his fellow-mortals; but it can be very easily shown that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, which reads as follows: "My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, CALION. P.S.—Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which reads: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

W. H. GROVESTEEN,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
45 STATE ST.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ON ALL REPAIRS.

ters may have."

That man was not an Irishman, who remarked that more women than men had been married in a certain year.

A Western editor once wrote, "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era? We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement is only equaled by that of the Hoosier, who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

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O WHY SHOULD A WOMAN NOT GET A DEGREE?
ON FEMALE GRADUATION AND LADIES' LECTURES.

Ye dusty old fogies, Professors by name,
A deed you've been doing of sorrow and shame:
Though placed in your Chairs to spread knowledge abroad,
Against half of mankind you would shut up the road;
The Fair Sex from science you seek to withdraw,
By enforcing against them a strict Salic law:
Is it fear? is it envy? or what can it be?
And why should a woman not get a degree?

How ungrateful of you, whose best efforts depend
On the aid certain Ladies in secret may send:
Clio here writes a lecture, Urania there,
And more Muses than one prompt the musical Chair;
Callope sheds o'er the Classics delight,
And the lawyers have meetings with Themis by night;
Yet, if Venus de Medici came, even she
Could among her own Medici get no degree.

In Logic a woman may seldom excel;
But in Rhetoric always she bears off the bell.
Enthusiasm and Genius.

Fair Portia will show woman's talent for law,
When in old Shylock's bond she could prove such a flaw.
She would blunder in Physics no more than the rest,
She could leave things to nature as well as the best;
She could feel at your wrist, she could finger your fee;
Then why should a woman not get a degree?

Your tardy repentance now seeks to supply
What your jealousy formerly dared to deny.
You would open a byway where women may pass,
And by which, if they can, they may climb to a class.
But you wish them to show intellectual riches,
Such as only are found with the wearers of breeches;
So if I were to marry, the woman for me
Shouldn't try for a Class, or desire a degree.

Your Lectures for Ladies some fruit may produce —
For a course of good lectures is always of use;
On a married Professor your choice should alight,
Who may lecture by day — as he's lectured by night.
And allow me to ask, what would husbands become
If they weren't well lectured by women at home?
When from faults and from follies men thus are kept free,
There, surely, the woman deserves a degree.

Yet without a degree see how well the sex knows
How to bind up our wounds and to lighten our woes,
They need no Doctor's gown their fair limbs to enwrap,
They need ne'er hide their locks in a Graduate's cap.
Then I wonder a woman, the Mistress of Hearts,
Would descend to aspire to be Master of Arts:
A ministering Angel in Woman we see,
And an Angel should covet no other Degree.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ENTHUSIASM AND GENIUS.

Gibbon was sitting amidst the broken columns of ancient Rome, when inspiration whispered in his ear, “You must write the Decline and Fall.” His enthusiasm had been kindled by the grandeur of local impressions. He had roamed among those awful ruins till imagination, perhaps, had almost rebuilt the city. As his eye rested on the mutilated arch and prostrate pillar, his mind had become abstracted. He felt he must tell their story, and perhaps he dropped a tear as he suddenly found himself in the ideal presence of Rome and the Romans of two thousand years ago. Such is the agitation amidst calmness—the resolution—the enthusiasm which almost invariably fills the mind of genius on the eve of all great and solemn operations. Though its special manifestation is found, perhaps, among the votaries of the Fine Arts, still it is not confined to them. It is found wherever grand exertion of the soul must be employed. It is expressed alike in the silence of study, and amidst the roar of cannon; in the painting of a picture, and in the carving of a statue. Some one has said, “there is no celebrity for the artist, if the love of his art do not become a vehement passion;” and when, therefore, “Painting or nothing” was the exclamation of a pupil who had determined on the use of the brush for his great life work it could be taken for nothing less than an omen of success.

It is such enthusiasm as this which throws the man of genius into sympathy with nature, unlocks to him her wonders, and reveals her mysteries. It was such as this which made Silliman venture on the verge of the crater, and which attracts Agassiz to the Alps, or the Alleghanies, or the Amazon. It was such as this which prompted Pliny to explore the volcano in which he lost his life, and which nervé the painter Vernet, when, on board a ship that was flinging and tossing in a raging tempest, he was found in calm enthusiasm sketching the waste of waters, and even the wave that was leaping up to devour him.

Of course there is a possible extreme in all this, which should be avoided as a useless and injurious eccentricity. There is an enthusiasm which will sacrifice willingly on the altar of the ideal all that is most substantial and necessary,—an enthusiasm which longs for the unattainable, and loses sight of the possible and the profitable. There is an enthusiasm of study that numbers among its victims a Henry Headly, and a Kirke White, and a thousand others, the loss of whose bright intellects the world could ill sustain. Nevertheless, it still holds true, that every writer, and sculptor, and painter, and musician, whose name posterity loves to repeat, necessarily threw into his task the unreserved energies of mind, and body, and soul, and heart together.

There are strange methods in which genius is wont at times to exhibit its enthusiasm. “Written while shedding a flood of
society demands some deception.

There is a large class of persons who always insist that every individual should act as if he were on the witness-stand, and had taken oath to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." In their anxiety, however, to fulfill the second part of the oath, they are apt to lose the benefit of the third and saving clause, "nothing but the truth." The second clause is viewed with a microscope and so magnified out of all proportion, while

the last, by means of a reversed telescope, is reduced to comparative insignificance. The "whole truth" looms up before this class of people so vast as quite to overshadow the modest modification that follows, and they wholly fail to comprehend its force. Now, for consistency's sake, if we must be made to testify, let us insist upon the whole oath; give us every possible means to lessen the evil, and restrain within bounds the innate and very human propensity to exaggeration. If the whole truth must be started on its travels through the world, for the sake of weak and suffering humanity so guard and protect it as to prevent any thing foreign from being added to it.

But we protest against the whole idea of reducing the common associations of life to the level of a court of investigation. The common notion that every member of society is called upon to tell all he knows about every other member, or even about himself, is utterly absurd, indefensible, and tends to the overthrow of our whole social fabric. The truth is just this: our happiness depends quite as much upon what we don't know of our neighbors as upon what we do know of them. Jones' friend, A., for example, is a very affable man—the very beau ideal of a gentleman; is well supplied with the requisite to make his acquaintance sought; is ever ready to add his mite for the amusement and gratification of the company; and is, in fine, possessed of all the qualifications necessary to make his friendship desirable. Now, how will it benefit Jones in the least to know that A.'s father was a United States Senator? On the other hand, will it not take away something from the perfect freedom and confidence, so essential to easy friendly intercourse, to have it greatly hinted that A.'s real name is B., and that if his present whereabouts were known in the East, Jones might be deprived the pleasure of his charming company? Yet the latter fact has really nothing to do with his good qualities—with those peculiar personal traits which make him so acceptable a companion with whom to while away a leisure hour when time hangs heavily. Whether he is a common swindler, or a member in good and regular standing at the board of brokers, matters little. He might as well be either of these as an honest man, so far as the enjoyment of his society is concerned, or the drinking of his champagne. It is one of the most beautiful points in the grand providential system of compensation, whose effects are so often seen in the world, that wit and wine are no

Mulford C. Armstrong.
respects of persons, but sparkle and flash without regard to morals. Until the summons does come, then, which is to tear A. from the bosom of his friends, and take him back for his enemies to wreak their vengeance on him, let not the curtain rise that is to reveal to the astonished gazers his well-concealed and, to them, perfectly harmless "moral obliquity."

