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# THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1873.

NUMBER 1.

## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

### COURSE OF STUDY.

PREPARATORY,

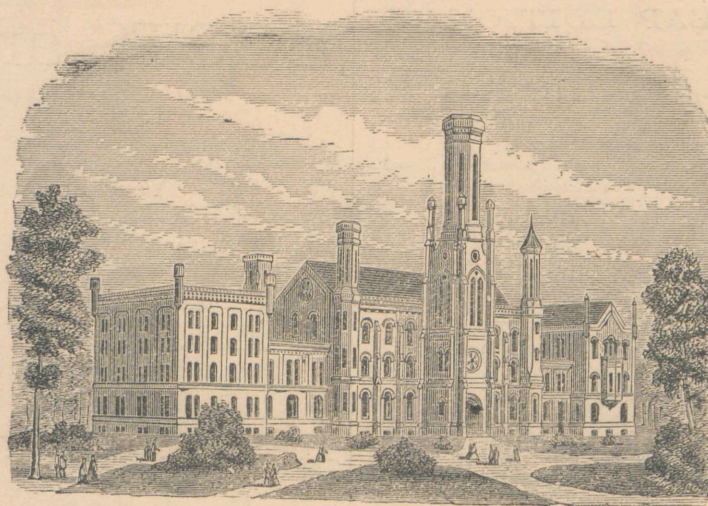
COMMERCIAL,

SCIENTIFIC,

ASTRONOMICAL,

CLASSICAL,

LAW.



### EXPENSES.

Board, from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week,	
.....	\$97.50 to \$117.00
Tuition.....	70.00 to 70.00
Room Rent.....	15.00 to 20.00
Incidentals.....	6.00 to 8.00
Library Fee, 50 cts. per term	1.50 to 1.50

Gas costs from \$7 to \$10, and fuel from \$10 to \$15 per annum for each student. Washing 75 cents per dozen.

### LECTURES.

In connection with the regular recitations, lectures are delivered on the following subjects; Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, Zoology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Greek History and Literature, Roman History and Literature, Art, English Literature, Rhetoric and Public Speaking. ]

### ELECTIVE STUDIES.

Students may reside at the University and pursue studies, for a longer or a shorter time, in any of the classes, at their own election: subject, however, to the regulations of the Faculty.

### ASTRONOMICAL DEPARTMENT.

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### PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Connected with the University is a Preparatory Department, in which the Professors of the University have charge of the instruction in the studies belonging to the several departments. The studies have been arranged in a course of three years for classical, and two years for scientific students.

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### TERMS AND VACATIONS.

The year is divided into three terms and three vacations. The first term consists of fifteen weeks; the second (which begins on January 8) and third of twelve weeks each. The Christmas vacation is two weeks, the Spring vacation one week, and the Summer vacation ten weeks.

### DEGREES.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred upon all students who have completed the described Classical course of study, and passed a satisfactory examination therein. The degree of Bachelor of Science upon all who have completed the Scientific Course, and passed a similar examination.

### SOCIETIES.

There are three societies in the University, conducted by the students—two Literary and one Religious.

### ILLUSTRATIVE APPARATUS.

The Lecture on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy are illustrated by modern apparatus. There are, also, facilities for the illustration of Zoology and other branches of Natural History.

The Library, to which the students have free access, contains about five thousand volumes, and is constantly increasing by valuable additions. Students will also have access to the very valuable theological and miscellaneous library formerly belonging to the late Prof. Hengstenberg, of Berlin, now placed in the University buildings.

### LOCATION, BUILDING, ETC.

The location of the University is in the south part of Chicago, directly on the Cottage Grove avenue line of the Chicago City Railway. The site was the gift of the late Senator Douglas, and is universally admired for its beauty and healthfulness. The building is unsurpassed for the completeness of its arrangements, especially of the student's rooms, which are in suits of a study and two bed rooms, of good size and height, and well ventilated.

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# THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1873.

NUMBER 1.

## EDITORS:

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, '74. R. R. COON, JR., '74.  
R. M. IRELAND, '74.

## PUBLISHERS:

A. J. FISHER, '76. G. C. MASTIN, '77.  
H. C. LELAND, '77.

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

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

## EDITORIALS.

We feel, as we take up the pen our predecessors have laid down, that our task is an arduous, yet a pleasant one.

We will, by every effort in our power, endeavor to preserve the standing of the paper. We will try to promote every interest of the University; to speak in behalf of order and the common good, and against injustice from whatever source; and to criticize—if we may—fairly and without partiality. We will furnish our readers with whatever may be of interest to them or concern to all; and in every way that we can, please, admonish, instruct. We have taken the pen from ready writers; their footsteps are deep, and if we succeed as did they, the close of the year only can tell. This we know, that the prospects of the VOLANTE never seemed brighter, nor the students, *en masse*, more enthusiastic in her behalf. If they will do their part to sustain what, by right, belongs to them, the VOLANTE'S career for '74, will be one of common benefit and common pride.

The VOLANTE, instituted as it was, and carried on as it is, by the students Association, should be, we believe, the exponent of the students and of the whole body of students, irrespective of any society, fraternity, clan or clique. Its editors have generally adhered to this idea, and, if we except the *preceding number* of the paper, every student of the University of Chicago, could feel that in the VOLANTE he had a defender of his interests, and an impartial critic when *in rostrum ascendit*. The VOLANTE for '74 may have, and doubtless will have, numerous imperfections. It may contain articles that are decidedly "arid;" it may have editorials that are rather thin; it may contain jokes that are altogether pointless; it may have locals that are almost too local, and, in its personal column, personals that are too personal; but if, regardless of the fact that it should be the impartial representative of the students, it should ever seek to subvert the interests of any fraternity or clique among them, it will be only when it has forgotten its mission, and is ready to betray its trust.

THE literary societies start out this year with flying colors. Their members are enthusiastic, and under the leadership of their respective presidents we can augur nothing but success. Egbert presides in the Tri Kappa and Ireland holds sway in Atheneum. Our societies are young and vigorous. They are not yet infected with that malady—call it by what name you please—which has destroyed so many literary societies throughout the country. Some are pleased to arraign secret societies as the sole author of this devastation; others attribute it to a change in the national taste. Neither of these should shoulder the whole responsibility, alone, but both are causes of the decline of open societies, especially in Eastern Colleges.

A literary society, to be successful, must have the hearty support of the ablest students in college. It cannot flourish without them. If the leaders do not move, the followers are motionless. If the best men in college, for any cause whatever, engage in private enterprises which destroy their interest in exercises of a public character, although they may be gainers, the interests of the many are impaired or wholly destroyed.—Take an illustration. If Greek societies, attracting to their ranks all the "desirable men," selfishly cultivate their own interests, and hold themselves aloof from public performances, they strike a direct, though unintentional death-blow to open societies. It is evident that secret societies may or may not have this destructive tendency. It is easy for gentlemen to be loyal to their own peculiar organizations, and at the same time be faithful to their public duties. Of course, every one has an inalienable right to spend his time as he pleases, but it is for the highest good of every college that every man take an active part in its literary societies.

