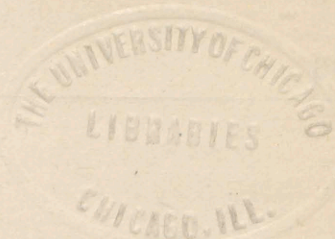


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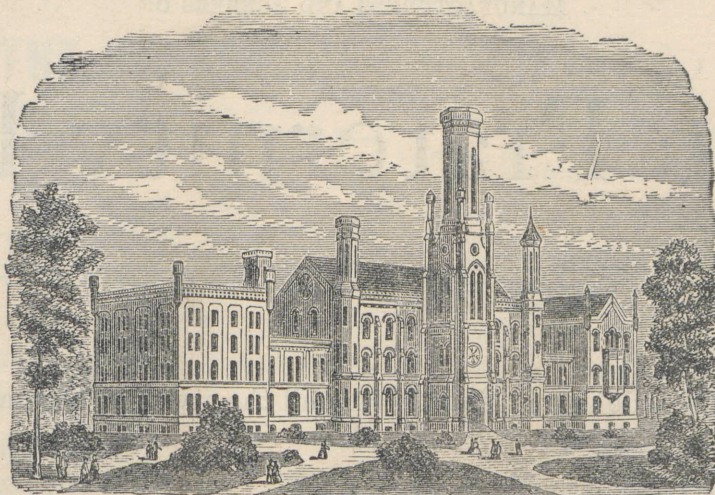


# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XI.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, JANUARY, 1881.

No. 5.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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## THE VOLANTE.

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*Literary.*

**BYRON'S LETTERS.**

Few men have been written about with more diversity of praise and criticism than Byron, and an apology would seem an appropriate preface to any views upon him or his works. His preëminence as a poet, however, has obscured his more varied genius, and we might find it, even now, worth our attention to let his short relations with Greek affairs suggest the general and statesman; or his speeches in Parliament and clear reasoning, the orator.

His facility as a letter-writer has also decided interest. In his letters is shown nothing of the studied elegance of Irving, the finished beauty of Shelley, or the care and monotonous method of Chesterfield. They are as careless and impetuous as the nature of the man who wrote them. We grow charmed by the force and sufficiency of his words, whether his topic be simple or sublime.

There are no long discussions or descriptions. A few short sentences place before us his thought or his picture. We are taken from serious reflection to trivial incident, or to an image of classic scenery, with a rapidity that cannot tire, but pleases more and more as we read. In these letters—many of them to his nearest friends, and natural and sincere—we get a truer knowledge of Byron than from anything written of him by others. He means what he says in them! The mask of his heart is thrown off, and we see the truth and the passions of his real nature. We forget the affectations which mar many of his poems, and the studied eccentricities which made him a mystery to society. They tell us of his pride, his vanity, and his vices. We find from them, too, that he was



generous and noble, and had reverence for relations which many biographers would make us think he disregarded and despised. His affection for a mother who was seldom kind to him, appears in a letter to Mr. Pigot. "My poor mother died yesterday. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, 'that we can have but one mother.'"

His friend, Matthews, died about the same time, and he writes to Scrope Davies, almost overcome by the grief of these two afflictions: "In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. Come to me, Scrope. I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world. I had but you and H. and M."

Though his letters of this time—and *always* to his trusted friends—are filled with expressions of true feeling and generous purpose, some writers are mean enough to pretend to found upon these same letters their charges of his selfishness, disrespect for his mother, and faithlessness to friends. Every word and circumstance of doubtful meaning is turned against him. His virtues, if not forgotten, are noticed with but a word, and his faults are shown in every light known to ingenious but unjust critics. Fancies that are admired or pardoned in other poets, are, in Byron, condemned most unkindly.

"As soon  
Seek roses in December, ice in June,  
Hope constancy in wind or corn in chaff,  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,"

as trust writers whose evident purpose is to misinterpret the character and depreciate the works of a great man!

A pleasant feature of these letters is their kind humor and simple confidence. The author shifts from earnestness to jest, and from prose to verse, as it suits his fancy, and the changes are as charming to the reader as they were natural to Byron. The poesy of his letters is free as the simplest friendly talk. In writing to Tom Moore, he breaks into—

"What say I? not a syllable farther in prose!  
I'm your man of all measures, dear Tom, so here goes!  
Here goes for a swim on the stream of old Time,  
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.  
If our weight break them down, and we sink in the flood,  
We are smothered, at least, in respectable mud,  
Where the divers of Bathos lie drowned in a heap,  
And Southey's last paean has pillowed his sleep."

In his letters, written to the friends who knew best his weaknesses, and from whom he did not hide them, Byron has left the most truthful and pleasing record of his life.

George Walsh

#### THE READING OF FICTION.

Life is an education, in which a collegiate training forms but a minor part. The great battles of life are fought with arms acquired elsewhere; and, with cultivated men, reading is the great arsenal from which they draw their strength. If fiction forms a constituent part of this reading and a part that cannot otherwise be supplied, then the reading of fiction is not alone beneficial, but necessary, to one who aspires to have his mental structure complete and in accord with our advanced ideas.

