by three ladies and three gentlemen, all well-known authors, one of whom was Mrs. Stowe. The story was neither stupid nor excellent, simply "middling." One more instance will suffice. Who has not enjoyed the simple, delightful stories of Erckmann-Chatrian? They are among novels what Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are in the drama. So great a simplicity and unity of conception did these authors put into their stories that for a long time no one even dreamt that they were the fruits of one of the most perfect literary partnerships which has ever existed. And no wonder, for as they themselves confess, "We hold the pen by turns, and we should be sorely puzzled as regards many of our pages, to tell by which of us they were written."

Translations, grammars, critical editions of classic authors, theological writings, all present instances of having been produced in the partnership of authors. Perhaps in every department of literature similar instances could be found. In literary work which calls for patient research or mental drudgery, such as writing a history or compiling a dictionary, it is not surprising that such a division of labor should frequently occur. On the other hand, that even a single successful partnership should be found in those fields of literature which demand unity in conception and in style, requiring harmony throughout the whole, is indeed marvelous. The more we consider this, the more wonderful does it seem, and we must confess the more inexplicable.

There is something noble in the very idea of a literary partnership. Knowing the proneness of men, and authors especially, to a selfish jealousy of each other, it seems to us that when two men of ability and genius are willing to share equally in the losses as well as the profits, in the blame as well as the praise of their common work, that they then show themselves, in great measure, free from that disagreeable fault. Perhaps the critic charges the peculiar

faults of the one to the account of the other. He can say nothing in reply. Perhaps the public gives all the credit for the excellencies to the one, when rightly it should have been given to the other. He must silently submit to their decision, though it is as hard, if not harder, to hear another praised for one's own excellencies, as to be blamed for another's faults. Therefore it is that those who would enter into a successful literary partnership must have generosity, patience and a mind without blind obstinacy or selfishness.

J. L.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

From Sacramento Valley.

A few weeks since we were like Noah, for we were on an ark of land, in a dreary waste of waters. Princeton, the town above us, was baptized in the drink of Adam. But now the waters have abated from this "Vale of tears," the Sacramento has fallen low in its canon-like bed, the green miles of grain around us, "darken and bend to cloud and breeze," the almond trees are covered with snowy blossoms; everything, in fact, goes to show that the winter days are over, and we can luxuriate in flowers and sunshine for several months, and in perspiration and dust, from that time on to the end of the calendar. Now the season has arrived in which all women delight in gardening. Now, too, the husband steals out at the back gate for fear his wife will ask him "to spade up just that little piece in the front yard."

Taking advantage of Washington's birthday, a number of young ladies and gentlemen visited the Buttes, an irregular line of hills, about seven miles east of Colusa. We started out, joyful and expectant, at seven A. M., the usual hour for picnics. Having gone as far as we could in carriages, we alighted, handed over the lunch to two stout Chinamen, and with the assistance of marisinita canes, began the ascent; of course the highest Butte was undertaken, for where would be the honor, had we climbed a smaller one? At the spring, which is half-way up, the repast was spread on a flat rock, over which a dark boulder cast threatening shadows, and near, myriads of poppies sent out a sleepy odor. The path was literally strewn with flowers; gaily colored flowers, that looked as though they could stand any amount of north wind, and little delicately tinted flowers that would make a botanist's eyes sparkle with delight. But the hardest part of the trip was to come, for from the spring, it is a mile and a half to the top. The mountain itself is not more than two thousand feet high, but it is so steep that the path is necessarily circuitous; besides the gas well must pass under inspection. This well is a real curiosity, and was discovered quite accidentally. Two men, thinking they would find gold, sunk a shaft, and while working, one day, there was a terrible explosion, caused by the gas becoming ignited from the torches. One man was killed, the other escaped with his life, but was singed like a Thanksgiving turkey; that was his own story, told as we stood

around, and a bright blaze shot up from the opening in the hillside as though to verify the statement. When he had finished, a young lady hesitatingly asked, "Did it—did it kill you?" The laugh which followed was soon repeated by a louder one, when one of the gentlemen tried to light his cigar over the well, holding the cigar at the same time between his teeth. There was a smell of burned hair in the neighborhood, and a very much cropped man only made another pleasant remembrance of the day. At first there was resting on every smooth stone, and a great deal of fanning by the ladies, with borrowed hats. One more long tiresome ascent, and the water carrier was interviewed. Horror of horrors! the pail leaked, and there was not a drop of water. As soon as it was known that there was nothing to drink, every one became suddenly thirsty. What was to be done? We were too far from the spring to go back, and it seemed a long distance yet to the top. We finally concluded to go on. As we neared the apex, the path became steeper, and the lava-like earth rolled from under our feet, making rapid progress impossible. Thirst, heat, lack of breath, everything was forgotten, in the last grand rush for the top. A lady was the first to reach the goal, the others soon followed. The scene is grand. If you want to see the Sacramento Valley in all its happy spring-time beauty, look down upon it from Flagg's Peak.

The flag-staff planted there fifteen years ago, by patriot souls, stands erect and firm, defying storms and time. Our party cut their names upon its marred surface; then each one wrote a history of himself and the day, and hid it away among the rocks, in a sardine box. The descent followed, which was accomplished in half the time it took to ascend, for "in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up."

P. V. K.

THE LADIES' ENTERTAINMENT.

Encouraged perhaps, by the success which crowned the effort of the young ladies last fall, when they gave an entertainment to make their quarters a little more comfortable, the lady friends of the institution, in order to furnish more completely the apartments of the lady students, arranged the following programme, which they presented on the evening of Feb. 4th, in the chapel:

1. Quartette, By the University Quartette Club.
 2. Address, By Rev. Dr. Burroughs.
 3. Address, By Thomas Hoyne Esq.
 4. Music—Solo—"With Verdure Clad" from "The Creation," Miss Jessie Hardy.
 5. Recitation, By Mr. Jas. H. Dowland.
 6. Address, By Mr. Miller.
 7. Music,—*Oratorio Selections*, . . . Miss Emma Shaw.
 8. Address, By Robert Collyer.
 9. Recitation, By Mr. J. H. Dowland.
- The music, by Misses Hardy and Shaw, was especially worthy of praise. The readings, by Mr. Jas. H. Dow-

land, were very well received, and when the audience adjourned to the parlor, his services were again called for. Among the addresses, that of Mr. Robert Collyer, is worthy of note. Perhaps Mr. Collyer owes his popularity as much to his happy, pleasing style of address, as to any other one element, and he certainly appeared to good advantage on this occasion.

It is due the ladies to say that they provided a very enjoyable exercise, and that a fine audience responded to their call. In addition to the literary exercises, there was a microscopical exhibition which we failed to witness, but which we understand was full of interest.

After these exercises were concluded the audience adjourned to the parlor where a social time and refreshments were enjoyed. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evening was when the friends of Dr. Boise presented to him, as a token of their appreciation, a beautiful gold watch and chain—one of Elgin's best. We are pleased to know that many who contributed toward this present were students who have come in contact with Dr. Boise in the classroom, and there have learned to appreciate him, not only as a thorough scholar and apt teacher, but as a warm personal friend, and we doubt whether any contributed more heartily than they, or whether among his well-wishers any are heartier witnesses of his popularity. After the more staid of the company had retired, the youthful element, feeling that the crowning act had not been consummated, indulged in a pleasant little hop.

WASHINGTON SUPPER.

Washington's birthday was celebrated this year with great *éclat*. The custom of giving full play to gustatory proclivities, on this yearly holiday, is time honored among us, and perhaps we could not honor Washington's memory in a more appropriate way. It is certainly true that an indulgence of the demands of the stomach is very often conducive to the keenest enjoyment. The festivities were exceptionally enjoyable this year, and were participated in by a larger number than usual, a fair proportion being ladies.

At eight o'clock the meeting was called to order by A. J. Fisher, '76, President of the Students' Association. After doing justice to the edibles with which the tables were loaded the company listened to "The Gay Pilgrim," well sung by the Amphion Quartette, of Tri Kappa. Mr. Fisher, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced Mr. Hastings, of the Senior Class, who pronounced the oration of the evening. His theme, "Washington," was necessarily somewhat hackneyed, but, nevertheless, the gentleman said some new and interesting things. Miss Waite responded to the toast, "Our Young Ladies," and was followed by a song by the Athenæum quartette. "The Junior's Standpoint," was the theme assigned to Mr. Honore, who compared the four years in college to the four periods of life; junior year was of course, the

period of manhood. J. C. Johnston, of the preparatory department, made a few remarks on "Prepdom." The Freshman class was represented by Mr. Armstrong, who spoke on "The Science of Euchre." Mr. Russell, of the Sophomore Class, made the best hit of the evening in his response to the toast, "Our Course." Then followed speeches from Chancellor Burroughs, Olson and Levering, '73, and others. The company broke up at an early hour. The success of the entertainment is due, in a considerable degree, to the efforts of Messrs. Olds, Honore, and Armstrong.

TRI-KAPPA ANNIVERSARY.

The twelfth anniversary of the Tri-Kappa Society took place on the evening of the fourteenth, under very favorable auspices, in the University Place Church. After a short prayer by Dr. Mitchell, and a song by the Chicago Quartette, Mr. McConaughy, the President of the Society, addressed the audience in a few well-chosen and appropriate words.

Mr. Stoddard then gave a reading from Shakespeare. Mr. Stoddard exhibited ease and great self-possession on the floor, together with a thorough familiarity with the parts required from him. The acting of the tragedy, (Richard the Third), though well carried out by the gentleman, still seemed to lack that personal magnetism which renders the gentleman's representations in comedy acting so successful. A song then followed by the Quartette. Mr. Olds then succeeded with an oration on "The Dignity of Man." The theme was well chosen and was handled in a skillful manner. Mr. Old's manner of delivery was graceful, yet animated, and quickly commanded the attention of the audience. The generous applause awarded him at the close of his speech showed their appreciation of his able effort.

The debate came next, on the question, "Have the people of the United States more reason to fear from material prosperity than from any other cause?" Affirmed by Mr. J. S. Forward, denied by Mr. S. Jones. The first speaker, in the beginning, labored under the disadvantage of being a little frightened, and consequently did not speak with the fluency and force which usually characterize this gentleman; however, towards the end of his speech, Mr. Forward recovered himself and was laying down his arguments with all his old-time vigor of thought, as well as of delivery, when called down by the president. Mr. Jones set forth the arguments of the negative, in much of his cool and logical manner, showing little or no embarrassment, and not quite enough of vivacity and variety of style. Mr. Jones did not enlist the sympathy of the audience to the degree that the first debater did, and seemed somewhat lacking in his usual ease on the floor; in fact, both debaters were alike in this respect, and scarcely did themselves justice. However, the arguments of the gentlemen displayed unusual study and thought.

