

THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME II.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1873.

No. 5.

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FEES REASONABLE.

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EDITORS:
OLIVER C. WELLER, '73. EDWARD OLSON, '73.
JACOB NEWMAN, '73.
PUBLISHERS:
GEORGE SUTHERLAND, '74. REUBEN G. BUSH, '75.
J. EDWIN RHODES, '76.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$1.50. Single copy, 20 cents.

Address all Communications, "THE VOLANTE," University of Chicago.

EDITORIALS.

A PROJECT is on foot to establish a female college in connection with Chicago University. The subject was discussed on Tuesday evening, in a meeting called for the purpose, at the residence of Dr. J. C. Burroughs. Senator Doolittle, Mrs. Doggett, and others, spoke very favorably of the project. Mrs. W. E. Doggett, Mrs. H. O. Stone, Mrs. Fernando Jones, Mrs. L. Wilson, Mrs. H. L. Seevis, Mrs. Jesse B. Thomas, Mrs. J. C. Burroughs, and Mrs. Dr. Mathews were appointed a committee to investigate the subject further and report at a subsequent meeting. The attempt will be made to raise at least \$100,000 for the project—\$50,000 for the building and \$50,000 for the first endowment.—*Inter-Ocean.*

We quote this paragraph as a remarkable bit of information for a host of persons. Our *alumni*, and others who are interested in us, will read it with a kind of wonder. Other college journals from all sections have been discussing coeducation for quite a while, but we have been silent. It is a subject that we did not think concerned us in the least. We did not imagine that a ladies' department in our University was among the possibilities. At least none of us expected that the friends of the college would broach the subject in the early future. But in the light of this recent meeting we must enter into the debate, so far as it pertains to us.

We are at a loss whether to treat it seriously or not. So long as the departments already existing are, some of them, cramped and imperfect from a lack of money, we can scarcely see where the \$100,000 is to come from. If we did not know that some of the chairs are filled at hazard by irregular professors; if it were not a fact that the north wing is still "on paper;" if the *campus* were fenced, and the walks repaired, we might enter into this new project with enthusiasm. There may be some sanguine individuals who believe that a multitude of new

friends will flock to our support. Possibly there are in this city of Chicago numerous millionaires pledged to woman suffrage and all its consequences, who have thousands for a mixed school, but not a cent for the University of to-day. If there are such there is no longer room for jesting; a ladies' college we shall have. We suspect, however, that few of the present undergraduates will remain long enough to testify to the success or failure of the new system.

Yet we believe that the signs of the times are that, eventually, no first-class institution of learning will be established exclusively for either sex. It is news to us that any considerable number of those who hold the reins of the University favor the admission of ladies. Were it left to the students themselves many would vote against it. In our opinion, no valid argument has ever been adduced against giving our sisters as thorough an education as we are presumed to acquire ourselves. Were this the place and time to discuss the subject, we could mention a column of reasons why it is unjust to teach logic and mathematics to one-half the human family, and painting and music to the other half. We await the report of the committee with a great deal of interest, though we can scarcely say hopefully.

WE hold it to be one of the chief advantages which our University has over others of an equally high standard, that it is situated in a large city. There are many points of difference between a country and a city school, and the difference is in favor of the city. It is true that we are not an element in society, while the rural college forms the chief attraction of the place. Our little speeches and our modest names seldom find their way to the printers, while on the other hand a weekly correspondence is kept up between every country academy and the city papers. These things are not pleasing to our vanity if we seek notoriety. But whatever advantage a practical man has over a theorist; whatever good may be gained from observation and example, from witnessing how men build up success or failure—that advantage is ours. Here we are *in medias res*, where all the agencies of social, political, and business life wage their fierce battles, and where fortunes and reputations are the sport of the wind. To grow up, with the mental faculties constantly training in the parade ground of the school, and allowed to give an occasional hour to witnessing the actual encounters of bulls

and bears on 'Change, is to have the only true education. If any spend all their time in conning formulæ and writing Greek, they are neglecting the better half of their requirements. There are times when books want to be closed, and when a half day's loitering among the shops and offices of Lake street gives one the prospect of more brains in his head and more money in his pocket, than a week of book knowledge. What the student wants most of all is to keep his eyes open, whether in the classroom, the street-car, or the court-room. Familiarity with the forms of Greek roots gives one a knowledge of the language, and familiarity with the ways of the world, fits one to graduate from theory to business. Of all the places where colleges are established, a city like Chicago is the best, and when time and a discriminating public shall give us the money and the men, the apparatus, museums and libraries collected at Berlin, no other university in the world can surpass ours.

ONE of the most marked evidences of progress and good sense in our educational system in this country is the prominence which the modern languages, especially the French and the German, have acquired in the curriculum of our best institutions of learning. We do not propose to enter into any discussion as to the relative merits of the ancient and modern languages as a means of mental discipline. There is no desire to supplant the Greek and Latin classics which the universal verdict of centuries has pronounced essential to the highest mental development and culture. But while these still retain their important place in the system of higher education, the time has come when no college should presume to send a young man forth into the world, as educated, until it has placed within his reach the keys by which he can unlock for himself the rich treasure-houses of French and German thought. It is a matter of congratulation that the stubborn conservatism which would keep a person overwhelmed in dead languages through his whole college course, because it is the "good old way," is at last giving way to the more utilitarian notions of a true education, that of combining the highest mental discipline with the acquisition of useful knowledge. We think it will be generally admitted, that in the best colleges, where the most thorough preparation is required for admission, the majority of students make little, or no, progress in acquiring the principles of the Latin and Greek languages after the sophomore year. They may, indeed, become acquainted with a greater number of authors, as they go on with their classics; but as to a real knowledge of these languages, of their grammatical and rhetorical rules, very few pretend to learn much during the last two years in college.

Why, then, could not both Latin and Greek, at the end of the sophomore year, give place to the modern lan-

guages? We think there is little to lose and much to be gained by such an innovation. The desired "mental drill" is evidently acquired while learning the elements and structure of a language. But, as it has already been remarked, in the case of Latin and Greek, this is generally accomplished, if accomplished at all, before the student completes his second year in college. After that time the grammar is generally laid aside, and a good translation is, in most cases, all that is thought of as a preparation for the class-room. Now, if at this point modern languages are introduced, a new interest is at once created. The junior or senior again takes up his grammar and lexicon prepared for new achievements; and as an additional inducement to most thorough application to his task comes the feeling that he is now engaged in acquiring something which will be of practical use to him almost every day of his life.

There was a time when it was considered simply an *accomplishment* to be able to read and converse in the languages of France and Germany. This has now become almost a *necessity* with every one who wishes to exert a leading influence in the intellectual, political and religious movements of the age. The tendency of the time is manifestly towards a more extended intercourse, and a closer community of interests, between the leading nations of the world. But it is only as people learn each other's language, and through the language, each other's customs, thoughts and feelings, that they can be brought into the fullest sympathy with each other, and be led to act upon the principles of the universal brotherhood of man, a full recognition of which will be the grand triumph of civilization.