Are our societies in danger of declining, that we mention these things? No; the societies never had a brighter prospect before them, than now. We affirm, that in some places, Greek societies are an element of destruction, in other places, they never clash with public duties, but are a source of strength to every public enterprise.—How are they with us? Greek societies will not be a destructive power here, as long as their members are the most constant supporters of every public movement.

In the University of Chicago, there is nothing to hinder the continuous prosperity of its literary societies, nor is there any reason why there should not be enough agreeable rivalry between ATHENEUM and TRI KAPPA, to afford us in the course of the year, at least one joint meeting.



The reading-room is on a basis. It was started a year ago in the face of repeated failures. Perhaps we were lured on by the promise of "foreign aid." The books were opened and subscriptions flowed in freely, and as a general thing were promptly paid. Then came the question of sustaining it. The Students' Association voted to levy a tax of one dollar and seventy cents per annum on each resident student of the University, and requested the Faculty to collect said sum through their Treasurer and pay the same to a committee appointed by the students. We were given to understand that this request would be complied with the coming year. We were satisfied. In the meantime the reading-room committee were instructed to collect the tax; but made a complete failure. Some of the more conscientious paid, but a large number seem to have adopted the doctrine of "repudiation." In consequence of this failure, and the fact that the expected "foreign aid" was not forthcoming in any considerable quantities, the reading-room is slightly in debt. Its assets, indeed, exceed its liabilities, but the assets are not worth ten cents on the dollar.

It happens, however, that the Faculty, although reminded of the measure several times during the year, and although two members of the reading-room committee were in the office of the Faculty for over an hour on that very night on which that self-same reading-room matter was to have been brought up, actually forget to bring the matter up at all. For this year, then, we must content ourselves with the expedient which has been adopted, and implore the Faculty not to forget our request the coming year. Now the reading-room derives a weekly revenue of five cents PER CAPITA on each member of the boarding club. But this should be considered only a temporary expedient. The boarding club has led a changeable life. At intervals nearly all the students have patronized it; then it has dwindled and continued to dwindle until it has vanished out of sight. Just now it is at the height of prosperity. We hope it may always stay there; but we would dislike very much to see the fortune of the reading-room linked to those of a creature so changeable as the boarding-club has been. The reading-room is a matter of public interest, and to be a success must have the support of every resident student, at least; but under the present system it never can have the support of all, and may not have the support of one-third of those really interested in its welfare.

The method submitted to the Faculty obviates both these objections; it makes every resident student contribute to its support, and makes it as permanent as the institution itself.

Some members of the Faculty object to this we understand because it will increase the term-bills, but the students have, by a unanimous vote, advocated the collection of this tax, and while some may object to pay the amount of the term-bills as they now stand, surely they will not object to hand over their voluntary offerings. We dissent, too, from our predecessors on the unconstitutionality of the act. They expressed their views in these words: "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. We cannot see how one body can legislate for the benefit or injury of another when not the slightest definite union exists between them." The Students' Association never asked the Faculty to legislate for

them: they have already legislated for themselves. They have requested the Faculty to act, not the part of a Legislature, but the part of an Executive. We have no doubt that every intelligent student, and every member of the Faculty are interested in having a first-class reading-room permanently established here. We are certain, too, that our President, who has supplied us with so many recent publications, and foreign magazines, will do all in his power, and that speedily, to aid the students in placing the reading-room upon a secure and permanent basis.

Our University is greatly blessed in having professors, whom, the love of adventure, thirst for a knowledge of the different countries and peoples, governmental business, and various other motives and necessities of which we are ignorant, cause to leave the limits of the Phoenix City, to put beneath and behind them the waters of the Atlantic, to mingle with European society, to visit the famous European sights and scenery, and having gained an acquaintance with Europe, to be had in no other way, to return to us in genial humor and generous mood, willing to enliven and instruct us occasionally by imparting a knowledge of the world not to be gained from books. Dr. Boise has recently returned, having spent the summer in Germany, which he has visited at considerable length several times before. His extensive and minute knowledge of the German people—their manners, customs, &c.,—gained from observation of them on their native soil, is second only to his knowledge of the German language, and his ability to teach it, which his pupils so appreciate.

Dr. Matthews, accompanied by his lady, has also spent the summer in the old world. With interesting and instructive incidents and items gathered from his quite extensive travels in England, Scotland, Germany, France and Italy, the boys hope to be refreshed when occasion offers. Prof. Wheeler, whose attendance at the Vienna Exposition in official capacity, is mentioned in another column, will soon be among us again. Those who are to have the pleasure of his instruction may hope to hear perhaps something worth knowing about the great international fair.

To upper classmen especially, who have passed that point where that close drill in dull routine was necessary—those AMO, AMAS, AMAT times—and who are expected to be able to think and to strike out a little for themselves, an occasional incidental digression of this kind to discuss, or to have laid open for them some subject perhaps only incidentally or indirectly connected with the matter in hand, is not only refreshing, but is conducive also to the broadening of their ideas, to the giving them a more practical view of the world, of men and of things in general.

As the Senior class is always the best in college, so the Freshman is always the largest and most lively class of college. This year is not an exception. The Fresh. boast their precedence over any class that ever entered the University in the number of good men. And they go farther. They boast among their number two of the fairer sex; the first two who have entered any of the college classes. In this respect '77 stands foremost. Prize well your advantages. Unto whom men have committed much, of them they will ask the more.

In glancing over a catalogue of the University for '60, '61, we noticed the following paragraph:

At a meeting of the board, held June 8th, 1861, it was resolved that the central building of the University edifice, be named, in honor of the lamented founder, DOUGLAS HALL, and the name be inscribed over the main entrance. We have often noticed the large smooth stone directly above the main entrance to the University, and wondered why some inscription was not engraved thereon. We have thought it would be very fitting to have the name of Douglas somewhere upon the University, and no where more so than there. It is due that the resolution above referred to should be carried into effect. It is due to *his* memory whose munificence did so much for the University in its earlier history. It would add very much to the appearance of the front entrance to have the name Douglas Hall above the door. Although this resolution has remained thus long only a resolution, it would be highly appropriate to carry it into effect at this particular time. We trust it will be done before the year is out.

Chapel is well attended this term; every class and department being well represented. Even the seniors go in numbers, considering the *number* of the class.—There is one thing to which we would call attention. Nearly every morning several of the students are late in attendance. Now it seems to us better to stay out altogether than to come in after the services have begun. It interrupts the exercises very much. We were once told that "habitual tardiness indicates a lack of punctuality." This may apply to some who attend chapel. A mere reference to this point should be sufficient; and those for whom it is intended will probably see to it that the devotional exercises are not disturbed in this way. It is a small matter to correct, but left uncorrected, occasions much confusion.