A bass solo was then rendered by a member of the Quar-

tette. The "Sepulcher," by Miss Waite, was made lively and interesting by several happy hits, and formed a very agreeable and entertaining part of the exercises. Mr. A. J. Fisher's oration on "We the people" closed the regular literary exercises of the evening. The production was his State Contest oration at Jacksonville, and was delivered by special request. It is said by those who were present on both occasions that this effort surpassed the one at Jacksonville. Be that as it may, public opinion concedes Mr. Fisher the honor of having carried off the palm, both as regards personal delivery and beauty and strength of thought. The hearty applause which followed his peroration testified to the genuine admiration of all of this best effort of Mr. Fisher. The weather was propitious. The friends of the society turned out in encouraging numbers, and the majority of the exercises were exceptionally praiseworthy. All were pleased, and the Tri-Kappa Society can well congratulate itself upon the success of this year's anniversary.

ATHENÆUM ANNIVERSARY.

The fifteenth anniversary of this society took place at the University Place Baptist Church, Thursday evening, March 23, and called out a large and appreciative audience.

Rev. G. W. Northrup, D. D., offered prayer, and after the "Overture to Poet and Peasant," an instrumental duet, by Misses Beardslee and Whitacre, Mr. C. R. Dean, President of the Society, in a brief address of welcome, called attention to the objects of the Society, and regarded it a matter of the highest importance to bring members face to face with that public they were soon to meet in active life. An innovation had taken place since the last appearance of the Society, and ladies appeared on the anniversary programme, for the first time in its history, and they had already inspired its members to renewed zeal in literary and æsthetic culture.

The reading of "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," by Miss Carrie E. Howe, was of exceptional excellence. With admirable adaption of voice and manner to the sentiment of the piece, she held the attention of the audience from the beginning to the end. A duet for violin and piano, "Air Varie," was then given by Mr. and Miss Rothschild.

"Webster as an Orator," was the subject of an oration by Mr. J. D. S. Riggs. Webster's power lay in his statement of positions, which in itself was often the refutation of his opponent's argument and the proof of his own; his power of argumentation and imagination. He never failed to rise equal to every occasion. Upon his reply to Haines is based his reputation as an orator. Above all he was an ardent partiot, and his devotion to liberty was the chief source of his power. Mr. Riggs is perfectly self-possessed before an audience, and has a graceful delivery, but his gestures were sometimes too mechanical, and his rhetoric was more appropriate for an essay.

Miss Florence M. Holbrook added to her reputation as a declaimer of no ordinary merit by her rendition of Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet." The declamation was followed by Luzzi's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss Carrie A. Gill.

The question, "Do the developments of modern science incline men to infidelity?" was debated by Mr. C. B. Allen, Jr., on the affirmative, and Mr. J. C. Thoms, on the negative. The question was entirely too broad for discussion on such an occasion, and has been a puzzling question for much older and wiser heads, but its treatment on this occasion was so judicious as to call forth many encomiums. Both gentlemen have the merit of force and earnestness, which are essential qualifications in a good public speaker.

Mr. J. S. Martin sang "The Children's Kingdom," and, for an *encore*, "Kathleen Mavourneen."

The Athenæum Enterprise was then read by Mr. J. C. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was not appointed until a short time before the entertainment, and the brief period which he had for preparation will perhaps account for any defects which his paper possessed.

The closing oration was given by Mr. James Rea, on the subject, "Herzegovina." He spoke of its past history, during which it has been successively under the sway of the Greeks, Romans and Mahometans; of the future that was preceded by England's retirement, and the seizure of the Adriatic by Austria; of the rustic innocence of its people and their hard treatment; and finally of their present wrongs suffered at the hands of the Turks. He closed with an eloquent appeal in behalf of a country over whose past glory men are enraptured, but who are insensible to her dying groans. No speaker entered more fully into sympathy with his production than did Mr. Rea, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the audience was won to the strictest attention.

The exercises were closed by the duet for violin and piano, "Souvenir de Haydn," by Mr. and Miss Rothschild. The accompaniments for the evening were played by Miss Lulu White.

The exercises were quite too long, but the audience good-naturedly listened to the entire programme, and went away evidently well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

As yet, co-education is no more than an experiment at our University. So far, our dose has been homeopathic, not only in size, but also in sweetness, harmlessness, agreeableness to take, (to entertainments) and in divers other commendable particulars. As far as our observation extends, and it extends to a quarter of an hour each day in chapel, we have failed to detect any of the disadvantages which are said to be attendant on the attempt to unite the education of persons of so widely different mental qualities as sex is supposed to confer. We have not seen the

ladies acquire a masculine character; in fact, they know as little now as before of the true method of sharpening a lead pencil; while the gentlemen are not particularly effeminate or given to sentimentalism. The same studies, books and occupations do not necessarily produce the same discipline and culture. If woman's nature is essentially different from man's, no amount of manly studies will ever destroy her individuality; man can not join together what God has put asunder. In the same class-room, therefore, and from the same studies, the girls will receive that discipline which their nature is fitted to receive; while the boys will learn much of the dative case and the syllogism. The vine and the oak thrive in the same earth; both take what suits their nature, and both may attain a high degree of perfection without either becoming like the other. So no one need fear that a masculine course of study will be too difficult for a feminine mind. Girls will always hold their own in the class-room; if they cannot appreciate Logic, they will have a deep appreciation of other studies and even in Logic recite better than we, for they have faith in the words of the author, while we have abundant confidence in our own.

One very marked effect is the consequence of the admission of ladies to the University; the literary societies have both increased in efficiency and became elevated in their tone and general character. No longer do they reproduce the Grecian Agora with the wrangling, noisy talk of the Boule; but, without false restraints, they have assumed the dignity which so well befits organizations professing to have at heart the culture and refinement of their members.

ELECTIONS.

TRI-KAPPA.—President, R. L. Olds; Vice President, Miss Gray; Secretary, S. Jones; Sub-Secretary, G. M. McConaughy; Treasurer, J. S. Forward; First Critic, A. J. Fisher; Second Critic, F. M. Smith; First Editor, W. H. Adams; Second Editor, C. N. Patterson; Third Editor, W. Walker.

Athenæum Election.—The following is the list of officers for the ensuing term: President, H. E. Fuller; Vice-Pres., Chas. Ege; Secretary, Florence Holbrook; Asst. Secretary, D. J. Murphy; Treasurer, Willis S. Black; Critic, M. N. Armstrong; Literary Editor, E. Packer; Political Editor, Miss Chapman; Local, Miss Beardslee.

CHIP BASKET.

"A sponge to lick up every idle vanity."

Spring, spring! glorious spring!

DR. MOSS was in the city on Friday.

Trouble ends March 30; re-commences April 7.

Publishers' Card:—"Circumstances over which," etc.

Why is our coffee like the quality of mercy? Because it is not strained.

Joseph Mountain, '73, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Brodhead, Wis.

La petite moustache, Oh! la beautee! ou l'avez vous obtenue, Monsieur Bosworth?

WE call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Windell, which appears in this issue.

We regret that illness has compelled F. E. Lansing, of '77, to leave us temporarily.

J. H. Sampson, '73, pastor of the Baptist Church, Mount Carroll, Ill., was married recently.

John J. Coon, who was formerly a member of the class of '76, is now a member of '79 at Shurtleff.

Trumbull, of '75, and Osman, of '79, disported themselves in the "Sunny South," and visited the Mardi Gras.

J. T. Sunderland, who has been pastor of the Unitarian Church at Northfield, Mass., for several years, was recently installed pastor of the Fourth Unitarian Church, Chicago.

A student found under his plate the following pithy note: "Your board is due." Thinking that said board was dubious, he scribbled on the back: "Of course it is,—to me."

Tri-Kappa recently indulged in the novelty of an entirely extemporaneous programme. The exercises were far better than could be anticipated from the circumstances of their delivery.

George Mastin, formerly of '77, smiled upon us a few weeks ago. George is "ye learned pedagogue," of Shannon, and the young ladies under his charge call him "Gawdge."

PROF.—"I see that you have been absent from chapel very frequently." Student.—"I have a standing excuse." Prof.—"Why then have you been present occasionally?" Student.—"To see if the Faculty were there."

Grover of '77, after a respite lengthened from reasons satisfactory to himself, though *not* "suggested by the faculty" (as the Collegian would say), has resolved to enjoy the pleasures of sin (Junior studies) for a season.

Townsend Smith, of the Preparatory Department, has left us. He has made arrangements to enter business at Stevens Point, Wis., and with the capital and the experience at his command will doubtless find "millions in it."

A professor was lining off Virgil to one of the prep. classes, and asking an impromptu translation, "*Quæ nunc*

EXCHANGES.

Two more literary infants are born into the college world; the Neoterian from Lawrence University, and the Undergraduate, from Middlebury College. Like Mercury, however, they are precocious babes, and rather lusty for their time of life; but, *unlike* Mercury, however, they have not signalized their infancy by any such amazing theft as was the job which the winged god put up on Apollo. We commend the Neoterian on the taste displayed in selecting its heading, which, of itself, is enough to make us feel like its twin brother. Its title startled us and led us to the belief that it was *novis rebus studens*, but its contents satisfied us that it was guiltless of any design on the Collegian; nevertheless, we would warn its rival lest it steal some of its arrows. We have, however, no doubt but the rivalry between Lawrence's two papers will be the improvement of both. We welcome the new-comers to our list and have nothing but praises for their contents and good wishes for their prosperity.

The *Lafayette College Journal* aspires to be, what few college papers can afford to be, a newsy college paper. There is hardly enough local life in most colleges to warrant the modeling of their papers after those of the outside world, and not sufficient ability to conduct a literary journal of respectable character. Therefore most of us are compelled to go it 'alf and 'alf, and cry with Jacques, "Motle's the only wear." We congratulate the *Journal*; for though most of its contents are of scarcely any interest to people outside of Easton, it is easy to see that it is the type of what a college paper should be, where locals are numerous enough to warrant the exclusion of literary matter.

