

THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1874.

NUMBER 5.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

COURSE OF STUDY.

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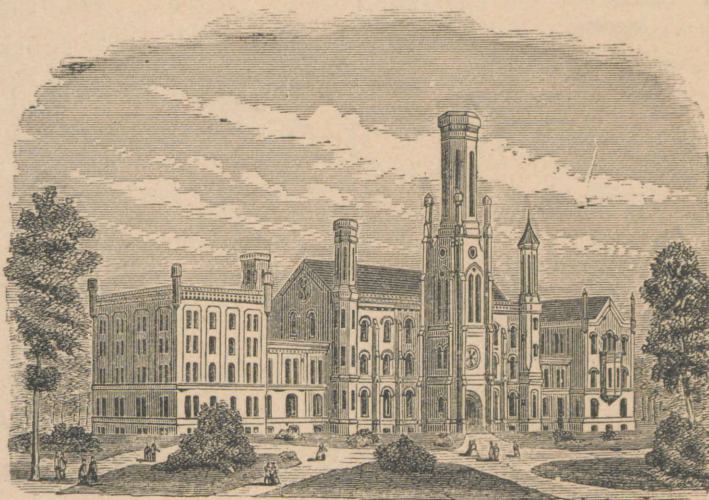
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Connected with the University is a Preparatory Department, in which the Professors of the University have charge of the instruction in the studies belonging to the several departments. The studies have been arranged in a course of three years for classical,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

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EDITORS:

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, '74.

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R. M. IRELAND, '74.

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A. I. FISHER, '76.

G. C. MASTIN, '77.

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EDITORIALS.

Never within the limits of our memory has so great an interest been manifested in literary societies as during the present year. The halls have been filled to overflowing, the exercises have steadily increased in interest and merit. Nor have the meetings of the societies been confined to their own halls; during the year there have been three literary contests between societies of this University and societies of the Northwestern University, and always with flattering results. Conceived in a spirit of generous rivalry, these joint meetings have been conducted in such a manner as to engender feelings of friendship and the highest respect. The experience has taught them not to fear, but to respect their talented neighbors.

As these joint meetings have been so successfully and profitably conducted, it seemed fitting that the year should not end without holding another joint meeting, in which the four societies might unite in one grand literary conflict. Accordingly arrangements have been nearly perfected for such a meeting, in which an orator and debater from each society shall participate. We look upon this meeting as much more important and significant than any yet held, as it is in reality, a contest for literary supremacy between the students of two leading colleges. Those who have witnessed the prior contests, will regard the coming friendly conflict as the most important college event during the year.

Some institutions attempt to enforce discipline by the rigor of arbitrary law, and to accomplish their designs they keep an eagle eye on every motion; their officers go from room to room with the greatest freedom; they pounce upon their victims unawares; they look upon all as guilty until they prove themselves innocent. By thus treating men as culprits, by withdrawing confidence from them, they naturally and inevitably force them to take the position of law breakers. Students, even the better portion, endeavor to out-wit these professional detectives, and the student who succeeds in breaking the rules and

eluding his keepers, thereby injures his reputation in no respect.

There are other institutions which take a different course. They look upon students as men, who are to be treated as such, who are to be developed as such. By their attitude toward them they manifest their confidence in their love of order, in their integrity, in their manhood. By their attitude they call to the surface of a student's life every sentiment of honor and manliness in his character. It is when he is conscious that he is his own master, and that his conduct depends on his honor, that he feels the responsibility of the trust, and rarely does he betray it. The officers who seek to develop the good, instead of spending much time in repressing the evil, have not come wide of the mark.

In our college the latter course is followed, and with good results. We have been treated like men. There is no system of espionage, no lurking in dark corners, no stealthy stealings in the evening hours. There are few rules, but there is in existence a public sentiment adverse to disorder, and in sympathy with quiet, which is better than rules posted in conspicuous places, and spies lurking about to detect transgressors. A change of dynasty has not affected this spirit of order, but the whole body of students are disposed, as ever, to assist and co-operate with the college authorities to make this not only in literary attainments, but in the gentlemanly conduct of its students, one of the first universities of the land.

Every poor wretch of a student, who has been sitting in his room all winter, decaying and fading away for lack of physical exercise, should now rouse from his lethargy, shake himself out straight, and thank the immortal gods that we can now boast of a first class gymnasium. The upper chapel, recently almost as deserted in appearance as Babylon the great city, or Ninevah the former home of Jonah, begins now to assume the appearance of life, and masterly activity given to it by the flying trapeze, rowing machines, ladders, crossbars, springboard, zip, foils, gloves, clubs, and so on, *et cetera, et al, ad infinitum*. In short we have a set of apparatus, composed of as many pieces as any in the city. The Christian Union having discontinued the southern branch of their gymnasium, we were fortunate enough to secure a set at reasonable figures. Great credit should be awarded to Messrs. G. E. Bailey and Carman, to whose individual exertions the whole enterprise is largely due.

Upon the necessity of physical exercise in general, the

VOLANTE has too often expatiated, to make it necessary for us to urge upon you now the benefits to be derived from joining the "University Athletic Club." If, after we have constantly taken pains to utter words of advice and admonition on this subject, you, in total disregard, shall fail to profit by them, you must be content to reap in time the bitter fruits of your unparalleled recklessness and folly. Lack of means we are happy to say can be an excuse for no one, since the trifling sum of fifty cents a term will make you a member in full standing. Free classes will be formed in boxing, swinging clubs, and fencing.

Mr. Bailey, already an experienced teacher in this line, will give instruction in the first two of the manly arts, and Mr. Hard, formerly of Annapolis, will show you how to fence.

Fully a third of the dwellers within these walls are men whose hearts are never gladdened by remits, who look to no rich fathers nor doting mothers to pay their term bills, their board bills, and their tailor bills; but they depend on ready hands, and active limbs, and intensely active brains to "paddle their own canoe" down this little rivulet of time. Of these, there is not one but rejoices that Providence or luck has directed his steps to a city whose rapid development calls loudly for "more men," and he has but to keep his eyes open for a few days to find the very situation he desires.

