

THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME II.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1873.

No. 4.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1873.

No. 4.

EDITORS:

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JACOB NEWMAN, '73.

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EDITORIALS.

LET it be recorded in the history of our University, that the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two has seen more public work accomplished by the students than was done in the half decade preceding. An unaccustomed vigor has been abroad, and an abundant success crowned every effort. The committees who have had these various projects under control, have labored with a hearty will and good humor, when some were indifferent and others cried impossible. We cannot esteem the reading-room committee's industry too highly. Besides the ordinary difficulties to be overcome, they had to bury the dead body of five years of failure, which had become an offence to many persons of delicate olfactories about the University. In every undertaking, opposition is an easier enemy to encounter than indifference. So, we believe, Messrs. SUTHERLAND and RONEY found it. But their untiring energy overcame everything, and established a reading-room of which we have good reason to feel proud. The periodical literature of the day is well represented, and all is arranged with care and taste. Newspapers from nearly every quarter of the globe form quite an attractive feature. We observe also that the list of popular and scientific magazines has been selected from the great mass which floods the country, with rare good judgment. For this part of the work, we understand, the committee is indebted to certain members of the Faculty, who have manifested their usual interest in what concerns the students; besides this, they have donated to the reading-room's use many of the excellent publications they now receive. The room itself is about 20x30 feet, high, well heated and ventilated, and has six broad, clear windows, furnishing a flood of light. Nothing is wanted now but some covering for the floor, to give us a model reading-

room. We beg pardon, yes, there is one more thing wanting, viz: a permanent fund, as a sure guarantee that others, who come after us, will support this project in a style worthy of our Alma Mater. But here's the rub! It has been suggested that the Faculty or rather Trustees tax the students one dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, payable to the University Treasurer, as is the tuition, etc. There can be no question that this measure would not be legal, as long as the reading-room is under the control of the students' Association. We can not see how one body can legislate for the benefit or injury of another, when not the slightest definite union exists between them. For all we know, the Trustees are not aware of the existence of the Association. At present there seems to be but one way of securing a permanent fund, and that is in placing the reading-room under the control of the University, by which act it will be in the power of the Trustees to do whatever the Faculty may recommend. Still, we hope the Association will not be driven to this extremity, for it has worked hard to organize the project, and would it not be somewhat humiliating to be unable to provide for its maintenance now? The columns of THE VOLANTE are open for any suggestions that members of the Association may have to offer, and we trust the matter will be settled before the close of this college year.

OUR attention has been called to certain expressions in an editorial on the "locking up" question, in our last issue, which might be construed into a charge of insincerity on the part of the authorities in the reasons which were alleged for the enforcement of the rules relating to the locking up of the doors of the University after half-past ten o'clock P. M.

We have also been informed that we were guilty, though unintentionally, of a misstatement, in saying, "we are told that the doors must be locked in order to get the University premises insured," where it should have been stated, "in order to get the premises insured at the most favorable rates." We take this, the first opportunity, to correct these misapprehensions, and would here state that it was not the object of the article referred to to call in question the integrity of the authorities in framing this regulation, nor the validity, *per se*, of the reasons given for its enforcement, but to express, as truly and as

forcibly as we knew how, the disapproval on the part of the students of the regulation in question, and to express our belief that, as it seemed to us at that time, the reasons assigned were not sufficient to call for the enforcement of a measure which would prove to be of such inconvenience to those who room in the building.

We have never had occasion to doubt the genuine interest which the officers of this University, both individually and collectively, take in all affairs which pertain to the well-being of the students under their care, for of this fact we have had too many proofs, both in and out of the class-room. We have always been happy and proud to acknowledge that there is less of the "reform school" principle, and the old foggy notions of college discipline here than in any other institution with which we are acquainted. But, for all that, students will look upon things from a student's stand-point, and so long as we feel that there is much room for improvement in many particulars, and so long as THE VOLANTE is the organ of no one but the students, and is dependent for its existence upon the patronage of none other than the students themselves, we shall always claim the right to present their views on all subjects relating to their interests, fearlessly, though, we hope, always candidly and with due respect, bearing always in mind that the true interests of the teacher and the pupil can never really conflict, and that when they appear to clash, there must be some misunderstanding at the bottom, which a proper exchange of views cannot fail to set at rights.

A CERTAIN sheet in New Haven, purporting to be published in the interests of higher education, has seen proper to covertly attack Western institutions. Why it pursues this method, and what it proposes to accomplish that will elevate the standard of scholarship in this country, we have been unable to discover. To criticism couched in decent language, to criticism seeking to unfold true advantages, and not emanating from sectional jealousy, we have nothing to say. We are not so conceited as not to be able to see that Western colleges are imperfect, and that many of them need a thorough reformation; but the same thing may be said of institutions in the East. An examination into the merits of a college is within the province of every individual who brings to his work a just and capable spirit; but to attack without an honest object, and to slander without a reason, must be repulsive to every man of sense and feeling. And can we condemn too strongly that spirit of inquiry which attempts to fasten the weakness and empty pretensions of a single college upon all the institutions of the West? Is a good college to be assailed, simply because it happens to be in the vicinity of a bad one? And yet, for no other crime than this, not only the paper in question, but other Eastern critics, will mount their steeds and charge upon the

West with the ferocity of a Comanche. In their criticisms, they cannot muster enough courage to point to the defects of this or that place of learning, but must involve all, justly or unjustly, in the common charge. They never stop to think, never stop to discriminate.

It is this feature of Eastern criticism which we condemn. When they allude to Western scholarship, it is only to sneer at and ridicule it, while the truth is that some of the deepest thinkers of America dwell among us. We confess there are institutions in the West whose pretensions to educational facilities are extravagant, but this affords no reason for abusing others whose advantages will compare favorably with those of Eastern colleges. The trouble lies in the fact that our critics are, for the most part, young and inexperienced persons, whose knowledge of us is not the result of personal observation, but has been acquired chiefly from prejudiced books and newspaper articles. These are the individuals who set themselves up for our critics, and herald to the world our imaginary weaknesses. We could afford to pass these strictures by without a word, but the people at large do not know where they really emanate from, and naturally believe them to be the sentiments of cultivated and thoughtful men. Age is one of the strongest elements in the character of every school. Let the East give us one-quarter of the time that it has taken to develop Harvard and Yale, and the West will be able to point her to universities of which every section of the Union will be proud.