The University *Record*, has become the Rochester *Campus*. Its article on "Art in the Novel," is worthy of the highest praise. The *Campus* is disgusted with such a slangy expression as "Pull down your vest," and therefore we would advise it to wipe off its chin, and give us a rest on "Hints about Reading," or else publish them in a separate volume, with "Watts on the Mind," and other instructive works.

The Cornell *Review* is one of the few college publications which has a literary character of a high type. "Language as Indicative of National Character," and "Auerbach's Novels," would not seem out of place in any of the monthlies.

The Oberlin *Review* is in agony over the sins of the students. It says, "Reports come to our ears occasionally to make one shudder who has at heart the preservation of good morals in our institutions," and then it speaks with horror and indignation of those who smoke or play cards. It is our humble opinion that Oberlin's iron-clad rules have more to do with the prevalent immorality than the total depravity of her students. "We long after the forbidden;"

Tellus;" Class in unison, "Why don't you tell us?" Professor closed the book and quietly remarked, "I will not tell you; class is dismissed."

And now the voice of the Senior is heard plaintively chanting in his room:

"Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque, prioris;
Caesare, Camestres, Fes—Fes,—confound the rest!"

Chapman, of '77, like Faust, is pulling his pupils around by the nose, this way and that; we will bet that his pupils

"Laugh with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke has he."

He will sail between the Scylla and Charybdis of a West Point examination next August.

Prof. of Mathematics (illustrating to Freshman that the sides of a prism are its surface, not its contents.) "When a tailor makes for me a suit of clothes, does he make the *man*?"

Freshie, with avidity; "Yes, sir!"

APOSTROPHE TO THE TOBACCO THIEF.

O thou whose footsteps leave no trace behind
Upon the surface of earth's scattered sand!
In my tobacco-pouch I daily find
The ravages of thy capacious hand,
In early days a heavenly zeal inspired
The convert to destroy the tempter's type,
He stripped his temples and his idols fire;
But thou dost burn *my* idol in *thy* pipe.

Prof. Gunning, formerly of Yale College, is delivering, at the Fourth Unitarian Church, a course of six Sunday evening lectures, on the subject: "From the dead Past to the living Present," which receives a liberal patronage from our students. All should avail themselves of this opportunity to hear popular science in a popular form.

A Sophomore smoked rather hard, one evening, and told his chum next morning that he had had the nightmare. "What did you dream?" inquired the sharer of his joys and tobacco. "That all the Faculty (*Dii meliora*!) were in chapel *at once*!" replied the Soph., still horrified at the very thought.

Prof. illustrating the False Inference:

"What you buy to-day you eat to-morrow; you buy raw meat to-day, therefore, you eat raw meat to-morrow." Senior disregards the fallacy, and with thoughts of the past history of the boarding club, and the probabilities of to-morrow's dinner, mournfully ejaculates, "Too true, too true."

The following conversation was recently overheard between two of our professors:

1st Prof.—"I dined royally to-day."

2nd Prof.—(with malicious reference to free lunch) "Ah! Where did you obtain the requisite nickel?"

1st Prof.—(haughtily adjusting his collar) "You cannot dine on *ox-tail soup* for a nickel."

2nd Prof.—"Are you really reduced to such *extremities*?"

take down the bars, and the moral element which Oberlin has always attracted, will either convert or expel viciousness when it has no selfish motive for concealment.

The Denison *Collegian* has a religious controversy on its hands, as to the propriety of revivals and prayer meetings generally. One writer insists on. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and with considerable caustic invective, condemns revivals. "Art" (*amator rerum torvarum*) likewise has a text: "Judge not according to the appearance," and mildly intimates the destination of his opponent by saying, "A man with his nose over brimstone fumes, is not expected to scent the fragrant rose." The frequency with which both disputants ring in their texts, reminds us of what Shakespeare says: "Very good orators, when they are out, will spit;" with this exception both articles are good. The *Wittemberger* takes up the theologic cudgel on the orthodox side, and spectators, Julian like, may gleefully expect a high old time between the sectaries. The *Collegian* is a good paper, and will be improved by the free admission of unorthodox articles to its columns, just as

"Clever clerks by many schools are made."

The Tufts *Collegian* will hereafter place the *VOLANTE* in the reading-room where all may see it. The *Collegian* will hereafter be placed in the museum, classified with other *Rodentia*. Our contemporary asks for any valuable suggestion we may have to offer. Is the hint palpable enough?

The last few numbers of the *Dartmouth* contain some excellent metrical translations, two from Horace and one from Victor Hugo, which, for exact rendering and the preservation of poetical beauties, are unsurpassed. We confess a sneaking affection for "Mi-cat inter Omnes," which we have committed to memory: in proof of which we quote one verse:

"Enjoying otium in das haus,
Vous avez oublie rat kai maus,
Grown oisif iners, lacking nous,
Depart, ekpheuge, geh heraus."

Sic itur ad astra. The *Dartmouth* is unrivalled as a college paper; we swear by it and swear at

The Niagara *Index*. This brilliant young champion of Catholicism, which sees all goodness reflected in the mirror before which it pays its adoration, has an article which conclusively proves that secret societies foster infidelity. We always thought that the misdeeds of the Jesuits were too diabolic to be mere slips from Christian grace. But the Jesuit order is a secret society, and therefore fosters infidelity; and now all is plain. No longer will we vex ourselves to discover how Christians could behave as they have, for doubtless they are infidels, according to the luminous article of the *Index*. The paper contains a woodcut of two large feet placed toe to toe. We suppose that they constitute an allegorical representation of the present attitude of Catholicism and the school question. If the *Index* will place the heel of one foot on the toes of the other it

will be an allegory showing how Uncle Samuel is about to step on the blessed great toe of St. Peter. We would advise the omission of the cut *in toto*, as it is too large for the total size of the page on which it appears.

We have received the following exchanges: *Crimson, Chronicle, Round Table, Hesperian Student, Vassar Miscellany, Bates Student, Niagara Index, Dartmouth, Brunonian, Bowdoin Orient, Neoterian, Lawrence Collegian, University Campus, University Press, Denison Collegian, Wittemberger, Ohio, Illini, Alumni Monthly, Undergraduate, News Letter, Rockford Seminary Magazine, Athenaeum, Friend, University Herald, Cornell Review, Era, Trinity Tablet, Tufts Collegian, Transcript, Oberlin Review, College Journal, Qui Vive, Asbury Review, College Mercury, University News, Irving Union, Dickinsonian, Tripod, Lafayette College Journal, Recorder, Scientist, University Reporter, College Herald, University Monthly, Targum Newspaper Reporter.*

CLIPPINGS.

Two Seniors, diligently polling (!) Plato's Apology, met the sentence, "To fear death is nothing else than to seem to be wise when you are not."

1st Senior, *inquiringly*—"What does that mean?"

2nd Senior, *thoughtfully*—"Well, I don't see; but we had better not fool with it, for it may 'lead to Pantheism,' for all we know. Let's go on."—*Ex.*

March came in like a lion, but goes out like the d—l.

There are some vague rumors afloat to the effect that exhibition day will, this year, be anticipated.—*Index.*
Does this mean mock schemes?

When New Yorkers are asked what kept them out till half-past twelve, they blandly reply: "Ben to 'vival Moosy an' Sansey (hic)."—*Index.*

"ETHERIAL mildness with a vengeance." *Dartmouth.*
Ditto.

A student read the professor's comment on the back of a returned essay, "My God!" A friend skilled in the Professor's chirography reassured him by deciding it to be "Very good."

ECONOMICAL Landlady.—"Mr. B., will you take a small piece of apple pie or a small piece of mince?"
Mr. B.—"If you please Ma'am, I will take a large piece of both."—*Brunonian.*

The truth of the adage "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was charmingly brought out that slippery morning, when a blue-eyed school girl sat down hard among her books, and remarked, "d—n it!"—*Yale Record.*

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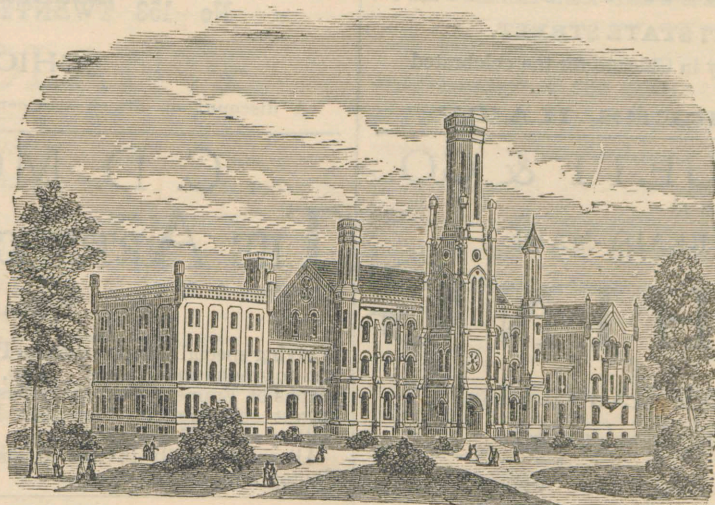
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1876.

NO. 7.



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PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

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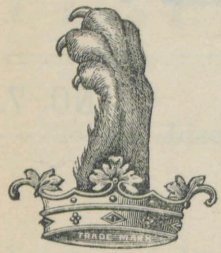
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G. M. MCCONAUGHY, '77. J. LANGLAND, '77.

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Last fall considerable interest was aroused among our students in regard to walking matches. The proficiency of some of the contestants was quite marked, and the hope was indulged that this was to be one of our most interesting college sports. The enthusiasm died away with the approach of cold weather, and we have not heard of the matter since. It is one of the best means of exercise available, and one of the most interesting of athletic contests. The block in the rear of the Seminary is an excellent place for a track, and we are confident that an enthusiastic admirer of the sport could awaken much interest among the students, and incite them to some excellent class contests. Let the public-spirited man arise!

There has been some talk among the boys of forming an Athletic Association. The idea is a commendable one, and we can see no reason why it should not be acted upon at once. The material is here, and only needs to be encouraged to be brought into the proper shape. We should advise this, however, that it be made a permanent institution, so as to provide athletic exercise during the winter as well as the summer. The want of proper exercise during cold weather has been long and severely felt in this University. If an association could be formed, making a well-equipped gymnasium one of its principal objects, we think that no one would object to it, but that it would receive the entire and hearty support of all health-loving students.