As man advances intellectually, his capacity for the enjoyment of life increases—in fact, the progress of civilization may be traced in the multiplication of the sources from which man derives his pleasure. It is only civilized nations, and only the educated part of them, that fully appreciate the highest class of music. Fine painting and sculpture also find their only true appreciation here, even the beauties of the landscape being entirely unknown to the lower orders of humanity. Thus we see that the appreciation of the beautiful is almost entirely an adjunct to civilization, and, as civilization advances, our appreciation of the beautiful and power for the discernment of it, will correspondingly advance until finally we will see that all that is good is beautiful, and crime alone is hideous, and conversely. As with nations, so with individuals, and he that occupies the highest intellectual plane will have the more elevated and stronger sense of the beautiful, because intelligence gives power for enjoyment, and a full enjoyment of life depends upon, and is co-existent with, our appreciation and realization of the beautiful. This appreciation—nay, more, even the realization—of the beautiful, while depending, in the main, upon our knowledge and mental calibre, yet to a great extent is it dependant upon, if it does not primarily proceed from, our imagination; hence, that which stimulates and strengthens our imagination, is not alone beneficial, but necessary. It is, of course, unnecessary to state that fiction operates upon the imagination. Were I to do so, I would be but stating a truism, as, from the very nature of its origin, it must so act. Cynics and Senecan philanthropists regard every work of fiction as injurious,—I suppose on general principles,—but our Sunday school libraries are filled with them, and the biblical parables are but fiction, referring to them as they exist in the concrete. In this case, these well-meaning cynics and philanthropists have expended all their strength in propelling a boomerang which, without our aid, has disabled their cunningly devised reasoning.

It is urged that "so much of fiction is poor and not worth reading, that it were better to avoid the entire department than risk reading a poor or demoralizing book." This objection undoubtedly proceeds from the

same mouths that would urge the draping of the Venus of Milo before looking at her, or the clothing of Apollo in a toga ere they come into his presence. And, again, are there no poor paintings, and are all statues perfect? Do these critics, then, disparage art?

Probably, in the entire category of objections to fiction, none is more puerile than this: "People read it to excess." True; but the majority of mankind are extremists in everything; this man drinks himself into his grave; that woman dissipates socially until physically she is a wreck and approaches her grave in an invalid's chair. But that does not prove that stimulants, used moderately, are not beneficial, and that social pleasures should be shunned.

The limited assignment of space prevents me, in this article, from discussing the two lower classes of fiction, embracing what is known as society and sensational novels in the one, and such trash as is issued in the nickle libraries and "weeklys" in the other. Against the latter class, many objections can be urged, and no one is more willing to urge them than the writer; but against fiction as a whole, no very strong arguments can be brought, while in its favor much may be said—in fact, in favor of the last-mentioned class, whose immoral tendency is admitted, I hold that a man of any strength of intellect can read anything, as far as its immoral effect is concerned, for in literature the old adage, "to the pure all things are pure," finds its most prominent exemplification.

J. C. E.

#### Editorial.

It is always with reluctance that the VOLANTE speaks unfavorably of the action of those who are in authority over us; but the matter which we are to mention, though trifling in itself, occasions so much dissatisfaction among the students as to demand attention. Whether reasonably or not we will not say, it has become an established principle that, as a matter of class courtesy, the higher classes should take precedence of the lower, and that students in a regular course should have the preference over electives. Conceding that electives, among whom are found some of our most valued students, have certain rights which must be respected, and granting the same regarding lower classmen, we still think that the principle above stated will not be disputed. Yet the order of recitations has of late been determined apparently by an exactly opposite principle. Students not in any course are requested to present a list of the studies they wish to pursue, and the programme is made out accordingly. And with what result? At the beginning of the present term, the three

higher classes were assigned recitations for the last hour, the most undesirable arrangement possible, though by united protest on the part of the Seniors and through the courtesy of one of their instructors, they have obtained a more satisfactory hour.

The order of recitations is not a matter of great moment to those who room in the building, but to others it is a serious inconvenience to be compelled to spend several hours of each day away from their accustomed place of study and books of reference. It occasions a loss of time which to most students is a real hardship, for, to aggravate the difficulty, no suitable study room is provided for resident students who are compelled to pass an hour in the building.

Now we would suggest that, until the University is managed professedly for the benefit of electives, the program be arranged with the reference primarily to the rights and wishes of regular students rather than of electives.

#### TRUE AMBITION.

Ambition is one of the most powerful incentives to action. When the province of duty has reached its utmost bound, there stretch out, in increasing beauty and splendor, the limitless fields of ambition. Without ambition, no life would reach beyond the mediocre and commonplace. It is the magic voice that lures us up the mountain side of endeavor, without which we should forever linger in the valleys and plains below. It is the beckoning horizon that invites to perpetual advance, but whose shadowy bounds we can never reach. Were it not for ambition, our poems would remain unsung, our pictures unpainted, our cathedrals unbuilt; all life would be reduced to a common level, and none would take a step beyond the necessary or the expedient.

Ambition can nerve the trembling hand to exertion, can inspire man to endure pain, fatigue and hunger; to count all things loss that some cherished hope, some dear ideal, may be attained.

