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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XI.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1882.

No. 6.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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#### THE OPTATIVE.

Of all the modes we mastered  
In conjugating Greek,  
Our minds and tongues conforming  
To paradigms unique.  
I'm sure we all preferred to give  
The smooth and supple Optative.

The proud Imperative decreed  
Its orders all in vain—  
The weak subjunctive who could hear  
With other than disdain.  
But Hope prepared a fair abode  
Within this one delightful mode.

O gracious mode of wishing,  
Whom wouldst thou not delight?  
For e'en the luckless scholar  
Who could not else recite—  
Nor other forms and tenses give  
Might venture on the Optative.

I wish!—who could not say it?  
"I wish I had—or knew—"  
The Profs alone reject it,  
They do not like—'tis true—  
On faith the lessons to receive  
And take them in the Optative.



"I wish!"—a thousand cherubs  
Come trooping at the call—  
The fairy messengers of Hope,  
With joyous faces all.  
Alert to speed, in airy flight  
To fancy's farthest, fairest height.

"I wish!"—and lo! before us  
A form majestic stands,  
A radiant face, a star-crowned brow,  
And open, bounteous hands—  
It waits in robes of lustrous white,  
Its eyes are deep and glad and bright.

"I wish!"—it moves beyond us—  
Its path is filled with light,  
It turns and looks upon us,  
Its smiling lips unite.  
It is the Angel Hope who stands  
And calls us thus with beckoning hands.

O Hope, benign companion,  
Desert, forsake us not,  
Where'er we chance to wander  
Illumine thou our lot!  
And paint in tints with beauty rife  
Upon the canvas of our life.

O Hope, propitious goddess,  
O Messenger of Truth,  
O gracious guide and helper,  
O Deity of youth!  
May thy fair face and form divine  
Unceasingly upon us shine.

Do dangers throng about us?  
But even as we strive  
A vision beams upon us  
That bids our strength revive.  
And lo! ablaze with many a gem,  
Hope holds a sparkling diadem.

Do mountains loom before us  
That all our powers divide,  
There stands a shining figure  
Far up the rugged side.  
Who would not scale the dizzy height  
With such a monitor in sight?

Through every toil and danger  
There sounds a genial voice  
That e'er, in spite of trouble,  
Exhorts us yet rejoice.  
Though all about be dark and drear,  
It still inspires to life and cheer.

So says our Alma Mater,  
Who will not cease to hope,  
However drear the shadows  
Where she perforce must grope.  
The while she takes what fate may bring,  
And waits the coming of the spring.

So say our grave Professors,  
Who, though with zeal intense,  
They toil through weary ages,  
Receive no recompense—  
But nobly teach, with one accord,  
That virtue is its own reward.

So, too, says Athenæum,  
When, seats and benches bare,

Her loyal sons and daughters  
Declaim to empty air.  
And still, with ardor unrepented,  
Continue hoping for the best.

Upon whatever darkness  
The light of hope may fall,  
'Twill change to rainbow colors  
The dreary shadows all;  
'Twill ever brighten so complex  
And dark a theme as Junior Ex.

But, knowing you are *wishing*  
To have the toast replaced  
With other better finished  
More delicate in taste,  
Your anxious hopes I'll not deceive,  
But leave you—in the Optative.

#### A PLEA FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE.

It seems a strange thing that our educated and patriotic American people should need encouragement and exhortation to read the writers of their own mother tongue; but apparently they do need it, and none more, perhaps, than college students. Many people without a collegiate education who have literary taste, and have not a smattering of four or five foreign languages to divert their attention from their own, become acquainted with the beauties of its literature. But college students, overwhelmed with the number of subjects they take up in four years, newly entering the field of research in most branches, have little time or thought for anything so modern and common as English literature.

But is not this a fault both in the course and in the students? Few scholars are so fortunate as to get time for general reading after they have left school, and entered into practical life; and to wait until we are men and women to form a taste for the standard English authors seems absurd to say the least. Of course, college graduates are supposed to have read Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, Xenophon and Cæsar, and many other Greek and Latin classics, and generally they do not disappoint the expectation. They have spent years in acquiring this knowledge, and would be most happy to display it; but, unfortunately, there are not many people outside of the professions who care about these ancient authors, and who would rightly appreciate a graduate's attainments if he displayed them. He is more apt to meet with people who could talk intelligently about Shakespeare, Addison, Burns, Macaulay and other celebrated writers; but if they meet with no responding intelligence in their listener, they will naturally give up the conversation in some disgust at finding a college graduate almost totally ignorant of the classics of his own language.