If he has the perambulatory skill of a Wes' on, he can spend a profitable hour each morning and evening in disseminating intelligence throughout the city, or he can make the street lamps give forth their welcome light; or, if he is religiously inclined, he can use both head and heart in some of the many mission fields established within the city or in the suburbs. Whatever one wishes to engage in, he can find remunerative employment for as much time as he can spare. Most of these students are only the better for their extra efforts. They stand on an equality, at least, with their companion of the kid glove and delicate hand. In their recitations they are among the best; as public-spirited men they are foremost. They are learning the value of time, they are learning what intense efforts mean, what self-reliance means, what money is worth; and these lessons and the results of this discipline indelibly imprinted on their characters, will be of more practical benefit to them than the most brilliant efforts of the class-room.

The Freshman, who, when he saw the sons of the hod carrying load after load of brick and mortar out of the front door, the other day, inquired, with a doleful face, why the authorities were allowing our University to be carried out of doors, had but little appreciation of what was going on. The truth is that it is an era of improvement, a progressive age in University affairs. These sons

of Erin, whom the Freshman noticed were but humble instruments in the University's hands for adding a little stone or two to the steps of improvement that we hope are about to be constructed. They were adding the stones, strangely enough, by subtracting the bricks; that is, they were taking away a massive brick wall in order to enlarge one of the front tower rooms into a commodious and well-lighted apartment, for the reception of our specimens in natural history, in other words, were fixing it up for a Museum.

We don't speak as authority, but we have an idea that Dr. Dexter, since his appointment to the chair of Zoology, Physiology, etc., has been energetically stirring up this matter, and doesn't propose to have the specimens belonging to his department stowed away in some dark and dusty cavity, where it would be inconvenient for him to take the students when instructing them, and where they would be ashamed to bring their girls to see the specimens. When the room is nicely fitted up, when the specimens already on hand are moved, when Prof. Wheeler brings, in addition, a wagon-load or two of his rocks, granite, amethyst, feldspar, mica schist, etc., and Dr. Dexter adds a nice skeleton or two, and a variety of interesting bugs, or, as we should say, *insecta*, when each alumnus, or patron of science, shall contribute to the same good cause whatever curiosity he may, as, for instance, a righteous man from Ann Arbor, or Harvard, a kangaroo from Australia, a Modoc from the lava-beds, etc., why then we shall have a first-class Museum, one worth showing to our friends.

But whatever may be the character of the contributions, in the genuine success, at least, of the enterprise, we hope we shall not be disappointed. We have sometimes thought when visitors were here, that there were not as many objects of interest to show them as there might be. A good museum would be no trifling addition to whatever there may be now, and surely no super-human efforts are necessary to effect this object. The lack of objects of interest is not however the lamentable fact connected with this subject. It is one much more to be deplored, that it is often a most difficult and tedious task to gain access to whatever there may be. In many instances it seems to be simply a question of keys, but the necessary steps, and forms, by which one may *legally* gain access to our mammoth telescope and legally look through it, are almost as troublesome as those with which he would be annoyed in gaining access to the august presence of an oriental potentate. The idea of hunting over a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants for a business man, and, if you find him, of distressing him for a pass, savors slightly of the absurd. The VOLANTE has not hesitated to talk plainly of this before, nor do we hesitate now to denounce this pass system as it now stands, as a most unmitigated bore, a thing of which the University, and all connected with it, should be most heartily ashamed.

We hope that these improvements may still go on, but that they will not end by merely establishing a Museum, a Gymnasium, or with fitting up, and adorning our not exceedingly handsome campus, but that, in harmony with the spirit of these improvements, there may be inaugurated a system by which students and their visitors may, with less inconvenience, see, when it is proper, whatever there is to look at.

Saith the book called Catalogue: "Through the liberality of the different railroads which center at Chicago, classes have had the privilege of making frequent excursions into the country, in order to examine rock strata, and to collect specimens in Natural history. These explorations have extended, during past years, to Dubuque and Burlington, Iowa; to Kewanee, LaSalle and Quincy, Ill.; to the Wisconsin River, and along the Mississippi River from McGregor to St. Louis."

This much for what has been. We have frequently read the preceding paragraph, and always with increasing interest. And now, as the time for the "Senior vacation" is slowly coming on, it has an especial meaning, a new significance to the class of '74. Shall the "grave and revered" be allowed the pleasure of an excursion into the country to pull trout from Superior, or to shoot the light canoe over the rapids of the upper Mississippi? Or, sad alternative, must we be content to spend three or four extra weeks in the *parks* of the University, engaged in the enchanting games of marbles and croquet, meanwhile devising plans to escape "Quads," &c., &c.?

This is a question that comes home with great force to each diploma aspirant. We surely desire such a trip, not only for the enjoyment it would afford, but also for the interesting information we could gain. "To examine rock strata," the catalogue says. We have just begun the study of Geology, and when we have finished the text book, a visit to the mountains or the northern lake shore, would be of inestimable worth to us, and would give us a better and more practical acquaintance with the science, than a whole term spent in mere study. "To collect specimens in Natural History." Another advantage of these excursions; to obtain natural curiosities, not only of worth in themselves, but more valuable as mementoes of happy days and past college associations. We remember the trip taken by the class of '69. Lake Superior lay along their route, and the beautiful scenery of the regions thereabouts. Classes since then have made excursions along the Mississippi and its borders, and to other places of interest.

A few weeks ramble would give new zest to the remainder of our term's work, and freshen us for the more trying exigencies of Commencement week. We have faith to believe that the persons in charge will, if possible, give us a pleasure trip as suggested in the *Cata-*

logue. It would be a matter of great interest to us, and something worthy of future remembrance. And how could we more fittingly close our long years of work and study together?

We took occasion a short time ago to notice certain aspersions of the *Advocate*, which we considered unjust and uncalled for, in regard to Western institutions, &c. We must confess, however, that we did it not without certain feelings of awe, as we thought not only of the reputation which age as well as fair ability had given to that sheet, but also as certain visions floated before us of the ancestors of our New England friends. Praise-God Barebones stood before us, shorn-headed, and solemn; the Mayflower seemed tossing upon the waves of our imagination; the wealth with its attendant luxuries, which our friends had inherited from their more recent ancestors of the wooden nutmeg persuasion, seemed to glitter in heaps before us, and all tended to give us certain slight misgivings in regard to our equality.

