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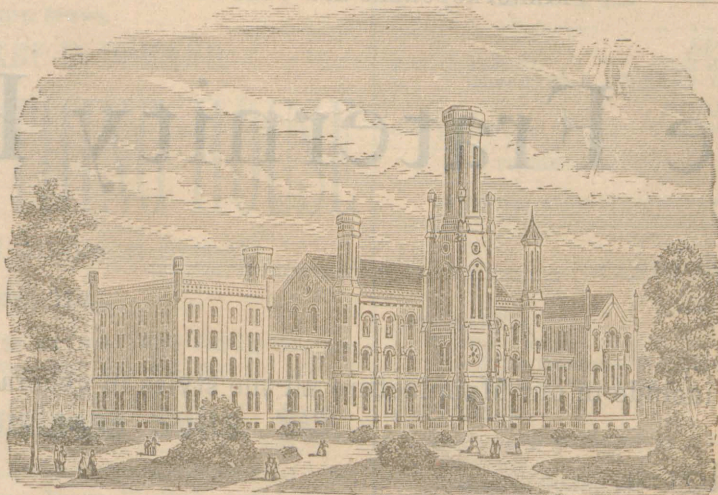
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THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XI.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1882.

No. 8



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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LITERARY.—

Poem—Fancy.

The Prize Oration—The Old and the New Civilizations.

A Sunday in New York.

EDITORIAL.—

Our Course in Elocution.

Schemers.

Niagara in Spring.

Our Oratory.

NEWS.—

The Contest.

PERSONALS.

LOCALS.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Exchanges.

Clippings.

Literary.

FANCY.

[For the Volante.]

Delusive Fancy, Joy's fair mother,

Likest to the gold of Summer sunbeams,

Thou bring'st delights as does no other,

Weaving bright, in life's dull woof, thy day-dreams,

Happy Fancy.

Ever changing, varying, gleaming;

Roaming through the boundless world of thought;

Blinding oft with thy bright streaming;

Gathering treasures that can ne'er be bought,

Flitting Fancy.

Canst thou, in thy moments rare,

Speak to mortals here in numbers grand,

Of a land most wondrous fair,

Of a home by our All Father plann'd,

Prophetic Fancy?

MARTHA.

THE OLD AND THE NEW CIVILIZATIONS.

There is a tendency in man to swing, pendulum-like, from extreme to extreme. We can trace it from the individual with his hobbies and eccentricities, to the masses with their ever-varying and unreliable public opinion. We can mark it in the more slow and steady sweep of thought from century to century, and from age to age; in the alternate succession of days and nights of civilization—dark ages and golden ages of light.

It is this tendency in man that accounts for the two opposite extremes of what we term the old and the new civilizations—the civilization that dazzled the world with the Golden Age of Greece; and the civilization of which the nineteenth century is but the morning light; the civilization which recognized the *spiritual* Plato as the supreme monarch of thought; and the civilization which crowns the *practical* Bacon as the greatest philosopher of the world. Eras which may be distinguished as the Age of the Beautiful and the Age of the Useful.

This old civilization was a magnificent garden, in which the Beautiful, the Spiritual and the Ideal were cultivated with the choicest care, and in which the Useful, the Material and the Practical were rooted out as rank and unsightly weeds. From this well-tilled soil grew and blossomed poetry, from whose fragrance the poets of all ages have drawn their sweetness; eloquence, whose unrivaled periods still ring in our ears; architecture, which has ever been the model and marvel of the world; sculpture, to whose divine beauty our boasted age still bows in admiring worship.

But with however much of admiration we may look back upon the glorious achievements of these old Greeks, we must still admit that they went to the extreme in their cultivation of the beautiful and neglect of the useful. Their philosophers scorned the idea of debasing their knowledge for the advancement of the useful arts. They had famous sculptors, but bungling mechanics; splendid rhetoricians, but stupid doctors; dreams of delightful repose in the Elysian fields, but no vulgar vision of spring mattresses on this side of the Acheron. Steam might have lifted the lids of tea-kettles before the eyes of these old dreamers for endless centuries, but railroads would still be unknown. To their imaginative minds the thunder-bolt told no tale of the telegraph, but was the rattling of Jove's chariot-wheels over the golden pavements of heaven.

In the fulness of time there came into the fields of thought a practical husbandman, Francis Bacon, who was not satisfied with mere *flowers*, which, however beautiful, could but please and adorn; but desired *fruit* which could supply the more necessary wants of man. He therefore left this old garden of beauty, and in far broader fields scattered the seeds of a philosophy which was destined to bring forth rich harvests of usefulness. The fruits of this great philosophy have ripened into what we call the prac-

tical age—an age which, with equal propriety might be termed the age of miracles—an age in which thought busies itself with the great problem of benefiting the condition of man—an age in which the hidden secrets of God have been found out and man's powers invested with the powers of omnipotence, until his feeble voice has been made to echo across continents and his thoughts to pass beneath the billows of the deep—an age in which the petty quibbles of metaphysicians are accounted secondary to the great inventions that lessen the burdens and perplexities of life—an age in which the poet who is contented with picturing the outer manifestation of things has been displaced by the scientist, who delights in searching out the inner secrets of the universe. But nowhere have the glorious triumphs of this age taken more practical form than in the modern home, which, crowded with the countless comforts and conveniences of life, is a veritable heaven in comparison with the palatial but empty abodes of the Golden Age of Greece, or the turreted but desolate castles of the senseless age of chivalry. In fact, the Nineteenth Century is one sublime and bewildering panorama of practical achievements.