In common phrase we speak of the classics, referring only to the Greek and Latin authors; but this is the same

mistake in speaking that we make in our reading, assuming that nothing later can be so well worth our study. Have we not Shakespeare, unrivaled among dramatists of any age or nation; Burke, unsurpassed in elegance and eloquence by Demosthenes or Cicero, and our own majestic Webster; Addison and Johnson, keen and witty delineators and satirists of times in which we should be more interested than in the age of Juvenal; Spencer, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron and others, forming a cluster far more brilliant than the united grandeur and beauty of Homer, Virgil and Horace; Macaulay, Hallam, Motley and Bancroft, whose histories are of far more importance to us than accounts of conquests of barbarism or retreats of armies? All these we have, and hosts of other writers who would well repay our study; but our own authors must wait until we have read the masters in Greek and Latin, and then, if we have time, they shall have their turn.

Surely I am not so narrow as to wish to banish Greek and Latin from a college course, for they are essential to a good understanding of our own language, and to a liberal education; but are they not carried too far? A few favored persons who expect to lead a literary life can afford to spend a good many years on the literature of other nations; but the vast majority of people have their own way to make in the world, and that by hard, unremitting toil, with little time for relaxation or improvement of mind. To them, perhaps, will be almost wholly lost the vast field of English literature, from the failure to form some acquaintance with it in their school days. I wonder if college graduates, after they have mingled with the world a while, do not have some regrets that they did not spend some of the time devoted to other languages in gaining some knowledge of our own great characters and their works.

It is a favorite saying that we have acquired almost everything from the ancients. To properly understand our own language, government, history and literature we must go back to Greece and Rome. But the world has arrived at such an age now that it is rather a formidable task to go back to the first sources of our power, and few people, in the brief career allotted to man, can expect to study the history of civilization for two or three thousand years very minutely. No one would pretend to say that English history is not more intimately connected with American affairs than Roman history, or that Shakespeare has not had more influence on our language and literature than Homer. So if we must choose between the ancient and modern, should we not select the latter as being more closely united to our interests?

This is pre-eminently a practical age, and we are, or should be, a practical people. A knowledge of English and American history is indispensable to a fair and just

estimate of political questions, which, certainly, a people governing themselves should be qualified to form. But how few have this requisite knowledge. Moreover, good, pure English is a rare article in our day, and the only way to get possession of it is to become familiar with such writers as Addison, Macaulay and Irving.

The great argument of the practical benefit to be derived from the study of Greek and Latin as a mental discipline, is a favorite one, and has much force in it, but as this is a benefit claimed for mathematical and philosophical studies, as well as linguistic, we should not be too particular about this point. Nervous diseases are becoming frightfully prevalent among American people, owing to their constant mental activity. If we would strive more after composure of mind, and less after such great activity, we should have longer and happier lives.

Probably more students injure their health by worrying about the things they cannot do, than by the work that they are doing, and this strain is continually increasing. Formerly sciences were almost neglected, but now they are taking a prominent place in education, and rightfully, too, for in a practical and inventive age like ours, they are of the utmost importance. Another thing which is now considered essential is the study of modern languages, and that seems to be one of the things we could better dispense with. But people cry out, "How ignorant, not to know anything of modern languages and their literature, and then the metal discipline derived from their study!" But, as in regard to Greek and Latin, I think we must make up our minds to choose, to some extent, between them and our own tongue. It is certainly impossible for most people to acquire as much knowledge of other languages as they have been expected to, and at the same time, in some way or other, to become conversant with their own language and literature. If we venture to suggest to an enthusiast in the study of languages that the finest works of all nations have been translated by accomplished scholars, so that we need not be wholly deprived of them, even if we have not spent months or years conning declensions and conjugations, he replies, "Oh, but you cannot get the spirit of the original in that way." I wonder that the spirit of the departed author does not rise and confront many of his class-room translators. Would the greatness of Homer appear more powerfully to the average student who, by dint of hard toil, succeeds in extricating a few thoughts more or less mutilated, or to the thoughtful reader of Bryant's fine translation? Also in regard to Bayard Taylor's translation of Faust, Longfellow's of the Divine Comedy, and many others less celebrated, but still vastly superior to most work done in the class-room, the same question might be asked.

However, the blame of neglecting our standard authors



is not wholly due to the study of other languages. It is true enough that most people have little time for reading, but too much of the time they do have is spent upon modern literature and periodicals. There are hosts of books published every year which would never be read, if everyone would follow Emerson's rule of not reading a book until it is a year old. Many of these publications have but a passing interest in any case, and many others have not enough merit to stand the test of time. Then the vast number of papers and magazines now published are constantly drawing our attention from more valuable writings. There is such an anxiety among many persons to be "up with the times," that they read almost everything in current literature, without thinking whether it will add to their general culture or to their stock of useful information.