It has been quite generally acknowledged that the anniversaries of the Athenæum and Tri-Kappa have been anything but creditable to the societies for the past two years. Not that they have been discreditable to those who have appeared upon the programme, but, with few exceptions, the exercises provided have not been as good as the societies have the ability to provide, from the fact that lower classmen have generally been chosen to represent the societies. Some of the exercises have been almost unpardonably indifferent, and the excuse offered therefor has invariably been that allowances must be made, because the offenders were lower classmen. It is exactly of this that we wish to complain. There are a sufficient number of higher classmen in either society, who have had the advantage of two or three years of collegiate training, who could do credit to themselves and to the societies which they represent—if they would. But Seniors, especially, are profoundly indifferent to these interests, and upon them we lay the responsibility for the uninteresting entertainments that have been provided for the public. The remedy is simple enough. Let college men maintain an active interest in the societies until they have completed their course of study, and not be so ready to eschew effort and inconvenience, though it be but for the fair fame of the societies.

One of the most striking changes which has taken place of late years in college life is the tendency of those in authority to emancipate the student from many obligations formerly supposed essential to his spiritual well-being. Doubtless state institutions have exercised a great influence in bringing about this result; but the same educational ideas, which, relying on moral forces, have leavened the common schools and almost dispensed with the rod, have been the prime cause in lightening the burdens of the student. There is nothing so odious in its nature as a religious obligation imposed by the will of another, and nothing which, on comparison, yields more insignificant results. Men are not altogether depraved, and boys are even better than men. It is a recognition of these two facts which has produced the change from attempting to drive, to attempt to lead the student in the paths of religion. How far the freedom accorded to the student should be carried, is by no means decided uniformly by all colleges; but we believe that chapel exercises are not inconsistent with the greatest amount of liberty, and there is a tendency to nar-

row the student's religious duties down to attendance on these exercises. How far compulsory attendance may be desirable is questionable, but the utility of a daily gathering of the whole body of students is too apparant to need demonstration.

The University of Cambridge, England, has proposed, and is, we believe, partially carrying out a system of higher education in the principal towns and cities of that kingdom. The plan is known as the "University Extension Scheme." In its outline it is similar to a system of teaching in local use in parts of this country. The University agrees to send out young graduates to lecture on the subjects in which they are most proficient. Any town or a number of neighboring towns may, upon forming an "Association for the Promotion of Higher Education," receive the lecturers whom they desire. These, when ready to begin teaching, publish a programme wherein are contained all particulars as to the lecturers themselves, their subjects, the time and place of delivery, and the requirements for admission. Lectures are delivered once a week, and at the end of a course, certificates are given to those who have satisfactorily passed their examinations. So much of the plan with a few more details we learn from an English magazine. It commends itself to us at once as common sense and practical. It is not designed to take the place of the great universities, but, as its name implies, to bring their benefits, hitherto enjoyed only by a select few, within the reach of a far greater number. The demand for an arrangement of this kind is, of course, far greater in England than here, where every town of a few hundred inhabitants has its Academy, if not its "University." Another feature of it that pleases us is that it gives employment to a large number of college graduates, who would otherwise be obliged to look to some other less congenial pursuit for a living. Anything which, in these days of mere money-making speculations, tends to increase the number of those who delight in the pursuit of knowledge rather than silver and gold, should be hailed with satisfaction.

"Lord, lord! how this world is given to lying." Jack would be equally astonished if he lived now. An eminently shallow manner of life, and the habit of keeping up deceitful appearances have made us Americans, if not the posterity of the Cretans, at least a nation of braggarts and exaggerators. We talk, jest, preach and advertise, always leaving a margin which we expect our auditors to clip off as hyperbole. We even pray sometimes as if we imagined we could deceive the Almighty, and justify the Quaker's hesitancy to stay with a fellow-lodger who confessed himself before Heaven as such an atrocious villain. But we started to speak of college catalogues. Many of them are the representatives rather of what the institutions aspire to be, than of what they are. We suppose the exaggerations con-

tained in these literary productions are hardly any more than advertisements of the "best and cheapest," which almost any modern deacon would unhesitatingly place before the public; and yet we believe many students settle down into the steady quotation of Falstaff, as surprise after surprise greets them after their entrance into college. We believe that this bassoon-blowing is much less noticeable in our catalogue than in those of most other institutions. If the curriculum is misrepresented at all, it consists in not placing our standard of scholarship as high as it really is;—for there are few classes which have not done more than is prescribed in the catalogue. But while we admire the modesty of our authorities in not making such a display of studies as a strict fidelity to the truth would enable them to, we would advise that the printed course be made as extended as the actual course is; for as the matter stands now, our standard is as much underestimated in the catalogue as that of many colleges is exaggerated.

It frequently happens in the experience of every student, that he is obliged to pursue a study more or less distasteful to him. Such cases are unavoidable in colleges which maintain fixed courses of studies. It would be surprising indeed if an arbitrary course could ever suit the tastes of even so small a class as a dozen. Now, though we do not believe in an inflexible arrangement of studies, which must be followed up just so long, and in just such an order, we still think that in many instances it would be beneficial. There is a certain class of students who have an exceedingly strong dislike for particular studies. There is also a second and more numerous class, to which every new study is attractive, like a new toy to a child. Let either of these classes pursue, for instance, some modern language for a period of, say six months. Then let the liberty be granted of choosing between it and some new study, and, ten to one, the latter will be chosen. In one case the excuse will be distaste for that study, and in the other, not distaste exactly, but a kind of feeling which would be expressed something like this: "Oh, I like the study well enough, but, as I never intend to use it, I mean to drop it and take up something practical." In both these instances we believe that a fixed course would be beneficial. It is of immeasurably greater value to know one study thoroughly, and in all its details, than to know the bare first principles of a dozen others. Of course, we can only approach to a thorough knowledge of the various branches taught in a collegiate course, but a great many fail to make any progress whatever towards thoroughness. Is it because they lack all appreciation of its value? Why is it that the best elective schools of this country, while commending an optional course in general, have always found it expedient to add, "subject to the approval of the faculty?" Probably because it has been found by experiment that students have less knowledge of what a good, sound, and thorough education really is, than they are commonly given credit for.

Our communicator, Observer, has touched upon a question of some importance, to society men, at least. Our own observation will warrant us in accepting many of his statements. Though generally constant in our attendance upon the societies, we have not seen a unanimous decision, even where called for by the arguments of one side or the other, in a long time. We agree with Observer to a certain extent, as to how this result is brought about; yet with regard to the motives influencing judges to make such decisions, in *every* instance, we will venture to disagree. Of course, we do not refer to those instances in which Observer served as judge, but we take it for granted there have been such decisions made when he was *not* a judge. We know that human nature is innately wicked and full of "cussedness," but still we argue that purely physical causes would be sufficient to bring this about. For instance, we have witnessed debates so utterly inane and devoid of argument that the judges could not discern a single point upon which to base their decision, and consequently were obliged to "flip" to see how to gain one. We would not even censure judges for falling asleep sometimes under the monotonous "grinding" of some debaters. We have often thought that debating was a very practical way of developing "cheek," since men frequently go on the floor who know absolutely nothing about the question, and talk on anything, simply to kill time; but then this "developing" process is very wearing on the audience. If this is not the case, one just as bad as lack of preparation often occurs. Preparatory students who are intellectually incapable of doing so, are placed on debate and innocently prattle about the inviolable rights of man, constitutional law and the destiny of man, or some other such weighty problems, about which they can form no more conception than an untamed Hottentot in his native wilds can of the teeming civilization of Paris. Then we need no longer wonder when a chairman (a married man) of judges delivers the following, viz: "That two of the judges decide in favor of the negative, and the third, owing to the deliberate, very deliberate, and therefore sleep-inclining speeches of the speakers, and to the absence of his better half, is not able to decide."

Ask a college student what profession he intends to follow after he has abandoned his Alma Mater, and in five cases out of ten he will tell you that he does not know. On further inquiry he will confess that he intends to make up his mind at some future time, when he sees how things turn out; if the chances are good for making wealth and fame as a doctor, he will be a disciple of Esculapius; if they are better for attaining the same objects in the courts of law, he will worship at the shrine of Blackstone and of Kent, and if fate and disposition shall tempt him to accept a rich parsonage with a comfortable salary and little to do, perhaps he will place himself under the standard of Spur-

geon, of Talmadge and of Moody. "If" is, under all circumstances, a very unreliable word, and he who puts his trust in it will speedily discover it to his own loss. Aside from this Micawberism, this eternal waiting for "something to turn up," there are other disadvantages in putting off the choice of profession till the last moment. Time is lost. Not knowing what our future life may be, we may sacrifice years, perhaps, either in idleness or in pursuits which we never intended were to be other than temporary, and even in college the time which our duties and recreations leave us, and which might be profitably spent in preparation for our future profession, is almost certain to be wasted. Opportunities are lost. No matter how arbitrary our course of study may be, and how far it may seem removed, as a whole, from any application to the profession which we design to follow, there must always be a portion of it, however small, which will be of practical use to us in our chosen line of labor. This could with advantage be studied more minutely than otherwise, without any demerit to our other studies. Indeed, the student who tries to give an exactly equal amount of time to each of the different branches he is pursuing at the same time, unless he is of unusual ability, soon finds that though he may acquire a fair knowledge of each, he will not get at the "bottom facts" of any. The great advantage of starting into a professional course of study with some special preparation for it, needs no proof. Professional courses, especially those of medicine and of law, are by no means long ones, and hence, if a student is somewhat acquainted with the elementary principles of the course which he intends to take, he has an exceedingly important advantage over those without such knowledge.

Young writers seldom suffer from want of criticism upon their first efforts. In many cases we are satisfied that too much advice and criticism, although well-meant and well-deserved, have had just the opposite to the intended effect, in creating timidity and self-distrust. The task of training young writers is therefore as delicate and difficult as it is important. It is the old story of Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other. In avoiding too much censure, one is almost sure to go to the other extreme and censure too little, so uncertain and variable is the line between them. To make an arbitrary rule, and say, just so much you shall censure, no more, no less, is impossible, for it ignores entirely the different degrees of sensitiveness to censure in different individuals.