Several decided improvements have been made in and around the University this year. The rooms in Douglas Hall we have noticed. The gravel walk in front of the building adds a great deal to the appearance of the College grounds, and also to the comfort of all passing to and from the building. Other signs of change and advance are seen on all sides. The fence around the campus—that fence which was begun two years ago, which employed so many busy and noisy hands *last* year—is still without gates. Probably the seniors, arrayed in tall hats and kids, will have to hang the gates the *evening* before *class day*.

If our readers notice any lack of unity or anything unhinged about our first number, "don't view us with a critic's eye," but remember that editors are not of spontaneous growth and are not made in a day. Perhaps by next number we may have more correctly adjusted the vast and complicated machinery engaged in giving to the world the VOLANTE.

## LITERARY.

### THE LOST ISLAND.

'Tis morn upon Atlantis hills, and from her peopled shore  
Of life, and trade, and pleasure, swells to heaven the mingled roar;  
The shepherd leads his flocks to feed beside her rippling streams;  
The drover on her mountain roads drives forth the tinkling teams;  
The sailor sings amongst the shrouds, and sets the swelling sail;  
The Tyrian merchants, o'er the brine, her friendly harbors hail;  
Her frowning headlands, crowned with towers, o'erlook the azure main,  
Madeira's hills, and Calpe's straits, and the blue coast of Spain.  
The sea is calm, the sun is bright, and shines with gentle ray,—  
Ah, woe for fair Atlantis! now has dawned her latest day.  
A few short hours, and o'er her hills shall sweep the restless wave;  
The surge her winding sheet shall be, old Neptune's halls her grave.  
Even now, to treacherous stillness lulled, the sinking zephyrs sleep;  
And brooding into sullen calm, subsides the sombre deep.  
The gathering clouds have o'er her spread the fated island's fall;  
And shrinking back, the waning sun seems mourning o'er her fall.  
Upon the crowded wharves and squares, the markets and the walls,  
The torpid sea, the blackening hills, an awful stillness falls;  
But far beneath the trembling ground low boding murmurs spread;  
The demon of the earthquake turns and shakes his fiery bed.  
And, gathering with increasing power from all the tossing shore,  
The groanings of the laboring earth swell to a deafening roar,  
The screaming sea birds on their crests high rising from the deep,  
The lowering waves of ebon hue high up the harbors sweep.  
And o'er the crashing cumbered wharves, and through the deluged streets,  
With corpses mixed and mastless crafts, the eddying billow beats.  
From town, and tower, and wave washed shore, one howl of horror swells,  
Blent with the crash of falling spires and knell of rolling bells,  
The crags, descending from the hills, spin through the ruined town;  
And, thundering on the boiling waves, the shattered cliffs come down,  
In sulphurous spume is hid the sun, and universal gloom  
O'er heaven, and earth, and ocean, spreads, the sable flag of doom.  
Till from the rent and yawning hills, shorn of their rocky spires,  
In lurid volumes through the air ascends the central fires.  
A pale and ghastly light they shed o'er all the flooded land;  
And where upon the unsunken rocks the few survivors stand,  
Then, thundering through the burning dome, disgorged above it roars,  
And over hills, and shoals, and sea, one fiery deluge pours,  
The pumice hisses in the brine; the lava fights the tide  
And, turning o'er the wasted land, spreads slaughter far and wide.  
The fire dies out, the mountains sink, and slowly settle down;  
And lordly with a victor's march the conquering sea comes on,  
Till slowly through the melting clouds the struggling sunbeams pass,  
And palely gild the pool that whirls where fair Atlantis was.  
Her beauty and her chivalry, her pride and power are gone;  
And where her ocean throne was placed, unruled the sea sweeps on.  
No more to her shall Sidon bear the British treasures white,  
No more Algeria's pirates fly before her fleets in fight.  
High o'er her children and their works, dark swells the sullen wave;  
The dolphin and the porpoise play above their general grave.

### IS THERE A SCIENCE OF HISTORY?

What contributes a science? No mass of accumulated phenomena such as you discover in history. The scope of science is broader; its advantages are more comprehensive.

When isolated phenomena resolve themselves into groups; when the scientist is able to trace effects to their true causes, and to predict future occurrences by what he knows of the past, then his structure may be pronounced a science; but not till then.

Science not only leads us into the council chamber of nature to witness her tremendous changes, but unmoved by the conflict of the elements, her disciples predict the unknown and the unseen. The astronomer foretells the return of comets and eclipses, though they may revisit the earth centuries after his death. The geologist will describe to you what lies buried ten thousand feet beneath these walls. Can history on her own soil do this



kind of work? Has she even the shadow of such power?

What science of history could have recalled the destiny of the May Flower? Judging by the past, could the student of history have published to the world the rise of this republic, and her attitude among the nations? Who could have imagined that the poor and persecuted of the old world, would turn to this quarter of the globe, as the last asylum of humanity, and perhaps the last spot on earth where the solemn experiment of self-government will be tried. Even Burke, who knew the whole history of the world by heart, did not think that the atheism of Voltaire and Diderot would develop into the ferocious fanatism of the French Revolution. Unknown elements were at work and unknown spectacles were produced. They dazzled and bewildered those who beheld them. No human being could or did foresee the great revolutions of history, whether political, social, or religious. Martin Luther never understood the broad march and the overwhelming power of the revolution. To proclaim him the cause of that revolt of the mind, would be to attribute the power of the storm to the weather-vane on your house-tops. It is as impossible for men to foretell such movements by measuring the foot-prints of history, as to predict the hour of their death by consulting the planets. There is no science of history; and until she can prophesy we dare hope for none.

But if the Muse of History is powerless to reveal the unknown, does she teach us no valuable lesson by investigating the past? Even here, although mistress of the whole field, she wants the certainty and precision of science. As a specific guide in politics—I mean what is often called statesmanship—history is false and dangerous. By its exclusive study a man dwells among shadows, not among real friends and real adversaries.

We counsel public men to heed the political lessons of history, while history herself confesses that nations never have profited and never will profit by her instruction. The simple reason is the past is not the present, and no reasoning can drag them together. There is nothing that distorts history so much as logic. The field of human labor is too broad and the factors too many to make a safe premise. A contemplation of the colossal figures of the past elevates and strengthens a statesman's mind, but the public man who relies wholly upon this source of knowledge for his strength, had better curse the hour in which he learned to read.

Philosophical theories relative to great civil revolutions are never fixed, never determined. Yesterday Hegel's philosophy of history was hailed as the true view of our progress, because it recognized the hand of God in human affairs. To-day Buckle's theory is correct because it excludes God. To-morrow we may be on the watch for a new philosophy of history, perhaps excluding

both God and man. It is hard to say what proposition men may not advance in this age of wild, ungoverned expectation.

When the historian undertakes to philosophize, he produces a system; and as he builds it up he shapes the material to suit the style of his structure. Every age has a standard by which it measures its predecessors.—We laugh at the philosophical judgments of our ancestors. Posterity will laugh at ours. The whole ground of historic speculation is a grand forest in which the philosophers play at the child's game of hide and seek.