Much can be done, therefore, toward increasing our knowledge of the English classics, if we have the desire, and rightly improve our time. But an education is not complete which does not devote some time to the careful study of at least a few authors. Certainly in the High Schools our own language should take precedence of all others, but many students are prepared for college without any special study of English literature, and during their course have perhaps a meagre term to go over this vast subject. Most colleges are deficient in this respect, and the only way to remedy the defect, apparently, is to require less of other languages, and have a good course in English optional, so that students will at least have an opportunity of informing themselves about the history and literature of their own nation. E. H. L.

#### "THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE."

In these days, when all things have grown "Wildely" æsthetic, one must be gifted with the pen of a ready writer to express in easy, flowing terms the beautiful; one must be gifted with the eye of the æsthete to behold in all things that which is lovely, ennobling. We commonplace, practical mortals, alas! see things as they really are. We do not live in that world of illusions whose atmosphere covers with a filmy veil of beauty that which is coarse and ugly. Utility and beauty are not synonymous terms with us. A thing may be both beautiful and useful—and, indeed, there is a certain beauty in the utility of an article—but the one term is not equivalent to the other. That which is useful is not always beautiful. A three-legged stool is but a three-legged stool, and no stretch of the imagination can turn it into "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The thought has been expressed by the æsthetes, viz., in order that the tastes of a nation may be purely refined and æsthetic, there must be inculcated in children, from

their youth upward, a taste for the beautiful, and they will turn toward that which is pure and refined, as naturally as the moth to the candle light.

If there must be that which is commonplace and practical in life, at least invest these things with beauty, and not only will work become easier, but it will become a delight. Pretty thoughts, but, alas! how vain.

I do not mean to say that there is not inherent in man a sense of the beautiful that will be awakened by a beautiful object. If not, why does the beautiful arouse within us a feeling of pleasure, and the repulsive, a feeling akin to pain? There is an inborn taste in man for purity, refinement and beauty, and yet, unless we look through roseate glasses, there are some things in life which we cannot invest with beauty. The noble horse excites admiration, but what sense of the beautiful is awakened by the mule? There is much to arouse this sense of the beautiful within us in a voyage at sea. The beauty of the days; the beauty of the calm, still nights; the music of the never-ceasing waves; the grandeur of the storms, and the tossing of the ship like a feather to and fro. All this is beautiful, grand, awe-inspiring. But how many practical, very practical consequences grow out of the rolling of the ship? Who, let me ask, in that state of utter despondency, utter loneliness—a state of sea sickness—can muse on the beautiful, can think of aught but man's utter degradation? The relation between mother and child is sacred, beautiful; but does not the sight of the dirty, tearful little urchin, and the vigorous application of the slipper, arouse within us (not in the urchin) a sense of the ridiculous? And yet this—I speak from experience—is the natural, unavoidable consequence of this sacred relation.

"If there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water," says Oscar, "at least (I quote from memory—not directly) let the wood assume some pleasing shape, and let the pitcher at the well be beautiful."

Would it, let me ask, take away from the terrible reality—would it invest the proceeding with any beauty for the little urchin, if the maternal slipper were embroidered?

Life is one vast theatre; before the curtain, all is brightness and beauty; behind the scenes, alas, how different!

We have read Cowper's "Winter Morning Walk" with a feeling of pleasure. Every line seemed to grow and sparkle with the freshness and vigor felt by the early riser as he breathes the clear, cold morning air.

Delusive dream, from which we are rudely awakened—Cowper wrote his "Winter Morning Walk" in bed!

It does not take away from the beauty of those lines addressed by Lord Byron to his wife, to learn that he sent them to her with the butcher's bill; but it shows us

that there is a practical side of life, and a poet is but a man after all.

This is a world of beauty; but as far as the east is from the west, so far removed are some things in life from beauty. Reading Victor Cousin's lecture on "The Beautiful," there cannot but be awakened in a thoughtful mind the idea, not only of a physical, but of a moral and intellectual beauty, the thought of beauty in its highest sense. But in these sunflowery days, beauty is but decorative. The thought of the beautiful is centered in an ungainly stork, painted on a still more ungainly vase, or a staring sunflower; "or," as says one of our exchanges, "in all that is ugliest."

The exchange is too sweeping in its assertions (papers usually are), but the idea of the æsthete of to-day seems to be the revival of decorative beauty, not of beauty in its highest sense; the adorning of all things commonplace and practical with an outward beauty; the covering of the bitter pill with a sugar coating. We are not homeopathists. We take the strong and the bitter in their natural state of strength and bitterness. We look at those commonplace things, so distasteful to the refined taste of the æsthete, in a practical way; not striving to hide them under a covering of beauty, as Louis XI. concealed his poor, diseased body under his royal purple robes. Pity our blindness, O ye æsthete, but the scales must fall from our eyes ere we can behold this outward beauty in all things! M. P.