From many such considerations no person who would be thought educated, and who would be "up with the times," as the saying is, can afford to neglect the study of modern languages. We are therefore happy that the authorities of the University of Chicago, showing themselves to be in this, as, we are proud to say, in most other particulars, the representatives of progressive ideas, have made French and German required studies during the junior and senior years, respectively. And, judging from the enthusiasm which is displayed in these departments, there is reason to believe that the wisdom of this measure will be fully vindicated.

WHEN such men as Presidents McCosh and Eliot feel called upon to discuss the question whether or not it is best for students to attend upon a series of recitations in the study pursued, there must be something to say on both sides. There are those who, accustomed to the good old way, believe the beaten track the only proper one. There are those, again, who heartily endorse nothing unless it is an innovation. We would not too highly venerate the past, but we can not but believe that to dispense with recitations would be to undermine the distinctive

idea of a college or university. If one need not recite, where is the advantage of being enrolled a member of a school? Students are generally poor. Would it not be better for them to pore over their books at home, and save expense? It is difficult to see how Harvard's future *alumni* can rise up and call her blessed, if she carries out her present plans. There are two benefits derived from attendance upon recitations which are of paramount value. First, the actual assistance and information given by the teacher cannot be gained by private study in twice the time. But, most of all, the influence of the different members of the class upon each other in promoting study, and securing a spirit of emulation, cannot be equalled in any other way whatever. Just now the arguments seem to be all on one side, but if the friends of the new order of things can offer sufficient reasons for a change, we are not disposed to rank ourselves with the old fogies.

HERE is a paragraph that is written for every man who proposes to have his name appear in the catalogue for 1872-3. A popular magazine spoke of THE VOLANTE, a few months ago, as "the organ of the University of Chicago." Webster says an "organ" is a medium of communication." We have tried to say, time and again, that our columns are open to every one who has anything to say about us as a school or about our work. What are we to understand from the fact that no one cares to write unless repeatedly solicited? Are we to infer that you consider the paper unworthy of your notice? If so, *make its power known* by means of your own goose-quill. Give us items of local news; send us facts about our *alumni*; speak a word in behalf of the paper among your friends. Or does this plentiful lack of communications signify that you regard the editors perfectly competent to shoulder the whole responsibility, and able to publish unassisted a college newspaper in very fact? If this last be your meaning, we are deeply touched by this universal recognition of our abilities, still we should be happier and more grateful if your tacit commendation were accompanied by a column of "pithy points." If the paper is not what it might be, we lay the blame at the feet of every student who keeps to himself all the good things he hears. Write for us, all ye literary aspirants. Here is the stepping-stone to a world-wide reputation in the field of letters. And once again we say, *write*, WRITE.

SELF-CONCEIT seems to flourish in some colleges. A college journal of very great pretensions and no small ability, is astonished at the profound stupidity of its contemporaries in wasting so much of their valuable space in book reviews, etc. In our stupidity we cannot precisely see why a student-editor has not as good a right, and is not just as competent, to express *his opinion* in regard to the merits of a book which he may have read, and

which he likes, or dislikes, as the case may be, as to give his views in regard to any other subject which interests him, be it more or less profound, be it "base ball," "co-education," or "compulsory religion." This same journal, (if our memory is good,) some time ago thought it a matter of doubtful benefit to place college exchanges in the reading-room, where they might be read by any one weak enough to do so. Those editors will certainly not die of excessive appreciation.

WE learn that two members of the University are suspended for doing the most natural thing in the world, viz: dancing in Jones' Hall when some one was fiddling. We trust nothing serious will result from the little frolic the boys had on last Friday night, since, we feel certain, they did not wish or intend to disturb the faculty meeting. The college officers will be wise if they let it drop now. Half of Jones' Hall would be too many students to lose at one time, for they surely will not expel one unless they do all.

WE would most earnestly invite all our *alumni* friends to read the following communication from Mr. Henry A. Gardner, Jr., which we take the liberty to publish; because it states in such an excellent manner some things which we would have all, whom it may concern, reflect upon. Let all do likewise: subscribe for THE VOLANTE; write to us, tell us where you are and what you are doing, and we will in turn volunteer the information for your interested friends and classmates in other parts of the country.

CHICAGO, Feb. 17th, 1873.

EDITORS VOLANTE:—The receipt one day last week of a copy of THE VOLANTE gave me great pleasure. The fact is, I never have quite understood why I was dropped from its list of subscribers, for I assure you *I don't owe a cent* to it, and have always been very prompt in paying. I might have attributed it to the fire which burned up my place of business with the rest of Chicago, only I have since been occupying quarters in a sufficiently public place to have been easily found out. Your idea of sending the paper out to the boys is a good one, and if you do not let them forget it they will all subscribe, at least, I can say that for my own classmates. The only trouble is that they neglect and then forget it. Keep them stirred up and they will subscribe. They all like to know about the rest of "our fellows," and the easiest and almost only way is through our college paper. The paper speaks enough for its own goodness, without my adding anything on that score. Please accept my sincere thanks.

Very truly yours,

HENRY A. GARDNER, JR.

LITERARY.

CHECKMATED.

Were you ever so ill fated
As in love to be checkmated
By a youth with half your brains, but twice your cheek?
Have you happened on her mother,
Or, still worse than that, Another,
When with Jessie and no other you would speak?

These are common woes, which rightly
Taken, grieve the heart but lightly,
And with other youthful follies are forgot;
But when years have made you older,
And your full-grown love is told her,
With a rival to behold her, then, is not—

As a rule—extremely pleasant,
Oftentimes, as in the present
Case, inducing fatal rupture and divorce,
Which results in the conclusion
That all women are delusion,
And the cause of much confusion and remorse.

He was five years in the twenties,
And unlicensed life had lent his
Rotund countenance a somewhat rosy hue;
She was young and fair and blooming,
Frank and free without presuming,
And coquettish, though assuming to be true.

Meeting in romantic fashion,
Each conceived an ardent passion
For the other, and betrayed it on the start;
Soon they found themselves revealing
Unsuspected depths of feeling,
Which before had been congealing in the heart.

As the winter weeks proceeded
Lover ne'er did more than he did
To convince her of his constancy, and prove
By assiduous devotion,
That she had no proper notion
Of the quite exhaustless ocean of his love.

Inexpressibly delighted
Speedy troth he would have plighted
But for one yet unrecited circumstance,
Which not only complicated,
But in truth it may be stated,
Most completely ruined every chance.

On a day in February,
Of approaching shock unwary,
He essayed his customary evening call;
But his fond anticipation
Quick was turned to consternation
By a whispered conversation in the hall.

'Twas her mother—not Miss Jessie—
That he met, and you may guess he
Did not readily appreciate the change;
At her primary expression
He was under the impression
She was making a digression rather strange:

But her next was very shocking,
Most effectually knocking
His prospective bliss to pie, and rousing ire;
Metaphorically speaking,
For his rival he was seeking,
In imagination wreaking vengeance dire

On the lover who had married
Jess before his eyes, and carried
Her to Cairo, while he tarried "in the cold!"
In reality, however,
He was making stout endeavor
To appear as if he never had been told.