There is another class who, though hardly to be commended, yet hardly deserve censure, for their intentions are good, and, what is so very rare, they carry out in their daily lives the principles they profess to hold. They differ from those already described only in this, that the former tell what they know of others, possibly for truth's sake, while the latter tell all about themselves for conscience's sake. Hating deception, to avoid even the appearance of it they willingly yet sadly confirm any chance suspicion of their imperfections, and reveal facts never guessed at before. If in any way they have found favor in the eyes of another, they are never satisfied till that other knows their faults as well. If a sort of instinctive self-love prevents their speaking, their tender consciences will never give them rest; they bear about a self-imposed burden of fancied guilt. Such are rather to be pitied than rebuked, and the defect will be cured by gentle rather than by harsh measures—by expostulation, not scolding. There is really no ground for such fears and timidity. The world has yet to undergo great changes before it will be unable to pick flaws in the best character. Few are willing to believe others angels. If no faults are apparent, it is easy to imagine enough to supply the lack, and if they are apparent, it is just as easy to conceive of more.

Reason and revelation are each very good in its place, but instinct is quite as trustworthy as either, and instinct leads every one to do his best, or, in common phrase, to "put the best foot foremost." It it one of the inborn propensities of our nature—one fostered by our modern social system, to desire to make as good an impression as possible. That man would be a monster indeed who should cease to care for the respect and esteem of his fellows. Besides, even if we do not take pains to notice our own hidden defects, we are very apt to get credit for them. Men have not stopped judging others by themselves, and a certain bit of moral weakness is always presupposed, and, by common consent, such things as might not be wholly pleasant to all parties, are quietly ignored. Those who would bring into notice their own mental, moral, or personal defects are only less blameworthy than those who are constantly remarking the deficiencies of others.

We have no sympathy with those who insist upon taking every thing literally—who will not allow a regard for the feelings of others to vary their language in the slightest degree. It is one of the signs of advancing civilization and high culture to be able to convey unpalatable truth in unobjectionable language. Modern society recognizes this, and for the conventional "engaged," which was always sent down to a disagreeable caller, a truer recognition of the fitness of things has now substituted "not at home." The first was better than expressing one's dislike in plain English, but the present style leaves the visited free, yet saves the feelings of the visitor, and sometimes he may possibly be in doubt whether the message is not really true.

Then, too, these literalists are horrified at the thought of welcoming a visitor with "How happy I am to see you; so glad you called," and afterwards closing the door with, "There, that thing's gone." In their simple and unsophisticated view, every one is silly enough to believe all this cordiality genuine. Now, if it were not for this assumed and conventional style, all social intercourse would be at an end—society would be unendurable. The happiness of all depends to a certain extent upon the observance of certain forms. It is always permitted to go beyond these when desired, and he is truly to be pitied who can not discern between form and spirit. Necessity prescribes form, but the disposition of each one decides the spirit that lies back of form. Paris, the most polite, courteous, and sociable city in the world, is at the same time the most heartless.

Finally, then, it seems most reasonable to treat all this talk about deception and social hypocrisy as either, first, cant, in the case of those who, under the plea of seeking the whole truth, are only anxious to expose the part that others wish to conceal; or, secondly, as a well-meaning attempt to show the whole truth by those who do not fully consider all the advantages to themselves and others of ignoring some slight blemishes, whose worst effect can but slightly injure themselves alone; or, lastly, as the work of a misguided zeal for reform, born of ignorance, and led by a total lack of knowledge regarding the first principles of social intercourse. If concealing things it would benefit no one to reveal
is deception, us let have more of it; and to those who would bring to light the faults and even sins of others, our only reply is, in such cases truly "ignorance is bliss."

THE MAN WHO Couldn'T TAKE A HINT.

As I was sitting in my room one day,
Marking the moments as they passed away,
Anxiously waiting for an hour of bliss,
When I should see my—but enough of this,
Suffice to say that an engagement pended,
Which promised great results before it ended,
A friend dropped in—I knew he meant to stay,
"Twas one of those who always spend the day.
What should I do? One hour and I must go,
And yet my heart could never tell him so;
And should I ask that I might be excused,
My friend would likely think himself abused;
Or, likelier yet, would ask me whither bound,
And offer to accompany me round.

No; I must manage to convey a hint,
Must watch the clock, hitch, roll my eyes and squint.
I, planning this and running o'er with bile,
Maintained a rattling jabber all the while:
We talked of weather, politics and war,
Of all the girls we knew and many more,
Of glory, honor, statesmanship and duty,
Religion, base-ball, piety and beauty,
Of books and papers, poetry and prose,
Of who had pretty eyes and who a crooked nose,
Of Sherman, Johnson, Sheridan and Grant,
Of how the rebels act and what they want,
Of Indian wars and tumults in the South,
Of stomach-ache and canker in the mouth,
Of what is good for this and that disease,
How hard it is the other sex to please;
We mentioned money, talked of wheat and corn,
Of how the hair is cut and beards are worn;
Discussed the markets, coupons, bonds and notes,
Consuls and gold sales, poodle dogs and votes;
Talked of Free Trade, and woman's rights, of course,
The whisky law; and, for a last resource,
Spoke of the day, how beautiful it was,
How cold the week before, and of the recent thaws.

Thus running on on subjects without end,
I sat on pins myself and entertained my friend.
The latter, seeing me intent to please,
Felt more and more inclined to take his ease.
I rose and walked the floor with nervous pace,
He sought the lounge, an easy resting place;
Indeed, the fellow grew so much at home,
I feared like others he would "never roam."
I held my watch, and snapped the hunting-case;
He lay there calmly, smiling in my face;
I ceased to talk, and changed my clothes; the bore
Turned coolly over and began to snore:
One short half hour and I must surely go,
But what to do I really did not know.
Soon deep despair possessed my very soul,
Impatience scarce submitted to control;
With disappointment gnawing at my heart,
I felt an ache that my friend should smart.

With this the thought came gleaming through the gloom,
I might torment him till he leave the room:
If sods and suasion fail to move a boy,
Are men to blame who sticks and stones employ?
I grew more cordial as the thought took form—
A calm should always go before a storm—
I hitched up nearer, trod upon his toes,
And begged his pardon while I pinched his nose;
Then ordered tea unusually hot,
And gave his hand the contents of the pot;
By leaning on the lounge I pulled his hair,
And bruised his fingers with my heavy chair;
On some excuse I managed to pass by
And drop some pepper in his open eye:
For each offence I asked a new excuse,
The more my brains to find some new abuse.

But now the clock, with stern, relentless face,
Refused to grant one hour more of grace,
And while I listened with attentive ear,
I heard the rumbling of the coming car.
If this should pass, my hopes were blasted quite,
No later car would serve my turn that night;
Once more discouraged, and in mute despair,
I sank exhausted in my easy chair.
The car came on, drew near, and then passed by;
Some one got on—it surely was not I.
When the last sound had died upon the ear,
My caller marked the time, began to stir,
The Physical Basis of Life.

Put on his shoes, pulled down his coat and vest,
And took his hat—he now was fully dressed.
He rose to go, and, in a bitter way,
I bade him call again and spend the day.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.

