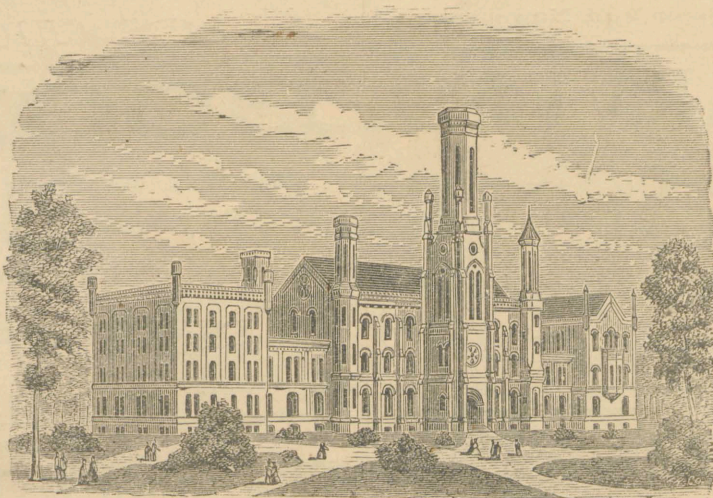


# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. VII.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 1.



## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. VII.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 1.

## THE VOLANTE

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THE VOLANTE begins this year with an entire new corps of editors. The three '77 editors retired with their sheepskins in their pockets, and of the '78 editors of last year, Mr. Helmer declined a re-election. We had hoped that Mr. Fuller would be one of us to assist us with his counsel and his pen, but at the beginning of the year he resigned his position on the editorial staff, leaving the work in untried and inexperienced hands. Messrs. Helmer and Fuller were valuable members of the editorial corps last year, and we regret that they cannot be associated with us. However the fates have so decreed and we bow in submission. In this our first number, perhaps a word introducing ourselves may be expected. Perhaps also our readers may wish to be made acquainted with our plans and purposes. Perhaps they may expect to read our platform, and learn somewhat of our principles. If so, we are sorry to disappoint them. As for ourselves, our names stand at the head of this column. A majority of those most interested know us. It is they who elected us to the position of editors, and if we do not meet their expectations the fact will appear before the close of the year. It may be that we ought to thank them for the honor, but we shall wait. We do not wish to be too hasty with our expressions of gratitude, because we might regret them. As to our plans and purposes, we have none, except to use our best endeavors to the end that THE VOLANTE shall maintain the position

she has gained among college publications. As to our platform, we have none either. THE VOLANTE will, as heretofore, represent the University of Chicago and the interests of her officers and students. It will be subject to no party or clique, but will be independent on all questions, paying particular attention to those of local interest. We invite contributions and correspondence from all our readers upon matters of general concern, and trust that our fellow-students especially will remember that not the editors alone are interested in making THE VOLANTE a readable paper.

We hope that every student in the University will willingly, and not reluctantly, subscribe for the VOLANTE. All will admit that it is the duty of the institution to support a college paper, a paper which will be an exhibition of the literary talent of its members, and thus place the school on a level with other colleges. Admitting this you can come to no other conclusion than that the obligation rests upon each member connected with it, to do what he can in its support. We trust, then, that the pride which all have in the interests of the institution is sufficient to prompt you to throw in your dollar and a half.

It is to be lamented that nothing is ever heard about the re-establishment of the reading room. Last year the association had to struggle with a debt which began with its organization, but the debt was partially paid during last term, and now, with a little economy and good management, might be wholly paid, and yet the room kept well supplied with papers, magazines and periodicals.

The Students' Association ought certainly to be able to support a first-class reading room.

There is only one thing in the way, and that is the location of the room. It is an out-of-the-way place in Douglas Hall, and one would think, to visit there some morning, that it was a branch office of the north winds. In fact, it is cold up there! It would bankrupt the Association in a very short time to keep the room in anything like a comfortable condition. It could not be kept warm last winter, and the result was that the papers and periodicals could not be kept in the room.

Somebody, who paid his proportion of the tax every week, as others did, thought he had a better right than any



body else to the reading matter found there, so he took it from the room, and forgot to return it. The result was that only a few derived any very great benefit from the room.

Now, the papers, magazines, periodicals, &c., are public property, and no one has any more right to take them from the room than he has to go to a student's private room and take therefrom books which do not belong to him. There ought to be energy and enterprise enough among the students to establish and keep well supplied a first-class reading room, and then there ought to be honesty enough about a man to leave reading-room matter where it belongs.

It is essential to have such a room. Students deprived of it are cut off, unless, at a very great expense, they otherwise provide themselves, from the only way they have of keeping pace with the times.

It is no other than true that we shall always be preyed upon by regret, if the golden opportunities afforded us by literary societies are neglected or squandered. All are willing to express their approval of this sentiment in vigorous applause, when uttered by one whose experience warrants its truthfulness. And yet how sadly negligent are the most of us in obeying this just admonition! The fact is too apparent in looking at the present average performances of our literary societies. They certainly are not on a *par* with their past standard of excellence. What the ultimate cause may be, it is not easy to detect or say.

However, some consolation may, perhaps, be gathered from the fact that they are not yet fully under way. If such is the actual case, that no chronic disease or lethargy has seized upon them; that it is their natural, at least usual, arrangement to put the worst foot first; in other words, to compose the van guard, according to ancient custom, of cowards and plug uglies, while the king's select men, the *robora virorum*, follows, we shall be perfectly satisfied.

But of this the audience are neither assured nor certain. If some one from the rear guard would be kind enough to send up word as to the state of rank and file in that quarter, perhaps we should be much better prepared to "set the prelude out." Otherwise, our performers will be either under the necessity of raising the standard of their preparations, or of speaking to empty seats. The latter condition is most to be deplored, as its situation is certainly beyond the confines of hope. But, speaking more seriously, the student's best policy for himself and his respective society, will be to perform, to the best of his ability, whatever part may be assigned him. This is the "open sesame" of success for literary societies.

The citizens of Chicago have been favored with a visit by Mr. Edwin Booth, who has just completed a four

week's season at McVicker's theatre. We are not among those who deery theatre-going by wholesale, who claim that it is altogether vicious in its influences, and that no good whatever can result from an attendance upon a play. We admit that theatre-going in general is not only a waste of time and money which no student can afford, but also vitiating in its influences. But we do not place such acting as Mr. Booth gives us in the same category with the common acting of the time. His impersonations are largely of Shakspearean characters. The first name in English literature is universally acknowledged to be Shakspeare, and there is nobody who pretends to any knowledge of literature but would be a laughing-stock if he exhibited but little acquaintance with that great author's work. Time is a great desideratum to the student. He wishes during the time he is in school to accomplish all that is possible for him to accomplish. Now, in the study of one of the plays of Shakspeare, he may spend a solid week and then not have so good an idea of such a character as *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Shylock*, or *Romeo*, as he would get by listening two hours to Mr. Booth's interpretation of it. And not only is he benefited by the change in his conception of the character impersonated, but the time thus spent is beneficial to him in the improvement of his literary taste, in general culture, and elocution. A student is not then necessarily a theatre-goer, nor is he open to the charge of being morally inconsistent, or compromising his influence for good, if he attend the theatre only to study characters which are represented by men of such acknowledged histrionic ability as Edwin Booth.

The position of instructor is one of the most arduous. He is called upon, not only by his personal example in the classroom and every-day habits, but by certain principles of class government, to give the growing intellect correct views on many subjects and right methods of reasoning. We do not attend college in order to learn obedience to our masters. That is supposed to be a part of our earliest training, and as much an essential of a common gentleman as the English alphabet. More freedom is therefore demanded in this higher sphere of instruction.

A teacher should consider persons under him as moral and rational beings, capable like himself of feeling and ideas. Nothing is more contradictory to this precept, or a better example of tyranny, than to see an instructor array himself in all the livery of terror or aristocratic coldness, issuing mandates to his pupils occasionally as if they were so many speechless monks at prayer. It reminds us too forcibly of wax figures, moved at the operator's pleasure. Too much liberty is equally objectionable; but there is a golden mean in this as other things.

Never allow the restraint to be so great as to suppress sensible questions nor so slight as to permit many imperti-

nent ones. Teach the young idea how to shoot by a direct answer, or one at least which, in other respects, will be satisfactory and encouraging.

Our readers will notice in another column a communication concerning elocutionary training among us. We are glad to know that our fellow students are alive to the importance of this branch of a finished education, even though it is ignored by those in authority, and that they are not only writing, but also acting, in reference to it. We had intended giving our own views upon this important subject, and perhaps in a future number of *THE VOLANTE* we shall do so. Meanwhile we hope the students of the University will zealously continue their practice.

The main difficulty which students encounter in taking up a new language is to fully impress themselves with the peculiar nature of the words and idioms of speaking; to make themselves at home with their new surroundings. Now, this adaptability depends chiefly upon the memory. It is argued that judgment is equally required. But fools and children have been known to master several, and even many, languages. This certainly is a strong proof that the difficulty may be overcome with a very slight pressure of reason. There is, of course, a certain philosophy in language; but that is more properly the province of philosophers. Commonly speaking, then, we think it will be admitted that the faculty of remembrance shoulders at least nine-tenths of the work. For this reason it is impracticable, under ordinary circumstances, for the average student to begin more than one language at a time. The memory is usually exercised in trying to keep clearly in view the lines and shades of difference between them. Upon the same principle that a variety of food is preferable to one unvaried diet, intellect is better employed by bringing the whole system of faculties, so far as possible, into use. The arrangement of studies with reference to this principle would frequently be a benefit to the student in his thoroughness, and to the college in its standard of scholarship.

It is a source of very great regret that only seven or eight weeks are allotted to the study of Guizot's *History of Civilization*. It deserves and demands the work of a full term. Under Prof. Freeman it has already become very popular. One Senior was heard to exclaim: "I have got more ideas from Guizot in my four weeks' study than I have from any other text-book in four months."

Every lesson is crowded with truths, any one of which would profitably occupy the attention during the recitation hour. It is so unsatisfactory to stop, with a consciousness that one has only touched here and there upon a lesson,

and then take up another lesson, for another day, only to leave it in the same unfinished, unsatisfactory manner.

We are glad to note the fact that the prayer-meetings in the Christian Association Hall are well attended. It is time that this association should be recognized as one of the important auxiliaries of the University. For the past two or three years the Association has had to struggle for an existence. Few have been the faithful ones to support it when all others have failed. These meetings are not for the members of the Association alone, but for all those who take any pride in the moral tone of the University. It is not the aim to close the doors of the hall against those who have no sympathy with us, or interest in the things that sometimes claim the attention of Christian students. All are invited to come and see and know that it is not best to cultivate the mind alone, and let the heart go unimproved. At the commencement of the year the meetings on Thursday evenings and Sabbath afternoons are usually well attended, but as the year goes on, one by one the number diminishes until only two or three are there. Now, this is the time for a reform in our work as Christian young men.

It seems eminently fitting to begin just now to make our influence felt, and to maintain a high standard of Christian character. Many new students have come in and already found their places in the Association. They bring with them a freshness of spirit that does not characterize the majority of the older members. It is to be hoped that they will incite in us all a renewed activity of mind and heart.

A question has often suggested itself to the minds of some. "Why do not the young ladies who have so recently been admitted to membership in college, enroll themselves as members of the Association?" The work is as much their work as it is that of Christian young men, and their voices of song and praise might add not a little to the interest and profit of the meetings. There are privileges to enjoy; there are burdens to bear; let not the few rejoice alone, and for shame do not shift the whole burden upon them.

The Christian Association performs a part in one's education that the University proper cannot so well accomplish. Intellectual and moral culture ought to go together.