Notwithstanding resolution,
Hope had suffered diminution
Which affected every fibre of his heart;
With a love put out, not chastened,
He assumed a painful face, and
On pretext of headache, hastened to depart.

By his sweetheart thus forsaken,
All his faith in girls was shaken,
While thus rudely to awaken wrung a tear;
But without regretful thinking,
He prevented hope from sinking
By assiduously drinking lager beer.

It would never do to end a
Tale like this, and not append a
Useful moral, which shall lend a warning note!
Mine, I readily confess is
This: Young men, beware of Jessies,
And from all the sex in dresses keep remote.

H. G.

BENEFACTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

WILLIAM JONES.

BY J. C. BURROUGHS, D. D.

CHICAGO has had few citizens of more original and strongly marked character than Wm. Jones. From his home in Buffalo, New York, so far back as 1829, he saw clearly the destiny of this city, before there was much here besides old Fort Dearborn, a miserable, swampy prairie and wretched bands of Indians. To transfer hither his little all, to make himself a part of the movement to create a city in the wilderness, and to stake his chances for life on the venture, was only to obey the promptings of the clear convictions and the bold enterprise, which were always characteristic of him.

The journeys of pilgrims to this shrine in those days, when only an occasional sloop made the circuit of the lakes and no regular stage line was established across Michigan, were often little less adventurous than those of the wandering hero of Virgil. Miss Harriet Martineau, about the time we are writing of, was beguiled all the way from England by the romance of the tour to this land of mystery. In a book which ought to be in Chicago libraries, but which is seldom seen, she has undertaken to celebrate the perils of the expedition, coming in wagons and returning by sloop. The objects of horror which she encountered were, it must be confessed, not Cyclops or Circe, but the (to her) not less terrible "land speculators,"

their profanity and their tobacco-spittle. Besides, she saw one wolf! This was on a memorable tour which she made to the "interior," that is, clear to Joliet, in returning from which mysterious *ultima thule*, the animal was distinctly seen running a race with the stage only a few rods distant. Old citizens of Chicago have assured me that it was a big dog, which some fellows—probably "land speculators"—had "trotted out," purposely for the occasion! The cur, at least, if not the perpetrators of the *sell*, received immortality at the hands of the distinguished English-woman.

Mr. Jones had his full share of the ordinary difficulties of reaching Chicago, and only achieved his object, if I remember rightly, after footing it from St. Joseph, where he had been promised a boat, but found none, around the head of Lake Michigan. Coming at that early day he had the advantages of the rapid expansion of the little trading post into the great emporium, but he shared also the reverses which are the regular discipline, through which cities, as well as men, rise from immaturity to settled character. It was, accordingly, only late in life that he began to be recognized as among the wealthy men of Chicago. His generosity to public interests fully kept pace with the growth of his fortune, so that it was only the suggestion of his own reputation, that he should be one of the first whose aid was sought when the University was projected. In fact he was the first man to make a subscription to the object, and the history of that subscription I almost think worth recording, especially as it was *unsolicited*. I invited Mr. Jones to join a small party of gentlemen who were about to go out with Mr. Douglas to see the grounds and to witness his acceptance of the survey. Characteristically remarking, "that he detested Mr. Douglas' politics, but did not care a farthing for that, so far as taking from him a good piece of land was concerned," he accepted the invitation. As the carriage drove up to his door, however, he inclined to reconsider the matter, suggesting that men who had money to give were the ones to go with that company; and even after his foot was on the step of the carriage he drew back and protested that it was unsuitable for him to go. "For," said he, "I have no money to give,—cannot give more than *a thousand dollars* at any rate, and will give that just the same as if I should go." That thousand dollars grew to about thirty thousand before Mr. Jones had done giving to the University. Besides money, he also gave, what was equally valuable, his personal attention to its affairs, superintendence of buildings, &c. His almost unlimited credit was also freely used for the benefit of the University, and it is not too much to say, that, but for his well-known responsibility, it would have been impossible, amid the financial disorder in which the crisis of 1857 had left the country, to build the south wing, and, as a consequence, the land would have reverted and there would be no University of Chicago to-day. For nearly ten years he was the Chairman of the Executive Board, and gave to the meetings and all the business of the Board his strictest attention; and after the paralysis, with which he was afflicted for the last four years of his life prevented him from going out, the monthly meetings were held at his room. For clear and independent judgment in matters of business he had few superiors. In manner he was sometimes

abrupt and imperious, but those who knew him best knew that under the brusque exterior was a just mind and a warm and generous heart. The portrait by Cogshall, in the reception room, is an excellent likeness of him.

At his death, in 1867, his youngest son, Louis C. Jones, a graduate of the class of 1865 was chosen to fill his place in the Board of Trustees. He, however, soon followed his father, cut down by consumption in 1869. Since then, the family is represented in the Board by the eldest son, Fernando Jones, Esq., while Col. K. K. Jones, of Quincy, Mr. Norcross, of Boston, a son-in-law, and other members of the family are among the most valued friends and benefactors of the University.

THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

BY W. W. EVERTS, JR., '67.

Just a century ago, in consequence of the action of the Catholic powers in expelling the order, Pope Clement XIV. dissolved the Society of Jesuits. Though it has not recovered its former political status, its power at Rome has at length overborne that of the College of Cardinals, swayed the Pope, and called and controlled an Œcumenical Council. As subsequent events have proved, much foresight was shown in calling the council three years ago. A rapid change had been passing over the face of Europe since the revolutions of '49, and especially since the close of the Franco-Austrian war ten years later. The long-scattered members of the Italian peninsula, in whose division the Papacy had found its only security, had united under Victor Emmanuel. Prominent among the results of the seven days' war between Prussia and Austria, in '66, were the disruption of the disgraceful Papal concordat by the Austrian Emperor, and the elevation of a Protestant, Count Beust, to the Premiership. By another week's work, Isabella, the last obedient servant of the Pope, was driven from the Spanish throne, monasteries were closed, and religion made free. Aroused by the ever-louder cries of the Italian populace of "On to Rome," by the ever-more threatening attitude of the Italian Parliament that was debarred from holding its sessions in the eternal city only by foreign soldiery, a soldiery that France had placed there without warrant and might withdraw without warning; alarmed by the imminent danger to the church on every hand, the Roman Catholic hierarchy was summoned from the ends of the earth to take counsel together. It was the 19th general council in as many centuries—a gathering of the dignitaries of the most ancient and wide-spread Christian church.