New voyages of discovery are constantly made into the unexplored regions of the world of Science, and the number of new and interesting facts brought back by these explorers is constantly increasing. By the use of the telescope man reads the secrets of those parts of the universe which are far removed from him, and by the microscope he prys into the hidden mysteries of the earth itself. In each department great activity is displayed, and, were it not that each new discovery seems to broaden the field, and to open up new channels for investigation, we should feel that the end would soon be reached. The study of man himself has long been an important one. Its two principal branches, the science of the mind or Metaphysics, and the science of the body, or Physiology and Anatomy, have developed side by side. The one, speculative and dealing with the spiritual alone, is always striving to find some sure and firm foundation upon which to build; the other, practical and dealing with material facts, finds in these a good foundation. These two branches of knowledge, so different both in their subjects and in their manner of treating them, seem to be drawing near to a common ground, and physiology will yet enlarge its field so as to take in the mental powers and the manner of their action.

In a lecture delivered at Edinburgh last November, Professor T. H. Huxley, Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, and of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal College of Surgeons, asserts that there is a certain substance which is the “Physical Basis of Life,” and which appears in every living thing found on the earth, in “the flower which a girl wears in her hair,” and in “the blood which courses through her youthful veins”; in “the dense and resisting mass of the oak,” and in “those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element. This substance is called Protoplasm or, as Professor Huxley translates it, “The Physical Basis of Life.” We shall attempt in this article to give a synopsis of Professor Huxley’s lecture.

The common nettle is covered with exceedingly minute and tapering hairs, and it is to these that it owes its stinging power. Each one of these hairs consists of a delicate outer case of woody substance lined with a layer of semi-fluid matter full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm which thus forms a bag full of a limpid liquid. The granules in this liquid are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm. The currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm usually flow in the same direction, and a current is thus formed up on one side of the hair and down the other. Partial currents also exist, however, frequently moving in opposite directions and even within a twenty-thousandth part of an inch of each other. Thus even in the small hair of the nettle we find protoplasm exhibiting the phenomena of life. But the hair of the nettle is not an exceptional case. Similar phenomena have been observed in a great multitude of plants, and it is probable that they exist in all vegetable life.

Again; if a drop of blood be viewed under a very high microscopic power, among the innumerable multitudes of little corpuscles which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape will be seen, and so long as the blood be kept at the temperature of the body these colorless corpuscles exhibit a marvelous activity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations, and creeping about among themselves. This active substance also is protoplasm, and its movements differ rather in detail than in principle from those of the nettle. In the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered throughout the whole framework of the body we find these corpuscles, everywhere nearly the same and undergoing the same changes. In fact during its earliest stages the human organism is nothing but a mass of protoplasm, and every organ of the body was once no more than such an organization. A nucleated mass of protoplasm, then, turns out to be the structural unit of the human body.

Having found that protoplasm is the physical basis of all life, vegetable and animal, the interesting questions immediately arise,
“What is this protoplasm?” “Of what does it consist?” and, “Can it be produced in the laboratory of the chemist?” A chemical analysis necessarily kills all living matter subjected to it. In perfect strictness, therefore, we can draw no conclusions concerning actual living matter from our analysis of the matter of life when dead. But a like difficulty arises with regard to many inanimate substances. We can analyze a substance into its elements, but we are often unable so to compound them again as that they shall reproduce that substance. When we say that calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime, we mean simply that it can be reduced into carbonic acid and quicklime. But if these two substances be again compounded we receive as a result carbonate of lime, but not calc-spar or any thing like it. So, too, by chemical analysis of protoplasm we find that these four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, are united in a very complex manner to form it. Each of these elements is a lifeless body. Carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions to form carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen united form water, and nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds are still lifeless bodies, but when they are brought together under certain conditions they form the complex body, protoplasm, and this exhibits the phenomena of life.

Although animal and vegetable protoplasm are so similar both in their action and in their appearance, there is yet an important distinction between their offices. “A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hoghead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal can not make protoplasm, but must take it from some other animal, or some plant.” The vegetable world is the origin of all protoplasm. The solution of smelling-salts is a rich feast to plants, and with a sufficient supply of this alone they flourish finely and build up the material of life. But while the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen remain uncompounded with one another, they furnish no food even for plants. The plant then takes from the lifeless world the compounded elements of protoplasm, and from these makes living protoplasm, while the animal takes this protoplasm of the plant and raises it to a higher and more active state. The substance is the same in both cases and is composed of the same elements.

**THE MODEL MAN.**

For once the Development theorists are right; man in imitation resembles the monkey. In shaping the course of our lives we have before us a model. The influence of example is more extensive than we are ready to admit. Different classes of society have their shibboleths, by which they try each one’s claim to manliness. Various styles of manhood come in fashion, and are in time superseded by others, just as styles of coats and bonnets change. Some one has said, “There are no vices so incurable as those in which men are apt to glory;” and since all are proud of imitating their “model man,” the pattern should do more than merely approximate perfection.

With quite a large class the power to pound and be pounded and beaten to a jelly is quite a good proof of manliness. We would not disparage muscular manhood, but it is too much like repeating the bad features of a dark age to train men to act like brutes—to develop in them the bear or lion. Yet our daily papers must pamper to a depraved taste, in advertising to the world all the affairs in the ring. It was once a common expression that Heenan, compared with Sayers, was a “better man.” In the pictures which are given of such men to show their characteristic claims to being men, they must be exhibited in tights, and a description of their virtues would apply quite well to a mad bull of the Spanish ring. A certain class of imported citizens think a thick neck and a ruddy, round face, are the marks of a true “gentleman.” When Marco Polo was traveling in Africa, the negroes pitied his sad deformities. They gathered round him, and suggested that so poor and pinched a nose, and lips so thin, could never have occurred unless cruel parents had cramped and compressed these parts until they assumed so sad a shape; and as for his sickly color, surely it could have come only from a long soaking in milk. We object to the “everlasting kink” as a mark of beauty, but Sambo despises the straight hair of the European.

Some persons suggest another standard of manliness, viz.: the
capacity of the stomach. "There is a story," says Addison, "of a man at Corinth who demanded the prize at a drinking feast, on the ground that he first had reached the goal—a state of inebriety. But in this thirsty generation he is awarded the mead who knocks down a proper number of companions and carries away the most liquor." He also tells us of one "honest Will Funnell, the West Saxon, who, upon computation, stated as the amount of liquors quaffed the last twenty years of his life: twenty-three hogsheads of October, four tuns of port, one half keg of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, three glasses of champagne, besides assisting at the demise of four hundred bowls of punch, and many extra sips and whets." Will Funnell is not yet dead. A model of this type may be seen on an adjacent corner. The reply of the young man sent as ambassador to Sweden was apt. When asked why his Government had sent a beardless youth to transact its business, he answered, "If it had wished to send you beard, it might have transmitted a goat."

Quite opposite to this character is that of some young men who worship Fashion at the expense of every element of true manhood. Is it an unfair inference that he who acts thus—who is an "exquisite," never should be taken from the band-box save on state occasions? Is it unjust to suggest, at least, that his manhood needs all this and even "the first faint prophecy of beard" to give him the semblance of a man? I do not deprrate neatness or elegance of dress, but only that inordinate and contemptible display of littleness which a few are pleased to call gentility. You have, no doubt, seen an outcropping of kindred assumption in the Young Americans whose fathers are the "old gentlemen." Billings says of these, "When a young man ain't good for anything else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

We thus see how foolish men are in their estimates of manhood. It is not difficult, neither is it unimportant, to exhibit to ourselves ways to be avoided. Trivial habits may change a man's destiny. Within the weakest frame often is found a large heart with undaunted moral courage, but brine courage, muscle, and giant strength alone could hope to compete for glory among the ancient Italians. The Roman tongue never used a word to express the qualities which our model man must have. How rich a language, with such barrenness! With one class of Greek philosophers wisdom was the characteristic of the model man. "The wise man," says one of them whom Horace ridicules, "is a shoemaker, a barber, a master of every art—a king." How much do men arrogate to the little stock of knowledge which they can gather in a few short years! The symmetrical development of the physical and intellectual powers of man was a noble conception, yet this development would make man a monster.