An education is incomplete with the absence of one of these elements. A man, be his intellectual culture as great as it can be, is not yet a fully developed man, if the moral element of his nature has not claimed and received its proportion of attention. The Christian Association meets a want that the recitation room cannot fully supply. It is the aim of a collegiate course to develop the whole man, and often in the recitation room some word falls from the lips of the professor, or some thought is sug-



gested, which arrests the attention and turns the mind toward the claims of the heart, but it is not to be expected that in the recitation rooms, where the intellectual claims, for the most part, the attention of the hour, the religious element will be cultivated to an equal extent. It is in the Christian Association rooms, where the hours are exclusively devoted to this purpose, that the higher nature holds communion with God, and by that communion strengthens the man which is likeliest to God.

## LITERARY.

## A MINOR MELODY.

From the lids of a cherished volume,  
A volume of sacred lore,  
A leaf flitted out as they opened,  
And fluttered down to the floor.

As soft Æolian whispers,  
When the wind that bore them is dead,  
Hover over the strings mutely quivering  
With pain for the music that's fled;

So a breath of its faded fragrance  
Told how the young leaf grew,  
When, fresh in its green-robed beauty,  
It sparkled with morning dew.

And my heart-strings quiver with anguish  
For a voice that I hear no more.  
And hope has flown with the leaflet  
That fluttered down to the floor.

R. C. T.

## LIFE'S IDEAL.

The painter, who, for the first time, finds himself in the art gallery of the Vatican, as he gazes upon the canvasses where earth's great masters have thrown down their grand conceptions, or upon the marble which has been transformed into images of loveliness, experiences a feeling of mingled joy and sadness;—joy that human nature has been found equal to the task of making what God makes—beauty;—and that these gifted ones, passing along before him, have left behind them such almost Divine patterns for him to follow;—and sadness that the task of imitating them seems so hopeless. But, as he carefully studies the different figures in the collection, minutely examines the blending of the lights and shades, the proportion and finish, the general harmony of the whole, there is gradually, slowly but surely, developed within his own mind an ideal, which, though differing from all the others, will be to him a guide and an inspiration.

And so we, as we walk through the world's great art gallery, shall find hanging upon its walls many a picture of life so matchless in outline, so perfect in finish as to appear impossible to anything less than a god; and, even while

our hearts thrill with joy at the thought that these upon which we have been gazing, are, after all, pictures of real human life, our eyes fill with tears when we pause to contemplate the vast distance intervening between us and the lofty summit upon which they stand. But, as we study those bright pictures which the world evermore holds up to our view, there is gradually formed within the soul its own true ideal, which, ever moving before it like the pillar of bright cloud before the wandering Hebrew, shall lead to something worth all the toil, all the effort it has cost. And this, ever with a look of hope, shall point onward to the bright destiny ahead, to the laurel wreath, the spotless raiment, and the victor's palm, which await us at the goal.

E. C. C.

## DOES A LIBERAL EDUCATION PAY?

*An Essay read before the Alumni Association of the University of Chicago, by Fred. Perry Powers, '71, at the University Place Baptist Church, June 26, 1877.*

As we live in a pre-eminently commercial city, in a pre-eminently commercial country, I will express my subject in a strictly commercial form. I ask, Does a liberal education pay? I expect no dissent from my brethren of the Alumni when I say that in a commercial sense it does not pay. It is only in the most exceptional instances that a man ever gets back the money his college education cost him, or even any interest on it. The possession of a college diploma does not facilitate the securing of employment, or clients, or patients, nor increase the compensation one receives. Horace Greeley is credited, I think I ought to say charged, with the remark, that of all horned cattle, a college graduate in a newspaper office was the worst.

There is no demand, again I speak in the language of the Board of Trade, for men of collegiate education. Every number of *The New York Nation* contains advertisements of graduates of Harvard and Yale,—graduates of high standing, too,—who are seeking for employment in almost any capacity. In our commercial houses it is of no advantage to the applicant for employment to be able to say that he has a college education. In many of them, I imagine, a man would be laughed at who mentioned this as one of his qualifications.

Some of us have attained to affluence, occasionally one of us appears in public office, and one of our number now presides over our alma mater. But I think I am safe in saying that we have not, as a body, accumulated as much wealth as have those of our companions in the academy or high school who resisted the allurements of a liberal education, and applied themselves early to commerce, or the acquisition of special education. And in admitting this, I do not for a moment forget that we have had advantages over the alumni of other colleges, for we have sat at the

feet of one who, by his varied experience in several professions, and by printed precept and shining example has given us instruction in the glorious art of "Getting On In the World."

But I will not leave the subject here. I will put my question in a broader form. I ask, Is it worth while to obtain a liberal education? When I answer my own question with a prompt and unreserved affirmative, I feel that I am only your representative. Short of injuring his health or unfairly burdening his relations, there is no sacrifice a young man may not well make for a liberal education.

To appreciate the value of a liberal education we must look at some of the conditions of existence at the present day. Work is constant and severe. The young man who, while in college, felt that his brain would not endure over four or five hours' work a day, and who mourned a lost holiday as Lucrece mourned her lost virtue, finds speedily after leaving college that he can work ten hours a day, six days in the week, and rather more than fifty weeks in the year, without perceptible injury to his health. The clergyman is supposed to have special motives and special grace for his work. It may be that he writes every sermon as if it was his first, but in all other occupations nine-tenths of the work is routine work. The stage as a profession seems one thing in front of the foot lights, and another thing behind them. In law, medicine, journalism, commerce, the contrast between the outside and the inside is something like that between the two sides of a piece of clintz. The inevitable tendency is, therefore, for work to degenerate into drudgery, and the workman to become a drudge. The occupations of life are full of men who do their work fairly well, but do it in a mechanical way, without enthusiasm or affection for it, and solely with a view of earning a living. But if a man would above all things be a *man*, and not merely a lawyer, or a merchant, he must fight this tendency to become a drudge, and there is no weapon so good for the purpose as a liberal education. There is nothing else that will so well keep the mind active and individualized and prevent its becoming an automaton. I do not wish to be understood as intimating that the diploma has magic powers. The education a man gets in college must be maintained, and nourished, and added to if he expects it to serve him by keeping his mind alive to other aims of existence than the procuring of a livelihood. The lamp of intellectual activity, lighted in the lecture room, will go out unless the wick be occasionally trimmed, and the oil replenished. Closely allied to the danger already alluded to is another one, caused by the specializing tendency conspicuous in every occupation. A hundred years ago, and less, a blacksmith made his horse shoes from the bar, and his nails from the rod, and his trade kept his mind active in several directions. But now he buys his nails ready made, and his shoes bent and of assorted sizes, and horse shoeing now consists of a little hoof paring, calk sharpen-

ing, and nail driving. It doesn't require half the intellectual effort to shoe a horse that it did in the days of our grandfathers. You do not need to be told how medicine and surgery have been divided up into a score or two of specialties, and the legal profession is in almost the same condition. In commerce this specializing process has been carried to a great extent. In all these the process is rapidly going on. In a few years the physician who treats fever will not prescribe for rheumatism, and assault-and-battery lawyers, and larceny-as-bailee lawyers will be distinct species of the genus, just as admiralty lawyers or divorce lawyers are now.

The process is not to be deprecated. It is absolutely necessary to progress. Our teeth are saved by dentists, when they would be lost by physicians; and the prisoner at the bar would go to the penitentiary under the defence of the commercial lawyer, when, through the skill of the criminal lawyer, he emerges from the court room, with the benefit of the popular belief that he is considerably better than the judge and jurors, and the blame rests entirely on the man whose wealth tempted his cupidity. But while this specializing process results in benefit to science and society, its evil effects on the individual are not to be ignored. Confining the attention to one phase of one branch of one department of knowledge often gives rise to the feeling that except that phase there is little in the world that is worth knowing, and it has the more serious effect of weakening many faculties of the mind by imposing on them utter inaction. The specializing process is narrowing, and this tendency must be resisted. For this work there is no instrument superior, there is none within the common reach that is equal, to a liberal education. This sets in operation, during four years of college life, all the faculties of the mind, and while a man cannot expect, and should not try, after leaving college to keep all these faculties in full operation, he may, and ought, to give them sufficient exercise to prevent their withering up, and causing a one-sidedness in his mental life. The athlete must pay some attention to all his muscles; the runner must have a good chest, and the oarsman must have good legs, and so the man who would have a sound and well-balanced and always receptive and teachable mind, must keep alive a healthy, though not absorbing, interest in many topics, and to accomplish this he must have knowledge, in outline it is true, but not necessarily superficial, of those topics.

To know something of the laws of human thought and action, to appreciate the varied interests and motives of men in other lands and other ages as well as in our own, this is the most practical of all education. If we, college graduates, have not this, we have not been true to ourselves nor to our alma mater. The love of good learning is the root of all mental soundness and all intellectual progress, and we may add to the world's intellectual progress by our sympathy and interest, even though our circum-



stances and talents forbid our promoting it by original discovery and research. We must know, and understand, and be interested in those things that other men are thinking about, if we would use the education we have received, and be true men.

It is by introducing us into the world of literature that a liberal education affords us the most pleasure. The social world and the world of amusements have no magic to exorcise the evil spirits of fatigue, irritation, disappointment, disgust, worthy to be compared with that of fifty or a hundred judiciously chosen and dearly beloved volumes. You ministers who work in your studies, and preach to admiring congregations; you professors, who live in an atmosphere of thought, have no idea of the stimulating and yet soothing powers of a little good literature over one who has been all day pumping trivial or disagreeable evidence out of a witness, bored by the petty anxieties of valetudinarians, entertained by the county board, or bewildered with the numerals on a ledger's page. To escape from tedious employment and uncongenial surroundings and accept Lowell's invitation to spend an hour "Among My Books," or to look through his "Study Windows" upon "New England Two Centuries Ago," to partake of "Roast Pig" with Charles Lamb, whether there is "Grace Before Meat" or not, to sit down with De Quincey to a "Dinner, Real" or "Reputed," to be transported backward and eastward by Taine's magic wand and live under "The Ancient Regime," to talk with Plato "Concerning Justice," to gaze upon Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," or to learn from the pages of the review what are the problems that occupy the attention of the acutest thinkers of all the schools of to-day; these are luxuries—these are the arts whereby, though we may not be masters of them, we may resist all tendencies to sordidness and drudgery.

Do not understand me, gentlemen, as implying that all college graduates are liberally educated, or that all liberally educated men are college graduates. But a college education is the usual and the best introduction to the intellectual world. We are free born; the self-educated have, with a great price, obtained their freedom. May we never barter away our birth right!

I have already exhausted my time, and though I have not begun to exhaust my theme, I must refrain from speaking as I would like to of the duties and responsibilities,—both too often forgotten,—of educated men as such. Allow me to say that whatever may be our practice, it is our bounden duty as college graduates to meet all questions as scholars. I use the word scholars, not in the narrow sense as meaning learned men, but in the primary sense as meaning learners. In religion, in politics, in science, in literature, we must be always ready to learn, always fair to both sides, always candid to ourselves and others. We must have something of the philosophic spirit. We must be judges rather than advocates. We must be always

ready to cast aside the old and accept the new when truth demands it, but we must not be thrown off our balance by the *Zit-geist*, nor adopt new ideas as we do new hats, merely because they are new. We must avoid extravagance in opinion, both in the direction of conservatism and radicalism. While recognizing human progress, and aiding it as we have opportunity, we must not imagine that all change is progress, nor forget that the presumption is in favor of the already established. The burden of proof rests upon the new. It is the duty,—it is also the privilege if they will but use it,—of educated men to make public sentiment, rather than to obey it.

Gentlemen of the alumni, we can not be too faithful in keeping warm our love for literature and our interest in education, and all forms of intellectual activity and progress. It is this that gives us rest when we are weary, courage when we are disheartened, and an object in life second only to that afforded by the Christian religion. Happy are we that if we will this aim and that one higher aim may both be ours, and both lead us in the same direction. We college graduates profess to be liberally educated men. Let us heed the apostolic injunction, and walk worthy of the profession wherewith we are called.