It being, therefore, impracticable to make any rule which shall hold good in every case, and impossible for men to divine the accurate amount of censure needful, the question becomes at once one of expediency. Which is preferable, to strangle in their birth the crude, misshapen outcroppings of literary ambition by severe censure, or render "aid and comfort" by mild criticism? There is to this question, as to

every other, two sides. When we consider, however, the enormous amount of the flimsiest trash which floods this country as with a deluge, in the shape of novels, weekly story papers and many newspapers, we feel that the more of these literary montrosities crushed out of existence by censure, or other means, the better for morals, for literature, and for literary taste. True genius in literature may be for a time overcome by unjust criticism, but in the end it is bound to triumph. In the lands where the reviewer's pen is the sharpest, there we find the highest literary standards and the greatest number of eminent writers. Criticism, severe and sharp as a two-edged sword, has there separated the gold from its dross, and sifted the worthy from the worthless.

Nothing, it seems, is more strange than the way habit and prejudice cling to and hamper persons from whom better things are expected, moulding their character and characterizing their whole course of conduct. For some, and the world oftentimes calls them great, it is quite sufficient that others who have been in similar positions have pursued a certain course of conduct, for them to do the same. They never stop to inquire whether there is a reason for the practice or not. The Honorable Mr. — did so, and that is quite sufficient. We have always labored under the impression, falsely it would seem, that courtesy and politeness were matters worthy the attention of even the honorable and fortunate. We thought that no person, whether private or public, ever reached that lofty position, from whence he could afford to disdain all thoughts of etiquette and custom. It may be that our mistake is in failing to comprehend the manner in which respect should be shown. We confess our youth and liability to err, and therefore would not attempt to play the critic too severely, and yet we can but regard it as a lack of courtesy or an evidence of indifference to the demands of the times, that the presiding officer at our public exercises does not rise when announcing a speaker, or other exercise to the audience. Certainly the same person, if presiding at a caucus or campaign meeting, would not think of such a course, unless he wished to be jeered. We would not consider it the proper thing either for himself or the audience. It does not suffice to reply that others have done so, or that such is the custom in certain localities. A reason is still demanded. Are college meetings so different from all other public exercises as to warrant the subversions of commonly accepted methods, and a disregard of what is common courtesy? We do not so understand it, and even if it be admitted to be the case, we think the sooner the "middle wall or partition" is broken down, the better. Our attention has been recently called to the matter by exercises which have taken place, and the least that can be said is that it didn't look well. If there is any reason why the practice should be continued, we are anxious to hear it; but if there is not, we hope it will be numbered with the things of the past.

LITERARY.

FROM CATULLUS.

Let us live, my Lesbian, and living, let us love,
Regardless of the frowns of sour old scolds,
Whose warnings not a farthing's value prove,
And from whom Venus all her gifts withholds.

The suns arise; illumine the azure globe
Of Heaven's expanse, and symbolize the breath
We draw to-day: then, draped in evening's robe,
They shadow forth the dreamless sleep of death.

Then a kiss, my Lesbian; grant a kiss to-day,
And then the gift will deftly multiply—
That none so skilled their number can betray,
And Heaven's own stars in number they defy.

VERGNIAUD.

After that useful body, the Constituent Assembly, by an injudicious act of misdirected patriotism, had declared none of its members eligible for re-election to the Legislative Assembly, and had dissolved this last body began its labors for the regeneration of France. The Constituent Assembly was composed of wise, experienced men, conservative in their ideas, and not carried away by enthusiasm for new opinions. The Legislative Assembly was made up, in a great degree, of young, ambitious men, apt to be hurried into excess by zeal for their new-born ideas of liberty and the will of the people, and too often inattentive to the voice of reason. Yet in this assembly, in which history first makes mention of Vergniaud, we find some distinguished men. Such men as the learned Brissot, the witty Louvet, the philosophic Condorcet, the eloquent Guadet, the cool, determined Geusonne, and the fiery Isnard, were the companions of Vergniaud in '91. Like many of the members of that body, Vergniaud was an advocate. His genius and eloquence soon attracted notice. Holding extreme liberal opinions, he at once found himself in close connection with a cluster of men of like views and genius. What Mirabeau had been to the old Constituent Assembly, Vergniaud soon became to the Legislative. Mirabeau's style of oratory was abrupt, precipitate, and eccentric, overwhelming the listeners at times with his superb outbursts. That of Vergniaud was always uniform, finished and convincing; yet when great exigencies arose, it became impassioned and irresistible. Vergniaud's maiden speech in the assembly excited universal admiration, and that renown which afterwards constituted him President of the National Convention and leader of the Girondins, foreshadowed. That party unquestionably counted among its members the greatest number of men of high intellectual attainments; men, like Vergniaud, who were opposed to extreme measures, who acted deliberately, and would have warded off the reign of terror from the revolution, had not the terrible voice of Jacobin mobbism decreed their death. Vergniaud continued

to gain renown as an orator; his expressions were on everybody's lips. In that tumultuous assembly where no other speaker could secure respectful attention, unless he attuned his sentiments to that of the ragged menacing horde in the galleries, Vergniaud always gained breathless attention. His commanding personal presence, the rich, melodious accents of an extremely flexible voice, the strength of his reasoning, and the beauty of his imagery, charmed and fascinated the assembly. On the 3d of July, '91, Vergniaud delivered one of his grandest speeches. The new Constitution had proved a failure, as Mirabeau predicted. The French armies had been defeated, wide-spread dissatisfaction prevailed, the King was at variance with the assembly, everything was unsettled and feverish. The half-starved swarms in the faubourgs Saint Antoine and Marceau were hatching new deeds of horror. The Girondins saw themselves, as they conceived, forced to make a virtue of necessity and to adopt the alternative left them, viz: that of deposing the King. It was known that the great leader of the Girondins was to speak on this subject, on July 3d. It was a grand theme, and one to call forth all the latent power of the speaker. Nor was that crowd, drawn thither from all parts of France, by the orator's reputation, disappointed. He spoke at a moment when every good Frenchman trembled for the interests of his country, when that startling and imperative warning, "citizens, the country is in danger," was ringing in his ears. When Vergniaud arose, the usual disorders in the galleries ceased; a deep silence stole over that assembly, usually so turbulent; every one strained forward to catch the words of eloquence and wisdom fast flowing from the mouth of this truly great man. It was a masterpiece of argument, clear, conclusive, replete with striking comparisons and majestic metaphors. The audience testified their appreciation at the close with thunders of applause, and congratulations were showered upon him. From that moment the fate of the monarchy was sealed. In one short year, Vergniaud had become the greatest orator in the assembly. The outrages of June 20th, Vergniaud and his whole party denounced. Vergniaud also condemned in scathing terms, and at the risk of his popularity and life the authors of the atrocities of the bloody 10th of August, and in still more scathing terms, the inciters of the horrible massacres of September 4th. Vergniaud felt that the influence of himself and party with the *people* had been lessened by these denunciations; yet, upon the convening of the National Convention in '92, he was elected President, and while presiding over its stormy sessions, he always displayed that courage and firmness so essentially inherent in his nature. But, in the meantime, French politics had assumed a dark and terrifying aspect; the lawgivers of the nation no longer enacted their own decrees, but tremblingly obeyed the imperative dictates of the blood-stained mobs of the Palais Royale. Only one party in the convention dared to assert its freedom of action, and that party was the Girondins, headed by Vergniaud. Their dreadful rivals,

the Mountainists, wished to find some new means of pandering still further to the insatiable greed of the fierce sections for violence and bloodshed. Some high personage must die; the life of the poor King became the bone of contention, ruthlessly tossed before the convention, by these red republicans. Here the Girondins, who wished to save the King, wavered, and made their first grand and fatal error. Instead of boldly advocating this act of mercy before the convention, they chose a middle course, and moved an appeal to the people. On the 26th of December, '92, the King was summoned before the convention to answer charges of high treason. High treason! what a mockery of words! The charges were all frivolous, and none were proved; nor was he executed on these accusations. The Girondins were in cruel perplexity; the instincts of self-preservation were strongly moving them to favor his execution; their sense of justice, and their noble desire for mercy, prompted them to oppose it. The 1st of January, '93, laid bare their views, in a speech by Vergniaud. The circumstances immediately surrounding were such as to require all his indomitable bravery and determination. He knew that by pleading for mercy, he was doomed, together with his enlightened co-laborers. The savage patriots in the galleries, cast lowering, vengeful looks upon him, as he besought the infatuated convention to spare the King; low curses were heard there; it was seen that Vergniaud's blood must soon water the tender tree of liberty. No inspiration was offered the orator, save that of his own lofty conception of right, equity and humanity; yet under all these discouraging circumstances, Vergniaud delivered a speech surpassed by none, if even equalled by any of his former efforts. In it, he spoke with a moving pathos, and intense earnestness which stirred all hearts, and foretold, with almost prophetic vision, the evils which would follow the execution of the King; but it was of no avail. On the 15th of January, '93, the convention took a final action upon the matter, and Vergniaud and his party, in great agitation and bewilderment, voted—death, with delay of execution. Here the threatening dangers, which would have made any mortal tremble, attending Vergniaud's action, made him undecided. His indecision was excusable, but was nevertheless fatal to him and his party. He saw too late his terrible mistake, and strove to retrieve it. From this time Vergniaud gradually lost his prestige, and ere long the merciless voice of popular vengeance cried for his head. Four long months of harrowing suspense and anxiety for Vergniaud followed; he saw the storm-clouds massing over his head, and the elements of destruction preparing his fall; but he bided the issue with all the philosophy and fortitude of his great soul. He was then dragged before the Revolutionary Committee—a committee that will go down to history branded with eternal infamy—and faced its accusations with all the bravery of conscious innocence. Of course he was condemned, with all his noted associates. To the inspiring melody of the Marseillaise Hymn, to which so many

Frenchmen had already poured out their heart's blood, Vergniaud and his comrades marched to the scaffold. Thus perished this remarkable body of men; the only men probably who could have prevented the unbridled excesses which afterwards developed. The most irreproachable and the most to be admired of all these enlightened men was Vergniaud. His character was elevated, his motives pure and noble; his patriotism exalted and self-sacrificing. A gentle temper, a broad humanity, and a generous and unselfish disposition, were qualities which adorned and beautified his private and social, as well as public official life. Always acting firmly and consistently with his principles, he was still just and impartial to his enemies. He was constant to his friends, the soul of honor and of the most unyielding integrity. That classic inscription scratched by himself upon the walls of his prison, viz: "*potius mori quam foedari*," was a true exponent of the high sense of honor of him who wrote it. His powerful intellect, knowing its power, never allowed passion to become master, and was never swayed by appeals to his personal prejudices. His only fault was his love of ease and his indifference, characteristics which proceeded in a great degree from a mind, feeling its strength and understanding its superiority, therefore naturally inclining to repose. Like our own Webster, pressing occasions alone could call forth the most striking exhibitions of his genius; such occasions however were never wanting in those tempestuous times. Vergniaud's renown rests not alone upon his reputation as an orator; it also rests upon his name, as a martyred lover of his country, upon his devotion to the cause of liberty, upon his manly adherence to the principles of true manhood. Macaulay classes him, as an orator, with Pitt, Burke, and Fox. Posterity and impartial history classes him, as a patriot, with Adams, Jefferson and Henry.