In keeping with that tendency in man which carries him to the extreme, we observe that the same causes which have produced such great practical achievements have also produced a practical and material spirit in the age, which tends to dwarf and deaden the very noblest sentiments in man's nature. In the fields of modern thought the coarser plants of material prosperity have so overshadowed the more delicate flowers of poetry that they have made but a feeble and spindling growth. This spirit of the age would prize electricity more than immortality, and look with more pleasure upon a man-machine than upon a God-inspired sentiment. It is a significant fact that all of the greatest poets lived before the age of material prosperity; that the genius of this age is drifting into the channels of trade, and instead of a Shakspeare, a Milton or a Raphael, we have an Astor, a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt; that our scientists return from their search for the useful in the world of matter with their eyes spiritually blinded. These things point to the fact that our practical age, with all its boasted blessings, by absorbing the mind with the baser truths of matter, is disqualifying it for the higher truths of the spiritual. This modern materialism has swung to its maddest extreme, and taken its most definite form, in its attack upon religion. Puffed up with his meagre knowledge of one small world, little man attempts to prove that there is no God in the great universe. We are told that man has no soul, that immortality is but an empty dream, and religion but the sickly child of ignorance and superstition. Thus would our age, with its material touch, strangle the very divinity in man and leave him but the monarch animal of the world.

Physical science is the idol of the age, and the man who has, perchance, found a few bird tracks in some antediluvian rock, is an illustrious hero. With what profound wisdom we have discovered that the first horse had five toes! How wise we are for having learned that there are 90,000 species of beetles, and possibly more! But is there no mental science? Was he right who asserted that, "as the liver secretes bile, so the brain secretes thought?" "Can the scientist lay open our moral structure with his dissecting knives?"

We do not forget that our age, "which draws its water from wells that are sixty centuries deep," by the natural laws of progress, is in the advance of every preceding age; but we criticize the extremely practical and material tendency of our age, which has produced a large class of narrowly practical men—men who see utility only in that which ministers to their immediate and physical wants; who are devoted soul and body to business, for the transaction of which they have become mere machines; who consider poetry and religion as fit only for women and children; men who are forever crying in the language of Dickens' Gradgrind, "In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts;" men whose imaginations, the wings of the soul, have become so heavy with the mud of the material things in which they grovel, that they can never soar into the lofty regions of thought where man asserts his kinship with heaven, and suggests that he has an immortal soul. Better be a philosopher and live in a garret, better be a poet and an heir of poverty, than one of these narrowly practical men surrounded with every comfort and luxury that the nineteenth century can offer.

Thus we see that what we term the old and the new civilizations have been the extreme developments of opposite ideas.

Happy will be that age, if it may ever dawn upon the world, when the central idea of these two civilizations shall be wedded in harmonious equality; when the love of the beautiful and the love of the useful shall each have its designed place in the symmetrical development of man; then shall he have the poet's eye to see all the varied beauty in nature and in sentiment, and the keen perception of the scientist to search out all that is useful to man in the hidden secrets of God.

A SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

Happening to be in New York a few days after Longfellow's death, I was attracted, on Sunday morning, to Chickering Hall, by the Memorial Addresses on Longfellow, by Richard H. Stoddard and Felix Adler. The latter gentleman is known in Chicago as a fine Oriental scholar, and a Liberal thinker.

There was a large, fine-looking audience. A chandelier burned faintly, giving a mellow light. The singing by

seven or eight voices was very soft and artistic. There was no display of flowers. The services were simple and impressive.

The poet, Stoddard, is an old, white-haired man, with a full beard, and a mild, beneficent look, much like that of Longfellow's picture—only his eye lacked the lustrous expression. He read from his manuscript in a low voice, so indistinct, at times, that I could not hear his words.