If the gods of the heathen poets were so corrupt — so full of sensuality — so swayed by passion, what must their greatest men have been! If Jupiter ruled by an arbitrary and lawless will, throwing an inferior deity from Olympus in childish rage, what must have been the spiritual conceptions of the masses! Some persons, even in our day, imagine that an exhibition of feeling—a fine sense of honor, is most manly. Did you ever see a person who was always on the alert to hear some one call him a liar? Such an one forgets that passion is a suffering, not an energy. The fact that one rages and frets under opposition, unable to bear up manfully under restraint, is not a proof of a noble spirit, but a sign that some evil power carries him whither he would not. Artemus Ward says truly, if not elegantly, of our first President, "G. Washington was a stiddy-goin' man, and never slopped over." If some, who think it a great mark of a man to browbeat the weaker, could only imitate so illustrious an example, they would be more honored by God and men. But Washington is not the model man. There is a better character to which the world is giving its attention. Let that character be to us, what the works of the masters are to the sculptors. All they hope to do is to imitate some of the graces of ancient statuary; but let us have the perfect model.

THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

In all well-regulated business houses each employé has his own particular task to do, and is limited to the performance of it. No matter how many may be at work in them every thing moves on in perfect order. So though nature works by thousands of agents, each one knows its own work and quietly performs it. Wherever she is undisturbed a certain proportion is always maintained between the animal and vegetable worlds, as well as
between the various classes of the animal kingdom. Thus it has been calculated that there are four insects to each plant. But when man steps in, extermination begins, and he overthrows the existing harmony by destroying all animals which tend, however indirectly, to the decrease of his wealth. A few of the lower orders perhaps he passes over in silent contempt as not worthy of notice, but we purpose to show that many even of those orders of creation which are the most disgusting render invaluable aid to the human family.

All insects undergo three transformations either partial or complete. In the period of infancy they are called larvae, in the second pupa, and the third period is called the adult state. For instance, we have the maggot, the pupa, the fly; the caterpillar, the pupa or chrysalis, the butterfly; the grub, the pupa, the beetle. The lady watching the dainty little fly sipping the tea from her saucer, would be shocked, perhaps, to think that a few days ago that very same insect was a loathsome maggot rioting in filth. But even the larvae, detested as they are, perform a work which is of incalculable value to us. They are nature’s scavengers, removing decaying matter. Though the first thought may be one of repugnance to such offensive creatures, the second must pronounce them beneficial to mankind. Insects in the adult state, though frequently injurious, are very often of great service.

Some beetles destroy caterpillars, plant lice, and other noxious insects. Others live upon mushrooms, toadstools, and plants which are of very little use, and some of which are even poisonous, while in process of decay they are frequently offensive. Still others live under the bark, and in the trunks of old trees, and are serviceable by contributing to destroy and reduce to dust plants that are fast going to decay. Another order of insects, including ants, wasps, hornets, bees, etc., on account of various services which they perform, are to be reckoned among the benefactors of the human race. To one family of this order we are indebted for the gallnuts which are of so much value in coloring, in medicine, and in the manufacture of ink. The ichneumon fly, also belonging to this order, destroys immense numbers of caterpillars in the following manner. It punctures the skin of the caterpillar, and lays its eggs. When hatched, the larva subsist upon the fat of their victims, and finally destroy them. Some of these flies are very small, and deposit their eggs inside the eggs of other insects, and their larvae find a sufficient quantity of food in the larger eggs which they occupy. Bees, not only by the production of honey, confer a great favor upon man, but also by carrying the pollen from one blossom to another prepared to receive it and be fertilized by it, render an important service to vegetation.

Many authors have written, and many orators have spoken, in behalf of mercy towards birds, but all that has been written or spoken has not turned the tide of popular opinion. The farmer’s boy uses as targets those which are considered harmless and worthless, that he may learn how to shoot valuable game. Thus the harmless are shot for amusement, the destructive in self-defence, and the valuable for food, so that it matters little to what class a bird belongs, he is sure of death in any case. And yet there are a few families against which man seems to have a special grudge. Among these may be mentioned the black-bird family, including all the varieties of black-birds, ravens, crows, etc., many of which should be reckoned among the best of the farmer’s animal friends. The slaughter of these is entered upon with a zest worthy of a better cause. Think, for a moment, of the value of the raven which is found in many parts of our country. True, he helps himself to a sheep or lamb occasionally, and borrows eggs from the farmer’s barn-yard without permission, but balance against this trifling injury the vast amount of service he renders to the husbandman and the injury will appear slight indeed. He protects the plants of the garden and the field by fighting out and destroying numberless insects, grubs and worms; acts as guardian of the farmer’s granaries by killing rats and mice wherever he can find them; watches over the poultry-yard and the sheep-fold, seizing the weasel, oppossum, and skunk, and apprises the farmer of the presence of the prowling wolf; yet, in spite of all this, ignorance and prejudice combine to put an end to his ominous croakings. Second in the list of the farmer’s true friends should be mentioned the common crow, yet I doubt whether another bird so cruelly treated exists. Where laws have been passed offering a premium for each crow’s head, as many as forty thousand have been shot in a single state in the course of a season, besides the multitudes of young birds killed in the nests, and the slaughter of other thousands by poison, yet this same bird destroys every day myriads of gnats, and small animals innumerable, every one of which is a far more dangerous enemy.
to the farmer than itself. It helps also to clear the meadows of snakes, frogs, lizards, and other small reptiles, and chases the thieving hawk from the barn-yard. Yet, for all these benefits it seldom receives a word of praise. Did you ever notice a bird following close upon the heels of the ploughman in order to seize the grubs laid upon the surface by the plow? The farmer understands the value of the services of this bird in the spring in destroying so much greater an enemy than itself, and is careful to protect it. But when winter is at hand, and the blackbird comes to claim its rightful share of the ripened grain, the farmer forgets its past benefits and rewards it with death. Thus I might continue to speak indefinitely of the material aid rendered by those insects and birds which are proverbially detested, but I wish to use a little space in considering one or two of the many important lessons we may derive from the same source.

That man can learn a lesson of cleanliness from such disgusting and unsightly animals as some that I have mentioned seems scarcely credible, and yet some of the insect race, and the quadruped as well, rival in neatness the most fastidious of the human family. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more tidy housekeeper than the spider. As the over-nice maiden does with her carpet and curtains, forever sweeping and shaking, and thereto adding the personal propriety of never failing to clean herself when her work is over, so does the domestic spider with her web, shaking it and dusting it, then smoothing down her person, and combing her hairy legs till no unseemly particle is left to disfigure her attire or abode. In "Insect Architecture" is given an amusing description of the laborious industry of a spider passenger on board a steamer in clearing her geometric web of flakes of soot adhering to it from the smoke of the engine, and rendering it unfit for use. Whenever practicable, she stripped from her lines every sooty particle, and when clogged past clearance, detached, bundled them up, threw them away, and supplied their place by new spun threads.