Guided by these considerations, we must conclude that philosophical history is not a safe counsel, because the men who write it are often prejudiced, and can not see beyond the narrow confine of their own state; because human affairs are subject to capricious changes, are susceptible of infinite modifications and assume unlooked for forms; because the hidden springs which produce civil commotions are so subtle that they are with difficulty discerned, so complex that it is often impossible to unravel them. History herself proclaims that political revolutions have their origin in the development of unknown factors, in the power of elements whose real nature is not discovered, until the elements themselves have spent their force.

When we reflect that the eminent thinkers of both hemispheres turn to the same magazine for the shot and shell they hurl at one another, when both the atheist and the theologian appeal to the same historical records, to defend their respective attitudes, what shall we think of the reliability of a science of history? There is hardly any theory of human events to which Clio will not add her signature. Like a shrewd artist she smiles upon all who visit and study her galleries. Although investigating the same rhetorical facts, Buckle declares that Christianity had nothing to do with the revival of learning and the growth of our vigorous civilization, while Guizot maintains that it played the noblest part in that noble drama.

Are we then to conclude that the study of history bears no fruit? Shall we banish the Muse and cease to live with the great thinkers of all ages and all climes? Are Thucydides, Tacitus, Macaulay, Motley and Prescott to be forsaken and forgotten? No! nothing could be more hostile to my purpose.

Although they cannot pilot us clear of the rocks and shoals of civil life, they teach us that all human action is measured by moral law. They teach us that dynasties may decay, that thrones may crumble, that nations may perish, but the moral laws of God are eternal. The lessons of history are moral, not political. Here she is the hand-maid of religion. Her voice comes thundering across the centuries proclaiming that right will reign, that justice will be meted out to those who violate the enactments of heaven, that morality and honesty are the safeguards of national existence, that individual vices soon grow into national calamities, and the people who forsake God, are by him forsaken. These are her les-

sons, simple enough for a school-boy to understand, grand enough to enlist the faith and love of the whole race.

#### LANGUAGE.

"Language is the most durable of human monuments." Nations may rise and fall. They may change in their manners, their government, their religion. They may advance from barbarism to the acme of learning and thought; yet in their language may be seen the swaddling dress of their infancy; the strength of their manhood; the plastic grace and perfection of their riper age. Language is the scholar's compass. With unerring aim it directs him through untraversed realms and seas. It is the mirror of intellect; for by it alone can mind converse with mind. It is the telescope of nations; for THROUGH it the people of one country and time can discover and read the customs and character of another. Language, as a band, encircles the world and all ages. It stands on the crumbling ruins of Babel; and looks on along the line of nations. From the top of the nineteenth century it turns backwards its light, and reveals the mysteries of time.

It has opened a way of entrance to the pristine world; has brought to light the hidden treasures of a nation that once was the prince of states; birthland of culture and of arts; the Athens of Africa. Her story is told, and language has tunneled the long night of time—has thus bridged the abyss that separates countries and ages. It has preserved the links of history, has even made history possible. Do away with history and language can fill the vacancy completely, thoroughly. Do away with language, and where is history? It falls, shorn of its glory and strength; no longer the pillar of letters.

But is this the greatest mission of language? No! It speaks in truer, grander words; for it speaks of the affinity of nations; of a brotherhood common to all; of a union in origin and aim.

The truly noble mind seeks for the unity of races. And the unity of languages is a proof of the unity of races. But is it not fabulous to speak of the UNITY of ALL languages? It MAY never be known if such be the case; yet the progress which is made in that direction, at present, almost warrants the belief that it WILL be known. Nations are studying each other, and are following each other's customs; they seem to be nearing a UNIVERSAL CIVILIZATION.

Language, as a tidal wave, will continue to roll on, gathering at each increasing surge, a volume of strength; for its power is unlimited; its dominion untold.

#### SAXONS AND NORMANS.

That man is a plastic organism is a generally admitted truth and it is no where, perhaps, more plainly verified than on the continent of Europe. In the regions of the sunny south beneath the brilliantly clear Italian sky, one species of man is developed. In the chilly regions of the Northwest, amid the fogs and frosts, another kind of man is formed. In such a country as the last, our barbarous and gluttonous Saxon ancestors were wont to celebrate their drunken orgies, to yell their savage war songs, and, from the craggy cliffs with which their shores were girted, to dash out among the frothing waves, even

amid the fury of the elements, in order to carry on their work of plunder and destruction, to feast their eyes with the sight of burning homes, of country rendered wild and desolate by themselves. The storms in which they were conceived, and the chilling mists and shivering frosts which nurtured them had rendered their natures cold and phlegmatic, had made their bodies impervious to suffering, and their hearts untouched as yet by civilizing influences, incapable of pity. The life of a marauder naturally then was the life for them; and, as Taine says: "The great Roman corpse, which lay in all its helplessness, was tempting bait for all such vultures." But, although, in the Saxons of that time, the brute predominated much above the man, the sensual nature much above the intellectual, there was nevertheless a certain hidden germ of virtue, and nobility of soul and which afterwards was seen developed in the Puritans, those much lauded progenitors of a vigorous race. There was within the Saxon breast a certain hidden fountain which afterwards was seen welling, bubbling and foaming up from the soul of Milton, that inimitable singer of immortal verse, and from the souls of other graceful riders of Pegasus who have embalmed the English language in the myrrh and frankincense of poesy.

In other words, beneath those rough exteriors there was a certain vein of earnestness, of gravity, of manly dignity though then it was rendered sluggish by barbarism. Within the breast of this large yellow-haired savage there was, too, a heart, but then the owner never discovered its existence, save in his fidelity to friends.

Under the brute, too, there was a freeman, and, in every revolution which has advanced English liberty that freeman has taken a conspicuous part.

The powerful poetic genius of the race, which in later times gave to the world a Paradise Lost, can be discovered even in the times of its barbarism. In Beowulf, the poet, sings of blood and thunder, it is true, but still he has the poets songs. He might have thrown into his verse as horrible ingredients as Macbeth's witches were wont to toss into the boiling caldron, but in doing so he would have shown, none the less, that he had the poets soul. Such then in brief were some of the characteristics of the Saxon settlers of Britain.

Let us now turn a glance upon those other warlike settlers, who crossing the British channel at a later time, came not as a barbarian hordes, rushing helter-skelter to their works of death, but who, as a marshalled army, in regular file, and to the strains of martial music debouched upon the British shore. We might naturally look among these men as Norman's, and as descendants of the followers of the great northern freebooter Rollo, to find characteristics very similar to those of the Saxons. But the Gallic influences of their southern home had doubtless already Gallicized, to a considerable degree, these



northern intruders. And, moreover, the followers of William the Bastard were not, as a body, Normans properly so called, for, let us remember, that the renown of the warlike duke had attracted to his standard hundreds of adventurers from Maine, Anjou, Picardy, and in fact from nearly every part of France. We must expect therefore to find the character of the Norman settler substantially French; although indeed the contrast between the Saxon and Norman character was not so striking as is the contrast to day between the representative, light and frivolous Frenchman, and the grave and profound representative German. Their difference in character cannot be seen better anywhere, perhaps, than in the difference of their poetic tastes. The poetry of the Normans was mostly translations or imitations of the French. It was decorated gorgeously; but of substance there was none in it; it was all flowers, nothing more. As Taine says: "the French mind delighted in such narratives as the naughty tricks of Renard, a tale about stealing another man's wife, &c." But the Saxon delight was in such poetic strains as those concerning "ye bold adventures of ye gallant Robin Hood," who, making his home amid the green trees of the forest, wages a relentless warfare upon the aristocracy, but shows many a generous kindness to the unfortunate and poor.