OF an Indiana man living in the midst of the swamps, the neighbors periodically say: "He has one of his 'spells' again." "Bad spells" are as widely prevalent among good writers as among the denizens of aguish Hoosierdom. We know a vivacious demoiselle who, in addressing a suitor—a disciple of Billings and Nasby—has adopted the phraseology, "To the young man with the 'bad spell.'" If Uncle Sam knew the facts in regard to the orthography in his mail bags, he could write a more laughable book than the one containing the celebrated Craig-Sprague correspondence. It is not the ignorant only who are subjects of criticism in this regard. It is proper to state the general proposition—*Everybody misspells*. The Ann Arbor juniors, therefore, need not feel greatly chagrined at the revelations made some time ago by their English professor. Not only students, but doctors, doctors of law, divinity and medicine, are very frequently afflicted with the unpleasant disease; and we could name college professors who have had a touch of it. But its universality does not excuse it. If Noah Webster succeeded in spelling correctly all the words in the language, no American ought to misspell the few dozen that make up a business letter. Yesterday we received a letter from the best speller in our old school, from one who

used to stand up at "spelling school" till way after midnight, after all the famous scholars from surrounding schools were "trapped," one who knew McGuffey's from *baker* to the end, "by heart." *There were seven errors in that letter*, and the words which contained them are all in McGuffey's. A '72 graduate of an Eastern college last summer wound up a letter to one of our '73 boys in the following style, and thought it was all right: "The girls are in ecstasy at the thought of your coming to see us in August. Old — is superceded, and there is not a murmur of disapproval by any one of the firm. Come *Teusday* if you can, but let me know by return of *male*." The author of this murdered orthography is a talented young man, and owns a dictionary. He has the authority of nine-tenths of our popular writers for spelling supersede with a *c*: and ninety-nine out of a hundred go into ecstasies with two *cs*. "Why did Rome endure the tyranny of the Cæsars?" was once assigned as a theme for composition in our University. Lexicographers are even more tyrannous than were Julius and Octavius, but their subjects have a way of doing about as they please when the dictionary makers are away. Some err through ignorance, but most through carelessness. A great many letter writers misspell that they may not be thought affected, and over-precise. It is not an easy task to master so large a number of lawless bands as the army of words that have been marshalled from all languages. But of all humiliating things there are few more annoying to a critical scholar than to have some one point out to him instances of unauthorized spelling in a finished, scholarly production. The utmost care and attention is required, and even when this is exercised, one must be on his guard lest the style change ere he is aware; for even though Eugenia is no longer Empress of the French there is a new fashion every month—in spelling and pronunciation as well as hats and dresses.

LAST month we published a communication from "Undergraduate," and we now finish what we have to say on the subject about which he speaks. He skilfully dodges the point at issue until near the close of his letter. Following his line of thought, we of course did not refer, in November, to that kind of college spirit which manifests itself in luxuriantly furnished rooms, in sporting clubs, and "numerous literary, musical and athletic organizations." He acknowledges that the literary societies receive too little attention, and though he says there is a legitimate reason for it, does not point it out. Of the marking system we would speak as disparagingly as he. It is a relic of the dark ages. It measures brains like turnips, and knowledge by the yard stick. Happy the college that has it not. But even where this system prevails men are ranked according to their scholarship, and not according to their "standing."

In the latter part of his communication, our correspondent touches the vital question. Even there he simply sets a statement opposite to ours. To substantiate our statement, we must adduce some facts. We wish the facts did not exist, but as they do, it will subserve the best interests of us all to chronicle them. We have said that few are making the most of their opportunities here, that few are thoroughly in earnest. Our remarks apply particularly to the two higher classes. The reason for their greater remissness is traceable to a variety of causes. We confess they came with the very best intentions. Notwithstanding this, how many are there here who have not almost criminally wasted their time? There are fundamental questions which all of us ought to be able to answer, about which our ideas are of the vaguest kind. True it is, education is the power of originating intelligent action, not remembering facts. But though it is not necessary that we remember the *words* in the books, the *thoughts* ought to be ever present. Is it too much to ask of a junior or senior the definition of an ellipse or a sector, permutations or logarithms? Horace, Tacitus, Plato, Xenophon, are more familiar to the student than his own first name. Ought he not, therefore, know the order in which they wrote, and be able to state the dates of their birth *within a few centuries*? Can we not expect from the average senior a connected knowledge of the little history given by Weber? A thousand similar questions might be asked. A perfectly correct and fluent answer could not be expected, but a *knowledge of the subject* is surely part of a liberal education.

There are causes for the existing state of things, and it is useless to attempt to explain them away. The facts about which it is not pleasant to speak, are these, among others: It is habitual with many during their whole course to slight the sciences especially. The classics *must* be studied more or less thoroughly, or no idea whatever is gained, and the student forfeits his position. With rhetoric, zoölogy, botany, astronomy, moral philosophy, etc., it is different. A very imperfect acquaintance with these will make one, with an occasional sly glance at the book, or hint from the teacher, go creditably through a term's work. Fifteen minutes to half an hour has been all that many have given to a lesson on some of these studies, for weeks in succession. To be sure, no one meant to cheat himself; but there is a chronic disposition in the human family to get along as easily as possible, and there are those who try but little to overcome it. Witness the readiness with which the best of us cut a recitation if the professor is not quite on time.

The fact is, whether we know it or not, we study *to get the lesson*, not to become men of culture. We do not work with a will and determination. We do not have a well-defined aim in view. The object of all our training ought to be development, and to attain this we need to

urge our faculties to their utmost, and not drift along with the tide, assuming no positive position among our associates. A ripe scholarship, a true culture are the results of a vigorous, continued, undivided application to whatever is worthy of our attention.

In his Friday afternoon lectures on public speaking, Professor Sheppard, in obedience to the prevailing spirit of innovation, has done away with the idea for which Demosthenes is said to be responsible, that the three greatest requisites for an orator are "action, action, action!"

The professor, however, is something better than a mere iconoclast. Knowing how reluctantly we part with striking expressions and pet sayings handed down to us from the past, even after we have been assured that they are mere nonsense, he has kindly furnished us with a substitute for the rule of the great Athenian. We are still to recognize three essential elements in public speaking; namely, "go at it and stick at it, *go at it* and *stick at it*, GO AT IT and STICK AT IT, these three, but the greatest of these is, GO AT IT and STICK AT IT!" Especially is this course insisted upon in acquiring the art of extempore speaking, upon which Professor Sheppard justly places great stress. The idea is, that he who would be truly effective as a speaker must be able to get up on "his two legs" before an audience, at any time, and with readiness utter his thoughts, if he has any, and if not, then "go at it" just the same as though his head was crowded with them, and "stick to it" until his thoughts do come, either spontaneously or by an effort of his "physical will." The self-possession and the habit of extempore thinking, so essential to good extempore speaking, can not, we are told, be acquired from the rules laid down by the professional elocutionist, with his emphatic marks, his artificially conceived system of gesticulation, and his "dancing school" attitudes, any more than a person can learn to swim by committing rules for the proper movements of the hands and feet. But as he who learns to swim must first begin by throwing himself into the water where he is compelled to "strike out" for himself without much regard to whether his motions are graceful and conformable to any rules or not, so one can learn the art of extempore speaking only by actually coming before an audience of real human beings, (not audiences of chairs, forest trees, or flocks of geese) where he has no alternative but to strike out as best he can, or "sink."