Conjugal felicity is also taught by some of the animals already mentioned. Some of the black-bird family are remarkable for their attachment to each other as mates. After a male bird has wooed and won the object of its affections, they start away on a wedding tour, being gone sometimes several days. During this time the male pays its mate every attention in its power. Now it sails gracefully along by her side, now flies around her in airy circles, and anon glides beneath her and appears on the other side. After the honeymoon is over they return to their favorite haunt, select a projecting rock on some high cliff as the place for their nest, and immediately construct it. When the nest is completed and the female sits upon the eggs, her mate is, if possible, more attentive than before. Whether sitting by her side, and talking as only a bird can talk to his mate, or going away in search of food for her, or assisting her in the task of incubation, we find at all times the same affectionate, self-denying male. Thus they live together contentedly and happily, and as we see them unitedly caring for the birds of the nest, we long for the time to come when every human dwelling shall present as pleasing a picture of domestic concord and happiness.

W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Index Universitatis: The Watchman and Reflector taking some news items from your pages says, "We also learn from the above, that one million five hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed to build another University at Glasgow. It is already in process of erection and is to be the finest edifice in the world."

This foolish statement began its press-round from the remarks of a certain enthusiastic Scotch minister of your city, lately returned from a visit to the old world. That for this paltry sum "the finest edifice in the world" could be built is a manifest absurdity. There are scores of buildings now in England and on the continent, built in the golden eras of architecture, which have cost from ten to fifty times that amount. I have seen the designs for the new University, they have long been on exhibition in Glasgow, and the building in cost, size, and elegance will be far inferior to our own Capitol at Washington. In fact the material is not so elegant, nor the design a whit more graceful or elaborate than that of what our British friends would call Mr. Palmer's new "shop" in Chicago.

H. D. J.
Among the more recent institutions of which Chicago has reason to be proud is the Dental Infirmary, No. 21 Washington street, (corner Wabash avenue), under the management of Dr. C. B. Stoddard. It has been our privilege to visit this establishment, and we can truly testify that, while the suite of rooms it occupies are most beautifully and tastefully decorated, they are excelled by the many and convenient appliances for the practice of the Dental art. An excellent feature of this Infirmary is the provision whereby people of limited means can obtain skillful dental treatment without charge. This specialty is highly appreciated by family-servants, mechanics and others, suffering alike from grumbling teeth and impecunious pockets. If any of our readers visit the Infirmary either on business or from curiosity, they will be politely received and amply repaid for their time.

PIANO PRICES REDUCED.

Chickering, the celebrated piano manufacturer, has just issued a new price list, in which he has reduced the prices on each piano from $125 to $250, intending to increase the sales by thus putting them within the reach of every one, and also believing that the time has come when the high prices that ruled during the war should be abandoned. Reed’s Temple of Music is the general salesroom in the Northwest for the shipping of these (and other) pianos, and they can be had at the exact prices for which they are sold by the Chickering in New York and Boston, thus saving all freights and risk of transportation. We may also mention that the same house, Reed’s Temple of Music, is prepared to furnish pianos from $250 to $750. To those who may wish such terms, they will furnish instruments upon payment of $50 down, and the balance from $15 to $20 per month, until paid. They will also furnish a first-class piano upon payment of $100 down, the balance, $10 a month, till the whole amount is paid. Those who wish further information on these points can write to Reed’s Temple of Music, Nos. 47 and 49 Dearborn street, Chicago.

EXCHANGES.

In the May number of the American Agriculturist fifty engravings are given, many illustrated various devices and implements useful in the house, in the garden, and on the farm. Among them are eight fine illustrations of different kinds of poultry lately introduced into this country. This journal takes it upon itself to furnish useful information on all subjects pertaining to agriculture, explaining carefully by words and engravings the best methods of performing the various duties pertaining to the farm and garden. One important branch of its work is to expose the different humbugs and swindlers which are now so prevalent in the country. Altogether the Agriculturist furnishes a great amount and variety of pleasing information. Terms, $1.50 a year, or four copies for $5.00. Single numbers, post-paid, 15 cents each. Orange, Judd & Co., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York.

The reputation of The Nation was fully established long ago. As a political paper it takes a position in the front ranks. Its political articles are not mere rants, so common in political journals, but they treat subjects of vital importance to the people in a common sense way, supporting the views advanced by calm and candid reasoning. Its literary merit is also of a high character and its literary criticisms, while they are sometimes severe, are usually just and sharp. The Nation calls for more thought in its readers than any similar journal with which we are acquainted. Its style is exceedingly suggestive, and no one can read it without being greatly profited. Terms $5.00 per annum in advance. Address, Publishers of The Nation, Box 6732, New York.

The Atlantic Monthly for May is full of interesting matter. The Atlantic always has a great and pleasing variety in its articles and seems well suited to the capacities and tastes of all. It is therefore one of the most popular of our American magazines. In the number before us “Malbone, an Oldport Romance” is still continued: “The Clothes Mania” is a pleasing dissertation upon fashion, giving the history of many of our latest ones and showing that they are, after all, but the revival of old ones. The


PERSONAL.

Our personal column this month is uncommonly full. We are glad to see it so, however. Visitors to our institution may always be sure of a hearty welcome. We are especially glad to welcome our brother editors; to sit down with them and have a social chat; to talk over the evils and pleasures, the banes and blessings pertaining to the life of a college editor, as well as to compare experiences and gain somewhat of profit. We were therefore in an uncommonly pleasant mood when on May 15th, Mr. G. C. Duffe, the senior editor of College Days, made his appearance in our sanctum. His visit was only too short, and we were unable to form that thorough acquaintance with him which we desired. We learn from Mr. Duffe that there will be but ten issues a year of College Days hereafter.

Mr. A. B. Hostetter of the Class of '68 arrived at the Univ-
for a book of reference. The ideas advanced are up with the
times, and the book is remarkably free from the religious cant so
common in works of this kind. It is written in a plain, forcible
style, and good common sense pervades it throughout. In speak-
ing of the practice of merely learning verses the author says;
"The memory is a kind of intellectual tender, in which a stock
of information may be carried for future use; but storing the
memory gives, of itself, no sort of development to the religious
nature, and only the most meagre and one-sided mental develop-
ment." He justly criticises much of our Sunday-school literature
as simply dissipating and exciting. The moral does not com-
penate for the falseness in the characters, the plot, or the con-
nversations of the book. In regard to the kinds of books suitable
for Sunday-schools, the author says: "We have excluded gen-
eral works because they are not religious. We have shut out
old religious works because they were uninteresting. We have
made another literature, almost wholly of semi-religious fiction.
* * * These books, regarded as almost out of the pale of
literary criticism, are generally of inferior character. Shall we
not cultivate a better taste? Shall we let our scrupulousness
about the Sabbath prevent us from healing a great disease? Why
not put such of our standard literary works as are best adapted to
children's reading on the shelves? Juvenile histories and scien-
tific works may serve to turn the current of a child's whole life
into the right channel. Surely, even the Sabbath is not too sacred
for a work so Christian." The book is full of good, sound, com-
mon-sense suggestions. Price 75 cents. Published by Adams,
Blackmer & Lyon, 155 Randolph street, Chicago.

The National Sunday-School Teacher is a monthly magazine
published by the same firm, and edited by Rev. Edward Eggle-
E. G. Taylor, and Rev. Arthur Mitchell. Its reputation as a
help to the teacher in the Sunday-school is well known.