That principle, which most affected the political progress of England, the love of personal freedom, the Saxons brought with them from their fatherland, and in that principle they were the superiors of the Normans. It is true that the turbulent Norman barons wrested, from King John, the Magna Charta, but the provisions of that famous instrument which by far the most advanced the liberties of the people of England, as a people, these barons were compelled to insert, in order to keep in the good graces of their Saxon feudatories.

Had not so much Saxon blood flowed in the veins of Englishmen, then, indeed, in the reigns of Henry III, and his son, the representations of the boroughs might have begun to meet in public assembly, but surely that assembly would have never grown to be the glory of the English nation, and the bulwark of English liberty. It might have become extinct before it could have come in contact with the House of Stuart, but if it had not died before that time, it would not probably have ever come in contact with that House, but would have sunk to the insignificance of a mere name. If, however, it had lived and had attempted to encroach upon the "King's prerogative," it never would have found those sturdy roundheads, rallying to its support. In short, but for those Saxon English, is it not likely that, after the fashion of the States General of France, the House of Commons would have dragged along for a time a miserable existence, and, smothered by despotism at last, have gasped out its sickly life?

#### SUCCESS THROUGH FAILURE.

Life presents many a strange and peculiar phase. It opens a door to many an apartment which at first sight seems confused and disordered. We look again and we think we see some arrangement, some form. We take a third look and are astonished. The scene is apparently reduced to order. Why is it? Has the scene changed? It has remained the same, but we are able to discern the connecting links of the different parts, after a careful or close observation. To illustrate: there hangs a large painting in the further end of the gallery. It seems dim and disconnected; almost without meaning. We advance toward it, and now for the first time catch from it some idea; yet it is indistinct. We take a closer stand, and the painting is a master-piece; the work of a lifetime; its lights and shades so blended and contrasted as to make it a specimen of skill and beauty. It is thus that men look upon the events in life. They view them at the start as broken columns, and do not see that they constitute the whole. A man's life is a unit. The various acts of it compose a play that is prominent or unimportant as the actor is or is not distinguished. And the actor often looks upon the failures of his life as backsets to its completion and perfection; whereas they are as necessary to final success as are the shadows to an artist's masterpiece. Indeed, more. It is through them in a great measure that success can be attained. You may tell a man that the great crash which has prostrated him is but the stepping stone to a higher position than he could otherwise have attained. He will shake his head and smile at your airy theories as he thinks of his lost thousands. Yet, even at that moment, he is devising means to regain his fortune. He is laying plans for the future, broader, deeper and grander than he had ever dared to conceive before. His support has been taken away and he must make greater efforts. Even though he rejects your fair faced speculation, at the same time he, in fact, believes in it, and works accordingly. For how could it be otherwise? His failure has brought him low for the present, but it compels him to use power that he had not known. Necessity forces him to colossal deeds. This is true, not only of man but of all existence. It is a law of nature that the growth of plants depends upon the decay of others. Thus the seasons chase each other in succession. Spring gives forth verdure and beauty, only after the death of winter has touched all. As the poet has said

"And that the weakest may have life  
Something *must die*."

We see the same in history. Nations rise and flourish, and fall; and their decline only paves the way for others, perhaps stronger and more advanced. The Greek and Roman states rose to an eminence almost fabulous in its glory. See their decline and the breaking up of nations which followed; the darkest centuries in history. And what next? On the ruins, and the confused masses of these mighty fabrics, rose forms of government better suited to the needs of the individual and of society. The outgrowth of the blackest and most oppressive reign of darkness were the highest, noblest and most beneficent institutions that have ever arisen; the institutions of freedom and learning; the civilization of the seventeenth century.

#### COMMUNICATED

Before the fire the law school of the University was a flourishing institution; since that time it has maintained a sickly existence. In order to bring the school up to its former position, our University has united with the Northwestern for the purpose of maintaining it.

So far, every effort has been substantially successful. The law school will be located at 77 and 79 South Clark Street. There will be two classes, a junior and a senior. The juniors will be heard from eight to nine o'clock A. M., and four to five P. M.; the seniors from nine to ten A. M., and five to six P. M. Moot courts will be held on every Saturday under the guidance of Prof. DENSLOW. This arrangement enables the student to stay in some law office during the whole of the business day, and thus take advantage of uniting in his studies the theory and the practice of the law.

We need only mention the names of the Faculty to show its strength. The Hon. JAS. R. DOOLITTLE, Ex-Senator, of Wis., Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL, Ex-Senator of Illinois, Judge BOOTH, of the Chicago Bench, Prof. V. B. DENSLOW, formerly editor of the Chicago TRIBUNE, and one of the most distinguished political economists in the West, and Prof. PHILIP MYERS, of Evanston are the gentlemen who will unfold the mysteries of the law.

In addition to the regular Faculty, there will be occasional addresses upon all those subjects which are in some degree closely connected with the practice of law. We understand that Dr N. S. DAVIS will lecture upon medical jurisprudence. His reputation is a sufficient guarantee that the subject will be skillfully handled.

The terms are strikingly low. The year's Tuition will be only fifty dollars, while most of the eastern institutions charge from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. There will be two years, as the names of the classes suggest, of about ten months each; thus making we think the most thorough course in the country. And situated in Chicago, where the life, vigor and commercial energy of the nation is centered, possessed of a Faculty which has, in part, a national reputation, and standing in the very heart of the law courts and law offices of the city, there is every reason to anticipate a bright career and a national reputation for "The Union Law School." '73

#### PERSONAL.

'68. E. O. TAYLOR has resigned his pastorate at Topeka, Kan., in order to devote his entire time to the Kansas *Evangel*, of which he is editor.

'68. PARSON is in the Railroad business at Vicksburg, Miss.

'68. BLAKE is in the manufacturing business at Racine, Wis.

'68. HOSTETTER is carrying on a stock farm near Mount Carrol, Ill.

'70. T. P. MARYATT is principal of the high school in Petersboro, N. H.

'70. J. W. RIDDLE is traveling in Europe.

'71. WILSON WHITNEY has left Rockton and is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Osage, Iowa.

'71. E. H. PRATT is Assistant Prof. of Anatomy, in Hahneman Medical College. Hartley is in the habit of relieving the monotony of his profession by giving lectures to "mixed schools" and young ladies Seminaries.

'72. J. K. WILSON is in Kentucky trying to get rid of the ague.