Now, there is no doubt a great deal of truth in this view of the way to acquire an effective style of oratory, though, perhaps, not so much as the forcible manner in which it is presented by Professor Sheppard might at first lead us to infer. It can scarcely be said to be more than a half truth, or one side of the whole truth in regard

to the method of developing the extempore element in public speaking. At any rate, it is certainly open to question whether, in this indiscriminate "getting up to talk," there is not a pernicious tendency to be carefully avoided just as much as there is a positive benefit to be gained. And, inasmuch as this is a subject of the highest importance to those who expect to influence men in public, it is well to look at both sides.

To be able to appear before an audience and address them on a given subject without any previous preparation is, without doubt, an acquisition worthy of great effort, especially to a professional man. It is, moreover, tolerably evident that this faculty can be attained, as we are taught, only by actually attempting it for one's self. But it is in these first attempts, in these floundering of the beginner in untried waters of uncertain depth, that there is great danger of misapprehending the true import and end of oratory, and thus of making the very means by which the end was to have been reached to become the by-path leading away from it. The ability to get up and address a company on any subject upon the "spur of the moment" may be very desirable, and sometimes is certainly very convenient, but, after all, this is not public speaking in its higher and better sense, and it is even doubtful if it contributes much towards it. On the other hand, he who simply "goes at it" whenever he has an opportunity, without knowing what he is to say, only that he must say *something*, is very apt to "stick to" the habit he is thus acquiring, of talking for the mere sake of talking, without stopping to inquire whether he is conveying any *idea* to anyone, or not. Here then is the danger, that those who attempt to speak impromptu will be led to think of the words which they wish to use, rather than the thoughts which they have to express. If at any time their ideas desert them for a moment, they, thinking that a pause would be fatal to their reputation as speakers, without stopping to collect their thoughts, will be tempted to proceed with empty words. We need not go far to find examples of men who in a similar way, and with long practice, have acquired a sort of automatic use of language, which enables them to speak most fluently for hours at a time, without having a single well-defined thought on the subject of which they speak, and, of course, without being able to impart a single new idea to their hearers.

There is ever a tendency among most people, and beginners especially, to mistake the mere pronouncing of words, in their etymological forms and syntactical connections, for public speaking; and this tendency is certainly strengthened by thoughtlessly cultivating a certain readiness in extempore speaking without aiming at equal readiness in rigid extempore thinking.

Whatever may be said of the importance of extempore speaking, (and one could scarcely say too much), it must not be cultivated at the expense of the more important

LITERARY.

AT THE WINDOW.

Adown the marble steps I walked;
Her hand my own had pressed,
But the love I knew she had for me,
Had never been confessed.

She closed the door with quick retreat;
"How strange she's grown of late!
Why at the first her witching glance
Would follow to the gate!"

I stepped aside within the grove,
Where murky shadows fall;
"She loves me not," quick impulse said,
"My vows I now recall."

But stop! False impulse, never more
Will I thy speech believe;
Yonder see love expressed at last,
In words that ne'er deceive!

She quits the door with winged step,
The street-ward room to gain,
Enshrouds her face in the damask folds,
And peeps through the lowest pane.

She thinks she's hidden, and her eyes
Gleam with a love divine;
Worth hours of spoken words, that look,
For now I *know* she's mine.

Welcome that sly and furtive glance,
That promise-bearing dove,
For in that hour I learned to solve
The mystery of love.

**

QUADRENNIALS.

I.

Through the course, through the course,
Through the course nearly,
Gaze they on sheepskin hill
Looming so closely;
"Forward the martyr class
Who would Quadrennials pass!"
Onward at this command
Marched the brave Seniors.

II.

"Forward the Senior class!"
Is there who will not pass?
What though the Senior knew
This was a humbug;
Theirs not to dare reply,
Theirs not to tell you why,
Theirs but to *pass* or die
Into Quadrennials
Marched the brave Seniors.

III.

Classics to right of them,
Classics to left of them,
Ponies in front of them,
'T won't do to come nigh;

elements of oratory, a clear conception of the thoughts to be expressed, and a proper understanding of their relation to the end in view. It is, after all, of more importance to know what to say, than how to say it; for if the thought is well formed and distinct it will not be so difficult to find words with which to clothe it.

WE see from our exchanges that the proposition of *The University Herald* meets with general favor. It is likely, therefore, that we shall have a national convention of college journalists at an early day. We suggest that Chicago is by far the most appropriate place for holding the convention. We of THE VOLANTE should be glad personally, and all the West will chime in with us, we are sure, in making the suggestion. But aside from this private reason for desiring to have it held here, we can give a more general one. The energy and go-aheaditiveness of Chicago (a theme slightly touched upon by our dailies) is something that every editor of every college publication ought to see. It has been remarked that the Garden City has arisen from its ashes within a year to be fairer and more queenly than before. Come, gentlemen, and see our burg! *On dit* it's beautiful! THE VOLANTE will be happy to meet its many friends.

A PECULIAR and distinctive feature of the immense new billiard hall, the largest in the world, soon to be opened in Chicago, by Mr. Tom Foley, is the fact that no liquors whatever will be sold in the hall, which is to be entirely separated from the sample bar. This is a great compliment to the temperance element of the city, and it is especially praiseworthy that so excellent an example is to be set in the largest billiard hall in the world. It is Mr. Foley's aim to make billiards in his beautiful establishment as attractive and unobjectionable a pastime as it is at home. A large force of fresco artists are now at work upon the interior, and the grand opening will occur on or about the 20th inst.—*Chicago Tribune*.

This is the long-needed move towards destroying the fatal influence of billiard halls in our large cities. Many a young man who now reels in the street, can trace his ruin to his first entrance into these gilded palaces. It is a grand monument to Chicago's moral progress. Mr. Foley should have the hearty thanks of every good citizen.

NOTHING can be more disgraceful than disturbing a speaker, especially if he be a good one. We think the body of the students who witnessed the conduct of a few men at Professor Sheppard's lecture, two or three Fridays ago, heartily agree with us in saying so. The frowning faces indicated as much. The professor's rebuke was sharp and in season, for we have seen nothing of the kind since. We cannot be too thankful to the authorities for engaging Professor Sheppard, whose ability as a writer and speaker is known both in this country and Europe, and we should show our appreciation by decent behavior.