More than three centuries before the last council had met at Trent, to meet the issues of the Reformation, and the Council of the Vatican could review with satisfaction the long struggle with Protestantism. Neither national nor territorial gains had been made by her in Europe, while in the old East and new West the conflict was favorable to the Papacy. The Council of Trent numbered but half as many legates and represented but half of Europe, whereas the 700 Bishops that came with their countless retinue to Rome, crossed continents and oceans, sailed through the tropics and from the antipodes. Every race, hue, tongue, and costume found its representative. King's voice never penetrated further nor was more implicitly obeyed. Old Rome had not seen such splendor since the days of the crown-

ing of Charlemagne and the triumphs of Pompey. And yet this magnificence was purely ecclesiastical. No monarch, not even the French patron, was invited to the Council. They might not even sit and listen, for there were none that Rome—Rome that had humbled a Barbarossa, a Henry, and a John—could trust. By their exclusion, however, the weighty word, the separation of church and state, was spoken for the first time in the history of the church. There was one difficulty not experienced before, and that was in intercourse. Latin, though still the language of the mass, and somewhat familiar in the written service, is no longer, as it was even at the time of the Session of Trent, the common language of learning and law, of the library and the lecture-room. The difficulty of communication was heightened by the wretched acoustics of the hall of sessions, a barricaded wing of St. Peter's, with a ceiling 150 feet high. The canvass swung across half way to the roof could not remedy the defect. Add to all this, the arbitrary withdrawal of the reports of speeches from the scrutiny of the Bishops, and the prohibition of caucuses, it may readily be seen with what intelligence the proceedings were conducted. Such treatment of Bishops was without precedent, but accorded throughout with the strictly Jesuitical management of the Council. The Pope assumed the right, formerly unheard of, of appointing, without consultation with the Council, the committee to decide upon the business to be laid before that body. He was thereby enabled to confine discussion as much as he pleased, and, what was far more important, to bring forward his own project, that properly came later in the programme, at the first. If this privilege had been denied him, the Council probably never could have pronounced the Pope infallible. Not content with this prerogative to prevent freedom of speech, it was ordered that intended remarks should be submitted in writing; that any ten Bishops could call for the close of discussion at any time, and the Pope or presiding Cardinal could adjourn a session at his discretion.

Assembled as they were in a city, whose every palace and cathedral resounded still the pomp and pageantry of the days of papal glory, whose very soil is hallowed by the footsteps of saints and apostles, whose atmosphere fills the Protestant, even the least sentimental, with cordial reverence; there, amid the august ceremonies celebrated within the mighty walls of St. Peter's, it cannot cause us wonder if the Fathers desired to add the only remaining honor to their body, by declaring their head divine. But there were other and less subtle influences that conduced to the same result. Every member of the Council owed his rank to papal favor, half of them dined at the papal board, a third of them presided over Italian dioceses and had common interests with the Pope, fifty of them had been recently appointed to bishopricks long since abandoned, forty others came from Spain.

It was only too evident that fear or favor would rule the Council, and that the minority from Northern Europe, however intelligent, would be compelled to succumb to the power of numbers.

On Dec. 8th, 1869, St. Peters swung open its lofty portals to welcome the Council. Files of French soldiers guarded the long and splendid procession, and pressed back the multitudes swell-

ing the tide. First came, preceded by two vergers bearing the golden crucifix, and attended by a retinue of grotesque lackeys, the long line of silver-mitred, fur-capped Bishops, marching with slow and solemn tread, two by two. Next the Oriental Patriarchs, with jewel-studded, golden crowns; after them the Cardinals, the Senate of the church, distinguishable by their crimson caps, then, at some distance, surrounded by his Swiss Body Guard in armor of Angelo's design, attended by chaplains and princes of the blood, and borne aloft through the air on his glittering throne, in his glittering robes, bestowing benedictions on the kneeling crowd with upraised hand, the Pope himself. A throng of fifty thousand surges in upon the marble pavement of the broad nave and aisles of the Cathedral after him. At a dizzy height above them soars the grand dome, the masterpiece of Michael Angelo; on every hand there lie, embalmed in marble tombs of Popes and princes, the imperishable thought and skill of a Canova and a Thorwaldsen; above a score of altars the fading canvasses of Raphael, Domenichino and Correggio are transformed and petrified in living mosaic; beneath the dome and around the high altar, saints and apostles tower overhead on lofty pedestals, giants in stone. But the material grandeur does not attract the gaze of the multitude. The altars, the tomb of St. Peter are deserted by worshippers. The church is converted, to judge from the jargon of sounds, into another Babel, a great world's fair, in which every shape of costume, every shade of countenance is recognizable, to which all people, nations, and languages have assembled to worship the divine image the Council had set up. The Doctors and dignitaries of the church sat in long rows in the right wing of the cathedral. The crowd gazes on tip-toe over the heads of the soldiery down the long lines of Bishops, Archbishops, Patriarchs, and Cardinals to the papal throne. Arrayed in silver and gold, only equalled in the gorgeousness of his person and the blasphemy of his pretensions by King Herod, the Pope looked down from his lofty seat upon the innumerable throng, and because he listened to their cries, saying, It is the voice of a god and not of a man, and gave not God the glory, the angel of the Lord smote him. A dark cloud burst over St. Peters during the impious ceremonies; a darker cloud covered the political horizon of Europe. Before another moon had waned, France and Prussia were in arms, the Pope defenseless, his kingdom departed, his glory in the dust.

TEACHER AND TAUGHT.

By the term teacher I mean the feudal lord of a remote country district, him who with pompous dignity superintends the village "graded school," and him who, gowned and titled, expounds Blackstone, Calvin or Gibbon to a chosen few; I mean Tom Brown, in "the log school-house," and Goldwin Smith at Cornell—and all the gradations between. There are certain qualifications which each of them must have, or not be worthy the prerogative of handling the rough metal which nature designed to have tempered into polished steel. One of the chief requisites I esteem to be the ability, but most of all the disposition, to look into the heart and brain of the pupil, and ascertain what there is there that constitutes him

PERSONAL.

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND '66, is pastor of the Unitarian church at Northfield, Mass. He writes gushingly that for the last half a day he has been called papa!!

W. B. KEEN, JR., '69, has gone to Florida for the benefit of his health.

LEVERING, '72, is contemplating a course of law at the Albany law school.

JAY DAVIDSON, '72, will accompany Dr. Boise to Europe. That's sensible, Jay, make hay while the sun shines.

C. C. ADAMS, '73, has a lucrative position on the local staff of the *Inter-Ocean*.

MOST of the older students remember Robert Makenzie, once of '73. After spending little more than a year with us, he entered the Presbyterian Seminary, on the North Side. At a reunion of all the theological schools of the city, a few days ago, he replied to the toast, "The Church of the Future," in a most poetical, eloquent and witty style. His response, as published in the city papers, contained this sentiment: "The church of the future—I think it will not be the Congregational or the Methodist, and I know it will not be the Baptist. The world *was once destroyed by water*, and a covenant was made, with the rainbow as a sign that the world shall not thus be destroyed again. And the rainbow is never seen *except in connection with sprinkling!*"

EDWIN C. DAY, of this city, for several years past a student in the University, is now in the Polytechnic School of Hanover, Germany. We have very flattering accounts of him. As he is strongly anti-tobacco and anti-strong drink of every kind, his principles are put to a very severe test, where every body drinks and smokes. It is reported that his fellow-students have fastened upon him the sobriquet, Massigkeit-Verein (Temperance Society,) and that he retorts by calling them Sauf-Verein (society that drinks like a beast.) That will do very well!

EXCHANGES.