Studies in Philosophy and Theology. By Joseph Haven,
D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Warren F.
Draper, publisher, Andover.

Dr. Haven is well known in the field of Philosophy. His
work on "The Will" is a standard treatise on that subject, and
has been adopted as a text-book in many of our leading colleges.
decided disciple of Hamilton, and he vindicates his master with much ability.

In the chapter on "The Moral Faculty," an act of that faculty is analyzed into the following elements:

1. The mental perception that a given act is right or wrong.
2. The perception of obligation with respect to the same, as right or wrong.
3. The perception of merit or demerit, and the consequent approbation or censure of the agent, as doing the right or the wrong thus perceived.

He first seeks for the origin of the ideas of right and wrong, and recapitulates the various theories which have been advocated, pointing out their defects as he passes. He then discusses the nature of the idea of obligation, and also that of its concomitant ideas of approbation and censure.

In his essay upon "The Province of the Imagination in Sacred Oratory," the style changes to suit his subject, and becomes more pleasing as the rigidity required for great philosophical accuracy is no longer needed. In some of his sentences and illustrations in this chapter the author is excessively happy. We have room for only one. "There are some minds that nature has formed as dry as summer dust—unpoetic, pragmatic; to whom a cowslip on the river's brim a yellow cowslip is, and nothing more."

The "Studies in Theology," which form the second part of the book, are equally interesting and thoughtfully, and the book is one which, combining as it does deep thought with an easy and pleasing diction, will find many readers in the thoughtful class of the community.

By official reports the value of the educational apparatus used in the various colleges and academies in Ohio is $66,488, the value of school buildings is $3,441,725, and the endowments amount to $3,815,435. The institution in that state which can boast the most endowment, and also the most expensive apparatus, is the Ohio Wesleyan University; the endowment amounting to $350,000, and the value of the apparatus being $10,000. The college owning the most expensive buildings is St. Xavier's, $75,000.

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At the Commencement of 1868 the Keen Prizes for excellence in Declamation were awarded in the Freshman Class as follows:

To George C. Gardner, of Dwight, First Prize.
To William J. Herrick, of Hyde Park, Second Prize.

The Griggs Prizes for excellence in English Composition were awarded in the Sophomore Class as follows:

To Delavan Dewolf, of Delavan, Wis., First Prize.
To James W. Riddle, of Chicago, Second Prize.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK OF 1869.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27TH.
Sermon before the Religious Societies, at 7:45 P.M.

MONDAY, JUNE 28TH.
Freshman Prize Declamations for the Keen Prizes, at 3 o'clock, P.M.
Prize Orations of the Junior Class for the Myers and Chandler Prizes, at 7:45 o'clock, P.M.

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- Edwin Greene
- Charles H. Cram
- Charles A. Towlle
- Rev. John Q. Bittenger
- Ira Holmes
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- Adaniram Carter
- Thomas Creswell
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**Omega.**
- Ira P. Bowen

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**Class of 70.**
- Mahlon O. Jones

**Class of 71.**
- Louis Dyer

**Class of 72.**
- W. Winchester Hall

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Belief, then, is one of the original powers of the mind. Stronger it may be, and doubtless is, in youth than at a later period of life; for such, we must suppose, constitutes the susceptibility of mind, and is the condition of readily acquiring knowledge. Still every man, be he philosopher or clown, bears about with him a bundle of propositions assumed as facts. These beliefs he may owe to the various accidents of society, or family, or books, but through

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Vol. I.—JULY, 1869.—No. VII.

EDITORS:
E. F. STEARNS. D. DEWOLF. W. WHITNEY. N. E. WOOD.

PUBLISHERS:
A. C. HONORE. H. K. HOPPS. C. A. SNOWDEN. Z. D. SCOTT.

BELIEVING AND DOUBTING.

In every society there is a certain gravitation of opinions towards a common center. As in the natural body every part has a common sympathy with every other, and all together form a harmonious whole; so in the social body there is always a strong predisposition in each of its members to think and act in unison with the rest. "Opinion," says the great Pascal, "disposes of all things; it constitutes beauty, justice, happiness." "Almost every opinion we have," says the pious Charon, "we have by authority; we believe, act, live and die on trust as common custom teaches us. And Sir Walter Raleigh remarked: "It is opinion, not truth, that travels the world without a passport."
Belief, then, is one of the original powers of the mind. Stronger it may be, and doubtless is, in youth than at a later period of life; for such, we must suppose, constitutes the susceptibility of mind, and is the condition of readily acquiring knowledge. Still every man, be he philosopher or clown, bears about with him a bundle of propositions assumed as facts. These beliefs he may owe to the various accidents of society, or family, or books, but through Vol. I.—No. 7.
themselves as through a prism he views the objects of perception, and beholds, very frequently, even in the most exquisite landscapes of life, only the falsest colors and the most distorted relations.

Could this misfortune affect only the individual it would be less cause for lament. But when, as in the case of Voltaire, the error of a unit is impressed upon thousands of others; when the poison of a particle permeates through the entire system; and when the colors, false to one eye, become falser colors to many, then it is sad. Convictions once adopted become members of the intellectual household. Self-love defends them—exaggerating whatever may confirm, disregarding whatever may contradict. Suppose facts do oppose our cherished theory; then we persistently overrule, interpolate, expunge. And why? Because they would spoil the music of our thought, if admitted, and change its harmony to discord. See the great Kepler vindicating the art of Astrology. However powerful his intellect and however great his love of truth, yet that mind, once occupied with a prevalent belief, could observe and judge only in conformity therewith.

What we wish,” says Demosthenes, “is that we believe;” what we expect, we find,—truths well illustrated by the little story from Addison. “I saw,” said a sentimental young lady looking through a telescope at the moon, “two lovers sitting side by side.” “No,” said the grave parson, as he applied his eye to the instrument, “they are two church spires leaning toward each other.”

How often our beliefs are warped by the accumulation of facts only upon one side of a question; a proceeding like that of the amiable Kentuckian who disliked the Baptists, and therefore recorded in a book every thing that could militate against them till the book was filled, but said nothing in their favor.

Similar origins could be found for many superstitions. Let those who fear to begin a project on Friday record on every other page of their memory the grand achievements which that day has seen, commencing the list with the discovery of America. Truly this ill-balanced credulity reaps a golden harvest of victims. And why should it not when sending to the field such faithful laborers as mesmerism and clairvoyance, quackery, dogmatism, spirit-rapping, and the turning of tables? A comet appears in the heavens and a war breaks out among men; therefore, of course, wars are produced by comets. Again, the innocent stars or the flight of birds are left to decide the most momentous questions of life. Diseases are cured by a blast; fears driven away by a song. That golden pill in England, what wonders it wrought till finally it was found to consist of bread!

Such being the facility with which beliefs, however absurd, may be embraced, no wonder Aristotle found it necessary to write a most powerful chapter on the “Utility of Doubt.” Not that observation or experiment should be abated, but rather that caution and reflection should be enjoined. The precious common sense, which all metaphysicians allow in greater or less degree to individuals, must constitute the mental ballast. Diodorus could prove that no such thing as motion existed, but common sense easily prevented the poor teamster from unhitching his horses and sitting down in despair. The syllogism might be impregnable, but a legion of arguing angels could not convince the latter when he cracked his whip and saw the wheels go round. But the utility of doubt must never be confounded with the propriety of skepticism. What in one case may be the beginning of wisdom becomes in the other intellectual death. No accomplishment is so elegant, no learning so profound, no honor so resplendent, as to compensate for the least seed of doubt that skepticism can plant in the soul.