But imagine our feelings when a certain little sheet, scarcely yet out of its swaddling clothes, a certain little sheet best known to fame as the *Dryden Springs* Advertisement, a certain little sheet, not from the historic scenes of the Mayflower, nor of Bunker Hill, but from a large farm in New York, parrot-like took up the cry, and began to talk patronizingly of the Western press. Up each particular and individual sleeve we were perforce obliged to give vent to our feelings in a grin, especially as it proceeded to speak of Western students, as "shut out from the refining influences so prevalent at eastern colleges, debarred in a great measure from true literary refinement," &c. Now in order to show some of the refining influences so prevalent at the East, we will merely quote an item from another paper of that same institution. Without wishing to cast any aspersions upon the general character of the *Era*, we feel obliged to state that it is with the utmost repugnance, and only for the sake of the exposition of the truth, that we can bring ourselves to soil the chaste and elegant columns of the VOLANTE, with such stuff as the following: *Scene—*Cornell. *Dramatis personæ*—Two Freshmen and a Junior. "They soon captured an innocent, motherly-looking cow who smiled on them affectionately, and quietly submitted to being led into a corner of the lot; and sighed contentedly while the Freshmen held her—one by the head, the other by the tail—and the Junior took a good long—drink. Then the Junior took a horn, and one of the Freshmen took a—drink. This was repeated by each in order, until the receptacle of the lacteal fluid was exhausted, when with peaceful hearts and dirty faces they returned to their homes, followed to the bars by the admiring cow, who seemed to look upon them as genuine members of the bovine species."

Such are the disgusting details, such some of the refining influences from which we are debarred.

Friend of the *Times*, in the gardens of Cornell there are, no doubt, onion beds to weed, and cabbages to hoe, and, when you leave them in order to grasp the goose quill, are you quite sure that you are not mistaking your sphere? if not, before at least you essay to criticise the Western press, cultivate, by all means cultivate, not only the cabbages in your gardens, but also cultivate awhile, I pray you, the one upon your shoulders. And if you must stray into those realms where Shakespeare held the mirror up to nature, and the gentle Addison trod with graceful steps, limit yourself more nearly to your abilities; give a page or two more to Dryden Springs, and expend full time upon the rest. And in short, since in these wholesale, crude, and indiscriminate attacks upon the West, there is neither sense, nor respectable non-sense, let us have no more of them.

Another paper, *The Alliance*, has been launched upon the world. It comes from the editorial brains of Prof. Swing, Rev. C. D. Helmer, H. W. Thomas, D. D., H. N. Powers, D. D., and Prof. Wm. Mathews. Edited by men of great ability and reputation, it cannot fail of occupying the highest position in the world of religious literature. It is, as its name imports, an alliance of men from different denominations, men who are trammelled by the prejudices of no sect or party, but who have entered upon the broader and higher grounds of christian liberality and christian philanthropy. Occupying an independent position, bound to no sect or party, aiming to be true, not to sectarian doctrine, but to christian doctrine, it may be assailed by those, who, move within the narrow limits which sect prescribes. Judging from the numbers which have been issued, we are confident that *The Alliance*, if at any time assailed will be assailed to the disadvantage or utter discomfiture of its assailants. Each number of *The Alliance* contains a sermon by Prof. Swing, literary productions of a high order, choice extracts, able editorials on the questions of the day, and a complete record of domestic intelligence. *The Alliance* in short is a paper which commends itself to every man of thought.

On the afternoon of February 27, thirty-five delegates from seven different colleges, will meet at the Union Hotel, Galesburg, to decide upon a plan for a permanent organization of an "Inter-Collegiate Contest Association." The students of Chicago University, at their meeting held February 10, chose as their delegates, Messrs. Sutherland, Lewis, Twiss, Egbert, and Garton.

They say that one of the little theologians at the Seminary, occupied the lofty pulpit of a country church a few Sundays ago, and that there was considerable tittering among the youngsters, when he, standing on tiptoe, the top of his head scarcely visible above the sacred desk, his voice weak and diminutive in volume, announced as his text, "It is I, be not afraid."

LITERARY.

HARVEST SONG.

BY REV C. DAY NOBLE.

The old earth offers her fatness still,
The sky its showers and shine;
Rock and river their life distil
To sweeten the corn and wine.

The seed we scattered with hopeful hand,
Has ripened to tenfold more,
And far and wide through a smiling land,
We gather the golden store.

Nature has honored her ancient word,
Heaven, its blessings supplied;
Over the land let songs be heard
And labor be glorified.

Gather the circle and heap the board,
Safe we from war or dearth;
Into our confident hearts are poured
Thanks and peace and kindly mirth.

THE ORATOR.

GEORGE C. INGHAM, '73.

Among the designs of Raphael is one representing a man who looks like an old sailor. Repulsive in appearance, gray bearded, shaggy headed, tawny skinned. It is the Gallic Hercules. Like every other Hercules he is triumphant; around him in abject submission are crouched nine captives. He conquers not by the arts of war, for his massive club lies idle at his side. He has not overpowered them by great strength for the captor is sitting down and his knotted muscles are not strained.

They are not driven into subjection by superior numbers, for the hero sits alone without a follower. They are willing captives held by chains of gold, and these chains are attached, one end to the captive's ear, the other to the captor's mouth, for with the Gauls, Hercules was the God of Eloquence. I have thought that this old Gallic Hero is a type of the Orator. He was a warrior, his deeds of valor and of strength have made him the most prominent of the mythic heroes; he was a ruler, nations trembled at his power, men came and went at his bidding, yet he laid aside strength and skill and power and won his captives by the persuasion of speech. As it was in the age of myth, so it is in this age of reality—grandest among men stands the orator, his is the art of arts, nay rather the consummation of all the arts.

The sculptor possesses a wonderful power; out of slimy clay and glistening marble he molds and chisels things of beauty. In the depth of his soul are thoughts, thoughts that burn and pant to be set free. He sets them free and the world sees them crystallized. The master piece of the sculptor, what is it? It is the

artist's soul turned into stone, speaking through the eye to the heart of his fellow. But after all sculpture is cold and heartless, the eye never sparkles, the lip never smiles, it is a dead beauty charming but never magnetizing.

There are some strains of music like "thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof that they were born for immortality." Men who have heard Jenny Lind sing, tell us how the room was hushed and still, how not a cough, not a rustle, not even a breath was audible as she broke out into her matchless melodies; how they were lifted up and carried away by the music, until the room, and audience, and everything earthly faded out of their thoughts, and they dwelt for the time in an invisible world of song. Music hath power, "Therefore the poet, "Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods, "Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage, "But music for the time doth change his nature."