I wish to add to this essay a paragraph concluding an editorial entitled "Commencement Admonitions," in *The New York Nation* of July 5, 1877. The first part is a just satire on the contempt of a class of uneducated men for education, and the last part is a fine statement of the profitability of a liberal education:

But commencements certainly draw forth nothing so curious as the newspaper article addressed to the graduating class, and which now seems to be a regular part of the summer's editorial work. It seems to have one object in view, and only one, and that is preventing the graduate from thinking much of his education and his degree, or supposing that they will be of any practical use to him in his entrance on life, or make him any more acceptable to the community. He is warned that they will raise him in nobody's estimation, and prove rather a hindrance than a help to him in getting a living, and that it will be well for him to begin his career by trying to forget that he has ever been in college at all. Not unfrequently the discourse closes with a suggestion or hint that the best university is, after all, the office of 'a great daily,' and that the kindest thing a fond father could do for a promising boy, would be to start him as a local reporter, and make him get his first experience of life in the collection of 'city items.' There is in all this the expression, though in a somewhat grotesque form, of a wide-spread popular feeling that nothing is worthy of the name of education which does not fit a man to earn his bread rapidly and dextrously. Considering with how large a proportion of the human race the mere feeding and clothing of the body is the first and hardest of tasks, there is nothing at all surprising in this view. But the preservation and growth of civilization in any country depends much on the extent to which it is able out of its surplus productions to provide some at least of its people with the means of cherishing and satisfying no

appetites than hunger and thirst. The immense sum which is now spent on colleges—misspent though much of it may be—and the increasing number of students who throng to them, regardless of the fact that the training they get may make them at first feel a little strange and helpless in the fierce struggle for meat and drink, show that the increasing wealth of the nation is accompanied by an increasing recognition of the fact that life, after all, is not all living, that there are gains which cannot be entered in any ledger, and that a man may carry about with him through a long, and it may be outwardly unfortunate career, sources of pleasure and consolation which are none the less precious for being unsalable and invisible.

#### COLERIDGE'S "MARINER."

Genius may be reckless of time and space without much censure. But it is the privilege of no one to publish crude or half-formed productions and not suffer some degree of failure. There is not a more signal example of this latter class than the poet Coleridge, nor one more worthy of just consideration. Perhaps his fault, from this point of view, may be attributed to a want of concentration and oneness of view. Commencing life without any definite plan, he wandered on and on, like a vessel without compass or rudder; over every sea, every bay, through every inlet and stream of human knowledge—wherever the winds of fate would carry him.

At one time a writer of thoughtful lyrics and elegies, at another of love songs; now an epic poet, again a dramatist; he was in turn the planner of a Pantisocracy, a dabbler in religious creeds, a metaphysician and a journalist. If the actual life of Byron, his contemporary, wanted unity, the literary career of Coleridge was equally erratic. If one had revelled half his life away, the other, like Obadiah, had wandered from the direct path into many delicious groves of pleasure. One was morally dissipated, the other intellectually so. Brilliantly as did Coleridge start out, not even his power was sufficient to carry all these parts with success. The result may be seen in unfinished works; which, like some marvelous city of the past combine every form of architecture in massive incompleteness. Perhaps the half-finished column, pyramid or temple lends a transient delight from the suggestions of what it might have been. Or it may be that the mind is struck for a moment with rapture at the possibility of a single combination. All this, however, is but vain, and the work, such as it is, with every fault and excellency equally, must be weighed in the balance. Even Hazlitt did not dare to risk that high reputation on more than one of his poetical offspring, we mean "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." He had only flirted, says the same author in just censure, with the Muses, and had never married one of them. Though lofty and strong, the flights of his fancy were usually short, and terminated abruptly, as if controlled by the fiat of passion or

inspiration. Hence the "Mariner" does not extend to any great length. Like the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," by Dryden, it has all the appearance of being thrown off at a single heat. The story is said to have been suggested by a passage in Shelvock, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, and is told by an old mariner to "one of three" wedding guests. "He holds him with his glittering eye," and relates how he with two hundred more embarked on a sailing vessel. Driven into a region of ice, an albatross follows their course, which the "old mariner" is afterwards induced, through a vague superstition, to kill. Their fortune is not mended. But, pushed on to an open sea, the winds subside, and they are then left to the mercy of a "bloody sun" under a "copper sky." This is the penance for their act of inhumanity. The vivid descriptions take full possession of us, and we are almost parched with thirst at the words:

"Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink."

Imagination is almost made morbid by the wild pictures of "death fires," witches, demons, and terrors of the sea. The account of death and her approach is flighty and appalling. At length our hero is the sole survivor,—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

His tortures are carried so far as to fully rival those of Prometheus. But falling asleep he is aroused by a refreshing shower. His dead comrades rising up about him, without a word of mouth, take their respective posts, and the ship moves on. The place of departure is afterwards reached, when the vessel, on being approached by three persons in a skiff, sinks—all save the ancient mariner, who is rescued.

The poem's machinery consists in a water-spirit. Its versification is irregular, in imitation of ancient ballad meter, but runs along in such easy modulation that we almost lose sight of its difficulty. Contrasted with Mr. Coleridge's hard and metaphysical style, we are induced to believe that his manner of expression at least was under control. The vigorous Saxon is used almost exclusively, one word or line containing, at times, a world of images.

As a poem it is not calculated, through its lack of the practical and natural, to become, like the *Deserted Village*, a common favorite. Its author, however, had the soul of a great poet, and stands, so far as he wrote, like Mr. Tennyson, "the poet of poets."

The creation by the Faculty of a scientific course of three years, in addition to the classical and philosophical courses, each of which occupies the student four years, has made a change in the plans of several students. The class of '79 expects to receive some accessions from '80, of students who wish to take the shorter course.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

## AN EQUATION. (4-2=?)

EDITORS VOLANTE:—A school which presumes to christen itself with the comprehensive title of *University* should, we think, aim at more than mere mental culture.

There are so-called Universities in America, we are sorry to say, which give no instruction in elocution, nor opportunities for physical culture. Our own University, thorough and rigid as it may be in mental discipline, is, unfortunately, of this class. Then we have the equation, an education (which equals mental, moral, physical, and vocal culture), minus physical and vocal culture, equals a University graduate; or a graduate of such a school equals a whole man, minus a half.

We are glad to learn that the enterprise of the students bids fair to eliminate one of these minus quantities, and that two large classes in elocution are being formed in the University by able instructors. May the good work go on until "*Novi Oratores Proveniebant*."

H.

## "CLASS DAY."

EDITORS VOLANTE:—A little notice of the class of '78, in the article on "Class day" in the VOLANTE for June was read with surprise by many. Speaking of Mr. Riggs' response on receiving the hatchet in behalf of the Junior class, the writers say:

As far as this related to the hatchet it was good, but when he introduced a "putrid reminiscence," in the shape of a box of saw-dust, he was guilty, not only of a gross breach of propriety and good taste, but also of a lack of dignity. It was an act which reflects great discredit upon its authors, and ought to make them blush with shame every time they think of it. Some of the Seniors proposed to order the band to drown out the windy Junior, but the president's sense of politeness forbade it. We sincerely hope that no class will ever be guilty of such an uncalled-for act of meanness again.

The point of this article can be appreciated only when we understand that it was written jointly by two members of the "injured" class. The "reminiscence" was a recital of an actual occurrence in the history of the two classes, and was considered as a good joke by all excepting those whose toes were trod upon. At the time of the occurrence referred to, Mr. Riggs was not a member of the University, but the particulars of the affair were given him, and he, following the instructions of the class, related them on class day in his own way. The class of '78 are the "authors" of the act, but they do not "blush with shame" very much. On the contrary, they regard themselves as "two ahead" of '77; one for the occurrence, and one for the "reminiscence." The same opinion is held by

all disinterested parties. Witness the comments of the city papers in their reports of the exercises. Ask those in the audience who were entirely disinterested, and you will hear the joke laughed at, and the spiteful, boyish reception of the "saw-dust" by the class of '77 condemned. Then notice, if you please, how favorably every exercise on the programme (with the single exception of the one in question), was commented upon in THE VOLANTE. No matter how many stale jokes and pointless puns were ventilated, all were "good," "excellent," "well-chosen," "witty," etc. The writers of the article say of themselves: One read "a well-prepared, spicy document," and "made happy selection of points;" the other made "an amusing speech, which contained a number of excellent puns." O, "pure and vestal modesty!" Was this a case of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" between the writers of the article, or did each write up his own exercise, fearing to trust it to other hands? It was "a breach of propriety and good taste" for Mr. Riggs to do as he did, but it was not for the reader of the paper to say, "The Junior class will be on exhibition to-day, free of charge." No, the shoe was on the other foot then. "A lack of dignity," was it? Well, we grant it. Class day exercises are noted for that, and this exercise did not claim to be especially dignified.

Was it dignified to retail bar-room jokes in the class history, to attempt to ridicule one of the most honored members of the Faculty in the class paper, on account of his political views; to present to the Faculty, as new students, a puppy, a cat, a hen, and a stuffed duck? If so, Mr. Webster and we do not understand the meaning of the term "dignified." "The president's sense of politeness forbade" calling out the music to "drown out" one whom the class had invited to speak. Strange that these editors should acknowledge what it was that interfered with their desires! The president of '77 is a gentleman by instinct and education, and of course his "sense of politeness forbade" such an act, and saved the credit of the class.

We always respected as fellow-students the writers of the article quoted, and are sorry that at the close of their college career they should take advantage of their position as editors to vent their spite upon those who had no opportunity to reply. "We sincerely hope that" the members of no class "will ever be guilty of such an uncalled-for act of meanness again."

'78.

One of the great contrasts between the school books used by the fathers and mothers of the land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of illustrating the meaning of words by pictures, look at the three pictures of a ship on page 1751 of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,—these alone illustrate the meaning of more than *one hundred* words and terms far better than they can be defined by any description of words.

## LOCALS.

The Freshman class numbers twenty-five.

The attendance at chapel is remarkably good.

Why can we not have more orations in our literary societies?

The Inter-Collegiate Contest comes off at Monmouth the 15th of this month. F. A. Helmer is supposed to be the taker of the prize.

Students in need of clothing, furnishing goods, or, in fact, any thing, will find it to their advantage to call on the publishers before purchasing.

An editor, who was asked the other day why it was that men of his profession were always poor, replied, "I suppose it is because dollars and *sense* do not go together."

Class in English literature, reciting about the clans that existed during the middle ages: Prof. (to pupil.)—"How did the chief keep himself busy?" Pupil—"By spending his time in idleness."

Rev. Dr. Owen settled as pastor of U. P. Baptist Church July 8th. The church and Sunday-school appear to be in a flourishing condition. This is Dr. Owen's third pastorate, the first two including about twenty years.

Do not fail to give Edwards & Co., 154 and 156 Clark street, a call when you are in need of clothing or furnishing goods. They will sell you good underwear for fifty cents, a good pair of pantaloons for three dollars and seventy-five cents, and everything in their line in proportion.

Miss — is called upon to write out the declension of arcus (a bow), on the board, writes it correctly through the singular number, hesitates, not knowing whether to proceed. Prof., asking the reason of her hesitancy, remarks that she is perhaps suspicious in regard to a plurality of beaux (bows).

Scene: Senior class in metaphysics. Mr. R.—"Mr. President, do you not think the expression of Sir William Hamilton, 'The groups of the perceptions and sensations are exclusively *slumped* together,' rather inelegant?" Mr. President—"Oh!—well—yes. He had a *wonderful* command of language."

The professor in physiology "got off" his regular joke upon the unsuspecting Juniors this year: "Man is composed entirely of cells. In, short, man is one great cell." After the recitation a lady student remarked to Mr. R., "Remember, you are a *sell*." "Yes," he replied, "remember you are a *dam-sel*."

The greatest invention of the age in the way of multiplying copies of circulars, letters, or documents of any kind is Zuccato's Papyrograph. The printed copies are so perfect imitations of the original manuscript that it is impossible to discover the deception. Interested parties may see the process at the office of THE VOLANTE, or at 170 Washington street.