I took a few notes, but they will give you but an imperfect idea of what was said: Longfellow belonged to the choir of poets. He had the faculty of song. Why he was so gifted he knew not himself, nor do we know. It was the object of this address to trace the genesis of the gift and work of poets. Poetry is an old and sacred art. The poet is cosmopolitan, because he interprets nature for us. His song is of the wind, the clouds, the flowers, the heart's laughing and crying. It is a rhythmical expression of the beating of the surf with its strophes of jewels. Hymns were the oldest poems—invocations to deity. Bard, priest and prophet were one. The poet was the first man who knew himself and the universe. As time passed on, there came a fair-haired, blue-eyed, glorious woman—Tradition—the mother of history, who embalmed the memories of the past, who recited encounters with wild beasts, and deeds of valor. When autumn came, and the rich grapes were gathered in, there was music at the feasts, harvest songs of gladness. As the wine went round, the harper struck up a drinking song. Besides the odes of war, which nerved men for the conflict, were the funeral dirges, and the nuptial songs when the youths and maids met, exchanging hearts, clasping hands, and speaking the story of love, which is never old.

Before the rise of Greece, there was a world of song. In Syria, India, and Persia, the bards were inspired, and broke forth in passionate cadence. They voiced the sorrow, and the joy, and the passion of the millions who could only listen and enjoy. Everywhere the four-fold stream of religion, war, wine, and love was flowing, and in it men and women rose, and floated, and sank, as they are rising, and floating, and sinking now. The world of song was peopled with strange figures. Heroes, lovers, wine-drinkers, sceptered kings and priests. As Prometheus, Medea, and Antigone glided away, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, and Juliet appeared. Longfellow was a true poet. He was a beneficent flower on the stem of the stern, old, virtuous Puritans.

I regret my inability to reproduce, more fully and correctly, Stoddard's beautiful tribute to his dead brother-poet.

When he finished, Dr. Adler arose and said Edwin Whipple was expected to be present, but, not being able, his critical review of Longfellow's poems would be read by an elocutionist. He dwelt largely on Longfellow's

power of vitalizing moral truth; of his pure, cheerful characteristics; of his faculty of imitating, in verse, the voices of birds, of streams, and of expressing the music of the soul. He had this power like Tennyson, whose "Echo Song" in the "Princess," has such a subtle melody of the "horns of Elfland" that it baffles the skill of the best elocutionist.

Prof. Roberts then gave a spirited recitation of Longfellow's "Prometheus."

Then Dr. Adler stepped forward to the edge of the stage. His hair is glossy black, but the top of his head is bald. His brow is high and intellectual. He has a keen, black eye, almost stern in its expressive glance, a sharp, Roman nose, compressed lips, and a massive jaw. His voice is, at first, shrill, almost strained, but very distinct. He stands perfectly erect and still, not gesturing. As he becomes excited, his voice and look become more sympathetic. The audience is intensely stirred. He uses the purest, sweetest English. He modestly refers to the words of the poet and the analysis of the critic. The office of the poet, he says, is a holy one. He is a priest at the sacred shrine of the feelings. His sympathies lie close to, and tenderly entwine around, the heart. The very spirit of things he describes to us blind beings. The spirit of the age is shown forth in the utterances of the natural poet. He is moved to say what all feel, then all will love him. Our feelings find satisfaction in running in the channels he has made.

Longfellow had a broad, contemplative spirit. In foreign lands he drew the elements of his poetry. He traveled in France, Spain, the Orient, in Sweden and Germany. He lived in the scenes of the past. He gathered up old traditions. His Norse tales breathe the spirit of the old sagas. His "Golden Legend" is ringing with the music of sweet cloister bells.

Longfellow has given us three types of woman. Evangeline, the sweet maiden, full of fidelity and trust. Elsie, devoted and self-sacrificing, and Minnehaha, the representative of a wife's fondness and truth. Longfellow was the poet of youthful life. Even when he moralizes, he looks on the bright side. In his poems on slavery he does not rise in indignation, but tells of the slave's dream.

Into the deepest chambers of the heart he does not enter. He does not strike the harp in the stormier moods. He makes it sob and moan like waves on the sand. His poems are like a nest of singing birds. But the nest is now empty, and the "birds of passage" have flown into the hearts of thousands.

In visiting New York it is generally considered the correct thing to hear Talmage. I am not, however, one of the most ardent admirers of Talmage's startling stories and frothy rhetoric. I prefer the genuine piety and dig-

nified earnestness of John Hall. There is an air of seriousness and artless grandeur about him that impresses one irresistibly and powerfully. He has a majesty of mien which I have never observed in any other man. His great head seems to be full of wisdom, knowledge, and common-sense; and his heart, overflowing with zeal, sincerity, and goodness. He speaks with profound feeling and earnestness that at times rises to eloquence. There is no affectation nor display of oratory. He uses the simplest language. And it expresses exactly what he means. His sentences are clear cut and strong. No words are wasted. There is no waiting for the right expression, or for ideas. He is so thoroughly acquainted with his subject, that he does not need notes. His head is continually bent down. When he becomes aroused, he leans forward over the pulpit and looks at the congregation, as though he saw the heart of every one. And if any one has any good in his heart, John Hall will be sure to find it; and will make the nobler feelings of his religious nature supreme, at least for the moment. He is emphatically argumentative; but he stops for only one argument, and that is the strongest he could possibly use, which carries conviction at once. Everything he says is right to the point. Nothing is commonplace. Everything seemed to do me good. I could not help being uplifted and strengthened. The influence he produced has been with me since that hour, and will always be marked for good in my spiritual life. I took more genuine satisfaction in listening to him than I have felt while hearing Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, or any other of the eloquent divines I have heard. Dr. John Hall is the greatest preacher in America. But the room would have held at least ten times as many people. But I would consider myself very fortunate if I could attend his church every Sunday afternoon at the corner of 55th street and 5th avenue.