There is no nobler sentiment in the human mind than true ambition. Through it man feels his kinship with the divine, and aspires to the lofty, the sublime, the difficult. Obstructions may loom up like mountains before him; he only cries out, like Hannibal, "No Alps touch heaven, or are insuperable to the human race!"

The true aim of ambition is self-development, self-advancement; but when a man imagines that he can only advance by retarding others, that every step forward must be planted on the neck of another, he is simply misconceiving the idea of true progress. He is making it relative, not absolute; and, according to this supposition, one might be at a complete standstill and yet on the advance, provided the rest of mankind were only re-



treating. No, progress does not consist in making others less, but ourselves more. It is not at all to be measured by our relations with other people, but can be ascertained only by a comparison between our own present and past. We should direct our efforts solely toward surpassing what we have done before, and thus endeavor to rise

On stepping stones  
Of our dead selves to higher things.

But it is the perverted aim of ambition that is the cause of most of its disastrous results. Men strive not to be, but to seem; not to attain real excellence, but to acquire the mere empty name of merit, fame, applause, renown. And these adjuncts have been so often gained by unfair means that, while never the essentials of worth, they have come to be not even the necessary indications of it.

How truly did the Roman poet say, "The thirst for fame is greater than for virtue; for who seeks virtue it self, if its rewards are removed?"

Away with this shallow and superficial spirit! Let us be honest enough, let us be courageous enough, to look only toward the reality and not toward the appearance! Let us take for our motto, "*Non videri oportet, sed esse.*"

## News.

As many seem to wish to know the exact facts of Dr. Anderson's long illness, we will state them to the best of our knowledge. The Doctor was taken sick, Nov. 10, with what seemed to be pneumonia. This, however, lasted only three or four days and soon ran into a low fever, from which he recovered sufficiently to do two weeks' work at the end of last term. The last day of last term the Doctor was taken sick again with an attack of pleurisy, which, as before, ran into a low malarial fever. He was more seriously sick after his relapse than before it, not getting out of his room till Jan. 23. On Jan. 28, this being only the second time he had gone out of the house, he went over to the C. & A. depot and started for Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was still very weak when he started, and was therefore accompanied by his son Elbridge. The Doctor expects to be back in about three weeks, and be strong enough at that time to take charge of his class in Moral Philosophy.

If anyone has had any question about the University of Chicago being under Baptist auspices, it would seem to us that the amount of water that has deluged some of the recitation-rooms of late would be a convincing proof of the fact to the mind of such a one. We have all heard of the happy fiddler sitting in the only dry spot in

his cabin and fiddling away for dear life, who, when asked why he did not fix his roof, replied, "Cause it rains." "But why do you not fix it when it doesn't rain?" "Cause, massa, when it doan' rain he doan' want no fixin'." This would seem like very fair philosophy, but it seems hardly applicable to our own domicile, inasmuch as while he was a "Lone Fisherman," there are most too many of us for the dry spots to go around. Why, Noah would not even let the ark leak—not even to please the ducks, porpoises and sperm whales, who were just pining for a swim—no, he "pitched it within and without," and the menagerie had to suffer. We really do not wish to protest unduly; but if some of these evidences of "eternal spring" were a trifle abated, we should try not to rebel. Something of a prejudice seems to exist in this country against mansard seives; but even if the roof cannot be repaired, would it not be a brilliant idea to capture the surplus humidity upon the upper floors, instead of allowing it to take the frescoing off from all the recitation-rooms? But then, perhaps, this would savor of partiality, and if people like it, by all means pass it around.

## Locals.

Bille(t).

Encore.

How is your arm?

Who *is* Martha Billings?

Let that arm alone you—!!!?..

When is chapel fire built? Echo answers, when?

There are twenty-four in the ladies' department this term.

"Some poor, fainting, struggling Seaman you may rescue, you may save."

How did that solitary Prof. happen to stray into the chapel the other morning?

The Chapel orations since our last report have been as follows: "Bacon and Science," A. J. Talbut; "Gladstone," J. M. Russell.

The Seniors are mourning over the loss of Hawley. Can anyone tell them what has become of the boy? Perhaps he is working out his oration.

Stone is learning to skate. We observe that he has difficulty getting settled in his seat some mornings, although he declares he never tumbles down.

The Seniors in astronomy have the promise of a short squint with one eye through that fabled instrument in the Observatory. They are patiently waiting.

The Faculty require each student to write out a certificate that he has been vaccinated within a year. Fine scheme—for the students. It is such little trouble to write this certificate, and then it doesn't hurt like being vaccinated.

Dr. Anderson had a relapse during the Christmas vacation, and for a while was very sick, but is better now, so much so that he can get around a little, and expects to start for Santa Fe in a week, to try what that climate can do for his health.

Elections for Washington supper representatives are in progress. The Preps will be represented by John C. Everet, the Freshmen by Frank Larned, and the Sophomores by Clayton A. Pratt. The Juniors and Seniors have not yet had their elections.

We notice from the city papers that Evanston has formed a Base Ball Association with Michigan University. We give her (N. W. U.) our hearty blessing, and wish her better luck than she had with us, yet with all due respect for our rural sister at Evanston, we would advise Ann Arbor to keep *her* eyes free from wool and wide open.