THE Yale *Record* recently censured Amherst College for advertising itself like a merchant does his wares. Here is how *The Student* replies:

The money referred to was simply the \$1,400 spent in the support and training of the two crews which represented Amherst at the Springfield regatta, a slight memorial of which is a couple of flags in our college library. To advertisements in the newspapers, Amherst College has been stoutly opposed for the past ten years at least. We can, however, excuse the *Record* its mistake more readily than other college journals, since it is perhaps hardly to be expected that the late regatta should ever present itself to a Yale mind in the light of an advertisement.

The *Record* has the floor!

distinctively an individual, what peculiar gift of nature there is there which he possesses alone of all created beings. For these pliant natures are as diverse as human thought, and the attempt to conform all to one man's ideas is destructive of all originality, and hence of all intellectual growth. If I possess but a single grain of new truth it is my right to proclaim it, and the teacher who turns my thought into an old channel, and thus prevents my developing that truth, steals from me all that is especially mine, and from the world all that it could have gained from my having lived in it.

There is a class of self-styled educators who seek to curb all independent thought, and if the burning eloquence of an original idea urges a timid youth into the heroism of putting forth an opinion, as a turtle puts forth its head, a blow from the pedant's ferule causes it to be immediately withdrawn. If then the poor boy fails to take a prominent position in his class he is said to have no brains. Surely one of the designs of every man's existence is the promulgation of new truth. Our acquainting ourselves with known facts is not adding to the domain of knowledge one whit. Bayne, in the midst of a high eulogy, says of Hugh Miller, that he was one of the few men who have increased human knowledge. Then all you, who look into growing minds, be certain that your ferule is lifted against an impropriety or an impertinence, and not against the peeping forth of an unknown law of the universe. A nineteenth century pedagogue, entrusted with the school-boy years of Bacon and Newton, would have made the *Instauratio Magna* an impossibility, and veiled the laws of gravitation through the ages. It is well for the world that filial obedience was not rendered in the instance when the granddame said to Watt: "Here you have been sitting for an hour, playing with the lid of the tea-kettle. Go read your books, and try to learn something!"

Many persons originally possessed sentiments and passions, which they could have uttered in burning language, had they been allowed to choose their own diction, but the acquiring of a false style has made them ingloriously mute. Usually, when a teacher of rhetoric desires his pupils to become fine writers, he selects his favorite style, and has all conform to it. Their souls may surge with a mighty passion, but they must avoid phrases which are full of meaning to them, and imitate phrases which *were* full of meaning to Irving or Addison. The young pulpit orator is too often cautioned against looking into his own soul for the words there quivering to be marshalled into line. He is told that the words for him to use are given in Doddridge or Hooker. "He goes to *masters* of expression," as some one has said, "in order to be the *slave* of their expression." Gradually he ceases to feel this burning, native eloquence. When he leaves the seminary his style has acquired its "finishing touch of accurate, fluent and elegant impotence." "Luther hurled his inkstand at the devil with some effect," says E. P. Whipple; "but it is not thence to be supposed that his modern imitators, though darkening the air with their inkstands, will succeed in blotting Satan out of existence."

* * *

THE *Chronicle* startled us recently by a savage attack upon their Professor of History. We are unable to reconcile the use of such language with editorial dignity and college discipline. Either the editors of the *Chronicle* have fallen into a grave error and overstepped the bounds of decency, or the Faculty are not the spirited and cultivated men we took them to be. For, can it be that they would allow such a state of things as the *Chronicle* declares there exists at the University? There is a tendency in all college papers to speak of Faculties as though they regulated that institution. We heartily deprecate it, and these editors will learn, in after life, that when relatives quarrel, strangers enjoy the laugh. There would need to be a lamentable state of affairs before we could countenance such language as the *Chronicle* has seen fit to use. We trust the wound has already been well dressed, and the patient is fast recovering.

THE critic of the *Magenta* must be a terrible fellow. See how he has waded through the most profound essay (?) of the nineteenth century, for the simple purpose of exciting the envy of the Great American Traveler. It is the Edenic Intellect, in the *Annalist*, whence these great truths come.

In such a colossal scale was it that "it fused facts back and down into the central force of a personal will, from and upon whose volition universes with their contents flowed, not floated, into true cosmical harmony." We learn, further on, that "in vital matters, man and woman are equal. In functional relation to the cosmical order, each is other's superior." This appalling fact should be borne in mind, and we doubt not that our readers will shape their future courses by the light herein afforded. Some of them, however, may be inclined to question the truth of the concluding sentence: "In sufficiency, fulness, simplicity, strength, sweetness, science has no such word as 'Eve.'" If Mr. Pratt wishes to reply, our columns shall be open to him.

HERE is how some facetious fellow "does" the girls (in the future) of Harvard, in a letter to the *Magenta*, dated 1904:

One drawback to our progress here is the bashfulness of the instructors. When we advance an opinion in the class-room, and back it up with argument, the professor appears to draw back into his shell, and to decline controversy with us, because we are ladies. They needn't be so awfully afraid of us. Meanwhile the students of the stronger (?) sex perform what they call a "wood up." Before I came here I always supposed that the bray was the distinctive noise of the donkey; but it appears that the stamp is.

My chum has gone down to get some lumber to board up our keyhole. These Hollis keyholes are about the size of a window.

At the election the other day I voted the Ben Butler ticket, as almost everybody did, it seems. I'm glad he's elected. He's old for President, I know, but then he's shy.

I'm dying for a smoke, and as I haven't any tobacco of my own, I think I'll close and go over to my Freshman's to roll a cigarette.

Affectionately yours,

NELL.

P. S.—Ask father, please, what law books I had better read up for a forensic on indirect claims.

THE *Lakeside* is the *Atlantic* of the west. None of its eastern competitors excel it in the beauty of its external design, or the typography of its pages. It claims to represent the literary ability of this part of the country, and we scarcely think its claims are too pretentious. Its writers are the leading educators and critics of the west. While all this is true, we are persuaded that in its review of Dr. Mathews' "*Getting on in the world*," in the March number, it is in error. In the first place, we are not quite certain what the points are that it attempts to make against the book. The style of the review is so muddy that after reading it some half dozen times we do not fully comprehend the writer's objections. So far as we have been able to penetrate the mysteries of his criticism, he means to say, first, that the book is not practical; and, second, it has no sympathy for "disinterestedness, self-sacrifice and justice." These opinions are so little in harmony with those of the many candid, discriminating men, both east and west, who have reviewed the work, that we are forced to believe some one is in error. Comparing this with other books on a similar subject, every one must confess that Dr. Mathews displays a wider range of reading, a keener insight into human nature, and a better realization of the needs of a young man, than do the other authors. Men define the word "practical" differently. If the *Lakeside* reviewer means by a practical book one that can take an inexperienced school-boy and make of him an A. T. Stewart, a Wendell Phillips or a Benjamin Disraeli, by a simple reading of it, the book in question is not a practical one. To be of practical benefit to a young man, according to this idea, a work must anticipate the vocation the man intends to pursue, and give the minutest particulars, so as to lead him in a direct line to "the goal of his wishes." It must foresee all the contingencies and the adverse circumstances in the way of that particular young man, and teach him how to avoid them. Such a book has not been written, and can not be. The nearest approach to it is a collection of precepts and warnings and incitements that will help toward success in any calling. The work is designed to be read by persons of every profession and trade, and he who is not aided by this latest and best of *practical* helps, must be either an adept or a blockhead. The *Lakeside* critic forgets an important fact when he assumes that the "variegated collection of wise thoughts" selected by Dr. Mathews are "familiar favorites" with his readers. The book is intended to fall into the hands of, *not* successful business men, *not* distinguished scientists and philosophers, but persons *just forming* habits that will ultimately lead to success or failure. The "wise thoughts" are *not* all "familiar" to such persons even though they be to reviewers.