But then music is only liquid sculpture, and sculpture only frozen music. Both depend for their success upon the same principle. There are two elements common alike to all the fine arts, elements which like a ligament bind them into a single class. One of these is rhythm—in music it deals with time, we call it harmony; in architecture, in sculpture, it deals with space, there we call it proportion. Its essence is the same in every art only manifested differently. It is rhythm, rhythm, rhythm which makes the poetry of life, as well as the poetry of literature.

Pythagoras declared that he could hear the music of the spheres, and he told the truth, for his soul was turned to the harmony of the Universe, and to him the steady sweep of the planets, and the all pervading unity of nature did make music, just as truly and a thousand fold more pleasing than would the sweetest of Bethoven's symphonies.

The other element is imitation, fidelity to nature—not in all its concrete forms, but rather our ideal of nature in the abstract.

He is the truest artist who can reproduce most accurately the thought of his heart in the work of his hand.

Now look for a moment at the Orator merely as an Artist.

There is not an element either essential or adjective, entering into any art which it is not his to command. His words may be as rhythmical as those of the poet, his speech as silvery as that of the singer.

The sculptor depends for his success upon form, upon beauty and grace, upon the impression he can produce on the eye. Now history tells us that Roscius, the old Roman actor, could influence an audience as much by mere gesture and pantomime, as Cicero could with his spoken speech. Roscius was one of Phidias marbles made alive, breathing with the soul of a man; more perfect than the most perfect work of the greatest sculptor, yet as an orator he possessed only one element and that the very lowest,

Give to the graceful Roscius the musical, rhythmical utterance of the silver-lipped Cicero, and he would have been irresistible. Rome herself, with her steel clad legions, could not have stood before this single man—this orator with only two elements of his art perfect. The musician speaks only to the ear; he plays upon a harp, and out of dead, cold wire calls living melody which charms and ravishes. But the orator plays upon a harp, each of whose thousand strings is a human soul, and he melts these thousand strings into one beating responsive, keeping time to the throbbings of his own heart. Oratory then as an art is the consummation of all the arts.

But this is only one side of the Orator. The mission of art is to please—that and that alone. But the Orator strives to persuade as well as please, he is a workman as well as an artist. Just as when his mission is to please he has control of every tool which any artist can use, so when his mission is to convince, every instrument of persuasion obeys his bidding.

You all know what a great power there is in enthusiasm. Men and nations go up in a mighty burst like a sky rocket or a powder magazine, and no one can tell whence or how came the spark.

A few generations ago a mighty revolution was sweeping over the plains and valleys of sunny France. You've seen the waves on the lake when the wind is high, come rolling and tumbling one over the other, the very impersonation of power? Well, this revolution was as powerful as the lake in a storm, but its waves were not white-capped for they were made of blood, and the wind which urged them on was the oppression of ten centuries. There was a man in France—Lamartine calls him an idea—the people called him Mirabeau—who with one shake of his shaggy head shook the French king from his throne; this man lifted his hand and the waves stopped—ended in a splash of glittering spray—just as the waves of the lake break up when they strike the shore. He waved his arm and the Revolution swept on, a besom of destruction.

This man, Mirabeau, with his work half done was dead. He was the ugliest man in France, he was as clumsy as an elephant, he was an unblushing villain, he had no logic, no rhetoric, his speeches when read are the merest jumble of sound and flurry, yet he was the most powerful orator the world has ever seen. Like our Patrick Henry, he accomplished everything by fire, enthusiasm. He was an incarnate volcano, and like a volcano in doing his work he ate out his life.

There is running through nature a sad minor wail—the groaning and travailing of creation. It sings in the notes of the turtle dove, it is the melody made by the sea in its ripplings. There is a string in man's soul tuned to this note of nature. It is the string upon which the prophet plays his sublime strains.

A few years ago Hungary was trodden out of the map of Europe, her people were enslaved, her nobility made exiles. Louis Kossuth, her leader, came to this country. Men flocked around him by thousands. They were charmed and melted by the subtle, mournful magnetism of his voice, by his appeals to the heights and depths of their nature. His eloquence was an influence rather than a power, it permeated rather than subjugated, it was logical yet not all logic. Many called him the leading orator of his age, yet he had but one element of oratory, he could interpret to men this minor key of their nature. He simply poured out of the over-fullness of his soul his sad wailings and longings—sad with the unutterable sadness of despair—poured them out over his beloved fatherland.

And so there have been among all people, in all ages, men, orators, who have accomplished everything by some single power.

There was Brougham, he dealt only in sarcasm. Beginning a speech he would roam over all history and all nature, by and by his thoughts would begin to concentrate, traveling in a spiral, and at last there would burst over the heads of his victim a thunder bolt, charged with gall—the bitterest ever hurled. When he pointed his long bony finger at any member of parliament—no matter who he was—the poor man would turn white in the face and tremble in every joint. He made his victims wriggle just as the surgeon makes them wriggle, when the keen smarting lancet severs twitching nerves, digging out some festering sore by the roots. For forty years he ruled England—ruled it by sarcasm. There was Burke, every one of whose speeches tower up like mountains, sublime in the awful grandeur of truth. Calhoun fascinated with stern, cold logic. Webster—of whom Wendell Phillips said, "He has as good a heart as can be made out of brains"—Webster conquered by overwhelming intellect and overwhelming earnestness. Clay by grace of diction and grace of manner made himself the idol of a nation. Prentice; read his speeches! his lips are still, but the limpid liquid beauty of the eloquence to which those lips gave birth, will make your heart beat fast. Oh the Orator! Hlercues was right. Grandest among men was the Orator, his is the art of arts, nay, rather the consummation of all the arts.

INFLUENCE OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION UPON MODERN.