The Sophomores had a good, square supper at the Palmer House last Friday—the first solid meal they've had this year. Hurrah for the Sophs! They couldn't get up a cane rush, but take the lead on the subject of grub. The carriage hire alone for that supper amounted to—well, Sophs are young, and don't mind the street-cars.

The boys do not seem to be very enthusiastic on the subject of vaccination. When the small-pox began narrowing its circle around the University, the Faculty invited Dr. Garrison to come over and vaccinate the boys. He procured, with much trouble, a hundred points, spent an hour at the building for three successive days, and vaccinated just three students and a baby.. The baby belongs to Prof. Hough, and we think the virus must be working.

The Juniors are now twisting their jaws and shrugging their shoulders over French. The rules for pronunciation trouble them, but the girls have got the rule for the pronunciation of c f l r into a form which they will never forget. By pronouncing the letters c f l r rapidly, the sound is easily converted into *see a feller*. This comes as naturally to a girl's lips as does the breath she breathes. Could somebody reduce all the rules to such expressions, French would become popular.

In the general giving and merry-making of the holidays just past, the young ladies of the University were not forgotten. Four members of the Senior class presented them with a very pretty statuet, with which to

ornament their apartment. With hearts overflowing with gratitude, tender and reverent hands placed the "pets" on high, behind the elegant glass doors of their antique bookcase. There it stands, a monument of the good taste and munificence of the Seniors. A speech was called for at the time of the presentation, but being unaccustomed to such demonstrations, an extempore address could not be thought of. The young ladies would therefore now extend their hearty thanks to the donors for their kind remembrance.

The following authentic history of John Smith lately appeared in one of our exchanges: "Johannes Smithus, walking up a streetus, met two ingentes Ingins et parvulus Ingini. Ingins non capti sunt ab Johannes, sed Johannes captus et ab ingentibus Inginiibus. Parvulus Ingini run off hollerin, et terrificandus est most to death. Big Ingins removerunt Johannem ad tentum, ad campum, ad marshy placem, popoossem, pipe of peacem, bogibus, squawque. Quum Johannes examinatus est ab Inginiibus, they condemnati sunt eum to be cracked on capitem ab clubbibus. Et a big Ingini was going to strikaturus esse Smithum with a clubbem, quum Pocahontas come trembling down, et hollerin, 'Don't ye duit, dont ye duit!' Sic Johannes non periit, sed grew fat on corn bread et hominy."

Not long ago Yale Glee Club paid us its annual visit, and treated us to an excellent selection of College songs, rendered only as the Yale boys know how to render them. But we think an entertainment of such a nature suited to the comprehension of all lovers of music, should likewise be suited to the comprehension of all pocket-books, whereas the boys, either to make as much money as possible or to make it more select, run the prices up as far as possible. Another thing we have against them, is their singing under the standard of the Yale College Glee Club when their chief musicians are Yale Alumni. If this is permitted College Glee Clubs may be gotten up without trouble. If Yale has not the talent let her go without some of the parts, and not come here and palm off unto us her '75 or '76 men as undergraduates.

A merry party of Sophomores and their friends met at the Palmer House on Friday evening, Jan. 27, to enjoy the annual class banquet. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, and a short season spent in social intercourse, the literary exercises followed, gracefully presided over by the President, Miss Lydia A. Dexter. The following was the programme: President's address; oration, "A Tribute to Mathematics," Fred R. Swartwout; poem, "The Student's Pains and Pleasures," D. R. Leland; prophecy, Frank S. Cheney; paper, "The Sophomore's Voice," Clayton A. Pratt; declamation, "Massachusetts and South Carolina," M. Persons. The



toast, "Our City," was responded to by Samuel A. Perine. At an early(?) hour the party separated, all agreeing the evening had been spent in a most enjoyable manner. The class of '84 are to be congratulated on their spirit and enterprise in arranging and carrying out so pleasant an entertainment.

#### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of January 18th, the cracked bell of the dining hall sent its melancholy tones—cracked in the service of hash—through the halls, summoning the boys to the meeting of the Association, convened for the "purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term," so the bulletin board said. There was not much in that; elections are generally rather dry affairs, being cooked up beforehand by the societies and served to the students cold. Still there may be some interest in this election, for this is the only term in the year when there is any honor in being president. About a year ago, on the day of the great parliamentary discussion, we had a session, which in earnestness of debate and intensity of feeling, would put to shame any parliament. It lasted from 2 till 11 P. M. Maybe this is going to be something like that thinks the VOLANTE reporter as he examines his note book to see if there is plenty of space. Evidently the boys think so too, for he hears their fairy footsteps coming in troops down the stairs, two and three steps at a time. What stacks of them! And how busy the politicians are, running about among the rest. The girls turn out in full force; never before were such numbers known to attend an election. Evidently they have all suddenly become interested in politics, or more likely the candidates are particular favorites among them. Whichever way it is they march into the Chapel, and take the seats nearest the stove. But there is no fire there. There never was any fire there to speak of. Our reporter slips into a corner, sharpens his pencil, and waits for the show to begin—the war of words, the lofty flights of eloquence, and the scorching sarcasm which he knows will come.

"Mr. President, I move you, sir, that the Secretary be instructed to cast the ballot of the Association for the present officers as their own successors."