'72. H. W. BOOTH is clerk of the Committee appointed to revise the laws of the State of Illinois.

'72. O. B. CLARK, once editor of the VOLANTE, will attend the Chicago Medical College the coming year.

'72. H. F. GILBERT, after a year's vacation, is studying at the Seminary.

'72. Mr. and Mrs. WOOD are with us again. Mr. W. prosecutes his studies at the Seminary, and Mrs. Wood teaches in the University.

'73. B. L. ALDRICH is Professor of Modern Languages in a College in California at a salary of \$2,000 per annum. Pretty good for a start.

'73. H. T. CLENDENNING will attend the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary the coming year.

'73. C. W. GREGORY sailed for England soon after graduation, in consequence of the death of his father. Before attempting his Atlantic voyage he provided himself with a companion for the voyage of life. Mr. Gregory will take one year of Theological training with Spurgeon, after which he will probably return to this country and complete his course.

'73. G. C. INGHAM dispenses knowledge to the University "preps." We hope to see him regularly at chapel.

'73. E. L. JAYNE will enter the law school.

'73. J. H. McDONALD having spent the summer in cultivating the acquaintance of rural maidens, will enter upon his chosen profession Oct. 15th, at the Chicago Medical College.

'73. JOSEPH MOUNTAIN is preaching at Kenosha, Wis. Jo's *dulcinea* lives there, and consequently Jo will soon be a married man. Perhaps he will write us another poem on "The Coming Girl."

'73. JACOB NEWMAN, a former editor of the VOLANTE, is reading law under the supervision of Judge Doolittle, and will attend the Union Law School the coming year. Jacob does not forget the VOLANTE nor the "Exchanges."

'73. EDWARD OLSON is traveling in Europe. When last heard from he was in Halle, Germany. Mr. Olson also wielded a vigorous pen for the VOLANTE.

'73. D. G. PERRINE is in Chicago. We suspect he is personating Micawber.

'73. J. H. SAMPSON, for the past four months, has supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Mr. SAMPSON purposes spending the next three years of his life at the Seminary.



'73. A. WATTS is preaching in the central part of Wisconsin. A prophet has no honor in his own country.

'73. O. C. WELLER is resting. Lewisburg, Ohio, is his home. Our readers may look for an article from his pen at no distant day.

'73. N. C. WHEELER was offered, but declined, the chair of Ancient Languages, in Franklin College. He expects to engage in law.

'74. G. E. BAILEY tried Ann Arbor last year, but comes back to graduate here.

'74. C. T. OTIS, spent the vacation in visiting the principal objects of interest in the United States and Canada.

'75. W. H. WINDES has returned to his home in Apple Grove, Alabama, to take charge of the paternal homestead '75 and K. K. K. will miss him.

'75. J. A. MITCHELL designs entering upon a three year's course of study at the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

'75. We learn, with regret, of the illness of Z. C. Hall at his home in Tonica. It is possible he cannot be with us this year.

'75. F. C. DE GOLYER is learning how to be a soldier at the Pennsylvania Military Institute in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

'75. BOGANAU has been travelling up and down the Mississippi, and penetrating far into the interior, enlightening immense audiences on the subject of "Burmah and its inhabitants." Trask was his financial manager. Bogy has made enough money to treat all his friends. He has a host of friends here.

'76. R. E. EARLL has exchanged the study for the counter. Waukegan is his home.

'76. Beneath the blue canopy of heaven, in the vicinity of Mendota, Ill., by the Rev. Wm. M. Haigh, Mr. R. L. Olds and Miss Martha Erskine were united in wedlock. All of Mendota. We congratulate all parties, and hope that Mr. Olds will be stimulated by this event to surpass his class mates in recitations, as much as he has distanced them in matrimony.

'76. C. P. KEENEY has gone to Evanston.

'77. C. D. MOREHOUSE is principal of the graded school in Urbana, Ill.

'73. C. C. ADAMS, once of '73, expects to graduate with '74. Adams is reporter No. 1, on the Inter-Ocean.

'76. We regret to learn that F. M. Goodhue, will not be able to return this year. Goodhue is in the wind-mill business at Freeport, Ill.

J. W. WILLIAMS is attending the Union Law School.

D. T. HAYDEN is attending the Law School.

No more will these college halls echo to the tread of Barmore's feet regularly at 11-30 p. m. He can now be

found in room 24, Seminary. Mr. Barmore is deservedly popular with every student and professor here.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

It almost seems that the waters are the student's most inexorable foe. In the fall of '71, as one returned to college, he bore to others the sad tidings of MUNDEL's death. He was drowned while fishing in Crow Creek, near Lacon, Ill.

During the summer of '72, D. T. JOHNS, of '73, who was supplying the Baptist church at Camanche, Iowa, was mysteriously drowned in the Mississippi.

A year ago, as we gathered from far and near for another year in college, none gave a warmer grasp to college friends, than did SHERMAN, of '73. On the evening of Sept. 7th, the Saturday before school began, poor SHERMAN perished beneath the waves of Lake Michigan.

On the first day of last August, a telegram brought the mournful news that H. K. HOPPS, of '70, was drowned while bathing near Newport, R. I.

Mr. HOPPS' residence at the University was an extended one. He entered the second year preparatory class, in the Fall of '64, and continued throughout, graduating with the class in June, '70. He was warmhearted, genial and generous, and made many friends. In college he was a leading spirit in all students' enterprises. He shirked no responsibility; he shrank from no duty. It was for his religious life, however, that he is best remembered. We doubt if ever a man went through the University who was more uniformly regular in his attendance upon the students' prayer meeting, and more thoroughly identified with all religious undertakings in college, than was he.

He spent the first year after leaving college, at the Rochester Theological Seminary. During the following Summer vacation he supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church of Batavia, Ill., and was urged to settle with the church, as pastor. He remained one year, during which time the membership was more than doubled. In the fall of '72 he entered the middle class of Newton Theological Seminary, and remained there during the year. Last summer while at Newport on a short visit, he went bathing in company with a friend, and was drowned near the shore.

Funeral services were held at Newport, R. I., at Newton Centre, Mass., at Batavia, Ill., the place of his only pastorate, and at Lamoille, his home, where he now rests beside the remains of his mother. The highest tribute the writer of this notice can, or wishes to pay to this departed college friend is, that he had learned the "beginning of all wisdom," and had consecrated his life to the most unselfish object that was ever conceived; the moral improvement of his fellowmen.

In another year he would have been ready to enter upon his long life mission. His sojourn here was brief, but not in vain; for his life was an earnest, faithful and a noble one. We will ever cherish fondly the name and memory of HERMAN KENDALL HOPPS.