MISANTHROPY.

Among the ills common to mankind, few do we know which seem more truly like affliction than that of misanthropy. Man may be mis-shapen or maimed and be the recipient of that sympathy and forbearance which the human heart is ever ready to bestow on the unfortunate. An excess of spirit or lack of culture finds ready excuse, if there be but the semblance of a soul behind it. Arrogance even has its excusing and palliating characteristics. But for the misanthrope, humanity has no nobler feeling than pity. Sympathy is too warm a passion to bring into so chill an atmosphere; love is impossible. I can think of no other thing, when I behold one of these wretched victims, than a snail drawing himself up into the recesses of his shell, or a cowardly dog, who, frightened at his own shadow, retires to the limits of his kennel, snarling and snapping as though a pack of wolves were about. There is no geniality manifest in his manners; he never lets himself down from his high,

cold seclusion. He acts as though he were an object of attack, and all mankind his adversaries. He seems to say with every word, "I expect you will challenge my statement, but then, I can stand it; all good men have been martyrs." He is ill at ease when alone, because he doubts his own integrity, and more so when in company, because he thinks others distrust or dislike him. He is ever longing for the genial blaze of approbation, no whit of which he is willing to bestow upon another. He is a veritable sponge—ever absorbing, and giving only when wrung. He is constantly seeking to appear that which he is conscious he is not, and always desirous that others should esteem him higher than he dares estimate himself. Lacking confidence in himself, he therefore distrusts everybody else and all things with which man has to do, even to business. He is never known to change from a poor to a better, or even to follow successfully the business which he may be in. When once such a character has gone out into the world, compelled to brave its storms and meet its obligations, the hope of any radical change is exceedingly small; but while yet within the college walls, or perhaps, surrounded by home influences, opportunity still remains for improvement, and he who, when aware of his fault, (and we think it every man's first duty to know his disposition), does not set himself immediately to correct his tendencies, deserves the misfortunes which will surely be his portion.

LITERARY FEATURES.

We frequently meet the statement "there's nothing great in life but man—in man there's nothing great but mind." While we do not wish to quarrel, either with the statement or its author, we are inclined to place some estimate upon the visible expression of mind, viz: literature. The faces of men differ not more variously from each other than their indices, nor is the one more marred by human weakness and abuse than the other. Who has not seen a dissipated literature, besmeared with all the filth with which the gutter has daubed its author? Who has not seen a literary physiognomy scarred by the rough handling to which ignorant bigotry is especially exposed? Nor has beauty graced the features of youth with more charms than that with which poetry, the youth of literature, is redolent. The beast lives in the field which suits him best, and our houses, are they but our proper fields? But mind lives in itself, in its own communings, nor turns to other recreations but to behold the features of another mind mirrored in the reflex of literature. At some it questions, and wonders whence they are. It cannot understand their various shape and proportions, and why they should differ from itself. Their unseemliness begets a dread or fills with pity, or again resentment burns hotly against their palpable vices. But when, by chance, the mirror reflects a form so like itself that scarcely can the deception be marked, the soul leaves

its own pasturage to feast in that of another; to see with its eyes, hear with its ears, live again the scenes made sacred by a bond as durable as it is mysterious. How like the echoes of memory are the new scenes that chord with our being. We live not so much in what we have as in what we are, if we live properly. I take it that Eden was not so much a paradise in what it contained as in the senses through which it was perceived, and had no dark cloud shadowed the sunlight, we should have continued beings of perfect perceptions, and therefore perfect lives. The shadow, alas! has fallen, and we are, as it were, eclipsed; but the return is over the same way already passed, and the mind, always fostering what is best in itself, and loving what is most elevating in others, is only retracing its groupings, and seeking the unobstructed light.

OBJECT OF AN EDUCATION.

The question so often asked, "What are you going to school for," though old and time-worn, is quite suggestive. It cannot have escaped the notice of any thinking person, that there are an infinite number of reasons why school is attended—almost as many as there are attendants, and the question naturally arises, "Is there then no general, typical reason for attending school?" The answer is not so easily given. Doubtless every one has a reason to assign; but the question is certainly worthy a thoughtful answer, and one that reaches deeper than first causes. There are some who attend school from practical necessity, and who, perhaps, have never asked themselves why. Others attend through great sacrifices, and for a reason clear as sunlight. There is no wavering, no hesitancy, no misgiving with them. They have an end to accomplish, and they know no such word as fail. They see success in life through the enlarged capacities which they will there acquire; their object is personal; their incentive personal. There is no reason why it should not be so, but there is abundant reason why there should be a motive outside of themselves infinitely higher and nobler. He who properly employs his time while at school increases his mental force, it may be a half, it may be a whole, and he goes into the world with the working capacity of two such men as he otherwise would have been. Should this gain be the property of himself alone? Where then are humanity's rights and hopes? Man does not belong to himself, even by the conceded right of ownership. He has neither produced himself nor rendered an equivalent for himself; neither can he. He is therefore indebted to humanity for an amount he can never pay, and the least he can do is to aid her in that of which she has the greatest need—the need of elevation. One has not to search history very extensively to find that within a comparatively recent period humanity was far below where she stands to-day. Nor have they to reason very closely to discover that the

elevation has been the work of her own children—those whose superior ability and advantages have rendered capable of leading her to better things. We cannot all indeed be Charlemagnes, or even his immediate imitators, but we can be whole-souled men, with a thought beyond our own personal aggrandizement. We can think and act for our fellows, who are less favored; we can learn independence and self-reliance; we can become worthy of imitation; and this we should do while in college. Life will never afford a more favorable opportunity, and why wait till the burdens of life press and worry? To many the world accords greatness; to some goodness; but those upon whom she bestows her gratuities are few. The duty to live thoughtfully is consequent to, and co-existent with, the capacity of thought; the call for honor is as loud as its influence is powerful, and its rewards as great as the soul which hears the call.

ONE MORE "DIG" AT THE SOCIETIES.

Mr. Editor:—We think it about time to give the Societies another "dig," so we will open up on a subject which has frequently demanded our consideration, from its constant recurrence. We refer to the decisions of the judges on debate. No doubt we have all noticed the many divided decisions rendered by them, and the few unanimous decisions. How often have we listened to the conclusive and unrefuted arguments of one side or the other, and are confidently awaiting a unanimous decision, have waxed indignant at hearing the same old trite expression, "two to one in favor of the affirmative," or *vice versa*. Not that the sweetly persuasive brogue of our own Mike Evans hath seduced their judgment, or that his stolen gold hath purchased their venal souls, but that the unmanly, contemptible influence of personal prejudices against, or strong partiality for, some one of the speakers, has caused them to lose sight of the line of conduct marked out for them as judges. Judges are expected to be influenced by the arguments advanced and established, and by no other agency, in their then capacity. When persons have labored thoroughly and painstakingly to win a question, do win it, incontestibly, to the satisfaction of all, judges excepted; such partial decisions are most unmerited mockings. We have been on the judges' stand, and know from experience that one judge's absurd personal prejudices or likings have often prevented a unanimous decision where it was plainly required.

OBSERVER.

BASE BALL.

The University nine played a match game of ball with the Franklins, the leading amateurs of the state, on the Thirty-Fifth street grounds, on Tuesday, May 2d, which was witnessed by rather a slim audience, consequent upon the unpleasantness of the weather. The Franklins won the toss and sent the University boys to the bat. The game was characterized by some nervousness on

the part of the college boys resulting from the great odds which they felt were against them, the Franklins being men of age, and experienced ball-players. After one or two innings the boys regained their courage, and warming up with enthusiasm, contested hotly for supremacy. The Franklins secured a decided lead in the second inning, and forced our boys to play an up-hill game, but notwithstanding their disadvantage, a gradual gain was carried through the game, and had a few more innings been played there is reason to believe that victory would have been on our side. A great deal of allowance must be made for some of our men, from the fact that they are new men in the nine and were not used to playing the positions they filled; second, short, catcher, and right field having this disadvantage. Another feature which worked against us was playing against a nine of hard-hitters, thus compelling us to face a hotter fire than that to which we had been accustomed, and leading to some errors at critical moments which worked sadly to our disadvantage. However, the result is highly satisfactory, justifying the belief that with practice and care we may play them a stronger game than that of the 2d. It is idle to boast of our powers, but we may be excused for feeling a satisfaction at the commendation which the lookers-on, as well as our opponents, were free in bestowing. The noticeable features of the game were an initiatory home-run, to which Gardner treated our opponents in the first inning, a fine running; one-handed catch, by Black, in the third inning, and some fine work by Dean, in left field. The pitching and catching of the Lansing brothers is also worthy of notice. The playing of the Franklins was characterized by coolness and steady work, and by a growing inability to hit the balls as the game progressed, but one base-hit being made after the sixth inning. Other matters are best seen in

THE SCORE.

UNIVERSITY.											
P.	O.	R.	A.	P.	O.	P.	O.	R.	A.	P.	O.
Gardner.....	3rd B.	3	2	2	1	3	Dean.....	L. F.	3	1	0
Lansing, F. E....	P.	4	0	4	0	3	Black.....	S. S.	4	0	1
Goodspeed.....	C. F.	3	2	0	0	0	Raymond....	2d B.	3	1	0
Honore.....	1st B.	3	2	0	12	2	Adams.....	R. F.	3	1	0
Lansing, L. W....	C.	1	2	0	8	8	Total.....		27	11	5
										27	17
FRANKLINS.											
P.	O.	R.	A.	P.	O.	P.	O.	R.	A.	P.	O.
Quinn.....	C.	5	1	1	6	1	O'Laughlin..	L. F.	2	2	0
Reid.....	S. S.	4	2	1	0	1	Woodlock....	R. F.	2	2	0
Hawley.....	1st B.	3	2	1	5	0	Ward.....	C. F.	4	1	0
Turner.....	2d B.	1	2	0	2	2	Gillen.....	P.	3	1	1
Manning.....	3d B.	3	1	3	4	2	Total.....		27	14	7
										27	6

A second convention for the purpose of forming a college base ball association was held at Waukegan, on Saturday, the 22d ult. The delegates from Chicago missed the train, and were consequently unable to be present. They telegraphed their willingness to approve such rules as the convention should adopt. Racine sent Mr. M. T.