How simple, how easy! Who would have thought of such a straightforward method? There is no chance for a fight over that. Pshaw! And our stenographer shuts his book in disgust. The motion is seconded, is almost put, when some individual rises for information; the information is granted; some more of the same article is wanted; an amendment is introduced, and then an appeal. This is getting interesting. Then some more appeals and a motion to adjourn. The pencil is getting short. Some more appeals and a motion to "lie" upon

the table. Lie what? What has become of the original motion? Our reporter is confused, and flounders around in a labyrinth of hieroglyphics and appeals, and wouldn't know the original motion should he meet it under an electric light. Not so with our worthy President. He has got the inclination of these strata of appeals, and when one is disposed of, knows just what comes next. The preps did nobly, keeping remarkably good order for them. The ladies seemed interested, although it was evident they did not exactly understand parliamentary language. At last, after two hours and a half of continued appeals and motions to adjourn, the question as amended was reached and put to the assembly.

This provided that the officers should be elected by informal ballot. This was carried, and, by the election which followed, A. B. Seaman was made President, and C. S. Geiger, Secretary.

Then our reporter wiped the sweat from his brow, though the mercury in the room was not much above the freezing point, gathered up his hieroglyphics, which he has not been able to decipher since, and wended his way homeward, deeply impressed with the importance of college politics.

The following Friday another meeting was called. This was a very tame affair. Everything passed off smoothly. Miss Haigh was elected junior editor of VOLANTE, in place of King. It was decided to have the classes elect their own representatives for the Washington supper, and the following committees were appointed: Committee on Arrangement—J. M. Russell, C. S. Brown, F. L. Anderson. Committee on Finance—F. H. Clark, A. G. Malmsten, E. T. Stone. Committee on Decoration—G. W. Walsh, F. S. Cheney, T. M. Hammond, A. A. Griffith, Jr., Miss E. C. Cooley, Miss M. E. Pollard, Miss Daisy Springer, Miss Bessie Faulkner.

#### MARKET REPORTS.

Market opened lively, and there was evidence that the January sessions would surpass in interest those of the previous month. Options for February offices were in great demand. Speculation as to the successful candidates occupied the attention of the first meeting, to the total exclusion of all other matters. One firm made a proposition that threw their opponents into great excitement. This firm had been running behind for nearly all offices, and had failed for high positions, with great liabilities. They proposed to unite their forces with the hungry office-seeker. It is needless to report that the offer was accepted and an era of bossism inaugurated. Seaman took all the stock offered, although at one time he was likely to be obliged to sell short on Athanæum preferred stock, in order to cover margins. Later ad-

### Communications.

#### THE EXCHANGE OF THE RECTORS AT THE UNIVERSITY AT LEIPZIG.

The following is an extract from a letter written to one of the students, by a former student of the University:

LEIPZIG, Nov. 7, 1881.

The Rector is practically President of the University. He has only executive power, the legislative being vested in various persons and bodies.

The King's Educational Minister, the Deans of the Faculties, the Academic Senate, all take part in contributing of their wisdom in making the laws. The rectorate is not greatly desired by the professors. It allows little time for any special private study; it requires not only time, but discretion, for the admonitions are to be administered by him; the decisions, in general, as to practical matters, rest upon him for the year. His name adorns every diploma for the year, and there is a fair extra salary attached to the position.

The exchange occurs each year at the Reformatory Fest. The exercises take place in the Academic Aula, a large hall adorned with statues and designs especially for such university services. The day is far more sacredly observed than Sunday. Stores are closed and quiet reigns on the streets. The observances of the day begin with sermons at the different churches at 8:30 A. M. After the service I went to the Aula, finding there a great crowd of students at the door, which was just about to be opened. As nearly as I could judge, the hall held on the floor about one thousand students, very closely packed. There were a few chairs for the special guests and ladies, but the greater part of the vast audience stood throughout the service. The time before beginning was occupied in the arrangement of the representatives of the Verbindung and Vereins, societies among the students. Each society had a very elegantly wrought banner carried by three men. Each student was gorgeously arrayed in suits arranged as each uniform demanded. All wore sashes of the color of the society, passing over the left shoulder and around the waist. To these sashes short swords were attached.

In due time the procession of Professors advanced, the outgoing and incoming rectors leading the line. They were dressed in black silk gowns, and the outgoing rector wore the insignia of the Rectorate, a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, a chain around his neck, and the seal of his office. With these two came four worthies similarly dressed. They were the outgoing Deans of the four faculties—Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine and Philosophy.

As the Rectors came in sight, the band struck up an impressive air, and every student drew his sword, clashing and rattling his weapons and armor with all his power. The Rectors, Deans and Government Kingly Ministers of Education took seats just facing the pulpit, Dr. Luthardt, a chair higher than the rest, in the middle. After a song by the students, Dr. Luthardt, the retiring Rector, mounted the rostrum and proceeded to review his work for the year just closing. Among other things,

vices have failed to show why the firm in question desired to deal where hitherto they had been most soundly abused.

Bacon was active and excitedly higher, though it did not go up so far as was expected by some. Talbut has been investing very heavily of late, and new developments are looked for every day. In consequence of the unsettled state, no one cared to invest.