There are a great many new students here this fall. Most of the old college boys are back, yet about every other person you meet is a stranger. All of the rooms are full and many are without regular rooms for the present. In a week or two accommodations will be completed for from twenty to forty students,

#### AT HOME.

##### NATIONAL NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

Commencement exercises were over. Each reverend Senior had made his final bow and with his innocent lamb-skin had departed homeward, thenceforth to speak his little piece to his "native peaks and crags." Juniors and Sophomors had placed themselves and their productions at the mercy of the awarding committees and even the tender Freshmen had appeared upon the boards with his "Father, must I stay? &c." These classic halls no longer "echoed to the tread of any embryo Brutus; everything seemed deserted. As the dozen students who still lingered met in the halls they warmly grasped the hand, and while the tear-drop trembled in either optic, tenderly regarded each other, but with no words to express their utter loneliness. To use the pickled expression, "silence reigned supreme." But it was such a calm as precedes the tornado's blast or the earthquake's shock. It came suddenly upon us at last, overwhelming us as when the storm-cloud bursts in the pleasant valleys.

"Had Nature thundered in our opening ears,  
And stunned us with the music of the spheres."

the effect upon our tympanum could not have been greater. The first intimation which we received of the approaching phenomenon was the arrival of a verdant Orpheus, who was assigned a room immediately above our own, and an organ was placed in it with which he might amuse himself. Immediately he deemed it best to celebrate his safe arrival and accordingly commenced singing a victorious paean and grinding an accompaniment. We are not prepared to say whether like that other Orpheus, the gentleman, by his music, had ever rescued a loved one from the dark realms of Pluto, but we think if he ever did that while there, his ears drank in some "melodious sonnet" characteristic of the region, and that this must have been the burden of his song on that morning.

They descended upon us simultaneously like a swarm of bees upon a hedge fence. Young men promenaded the halls with a baton protruding from one vest-pocket and a tuning-fork from the other, while the young ladies sat in the parlor biting their fan-handles, and endeavoring to become acquainted. They all appeared unhappy, and as if they might enjoy beholding the countenances of their respective mothers, were it a possible thing. At the dinner-table they met upon a common level, and for the first time succeeded in throwing off all restraint. The next morning, July 9th, troubles commenced and continued without cessation five weeks. For a time, Pandemonium seemed to have been let loose. On all sides, above and below, organs pealed and pianos thumped, sopranos trilled on high G and basses groaned in B flat. A young lady who roomed adjoining us, was heard to mourn over the decline of her musical powers, and to quote Young, "my voice is but the shadow of a sound." It was

the darkest shadow that ever crossed our path. We endured it one week, and then, having settled our board-bill, we invested the balance of cash on hand in cotton and bees-wax. With these we stopped the key-hole and our ears, to shut out as much as possible of the din, and thenceforth remained in comparative quiet.

But "there came a sound of revelry by night," a clashing of tin pans and kettles, a rattling and banging of barrels down the stairs, and a ringing of bells. Notwithstanding the night was far spent, everything seemed to indicate that the occasion was one of great festivity. No "Normal Institute" in its palmyest days ever stirred up such a turmoil. Men groaned and swore. Women screamed and went off into hysterics, and as the babies could do but one thing, they squalled. One woman, having raised the window, remarked as loud as to be heard two blocks, "Is it a fire?" But above it all were heard voices chanting, seraphic voices, and their words were something like these:

"Dere's someting wrong a-brewing,  
Gwine to jine de Normal."

Some one suggested "University scoundrels," and went to bed.

The Cashier, coming in rather late that evening, suffered his curiosity to take him rather too near those sleep-enhancing spirits, so that his apparel became moistened by the dew from their wings—or it might have been by a pail of water accidentally spilled. He sought out the assistance of a policeman, and with him endeavored to track out the jovial spirits; but they had folded their pinions and gone to rest.

The Institute was well attended, and a great success. Everything passed off pleasantly and profitably closing about Aug. 9th, with two of the best concerts ever offered before a Chicago audience.

The chorus conductor, Carl Zerrahn, who is also the conductor of the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston, said that he never lead as perfect singing in his life as he did in connection with the closing concert. Dr. Root is certainly deserving of success, and we can only wish it may attend him, whether he holds the next session of his Institute here or elsewhere.

X. Y.

#### PRESIDENT ANGUS.

The mere mention of the name of Dr. Angus of Regent Park College, London, a few days since, was sufficient to gather a numerous audience in the University Chapel. We were anxious to see, and hear the man, who for thirty years, has occupied a prominent place in the religious and educational world; consequently we were surprised to see that Dr. Angus is in the full vigor of middle age.

That Dr. Angus gained the reputation of a brilliant and powerful essayist when only twenty-five years of age, shows him to be above the level even of great writers. We were not disappointed in his looks, for they indicate great mental power.



After Dr. Angus was introduced by President Burroughs, he spoke mainly of the educational system of Great Britain.

In Scotland every boy receives an education in the common schools, and Universities for higher education exist in abundance.

The first deficiency of the Scottish system consists in the lack of a connecting link between common schools and Universities—in the lack of grammar schools. Scotch Universities are thus compelled to admit those who are deficient in elementary training, which impairs their usefulness, and impedes their progress. There can be no high culture without grammar schools.

The second deficiency of the Scotch system is, that no provision for study beyond the degrees has been made. We need men whose vocation is, to study, whose lives are dedicated to purely scientific and philosophical research. In England by the establishment of liberal fellowships, provision has been made for a post graduate course, but, there, the advantages that might be gained by these endowments are in a great measure lost through an impolitic system of awarding them.

An important aid to higher education, in England is the University of London, whose Faculty, consisting of forty eminent scholars, confer degrees in the Arts, in Science and Literature. This is an educational force, whose power is constantly increasing. It stimulates to a higher intellectual development; it widens the range of subjects for study, it keeps men abreast of the thought of the time.

It is the student of to-day who must bring the present theories to the crucial test of practice; who can apply to their own lives the system they adopt for others; for I beseech you, cease not to be students when you have passed from the halls of your Alma-Mater. See the men whose education has been completed. They are helpless; they are useless members of society. But the men who make their college course a stepping stone to higher acquirements, the mere vestibule of the gilded courts of knowledge, are *men*, worthy of respect, admiration, imitation.

The Faculty and students combined, have consummated an admirable plan for *dispensing* coal to the hungry. Last year we had coal-bins, one for each room. They were torn down, and, possibly no one foresaw that the erection of new ones would be prevented, according to the fire limits law. At any rate such is the case, and now we throw all of our coal into a general *Maelstrom* of a bin, while Ulysses, with watchful eye, stands at the door ready to give to each his portion in due season; careful to punch all tickets and refusing admission to those without tickets. The advantages of this arrangement are several. It gives employment and exercise to some person; and that is quite an item, considering the fact that we have no gymnasium here in the building. It

also saves the students an unpleasant tramp through the snows and storms of winter. This, also, is a trouble to one fond of ease. Then again it prevents all manner of taking and borrowing coal, and everything that comes under the head of "sponging." These are all trifles, it is true, but remember that "trifles make perfection," as Michael remarked to the wag. So taking all things into consideration, we have about as good, if not better, conveniences in this respect than we had last year.