M. C. ARMSTRONG.

CHRIST’S ILLUSTRATIVE METHOD OF TEACHING.

There is an indescribable freshness, and beauty, and power in the Saviour’s illustrative method of teaching. We hesitate not to say that no unprejudiced person whose heart is in sympathy with the beautiful and the true, can carefully study the figures and parables and illustrations which Jesus used, and not feel a thrill of pleasure. And this is not merely, or principally, because the student believes the being who uttered them to be Divine, for the thought of Christ’s divinity may be an after-thought, but because they are so simple, so natural, and yet so pregnant with meaning. They kindle in the soul feelings akin to those experienced in walking through a large gallery containing the choicest collections of statuary and paintings, and beholding the great thoughts of great minds standing out to view in all the perfection and vividness of chiseled and penciled beauty. Only this illustration
is inadequate, because the figures which Jesus used embodied sublimier truths than ever sculptors chisel, or painter's pencil attempted to portray.

The illustrative method of teaching is a necessity to the superior mind. Truths much above the ordinary experience of men cannot be taught by mere logical statements. Hence we find the great and good of all ages resorting to imagery or material forms—something that catch the eye or stimulates the imagination, in order to convey their thoughts to the minds of others. Phidias wrought his sublimes thought out of the marble, and made it utter things unutterable by human lips.

Angelo and Raphael painted theirs on canvas, and, as we gaze at their pictures and grasp the great conception of the artist, thoughts and feelings swell in our souls which we know no language is adequate to express. The great thoughts of Milton bubbled forth in the sublimes imagery of Paradise Lost; the lofty ideas and pure feelings of Wordsworth found expression even more touching and beautiful in the simple imagery of nature and of every day experience. So it is with the Saviour's illustrations, only in a higher degree—higher as his thoughts were greater, and purer, and nobler than those of any other who has walked the earth in human form. His heart swelled with truths that no forms of human speech were adequate to express. Sometimes, knowing that they could not be understood, he did not attempt to express them, but said only, "I have many things to tell you but ye can not bear them now." Sometimes, again, his thought struggled with his language in an effort to express itself; as, when he wished to teach the nature of the kingdom of God, he compared it first to a grain of mustard seed, and then, feeling how inadequately this simile expressed his thought, he added another, "It is like a hidden treasure," and then another, "It is like a net," and so on, endeavoring by a series of figures to convey to the minds of his disciples some idea of the truth he felt. And at other times he flashed light upon the great thought in his mind by a single bold figure, or a suggestive illustration. Just as one of the old masters who wished to paint a picture of the slaughter of the innocents, did not attempt to portray the scene in all its terrible details; here a woman trying to escape with her infant; here a soldier snatching a little one from its mother's arms; here another, unmoved by the mother's entreaties and tears,

in the act of thrusting a dagger to a baby's breast; and all around, the heartless murderers, the dead and dying innocents, and the heart-broken mothers: no effort of human genius could copy such a scene as that on canvas; but, he pictured only the single figure of a mother with one arm folding her little one close to her breast, her face expressing mingled agony and entreaty, and with her other hand and her own body endeavoring to shield her precious infant from the foe, while, reaching over her shoulder, was to be seen simply a man's hand holding a dagger which was pointed directly toward the heart of the babe. This is all of the picture—a woman, a child, a hand, a dagger—but the imagination readily paints the rest and does it better far than ever painter's brush could do it. The whole conception of the artist was too great to be conveyed to canvas. He only painted a single, simple scene in the great tragedy. But in that simple picture he has grasped the central thought of the whole scene and held it up before our eyes, and, simple as it is, it has a wonderful amount of meaning in it. As we gaze, the great conception of the artist gradually becomes our own: the whole terrible scene of slaughter passes before our imaginations in vivid reality, and our hearts alternate in sympathy for the helpless sufferers, and in indignation against Herod and his cruel hirelings, till perhaps the tears coursing down our cheeks bring us back to the consciousness that we are only looking at a painting. The artist has painted little, but suggested much.

So with Jesus in many of his comparisons, and illustrations, and parables. The parable of the sower, for instance, or the story of the prodigal, or the comparison of the true life to the growth of the grain of wheat, "Except the corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." They are all exceedingly plain and simple. Superficially viewing them there seems to be little in them but their simplicity and plainness, but when we look deeper we find them embodying truths that grow wider and deeper and higher and more glorious and life-giving as we gaze. We behold the great truths of God standing out before us in simplest garb of story, figure, parable, even as the Son of God himself became a servant and dwelt among us, the humblest yet greatest of us all.

But there is another thing very remarkable about the Saviour's illustrations; and that is, a large part of them are drawn from
nature. The rock, the tree, the shrub, the brute, the sky, earth and sea, light and darkness were all laid under tribute and made the medium for the expression of his thoughts to men. There are two principal reasons for this. First, the Saviour's soul was so in sympathy with God that he saw Him every where. All over the face of Nature, he saw his Father's thoughts written out in living characters, and he loved to read them, and study them, and unfold their meaning to others. He looked at the world with bigger, clearer eyes than ever poet possessed—the big wondering eyes of a true child of God, who possesses all things because he enjoys all things, and who enjoys all things because his soul is in sympathetic union with the Creator and Upholder of all things, and therefore in sympathy with the beautiful and the true every where.

A second reason is that there is a close analogy between nature and revelation, between the world of matter and the world of spirit. The same great Author that wrote the Bible, also wrote the wonderful book that lies open before us in the fields, and hills, and forests, and mountains, and oceans and skies. Both are records of the thoughts of the Almighty, both declare his power, his wisdom, his goodness, his love. The laws expounded in the one are illustrated in the other, and the principles which pervade the one reach over and interlink themselves with the other and bind the two volumes together in one. Christianity is not only the religion of the Bible, but of nature. It was to save men from un-nature and bring them back to a state of harmony both with God and with his beautiful creation, that Christ came into the world.

We have then some of the secrets of the beauty and power of the Saviour's illustrations. He used them, and used them so well, because his soul was full and he had to use them in order to give intelligible and clear expression to his thoughts and feelings, and he drew so largely from nature for his illustrations because there was a cord of sympathy binding his true and beautiful soul to whatever is true and beautiful every where, and because, to him whose eyes, and ears, and heart are open, nature is God's revelation as truly as the Bible.

A VISIT TO AN ANCIENT GALLERY OF ART.

If a painter were to attempt the task of placing upon canvas an accurate sketch of the antediluvian period,—a sketch that would convey to the beholder a true idea of the religion, manners, and customs of those ancient times, how careful would he be to introduce every thing conducive to the desired end, and to leave out every thing foreign to it, so that his picture should be a unit in its conception and in its execution. To enable him successfully to perform such a task he must be thoroughly familiar with the history of that period, not only knowing the prominent characteristics of the people, but entering into their inner life, and studying the very workings of their minds,—in fine, he must become as nearly as possible one of the people themselves. It is not enough that he know the facts; he must possess a vivid imagination, and be able to withdraw himself from material things, and to live in the world of the ideal. When he has met these requirements he may hope to give to the world such a picture as would teach one, utterly ignorant of written history, the leading features of those early times. But this standard can not be reached. However much he may try to become one of the people whose times he portrays, he can not succeed. His knowledge of them must be gained from books. In the details of his picture he would be compelled by ignorance to omit many interesting points which he could introduce in an historic sketch of his own times.