In the evening I went over to Brooklyn, to hear Beecher, and I must confess that I was highly pleased to find myself, at last, at Plymouth Church. There was a large congregation of cultivated people, who seemed to enjoy as well as I, the privilege of listening to the preaching of a man who has long been recognized as the first pulpit orator of this country.

The congregational singing was excellent. I have never heard any as good, except, perhaps, at Prof. Swing's Church. Beecher is of fair height, strongly-built, and very erect. He has fat hands, long, gray hair, and a smooth, full face. The most prominent feature is his clear, large eye. I could not help being struck by his immense forehead, and his regal bearing.

He has a very attractive look, which fastens one's attention, even when he is not speaking. I did nothing for fifteen minutes, at least, but stare at him with all my

might. When sitting, he gazes all over his audience, fixing his eagle eye here and there, as if he were interested in their faces, and carefully studying their character. There is nothing very remarkable in his reading of the Scriptures, but when he finished the hymn, he repeated the number, "Twelve seventy-two," in a lion-like voice. I could not help admiring the depth and richness of its tones.

His enunciation, during prayer, was delightfully smooth and clear. I well remember some of the expressions, as "entering into the realm of faith," "to roll off our burdens at the altar," "trusting that the light of life shall break," and "the treasures of Thy love." But his wealth of language was still more apparent in the sermon. His discourse, from the text in Romans, chapter viii, 5-8, was on "The spirit and the flesh."

I have not space to describe his characteristic methods. The thoughts of this clear-headed and royally-gifted man have increased the riches of English literature.

At the close of the services, I lingered to catch a nearer view. Putting on his overcoat, he stood proudly by his pulpit, then walked down the aisle in animated conversation with members of his flock, and passed gallantly out of the church, with a lady on each arm.

Editorial.

WE have finished a complete, well-rounded year's work in Elocution. We have cause to rejoice that the powers that be have provided so excellent an instructor as Prof. Griffith, and that the Professor has taken so active an interest in the work. No one who has faithfully pursued the whole course, practicing upon the elementary exercises of the first series of lessons, interpreting the selections of the second series, and studying the subjects of the third—the reading of hymns, of the Bible, and especially of Shakespeare—can fail to profit by it.

Considering the mixed nature of the class, Professor Griffith's methods have been excellent, and his success has been correspondingly great. We think that Dr. Anderson's commendation was none too high when he said that of the elocutionists with whom he had been brought into contact in his long experience the two who were most natural in their style and methods were Prof. Baxter, of Boston, and Prof. Griffith, of the University of Chicago.

It now remains for the Juniors and Sophomores who are preparing public exercises to avail themselves of the Professor's kindly offers of aid, and present programs worthy of their respective classes, of their instructor, and of the University of Chicago.

THE number of men who rely upon scheming to gain them success and fortune is very great. On every side we see them, and the unmistakable marks of ruin which show where they have been. But the schemer not only affects his own welfare but leads with him many followers. Wherever there is a bold scheme, there will men gather and unite their interests. It is like a contagious disease, from which none recover without leaving at least the pock-marks, while many become the helpless victims of the destroyer.

In the history of every country we can read of schemes of all kinds which have brought tremendous ruin in their train, as The South Sea Bubble of England or The Credit Mobilier of America. The originators of these we may call schemers majores, but schemers minores are even more abundant, and it is with this class we are best acquainted.

In a college a scheme is just as common as elsewhere. As soon as there is an election announced in any society or organization, some one forms a great plan either to place himself in office or some intimate friend. Every verdant Freshman is privately interviewed, every Prep is either coaxed or threatened, and even the young ladies are much sought for; all for the sake of the wonderful scheme, which is to bring the greatest success. We have watched such plans more than once in our own college, and we have seen the greatest schemer oftentimes the greatest loser. If, as he would have his followers believe, he has right on his side, why would it not be sufficient to clearly set forth the merits of the case in the public assembly and leave it to the judgment and justice of the students to decide the question? If the only way to gain office and honor is to scheme this way, it would be far better never to have an office as long as the world stands.

There is another practice prevalent in colleges which may be fittingly classed under this head of scheming. It is what is commonly called "cribbing," a scheme to appear a genius by making use of the results of the genius and industry of others. Sometimes it seems as if success crowned the efforts of the schemer, when his translations are lauded to the skies, his essays praised above those of all his more honest classmates, his problems credited as well done, his marks placing him in the very front rank of honor.