January as a delegate, and Evanston, Messrs. F. E. Knappen, F. F. Casseday and C. P. Wheeler. The following is the constitution adopted:

ARTICLE I.

This association shall be known as the College Base Ball Association of the Northwest.

ARTICLE II.

The object of this association shall be to promote base ball interests in the Northwest.

ARTICLE III.

All regularly incorporated colleges of the Northwest are eligible to membership in this association.

ARTICLE IV.

All applications for membership in this association must be made to the executive council, before May 1st of each year.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1. The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice President and Secretary, whose duties shall be such as usually appertain to those offices.

Sec. 2. There shall be elected an executive council, composed of one member from each college of the association.

Sec. 3. This council shall be authority to settle all disputes that may arise concerning championship games.

ARTICLE VI.

Sec. 1. This association shall hold a convention on the second Saturday in April of each year.

Sec. 2. All amendments to the constitution and changes in the playing rules shall be made at the regular annual meeting, by a two-thirds vote of the colleges represented.

Sec. 3. Each college shall have but one vote in the convention.

ARTICLE VII.

Sec. 1. The championship season shall commence May 1st, and end the 15th of November.

Sec. 2. No championship games shall be played during the summer vacation of the college whose nine holds the silver ball.

Sec. 3. The first game shall be held on the grounds of the college holding the silver ball. The second on the grounds of the challenging college. If a third game be necessary, it shall be played on the grounds of the college whose nine holds the championship.

Sec. 3. Two games played with the nine holding the silver ball shall constitute a series. In case of a tie, a third game shall be played within two weeks of the date of the second game.

Sec. 5. Each college may play but one series with any other college during a season.

Sec. 6. A series of games won from the college holding the silver ball shall entitle the winning college to the championship of the Northwest, and the silver ball, the emblem of college championship.

Sec. 7. Every college must accept all legitimate championship challenges.

ARTICLE VIII.

The members of college nines may be chosen—from all students of the regular course prescribed by the college catalogue—from students in the Medical, Theological and Law departments of the college, from preparatory schools and departments directly under the college government.

ARTICLE IX.

All games shall be governed by the rules of our professional base ball league, except in cases provided for by this constitution.

Signed by M. T. January for Racine College, F. E. Knappen and F. F. Casseday for N. W. U.

By an amendment to the constitution, Mr. Martin, tutor at Racine, was allowed to play with the Racine nine during the present season.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, H. I. Bosworth, Chicago; Vice President, M. T. January, Racine; Secretary, F. F. Casseday, Evanston; Executive Committee, E. C. Cleveland, Racine; H. I. Bosworth, Chicago; W. G. Evans, Evanston.

REGULATED EXERCISES.

The lazy balm of these Spring days drives the student from his room into the field and renews the inevitable discussion in sports generally. Hawthorne remarks the difference between the playing of boys and that of girls. Boys always play by rule, and never admit of innovation or irregularity in the old traditionary games which have descended to us from the time of Chaucer; while girls frequently extemporize their play and break through all accepted regulations with as much coolness as they violate the laws of croquet when you are confiding enough to be negligent. It is just this difference which causes the discussion amongst the masculine part of college communities as to the best sports. A dozen boys are restless in each other's society until something more or less mechanical and fixed in its nature has been proposed. If we had a little more feminine lawlessness in our sports, we would not debate whether it should be ankle-spraining football, a good game of which resembles a dozen can-cans on a spree, or finger-smashing base ball. When we play according to inexorable rules, it resembles work altogether too much, and does not give opportunity for any eccentricities or inspired felicities of wantonness that come to us when we really play. By all means let us keep up those games which are regulated and therefore require skill; but cannot play become more universal by becoming less like work? We are all barbarians by nature, and delight in noise, uproar, confusion and contempt for authority, however much we may repel the accusation. There is a vein of playfulness, or foolishness, if you like, running through all of us, and concealed only by a coat of dignity skin deep. Would it not be well to tap this vein occasionally, instead of watching eighteen men exercise for us by proxy?

PICK-UPS.

- J. Staley, '75, is at Portage City, Wisconsin.
- Stetson, formerly of '76, is preaching at Winnetka.
- Druggists have received their accustomed spring supply of arnica.
- J. D. Riggs, '78, goes to his home in Rockford for the remainder of the term.
- Class '77 has an addition to its numbers in the person of Ames, who comes to us from Iowa State University.
- Evans, '79, with his jovial eye and good-natured smile, is back once more among us, cracking jokes as of yore.
- Of the two commodities offered in the college "agora" at present, muscle is at a premium. Brains unsalable except to "digs."
- Among the editors of the *Rochester Campus*, we notice the name of James R. Ives, formerly of '77, and last year elected as editor of the *VOLANTE*.
- Prep—translating slowly but energetically withal—*Nunquam*, never; *animus*, mind; *ignis*, fire; *via*, a way. (Triumphantly,) "Never mind! Fire away!"
- Beans are to be provided for dessert every alternate day by the boarding club, we understand. They have taken the place of hash, our *quondam* luxury.
- Class '76 is debating the feasibility of having a centennial fishing expedition during senior vacation. The equipments will consist of a spool of thread, three fish-hooks, a glass factory and a corkscrew.
- The limits of the north wing: stakes driven in the ground, ash fortifications and such, but what has that to do with the laying of the corner stone, on July 4th, 1876? We give it up.
- H. B. Mitchell, '76, has been obliged to go home on account of ill health. We regret the necessity which compels his absence, and hope that he will speedily return with renewed health and vigor.
- And now the Senior sitteth for three successive hours before a ream of foolscap, vainly attempting to decide whether it shall be "A Hundred Years of American Liberty," or "The Progress of Modern Thought."
- Five Seniors either *sick* or absent at the examinations in Geology last fall, are now trembling in anticipation of one of Prof. Clarke's rigid examinations therein, the fore part of next week. "Oh! Ye gods!"
- The class of '77 loses one of its most valued members, in the person of Miss Jessie Waite, who will live hereafter in Aurora. We are glad to state, however, that she will re-join the class in the fall.
- Anderson, '79, is the joyful father of a cunning little

girl, and '76 can no longer claim the honor of being the only class in the college that has stood as god father to its first infantile addition.

—The jingle of silver is occasionally heard while the fortune favored Senior is passing by with his hands in his pockets. Whereat the Junior jingles his nickles, the Sophomore his keys, and the Freshman his nothing at all.

—Rev. J. H. Sampson, '73, graduated at the Theological Seminary this year, as also did Rev. J. L. Jackson, of the same class. The former is pastor of the Baptist church at Mount Carroll, Ill., the latter at Downer's Grove, Ill.

—All the Seniors are bearded youths. The four years passed in manly struggle have been rewarded. Statistics: sporting ye *petite* moustache, 4; hair on ye chin, 1; attempts on upper lip, and sides for balance, 3.

—Everybody has gone to see Booth, and in consequence there has been a dusting of long neglected copies of Shakespeare. It was a Freshman who fumbled his Shakespeare half an hour, wondering how "Richelieu" came to be omitted.

—The bare possibility of the thing ought to make a prep feel mean by anticipation, when he considers how easily he might, by mistake, deal out his pool tickets to an intelligent Sunday school class instead of the pasteboards with a verse of Scripture.

—Every body is all up and in suspense because the college campus is receiving some attention before commencement. What does it all mean? Is the world coming to an end? It was not wont to be thus.

—Storm-doors have disappeared, and, while we think of it, Chicago has the most inefficient police force in the world. The doors of half the disreputable places have had all winter, delineated in brass nails, the invitation to the police to "Pull," and yet only a dozen or so have been "pulled."

—Among the officers elected by the Amateur Base Ball Association, the name of Tom Foley, ex-alderman, Colvinite, etc., appears, with all the exalted inspiration evoked by seeing such a name, side by side with that of H. I. Bosworth of '76, as Vice President of the same association. "Boz" bears his honor with commendable dignity.

—A student with a level head on his shoulders, discoursing upon humor and humorists, gave it as his opinion that few persons had a keener sense of the ridiculous than the students, but that the majority of them could see nothing funny in Josh Billings, Carl Pretzel, and others of their ilk. If the secret of their humor lies in their spelling, we are not at all surprised that it should be unappreciated by some students, judging from the character of their own spelling.

—Semi-occasionally, as the papers say, some pious humbug turns up, who scientifically demonstrates, beyond a peradventure, that some long-cursed nuisance is a benefit

and even a Providential interposition. The first of this Paley tribe proved that mosquitoes were heaven's second best gift to man, and others followed, showing that flies, snakes, toads and bats were essential to every healthy community. We have not been able to swear at any of these things with a clear conscience since we learned their utility; but we thought there could be no question of one's being justified in imprecating Bridgeport breezes. And now some villainously scientific individual insinuates that breezes counteract catarrhal affections.

—The following was placed under a Senior's door while he was at dinner:

"When a Senior is absent from his place of duty in 'Hist Civ'n' (History of Civilization) he can learn the feelings of his instructor by reading Psalms cii, v. 3-11.
J. C. F.
April 26, 1876."

To which the Senior replies by citing Job xviii, v. 1-2, which reads: "Then answered Bildad, the Shuhite, and said, 'How long will it be ere ye make an end of words? Mark, and afterwards we will speak.'"

—The VOLANTE is a power for good. We have recently noticed the great increase of interest taken in reading. This paper has from the start urgently impressed the importance of a well-selected course of reading, and we flatter ourselves that we have contributed somewhat to the present state of things. On a second thought, however, we conclude to cease self-praise until after the orations are written.