Likely some of our readers will want an overcoat, or suit of clothes; if so Edwards & Co., 154 and 156 Clark street, (Oak Hall,) can, and will, sell you as cheap as any house in the west. They make a specialty of all-wool suits for \$12. Overcoats as low as seven dollars. They also have a full line of gents' furnishing goods. A good white shirt for a dollar.

Scene: German class reading short sentences. Prof.—"Mr. S. may read." Mr. S.—"I don't know which the next sentence is." Prof. (promptly.)—"Next, Mr. P." Mr. P.—"I have lost the place." Prof. (peremptorily.)—"Miss H." Miss H. (reads.)—"Seid aufmerksam, mein schuler. Pay attention, my scholar." Prof.—"I hope nobody will make any personal application."

We regret to say that Prof. Louis Dyer, who was expected to take the chair of Greek in this college, will not be with us this year. On account of the earnest solicitations of his instructor at Oxford University, Eng., he was released from his engagement here, and has returned to Oxford to finish his course and receive his degree. Professors Olson and Freeman take his place, and G. W. Thomas, of the class of '61, a former classmate of Pres. Abernethy, has been employed as instructor in Latin. This position he has filled before, with marked success, and we take pleasure in saying that we have again secured his services.

A professor was speaking to one of the classes, not long since, of a gentleman whom he met on his travels during the summer vacation: "In the course of our conversation one day," said he, "the subject of *logic* was introduced, and during the discussion this gentleman took a copy of 'Jevon's Logic' from his pocket. He always carried it with him," added the professor, "he was a *very peculiar* man." The class assented with audible smiles.

Quite a number of the Alumni met in the University parlors on Monday evening, Oct. 1st, to effect a literary organization. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in behalf of a committee appointed at the last alumni banquet, reported a constitution, naming the association The Alumni Literary Club of the University of Chicago. The constitution was adopted, and F. M. Smith elected temporary chairman; R. B. Twiss, temporary secretary. President Abernethy read an admirable essay on the Will, which elicited quite an animated discussion from the members present. The club



will meet in the University parlors on the first Monday of each month. The programme of the evening will consist of an essay by some member of the club, and a discussion thereon. The next appointment will be filled by Mr. Powers.

At the next meeting permanent officers will be elected, and the club will no doubt become, in her literary capacity, an honor to Alma Mater.

## PERSONAL.

Whitney, '71, is at the Seminary.

R. R. Coon, Jr., '74, is preaching at ——— Mich.

W. W. Cole, Jr., Jr., '77, is at Plainell, Mich.

R. A. Windes, '77, is attending the Seminary.

Frank Ives, '76, has a law office in Peoria, Ill.

Joseph Mountain, '73, is attending the Seminary.

F. E. Lansing, '77, has a position in a railroad office.

Miss Jessie F. Waite, '77, is at her home in Aurora.

Fleming says he is going to get married next summer.

J. E. Rhodes, '76, is married, and living at Sacramento.

Pres. Abernethy spent the summer vacation in Europe.

F. M. Smith, '77, is in the Seminary, at Morgan Park.

N. K. Honore, '77, is in a railroad office at Sioux City, Iowa.

Trumbull, '75, lawyer, has recently settled in Decatur, Illinois.

Geo. Sutherland, '74, is married, and is now preaching in Minonk.

Prof. Olson is very successful as a teacher of German and French.

R. B. Twiss and C. W. Nicholes, both of '75, have been admitted to the bar.

M. B. Harrison, '77, is attending the Union Park Congregational Seminary.

Prof. Olson informs us that he had a pleasant time in Paris during the summer.

L. G. Bass, '77, is visiting the University. Expects to enter Medical school soon.

Lew. Lansing, of '80, our second baseman, has also left us and gone to Rochester University.

C. F. Morey and J. D. Russell, formerly of '78, after a year's absence, have returned to school.

C. C. Adams is married and settled at Brooklyn, and is New York correspondent for Chicago *Times*.

L. H. Holt, '74, is married to Miss Clara Parker, of Oswego, and is now preaching in DeKalb, Ill.

W. Howard Hall, of '78, has entered the wholesale department of Field, Leiter & Co., as a salesman.

Wheeler, '73, lawyer, is traveling south for a Chicago house. Will enter business in this city Jan. 1st.

H. B. Grose, formerly editor of *THE VOLANTE*, was married in August. He is New York correspondent for Chicago *Tribune*.

C. R. Dean, '77, goes to Washington the 15th of this month to take the position of private secretary in Surgeon General's office.

We were favored, not long since, with a call from E. G. Osman, formerly of '79. He is city editor of the Ottawa *Free Trader*, and as a "local" is quite successful.

I. L. Fargo, of '78, came down from his Wisconsin home to enter school this term, but unfortunately found that his eyes would not permit. The only man whom '78 has lost, while she has gained two.

A. L. Abbott, of '80, was with us a day or two at the beginning of the term. He has gone to try and better his fortune by entering Brown University. May "Providence" be friendly to him.

G. M. McConaughy, '77, and A. J. Fisher, '76, are head managers of the *People's Bi-Weekly*, an excellent paper with a large amount of reading matter, nearly all of which is furnished by our Alumni.

Ed. Chapman, of '81, has concluded that he knows enough Latin and Greek to succeed in the coal business, and he has therefore retired from student life and opened a coal office. Success to you, Chap.

B. F. Patt, formerly of '76, and W. G. Evans, of '77, who are pursuing their studies at the Baptist Theological Seminary, in Morgan Park, expect to be in the University part of the present year, and take their diplomas with '78.

An editor being asked at a dinner-table if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."—*Ex.*

## EXCHANGES.

In looking over the exchanges which lie before us, we are particularly impressed with the variation in their style and general make up. In some the editorial department is made a specialty, in others the literary, and in others the local department, and several we find in which each receives equal attention. While we would not advocate mathematical exactness in the arrangement of parts, according to our ideal of a college paper none of the three departments mentioned ought to be neglected.

The Cornell *Era* charges the *Dartmouth* with being filled with local statistics, and thereby shows remarkable acuteness in pointing out faults in others which are particularly noticeable in itself. Its literary matter is nearly crowded out (if there was any to crowd out), by naval affairs, &c.

The Penn. *College Monthly* has some thoughtful and well-written literary articles. The one on "Maturity of Thought" contains many excellent suggestions. The article on "The College and the Man" is well worthy of attention.

The *College Ohio* has an article on "The Church of Rome in the Nineteenth Century." Although we are in no way connected with the Roman Church, we are obliged to say that, although the author is a fine rhetorician, he takes a narrow view of his subject, in making the church the enemy to all human progress. We cannot here discuss the question: suffice it to say that, notwithstanding the abuses of the church, through the middle ages she combatted the great vices of the social system, particularly slavery; she labored for the improvement of civil and criminal legislation. Notwithstanding the inquisitions, we read how she continually adopted means to suppress violence. In fine, the Church of Rome has, on the whole, exercised a vast influence upon moral and intellectual development in Europe. The evils of which the writer speaks truly existed, but this does not necessarily prove that the church has ever been an enemy to mankind, for the good which she has accomplished may have been (for anything that he has proved), more than sufficient to counterbalance the evil. In fact, he does not *prove* anything. He mentions a long train of abuses—charges them all to the church, overlooking entirely the worthy objects she had in view, thus implying that the institution, however, is wholly an evil of itself. His implications are base, and if he wishes to find bigotry, he need not point to the Roman Catholic Church, but look to himself as an example. He had better stop writing for the college press and study history and human nature until he can see the wisdom of attacking evil itself, rather than the institutions wherein it exists.

Among our exchanges we have received also the *College Mercury*, *Dartmouth*, *Oberlin Review*, *College News Letter*, *Monthly Repertory*, *Berkleyan*, *Niagara Index*, *University Press*, *College Reporter*, *College Courier*, *Colby Echo*, and *Besom*.

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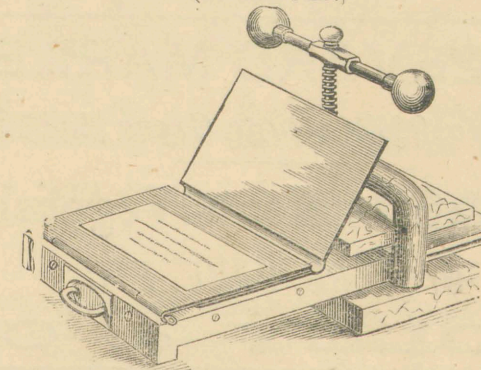
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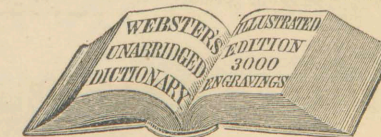
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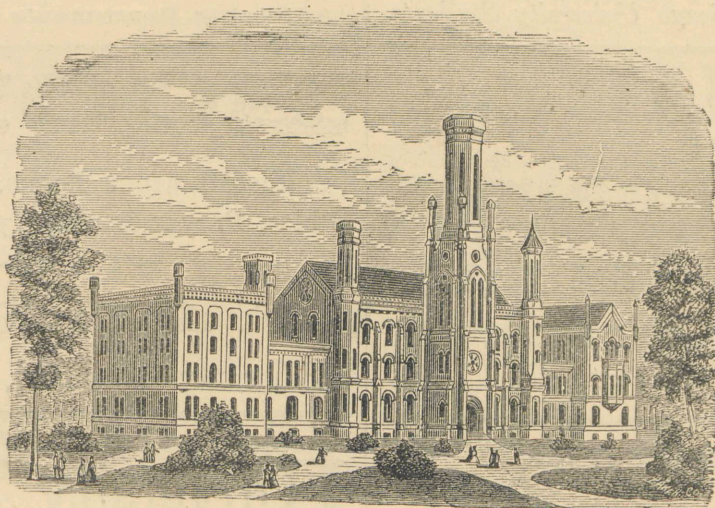


# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. VII.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 2.



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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. VII. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1877. No. 2.

**THE VOLANTE.**  
*EDITORS:*  
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At a special meeting of the executive committee of the trustees of the University, held October 16th ult., Rev. D. B. Cheney, D.D., pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, Chicago, was elected to the office of Chancellor of the University. The election to this position of a man of such eminent fitness, and so universally respected and trusted as is Dr. Cheney, will go far toward strengthening the confidence of the Baptists of the northwest in the University. We look now to see the whole denomination take hold and support the institution, and we feel that those who have hoped that our Alma Mater had a prosperous future before her will soon see their hopes "change to glad fruition." We understand that Dr. Cheney intends to resign his pastorate and give his whole time and energy to to the performance of the duties of his new office.

Society is made up of a great diversity of characters. College society here is no exception to this rule. We have not space to describe the different types of character that exist in college. One type has developed itself strongly this term. It is that known among politicians as the "sore head." He is the most despicable character in society. He is like a sore thumb—always on hand. Other people attend to their own business; but Mr. Sore Head grieves his precious life away because somebody else does not ap-

preciate him enough to allow him to attend to his business. Mr. Sore Head is never appreciated as he thinks he should be by his class mates. He attacks with impunity the institutions which the wisest and best heads of the college support. The institutions which would feel themselves disgraced were he one of them, he attacks just as if any thing so insignificant a piece of humanity as himself could say or do would have so much as the weight of a hair to tear them down or build them up. His silliness and conceit amuse some, while it calls forth the profoundest pity of others.