But what a success is this! an honest failure would be a greater credit than such a dishonest success.

If the schemer had no influence on others he might be passed by without a comment, but those of small experience seeing the praises and honors lavished upon him, think it an easy road to distinction, and so follow his example. The ruin of one brings with it the ruin of many. It is one thing to *scheme*, quite another to *succeed*. The instances in history are rare where schemes have succeeded, and even then it was success of the lowest order.

As to success in the truest sense—the building of anoble character, the winning of esteem and respect, and gaining a reputation for honor and virtue—the schemer throws away all hope of such a success at the very beginning of his career. A life of scheming can bring nothing but dishonor and disgrace.

Much has been said about the beauty of the Falls in Summer when all about is tremulous green and shimmering sunshine, and when the cool breath of the water falls sweetly upon the parched face of the landscape—or of their grandeur in Winter, when ice bridges, and towers, and arches, and of all the manifold forms in which the hoar king loves to disport himself, throng in all their glittering marvel. Even Autumn, with its rich lights and gorgeous foliage, adds a peculiar charm to the surroundings. But Spring, poor Spring, with her rainy days and damp walks, when the branches of the trees hang leafless as in Winter, and destitute of the wondrous crystal foliage which then envelops them, what has she to offer which can allure in itself or add to the simple fascination of the Falls? Not much, it would seem, for the visitors are few and far between, and the Park, almost barren of pleasure-seekers, presents a strange contrast to the eager, crowded days of Summer. No detraction, perhaps, to one who goes for the view itself, and not principally as is said of so many scenes of pleasure, to "see who is there."

The trees and ground seem to be just feeling those first pulses of growth which will soon ripen into the perfect beauty of June. The shrubs are thick with swollen buds unsuggestive as yet of the delicate green which will soon enrobe their swaying boughs. The ground on the islands is covered with moss and the dead foliage of last Summer, but beneath the debris one is thrilled with the perpetual wonder which each first Spring flower causes to find delicate blossoms of purple and gold and snowy white. One may wander leisurely through the whole seven islands at this season of the year without meeting scarcely another person, which is, indeed, a marked and pleasant contrast to the scenes at any other time. It seems as though one could never become habituated to the feeling of awe and amazement which every new view and every fresh glance at the Falls inspires, though, perhaps, it has become either a stale thing to the ferryman and guides who have learned to deal in the majesty and beauty of Niagara as in so much corn or cotton. One gets the best impression of the Falls from the Park, where he can look upon the tossing, seething flood, plunging downward in all its fury, and even from the stone wall dip his hand into the wild current, but one gets the best *sensation* of the Falls, if I may use the word, when he stands upon the slippery stones in the "Shadow of the Rock" (and feels the spray tossed as from the mane of an angry beast,

fiercely in his face—looks up to the mad deluge bursting from its awful height) or when he has gone further and stands just behind the howling cataract itself, and finds himself deafened by its roar, and blinded, and smothered, and chilled at moments by the furious gusts and dashes of water that beats in his face. The best view of the Falls as a whole is probably to be gotten from the Canadian side, as we can then get a distinct view of both the American and Horseshoe Falls. As we stood just on the bank of the Canadian Falls, and looked over to the white precipice of foam on the other side, and the brown islands in between, suddenly the sun, hidden for a moment, flashed forth, and broke the light on the spray into a million exquisite tints—amethyst and ruby, and pale green—and lay upon the river below a coronet of precious jewels—the diadem of the mighty monarch, whose throne no man durst touch.

THE question as to the relative amount of time which a student should devote to literary exercises and to study affords room for wide difference of opinion. Some conceive that the years of a college course should be devoted almost entirely to the text-book, deferring literary development until a later period; others would make the debating society second only to the class-room.

The problem as to which of these opinions he shall adopt confronts every student. On the one hand, the work of the class-room is compulsory, while that of the literary society being voluntary is often neglected; on the other hand, the rewards of literary excellence are more conspicuous and more tempting, and are apt to distract attention from study.

It will be conceded that the first object of a college course is the mastery of the work indicated in the curriculum; it is equally clear, however, that the ultimate end to be attained is not the ability to repeat certain chemical formulæ, or to accomplish a given mathematical demonstration, but rather it is the power to think clearly and to express our thought most effectively that is of value in after life.

Not only is literary excellence the more valuable, but to attain it requires long and careful training. To be able to make an effective speech requires preparatory labor—thorough, persistent, hard work—just as surely does the capacity to translate a page of Greek. We thoroughly believe, therefore, that every student should make it part of his business to secure what training he can in the composition and delivery of original thought. Such, indeed, seems to be the general opinion among us, for the University of Chicago has always enjoyed an enviable reputation for the literary activity of its students.

We are led into these reflections by the success of our representative in the Inter-State Oratorical Contest. We believe in such success. We rejoice with the successful

contestant because, advancing step by step, he has fairly won his present honorable position, and is worthy of the distinction to which he has attained. We rejoice because of the lustre which will thus be added to the name of our Alma Mater. May Mr. Hanchett advance to new victories and higher achievements; and may the University of Chicago live to win many more First Prizes.