Crammed how, no man can tell,
Boldly they read, and well,
Through Mathematics passed,
Now they're prepared at last,
'Ror for the Senior class,
Future Alumni.

IV.

Scratched all their old pens there,
Scratched on the morning air,
Answering the questions rare,
Answering so smartly, while
All the folks wondered.
"Strange that such little heads
Hold such large brains," they said,
"Hold so much knowledge."
"I'd like to bet a cent,"
Murmured the President,
"Smarter men never went
Forth from this College."

V.

Questions to right of them,
Questions to left of them,
Questions in front of them,
Quickly are answered:
Though pressed, they boldly stood,
Answered what things they could,
Guessing at what remained.
Quickly their rooms they gained,
Jubilant Seniors!

VI.

When can their glory fade!
Oh! the great splurge they made!
You should have been there.
Grasping their sheepskins tight,
Homeward with faces bright,
With heads and hearts so light,
March the brave Seniors!

BURDOCK BURR.

BENEFACTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

DR. WAYLAND.

BY J. C. BURROUGHS, D. D.

FEW have known that the late Dr. Francis Wayland bore any part in the origin of this college, or was in any way connected with its history. A few facts will show that the college owes to him a grateful remembrance among its earliest friends.

On my way to Washington to secure the college site, as mentioned in the last number of *THE VOLANTE*, I sought consultation with two men, who were then authority on all questions relating to education and educational institutions. Both of these were very earnest in their appreciation of the idea that had had so much influence with us here, the commanding position which would be held by a college at Chicago. On the other hand, however, one of them, an eminent clergyman of New York, still living, discovered an element of great weakness and danger in our embryo enterprise. It started out from Mr. Douglas; and could "any good come out of Nazareth?" "You are going," he ominously said to me, as I parted with him at his door, "you are going into a negotiation with ——" I forget his exact characterization of Mr. Douglas, but "greatest crim-

inal of the age" would not come very far from it. "Let me give you an old proverb. When you go to sup with the Devil, mind that you have a long handled spoon!"

I shall never forget the kind and earnest consideration given to our project by Dr. Wayland, to whom I next went. On a young man situated as I was then—weighed down with the responsibilities of an untried and hazardous undertaking, personal plans long thought of and cherished as life plans hanging in the balance of change and uncertainty—kind and sympathetic words from one so great and wise as Dr. Wayland, would not likely be lost. Their effect was probably heightened by the contrast of what then seemed, and seems not much less now, the heartlessness of another to whom I had casually mentioned our plans; first warmly approving the project, he added; "But B., you are now undertaking a thing which will make every bone in your body crack before you have done with it." When, a few days later, he published, with a fling, what I had committed to him in confidence, and when, from time to time subsequently, his *kindly* notices have been repeated, I have fancied my gentle monitor feared his bones-cracking prognostic would not be fulfilled without his help.

It was more than a mere hour's talk that Dr. Wayland gave to the subject. For most of two days he continued the discussion of the merits and demerits of our project, examining the statistics of population of the states and territories of the North-west, the number and condition of the colleges, and especially the condition and prospects of Chicago, then rapidly rising into notice; and also the whole question of the work and influence of colleges, particularly as a means of religious advancement. To listen thus to one who had recently closed his career as one of the most, if not the most, distinguished of American college presidents, was to me of no common interest, the more so, as the judgments matured in Dr. Wayland's long experience and deep study of all that pertains to colleges, had intimate relations to questions of personal duty, at that moment of deepest concern to me.

Very little of the conversation would be proper to repeat here, and I may only say what, in view of the splendid career of Dr. Wayland as the head of Brown University for more than a quarter of a century, will sound strange; that all his official experiences had not been pleasant, or such as to command his unqualified confidence in the American college system. The plans, in which he had simply anticipated, by twenty-five years, what Harvard is just now attempting—the breaking up of the old conventionalism, and the widening of the scope of the college to meet the practical wants of the people, had just then been abandoned, and Brown had "returned to its idols," much to his chagrin. He also deprecated the growth of German ideas of college discipline, and expressed amazement that christian men, especially christian students, should desire relaxation in favor of those who would introduce the licentiousness of German student-life into our colleges. On the whole, he doubted whether a man consecrated to the ministry of Christ, had a right to turn from his calling, for a position in a college; and sorrowfully expressed a doubt whether he had done as much for the honor of God, as he would, had he adhered strictly to ministerial work. "But," he added, as the

sum and conclusion of all he had said, "the surest way to the right determination of all questions like this, is to go directly to our Heavenly Father for His guidance, and I believe that no one who really and in faith asks God for light, ever fails to receive it." No one witnessing the deep and calm assurance with which this sentiment was uttered, would fail to be impressed that therein was disclosed the mainspring of that noble life. How in contrast that reverent, unquestioning faith of the great man, to the flippant, self-sufficiency which, just now, in the name of science, would forbid prayer, and thrust God beyond human reach!

An important result of this interview was the gaining from Dr. Wayland not only assurances of his confidence in our enterprise, but considerable encouragement, that he would give to it personal aid, at least to the extent of an annual course of lectures, and counsel in the work of organization. Acting on this encouragement, the Trustees, on my nomination, in June, 1857, elected him the first President of the University, with a Vice-President to act in his absence. This measure was commonly construed, in quarters unfriendly to the college, as a mere "paper expedient" for giving *eclat* to the new scheme; but in fact the Trustees acted in good faith, on Dr. Wayland's expressed consent, and they sincerely hoped that the University would go into operation supported by his reputation, and aided by his experience. He, however, declined the Presidency, on the ground of the growing infirmities of age, but in doing so expressed his hearty interest in the enterprise, and proffered such assistance as he could render. As a Trustee, though he was never able to meet the Board, his counsels, communicated by letter, were of great value. His death occurred in 1865. An able biography of him, prepared by his sons, Rev. H. L. Wayland, now editor of the National Baptist, and Lieut. Governor Francis Wayland, of Connecticut, presents a record of a life, which, though "a root out of dry ground" to such journals as the *Nation*, whose savage review of the book on its appearance, only showed that the writer was dealing with a subject above his comprehension, no young man can come in contact with without feeling the inspirations of what is earnest and unselfish in motive and grand in character.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MAN.

THE death of Napoleon III is one of the events of the present century. The man died at Chiselhurst, the emperor at Sedan. His rise, his career and his downfall are the vivid circumstances of the hour. The romance and the realities of his life at once fascinate and repel us. No man since the day of Fouché had his capacity for vigorous organization in the dark; he hated the light.