Ponies are very irregular; market is full. Malmsten has been buying very largely of late, and sales have been lively and prices are high.

Offices for Washington supper are in great demand. College classes do not exhibit much excitement, but there is a very perceptible panicky feeling among the Preps. Later advices report a more settled feeling in the ranks of the latter, as Everett has again taken control as manager, and will appear as the Prep. advocate on the night of Washington supper. This gives the market an appearance of stability.

Provisions, although they have had a decided rise, are experiencing a peculiar downward tendency—in the boarding club. January deals have been enormous, and this state of affairs is likely to continue. Russell takes all the lots that are offered. It is understood there is an open-mouthed monopoly backing him. There was a flutter of excitement among wholesale dealers when it was announced that Cheney was figuring for a position in the club. They have three sessions each day, and it is unnecessary to say they never feel the need of a clearing-house.

The music market took a tumble the other morning just after chapel. Persons will sell any quantity, to be delivered during the summer vacation. Shares in pianos and organs are selling below par, and meet with few buyers, as the faculty seem to control a corner on tunes. Chapel tunes about the same as usual.

Girls are at a premium now, although the market offers much better inducements than at any time for a year past. They are all A No. 1 preferred. None engaged, and since Martha Billings has raised her voice, in tones of wailing, for more escorts, and for those same escorts to come again—yes, come often—it is expected that every fair maiden will select a manager for Washington supper. Of course, there will, of necessity, have to be some preliminary practice in escorting the damsels, and such practice can be obtained by bringing them to Society meeting every Friday and Saturday evening. It will be borne in mind by the maids that any record of mortgage upon the property should be carefully concealed, as it is not desirable to have a panic or any decline in prices.



he stated that thirty-three hundred students had been in attendance during each term. His address lasted for thirty minutes, and ended by addressing Dr. Zarncke, the new Rector.

The oath of office was then administered, and the insignia of the office was presented to Dr. Zarncke.

The Rectorial seal, the Rector's ring, and a hearty handshake finished the ceremony.

Dr. Zarncke then read an address which, in printed form, occupies forty-six pages of legal cap. The choir sang, and the service was done.

In the evening there was a torchlight procession, all the choir students taking part. There were about six hundred students in line with torches. They serenaded the two Rectors, and, marching to a public square, hurled their burning torches into the center of the square and all joined with the bands leading in singing "Gaudemus igitur." They then dispersed, and the beer suffered. Many of the students in those corps had no sleep that night until completely overcome by beer.

Thus ended one of the greatest of days among German students.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Jan 18, 1882.

*Editors of the Volante:*

The tendency of the time is to the reading of prose rather than poetry. Periodical and scientific literature have advanced at the expense of the standard poets and dramatists. At our University, as a literary center, there should be a stronger, broader literary feeling. We should give more earnest work to the best English authors, and especially to that chief of literary chieftains, Shakspeare. How many readers of the VOLANTE, think you, have "plucked the heart out of Hamlet's mystery?" How many of us know as much of Imogen as of Antigone—as much of the Merry Wives of Windsor as of the Captive of Plautus? Let me not be misunderstood. I am an earnest believer in the value of the classics. I am heartily in favor of working the deep placers which contain the golden thoughts of Sophocles; but at the same time I would not neglect the diamonds of Shakspeare, which will richly reward the labors of all who seek them.

Whether you desire wit or wisdom, philosophy, morality or psychology, you will not search here in vain. But Shakspeare must be *studied*. Though "the gods give us all things for labor," they give us precious little of value without work. Here is a field for our labor which, of all others, promises the largest return, nor need it be made irksome. In whatever manner the subject is handled, it can hardly fail to prove interesting and pleasant, as well as profitable. It is not for me to say how we shall take up the study of Shakspeare—whether in the classroom, the literary society, in a Shakspearean Club specially organized for this object, or in the privacy of our own homes. To discuss the subject in each of these phases would require more space than is allotted me, but it is unnecessary to demonstrate that work

might be done advantageously in any or all of these departments. If, by saying more, I could create a deeper interest in the topic, more would be said; but the subject is one which speaks for itself. If it receives the considerate thought that it deserves—and I believe it will—good will result.

Now, Messrs. Editors, at the risk of being accused of exhibiting the womanly virtue of discussing more topics in five brief minutes than would occur to my masculine critic in as many hours, and with your kind permission, I wish to touch upon several minor points. But first let me whisper to you, behind my fan, a fact not very widely known. As if to refute the charge of lack of gallantry made in my last letter, so far, at least, as the Seniors are concerned, several members of that worthy class have purchased and presented to the Ladies' Room a charmingly æsthetic and appropriate bit of statuary, which now beams forth upon us from its glass case. But to the business in hand. If I make any suggestions, I hope they will be received in the kindly spirit in which they are made.

I have noticed of late a slight but growing tendency in the VOLANTE to admit to its columns personal cuts and witticisms which, though they may seem to make a paper more spicy, cannot but injure it in the end. It lies with you, gentlemen, to check this tendency. In this connection, let me mention something which is less to the credit of the young ladies than of the managers of the VOLANTE. Our college paper has numerous readers among the fairer portion of the students, but few regular subscribers. Now I believe we should participate in the duties as well as of the privileges of college, and one of the duties I conceive to be the supporting our college organ, which plays an important part in maintaining our credit abroad. I could wish that we were as well represented on the subscription books as on the editorial staff of the VOLANTE.