It happens, not infrequently, that a certain class of students become weary, and look upon the daily drill of the class-room as a farce. "Give us something practical," is the cry, and it universally comes from some one who is not capable of judging what is practical. To such students an education to be practical must consist in the rapid accumulation of a few facts, while to others it implies a far different thing. If it be that man is considered merely as an instrument to accomplish something outside of himself, then the possession of facts that bear directly upon the particular profession of life he has chosen would seem to be the practical education. With this view, a University course is out of the question. It is a waste of time, for the college has an entirely different end in view, and has adopted a course of study that will best carry out that end. But let us see if this be really practical education after all. Can a man who may be in the possession of numerous and important facts that bear directly upon the various relations of life, be said to be an educated man? We think not. The accumulation of facts is a very small factor in the matter of education. We have known many men who never pursued a collegiate course of study, who were in the possession of many valuable facts picked up here and there in their relations with men, and yet one would never think of calling such men educated. One may be in possession of a great many facts of history, yet to him they are only so many facts. He fails to see any relation between them, and, in consequence, can draw no conclusions respecting them; while the educated man, cognizant of the same truths, sees clearly their relation to each other, what cause has produced such an effect, and of what effect, in turn, this fact is likely to be the cause. Such we conceive to be the aim of a collegiate course of training; not the posses-



sion of truths, so much as the severe mental drill and cultivation of the mind as will enable one to best apply and exercise the truths of life, that will rapidly enough present themselves when we are out among the throngs of men.

Now that "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year"—out of doors at least—it is the more necessary that the interiors of our dwellings put on their festive garb and render themselves so attractive that, rejoicing in their pleasantness, we may forget our longing for the mild, lovely days of spring and autumn. What is more exhilarating in its effects than a bright, cheerful fire? Its crackle and roar rouse our energy, and its steady persistency gently reminds us of our need of patience. May our labor not end alike *in ashes*! The size of our University halls and the continual opening of doors as students go to and from recitations, make them extremely cold, and the cold air from the halls often renders the atmosphere of the study rooms more breezy than is compatible with our ideas of comfort. The studies of many students who reside outside the building are so arranged that two, and sometimes three, hours intervene between their recitations, and, as it is inconvenient, and often impossible, for them to go home, they need a comfortable room in which to pass that interval. Especially is this true concerning the young ladies. Occupying a north-west room, they have the full benefit of some of our most bitter winds, while deprived of the warm rays of the morning sun. We all know how great an influence the condition of the body has over the mind, and if one is cold and uncomfortable, the action of the mind is *per force* less vigorous and ready. We believe it to be of great importance that this disadvantage be overcome, as we have often heard it urged by those who contemplated sending their children here to school. Our building is the finest in the Northwest, and when the interior is as cheery as the exterior is imposing, then indeed we shall have a model University.

It will be observed that a few changes have been made in the Constitution of the Inter-Collegiate Association. With what opposition they are likely to be received in certain quarters there has already been some indication, and it is probable that the one in reference to the orator's expenses might have been bettered, if, by making the Convention for each year a medium of payment, our mutual responsibility for sending a representative would be in any measure increased; for no one doubts that the Association which hereafter elects an orator will defray his current expenses to and from the Contest. The questions, however, raised in reference to this clause are not how it might have been defeated, but whether the object might not have been secured in a better way. More serious objections have been urged against the provision which sub-

stitutes a gold medal for a greenback prize. No doubt seventy-five or a hundred dollars would touch the faculties of some men to finer issues than fifty or twenty-five. But the money incentive should in some measure be regulated by what seven years' experience can teach us to be our financial capacity. If all the colleges which have taken upon themselves the responsibility of holding these contests have severally found a deficit in their own pockets of from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars, some moves, of course, are called for in the way of eliminating expenses; otherwise the project will fall to the ground after the first round of shots, if not before.

Moreover our organization is not for the cultivation of mercenary faculties in men; it started out with the professed object, and should continue so, of opening a field for the improvement of Western oratory, and not to accumulate money for any person or persons. And hence, where it is deemed expedient, as is the case at present, since the prizes have been put down to low figures, we would not hesitate to vote in favor of the substitution.

Some stimulus, it is quite evident, must be at the bottom of these contests; but what shall constitute that is quite another question. The opinion seems to be good that it should be an object not so valuable in itself as to make avarice, like Aaron's serpent, swallow up the other and nobler aspirations of our nature, but of such a proportionate size as to give full play to our love of eloquence itself and sense of honor in its wide meaning. The victor at the Olympic games was content with his simple garland of olives. The approbation of their fellow-citizens was a sufficient reward to Demosthenes and Cicero for their best efforts in the forum. When Thoth will not open his mouth and Columbia's muses will not sing but for "filthy lucre," you may set it down that the Iron Age has come—the time when only spurious oratory and pseudo poetry can flourish.

A series of lectures is at present being delivered in Hershey Music Hall, by Dr. John Lord, the historian, on the general subject, "Great Benefactors." Those which have been thus far delivered are quite interesting and instructive, and yet we doubt if to a busy student the information gained from them is worth the time occupied in acquiring it. The style of the Doctor is quite pleasing, and the stories of the lives of the men of whom he tells us are narrated in an interesting manner. His delivery, however, might be greatly improved, and as to the facts which he places before his audience, they could be ascertained fully as well by consulting histories, encyclopædias or biographical dictionaries. We are surprised to see the course so highly spoken of by such scholarly and thoughtful men as Bryant, Evarts, Dwight, Crosby, Tyng, Allibone, Boardman, Lothrop, Brooks, and Lawrence, and think that in their endorsement of them they rather intended to recom-

mend them to business men, ladies, and young people, than to claim any special individual benefit derived from them. To ladies and gentlemen who will not take the time to read, and to young students who have not yet formed habits of investigation, the lectures will, we think, be highly beneficial in imparting to them information of which they might not otherwise become possessed. But to the advanced student who values his time and knows how to employ it to advantage, who knows where to seek information on any given subject, and who has acquired the ability to pursue his investigations in a careful and profitable manner, we would hesitate to say, Attend these lectures. If the venerable doctor were a philosopher, the result might be otherwise; but he occupies the time rather with bare facts and interesting anecdotes of the lives of the men whom he discusses than by tracing the influence of those lives upon the world. We very much doubt if an attendance upon them would repay the thoughtful student, unless he attended rather for entertainment than for the maximum of intellectual benefit in the time required.

It seems that some of the full-blooded barbarians of the fifth century have arisen from their graves and taken up their residence in Jones' Hall. One or two nights during the term, old, broken buckets, barrels, book cases, tables, chairs, coal hods, pop bottles, crockery, and divers other things have come banging against some innocent student's room, or gone thundering down the long stair-way in Jones' Hall. If there is anything that will make one think the end of the world has come, it is to be thus suddenly awakened by such unearthly sounds. One jumps out of bed, shouts fire! help! murder! Great Caesar! Jerusalem! and then, as the truth dawns upon him, crawls back into bed, muttering, "Hang those Gauls—wouldn't I like to put their heads together and throw them down stairs!"

Before the Theological Seminary was removed from our neighborhood, we used occasionally to hear of some very interesting gatherings. These gatherings were composed mainly of the members of one or other of the classes, and the family of some one of the professors. The professors frequently invited the students by classes to spend an evening at their homes, to partake of their good cheer, receive their hospitality around the tea-table, and meet themselves and families in a social capacity. This custom always struck us as a very interesting one, and we have often wondered if it would not be quite as enjoyable among college students and professors as among those of a Theological Seminary. Now, in our Senior and Junior classes, there are men who have gone through the whole course from Prepdom, and are not yet acquainted with the wives of some members of the Faculty; nay, who have never even

seen some of those who reside outside of the University building. It is true that this statement could hardly be made if our Alma Mater were located in a village, but as it is the only way for students to meet some of the ladies referred to, is to meet them at their homes. Of course we do not wish to be considered as throwing out any hints at all, but we think it would be a fine thing if all who graduate from the University could rejoice in the fact that they had met socially the wives (ay, and the daughters too), of all the members of the Faculty who were so fortunate as to have them.

How often during the present term have we been reminded of the epigrammatic, though trite, declaration of a disgusted editor, "Editing a newspaper is like stirring a fire; everybody thinks he can do it better than the man who holds the poker." We used to think it was easy enough to edit a paper, especially a college paper, but since we have had it to do we have been surprised to find so many who know more about it than we do. It has occurred to us that the Students' Association, when it voted that the editorial staff should be composed entirely of members of the Senior and Junior classes, made a serious mistake. There are men in the two lower classes who possess far more editorial ability than any who might be selected from among the Seniors and Juniors. And this is so every year. The Sophomore, especially, is in the full enjoyment of his powers in their most vigorous exercise. When he advances to the position of an "upper classman" he becomes superannuated, he is "in the sere and yellow leaf," in a state of senescent decrepitude (as it were) intellectually. Then he is filled with old-fogyish notions about the "eternal fitness of things," the desirableness of intellectual equipose, *et id omne genus*; all of which notions he drags with him into the management of the college paper. It is plain, therefore, that the members of the lower classes are wasting their sweetness on the desert air; they are deprived of the privilege of displaying their immense talents to a gaping world; they can only sit passively by, listlessly read the stupid paper as it appears, regret that they subscribed for it, and bemoan their sad fates that they have not the opportunity of "showing those fellows how to run a paper." It is too bad, and we pity the boys. We pity them all the more because we know they have abundant cause for their grief. When *we* were Sophomores we felt the same way. We knew vastly more about the proper management of a paper than we do now, we had more practical ideas than we have now, and hence we can realize the position of the present members of the class and heartily sympathize with them.

But, seriously, do not some of our students expect our paper to be ponderous more than is meet? Would it succeed as well if it were filled with cumbrous editorials and labored literary articles? We think a college paper should



aim to be not a literary periodical but a local sheet, and the more attention that is paid to the local department, the more success will the paper receive and merit. A few editorials on questions of local interest, perhaps an original poem, a literary article or two for variety's sweet sake, a record in the local department of the daily-occurring episodes of college life, and all the personals regarding former students which can be obtained is what our ideal college paper should contain. It is not intended for the general public, it is not intended for heavy reading, it is intended to contribute towards keeping alive a college spirit among the students of the institution from which it emanates. A majority of its patrons are students, and it is for them that the paper should be conducted. As a citizen of a town, when he picks up a local newspaper, is more interested in the record of local events than in the pretentious literary articles or heavy political editorials which the paper may contain, so we think the students are more interested in the local department than in any other department of our paper. We venture the opinion that nineteen out of every twenty students will immediately turn to the locals upon receiving the paper, and many will not read the literary articles at all. As long as we have charge of THE VOLANTE, therefore, we shall make the local department the department of our paper. We again invite our fellow-students to contribute, either as local items or communications, any matters of general interest.

## LITERARY.

## LEONINA.

Leonina, day declineth, twilight deepens on the lea,  
Comes the low, sweet note of vespers floating over land and sea.

Homeward flies the twitt'ring swallow, stops nor stays the busy bee,  
Where the flowers are rich and rarest, jessamine and locust tree.

See the sun-set glow is fading in the far off cloudless west,  
And the busy world grows silent, men and beasts seek home and rest.

On the stream my boat is floating just below the water fall,  
Where in spring time, Leonina, we have heard the cuckoo's call.

Rocking, floating on the billows, out full length its rusty chain,  
Like a kenneled hound it seemeth, fretting for the chase again.

O'er the clear and sparkling water smiling 'neath the moon's pale beams,  
Like a fairy barge 'twill bear us to the summer land of dreams.

Come, Oh! come, fair Leonina, where the willows bending low  
Blend the music of their swaying with the river's peaceful flow.

On the cowslip bank we'll wander, where beneath the billows dance,  
And the hours will go unheeded in our world of sweet romance.

Or upon the broad, deep river will we float adown the tide,  
Past the wild-wood and the meadow to the waste of waters wide.

As we float I'll list enraptured to some low, sweet song of thine,  
And our souls will beat responsive to its melody divine.

Then I'll tell thee all my story, where no other ear but thine  
Hears the earnest of my purpose for a higher life than mine.

For my fettered soul has longings that would burst these bands of clay,  
And would rise to perfect manhood, nobler grow from day to day.

Upward through the thronging millions would my star of fame arise,  
Till it shone with noon-day splendor, brightest orb in all the skies.

In this life of toil and action, thou wilt bear no humble part,  
For the days and years have tried thee, found thee faithful, true of heart.

And had I the tongue of angels, no, not e'en could that give birth  
To a song however matchless, that would tell of all thy worth.