The greatness of his fall, and the recollection of imaginary virtues, have won the sympathy of the world. The press on both sides of the Atlantic is mourning his dissolution, and pronouncing eulogiums on his life. We fear the tendency of the age is to whiten the black spots on men's fame, to elevate conspirators to the dignity of statesmen, and to palliate the crimes of public men. The outlaws of history have been changed into gentlemen, and the historian no longer pictures

them to us as they were, but as they ought to have been. Is it not possible to find some reason for this distorted view of men in the careless veneration we have for honor, for plighted faith?

We feel a keen delicacy in thus speaking of the dead; and were it not for the dangerous influence of such panegyrics, we should hesitate to throw our humble strength in the other scale. But we owe a duty to the living equally imperative. When men, who mould the popular thought of the day endeavor to wipe the blood stains off Napoleon's reign, and to gloss a series of events that occurred amid the execrations of the world, we hold it not only a right, but a solemn duty to weigh the character of the emperor and the man. If we speak strongly, it is because such subjects demand it.

What did he do for the advancement of France that France has not done for herself, whoever happened to be the man on the throne? No revolution in that unhappy country has materially checked her triumphant progress in science, art and literature. Some of her noblest contributors to the stock of human learning were born in the white heat of these civil strifes, and flourished because a Frenchman never confines his knowledge to his own soil. Learning made great strides, not through the emperor's help, but despite his secret opposition. In time of peace, it is asserted, he was the best ruler France has had for half a century.

By what other criterion but the criterion of success shall we estimate a ruler's capacity for government, and the strength of his administration? And measured by this, where in all modern history will you find a parallel to the internal weakness of the Napoleonic empire. To-day he is pitied, but who upbraided him more than this same press, when the Prussian eagles crossed the border, and what appeared a powerful empire fell, almost before every quarter of the globe knew there was a struggle on the Rhine? If he accomplished so much for the material prosperity of France, why do not his panegyrists point to the proof?

To bestow praise is an easy and pleasant task, but to furnish ample reasons for doing so is of a wholly different nature. Notwithstanding these laudations, inexorable history must record the fact that when the time came to measure the merit of his system, and to test the strength of the empire, it was found to be a rotten and worthless concern. The gaudy bubble burst and these men were its severest censurers.

Nor will it do to shoulder the responsibility of the humiliating disasters of the Franco-Prussian war on under-officers and ministers. Napoleon's despotic nature could brook no man of energy and decision. He became his own minister in every department of importance. The figure-heads gathered material and the emperor drew his own conclusions. He too was the chief of the army. He felt, if he did not say, "I am the state."

Men who did not subscribe to the Cæsarism of the time were driven from the public service. The civil and military were made up of weak and incompetent officers—the creatures of the empire. Napoleon clothed them with authority, and to-day many of them are on trial for the charge we make against them.

We grant that the people of France, for a short period, were prosperous, and their commerce flourished at home and abroad. A shallow observer might have mistaken this for substantial progress, but there were men in and out of France who knew that the empire was rotten at the heart. This tranquillity was but the slumbering of the pent-up elements, which burst forth with such awful fury, when they could no longer be controlled. The world exclaimed, and exclaimed truly, that the Commune was the fruit of Napoleon's despotism, and history must hold him responsible for the horrors of that brief but heart-sickening period.

Just here let us remark, that it is the fashion to-day to charge these outbursts of passion to the mercurial nature of the Gaul. This is manifestly unjust. The careful student must have long since discovered that they sprang from the selfish and debauched character of Gallic rulers. Point us, if you can, to any monarch of France whose reign closed in bloodshed, and who was not mastered by these elements.

To feel convinced that he rarely had the interest of the people at heart, we need only examine how he tickled their fancies, and deceived their understandings. As a civil ruler his capacity was beyond that of the average monarch; and had he sought the true advancement of France, instead of dazzling her with magnificent pageants and giving imperial sanction to ruinous extravagance, he might have warded off the blow from which the country can not recover for a quarter of a century. Napoleon III had ambition; so had his uncle. Both were dangerous men, but how unlike! Can the world ever forget murdered Maximilian or mad Charlotte?

We have but touched upon the public career of the emperor. We shall not dig up the men that were murdered in the streets of Paris. He must meet them face to face, before a higher tribunal. But what was the character of the man? The few thoughtful statesmen of France, prophesied with terrible exactness the beginning and the end of the Napoleonic dynasty. They knew the man, and foretold the emperor. It is a hard but true judgment in which the world declares that he never thought but he plotted, never spoke but he lied. Deception was his master passion; he never was what he seemed to be. He was masked when Miss Howard mistook him for a policeman, and doubly so when he swore to maintain the republic. Unscrupulous and heartless, he hesitated at no crime if it strengthened the sole thought of his existence—the French throne. To accomplish his *coup d'etat* he violated a solemn oath, and to keep the stolen crown on his head, he banished genius and manly independence from the court and the public walks of life. He was an astute judge of character, and could with accuracy feel the pulse of the whole nation. He knew when it was feverish, and hence, during his whole career, no outburst of popular indignation found him unprepared to administer the Napoleonic remedy—the bayonet. He studied the French people with the same eagerness that a jailor does his dangerous prisoners, and even before he mounted the throne, concluded that Paris was France and France was Paris. There can be no question that he was a man of expedients, and a bold and crafty conspirator. He never rose above that character. Like most rulers who believe that

nations cannot govern themselves, he hated the men who instructed and sympathized with the masses. During the whole of his eventful reign, he was more dangerous than useful to the people he ruled. Look at him in whatever light you will, as a ruler or a man, scrutinize every event of his life, from the first abortive attempt on the throne, to the last effort to save it; bring back to your mind the *coup d'etat* and the violated oaths, and then tell us is there one word of sympathy, one word of admiration that should be pronounced in behalf of Napoleon III?

TULLY.

PERSONAL.

J. S. MABIE, '62, wrote us a pleasant letter the other day from Rock Island, for which he has our thanks.

EDSON S. BASTIN, '67, has an Indian agency, and is now on the plains in the far West.

ELON N. LEE, '68, has retired from the lumber business, and is now living at Delavan, Wis.

A. B. HOSTETTER, '68, is living at Mt. Carroll, Ill., and is carrying on an extensive stock farm.

E. P. SAVAGE, '68, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Beloit, Wis. We thank Mr. Savage for his good opinion of THE VOLANTE, and hope to hear from him again soon.

GEO. H. HURLBUT, '69, has been engaged in surveying on the line of the new Chicago and Pacific R. R.

ROBERT LESLIE, '69, gave us a kind word not long since. We hope to give our readers an article from his pen soon.