The second objection, which the critic calls "a graver fault" seems to refer to the morals of the book. Of this we do not care to speak, farther than to say that the first requisite of success in anything is the acquisition of unswerving moral principles. In this sentiment we do know that Dr. Mathews will acquiesce, and if there is in all his book a sentence that does not harmonize with it, we hope the *Lakeside* reviewer will have the goodness to point it out.

WILL the *Tripod* be kind enough to knock at our door? We have missed you for some time.

AT HOME.

PRESIDENT BURROUGHS deserves the thanks of all the students for placing upon the table in the reading-room the latest and best publications in general literature, which are not found in the library, thus giving us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with these works and their authors, as soon as they appear, and affording a valuable means for improving the few leisure moments which one expects, and ought, to spend in the reading-room.

THE members of the senior and junior classes had an opportunity to display their "good clothes" a few days ago, the occasion being an invitation from President Burroughs to spend the evening at his residence on Ellis avenue. In addition to the two classes mentioned, a number of resident *alumni* had been invited; and a goodly number of charming representatives of the "fair sex" contributed most of all to make the occasion one of the most enjoyable within our college recollection. In lively conversation, interspersed with some fine music and a most excellent collation, the evening was pleasantly spent; and at a late hour the party separated, with the kindest of feelings towards everybody in general, and toward the genial Dr. Burroughs and his accomplished lady, in particular, who left nothing undone to create genuine good cheer and enjoyment among their guests, and whose successful efforts in this direction the students who were there will ever hold in grateful remembrance. Long may they live and prosper, and by their hospitality bless those who are to succeed us in the prosy routine of college life for years to come. "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

GENERALLY speaking, it is quite unnecessary to say that George Washington, rocked on the lap of his godmother, composed his first symphony on the 22d of February. As a musician he is said to have been a success; yet he pursued the profession of music for only a few years, after which he gave his attention to the army and the state. By some the 22d is highly respected, and none long for its coming more than the students of this University. To hasten the good time, they anticipated a day and celebrated the 21st. The occasion was one to be remembered.

The committee on "toasts" had arranged an interesting programme of literary exercises; and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the committee of arrangements, consisting of Messrs. McDonald, Twiss and Roney, for the good taste manifested in decorating the hall, and for providing a most excellent supper; and, taking it all in all, we have not had a more successful celebration of Washington's birthday within our recollection.

After the oysters were dispatched, after the beauty of the cake was marred, after nuts and sweet-meats were hidden from human vision, and fruits had gone to their long repose, the "intellectual" of the evening began by a very suitable and spicy address of welcome by the president of the Student's Association, Mr. O. C. Weller. Mr. A. Mitchell, of the sophomore class, next responded to the toast, "Hash." He protested that he felt much embarrassment in approaching his subject. He is a poor orphan. Has been boarding all his life, and to speak

his convictions would call down upon him the wrath of myriads of landladies. He urged the students to rise betimes with the lark and work like the busy bee. Reference was made to the celebrated proverb—"It is the early worm that climbs the first tree—the early worm—and there discovers and seizes the bad penny which always comes home to roost." For the benefit of those misguided students who are in the habit of studying before breakfast, he quoted the maxim of the old schoolmen—"Never study until you get your hash; but if you *must* study before your hash—eat your hash first." Mr. Jayne, of the senior class, responded to the toast, "Washington." In a very earnest and forcible manner he spoke of the many virtues of this great and good man, whom the whole world delights to honor, whom rising generations of freemen in our own beloved America will ever call blessed. We believe nothing, however, was said with reference to his little experiment on the pear-tree, something so contrary to all custom. Mr. Jayne closed his speech by reading a very touching extract from a paper published immediately after the death of the great patriot. Dr. Burroughs was then called upon and responded to the toast, "The University of the North-west." The Dr. at first expressed some difficulty in apprehending the real import of the subject given. He first thought it had reference to the proposed ladies' department of the University, but finally concluded that it did not mean anything more than the University of Chicago in the future, such as both officers and students hoped it would ere long become, *the* university of the north-west. To all this, especially to that part which spoke of the time when ladies and gentlemen, as fellow students, could sit side by side and celebrate Washington's birthday, we all, in our hearts, responded, "Amen! So mote it be." Mr. Mountain, of the senior class, was called upon to relate "The Peculiarities of '73." The speaker expressed his intention to "follow illustrious example, and make a few remarks before beginning." He said he was expected to get off something funny, but did not feel equal to the task—never got off anything funny in his life except once when he first came to this city, when he got off a street car while it was in motion; at least his chum thought it was funny as he saw him sitting in the middle of the street while the car was proceeding on its way. He then spoke of some of the eccentricities of some of his classmates, and of course prophesied for them all a brilliant future. Professor Denslow was next called upon, and responded in an eloquent speech, appropriate to the occasion. He concluded by reciting in a most effective manner the beautiful poem, "What makes a State." Mr. Lewis, of the freshman class, responded to the toast, "The Freshman class and their Whiskers." These gentlemen were seated in a row. When called upon they arose and were presented to the audience, and their whiskers shown to all. It was a touching sight! Mr. Barker of '70 and Mr. Clark of '72 were present, and in response to calls, made some brief but well-chosen remarks.

These exercises were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental, which added very much to the enjoyment. The solos by Mr. McDonald and Mr. Roney were well rendered and heartily applauded. The piano solo by Mr. Metcalf was especially worthy of mention for its fine execution. The quartette,

composed of Messrs. Twiss, Mitchell, Olson and Roney, did not do as well as they probably would if they had had more opportunity to practice together.

After the dining-room ceremonies were over, numerous wide-awakes saying to themselves, "Moon behind the cloud, we won't go home till morning," retired to the upper hall and heard the violin play to a regular "break-down." Thus at a late (early) hour ended another of the best holidays known to our college calendar.

If we may be pardoned for extending these already too lengthy remarks, we would offer one general criticism upon the literary portion of the evening's programme. It is a well-known fact that it is getting to be the next thing to an impossibility to induce the requisite number of students to respond to toasts. The committee has to go from one to another, in a vain attempt to get some one to promise to do something, until within a few hours beforehand, when some philanthropist, rather than have a complete failure, will promise to make a martyr of himself and speak without having sufficient time to prepare himself as he ought to. There are two causes of this state of things: one is that there is too much false modesty among the students on such occasions; a person will not do anything, for fear he cannot do himself honor enough by his attempts. The other cause is that the students are too critical. It is so easy to find fault with others for not doing well enough what you are not willing to do at all. With less modesty and less fault-finding, we may in future years hope to see a greater interest taken in the "speech-making," upon which the enjoyment of such a gathering so much depends.