News.

OBITUARY.

On Friday morning, April 28, a sad accident occurred at Douglas station, whereby Howard Deshler Copland, a former student of this University, was crushed in such a terrible manner that death ensued scarce four hours thereafter.

Mr. Copland, unmindful of the approaching train, started to cross the track to speak to a friend. When almost safely over, some one called to him from behind, "Look out there!" Mr. Copland turned to see what was the danger, and an instant of time was lost which proved fatal. The pilot of the engine threw him to the ground, the wheels passing over and completely crushing both legs below the knees.

He was at once conveyed to St. Luke's Hospital, where his relatives and friends hastened immediately. Everything that medical aid could suggest was done for his comfort, but it was soon discovered that all efforts were in vain, and that the end was rapidly approaching. Mr. Copland retained his consciousness to the very last, and the manly and heroic fortitude with which he bore his sufferings almost deceived his friends into hopes of his recovery. When informed of his condition he merely replied, "All right. It is best, or it would not have happened. I am glad I never lived a Bob Ingersoll life." He was a communicant of St. Mark's Episcopal church, a member of the choir, and an invaluable aid in the social life of the church. To those "who grieve with lashes wet" comes the remembrance of those last words of perfect resignation to the Divine Will—"It is best or it would not have happened," and with faith in the wisdom of a Father who does not willingly afflict the children of men, wait for the further exposition of his plans.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves,
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We clip the following from a recent issue of the *Standard*:

"On the last three Friday mornings President Anderson has given the members of the University familiar lectures on practical subjects. In the first, he spoke of character. He showed the inestimable value of a good character, and the means of obtaining it, dwelling particularly upon fidelity and trustfulness. He spoke of the time and toil required to establish a good and noble character, then of the rapidity and ease with which a bad character may be developed, and a good reputation may be blasted. The theme of the second lecture was Companionships and Associations. The good and evil influences which are both exerted and received in college life were vividly portrayed. We must live among men, and all our words and acts should be characterized by kindness, courtesy and charity. Only a very few of the purest and noblest should be admitted into intimate companionship; yet those should be grappled with hooks of steel. He closed by showing the fearful responsibility of those who exert an impure and demoralizing influence upon their associates. In the last lecture he referred to the three literary leaders who have recently passed away. Darwin, the modest, untiring investigator in the field of science, the man who labored with such perseverance to collect facts in relation to the theory of development, but confessed at last that he had only attained to a probability. The second, Longfellow, the objective poet of nature, who lived to be loved, and died universally lamented. The third, Emerson, the polished heathen, great in heart, pure in life, suggestive in his writings, who led the advanced thought of the age by infusing a galvanic life into Hindu mysticism."—*Standard*.

Personals.

- '79. Carmichael goes to Lexington, Ill.
- '79. C. N. Patterson goes to St. Paul, Minn.
- '78. Charles Ege is to settle in Burlington, Iowa.
- '79. S. J. Winegar is to be married, and will go West.
- '82. Russell accompanied Mr. Hanchett to Indianapolis, to the contest.
- '83. Miss Myra Pollard has just returned from a short trip to New York.
- '80. W. A. Walker, of the Class of '80, and Miss Hattie Skaats, were married on Wednesday, April 26.
- '79. E. Anderson is preaching at Rockford, Ill., and graduates from the Theological Seminary this year.
- Dr. Cooley, the Financial Agent of the University, has recently removed to that pleasant suburb, Morgan Park.

ELOCUTION.

The elocution days are come, the noisiest of the year,
Of shrieking girls and howling boys, and Profs with air severe;
Crowded within the chapel walls, their awkward ways to cure,
They imitate the tremor voice, the orotund and pure,
The guttural and aspirate, of pitch both high and low;
A tragic attitude they strike, and start as at a foe.

Where are the old familiar strains we learned in drills gone by?
Of "Others' Faults," and "Vulture's Beak," and favorite "Bill and I?"
Ah! "Kitty's Gone," Prof. Griffith cries, and echo answers "Where?"
"To heaven," he tremulous replies: "my little lamb is there."

"The Selfish Man," "The Laborer's Song," the "Georgia Volunteer,"
"The Barber," and the pompous "Brown"—all to our memory dear?
Alas! they all are in their graves, they died for want of breath;
"Oh! think" of their most useful life and their untimely death.

Locals.

First Prize.

Hurrah for '82.

Inter State Oratorical Contest.

The watchword of Chicago: Move.

College politics are very quiet at present.

Lost, strayed or stolen, a black pony; return to room 16.

The season has come when our athletes should bestir themselves.

The pedals of the organ in chapel must have had the spring fever.

The selling of pools on the Junior exhibition has not yet commenced.