#### Editorial.

"Es ist immer gut etwas zu wissen," said Goethe, one of the wisest men of modern times. By this he did not mean that a mere indiscriminate knowing is good, but knowledge so carefully collected and stored away in the mind, that it is ready for any possible use. In gaining knowledge of this kind, the imagination is one of the most important functions of the mind. In our day the tendency is either to neglect the training of this faculty, or despise it altogether, as having to do with fiction rather than fact. But is this the case? By no means. It is a well known fact that scientific men have been led to their most important discoveries by the power of a suggestive imagination. Imagination is the enemy of science only when it acts without reason. In writing history, also, the imagination is just as necessary as in writing poetry. The historian, of course, has his facts as a foundation, but he must mould and arrange them in graceful harmony, which is the work of the imagination. Lord Macaulay's success as a historian may be largely attributed to his great imaginative power.

Not only to the author, but also to the scholar, the training of this faculty is of the greatest importance.

Poetry, romance, and all the fictitious writings have their value in the training of the imagination. Here this faculty is exercised more than in any other department of literature. Romance seems like an ideal world into which the reader is introduced, and, for a short time, at least, the characters portrayed are more real than even those of actual life. Because this is the tendency in reading fiction, it is of the greatest importance to discriminate carefully between that which is beneficial and that which is injurious. By far the most useful exercise of the imagination is when it joins itself to realities. It is not necessary to turn to fiction and romance for pictures of human character to give pleasure and elevate the imagination. A study of the noted characters of history, as Alexander the Great, William of Orange, Gustavus Adolphus, Henry VIII, men who incarnated the history they have created, is of more real value in education, than a study of any of the characters of fiction. For they teach both what has been and should be.

Whenever a young man, by the power of his imagination, has really grasped a noble character in all its length and breadth, he has learned a lesson which will be of benefit through all the years of his life, not only as a pleasant theme for memory, but also as a guide in the actions of life. This is not an easy thing for the student to do. How many study volume after volume, and when a few weeks have passed, and the dust has gathered on the covers, they have little or no impression left of what they once thought they knew. This is not gaining knowledge in any sense of the word, it is merely an empty mockery, a waste of precious time. When you have studied a lesson, think not what you saw on the printed page, but what is painted in your mind. As one has said, "Count yourself not to know a fact when you know it took place, but then only when you see it as it did take place."

THE value of the reading done by students is underestimated. When, in the preparation of a debate or an oration, we have read entirely through a subject, following every ramification to its very end, we have done much more than simply to prepare ourselves for a literary exercise; we have taken a step in the formation of a right habit of reading. We have read with a purpose; we have read on a definite topic; and we have read with interest.

Our circumstances, as students, not only lead us to read rightly, but they enable us to do a large amount of reading—large compared with what others do, and



large compared with what we will do hereafter. Experience has shown that the reading done during the four years of a college course is the most valuable of one's life. Few of us, however, act with this fact in view. It is inherent in the nature of man, to do simply what he must, rather than what he can. Hence we find students too often content with simply preparing for the classroom, neglecting the additional work that might be done in the way of reading. And another mistake, common to all, that of living in the future, leads us to the neglect of present opportunities for becoming familiar with the masters of the English language. We delude ourselves with the belief that when we are no longer burdened with college duties, we will turn to the subject of letters, but the fact is, that, when we enter upon the active business of life, we will have very little time for polite literature.

We would emphasize, therefore, the importance—not of reading, for that is conceded by all—but of reading while we have opportunity. Now we have college and public libraries at our disposal; our business, so to speak, is in this direction; we have incentives to reading in the questions started in the class-room, and in the preparation of the various literary exercises which devolve upon us; and, finally, we have time and strength, as we may not have again.

Nor need the absolute amount of our college reading be small. There are many students who deserve the appellation "well read," whose reading, nevertheless, has been confined to their school days. Four years of well directed, systematic reading, will enable one to traverse a surprisingly large portion of the field of literature.

No rule can be laid down for guidance in this matter; each one must be governed by his own tastes and surroundings, though it will probably be found, that no plan is so good as to be directed in our reading, by the studies we are pursuing; we will thus have the advantage of more concentrated and definite work at any one time, and of a more varied and complete whole.