WILSON WHITNEY, '71, has resigned his charge at Rockton, Ill., and is teaching school at Washburn.

PRETTYMAN, '72, has taken unto himself a pretty woman.

E. H. MOTT, once of '72, after a year and a half spent in Missouri, locating railroads and transacting other business connected with his profession, has returned to Chicago, and is Assistant Engineer of the Chicago & Alton R. R. His office is 2 and 4 West Van Buren street.

BOOTH and WILSON, '72, paid us a flying visit a day or two ago. As jolly and good looking as ever. Booth has the position of clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the Illinois Legislature, and Wilson is knee-deep in Blackstone, but not "stuck."

We learn that CHARLIE WILSON, '73, whose departure we mourned long ago, is one of the editors of the *Chronicle*. This accounts, in a good part, for its being such a sterling sheet.

PITT DILLINGHAM, of '73, graduates with '73 at Dartmouth.

EDDIE HUDNUTT, '73, is at Rochester, N. Y., and not at Hamilton, as was announced in November.

SCHINDROW, '73, being disgusted with Chicago, proposes to emigrate to the more genial climate of California.

T. J. HAY, '74, called on us last week to shake hands and say good-bye. He was just starting for San Francisco.

W. F. HILLMAN, '74, spent the first term of his unior year at Ripon College. He is at present tenor soloist of the "Linconian Troupe." All who remember Hillman as a member of the college choir, will know that he *must* succeed as tenor soloist.

AT HOME.

ONE of the city papers, in advertising our course of study for the present term, assigns to the Greek professor, besides the regular instruction in his department, *Geology, Mineralogy* and *PLUTO!* We wait with lively expectation to see what class will have the benefit of the last named study. We suppose it must be that pet class, the "sub preps," which meets in Tartarus.

The following is perhaps apropos to the above: The same professor not long ago, in a Review article, had occasion to translate a phrase in the Antigone. The rendering was, "The unwearied months of the gods." It appeared in print, "The unwearied MOUTHS of the gods."

Again, an article from the same professor appeared recently in the *Illinois Teacher*, in which he spoke of the *curriculum* in American colleges. The article was correctly printed, as is usual in *The Teacher*, but in a reprint in another journal, the professor was represented as speaking of the *CIRCULUM* in American colleges!

Another and still more cruel trick was played a few weeks ago on the same unhappy victim. In acknowledging the receipt of Holmes's edition of the "Oration on the Crown," the professor expressed his pleasure that the text of the *codex Sigma* had been adopted. Judge of his consternation, on receiving a circular from the American publisher, to find it printed *codex SINIATICUS* (sic!)

The professor is reported to have groaned inwardly, and to have exclaimed, "O that mine enemy had written a book," and had it printed!

THE wife of one of our most punctual and genial professors frequently tells him that if he were on his way to heaven, he would stop to hear a recitation.

THE Professor of Natural Sciences has returned, and is now engaged in "precipitating" the juniors into chemistry.

They are to be congratulated.(?)

A FRESHMAN aiming for the ministry, is writing *dime novels* to pay his way through college.

EVERYBODY is glad to see Prof. Freeman up and at his work again. His pleasant smile lights up the "regions below," and his vigorous manner keeps the bubbling youths of the city from boiling over.

BUMP-LOGY was discussed the other day, in moral philosophy, to the great disparagement of the bumps.

Scene: Old Camp Douglas. Thermometer ten degrees below zero. Wind blowing great guns. Young lady in the centre, walking rapidly through snow a foot deep.

Senior, (to his chum.)—"See there! That's spirit for you."

Chum.—"No, chum; it's only flesh and blood."

It is fortunate for the seniors and juniors that this is not a mixed school. In that case it might make the modest maiden and bashful youth, sitting next to each other, color slightly, when Dr. Pattison, in his lecture on "The Feelings," cries out, when he comes to a new paragraph, "Let (her) ter b."

IN room—dwell a band of jolly boys. Occasionally they go to bed early (in the morning). Professor—whose room is just beneath theirs, was greatly disturbed, a few nights ago—in fact he could not sleep at all. There's a firm knock at the door. A death-like stillness prevails. Cards, cigars and peanuts are vanishing through the air.

"Come in!"

"Good evening, Professor."

"Good evening, gentlemen. I am sorry to be compelled to visit you at this hour, but when you wish to see me, you need not come through the ceiling; there is a door to my room."

THE seniors have a *penchant* for Evanston. For a long while it was thought, both here and in that suburb, that the Northwestern was the object of their earnest thoughts and weekly peregrinations. Latterly we have learned that we were all mistaken. Our mistake is, we trust, an excusable one; it grew out of the fact that the Ladies' College is in the same village. If a senior takes an occasional holiday hereafter, let him not be subject to suspicion.

IN these days when freshmen feel their faces as frequently and as longingly as the little girl in the story lifted her setting hen from the nest "to see whether they had come yet," it is appropriate that we quote from *Our Mutual Friend* a few words which graphically describe scenes of daily occurrence in the class-room and elsewhere: "While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging along the whole scale from confidence to despair. There were times when he started, as exclaiming, 'By Jupiter, here it is at last!' There were other times when, being equally depressed, he would be seen to shake his head, and give up hope. To see him at those periods, leaning on a chimney-piece, like as on an urn containing the ashes of his ambition, with the cheek that would not sprout upon the hand on which that cheek had forced conviction, was a distressing sight."

A PROMINENT journal of this city pays a flattering and well merited compliment to our esteemed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Dr. Dexter. Among other things, it says:

"We have been intimately acquainted with Dr. D. and his practice for the past fifteen years, and knowing him to be a thorough scholar, a perfect gentleman, and one of the best practitioners in the North-west, it gives us pleasure to see him occupying so important a position in one of the best educational institutes of the country. He always takes great interest in any work he undertakes, and the University could not have made a better selection for its department of Natural Science than in the addition of the doctor to its able corps of professors. He is a gentleman thoroughly endowed with sterling integrity, moral worth and scientific and professional attainments, accompanied with a large amount of vivacity and enterprise."

AN exceedingly interesting and profitable course of lectures is being delivered before the senior and junior classes, on the History of Philosophy, by Dr. Joseph Haven, author of "Haven's mental philosophy." After giving a brief synopsis of the earliest attempts at philosophy, the doctor, in a pungent, pointed, witty style, came to the more modern phase of the subject. In his hands, this antiquated lore puts off the dry and musty form which it assumes in nearly all the books written upon it. Under Dr. Haven's tuition we get the best thoughts of the best thinkers from Pythagoras to the present time.