The VOLANTE says, Confusion to all who practice cribbing in any form.

The annual contest of the Sophomore class occurs on the evening of June 8th.

The Sophomores have been limited to didactic prose in selecting their declamations.

We should suggest as a good subject for a Senior Essay, "The Beauties of the Marking System."

One of our higher class men is so conscientious that he will not pass a saloon. He always goes in.

Prof. Howe recently defined space as that which filled the craniums of most of the Senior prep. class.

The College Campus is undergoing the usual smooth-over process preparatory for the class-day exercises.

The instructor in Logic thinks anger is not a property of man, because he and some of the gentlemen of the class never display any signs of it.

If, some dark night, you chance to fall rather suddenly, don't cry, but pick yourself up. It is only a wire to remind you to "keep off the grass."

The Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the North West recently held its eleventh annual meeting at Cincinnati, Mrs. Prof. A. J. Howe presiding.

It cannot be said that our observatory has no effect upon the students, for one of the Sophs recently suggested that it would be nice to go up there some night, as the sun had lots of spots on it now.

If you want books of any kind, or have any old books to sell, go to Barker's, 131 East Madison Street. Text Books a specialty. Books on every subject at half and less than half the regular prices.

The Seniors, after studying political economy under Dr. Smith, have pronounced in favor of hard money and free trade; or, as one of their politicians phrased it, "free trade in the class-room, protection on the stump."

Last week the halls rung with cheers and jubilant songs, when the news came that Mr. F. G. Hanchett, of the Senior Class, had taken the first prize in oratory in the Inter-State Collegiate Contest, held at Indianapolis on Wednesday of last week. The colleges of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin were represented. Mr. Hanchett took the first prizes in the Sophomore and Junior exhibitions in college; then at the State contest, and has now completed the series in the Inter-State competition. A little jollification would be admissible.—*Standard*.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Arborator, parsee tree!
Non tange unum bough!
In youth protexit me,
Et hanc defendero now.
'Twas mei avi hand,
Quae placed hanc prope cot;
There hanc permitte stand,
Axe hanc per didn't not.

MUSINGS.

Now we go up; so we do.—*Hanchett & Barber*.

I understand that an obscure society, called Tri Kappa, has been having a memorial meeting in honor of me. I suppose I must endure it, for I always was a favorite with the children.—*Longfellow*.

Are not my supporters a little personal when they keep dragging before me so many grave interests, first burying a lively rival and now bringing in Longfellow just after I have lost so many friends. They are preparing me for the worst, which must soon come.—*Tri Kappa*.

I feel very weak. My life seems so very aimless. My best friends fail to show wherein my greatness lies.—*Marking System*.

How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.—*Geiger*.

To be or not to be; that's the question.—*Junior Ex*.

My son, we must do with our might what our hands find to do, because the Doctor is liable to be here any moment.—*Junior*.

At the beginning of each term I can appreciate the feeling of King Richard when he cried out for another horse.—*J. A. Talbot*.

My Sabbath-school class will please provide themselves with ponies. Next lesson takes past Redemption.—*Seaman*.

I have had a stroke of paralysis. Will be better soon, I hope. People say that I may have another attack soon. If I had money I would travel.—*Volante*.

Exchanges.

Certain of our exchanges we are always pleased to examine, because they are sure to yield something of strength and interest; others we regularly avoid, since their contents would not sufficiently reward a search through their pages. The face of a college paper, as of a man, is generally a safe index to its character. There are bright faces and dull faces, faces dainty and faces business-like, faces indicating poverty and others indicating wealth.

Among the pleasing manly faces which greet the exchange editor, or, to drop the figure, among the journals we like to examine, is the *Dartmouth*. Of the marking system, this paper facetiously says: "It is a sliding scale, ranging between zero and infinity, and the average is usually between those two points, or else on one side or the other, but if, for any reason, it is not so, occasionally, if not more frequently, it is otherwise. In this latter event the student either stands first in his class, or takes some lower position. Each instructor has his own way of marking, but they all amount to this, if they amount to anything. By a rapid computation of the probabilities for and against, taken in connection with the previous mark, the teacher at once determines what position in the equation of errors to assign a student, and thus gives him a mark which is approximately what the average mark ought to be, were it not for several disturbing causes which frequently change the result and make it entirely different from what it would be if it were not for modifying circumstances which essentially change its character."

Our young friend, the *Speculum*,—young only in years, not youthful in appearance or strength,—has a face of marked individuality and good withal. Among its other good features, its personal and local departments are the best. It is of a scientific turn of mind.

The *Pennsylvania Western*, under the management of W. B. Thompson, a former student of the University of Chicago, is a neat, able paper. The Juniors of the Western University of Pennsylvania recently produced William Tell in the original German, in regard to which we quote: "Part I consisted of three declamations: A soliloquy from Schiller's 'Wallenstein's Death,' by W. B. Thompson; a serio-comic selection from 'Wallenstein's Camp,' by J. A. Wood, given with a good deal of spirit; and R. A. Thompson's delivery of 'The Minstrel's Curse.' Mr. Thompson's powerful voice and manner were admirably suited to the fierce energy of the selection."