## News.

### WASHINGTON SUPPER.

The evening of the 23d of February saw a goodly company of students from the University of Chicago, with a fair sprinkling of Professors and Alumni, assembled in one of the parlors of the Palmer House. They had come to celebrate the birthday of that great man, George Washington, and their hearts were overflowing with joy because of his birth—a joy augmented doubtless by the prospect of a good supper and a feast of wit afterward. From time immemorial this assembly had

gathered in the parlors of the University, and when, in the course of time, supper was announced, had groped their way cautiously through darkness to the large dining hall below. But this year the students, partly on account of the timely visit of Oscar Wilde, and partly on account of the dilapidated condition of the dining hall, suddenly decided it was not æsthetic enough for them, and instructed the committee to make arrangements at the Palmer House.

The supper was announced for half-past 8, and by a quarter of 9 all (83) were seated, and the demoralization of grub had commenced. Four of Freiberg's men, stationed in one corner of the room, supplemented with cornet and violin the pleasant music of knife and fork, and merry laugh. Then, when the Freshman had coaxed into his mouth the last drop of cream from the saucer, and the Senior had brushed the last crumb from that hopeful mustache, the President of the Association, A. B. Seaman, arose and introduced the intellectual feast of the evening.

He spoke of the object of this assembly, and, in looking over the year just passed, noticed the changes which had occurred; "that some are here who then were not, and some were gone who then were here." "Yes, there have been joys and there have been sorrows, there has been merry laughter and there have been tears, and the greatest pleasure that we derive to-night is that, in looking over the year, events which seemed momentous, now look small, and, better still, that pains which then seemed almost unendurable, now appear trivial and almost ridiculous." In conclusion, he hoped that when we turned over the scrap-book of our memory and read the page upon which should be recorded the events of this evening, it would be with pleasure.

Mr. F. W. Barber followed, and delivered the senior toast of George Washington. His tone and gestures were in imitation of Swing, and with such success that but few failed to recognize them. He spoke of the impressiveness of such a gathering. "It shows us that there are other interests than private interests; that we are not wholly bound up in self; but that there are ties which are common to all of us." Bob Ingersoll thinks there never lived such a man as the George Washington of history, but the speaker thought that such men could be found to-day if a similar crisis should call them out; that George's success lay in the grand combination of the right man in the right place.

The ladies had the next place on the program, and their representative, Miss Aurelia Dexter, told us how the fair creatures used to get their education at the spinning wheel one hundred years ago, there being no college which ladies might attend. "To be sure, there was William and Mary College, but there was room only for

the Williams—the Marys were not admitted. Now the idea that young ladies can do nothing—that every little obstacle is a mountain over which they are too æsthetic to pass—has been banished. And the aim of our college girls is not merely to have the name of having graduated from college, but to strengthen their minds, so that they may fulfil more nobly the duty which falls to them."

Mr. C. V. Thompson pronounced Athenæum's toast. It was an earnest plea for æstheticism. It should be encouraged in America, for here "practicality has turned the beautiful out of doors. The finer essences of our being have fled before the breath of the coarser spirit of utility. The two are not incompatible, and Oscar Wilde is striving to unite them. Some of the expressions of his belief, it is true, are foolish; but as we do not judge John the Baptist by his locust and camel's hair coat, but by his words and deeds, so let us leave him, if he will, to wear his hair long and part it in the middle, which, by the way, is the only sensible, earnest and artistic fashion—to look at the spirit of the man."

Miss Myra E. Pollard represented the Juniors. As her toast may be found in full on another page, we will let it speak for itself.

E. T. Stone, from Tri Kappa, gave an account of the development of ambition, "from the first living creature which dwelt upon the earth and was compelled to live upon chalk and warm water," up to the curious forms of ambition exhibited often by students. "We could show how one polyp became anxious lest some other polyp would devour it, and so made for itself a shell, and how the animal grew so fast that the shell became short and he walked upon the ground like a turtle, and how it threw off its shell and developed into the mammal, and then worried along a great many thousand years, undecided whether to have odd toes or even toes, and how at last two parties were formed and man became the highest representative of the odd-toed faction."

C. A. Pratt responded to the Sophomore toast, "Enterprise." He took as an example of the "only true enterprise him whom we have assembled to commemorate to-night; the trials and privations that he endured, and the perseverance he exhibited during the long years of suffering and struggle for liberty. It is true that he was the richest man in the country, and his wife was also very rich; but of course he didn't marry her for that."

F. M. Larned, of the Freshman class, gave "Our Impressions." He showed that no one could give an impartial presentation of them but a Freshman. "The Senior is too much impressed with his own dignity, and the miserably contracted mental caliber of the Profs; the Junior is too much abstracted by politics; the Sophomore can produce an impression upon nothing but a class supper; hence it devolves upon the Freshman, who has not

yet become so clogged with ideas that he must be turned loose in chapel every Friday morning."