"I LAUGHED," said a student to one of the editors, "until my sides ached with pain, when I witnessed the stampede in Jones' Hall on Friday night. Little C.— was throwing his whole soul into the fisherman's horn-pipe, forty dancers were whirling through the hall, each keeping time to his own liking, and calling to suit himself. The fun grew fast and furious, the dancers danced more wildly, the youthful violinist strained every aesthetic nerve (?) and sent the bow flying on its errand, when, as unexpected as if Jupiter had joined the band in its wild frolic, Professor — appeared at the head of the stairs. Never did human eyes witness such consternation. They fled in every direction. Locks did not keep the Professor out of the rooms. He dragged them from under the beds and sought them in every quarter until nearly every lad was found. And now they are, poor fellows, fiddler and all, up before the austere faculty."

EARLY last term, when we were called into the chapel to consider the "water-closet" question, the authorities promised the students that the "closet" would be kept in good order and cleansed at least once a week. How has that promise been kept? What has been the condition of the "water-closet" since that time? More than half the time the water-pipes have been out of order; the room has not been cleansed four times, as far as we know; and the stench has been and is intolerable. If any one doubts this let him visit the place, if he can get within a rod of it. When introduced, the students congratulated themselves that they were to have such a costly and well-regulated affair, and many were the hearty praises bestowed upon the au-

thorities. Justly, too. But was it not too much to expect the "water-closet" to take care of itself? Had not the students been told that others would look after the matter, they would themselves have adopted measures to secure cleanliness. We submit to all, is it not a disgrace to have such a place about the University? If the authorities would only let the students know whether they mean to correct the abuse themselves, or not, we would know what to do. For if not, the Student's Association would take the subject in hand, and we should soon have a place, which we could approach without vomiting.

ONE of the *alumni* of an earlier class than '72 was in the habit, when in college, of reciting his Latin lesson from an interlinear translation. Having read a passage in the original one day he began to render it into English, but forgot to stop at the proper place. The professor reminded him of the fact with—"Draw the reins, Mr. —, your pony is getting away with you."

WHAT is a university good for, what is the value of a liberal education; what are Sabbath-schools accomplishing in behalf of the rising generation, if, in this enlightened age, students who lay some claim to intelligence and respectability can find no better use for their time and talents than to spend their precious moments in hammering away at the gas-pipes to the intense disgust of everybody so unfortunate as to possess nerves?

THE seniors are enjoying a rare opportunity to learn how little they know about the "science of swapping jack-knives," otherwise called the "science of wealth," otherwise, "political economy." It is Professor Denslow, of the *Chicago Tribune*, who tells them a great many things about how a man who spends more than he is able to earn, will probably not amass any very extensive fortune, unless he goes to Congress. The professor sets forth his ideas with remarkable clearness and force, and succeeds wonderfully in simplifying the hydra-headed problems of social science. So far, the lectures seem to be "independent in all things, neutral in nothing," but it is rumored that he is only preparing the way for heavy doses of "protection," whatever that means.

DR. BOISE will visit Europe, again, starting about the close of this term. He purposes to make a tour through England, Scotland, Germany, to go to the Vienna Exposition, and then make quite a stay in Paris. The students are very sorry to lose so enthusiastic an instructor so early in the year. But we understand the condition of his health absolutely demands the change. A good voyage, a pleasant sojourn and a safe return, is the hearty wish of every man in the University.

WE congratulate the Athenæum on having elected a presiding officer. The unambitious members who would not have greatness thrust upon them, will discover their sins to be *mountains* on their heads.

ON the 18th of March next the orators of the K. K. K. will display themselves at the University Place Baptist Church. It is their anniversary, and we may expect an excellent treat. They exert themselves on such occasions.

THE Adelpic society, of Evanston, has appointed a committee to arrange for a return joint debate between that body and the Athenæum. We are glad to learn of this, and hope, if challenged, our boys will take the matter in hand in time.

CLASS elections seem to progress unusually slow in the University this year. Whether the reason for this is that no one wants an office, or that everybody wants one, we shall not presume to say.

After repeated efforts the senior class have finally succeeded in electing the following officers:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| President | N. C. Wheeler, |
| Vice President | U. M. Chaille, |
| Secretary | A. C. Watts, |
| Treasurer | J. H. McDonald, |
| Orator | G. C. Ingham, |
| Poet | J. Mountain, |
| Seer | A. C. Watts, |
| Historian | B. L. Aldrich, |
| Toast Master | Edgar Jayne, |

The additional officers for Class-day are as follows:

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Ivy Orator | C. W. Gregory, |
| Hatchet Orator | J. B. Johnston, |
| Farewell Address | E. Olson, |

The class of '74 expect to march through the year under the following leaders:

| | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| President | C. H. D. Fisher, |
| Vice President | C. T. Otis, |
| Secretary | T. N. Treat, |
| Treasurer | F. J. Wilcox, |
| Orator | R. M. Ireland, |
| Poet | L. H. Holt, |
| Seer | R. R. Coon, Jr., |
| Historian | G. Sutherland, |
| Toast Master | T. E. Egbert, |
| Musical Director | F. E. Morgan, |

Below are the standard-bearers of '75:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| President | J. Staley, |
| Vice President | A. Hugunin, |
| Secretary | C. W. Nichols, |
| Treasurer | C. S. Trask, |
| Orator | Z. C. Hall, |
| Poet | R. B. Twiss, |
| Seer | C. F. DeGolyer, |
| Historian | W. H. Windes, |
| Toast Master | H. A. Howe, |

The freshmen have not yet held their election. The reason probably is they are all too modest to present themselves as candidates for office. Certainly?

WE have always been of the opinion that the Chicago clergy (like everything else which has *Chicago* attached to it) is equal to that of any other city in the world. It is an open question now, since the pastor of one of the fashionable churches on the avenue portrayed in thrilling and pathetic colors the wretched life and unhappy death of "Edgar A. Poe, the talented author of the 'Song of the Shirt!'"

THE senior class attended chapel in full force the other morning.

SOME of those who occupy rooms on the fourth floor of Jones' Hall are prepared to testify that the jovial Cynics still live to make the midnight hour resound with healthful mirth and song.

THE reading-room has a carpet, and now we have as cozy a retreat as any one could ask for. And the boys seem to enjoy it, too, for after supper it is usually filled.

MR. TREAT is about to re-establish "The Phrenological Society," of which we heard so much last year. We understand he is negotiating with some persons, about the University, for the purpose of securing, for exhibition, specimens of "undeveloped craniums." He certainly can not fail from the *want* of specimens.

A SENIOR in the Astronomy class wishes to know how an eclipse of the sun would appear if it should happen when the moon was only *half* full.

Another one in the same class proposed to the much-vexed professor this conundrum. "If the orbits of the inferior planets were as large as those of the superior planets, would they revolve around the sun in equal time?"