J. M. COON, '69.

When Randolph, the painter, was once asked why he charged so much for a picture which had taken only five days to finish, he replied that it had "cost him the toil and experience of thirty-five years." The spirit which prompted that inquiry is, in America, a characteristic one. In looking upon the present we are liable to regard it as the *work* of the present alone; and fail to acknowledge the richness and variety of

the old-world contributions, which the stream of history, bearing through the ages, has deposited as mighty transforming agencies, wherever the condition of a country and the genius of its people have offered a lodgment. Of these agencies, it is the purpose of this article to notice what has been cast upon our shores and been appropriated by us; and I shall use the term *ancient* as inclusive of both the Grecian and Roman, since it is often difficult to distinguish between the two, and since much that is truly Grecian has come to us through the Roman. That which has preceded any particular age has all contributed, is all conditional, to that age. The plan of Creation has been compared to a pyramid, whose successive additions are ever narrowing, but each embodies all that lies under it; until man—sharing in that which is below and possessing also the higher—stands the natural head of all. Thus with successive civilizations. As they rise one above another they may *seem* to lose former characteristics; but all the civilizing agencies of the past live in the present and influence it, and if they be not detected it is because they are lost in the present not to the present.

During the centuries in which Rome was struggling to establish her laws and government, during the centuries in which her power predominated, her customs, her laws and her literature were riveted upon, rather inwrought, *infused* into, modern society; and when the mighty structure lay in ruins, we are not to conclude that it furnished no material for our civilization. It was the slackness and weakness of the *cement* which allowed the fall, the *stones* of the building remaining comparatively perfect; and so even from those *ruins*—so vast and magnificent—many a finished stone has been saved, many a noble column, many a chiseled architrave, which now reappear in the grander structure of modern times.

The chemist may so compound and combine two or more elements that each loses its peculiar characteristics, and another substance, wholly different, is produced; yet who will deny that the presence of each of these elements, though not clearly demonstrable, is nevertheless essential. Thus would I indicate the place and importance of much of the civilization of the ancients; and while some of it has been received with acknowledgment, far more has been appropriated unconsciously. Their work was too original, too extensively, too perfect not to reach and influence subsequent ages.

There is no nation, however inconsiderable, that is not linked to the great family of nations in the interchange of forming agencies; that does not, by its Commerce, Government, Wars, Language and Religion, exert a world-wide influence. How, then, shall we estimate the empire of that little land which, for five hundred years, stood the intellectual metropolis of the world? Whose Art, Oratory, Philosophy and Poetry command our admiration and study even to this day? Indeed, when it is remembered that, to the student of our times, the ancient has come to be the model and standard in so many departments of thought and life, so that intervening civilizations are lost in the greater extent and splendor of those of Greece and Rome, and the history of those lands, those heroes and those exploits often become to him more familiar and more inspiring than those of his own country

even, we are not only allowed, but compelled, to declare her wonderful and world-wide influence. Not more truly was Rome seated on her seven hills geographically than historically; and Greek thought and letters push their way through the centuries as really as her territory stretches out into the sea.

To study the science of government and politics, one must go back to the ancient Greeks. Their territory was small, but their experience was great. No one was ever better acquainted with the science of legislation than Aristotle, and many of his utterances have preserved their wisdom to the present time, and are applicable to-day. For instance: "It is fearful not to allow the mass of the citizens a share in the government." And to *oratory* how much have not Demosthenes and Cicero contributed by their example? And are not the teachings of Quintilian almost invaluable? In philosophy, Aristotle, according to Sir Wm. Hamilton, has left as complete an analysis of some of the mental phenomena as has ever been accomplished. And the painting of Raphael when in his adornment of the Vatican, he represents Plato and Socrates as the great masters and leaders of philosophy, would not be entirely inappropriate in our own time.

In painting, in statuary, in architecture, antiquity has afforded abundant helps; and her stores are, to this day, as inexhaustible as they are unsurpassed. The names Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, still applied, are ours only by bequeathment. How many pictures from domestic life, how many grand displays of courage, virtue and integrity, how many bold struggles for national existence; how many brilliant witnesses of strength and independence of character; how many beautiful and instructive symbols, have we received from a civilization, noblest of ancient times, *noble* of modern. A civilization producing such grand masterpieces, and expressing so variously and so perfectly, must have carried with it influences, which, so far from being *disputed* can hardly be *estimated*. If, as has been asserted, events of the least importance, like pebbles thrown into the sea, never cease their influence, certainly then, that mighty tide of civilization, which rose in Greece two thousand years ago, and continued with increasing strength through Roman life, has come down to the present, and has greatly influenced it.

A student rooming in Cynic Hall, who formerly was Ole Bull of Room 2, dreamed a dream. He dreamed a dream and behold he was borne far off in spirit to Elysian fields. Music like that which allured the crafty Ulysses, filled him with ecstasy. At length he awoke and lo, it was but a dream. Then, like the bard of Florence, he consigned to verse the story of his spirit wanderings. The Tale is told and the world has another epic. Mac, don't let your chum play Dante any more.

A former member of the University, a graduate too, who recently entered into articles of mutual agreement with another person for life, a short time ago, was noticed quietly observing a cradle. Probably he did not see the cradle, but was only meditating upon that troublous question, the association of ideas.

AT HOME.

RETURN JOINT CONTEST.

The students of the Northwestern and Chicago Universities have met for the third time to measure swords in an intellectual contest during the present year, but these meetings, each time between two societies, will have a fitting *finale* in a grand joint conflict between four literary societies, two from each University.

On the evening of Feb. 6, a large audience made their way through storm and snow to attend the "return joint meeting" of the Adelpic society of the Northwestern University and the Athenæum Society of Chicago University, held at the University Place Baptist Church.

The meeting was called to order by C. T. Otis, president of the Athenæum. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Mitchell, and the literary exercises were interspersed by excellent music furnished by a quartette composed of Messrs. Coffin, Stebbins, Evarts and O. B. Clark.

President Otis, in a neat and appropriate introductory speech, stated that the object of the meeting was mutual improvement and friendship.

R. R. Coon, jr., delivered an oration on "Ruins." It was an oration characterized by brilliancy of imagination, beauty of imagery, and a polished style, and was both well delivered by the gentleman and well received by his hearers.

The debate upon the antiquated question, "Was Mohammed an Impostor," was strictly upon two questions, since the negative and the affirmative differed in defining the word "Impostor." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Lewis and Ireland of the Athenæum, while Messrs. Wire and Hilton of the Adelpic spoke for the negative.

Mr. Lewis' speech evinced careful preparation and was delivered with that ease and grace for which Mr. Lewis is noted.

Mr. Wire, in a telling speech, defended the negative. His arguments were clear and well arranged and convinced his audience that there was a strong negative to the question under discussion.