THE ATHENEUM SOCIETY has elected the following officers for the present term:

<i>President</i> , .....	R. M. IRELAND.
<i>Vice President</i> , .....	R. B. TWISS.
<i>Secretary</i> , .....	W. G. HASTINGS.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i> , .....	FLEMING.
<i>Treasurer</i> , .....	W. D. GARDNER.
<i>Librarian</i> , .....	O. C. WELLER.
<i>Critic</i> , .....	R. R. COON, JR.
<i>Literary Editor</i> , .....	BOGANAU.
<i>Political Editor</i> , .....	H. G. BOSWORTH.
<i>Local Editor</i> , .....	

The officers for the Tri Kappa are as follows:

<i>President</i> , .....	T. E. EGBERT.
<i>Vice President</i> , .....	R. P. ALLISON.
<i>Secretary</i> , .....	F. E. LANSING.
<i>Sub Secretary</i> , .....	Z. C. HALL.
<i>Treasurer</i> , .....	A. J. EGBERT.
<i>1st Critic</i> , .....	C. H. D. FISHER.
<i>2nd Critic</i> , .....	J. STALEY.
<i>Editor in Chief</i> , .....	D. T. HAYDEN.
<i>1st Assistant</i> , .....	J. D. RUSSELL.
<i>2nd Assistant</i> , .....	J. V. GARTON.

For the Christian Association the officers are:

<i>President</i> , .....	C. H. D. FISHER.
<i>Vice President and Treasurer</i> , .....	B. F. PATT.
<i>Secretary</i> , .....	H. C. LELAND.
<i>Librarian</i> , .....	L. H. HOLT.

Latest accounts report only one class election, as yet. The Freshmen alone are in the field. They have decided on the following list:

<i>President</i> , .....	J. V. GARTON.
<i>Vice President</i> , .....	H. J. PHILPOT.
<i>Secretary</i> , .....	A. W. CLARK.
<i>Treasurer</i> , .....	BAIRD.
<i>Orator</i> , .....	G. C. MASTIN.
<i>Poet</i> , .....	MISS LILY GRAY.
<i>Secr.</i> , .....	W. C. ARTHUR.
<i>Historian</i> , .....	J. R. CHAPMAN.
<i>Toast Master</i> , .....	J. R. IVES.
<i>Musical Director</i> , .....	T. C. RONEY.

One Friday night, after gas time, we sat quietly thinking of labors done. The week's work was ended; Atheneum had passed off in good style, and the term seemed well begun. We were pleased in contemplating these things—when suddenly there came a sound long and loud from an unknown quarter. Amazed, we listened. No noise? Was that not a reality? Or was it only a quick awakening from a gentle reverie—"But hark! again that deep sound" breaks the reign of silence, and we start up, ready to defend our country, or prepared for any emergency whatever. Then, from overhead, from both sides, from all around, there was a mighty rushing as when "two dark clouds meet in mid-air." Half-smothered cries of "help! help!" issued from the centre of strife—for strife it really was—and a voice of muffled thunder, which must have been like the tones which allured King Oedipus to his hidden and haunted tomb. Meanwhile, chairs and small boys were thrown promiscuously around the room; some (boys, not chairs) climbed out of the bed-room windows and some climbed only half-way out. There was *one* in the room for whom provision had not been made. Him, the boys in slippers could not persuade; their soft words could not induce him to turn from his lofty purpose. Moral: Always look before you leap, and when you leap, *leap all together*.

For the first time in many years, the great majority of the students at the University are boarding in the building. Previous to this, many have gone to the seminary club, and in other ways, the number of the University club was greatly decreased; being mostly made up of those who had no other place to go to. Like all other organizations it needs the support of the students to make it successful. And the man who has not love of home sufficient to keep him there at meal-time, deserves to make the first path through four feet of drifted snow, with the N. W. wind at forty knots and thermometer at 20 degrees. Nor do we doubt that under the efficient stewardship of Mr. Williams, our dining-hall will be made so attractive that no one will wish to leave.

It seems odd to go up into what was the old cynic hall and find, not a dark mystic unknown, where young boys dare not venture, and older ones *had ventured* to their sorrow, but a set of new rooms, fitted up to supply the demands of students. They tell us we live in an age of telegraph lines and railways; but even this would hardly prepare us for a look into the upper story of Douglas hall. That is a proof that the University is increasing.

PROF. WHEELER has returned from Europe. He represented Chicago University and the State of Illinois at the Vienna Exposition. He is now in Boston.

THE Exposition is well attended by the University boys.

Three students perpetrated matrimony last vacation. In view of this fact, we will hereafter devote a separate column to "marriages." We are confident it will be well patronized, at least as soon as the female department of the University is in successful operation.

MERIT has met its reward; therefore no one will be surprised that Dr. Matthews "Getting on in the world," has reached the seventh edition in this country, and the third edition in England. The American publisher is confident that before the book has been in print a year it will have reached the tenth edition.

DR. BOISE teaches the Seniors in German.

THE papers and magazines in the Reading Room were sold at auction last Thursday evening. There were no jokes. Mr. Farnum was auctioneer. Mr. Farnum, successful in any department, cannot be surpassed as an auctioneer. Terms easy.

The Seniors all have plugs but one. And now the Sophomores, with audacity heretofore unequalled, are indulging in tall hats. Sophs. in plugs! What are we coming to. At the same rate the Preps will soon swing out canes. Gentlemen, don't set such a bad example to the lower classmen.

CRUEL.—One of our Freshmen, picking up with a lady at the exposition, imagined himself an inhabitant of those beautiful regions of the fair celestials, while promenading, the lovely "damsel" on his arm the while; upon a little cherub coming up, however, and addressing her by the endearing epithet of "ma," the Freshman wilted, and at last reports was still wilting.

We wonder if Dr. Matthews' jokes were stolen from him in Europe; not one reported perpetrated since his return. The seniors, who had prepared to laugh and grow fat, are beginning to look melancholy.

The astronomical juniors sigh for the return of Prof. Safford, who is reported to be on a visit to some of the neighboring planets.

The *Bowdoin Orent*, exhausts a column of its space to prove that "THE VOLANTE is a wonderful paper." We admit it.

Already our exchanges come upon us like a flood, bringing to us the ripe thoughts of our fellow editors. At the East the principal subject for discussion is the "boating interest;" nor is this subject slighted at the West. THE CHRONICLE is urging the students of Michigan University to contend for the prize at the coming regatta. Lack of space prevents an extended review of our exchanges for this number; hereafter we will make it a point to be more courteous. The following exchanges have been received:

The Magenta, The Chronicle, Williams Vidette, Williams Review, Yale Courant, Yale Lit, Cornell Era, Amherst Student, Bowdoin Orient, Dickinsonian, Olio in College Courant, Wabash Magazine, Tyro, The Student, Iowa Classic, Harvard Advocate, Beloit Monthly, Yorkville News, and many others.



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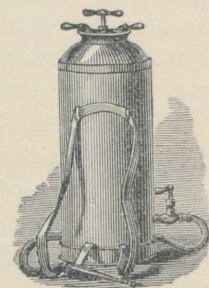
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