A SOPHOMORE, who seemed to have some ill-will towards the class above him, coming to the passage, *adultiores juniores*, in Horace, and blushing for a moment, bellowed out, "*The adulterous juniors.*" Is it a slander?

ONE of the "boys" was out until a rather late hour the other evening, and, as may be gleaned from the narrative, did not think of returning until he had become "somewhat slightly." On reaching the corner of the street and seeing the street car, which he wished to take, pass by without being able to get to it, he leaned confidentially against a lamp-post, and was heard to soliloquize thus: "*Well, let by-gones be by-gones.*"

OH, the luxury of living in Chicago! Think of it—in one week Lucca, Kellogg, Rubinstein, Ole Bull, Stanley, Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Gough, Phillips, and—and—and Matilda Fletcher! All the warblings and the wailings and the eloquence of the East was ours. Verily this is the Hub. How we pitied the rest of the world, with only George Francis and Victoria to go into ecstasies over. *And the greatest of these is Ch-icago*

THE University Place Baptist Church has a new pastor, Rev. A. J. Frost, and if he is as large in mind as in body, he certainly will not fail to please the fastidious tastes of the college students.

THE new St. Xavier's Academy, corner of Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, is assuming gigantic proportions. With the coming of spring the beautiful birds across the way will fly to their northern home, leaving many a heart desolate in Jones' Hall. The new institution, not being situated near a college or a university, will discharge its vigilance committees.

THE city editor of one of our dailies gets sadly mixed in speaking of Shakspeare, Lord Bulwer Lytton and Edwin Booth. He has some readers of the non-theatrical persuasion, and for their benefit announces that Booth will present on Monday evening "Mr. Shakspeare's dramatization of Richelieu."

THE Dearborn Seminary seniors are going to visit '73 some time at the Observatory. They are waiting for Mr. J. Y. Scammon to lay out some walks. We shall expect them in June if the water in front of the University subsides sufficiently to admit of their ingress. A sidewalk will be laid by the time our new ladies' college is completed.

We predict a rare musical treat for those fortunate ones who come early enough to get admitted to the University Place Baptist Church on Thursday evening, March 20. This is the time fixed upon for the first production of Dr. Geo. F. Root's charming operatic cantata, "The Haymakers," by the "University Chorus," under the direction of Dr. Root himself. The chorus, composed of accomplished singers, and lovers of music in the vicinity of the University, has met for drill and practice every Tuesday evening during the winter, and, if an enthusiastic and skillful leader is any guarantee, we can promise all who will attend the public performance an unusually fine exhibition of chorus singing. The ladies and gentlemen who assume the leading parts are too well known in musical circles in this part of the city to require more than a mere mention here. They are as follows:

MARY, (the farmer's daughter,) *1st Soprano*, Miss Netty Everts.

ANNA, (" ") *2d Soprano*, Miss Fanny Root.

DAIRY MAID, *Mezzo Soprano*, Miss Georgia Leonard.

FARMER, *Baritone*, Mr. Charles Root.

WILLIAM, (first assistant,) *Tenor*, Mr. G. S. Stebbins.

JOHN, (second assistant,) *Bass*, Mr. Wm. R. Roney.

SNIPKINS, (a city gentleman,) *Baritone*, Mr. F. W. Root.

The chorus parts will be rendered by the full chorus, numbering eighty voices.

Tickets to this entertainment can be had for the small sum of fifty cents; and, in view of the fact that, in addition to the entertainment itself, the proceeds are to be devoted to the improvement of the University grounds, we urge upon all the students in particular, and all our friends in general, to help make this financially, as it will be musically, a grand success.

ABROAD.

MR. E. McClish, of the junior class, at Evanston, the man who opened the debate between the Adelphic and Athenæum last November, has gone and got doubled, according to the *Tripod*. Bless the laws, O ye juniors of Chicago, that keep you from this fatal plunge!

THE *Vassar Miscellany*, after poetically telling the story of *Rex Midas*, how his daughter, when he kissed her, turned to gold, and his coffee was strangely metamorphosed, deduces this delightful and incontrovertible truth: *Hæc fable docet* plain to see, *Quamquam* the notion's old, *Hoc verum est* ut girls and grub, Much *melior sunt* than gold.

A PROMISING youth of Lafayette attending church on Sunday night, espied a young lady whom he decided to beaux home after service. They had a delightful trip home, and were ready to walk in, but to their repeated pulls at the bell, no answer came from those within. Locked out, eh? What now to be done, our gallant youth was thinking, when the lady proved the man for the emergency and suggested that he go around in the alley and climb in through the window, which, of course, he promptly did, and pulled her in after him. Truly where there is a will there is a way. Just see how this dilemma was disposed of.—*Lafayette Manthly*.

THESE, then, are our long-looked for reforms. A resignation by the sophomores of their time-honored prerogatives; forty cents' worth of old examination papers done up in book form; the right to smoke in the holy precincts of the Yard without scandalizing the feelings of some conscientious proctor; and as a climax to the remarkable category, men who are averse to cuts, and have been heard audibly to growl when an occasional one has been given, are to be informed that they may cut whenever they please.—*Magenta*.

THERE was a vast number of jokes perpetrated last fall during the raging of the *epihippic*. The jokists are all quiet now—except while they are sneezing. They solemnly affirm that the *epanthropic* is not a proper subject for jest. There is just one of our professors who has not had it, and when a student pleads sickness as the excuse for an absence from recitation, the answer is, "*Sic semper!*"

It is surprising what strange blunders will be made by intelligent people. Think of a junior who spells the greatest of tragedies, "Hamlet;" or a senior who spoke of John Bunyan as a young man of "education and correct habits," or another who has never heard the word "Repository" and thought it a "funny name," or a senior again, who wrote a letter applying for a school and took it to a senior for correction, who found in it only *nineteen* errors!—*Anvil*.

MANY persons—besides school boys and college students—use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin! It is said that King Agesilaus, being asked by an ambassador from Epirus, why they had no walls for Sparta, replied "We have." Pointing to his marshaled army, he said: "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."—*Harper's Weekly*.

MANY years ago an effigy hung from a window in Darmouth Hall as the students were going to prayers. The only allusion President Lord made to it in the chapel was in this wise: "Some young gentlemen will do well to mend their ways, or they will be like the poor figure outside the window, suspended from college." Conspicuous absences from our ranks to-day intimate that this old admonition has not recently been heeded.—*Darmouth*.

SOPHOMORES find the mock programme business unprofitable at Beloit College. At least those three or four are supposed to think so, whose occupation for the present is gone, and who are now looking wistfully about them for some other classic shades where there are less eccentric juniors to afford too tempting subjects for the effusion of sophomoric satire.

THE new site of Trinity College, Hartford, is pronounced "magnificent." It consists of eighty acres on a height overlooking the Connecticut river, and the future buildings will be "conspicuous objects" to attract the attention of travelers for miles around.—*University Herald*.

A SOPH at Michigan, who thought himself "some on draw poker," challenged a fresh to a little game, the loser to build the winner's fires for the winter. Said Soph now draws a poker through the clinkered intestines of said fresh's stove early every morning. Hard luck!—*Chronicle*.