Another suggestion to my sister students, and I have done. I have noticed with pleasure that a few, though only a few, of our young ladies have college spirit enough to wear the college color, pink; but lately my appreciation of the action of these maidens has vanished as a gum-drop might disappear in the mouth of a schoolboy. I have been informed that the color is worn not in honor of our Alma Mater, but in token of a very different species of organization. Now, just as if such bodies did not create enough dissension among the short-haired portion of humanity, that we too must be split into factions and opposing parties. Sisters, I protest against your bringing anything of the kind upon us. To speak plainly, I do not believe in the principle of a young lady in College arraying herself so emphatically either for or against such an organization. Sincerely, MARTHA BILLINGS.

## Personals.

'81. Prof. E. T. Ingham is teaching successfully in the State Normal University at Ft. Scott, Kas.

'81. Miss Cornie Gassette is dangerously ill with consumption. The slight benefit derived from her European trip was not permanent. She has been slowly sinking since her return, and those around her are endeavoring to make as pleasant as possible her stay here, which they fear will be short at the best.

'81. Henry Topping, now in Ottawa, Kas., intends returning to his old home at Delevan, Wis.

'81. Emil Bary, "nihilist," was married last month to Miss Nellie Beecher, of St. Charles, Ill.

Several wanderers have returned. Miss Paynter again brightens the class-room with her smile, while Miss Clara Browning's presence calls up fond recollections of her fair sister.

'82. Weinschenck who has been sick for some time is again in school.

'83. J. M. Bailey, Jr., has just returned to Rochester, to renew his studies in the class of '85.

'81. Miss R. M. Edgerton is absent from the city, visiting friends in Detroit.

'83. E. Persons has left to complete his course at Union. Our good wishes follow him.

'83. C. C. Pickett looked in upon us at Christmas time.

'83. J. E. Cornell spent the holidays with his friends in Hyde Park.

'76. J. E. Rhodes is in business in Sacramento.

'82. C. F. Everett, once of '82, with his wife and child, is visiting in the city. Charley has a regular pastorate near Champaign.

## Exchanges.

The duties of the exchange editor are not unpleasant. In the score of papers on his table, he has the best thought of the college world, and in each exchange he sees a link of the golden chain which unites into one great brotherhood all the colleges and the college men of the land. Nor is his position lacking in importance. The real capabilities of the exchange college are not generally appreciated. Through it the editor may reveal to his fellow-students their standing as compared with others; through it, by a judicious use of scissors and

paste pot, may come many valuable suggestions and many items of interest, so that the exchange department shall be, at home, as it always is abroad, the most readable part of the paper.

Among Western exchanges, the *Portfolio*, from Colorado, presents a mechanical make-up which places it with the *Echo*, the *Courier* and the *Dartmouth*, among the neatest and most tasty of our exchanges. The matter also corresponds with the garb in which it appears, except that the literary department is noticeably deficient. The strongest feature of the *Berkeleyan*, on the contrary, is its literary merit. The article on "Truth Telling," especially, is evidently the work of a thoughtful, well-read man. These friends of the Occident have the best wishes of the VOLANTE.

The urchins, so to speak, in our group of exchanges, the irrepressible small boys of the company, are the *Hesperian Student* and the *K. M. T. News*. When we read, in the latter, of "Custer's last *Ralley*," we don't wonder that is with the VOLANTE in the matter of spelling reform. You are young yet, boys, but you mean well. If you will listen to a word of kindly advice, we would suggest that you issue less often and in better form.

We are proud of the *Courier* as a representative of Western college journalism. For the good of the fraternity, however, we hope that its dyspeptic but feeble-minded exchange editor will receive the medical attention he so much needs. No one will dispute the gentleman's right to form adverse opinions; no one will question his right to express the same; but after laboring through several columns of abuse of some of our most esteemed cotemporaries, we were forced to the conclusion that the gentleman of the *Courier* had misconceived the duties of his position.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* comes to us looking appropriately neat and trim; and though it has the notices of marriages and deaths characteristic of a "girl's paper," it contains also several readable literary articles.

In its local department, the *Illini* has adopted a modified spelling, for which the *Illini* is to be commended as a step in the right direction. The simple changes effected are directly in the path of the evolution of language, and as evolution never moves backward, the editors of the *Illini* may confidently expect that their spelling will not long be peculiar.

The *Roanoke Collegian* is improving. It contains a large amount of matter, though not always original. The number before us is remarkable for a highly italicized, much metaphysical article, entitled, "Be what you are." Among the many friends with whom we would gladly chat, if time permitted, we mention especially the *Ariel*, the *Mercury*, whose weakness is styled a novelette,



and last, though by no means least, *Lasell Leaves*, according to its own report, "Dux femina facti."