Mr. Ireland prefaced a well written speech by some extempore remarks which elicited considerable applause. From both a literary and argumentative standpoint the speech of this gentleman deserves to be ranked as one of the best of the evening.

Mr. Hilton in an eighteen minutes speech manifested more earnestness than did any of the others, and showed more wit than argument. His speech was well delivered and heartily applauded.

The paper read by Mr. D. H. Cheney of the Adelpia abounded in items of information rather than side-splitting *facetiae* which we have become accustomed to expect. Mr. Cheney has good elocutionary powers.

Mr. W. L. Martin had "History" for his subject and delivered an oration which, for depth and vigor of thought, should take the foremost place among the productions of the evening. The effect of the oration, however, was considerably lessened by the tameness and sometimes hesitancy of delivery.

After the literary performances the members of the two societies adjourned to Society Hall, where, after spending a pleasant hour, such of the Evanstonians as were accompanied by their sisters and female friends wended their homeward way to the tune of the jingling sleigh bells.

TRI KAPPA ANNIVERSARY.

Scarcely had the news of the "return joint meeting," reached the ears of our Oriental friends, when Tri Kappa held its tenth anniversary at the University Place Baptist Church, on the evening of the 12th instant. The rain falling in torrents, prevented the attendance of the large audience usual to such an occasion, and dampened the ardor of the youthful performers. A small but select gathering witnessed the maiden efforts of the embryo orators whom Tri Kappa had selected for that momentous occasion.

The meeting was called to order by L. H. Holt, president of the society, who also made an address of welcome. Rev. Mr. Bush, of the Twenty-Fifth Street Baptist Church, offered prayer. Mr. Garton gave an oration on "The Ultraist." His speech was well conceived and finely written; Mr. Garton possesses every element of an orator.

Then came the debate on the question, "*Resolved, That Education is not a promoter of Morals,*" defended by R. L. Olds and J. R. Ives, and denied by J. W. Williams and F. A. Helmer.

Mr. Olds' speech did not lack in thought but in life. His arguments were too metaphysical to sway his audience, or make a deep impression. On account of the sickness of the regular appointee, Mr. Williams who had had but little opportunity to prepare, followed on the negative. His speech was nearly impromptu, and was like other extempore efforts. Mr. Ives debated in a clear, earnest and logical manner the question at issue. Mr. Helmer, in the opinion of many, made the best speech of the debate. It was well constructed, and delivered in a self-possessed yet impassioned manner.

"The Sepulcher," though excellently read by Mr. Rhodes, was not up to the usual standard either in selected or original matter.

Mr. Allison delivered an oration on the hackneyed theme, "The Power of Oratory." The treatment, however, was original, the oration a fine one, and the delivery natural. The exercises were concluded by a "March," sung by the Amphion Quartette, who furnished excellent music at intervals during the entertainment.

nished excellent music at intervals during the entertainment.

The meeting closed at a seasonable hour, and the small but enthusiastic multitude wended their homeward way through the murky darkness and driving rain, praying that the next anniversary might fall on a more auspicious evening.

Y. M. C. A.

During the present college year no society in the institution has enjoyed a degree of prosperity equal to that of the Christian Association.

Throughout the last term the meetings were well attended, and characterized by a spirit of devotion to the Master's cause. The last meeting of the term was one of unusual interest, in that every one present (and the room was quite full) participated in the services during the hour.

When we returned after the holidays the week for special prayer had passed, but so confident were we that a blessing was in store for us, if we would accept it, that upon the 17th of Jan'y, we determined to meet daily for at least one week. Three weeks have passed and the interest continues. Very opportunely the day of prayer for colleges came upon the 29th of Jan'y. We doubt if a better choice of a minister, to preach the regular sermon could have been made, than that of Rev. A. E. Kittredge, Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of this city. He came with no elaborately prepared discourse, but with a heart brim full of the "love of Christ," and in his own earnest and impressive manner gave us a "familiar talk." We shall not soon forget the speaker or his words.

Much of the time our Association room has been crowded, and we have often felt the Holy Spirit's influence. A few have found the Savior, and a few more are earnest seekers. Not the least beneficial result has been the awakening of many in our own ranks from a state of coldness and indifference.

H.

Last year the duty of procuring a man to deliver the customary lecture before the literary societies, was so long delayed that it was at last given up entirely; yet no one doubts that the lectures before these societies, have sometimes been and may always be among the most attractive features of Commencement week. Let the orator be a man of wide reputation and scholarly attainments, a man of power, and the effect on the college and for the college must be highly beneficial. It is, however, utterly useless to secure a man of ordinary attainments. Commencement week is so crowded with other exercises, and Chicago is a city where ordinary efforts attract so little attention, that one who has not a national reputation will find few auditors in this the "garden city." The

societies, taught by their experience last year, should see that there is no delay in procuring a suitable lecturer if they mean to procure one at all. Bring to us a man of character and reputation for brains, and time and money will have been wisely employed.

PERSONAL.

'62. J. S. Mabie, the first student of our University, sends a word of greeting and encouragement from Rock Island where he has been residing for nearly four years, as pastor of the First Baptist Church. Over two hundred have been converted under his ministry during the present winter. It was Mr. Mabie who gave the first impulse to college journalism in our University, for in looking at the Index Universitatis, Vol. 1, No. 1, we find that Messrs. Mabie, Goodspeed, Coen, and Howie were at the editorial helm.

'73. Married, in Kenosha, Wis., at the residence of the bride's father, Jan. 28, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Sampson, Rev. Joseph Mountain, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Miss Kate E. Sauber. We congratulate you, Joseph, and wish you a long life—we know it will be a merry one. We may further add that Rev. Mr. Mountain is having a successful and popular pastorate at Kenosha.

'74. B. F. Smith is in the banking business.

'74. Hoyne is clerking in his father's establishment on Monroe street.

'76. B. Patt, on account of delicate health, has been obliged to leave us for the rest of the year, and is recuperating at his home in Tiskilwa.

'76. Frank Ives supplies the pulpit of the Evangel Mission.

'69. W. E. Bosworth visited his Alma Mater and his younger brother a few days ago.

'73. C. S. Wilson, formerly of '73, is in attendance at the Union Law School.

Prof. Safford, it is rumored, is to leave us to engage in work for the government, and will probably be located at Washington.