For a man is not a man when no woman's love like thine  
Gives his life a strength and purpose and an energy divine.

And I know, come joy or sorrow, good or ill, my life betide,  
Thou wilt never leave me, never, faithful, trustful, true, and tried.

And when comes the bright hereafter, that fair world of love and song,  
We will join our happy voices in a new eternal song.

And together by the river where the flowers eternal bloom,  
We will walk in light forever, where no night, no death can come.

VICTOR.

## ORATORY,—HOW IMPROVED.

## PART FIRST.

In treating of oratory, it is evident we should consider, first, the matter,—the thought and argument, and the style in which these should be expressed; and secondly, the manner,—the delivery or elocution, and gesticulation. Be it observed at once, however, that we will not enter upon the first point of view. The thought and style are of great importance, but these every student is developing. It need only be said that vigorous thought clothed in a simple, perspicuous, yet expressive style is requisite to this department.

Our main object is to give a few hints regarding the improvement of manner or elocution, which is of at least as much consequence as the thought and diction. Before doing this, let us state, without stopping to prove, what we think oratory is,—what its aim, and how realized.

Genuine oratory does not consist in charming rhetoric and delightful metaphors,—in mere figures of speech. We have all heard beautifully written productions and pronounced them "grand" and "eloquent," but when have our souls within us been roused by their delivery. They are finely wrought, daintily finished, cunningly woven with sweet fancies, and broidered with all the sweet poetic devices, yet how powerless over our lives! They minister to our æsthetic nature; they do not reach the heart. They please, but do not move.

While true oratory may please, this is not its aim. The country teems with pleasing speakers, who seek a reputation and fortune; but, until they are imbued with a higher aim, a loftier purpose, they can never deserve the appellation of orator. The orator's aim is to convince and persuade, to render men better. A noble, philanthropic purpose, which can only be realized by him who is thoroughly interested and aroused. He must be fired with the justice and importance of his cause. Then will human nature yield her powerful influence, for then the whole soul and being, the thought, feelings, and sympathies will be replete with activity. Then will you have the true orator with "the heart to feel, the tongue to fire an audience." Then will the magnetic power of oratory

manifest itself upon the conduct and lives of men, electrifying their hearts, impressing conviction upon their minds, and rousing them to noble sentiments and achievements.

Thus oratory, in its truest sense, is natural. It shows itself in every tone, feature, and gesture. It is the embodiment of all the elements of a perfect elocution.

But nature seldom bestows on a single person gifts in their completeness. She reserves them for those who, by their labor, deserve reward. She gives in part, and yields more to every worthy effort. If, therefore, we would improve our oratory, it must be by diligent application and study. We will not, however, shrink from this, knowing that every genuine acquisition is the result of labor, and of hard labor. We need only bear in mind, that pleasure and the reward of our efforts will surely follow. A completed course in college may find a man with defects in oratory the same as when he entered on his studies. There is no great apparent improvement. The same spouting in Methodist tones,—the same monotony,—the identical stammering,—the same false interpretation of the natural method; all these yet remain, and are destined to, unless he makes an effort to rid himself of this bad habit of delivery. How is the student to do this? It can be accomplished: 1. By the correction of physical defects. 2. By interpretive readings. 3. By the study of the best models in oratory and histrionic art. 4. By a general improvement of taste. We will consider these in their order. The first step in the improvement of oratory is the removal of physical defects. These are either impediments in speech, as stammering and an incomplete control over the muscles of the vocal organs; or imperfections of voice, as a weak piping intonation.

A person with such defects would certainly appear mad, were he to aim at oratory as his calling, and bend his efforts to that end. And yet no less than this has occurred. Demosthenes was so fired on one occasion by the eloquence of Callistratus, that the ambition was roused within him of becoming an orator himself, notwithstanding he had all the defects mentioned. By diligent study and invincible determination he was enabled to overcome these difficulties, and become the greatest orator of antiquity, and perhaps of the world. Should, then, the student despair, even if his case were as obstinate as this? But it is not. Probably no one has half the faults. Power and variation in voice, and distinct enunciation are the general deficiencies, and may be remedied with effort proportionate to their obstinacy. What is better for this purpose than the study of the languages, especially when you read and pronounce much aloud. In them you find all difficult combinations of sounds which afford a splendid discipline for the muscles of the vocal organs. If he rightly studies, one ought to acquire perfect enunciation in this way; or it may be acquired by a similar use of the English language. To strengthen and give volume to the voice could be accomplished in a man-

ner similar to the attempt of Demosthenes. We might try to out-roar the waves of Lake Michigan and be successful, had we an unconquerable will; but we dislike to expend the necessary effort without help, as it is so much more agreeable to pay an elocutionist or vocal teacher, who can urge us on, aid, and be a constant stimulus to us. For distinct enunciation, then, we must look to ourselves; but to obtain power and variation in voice, good vocal or elocutionary training is indispensable.

The correction of physical defects evidently is fundamental. It lies at the foundation and is the condition of further improvement. Having accomplished this, we are better able to remove faults in delivery proper, which is the most important of the subsequent considerations, upon which we shall enter in our next issue.

## COLLEGIATE CONVENTION.

The convention was called to order shortly after ten o'clock, Thursday morning, by the president, E. A. Bancroft, Knox, in Eccretian Hall, college building. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Committee on Credentials reported the following members present: Messrs. J. T. Downing, H. W. Johnston, Illinois; C. T. Richards, F. A. Dean, and W. P. Johnston, Illinois Industrial; R. W. Patterson, K. O. Hickerman, and C. W. Parkinson, Wesleyan; J. Gail, I. R. Taine, and N. T. Edwards, Knox; Miss Julia Nichols, Robert Casey, and O. T. Parkinson, McKendree; A. A. Hamilton, J. A. Fisher, and A. Gilchris, Monmouth; W. T. Wakeman, W. A. Hamilton, and G. E. Ackerman, North-Western; J. E. Marshall, T. S. Bovell, and J. S. Pearson, Shurtleff; W. A. Gardner, H. G. Parkins, and F. A. Helmer, Chicago.

Under the head of proposals for the location of next year's contest, the invitation extended by McKendree College, Lebanon, was accepted, and the motion that said contest be held on the first Thursday in October carried.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, G. E. Ackerman; Vice-President, F. A. Dean; Secretary, Robert Casey. Delegates to the Inter-State Convention, N. T. Edwards, A. Gilchris, W. P. Johnston.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

The judges chosen for the next year were as follows: G. L. Fort, Lacon; Mr. Wilson, of St. Louis; and Robert G. Ingersoll, of Peoria.

Under amendments to the constitution, (art. 3,) Robert's Rules of Order were substituted as a parliamentary guide for Cushing's Manual. Each orator's expenses (art. 4, sec. 3), are hereafter to be defrayed by his own college, and not the one at which the contest is held. A slight change was also effected in article 6, by which, upon the usual scale of ten, the orator graded highest or next highest by two of the judges shall be accordingly considered first or second



man. Under article seven, any orator exceeding fourteen minutes, previously twelve, shall be debarred from receiving either prize. The prizes (art. 8), of \$75 and \$50 were commuted to gold medals; the one not less in value than \$50, the other than \$25. Another action limited the number of delegates from each college to two. Positions drawn on the programme for next year were as follows:

- |                  |                         |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Northwestern. | 5. Illinois Industrial. |
| 2. Knox.         | 6. Illinois.            |
| 3. Wesleyan.     | 7. Monmouth.            |
| 4. Chicago.      | 8. Shurtleff.           |
|                  | 9. McKendree.           |

### ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The fifth annual Oratorical Contest between the colleges of Illinois was held Thursday evening, the 18th ult., in Union Hall, Monmouth. From the hearty appreciation of all educational objects, which we knew to be a characteristic of the Monmouth citizen, together with the close proximity of Galesburg, our hopes of a large attendance had not been slight. And, notwithstanding the inclement weather which prevailed during a greater part of the day and evening, those expectations were far removed from disappointment. Everything, in fact, but the unruly elements, had harmonized to render success a certainty. The flattering reception given to orators and delegates, on the evening previous, had well assured them that their hosts were citizens of the world, as well as of Monmouth. For ourselves, from Chicago, we were agreeably reminded in a negative manner, by the same tone of liberality and civility manifested throughout, of the truth—*magna civitas, magna solitudo*, or in other words, that the man wasn't right who first invented *urbanity*. Certainly no feeling was called for on the part of visitors further than that of just obligation.

After the usual preliminary of prayer, a lively overture from the Monmouth Band gave a healthy ring to the general sentiment, and thus prepared the way for Mr. Bancroft, of Knox, who opened the amicable contest with a unique production on "The Need of the Hour." His impetuous and peculiar exordium, although suspending too long the object he had in view, was doubtless adopted as the quickest means for gaining the attention of his audience, and was so far admissible. The oration at length developed into an advocacy of confidence in commerce and politics. After carrying his subject into the field of religion, he closed in a popular and well-taken manner, by applying his theory to the relations between North and South. Although brilliant in the use of antithesis, the style was not relieved enough by simplicity, and hence forced the speaker into a monotonous delivery.

The gauntlet was next taken up by Mr. J. A. Motter,

of Bloomington, who wielded his rhetoric in a very good way, on, "The Dignity of the Human Mind." After an extended panegyric on the philosophy of Reid, the speaker branched off into a theological disquisition on the being of God. Beautiful as was the relationship which he then portrayed between the infinite and the finite, there was yet too much metaphysics for popular taste. But with a strong delivery, the interest and attention were borne along without flagging. To illustrate the nobility of mind he pointed in eloquent terms to the orators' common theme, the world of inventions, describing the rapidity of commerce by means of railroads, and the swiftness of intercourse by means of the telegraph.

The third contestant, Mr. G. E. Ackerman, represented the Northwestern University in a well-matured, as well as eloquent, oration on, "The Power of Unfettered Thought." Opening with a series of vivid pictures, he contrasted the elemental power of the ocean and rising tempest to the undeveloped mind residing in a little child. Freedom of thought and action was advocated in a vigorous manner, both in reference to diction and delivery. But the production took its chief coloring from a religious point of view. Rationalism, in its milder sense, was presented in a manner which would doubtless have carried one of the elected judges, had he favored the speaker with his presence. An attention to the principle of variety was equally noticeable and praiseworthy.

After an interlude of music, Mr. N. B. Coffman, of Illinois Industrial College, appeared with an oration on, "Patriotism and National Honor." He delineated in a clear and analytical arrangement, the value of public faith, and the injurious effects which party spirit works upon love of country. To enforce his sentiments, the speaker drew some strong lessons from the examples afforded by our Revolutionary history, and the earnest, at the same time familiar, manner in which he referred to the virtues of Washington, well assured us that the orator's heart was in his theme. A direct and deliberate way of speaking contributed to rivet the attention; but an undue number of appeals to the rising generation and our own sense of honor rather detracted from the general effect.

Mr. McKinney, of Monmouth, then inveighed against "Modern Superstition," in an oration which was characteristic by at least originality of illustration. Too much time, however, was spent in defining his subject from many points of view, or rather, in exhausting all the similitudes which it suggested to his imagination. The lifeless tone of voice, moreover, and multiplicity of gesture did not very well accord, bringing the two features of delivery in bold contrast. For the latter fault we were surprised to learn that a Chicago elocutionist was responsible.

Naturally, our expectations and interests centered in the next speaker, Mr. F. A. Helmer, whose subject was, "Modern Iconoclasm." During the first sentences we

were agreeably reminded that one good star, at least, presided over his fortune, which "primos in omnibus proeliis oculos vincit." But, in an evil moment, his memory deserted him, and, although the difficulty was bridged, the fine effect which was previously apparent had been broken. Finished in style, the oration was equally original and striking in conception. After alluding briefly to the image breaking instituted by King Leo, the orator proceeded to speak of the spirit which actuates our own age. The Iconoclasm of to-day, which Mr. Helmer deprecated, was to be traced equally in politics, society, and religion. An excellent comparison drawn from the dark figure in Paradise Lost, to illustrate his subject, gave a good finishing stroke to the production.