THE February number of *The Lakeside* will contain a brief but clear and well written article by J. W. Larimore, giving a history of our University from its beginning. After so many reflections have been cast upon the school and its managers by malignant meddlers, it is exceedingly gratifying to hear a competent person discourse upon its merits and present the facts in relation to it. A cut of the building is given, and personal mention made of most of our professors. The writer quotes from the December *VOLANTE* a portion of Dr. Burroughs' article on Senator Douglas. Our president is spoken of in the highest terms, and the citizens of Chicago are apprised of a fact which some of the city papers once tried to make them doubt, namely, that they have in their midst an institution of learning of the very first class. An article will appear in the same issue from the pen of Nathan Sheppard, our popular professor of elocution, on "The Causes of Friction between England and the United States," in which the professor speaks of things whereof he knows.

EXCHANGES.

It is not a want of appreciation that has kept us from giving a general review of our exchanges. They have all undergone a thorough perusal in our sanctum, and something of interest has been gleaned from each. But a very few can be mentioned in this issue. Here is the way they look through our spectacles:

The Tripod is our nearest neighbor, and is awaited each month with eagerness. In external appearance and the treatment of its subjects it is *sui generis*. The variety of its departments and the vigor of its articles make it interesting not only to its home readers, but to persons of literary tastes everywhere.

The Harvard Advocate sets up its thoughts in neater type than does any one of its contemporaries. With its peculiar ideas we can not always agree. Its self-assurance is amazing. Its flings at religion reflect the sentiments of the University from which it comes.

The University Reporter, of Iowa University, looks as substantial and newsy as a widely circulated secular weekly. Its home news is full, realizing our idea of a college paper, and its miscellaneous matter is, for the most part, well chosen.

Madisonensis has a good appearance, and systematically arranged departments. The December number excels its prede-

cessors in that it is more varied and less solid. Being sustained by students, alumni and professors, it will continue what it now is — a success.

The Chronicle has an undergraduate Oliver Wendell Holmes "At the Supper Table." He presides quite gracefully. The editorials are on a variety of subjects, not all local, as is the case with some of our exchanges.

The College Argus is trim and neat. It devotes its whole space to college matters, at home and elsewhere, in a practical, readable way. It knows what are proper themes for a college journal.

The Dartmouth manifests a spirit widely different from that of some of the publications emanating from Harvard and Yale. It recognizes the fact that other people have a right to their opinions, and does not insinuate that all knowledge must come from Dartmouth, or be spurious. None of our exchanges pleases us more than this handsome index of genuine culture.

The University Herald is one of the best appearing papers, externally, on our table, and its editors write as though they were veterans. Its praises ring from the Atlantic to the Pacific and they are all deserved.

The College Journal publishes a number of freshman essays (supposed to be), with the titles, "Memory," "Alcibiades," etc. Otherwise it is an interesting paper.

The Cornell Era evinces the proper journalistic spirit in its treatment of educational matters. Its remarks are seldom trite.

The Acorn has for its motto: "Tall oaks from little acorns grow." Better hurry up, or you will not fulfil your destiny.

The College Herald, of Lewisburg, Pa., has a corps of sensible, practical editors. It avoids the extremes which are so detrimental to some college journals. It is not wholly local, nor given to writing flowery essays.

The Vassar Miscellany is what we have been trying to speak of all along, but could not find the words. Despite their transformation into metal types we detect a woman's thoughts, sparkling, brilliant, and sometimes a little sarcastic. A late number opens with an article on "The Destiny of Man." The subject becomes of special interest to every student whose destiny may be identified with that of some fair daughter of Vassar.

The Denison Collegian is an evidence of the prosperity and culture of Denison University. Some of its articles will bear a second perusal.

The Scholastic is published weekly, but would be much stronger if issued monthly. There is enough talent at Notre Dame to produce a sterling publication.

Whenever *The Courant* and *Record* can cease abusing each other, we find them spicy, interesting and instructive. We suggest to the editors, that when they are unable to restrain their temper and the choice language in which they vent it, they publish an edition, expressive of their feelings, for private circulation.

College Days is a new exchange, and withal a fair sheet. It

has made a good beginning, though, (perhaps unconsciously,) it has adopted the name of a college paper published at Ripon, Wisconsin.

The Mercury is an honor to Racine. Genial, lively and sensible, it need fear no rival.

Qui Vive is n't as spicy as it used to be.

We admire the *Williams Vidette*, because it offers its readers thoughtful, piquant and well digested matter, printed on clear and substantial paper. In its external appearance it certainly surpasses all of our other exchanges.

The Beloit College Monthly, though not so pretentious as some of its Eastern contemporaries, is always welcome to our table. We rarely fail to find something of interest between its covers.

The Orient belongs to that fortunate class of college organs of which it is difficult to say anything good or bad. It's so so.

The Brunonian is the most interesting of the college magazines that have reached us for January. The author of "Black and White Studies" is a keen observer, and tells what he knows in a clear and instructive way. We always give *Brunonian* a hearty welcome.

ABROAD.

Nor ten thousand miles from this institution resides a professor who is noted for his eccentricity. He is so absent minded that he frequently forgets to put on a clean shirt, and the fact that his linen is usually above par is wholly due to his tidy wife. Going east on a short visit, and fearing that the professor would think more of right angles than white shirts, she laid out seven of these linen ornaments — one for each day she was to be absent. "Now, John" says she, "will you promise to put on one of these each day while I am absent?" "Certainly, my dear," he replied. The wife, radiant with joy, made her visit, and returned. Upon examination, to her great delight, she found the shirts had been worn. The professor had put on one each day, as he had promised. But where were the shirts the professor had worn? Mrs. John hunted from the cellar to the garret, but in vain. All John knew was that he had put one on each day. "I did just as you asked me, and just as I promised," said he, absorbed in a problem of the sky. That night, as John took off his great coat his wife exclaimed: "Why John, how fat you have grown since I have been away!" She felt his arm. "Dear me, John," said she, convulsed with laughter, "if you have n't every one of those seven shirts on your back!"

THE authorities of Harvard have under contemplation an important change, by which attendance upon the recitations will not be compulsory. The examinations will be as stringent as ever, and the responsibility of neglect to attend the recitations will rest upon the student, and the penalty will come in the loss of degrees. With this change will come the substitution of lectures for recitations. The experiment will probably shortly be tried upon the present senior class. The abolition of morning prayers is also contemplated. A change will be made in the

annual catalogue; and, in addition to what has hitherto been embraced in it, some of the early history of Harvard, the provisions relating to the course of study, etc., and the examination papers of the last year will be included in the volume being entitled the "Harvard University Calendar."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following notice of the junior exhibition at Beloit College, Dec. 17th, 1872:

A very elegantly engraved note of invitation, received a few days previous to the appointed time, was itself sufficient to secure the attendance of the person to whom it was addressed. The evening proved that these efforts had not been put forth in vain, for as large and fine a looking audience as any speaker could desire was assembled in the spacious church.