'68. E. O. Taylor was in the city last week and was seen for a few minutes, at the K.K.K. anniversary.

'73. O. C. Weller, spent about three weeks with his friends in Chicago, and returned to Mendota on the evening of the 17th.

C. C. Adsit is clerking in the Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company's Bank. Judging by the name Charley must be in a big place.

Prof. F. to Freshman.—In what book of the Bible is the account of Cyrus found?

Fresh.—In the book of *Nebuchadnezzar*, sir.

LOCALS.

The extreme quiet and regularity which has prevailed throughout the University during the past month, gives the local editor a meagre opportunity to display his poetic talent. Not even a song is heard after the gas is turned off. We hope for better things.

The president of the chess club of '74 lately received a challenge to a game of chess, from the president of a similar club in the University of Michigan, the game to be played by telegraph and the losing party to settle the expenses. Now let Ajax show himself a king.

The Sophs are almost all sick; marriage evidently doesn't agree with them.

The grandest picture that we have ever seen is Du-buffe's Prodigal Son. It is one of the few world renowned masterpieces. Now is your opportunity, gentlemen, if you wish to see it.

We are to have quiet chapel services hereafter. Gentlemen who are not in the room when religious services begin, are politely requested to remain where they are. As a consequence the room is filled at the appointed time, and the exercises proceed with a decorum hitherto unparalleled.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held Thursday, Feb. 12, Mr. J. W. Larimore, editor of the Chicago Evening Journal, was appointed a professor of this University. He will probably take charge of the department of Natural Science.

The lectures of Professor Sheppard for the past month have attracted considerable attention and many hearers. For treating of the modern writers, such as George Eliot, Dickens, Mac Donald and others, Prof. Sheppard exhibits rare adaptability, and this together with his fine elocution make both his parlor and public entertainments exceedingly interesting.

The Galesburg orators will speak in the following order: Henry Adams, Iowa College; A. G. McCoy, Monmouth, Ill.; T. Edward Egbert, Chicago University; Frank E. Brush, Iowa State University; Geo. T. Foster, Beloit, Wis.; Walter W. Wharry, Illinois Industrial University.

The magazines and papers in the reading room were sold on the evening of Feb. 11th. Bosworth was auctioneer, and being well primed with jokes for the occasion, succeeding in effecting profitable sales.

The Supreme Court has made a ruling by which the diploma of the Union Law School will admit the holder to practise in any of the courts of the state.

C. C. Bonney delivered a lecture lately before the Law School upon "Twenty year's practice at the Illinois bar," and Hon. E. A. Stores on "The Practice of the Law."

They have recently introduced the marking system in

a modified form into the Law School, and our embryo lawyers are growling, and emphatically declare that it is a—fraud.

Upon the blackboard of the same institution was bulletined the following notice: Long John Wentworth, ex-M. C., will deliver a lecture on "Twenty Year's Practice at the Tremont House Bar," and will intersperse the same with practical illustrations.

Our Galesburg orator carries a suspicious looking bottle. We surmise he is getting ready for the contest.

From the disappearance of chairs from the dining-room, we judge that some one with a poor memory has borrowed those necessary articles of domestic furniture and has forgotten to return them.

The Seniors are industrious, the Juniors are quiet, the Sophomores study human nature a good deal, the Freshmen are good-looking, and the preps don't pony.

The Sophs are industrious scholars, zealous students. Their instructors can hardly prevent them from climbing up the giddy heights of knowledge, especially just before they are to recite. The other day Professor M. detected an over-industrious Soph seated in fancied security behind a herculean class-mate, and blandly remarked to the aforesaid reciter, "Please stand aside Mr. H., I think you must be in Mr. C.'s light. The blood immediately settled in the facial department of the over-industrious Soph. Selah.

We have at last heard from the Senior and Junior classes on elections. '74 met in quiet and silently selected the following officers for classday: President, Geo. Sutherland; Secretary, F. J. Wilcox; Treasurer, G. E. Bailey; Orator, R. R. Coon, Jr.; Historian, L. H. Holt; Prophet, G. E. Bailey; Ivy Orator, C. H. D. Fisher; Farewell Address, C. T. Otis; Musician, F. J. Wilcox.

The officers for '75, as reported, are: President, Boganau; Vice President, H. A. Howe; Secretary, S. S. Niles; Treasurer, C. W. Nichols; Orator, W. R. Roney; Poet, L. M. Trumbull; Prophet, A. Hugunin; Historian, J. Staley; Toastmaster, Richard B. Twiss.

The University Athletic Club elected, for President, G. E. Bailey; Vice President, D. M. Carman; Secretary, J. E. Rhodes; Treasurer, J. R. Ives.

On the evening of Feb. 4, a meeting of the Alumni members, in this city, of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The object of the meeting was to organize an Alumni Association in Chicago. A goodly number was in attendance, and much interest was manifested in the meeting. Several matters of importance were discussed, and a committee was appointed to present articles of organization at the next meeting, to be held in four weeks from that time, at the same place. After adjournment followed a general and social repast.

The occupants of the rooms on the east side of the building, miss the pretty faces that were wont to greet them from St. Xavier's academy, over the way. No more do waving handkerchiefs answer to waving handkerchiefs, nor do fairy forms flit gracefully before enraptured visions. Shall the boasted privileges of American citizens be thus ruthlessly torn from their grasp? St. Xavier's academy is now situated on the corner of Wabash ave. and 29th street.

EXCHANGES.

Our Eastern cotemporaries have been engaged in much controversy of late in regard to the place of holding the next regatta. The Harvard papers have taken the lead in urging New England waters, while Cornell, Williams, and others have advocated Saratoga. At the convention recently held at Hartford, the vote, upon the motion that it be held at Saratoga, stood as follows: *Aff.*, Cornell, Yale, Mass, Agricultural, Trinity, Williams, Columbia, Bowdoin, Wesleyan. *Neg.*, Harvard, Dartmouth and Amherst.

Our exchanges, welcome visitors, have come of late all the fresher and more vigorous for their holiday rest. Several begin the new year in a new and more beseeching dress. To each and all we send our monthly greeting.

The *Cornell Review* is characterized, in its contributions, by that maturity of thought and style that we should expect in a quarterly. Its editorials are short, pointed, and, for the most part, upon very interesting questions. In typographical accuracy and beauty it is unexcelled.