Following the music at this point, Mr. F. W. Downs, of McKendree College, Lebanon, discoursed on "Ethics of Republicanism." He did not think that the Roman Republic was based upon true and sound principles, because the masses were too low in the political scale; nor that the present organization in France was to be graded with the ideal government. Nowhere were the just principles of a popular system better exemplified than in the American constitution and laws. A moment's pause, to regain the lost thread of his speech, rather marred the delivery; as was also the case with Mr. C. B. Palmer, of Illinois College, Jacksonville, who followed with an oration on "Impending Conflicts." His beginning was too much on the stump-speech order for the occasion; yet a warmth and earnestness of manner readily relieved his hearers. The controversy between religion and science was set forth in a very good way. But among coming conflicts, the one most emphasized by the speaker was that between honesty and dishonesty.

Lastly on the programme, came Mr. E. C. Sage, of Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, on "Compromise in Politics." The prevailing idea of his oration was a good one, and handled in a practical and orderly manner. The Confederation of States, Adoption of the Constitution, and the Missouri Compromise were sighted as signal examples of that spirit between statesmen which he advocated. Mr. Sage urged a political toleration upon broad principles, and by his forcible delivery commanded the attention of an audience already wearied.

The judges, Messrs. Frank Hatton and A. M. Antrobus, of Burlington, and Mr. David Mack, of Carthage, then retired to make up their decision, which the president pro tem., Mr. Wakeman, of Evanston, shortly announced as conferring the first prize on Mr. Bancroft, of Knox, and the second on Mr. Ackerman, of Evanston.

A final word of commendation on the generous treatment received at the hands of the Monmouth students and citizens, will doubtless express the unqualified feeling of every delegate and visitor to the Contest.

### CLASS OFFICERS.

The classes in the University have elected the following officers for the current school year:

**SENIOR CLASS:**—President, C. B. Allen, Jr.; Vice-President, W. L. Black; Secretary, J. R. Windes; Treasurer, H. T. Duffield; Toast Master, Charles Ege; Chorister, T. C. Roney. Following are the appointments for Class-day: President, C. B. Allen, Jr.; Bone Orator, J. S. Forward; Historian, F. A. Helmer; Editor, E. B. Felsenthal; Orator, W. R. Raymond; Seer, N. J. Rowell; Poet, H. E. Fuller; Respondent, T. C. Roney; Valedictorian, J. D. S. Riggs.

**JUNIOR CLASS:**—President, E. B. Meredith; Vice-President, C. N. Patterson; Secretary, H. G. Parkins; Treasurer, J. F. Church; Orator, H. G. Williams; Poet, Miss A. M. Coon; Historian, W. J. Watson; Prophet, H. J. Carr; Toast-Master, J. D. Russell; Quartette, Misses F. M. Holbrook and C. E. Howe, Messrs. C. N. Patterson and C. F. Morey.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS:**—President, W. B. Powell; Vice-President, Miss Sara Longenecker; Secretary, Miss Julia Hawley; Treasurer, Oscar Bass; Orator, W. A. Walker; Poet, J. C. Johnson; Historian, Eli Packer; Prophet, O. E. Ryon; Toast Master, E. L. Bowen.

**FRESHMAN CLASS:**—President, W. G. Sherer; Vice-President, F. G. Hanchett; Secretary, Miss Ellie Colegrove; Treasurer, A. G. Malmsten; Orator, A. W. Fuller; Poet, E. T. Ingham; Historian, J. P. Gardner; Prophet, Miss R. M. Edgerton; Toast Master, H. C. Van Schaack.

### LOCALS.

Thanksgiving—yum! yum!!

How is Haines? Ask third base.

"No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November."

The Senior's latest rendering of "Give us a rest,"—"Now let us have surcease."

Why does a Frenchman never eat more than one egg at the same meal? Because one egg is "un oeuf."

Prof., to class.—"Translate into German: I can not laugh." Junior, (*sotto voce*).—"Ich bin dum sober."

One of the Chicago delegates at Monmouth put himself in a bad posture when he asked the head of the breakfast table if they had a good bar there.

Brown wants the Vassar girls to come and slide down on their cellar door. Better go, girls. It will be better fun than riding up and down in that \$1,000 elevator.

One of the Professors has at last gone back on his profession by unveiling the dread *arcana* where lie the secrets for mastering languages. First, says he, *understand* it, and then *speak* it.



A fair one in the Sophomore German class was called upon to give the present indicative of the verb "Stechen." "Ich steche, du stechest, er stuck,"—and there she *stuck*.

Scene, Lesson in Guizot.—Prof.—"I will read an extract from Lord's History, in which he quotes from Macaulay's England." First student (*sotto voce*), "How long, O, Lord, how long?" Second student, (*ditto*), "Only about a page."

The other day when an honored member of the Faculty was going through a philosophical demonstration, occasionally clearing his throat in his usual way, a Senior, sympathizingly exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I wish he would get over that cold."

In one of the female seminaries of this State was uttered with true feminine spirit the following:—Young Lady to her room-mate, "Say, Mary, don't you think these girls here are perfectly horrid? I was brought up at home to be a lady, and, by golly! I won't associate with them."

An exchange tells about a Junior, somewhere, who excuses himself for studying on Sunday on the ground that if the Lord justified the man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he justify the ass for trying to help himself out.

It is difficult to find a more successful caterer than Mandeville, corner of Twenty-Second street and Michigan avenue. He can furnish the best supper for the least money of any man who aims at these two things. So, ladies, remember this, if you wish to suit *our* palate, when you give a party.

A few evenings since, in Society Hall, a young gentleman wrote to a lady sitting behind him a note in French, requesting her to make less noise. She immediately responded, "Je n'ai pas deux." (I don't have *two*). After that, do not tell us that our slang cannot be translated into foreign languages.

First Girl.—"Oh, dear? who was Bacchus?"

Second Girl.—"Why, he was the god of wine and grapes and things; we know him, go on."

First Girl.—"But do you think he would *back us* up in such a description?"—*Ed.*

[Shades of T—R—! Even the girls have got it.—*Ed.*]

We admit that levity in chapel is quite reprehensible, but when the President stood up the other morning and solemnly read: "Thou hast set my feet in a *large* room," we think that, when the students looked at his No. 13's, they were somewhat excusable for smiling and remarking that it would be impossible to set them in a *small* one.

It was rather disrespectful in the janitor, but perhaps he thought it was one of the students. The Professor called to him in order to request him to shovel that coal into the bins the next hour, and he called back: "Dry up." The

class didn't laugh, oh! no, and the Professor remarked: "I suppose he might as well say that as anything."

Not long since we introduced a Junior to a Freshman. The Junior, wishing to make an impression, took Freshy by the hand, looked him over, and, after some hesitation, remarked: "Well, you are a pretty good looking fellow." "I wish I could say the same of you," promptly retorted Mr. Freshman. The Junior concluded that he had made an impression.

Remember, boys, that we are always watching for locals. We, or some of our representatives, are around all the time; so be careful what you do.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;  
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

A young lady student (it matters not from what source information was received) was lately heard to exclaim in her morning slumbers,—"It always did make my mouth taste bad after chewing gum." Notwithstanding this, she arose, breakfasted, and, taking her gum from the window-sill, sallied forth to college, uttering, at intervals, "*Amo, amabam, amabo,*" etc.

Now that winter is close upon us, you who are not provided with winter clothing, should remember that Edwards & Co., 154 and 156 Clark street, keep a full line of just the goods you need, at the lowest prices. Overcoats a specialty; they will give you a good overcoat for \$7.00. Fine custom-made coats, sleeves satin lined, equal to any you could have made, for one-half the money.

We wonder if the class of '80 is the same everywhere. The following from the *College Courier* would make us think that there were some points of resemblance between the Sophs in different institutions:

"Here's to the class of '80,  
Drink her down;  
She's a dreadful small potatey,  
Drink her down."

In anticipation of Thanksgiving, one student asked another where he was going to spend it. "I'm going to my uncle's," was the reply. "Well," added the other, "that is all right, perhaps, but the Bible says, 'Go to the a(u)nt.'"

It has been said that the English language contains no syllable which will rhyme with the word "month." We remember, however, to have heard some ten years ago an emphatic denial of this statement, which denial was conclusively proved by the following stanza:

"They seized the soldier on Broadway,  
December was the month.  
He saw his pistol thrown away,  
And also saw his gun thrown away."

Incredible as it may appear the class of '81 has one member who has a very distinguished and dignified bearing, "for one so young." During the Exposition the gentleman was attending it one afternoon in company of one

of earth's fair ones, and while they were enjoying the sights in each other's society, a bright looking little girl ran up to our Freshman, with the request, "Papa, take my hand." It was rather embarrassing for a moment, but proved to be a case of mistaken identity.

Our Alumni are very enterprising. One of them, who formerly broke the bread of life to starving multitudes, but who now labors in another field of usefulness, was trying one evening in a room in Jones Hall to sell his old sermons to some young preachers present. At this juncture Mr. M. entered the room, whereupon Mr. Alumni said, jestingly, "Mr. M. let me sell you some of my old sermons, you are going to be a preacher are you not?" "Preach, the d—l," fairly roared the astonished M. Alumni wilted.

The other day one of our Seniors in giving the similitude employed by Cicero as illustrative of the faculty of memory,—"*a store-house provided with pigeon-holes, in which its furniture is arranged,*"—gave it as follows: "*Cicero likened this faculty to a pigeon-hole table.*" The gentleman was quite indignant because the class evinced an appreciation of the remark. We think Cicero was unjustly accused of a knowledge of the sinful game of pigeon-hole, and were also sorry to notice the tendency of our class-mate's minds.

A Senior came into our room not long since quite indignant at Sir Walter Scott. He had been reading "The parting of Douglas and Marmion," and we narrate the cause of his vexation in his own words. "Here," said he, "Douglas says, '*Up* drawbridge, grooms,' and a few lines lower down, speaking of Marmion, the author says,

"To *pass* there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume."

"Now I think that is ridiculous. Why, it is contrary to all the rules of the game for Scott to allow Marmion to attempt to *pass* after Douglas had *ordered it up*." And we thought so, too.

The Alumni Literary Club of the University of Chicago held its second meeting in the University parlors, Monday evening, November 5th. Permanent officers were elected and resulted as follows: Pres., F. A. Smith; Vice-Pres., J. T. Sunderland; Secretary, R. B. Twiss; Treasurer, Edward Olson. Mr. Powers read a very excellent paper upon Ethics of Laughter. A committee was appointed to take into consideration the advisability of holding the meetings of the Club in the parlors of some one of the hotels of the city. We are glad to chronicle a very decided interest taken by the alumni in their organization.

We understand that the reception which was held in the Douglas House parlors, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th, was a success in every particular. The young gentlemen who had the matter in charge fully sustained the reputation our students have obtained of accomplishing, in the best

possible manner, whatever they undertake. The music was splendid, the programmes nobby, and all present seemed bent on enjoying every minute. About twenty couples in attendance and "chased the glowing hours with flying feet," until the "wee small hours" growing larger, warned them it was time to retreat, and they lingeringly dispersed, having passed a delightful, ever-to-be-remembered evening.

Two of our Juniors went out walking. They followed two ladies up and down a street for some distance, and finally one of them stepped up and thus addressed the ladies. "Excuse our familiarity and freedom, and allow us to escort you home." Bridget and Betsey were somewhat surprised, but, recovering, one of them said, "Oh, it wouldn't do; Prof.—, (naming a well known Professor,) might get after us. Excuse us, gentlemen, we are only hash-slingers," Poor Juniors, we pity them. The humiliation must have been crushing to our high minded and aspiring Juniors to be refused the pleasure of escorting home those maids of the kitchen. Learn something from experience, boys, and do not get caught again in such a trap. Your long vacation may have obliterated from your minds a similar episode some time ago.