The *Colby Echo*, one of the best college papers issued, though coming from a village, candidly admits that "the advantages presented by a city as a place for education, are much greater than those offered by a rural village." The subject is a broad one, and has been often discussed, but we were impressed with the force of an argument in favor of one phase of the *Echo's* position, found in another column of the same issue, viz., a list of *thirty-four names of students who were teaching* for the winter. In addition to affording the advantages of society, libraries, sermons, lectures always offered by a great city, the University of Chicago is doing a noble work for young men who are obliged to pay their own college expenses. Though we have our share of "worth by poverty oppressed," we have no charity students. Yet we recall the names of none of our number who are obliged to be absent from us to teach. Chicago offers honorable and profitable employment to all who seek it, and there is no question but that the result is more honorable, able, self-reliant men.

### College World.

The University of Iowa has 650 students.

The faculty of Columbia favor coeducation.

The Freshman class at Cambridge, Eng., numbers 835.

Harvard is soon to admit ladies to her medical department.

The question of establishing a characteristic German University at Milwaukee is being agitated.

No examinations are required of students at Amherst if nine-tenths of the recitations are attended.—*Portfolio*.

The Oxford cap is now worn at Columbia, Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, University of New York, and Brown.

The passing mark at Harvard has been raised from  $33\frac{1}{3}$  to 40. The standard required at the University of Chicago is 75.

The library of Amherst College will receive \$500,000 from the estate of a Boston lawyer who was a member of the class of 1825.

England has four Universities, France 15, and Germany 22. Ohio, with that simplicity characteristic of the West, contents herself with 23.—*The Varsity*.

At the Boston Globe Theatre, the Greek tragedy, "Edipus Tyrannus," is to be presented on a scale similar to that at Harvard, all the parties but one, however, being in English.

The following subjects have been assigned by the Faculty for Junior prize essays: "The Dangers and Prospects of the American Republic;" "The Complications in Ireland," and "Fiction as an Element of Culture."—*The Dartmouth*.

Happy were the students of bygone days, when the following rules were enforced:

CHAP. II., SEC. VIII.: Every freshman shall be obliged to do any proper errand or message for the authority of the college, and likewise within one mile of the college of the resident graduate, and the two upper classes when required, which, if any freshman shall refuse, he may be punished by fine or otherwise.

SEC. IX.: It shall be the duty of the senior class to inspect the manners of the two lower classes, and especially of the freshman class.

### College Humor.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

Nature gave horns to the ox,  
And presented hoofs to the equines,  
And fleetness of foot to the fox,  
To the lion a chasm of dentines,  
To the bird the power of flying,  
Of swimming was given the fish,  
To men the talent of lying,  
To co-eds—naught's in the dish.  
Oh yes! there is something—good looks!  
Now, girls, it's no use to scoff;  
It is better than boning and books,  
For it makes you stand in with the Prof.

—*Chronicle*.

The bride was led up the broad aisle,  
Got up in the most killing staisle;  
When asked if she'd be  
A true wife to he,  
She promptly replied, "I should smaisle."

—*Varsity*.

In a Sophomore text-book reposes this little gem:

"Volo hunc librum  
Esse in Inferno.  
Ego mathematicas  
Vehementer sperno;  
In quis ullum bonum,  
Ego nunquam cerno!"—*Ex*.

Co-education—Prof.: "Who will see Mr. T. before next Monday?" Lady Student (blushing): "I shall probably see him Sunday night."—*Echo*.

First Fresh.: "Say, Ned, got this down pretty fine."

Second do.: "Well, about as fine as I can get it and still have it legible," shaking a little piece of cardboard from his coat-sleeve.

In one of his verses, Oscar Wilde alludes to the "barren memory of un-kissed kisses." An "un-kissed kiss" is probably the barrenest thing within the range of human experience.—*Independent*.

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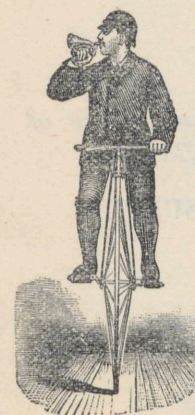
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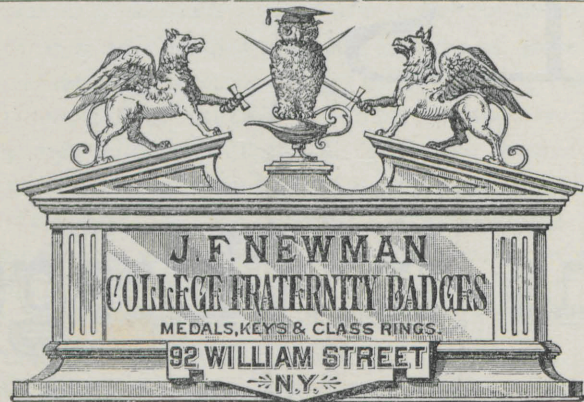
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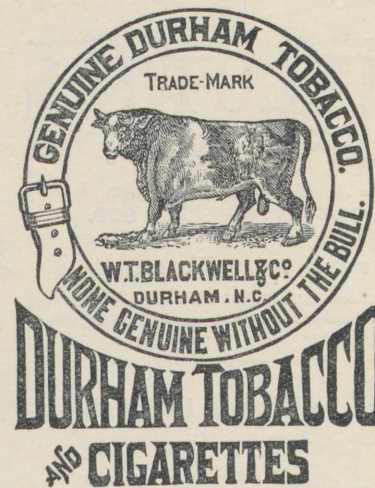
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