—Undoubtedly it relieves the monotony of existence somewhat to have a leather-covered sphere, propelled by the hand of some mysterious and irresponsible ball-tosser, come crashing through your window. Nevertheless, some persons are so unreasonable as to prefer inexpensive monotony, to the lively rattling of broken glass. Of course they are perfectly willing that the multitudinous would-be baseballists should enjoy themselves but in this case they think that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and hence, that until they are competent to hit a barn door four feet distant, the further they are away, the more enchanting they will be.

—Among other laudable acts done by the college authorities this term, one or two are especially praiseworthy. We refer to the placing of Prof. Freeman in charge of our Elocutionary department, and the appointing of Mr. Bastin teacher of Botany. Both of these most essential parts of our college government have been sadly neglected here, but the changes just mentioned give promise of a better era of things in this direction. Prof. Freeman has taken hold of his new duties with his customary energy, and shows great discretion and good judgment in fulfilling them. Mr. Bastin, in his department, exhibits a thorough knowledge of the matter in hand, and treats it with such infectious enthusiasm that "those horrid Juniors" rarely if ever "cut." These appointments are made in a most opportune and seasonable time, and were much needed.

—The students may not have been generally aware that our genial teacher of Geology has been lecturing in the Southern cities during the past winter; but such is the fact, and his efforts, in all localities, have been uniformly received with the most unfeigned pleasure. We have noticed complimentary notices of Prof. Clarke's lectures in several papers, and in proof of this statement, we are proud to quote the following from the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer*. Speaking of the last of a series of lectures delivered there by the Professor, it says: "Thus ended what we consider the most interesting and instructive course of lectures ever given in Columbus. What would seem a dry detail of cumbrous investigation, he has invested with all the charms of illustrative narration. At the close of the speaker's remarks, the large audience, which had nightly grown in numbers, on motion of Mayor McIlheany, adopted a vote of thanks to Professor Clarke for his interesting and instructive course of lectures. We can not close our report without expressing the thanks of the community to this able representative of the Chicago University, and we trust a few more such may visit our Southern cities. He has indoctrinated our people with a love of science and a lecture-going spirit. He is a man of vast scientific attainments.

—The University Nine is no longer a matter of theory and idle speculation. The lot has been cast, and the fortunate ones are happy. There is not a great deal to be said at this time, regarding either the Nine or the work expected from them. Enough has transpired, we think, to justify the prediction made in our last issue that the University possessed the material for "even a better nine than that of last year." The practice game of Saturday, April 22nd, between our boys and the Lakesides, resulting in favor of the College Nine, by a score of 24 to 15, was a surprise to us as well as to our opponents. Though quite as conspicuous for the largeness of the score as any thing, yet there were some elements of strength displayed by our team, which were scarcely expected, but which were exceedingly gratifying. We raise a warning voice against over-confidence since we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, and we may feel much more docile after next Saturday's conflict. We are happy to learn that there is a prospect of a better place to practice than has been enjoyed before. Several clubs located in this part of the city are to combine their efforts to rearrange the field, placing it at the north end of the block now occupied, facing directly south, and half way between South Park and Vernon Av.

A considerable amount of work, and some money, will be expended in providing the necessary equipments for a ground. Prominent among these, is a line of posts supporting wires, to keep the crowd from interfering with the playing of games. The vacancies caused by last years players leaving, have been filled as follows: *c.* L. W. Lansing; *2 b.* W. R. Raymond; *s. s.* W. L. Black; *r. f.* W. H. Adams. Mr. Lansing's playing behind the bat is note-

worthy. Messrs. Raymond, Black and Adams, promise well, but need a little time for making the acquaintance of their positions.

EXCHANGES.

—*Robert's Rules of Order* has just been issued by S. C. Griggs & Co. of this city. Its index is full and complete, and the table of Rules Relating to Motions is an admirable feature. It will certainly take precedence over Cushing in whatsoever point the two may be brought into comparison. We hope to see it adopted by our literary societies and students generally. It will be sent postpaid for 75 cents.

We always look through the *Trinity Tablet* with profit, because it is so intensely Trinity in all of its articles. It is filled with just such matters as are of interest to students, but it furnishes them to the almost entire exclusion of literary articles. The poem of "The Hostess' Daughter," translated from the German of Uhland, is indifferently done. The article on the "Billiard Tournament" will doubtless call down the righteous indignation of the sanctimonious *Tyro*.

—*Scribner's Magazine* has for several months past contained a series of sketches of prominent universities and colleges, most of them eastern. They are of a historical, descriptive nature, giving some of the leading details of their foundation and progress under their various administrations. A few of the old characteristics and peculiar customs, of which every college has a number, are described. These sketches give in a brief, readable style a great amount of information entirely new to most persons. To students these articles are valuable as well as interesting. They give a better general idea of the institutions of which they treat than can be conveniently obtained from any other source. The last three articles have had for their subjects—Trinity, Yale and Bowdoin Colleges respectively.

—We have received the initial number of the Boston University *Beacon*, a sixteen-page monthly. We have read it with care, and are much pleased with its salutatory, and the path it has marked out for itself. The short editorial in regard to the "Tone of the *Beacon*," is so much to the point, and so fully coincides with our views, that we quote: "It is but a step between praise and flattery, between criticism and fault-finding. Editors, in this day of extremes, frequently use the latter when they aim to use the former. Especially is this true of college editors. We are students, and speaking of college authorities must speak of our superiors; hence, there is a natural tendency to servility; a tendency to accept indiscriminately every enactment of the council, to rigidly support every regulation of the faculty, to deal out fawning words of flattery to each professor. Editors who yield to such a tendency never inaugurate and seldom promote any reform. It is our duty as students to

strictly observe every law enacted by the proper authorities; but it is our privilege as men, while obeying, yet to protest against any regulation which we deem unjust."

We can but join with the other college papers in wishing that the *Dickinsonian* had a more presentable make-up. The paper is too large, the type used for headings is in abominable taste, and the composition is simply horrible, and is enough to make a printer blush for his profession. We would advise the use of the same amount of material to make a paper of eight pages of two columns each, and its looks would be greatly improved.

—Exactly! A heavy heel is about to be placed on Saint Peter's great toe, and Catholicism may squirm and kick with about as much effect as a man would be able to in a similar position, notwithstanding he may have another foot, "limber and strong." Go on, *Index*! Little, ranting exponent of a rotten system that has survived the days when men sell their bodies and souls to the devil, and their liberty of thought and action to a corrupt priesthood, whose only power lies in the superstition and cringing fear that they may be capable of inspiring. Rant on, little one! Lie, pervert the truth, and try to breathe life into the rotting, perishing Catholicism, for you would not be faithful to your trust if you did not.

—We have received the following exchanges: *Cornell Review*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Alumni Journal*, *Illini*, *Bates Student*, *Rochester Campus*, *Undergraduate*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *University Magazine*, *Crimson*, *Neoterian*, *College Olio*, *Irving Union*, *Adrian College Recorder*, *Tufts Collegian*, *College Herald*, *College Journal*, *Transcript*, *Brunonian*, *Cornell Era*, *Dartmouth*, *Home Scientist*, *University News*, *Lafayette College Journal*, *Chronicle*, *College News Letter*, *Reporter*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *Round Table*, *Qui Vive*, *College Mercury*, *Ashbury Review*, *Targum*, *Wittenberger*, *University Herald*, *Oberlin Review*, *Tripod*.

CLIPPINGS.

—Prof. "What is the feminine of monk?" PUPIL. "Monkey."

—Prof. in chemistry.—"There are several steps to be taken in finding the exact chemical composition of bone. For example, when you boil it, what is given off?" Student.—"Soup."—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

—Professor, (to student): "Mr. X., what are the properties of magnetism?" Student, (slowly and with great deliberation): "Well—hem—you—take—a piece of iron—you—hang it up—and it attracts them."—*Ex.*

—If what the farmers here say be true, we will have, in the spring-time, a freshet, the epizootic, any quantity of potato-bugs, an earthquake, meningitis, and hard times in

general. The almanac is silent on these points, and we're happy.—*Ex.*

—Prof. B—e.—"Suppose, Mr. B—n, you, with feelings *positively* excited, were to attempt to kiss a girl, *negatively* charged by her mother, would she be likely to take the spark, or would there be a sudden repulsion?" Mr. B—n pleads inexperience, but is perfectly willing to try the experiment.—*Ex.*

—The following colloquy occurred last week at a Wall street boarding house: Young lady (to Freshman), "How did you like the ball last night?" Freshman (turning very red)—"Wh-a-t ball? I didn't go to any ball!" Young lady—"Why, my servant told me that you danced five times with her." Freshman chokes, swoons, and is carried off on a shutter.—*Utica Herald*.

—Scene; Tappan Square. Time: two (students) generations ago. A knot of students on the walk, and a young theologian, whose name rhymes with obedient, approaching in the distance.

First student.—"Boys, yonder comes B. Let's see if I can't make him swear. (Addresses B.) B., they say you think a great deal of President Finney, but you must acknowledge that that sermon of his last Sunday was the most wishy-washy thing ever uttered in that pulpit."

B.—(With fine frenzy) Gosh! When the Lord God Almighty left off making President Finney's heels, he just began on most men's heads."—*Ex.*

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed, and then she sighed;
Said he, "My darling idol!"
And he idled, and then she idled
"You are creation's bell,"
And she bellowed, and then he bellowed.
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited, and then she waited.
"Your hand I ask, so bold I'm grown,"
And he groaned, and then she groaned.
"You shall have your private gig,"
And he giggled, and then she giggled.
Said she, "My darling Luke!"
And he looked, and then she looked.
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
And he wilted, and then she wilted.

—*Ex.*

Scene in Moral Philosophy:

Professor—"It is not necessary that there should be an overt act in order to constitute a moral crime. Now, we have the announcement that 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer;' do you believe the truth of that?"

Student—"No sir, not exactly."

Prof.—"This saying should carry weight, it comes from St. John."

Student—"Oh yes, I believe it now. I did not know it had so high authority before."—*Ex.*

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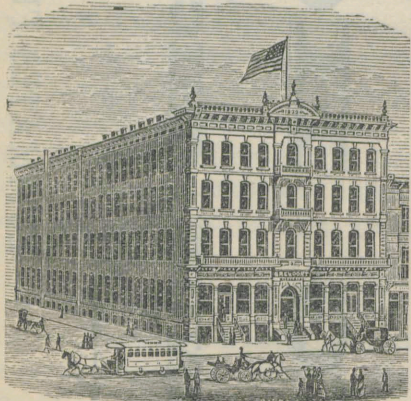
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