The *Brunonian* publishes no contributions in either prose or poetry except those of a very high order. In its editorial department, it makes some sensible and vigorous remarks upon the demand for literary societies, and upon their spheres; it speaks also of the tendency in college journalism "to do away with strictly literary organs, and to establish in their place newspapers containing short, witty, and *taking* articles on the topics of the day," while it defends college magazines with lengthy but attractive articles, it chimes in with the oft-repeated objection to "long-winded pieces on Milton's blindness, Poe's dissoluteness, or Shakspeare's humanity."

The *Union College Mag.* is upon our table. Its contributions are not without merit, but it deals, perhaps a little to extensively in those lengthy prize essays, which, though they may be good, should be used more sparingly, we think. Its editorial department is quite deficient.

The *Dartmouth* for January contains some very interesting reminiscences of Daniel Webster. We are glad to see that they are to be continued. By the way, has the boating furor, the fraternity supremacy, and the broken down literary societies anything to do with the East not producing any more such men as Webster and his cotemporaries? The contrast between to-day and the days of the past is painful.

We congratulate our neighbor *Tripod* upon its new attire. It is getting to be more and more a proper representative of the enterprising North Western.

COLLEGE WIT.

—Upon the "outer wall" of a neighboring female college, the other morning, was discovered, conspicuously displayed, the sign "Domesic Sewing Machines." Some of those specimens of total depravity, known as college students, did it.

—A Senior says that he never corresponded with but one young lady, and that he broke that off because she did not answer his letters.—*Courant*.

—When a student comes back to his college duties, after the winter vacation, it's a little significant to see him go pensively about his room looking long and vacantly out of the window, humming, "Needles eye that doth supply," "Go choose your East," "Michigan girls, on you we call," and such like familiar ballads. But, it is more so, when he throws his watch down behind the stove and vainly tries to stuff his slippers into a pretty little red, white and blue bead embroidered watch case.

—A Senior, intending to teach for the winter, was informed by his chum that he would probably be called on sometimes to preach on Sunday. "Oh! I can preach well enough," he exclaimed, "but (a sorrowful expression coming over his face) I can't pray worth a d—n." Fact.—*Argus*.

"We from Vassar plucked a flower,
Which bloomed beneath the old gray tower,
Transplanted to our hillside bower,
In the good old *Cornell Times*."

The idea of plucking a Vassar flower we admit to be sweetly poetic, but the thought of transporting such a tropical plant into a *Cornell Bower* is enough to curdle the blood of a Hottentot.—*Hamilton Lit.*

—A lady, teacher in the High school in a neighboring city of our State, had an importunate admirer, who was a widower and a member of the same church with herself. His frequent calls taxed her time, and took her attention from school work and other duties. A few days since, he requested the privilege of spending a certain evening with her, to which she replied by postal card, as follows:—

BROTHER EBIE:—I am busy to-morrow night. I hope to see you in Heaven; till then, farewell.

Yours,
—*Rockford Magazine*.

—One of our professors lately, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said: "Thus, Miss B." in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I sincerely hope I shan't," demurely responded the girl, casting down her eyes.—*Acta Columbiana*.

—A Senior stuffing for examinations, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation on the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to *help* the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would he justify the *ass* for trying to get out himself.—*Chronicle*.

—A Vassar girl, speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek author, said, "I have not yet read his *Æneid*, but his *Idiocy* is perfectly sublime."—*Ex*.

The *Packer Quarterly* is peculiarly feminine. In the language of metaphor you can see the paraphernalia of femininity "sticking out" all over it. But we like that of course. No. 2 tells us what ladies go to school for. Because "a respectable, intelligent old maid is better than a foolish, stupid little wife," and because they want to learn how to take care of themselves. How independent.

A criticism, for which our conscience smites us, we made upon the *Magenta* some time ago, after a perusal of a few of the first numbers. Late numbers, especially No. 8, we consider among the finest papers on our table. For first-class poetry commend us to the *Magenta*.

The sons of Michigan are famous for their general depravity, we believe. Nevertheless the *Chronicle* defends the system of Michigan University, in making the cultivation of the *intellect*, rather than the morals the object of a college course, taking the ground substantially that "a University need not consider itself responsible for the character of its students, any more than a government is answerable for the character of its political servants." Its remarks are based upon the idea that those who resort to universities are men, and not boys.

Apropos of the last sentence of the above, we notice that, consequent upon the *Bowdoin Orient* having remarked that "we claim to be men, and claim our right to be treated as men," an outside editor undertakes to refute this preposterous idea, by showing that the same *Orient* contains accounts of "Bibles being stolen from chapel, the oiling of blackboards, the ducking of Freshmen with slop," &c. The *Orient*, however, very sensibly shows the writer what a donkey he is, by calling his attention to the fact that in a college of several hundred students it is not fair to attribute to all a character belonging only to half a dozen. The students as a body may be men even though there are among them a half dozen *dead beats*.

The *Western Collegian* is a paper of good ability. Its articles are generally on living college questions, practical and not too lengthy.

The *Student* of the Industrial University has undergone a metamorphosis, and comes to us dressed as a magazine, bearing the novel name—*Illini*. While we wish it success in its new departure, we can but regret that its first number is not of unimpeachable veracity. In speaking of Galesburg it says, "THE VOLANTE says their man will take the first prize, sure." THE VOLANTE said no such thing. It simply said that he had been appointed by the students to do so. A man does not necessarily do that which he is appointed to do. Always tell the truth and shame the devil, and then keep your *chickens* to yourself.

The *Aelwan Review* and the *University Echo* have consolidated, and the new journal is yclept *Berkleyan*. It comes to us from those whose "bright home is in the setting sun," and convinces us that not all Californians are miners, desperadoes, nor heathen Chinese.

We hope our friend *Geyser* has not erected its back at trifles. Knock at our sanctum door again *s'il vous plait*.

—In answer to a complaint of the price of eggs, a White street grocer took occasion to explain that it was on account of their scarcity because of the panic, and upon the customer protesting that she could not see the connection between the two, he further explained that owing to the general depression the hens were running on half time. She took the eggs.—*Danbury News.*

—A Senior, while "asking the blessing," was discovered to have one eye open, covering a fine piece of roast which he had contrived to get on to his plate. On being reprimanded, he returned, "Doesn't the Bible say, 'watch and pray?'"

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