The *Illinois School Journal* has a very good article on "The Lecture vs. the Recitation System." As our institution is one of those in which the recitation system prevails to a greater extent than we believe it should, we will quote a passage from this article:

Our professor, as far as we use the word in a technical sense, is one who teaches college boys—the kind of work is exactly the same as the public school teacher's—the only difference is that he has different subjects, though that isn't true to the same extent now as formerly. We confine our teachers to the mere routine work of putting into the minds of their students a certain number of text-books. We overload them with work so that they have no chance to develop. We require them to teach so many different subjects that they can never acquire more than a text-book knowledge of them. We impose so many hours' work and so much outside responsibility upon them that they are thoroughly wearied when they get a few moments' or hours' leisure, and need all the time to recuperate their health. This complaint comes from nearly every college in the country. The faculty of Yale College asserted, only a few months ago, that every professor in the institution had too much drudgery to perform. In this we deprive ourselves, as a country, of one of the most powerful means of promoting general culture. We impress upon our professors the fact that they are first, last, and all the time, primarily teachers. They are not expected to make discoveries. We do not care to have them add to the sum total of our knowledge. All we desire is that they shall teach our boys what is known.

If, then, our American theory is the correct one, viz.: that it is the professor's business to see to it that a certain number of students have committed a certain text-book to memory, which he himself has previously committed as a part of his preparation, then the dialogical (I had almost said diabolical) method is the correct one. If, on the contrary, the Germans have the right idea,—if a college professor is a student, whose business it is to present the result of his studies in a pleasant and attractive form to a crowd of enthusiastic and earnest learners,—then the lecture system is the only valuable and practical method of realizing this idea.

College Wit.

In the Oxford Calendar is found his full name. It is Oscar Fingall O'Flaherty Willis Wilde.

A college does not always turn out good men. It sometimes keeps them, just as it would any others.

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When only eight years old he was only a little bowie.—*Ex.*

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.—*Ex.*

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world? Because, he is a little hub-bub in himself.—*Occident.*

"Did you ever call your brother a liar?" asked the stern parent, and the culprit replied: "Well, I said he was a book agent."—*Coup d'Etat.*

Senior: "We are not going to have morning chapel any longer." Delighted Freshman: "Why not?" Senior: "Because, it is long enough already." Crestfallen Fresh agrees with him.—*Ex.*

"Who was the great Athenian poet?" asked the school-master. "Perikles," replied the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and ver—" But the pedagogue interrupted him to say that was the verst he'd ever heard; and just then lightning struck the antique tower of the village school, and, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.—*The Varsity.*

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender, and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm, deep eyes were turned towards mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears,—that Jersey cow.

A Sunday-school teacher was exhibiting his specimen pupils to a company of visitors, and in the course of some questions propounded to elicit evidence of the child's precocity, asked: "Now, tell me, why does the Lord love your mother, Samuel?" "Cause she's a sinner." "Very good; and why does she come to church on Sunday?" "Cause she has a new bonnet almost every week."—*Ex.*

College World.

Harvard College has 857 students.

Cornell has recently received a bequest of \$290,000.

Both Tennyson and Thackeray left Cambridge without a degree.

Works on temperance are being introduced into a few colleges.

The Faculty at Harvard have voted to make prayers voluntary next year.

Columbia has 1,494 students, the largest number of any American college.—*Hamilton Lit.*

The Regents of the University of Wisconsin have decided that in future the speakers at the commencement exercises shall be chosen by lot.

The Trustees of Columbia College, in New York, have decided, by a vote of twenty to two, against the proposition to admit women as students to the college.

It is said that the only Professor of Political Economy of any college in America who is opposed to Free Trade is Prof. Robert E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania.—*Echo.*

During the last four years, the University of London has admitted women as students, on the same terms as men to all examinations, and the women not infrequently beat the men in the lists. Give the girls a chance.

Incredible.—A customer of the Bank of France was recently going down the steps with 5,000 francs of gold in a handkerchief, when the handkerchief broke and the money went rolling over the sidewalk among the crowd. The bystanders helped him pick the money up, and every coin was restored to its owner.

George W. Harlan & Co., of New York, will shortly publish what will in all probability prove to be one of the most brilliant tributes to the beloved poet, in book form, that this year will witness. The book will be a quarto, entitled "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Medley in Prose and Verse," by Richard Henry Stoddard. It will include the impressions of a number of literary celebrities, and be dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier. An artistic steel-plate portrait of the deceased poet, from a photograph by Sarony, of New York, will accompany the volume.

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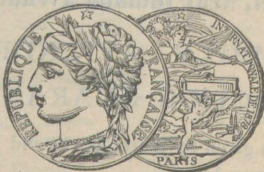
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