J. C. Everett responded to the Prep. toast, "College Associations." "Curriculum, lectures and library have their influence, but in connection with these exists a more subtle and powerful factor in the development of every student—it is the influence of his college associates, among whom are formed friendships that endure through life, and the oldest college boys will tell you that none are truer, none sweeter."

Prof. Sanford made a few remarks on behalf of the faculty, and President Anderson followed with his usual encouraging account of the condition of the University.

As a good many Alumni were present, Mr. Vanschack, of '81, was called upon to represent them, which he did very happily. This finished the order of exercises, and as the members passed out of the dining hall, neat dancing programs were handed them. This feature of the evening had been prepared by a couple of Preps. They certainly deserve much credit for it.

A few were heard to ask what those little cards with tassels to them were for, but most of them understood and turned into the club-room, where they enjoyed themselves as only dancers know how until about 1 o'clock.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Seldom does it become our painful duty to record the death of school friends and associates. Youth seems the time for active and busy life, with the dark shadow of death far in the distance. But sometimes the shadow draws near; almost to our college halls; and we see one or another of our friends taken away, as if to remind us that even youth may have to wrestle with the grim destroyer.

On Friday, Jan. 27, Miss Cornie B. Gassette, died of quick consumption, at her home, on Michigan Avenue. Funeral services were held on the following Sabbath, at two o'clock, which were attended by a vast company of sorrowing friends, who came to pay a last tribute to her memory.

Miss Gassette was a member of the class of '81; coming to the University in 1877. During the three years spent in study here, she was always among the very foremost in her class, ever ambitious to do her best in everything she undertook. In the Spring term of her junior year, her health was so impaired, she was obliged to leave her studies and take a trip across the Atlantic. She was much benefited by the journey, and at the opening of the fall session we were glad to welcome her back to her old place. But she was soon obliged to leave again, and give up her course. Most of those who were associated with her in the class-room have



passed out from the walls of their Alma Mater, into active life.

But for her, instead of a long and prosperous life, was prepared a bed of suffering, from which she rose triumphant to enter the heavenly life. Weary weeks of pain and languishing were her lot, but in it all her happy, cheerful disposition made her rich chamber a sunny spot. The last time we saw her, when the hectic flush upon the cheek and the transparent look of the hand, told the story too plainly to be mistaken, the happy smile and pleasant greeting made us feel it was our old school-mate still. Though time seemed to her to be moving very slowly, we could but think that it had nearly flown for her, and the morning of eternity was already dawning.

Soon indeed the summons came, and at the golden noon-tide she passed into the heavenly courts, with her last breath whispering "Peace, peace."

Truly, many hearts have been made happier for her life of Christian purity, brief though that life was; and to-day we mourn the loss of one whom we felt honored to call our friend.

"Crowned with mercy, O how sweet,  
Will eternal friendship be."

#### OBITUARY.

The subject of this sketch, Franklin Beard, was a resident of Warren, Ind. In the fall of '78 Mr. Beard entered the Junior Class of the University. He was a close student and stood high in his classes, but was a modest, unassuming person, and never urged his claims to recognition, and hence his abilities were not generally known. He graduated with honor in the class of '80. Shortly after his arrival here he became acquainted with Miss Edith Owens. The acquaintance deepened into love; and as Mr. Beard after completing his course at the University, entered the Chicago Medical College, and remained in the city, the usual result in such cases followed, and the two were formally engaged early last fall. They had the usual amount of lovers' quarrels, but no one was very seriously moved by them except Mr. Beard. The little differences seemed to prey upon his mind, and Saturday, Feb. 11th, he left the city for his home at Warren, walking from Fort Wayne, a distance of 40 miles, as no train left for some hours after his arrival at that place. He gave the impression that his mind was not all right on his arrival at home, and a doctor was called, and his cousin also came to see him. The doctor advised him to stay away from his studies for a time, and then the doctor and Beard's cousin left the house, but were soon called back, as Beard had attempted to shoot himself; but being defeated in the attempt by his mother, he had broken away from her, and run into a

room up-stairs and bolted the door. The men broke open the door and found him dying, with his jugular vein severed by a razor. His loss is felt in the Medical school, and his friends of the University all deplore his sad end, and sympathize with his mother and sisters.

During the greater part of the present school year, the visitors at the Bulletin Board have had their attention attracted by a framed announcement of the offer of Bullock & Grunow to give to the one who should pass the best examination in the theory and practice of the microscope, one of their \$110 microscopes completely fitted for use. The contestants were limited to the members of the Senior class in any regular college of the city of Chicago.