The exercises were, in the main, creditable. Had the young gentlemen, as a class, paid as much attention to the culture of the voice, as had evidently been given to gesture, the pleasure of listening to them would have been greatly enhanced.

The programme exhibited some of the features of what it is to be hoped are now rapidly departing, antiquated customs. There was a Latin, a Greek, a philosophical and a distinguished oration — so-called. Cicero's first requirement for an oration was "*Ut deceat*." When the classic tongues were the medium of communication, or, the almost universal acquirement of the intelligent, this custom complied with this rule, but at the present it violates it. The terms applied to the latter two were unhappily misnomers. Whatever the honor attached to these places in a college course, it is unfortunate for a young man to be announced to a miscellaneous audience so inappropriately.

The college is now moving on prosperously — the slight unpleasantness at the beginning of the term having entirely passed by.

WHENEVER a contemporary happens to mention the name of the Deity it throws the *Harvard Advocate* into spasms. We presume they have n't any where the *Advocate* hails from.

THE *Chronicle* calls the disorderly members of Ann Arbor law school, "our household donkeys." We have now learned where the legal jackasses of the country come from.—*Dartmouth*.

PROFESSOR HENRY C. DAY, of Yale, has purchased the *College Courant*, which he will edit hereafter, assisted by C. B. Dudley, '71, who had charge of the paper a year ago.

THE students of the Michigan University concluded not to pay Henry Ward Beecher \$1,000 for one lecture, seeing that said sum would purchase 20,000 glasses of beer and other brain making material.

THE cadets at the Naval Academy gave their annual ball on the 10th. It was pronounced a brilliant affair. Wonder whether the black cadet, Congers, was there; and whether he danced with Miss Nellie Grant and promenaded up and down the ball room with the matron of the White House on his arm.

PRINCETON has received \$1,000,000 in gifts since Dr. McCosh became its president.

OBERLIN COLLEGE has one thousand students.

THE mathematical works of Professor Loomis have been translated into Chinese. An exchange thinks it a pity that they were not printed in that language in the first place.

EVER since THE VOLANTE asked: "How does it happen that '73 is the best class in every college in the country?" we have looked in vain among our exchanges for a satisfactory reply and are compelled to conclude that it is peculiarly true only of the Chicago University. — *Williams Vidette*.

THOUGH the freshmen can not as yet be said to shine to any extent in local society, one youth's budding hopes have been blighted. Something in one of his notes caused the fair one to return the tender missive accompanied with a primary speller. — *Anherst Student*.

SCENE in junior recitation room: Professor, "Why should the testimony of a man witnessing an act through a window be invalidated!" "I don't know, sir." "On account of the intervening and imperfect medium of *glass*." "O, yes sir, and the same with spectacles." — *Brunonian*.

ISN'T it about time for the college papers to stop talking about the fourteen Roman Catholics that didn't graduate at Dartmouth College in the class of '72? There have n't been a baker's dozen Roman Catholics in Dartmouth College since the morning stars first sang together. Now let's hear nothing more about this thing. It's getting painful. — *Dartmouth*.

There, that is sensible!

I WOULD rather send my son to the most obscure college in the West, where he would have a few careful teachers instructing him from day to day, than the most distinguished college in the East, where he would seldom come into personal contact with his instructors, and be taught that everything was to depend on his appearance at a set of formal examinations. — *Dr. McCosh*.

NOT a few complaints have been made to us of the frequent chilliness of many of our college class-rooms. How far it is possible to remedy this evil we cannot say. It is certainly not pleasant to be obliged to sit still while one's toes are freezing, or to take notes with fingers too numbed to hold a pencil. — *Cap and Gown*.

O Columbia brethren, do they freeze you too? We of Chicago have petitioned again and again for a thaw, but old Boreas (or his local vicegerent) bids us keep our courage up till we reach the summit of Greenland's icy mountain. We have already worn out two pairs of gloves apiece in the lecture-room.

A HARDY youth remarked to us on Philalethean night: "Come out in the cars; sat down all the way, and two ladies stood. Suppose you think I wasn't as polite as I might have been. But you see, we New York men (O ye gods and little fishes!—he was about eighteen and a half), get used to it. Can't be so killin' polite always." We froze him with a glance, and nipped in the bud his blundering introduction to that very dull story every man makes a point of telling at Vassar, about some old maid of the sterner sex who told a woman in a street car, "if she believed in Woman's Rights, to stand up and enjoy 'em like a man." Please, don't tell that story again. It's so

well known here that it's positively harrowing. We remarked in a tone so icy that the youth actually slipped: "Poughkeepsie gentlemen still consider it necessary to offer a lady a seat." (!!) The next day, to our positive ecstasy, we were handed an official document from the superintendent of the Poughkeepsie street railroad, in which, among other offers to make the cars "flowery beds of ease," we read that "nothing but gentlemanly conduct would be allowed." Now, ill-bred New York men, come to Poughkeepsie if you dare, and sit down while a lady stands. — *Vassar Miscellany*.

WHAT degrees are you going to give the girls? Is a Miss of twenty to become a Bachelor as soon as she graduates, or is she to be donned an old Maid of Science, or, if married, a Madam of Arts, or, perchance a widow, is she to be Relict of Philosophy? — *Cornell Era*.

THE remark of the Professor of History in urging the importance of "legatine authority" had the effect of sending one man to the Black Crook, in order, as he said, that he "might become good legatine authority." — *Brunonian*.

THE class in logic have been trying to find out where the fallacy lies in the following: "Necessity is the mother of invention, and a steam-engine is an invention." Therefore, bread is the mother of the steam-engine. — *College Days*.

SCENE in sophomore recitation room: Instructor, "What is the reason that no heat comes from that register?" "Please sir, Mr. ———'s foot covers it!" And this from the class which accounted for their being vanquished in foot-ball on the ground that their adversaries had larger feet! — *Brunonian*.

A WESTERN paper tells us of the Yale School of Journalism with sixty students. News to us. We have no acquaintance with any such institution. — *Yale Courant*.

A STUDENT's washwoman, new at the business, finding, in a lot of his soiled linen, a shirt opening at the back, sewed it up, cut open the bosom and sewed on buttons, to the intense disgust of her youthful patron. — *Yale Record*.

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WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the name of Dr. E. O. Boone, whose advertisement appears in another column. The Dr. is a graduate of Cornell, and is an accomplished gentleman, as well as a skillful dentist, which we found by actual experience. We bespeak for Dr. Boone the patronage of all the students.