A well-known professor, not a thousand miles from here, related the following, not long since, to some friends at the dinner table: "A young man was undergoing an examination for entrance into a theological seminary. He had made some outrageous guesses, when finally the question was asked him: 'Who was Jezebel?' 'Jezebel,' said he, 'was Peter's mother-in-law.' Then, brightening up, he added, 'She lay sick of a fever, and Christ said, 'Cast her out into the sea,' and they cast her out. And he said, 'Cast her out a second time,' and they cast her out a second time. And he said, 'Cast her out a third time,' and they cast her out a third time. Now, in the resurrection, whose wife will she be? for the seven had her. And, after reasoning among themselves, they answered, 'We can not tell.' And he said unto them, 'Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.'" He passed."

Coming up on the street car the other evening, we sat near a couple who, from all indications, appeared to be "engaged." Although, of course, not wishing to, we overheard some of their conversation. Finally they began to talk of a trip which they were to make the next day to visit a friend who lived about thirty miles distant. There were two railroads leading to their destination, and the question arose as to which they should take. "There is a long, dark tunnel on the K— road, isn't there?" quietly asked the lady. "Yes, my dear," he responded. "And none on the Y— road?" "None, my darling." "Then," she innocently murmured, "let us take the K— road." And it was so decided. Now, there must have been some reason for this decision, some secret motive which prompted it. The question arose in our mind, "What is



it?" We think *we* should prefer an open road to one running through a frightful tunnel; but *she* didn't. Why was it? Will some young lady student please explain?

A dyspeptic Soph. inserts the following:

Here's to the class of '81,  
Drink *her* down;  
Don't th ow up that dreadful pun,  
Drink it down.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY. The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing 3,000 engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

Have we a Ku Klux Klan among us? On the morning of the first of November, a notice indicating as much was seen on the bulletin board. It read as follows:

"M. W. H. S. Careful!! The Brindle Cat is at large!!! The Crows are overboard!!! Safe yet—The Dragon is yet chained!! Midnight!! Usual place!!! First Nov.!!!! S. M.!!!"

It must have been posted at an unusually early hour, for an early riser informed us that she saw it at 6:30 A. M. We did not see it until nine o'clock. All unconscious we walked into the University building while the grand body of students were in chapel. Passing the bulletin board the above notice met our eye. We stopped and read it, and confess that we felt an involuntary lifting of the hair as we gazed spell-bound upon the fearful mystery. Surely, thought we, this means something. To these cabalistic expressions there must be some occult signification. But we could find nobody to explain it. One fellow said that "M. W. H. S." meant "Men Who Hate School." Another said it referred to four students, of whose name the letters are initial. Another translated "S. M." as "Sour Mash." But we only saw one man who was really in earnest. He offered five dollars for a key. (Oh! how we longed for a key so that *we* might secure that V!) But we are yet in the dark. Who is M. W. H. S.? What is the Brindle Cat? Where are the Crows? When will the Dragon be unchained? Why do you meet at midnight? Now we warn M. W. H. S., whoever or whatever he, she, it or they may be, that if we can get a clew to the direful mystery we will expose it. Perhaps we have endangered our personal safety by mentioning the notice, but we always *were* rash. If we remain at large the readers of THE VOLANTE may look out for some rich developments in the event of our success.

LATER. The plot thickens! The following, written in letters of blood, greeted our eyes on the morning of the 8th:

"M. W. H. S. Pnershy!! H. P. has his eyes on us. Do not bring it in until two A. M. Let the whine of the hedge-pig be your signal. Look out for E. M.!! Eighth Nov. H. W."

The date was followed by a Roman cross, and a cross of

the Crusades. Evidently "H. P." and "E. M." whoever they are, have some clue to the mystery. We understand that some of the students were watching at "2 A. M." to see "it" brought in, but nothing definite has been ascertained as yet.

#### PERSONALS.

R. W. Grover, '77, is in the manufacturing business in the city.

Rev. Henry C. Mabie, '68, is pastor of the Baptist Church in Brookline, Mass.

Prof. Columbus H. Hall, '72, is Professor in Franklin College in Indiana.

James Langland, '77, has entered the Junior Class in the Union College of Law.

Charles D. Wyman, '72, is Secretary of the Belt Railway Company in New York City.

Prof. C. E. R. Muller, '68, is giving lessons in music to several students in the University.

Rev. John S. Mabie '62, is quite successful as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Rockford, Illinois.

W. H. Hopkins and M. N. Armstrong, both of '79, have left the University and entered the Union College of Law.

Rev. C. C. Smith, '70, has recently accepted the call of the Baptist Church in Clinton, Iowa, to become its pastor.

C. L. Lewis, '76, is in the law office of Lawrence, Winston, Campbell & Lawrence, corner Randolph and Clark streets.

Rev. R. R. Coon, Jr., '74, paid a visit to the University not long since. He is pastor of the Baptist Church at Vernon, Michigan.

The Senior Class in the Baptist Theological Seminary, at Morgan Park, numbers among its members John Barr, B. F. Patt, and H. L. Stetson, all of '76.

A. W. Clark, '77, occupied the pulpit of Dr. Cheney on Sunday evening, November 4th. He is a member of the Junior class in the Seminary at Morgan Park.

Birney Hand, '69, is running an extensive job printing establishment on Monroe street, just west of Clark. The excellent typographical work on THE VOLANTE is a specimen of his proficiency.

J. C. Thoms, '78, has just been elected to a position on the Committee of Arrangements for Class Day in Brown University. He has also been elected to the Presidency of the Society of Missionary Inquiry.

We learn that James Rea, formerly of '78, is chairman of the executive committee of the Society of Missionary Inquiry in Brown University. He is also under appointment to deliver one of the speeches at the class-tree on class-day.

After graduating from the Baptist Theological Seminary, Rev. F. M. Williams settled as pastor of the Baptist Church in St. Charles, and then came back to Chicago for Miss Maria Briggs, whom he took to St. Charles to fill the position of pastor's wife.

Class of '78 mourns the loss of one of her members. Isaac Latimer Fargo has been cut down in the pride of his young manhood. He came to the University in September to enter with us upon the studies of the Senior year, but on account of the weakness of his eyes, he was obliged to relinquish his cherished plans and return home. A few days ago, we have not learned the exact date, he fell a victim to a malady which has been threatening him for some years. We call it *matrimony*. Alas! "How are the mighty fallen!" To think that a *Senior* should so far lose his self-control that he would set such an example to his innocent class-mates! But it's all right, Fargo. Here's our hand. We fear that any one of us would likewise fall in the hour of temptation, so we do not blame you.

#### EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue quite a number of our old College friends have come back to us, and upon our table we also find new publications. We welcome both the old and the new.

The *Besom* comes from the Pacific slope. It meets our idea of a college paper in one respect,—in this, that it is full of college news and not burdened with the heavy thoughts of alumni and students. But we have somewhat against thee, *Besom*. We think a college paper, be its merits what they may, loses its dignity and drops out of its sphere when it stoops to advertise a saloon which offers special inducements to students to try "Our Faculty Cocktail and Senior Lemonade; Students' Beverage; Newest Drinks constantly on hand. Come one, come all." Now, *Besom*, if you intend to be a college publication, *Besom* (e) decent kind of a paper.

*College News Letter*. The University of Chicago is located in the little village of Chicago; not at Evanston, as we were informed by your last issue.

*University Magazine*. "Come down, O, Maid, from yonder mountain height! What pleasure lives in the splendor of the hills upon which you tarry?" Give us some light reading—something we can digest after a hearty dinner. Students want short editorials, spicy locals and general college news, not long articles of no interest to them.

We seriously advise the editors of the *Archangel* to read the proof of their next issue before it is sent out to the college world. The last issue is so full of typographical errors that we came to the conclusion that a thunder storm must have played with the type just before the paper went to press.

The November issue of the *Brunonian* has an article upon the study of the classics which has about the right ring to it. We take the liberty of quoting a sentence or two which fully account for the lack of interest taken in the classics by the average student:

"Too much time and attention is wasted upon the minutiae of the languages. The derivation, formation and construction of the words are carefully taught, while thoughts are allowed to take care of themselves."

The classics should be one of the most interesting and practical studies of the course, and it lies in the power of the Professor to attain this result.

"The connection between modern and ancient literature is so close that, preserving this connection, we may render the one interesting through the use of the other."

This issue of the *Brunonian* also contains a very creditable little poem entitled "Autumn Days." We are always pleased to see you, *Brunonian*.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.—The *Wittenberger*, *Cornell Era*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Bates Student*, *Colby Echo*, *Chronicle*, *College Olio*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *The College Echo*, *University Magazine*, *University Herald*, *Denison Collegian*, *University Press*, *Dickinsonian*, *Reveille*, *Boston University Beacon*, *Pen and Plow*, *Wabash*, *Montpelierian*, *Christian Union*, *Dartmouth*, *College Courier*, *Campus*, *Tufts Collegian*, *The Round Table*, *College Mercury*, *Nesterian*, *Rochester Campus*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *College Herald*, *Niagara Index*, *Transcript*, *Oberlin Review*, *Reporter*, *Targum*, *College News Letter*, *Brunonian*, *Irving Union*, *Penn. College Monthly*, *Simpsonian*, *Illini*, *Atheneum*, *Tripod*, *Westminster Monthly*.

#### CLIPPINGS.

Why should the young ladies of Lasell be particular about their looks? Because they always have a beau in (Bowen) the house.—*Lasell Sem*.

Prof.—"Thus saith Bacon—*great* Bacon." Juniors smile audibly. "Stupendous porker!" says one. "Descendant of Ham, I think." murmurs another.—*College Olio*.

"Why," asked Pat, one day, "why was Balaam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "'twas because he had no trouble in finding an ass to roid."—*Ex*.

A new student went to the Treasurer's office to pay his term bills, and upon being told the sum that would pay "tuition, incidentals and library fee," said he guessed he wouldn't take incidentals.—*Oberlin Review*.

Junior.—"Professor, w-h-a- what do you want me to do with this subject?" Prof.—"Mr. B.—, you are simply to tell what you know about it. That will not take long, will it?" Junior.—"No, sir."—*Berkeleyan*.

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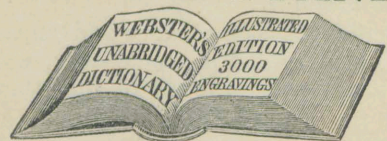
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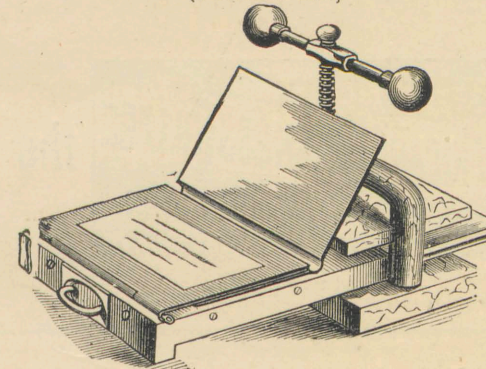
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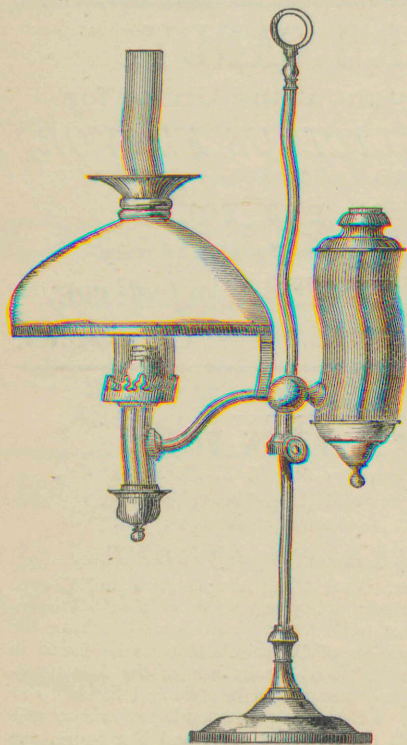
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