We saw the announcement. It was read and re-read. We knew of only one in the class of '82 who had any chance to win it, and he was too modest to promise us that he would make the trial. There seemed to be the more reason for this modesty when he said that he had never made a specialty of this study, but had learned what he knew of it incidentally, by using the microscope in his other studies.

Time ran along, and the day for the examination arrived and passed by. The first intimation that the school had of the fact was the next morning in chapel, when Prof. Bastin arose and gave us a most agreeable surprise by stating that Mr. Brown had won the prize. The competitors were from the following colleges: One representative from Chicago Medical College, one from the new Homœopathic College, one from Cook County Hospital, and Mr. Brown, of our University.

The University of Chicago "vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up," but we feel an honest pride in the character of the work done here. In addition to the prize just mentioned, which was the highest offered, the present Senior class numbers among its members the orator who bore off the first prize at the recent inter-collegiate oratorical contest. That the standard of our work and the nature of our training will compare favorably with that of other colleges, is shown by the fact that wherever we have competed with other institutions we have taken the first place.

For our success in the present instance, special credit is also due to our thoroughly scholarly and scientific instructor in the natural sciences, Prof. E. S. Bastin.

Personal—Anyone knowing the address or present whereabouts of one, Martha Billings, will be suitably rewarded for reporting the same at this office, or at the Ladies' Department.

## Communications.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Feb. 21, 1882.

Editors of the Volante:

In a previous issue, the VOLANTE has discussed editorially a matter well worthy our careful attention. I refer to the place which history holds in our curriculum. "The roots of the present lie deep in the past." We can better understand the theory and spirit of our institutions, and more worthily discharge our duties as citizens equipped with a knowledge of the past, and especially of the constitutional history of England and of our own country.

To introduce a comprehensive historical course might not be desirable as our curricula are at present arranged. Colby University, for illustration, continues history throughout the Senior year. At Syracuse, where the study is made a specialty, it is taken up in each year of the course.

History is studied as to its principles and as to its facts. Of the first and most important, we have an excellent treatment in "Guizot's History of Civilization," and with this, though not all we would wish, let us be content. Of the second, we have ancient history, Greek and Roman; but from the broad field of modern history we are shut out, except the English history included in the scientific course. It will thus be seen that our opportunities for studying history, though not poor, are certainly not the best. We willingly leave to the wisdom of those in authority to decide how the evil shall be remedied. But this much seems clear, that something of English history should be provided for those who pursue the classical course. As for the other divisions of the subject, the several courses would probably suffer the least derangement if, in the Junior and Senior years, lectures were introduced on constitutional history, the great revolutions of modern times, and the philosophy of history, and certainly such a change would greatly increase the value of our course of study.

I seem to be in a mood just now, Messrs. Editors, *nil admirari*. Perhaps I look with jaundiced eyes, but be that as it may, let me mention some things which do not appear to me to be in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things," as one of the Seniors would phrase it.

Why is it that we, as students, do not give more attention to music—college music, the rousing songs that strengthen our *esprit de corps*, the jolly songs that help to "drive dull care away," the tender songs that call to mind the "scenes of our childhood?" Where are our quartets, our choruses, our glee clubs? The faculty, it is true, have emphatically declared against some of the rites celebrated in honor of the tuneful nine; but

"'Tis sweet to hear,  
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep."

How pleasant it would be, too, at our social gatherings, class and college banquets, exhibitions and receptions, to have the attendance of a well-trained glee club or quartet. Here is an opening for the benefactor who will organize such a club, and a wide field of usefulness for the organization when established.

The subject which I am about to take up, I approach with considerable hesitation, from the fact that it lies within a region which it has been my policy to avoid—a region of especial danger, because whatever position I take I shall be between two fires and subject to attack from either party. However, approaching with no partisan feeling and merely as a spectator, I may perhaps be permitted to express the opinion formed after a careful examination of both camps. To drop the figure, why cannot our literary societies coöperate? They are evidently as well fitted to work together as the two blades of a pair of scissors. One has the beauty of the college, the other the gallantry; one has the literary strength, the other zeal for the good of society; the first has the program, the second the audience. One society furnishes the literary program for the Washington birthday celebration, the entire program for junior exhibition, the entire staff of the VOLANTE; while the other, relieved of all extraneous duties, gives her undivided attention to the maintenance of society, and succeeds admirably.

These reasons, together with others hitherto advocated—such as the increased proportion of resident students, who, as a rule, can devote less attention to the literary societies, and the greater amount of literary work required in class essays, chapel orations and class exhibitions—lead us to the deliberate but emphatic opinion that to accomplish the most good and to advance the best interests of all, the literary societies should work together.

I have not said that they should *unite*. The respective leaders of the societies do not entertain for each other such a degree of tenderness in affection that if they fell upon each other's necks it would be to embrace. But if, from the more kindly feelings which should precede the approaching separation of the Seniors, they can extract enough brotherly love to consummate a compagination, they could transmit no better inheritance to their successors.

Now it is not to be supposed that either society will readily consent to give up its name and traditions, and to obviate this difficulty we would respectfully submit to the two societies the following plan: That, preserving their names and independent existence, the societies unite in their meetings, presided over alternately by the



respective Presidents; and to maintain the interest, that when one society furnishes the presiding officer, the other furnish the program. Such is a rough outline of the plan for a union which I think will be found as feasible as it certainly will be advantageous.

I remain, yours,

MARTHA BILLINGS.

### Personals.

'80. Thomas Phillips graduated from Hahneman Medical College, Thursday, Feb. 23d. He contemplates locating in this city.

'80. Forward graduates from the Law School this spring, and expects to go out to the deserts of Dakota.

'84. J. W. Dickerson, formerly of '83; but who is now a Junior at Rochester, N. Y., was back for a few days the last of the month to attend the wedding of his brother. He was cordially welcomed by all. Will was popular during his stay here.

'83. E. Persons, who went to Union College at the beginning of this term, writes that he thinks he can do better at Chicago University, and will soon be back.

'80. The class of '80 had a gloom cast over it by the intelligence that one of its members, Franklin Beard, had met his death by suicide, Feb. 13th, at his home in Indiana.

'82. F. G. Hanchett will soon return from his teaching, and join his class. Welcome.

'85. Elbridge Anderson has recovered from his sickness, and is in school again.

'80. Miss Lucy Waite, who is at Hahneman Medical College, gave us a call. We are always rejoiced to see any of the old students.

'85. Miss Browning gave us a call; visiting several classes during the day. Come again.

'82. C. F. Brown took the \$110 prize microscope offered by Bullock and Grunow, for the best examination in the theory and practice of the microscope. Examination was held February.

F. A. Helmer, '81; T. C. Van Schaack, '78; E. B. Felsenthal, '81; J. C. Hopkins; A. Gardner, '73; R. B. Twiss, '78; W. Gardner, were, at the Washington Supper Banquet at the Palmer House, February 22d.

'81. A. W. Fuller came in to hear the Juniors recite in Demosthenes a few weeks ago. We are always glad to see our old friends, even though it chance to be on Monday.

'79. We notice by the last "Standard," that the Rhetorical Society at Morgan Park is prospering finely under the leadership of S. J. Winegar, an alumnus of this institution.

Also, that there is to be a new paper started, called "The Hebrew Student," conducted by Prof. Harper, and printed by E. B. Meredith, who is also an alumnus.

McEldowney, formerly of '84, is with a wholesale grocery house in the city.

### Locals.

"I know it."

"That is my intuition."

Martha is still a mystery.

How are the mighty fallen!

Where *is* the land of Mongol, Mr. Stone?

The seniors are agitating the subject of class pictures.

Prof. Griffith has commenced his lectures on elocution for this term.

Girls are only the connecting link between the brute creation and humanity proper.—Talbut.

For those who send communications to the VOLANTE, we must repeat the old, old story—write only on one side of the paper.

In addition to the electric hour bell, President Anderson now has electric communication with the various Professors, and an electric call bell has been provided to summon the janitor.

This issue of the VOLANTE was delayed by the absence of the cut of the University which graces our first page. It will be noticed also that the Exchange Department has been crowded out.

Where has the Junior exhibition taken refuge? We hoped for it many noble things, many things good, many things profitable; but when the Junior is consulted, the answer is a peal of merry laughter, as if to reproach one's credulity.

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To vaccinate, or not to vaccinate, that is the question. Whether it is nobler, on the arm, to suffer the scrapes and scratches of the ivory point; or to take arms against this vaccination, and by opposing, end it. To vaccinate no more, and by that move to say, we end the sore arms, and the thousand friendly grabs of which we are in dread. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"M."

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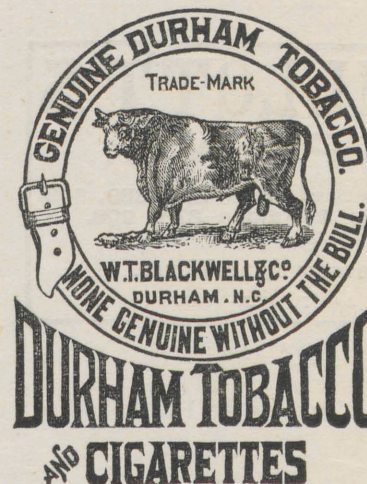
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