Homer was a painter, and he possessed this very advantage of being one of the people whose history he wrote. True, his was a word-painting, but on that account none the less vivid and true to nature. He had the facts; he had also a painter's genius, and he drew, in colors imperishable, faithful pictures of his times. Let his name be ever held in grateful remembrance, for we owe to him all the reliable knowledge we have of early Grecian history. We may speculate; we may discourse learnedly upon the Heroic age, gathering all the myths and traditions previous to the historic period, and treating them as well attested facts; we may fix the exact dates of the various events we describe with
as much assurance as if we were writing a history of our own
times, yet we must admit that all we know of the government,
religion, and social life of the early Greeks is to be found in
the poems of Homer. Homer sketched the first word painting, and
so beautifully did he perform his task; so exquisitely did he
mingle the lights and shades, that the Iliad and Odyssey, in
which are displayed the creations of his genius, have been the
art-gallery where all succeeding painters have studied, and have
caught their inspiration. Let us enter this gallery, and, wander-
ing through the spacious halls, gaze upon the grand old scenes,
at once gratifying our taste for the beautiful and gaining historic
information of the age represented. We find here a variety so
pleasing that those of the most opposite tastes can not fail to be
delighted. The sublime and the beautiful, the ludicrous and the
grotesque are each exhibited with surprising skill. Remembering
that the object of these productions was to gratify the varied
tastes of kings and princes for whom they were prepared, we
may infer that human nature was much the same then as now.
But we are tarrying too long at the threshold. In the pictures
about us are represented the religious ideas, and the modes of
worship prevalent among the early Greeks. Homer did not
create a system of mythology, but consecrated the existing system
to a new use. Hence the various divinities portrayed by him,
and their modes of thought and action were realities among the
people. Here we see Zeus, the king of gods and men, ruling
supremely over all created intelligences, except Fate, who, in the
background as it were, controls even him. Doubtless the origi-
nal belief of the Greeks was in one God, who presided as a
Sovereign over the Universe. But their lively imaginations would
not permit them to be long conversant with any natural phenom-
emon without personifying the power which they conceived to be
the cause of it. As they looked upon the ocean and saw the
waters, sometimes calm and peaceful, sometimes raging so
terribly as to make the earth tremble, they placed a god in the
midst of the waters who caused these changes. Thus originated
the god of the sea, Poseidon. By a similar process came into
being, one after another, the god of the wind, of shepherds, of
war; the goddess of peace, of purity, etc. These divinities,
being the creations of the human mind, are actuated by human
passions and affections.
womanly delicacy make her one of the noblest creations in the whole circle of ancient poetry; and the queenly Arete, whom the people gazed upon as a goddess whenever she walked abroad. These pictures, representing the relations between the sexes, are by no means displeasing, even compared with the manners of our own times." We find that each man had but one wife, and that the institution of marriage was considered sacred.

Our time is spent. We may be permitted to return and examine the paintings which represent the government of the people, the geographical knowledge they possessed, and some other points of interest, but for the present we must bid farewell to this "Ancient Gallery of Art."

JOHN CHINAMAN.

The Chinese are the anomaly of nations. Wherever they are found, and under whatever circumstances they may be placed they still always remain the same peculiar people. Odd in their personal appearance as we all know them to be, they are no less peculiar in their character. Industrious, harmless and good-natured, they are willing to endure any amount of abuse rather than attempt to defend themselves. Pagans as they are, they yet exemplify in their lives some of Christianity's noblest precepts. The citizens of every nationality seem to congregate together, and, in a measure, to hold themselves aloof from all others, but by the Chinese this tendency is carried to the extreme. Even in their trade they almost invariably adopt the maxim of the Yankee canvasser and "patronize home institutions." This peculiar people have lately become of great interest to us; they have become our near neighbors, and before long they will be found in numbers even in our Eastern States. The question naturally arises whether this importation will be of advantage or disadvantage to us,—whether the Chinese as a people are to become a source of true power to the government or are to be a drawback upon the country's development? Perhaps the ideas, most prevalent in this country, of the civilization of China are gathered, to a great extent, from a few well known customs of the people, such as the use of opium; the eating of cats and dogs and even rats etc., and judging from these data the Chinese are immediately set down as a degraded, brutal, and barbarous people, having little or no cultivation of the intellect or the heart. But the faults of a people, like those of an individual, are always more prominent than the virtues, and thus we are apt to see only the dark side of Chinese life. We have gradually learned, however, that in nearly all the heathen countries of the East schools have long been established, and that men of intellectual culture are quite commonly met in these countries; but we hardly look for much cultivation of the moral nature in such pagans as the Chinese. But many are willing to testify to their honesty as a people. Said a gentleman at Shanghai, "I know men who are worth fifty million dollars, and I believe they would lose every cent of it rather than break their word." Their benevolent societies are also a marked feature of their civilization. Nearly all of their roads and fine arch bridges, as well as their public buildings, are the results of voluntary contributions, and frequently a tablet containing the names of the donors and the amount of their subscription is placed in the structure. We have room to mention particularly but one of the many institutions for the help of the poor, infirm, and aged which exist in China. It is the most popular of all the benevolent institutions at Ningpo, and has by far the largest income of all similar institutions in the place. Its various branches of work are providing coffins for the dead poor, carrying to some suitable place of interment those coffins which have been carelessly set aside, collecting and burying again human bones which are found exposed to view, providing medicine in summer and warm clothes in winter for the needy, relieving the widows, gathering old printed paper, and suppressing immoral books. For each of these departments it has separate funds. Such a society could exist only in a country highly civilized.

The first enterprise for the suppression of immoral books originated a few years ago in the city of Suchon and has since been introduced into various other places. It has gained the sanction and concurrence of the authorities, and has already done much to check the demoralization produced by such works. The people are required to bring such books as have been prohibited to the head quarters of this society, and there they receive an equivalent for them in money. Even the stereotyped blocks from which these books are printed are also collected at great expense
and committed to the flames. Several standard novels of China, which will compare favorably, in a moral point of view, with some of the current popular literature of our own country, have fallen under the ban of this society.

The Chinese at home, then, present quite a creditable appearance. Let us now look at them as they appear abroad, and more particularly in our own country; keeping constantly in mind the fact that the poor and degraded of every nation are the emigrants, while the rich and better educated ones remain at home. The Chinese at present are found in our country almost exclusively upon the Pacific coast. Almost anywhere in California, however solitary or out of the way the place may be, you can scarcely fail to meet John Chinaman with his sloping eyes, yellow complexion, shaved head, and his pigtails carefully secured behind. He will be marked also by the national conveyance,—a long bamboo pole carefully balanced over his shoulders with probably a piece of pork at one end and a bundle of miner's tools at the other. He takes up readily almost any kind of work, and, as he is faithful and generally honest, is of much use to society. In the towns and villages "washing and ironing" seems to be his chief employment, and in this branch of business he has some improvements peculiar to himself which have not yet been patented, we believe. His "flat iron" consists of a large pan full of lighted charcoal, and using his mouth full of water as a sprinkler he most adroitly dampens the linen as he proceeds with his work.

He also makes an excellent servant of all work in the house, learning easily all the various kinds of work. Although he has certain predilections for dishes and meats which are exceedingly obnoxious to us, he makes a good cook when once he has been taught. A writer in the June number of the Atlantic in speaking of him as a cook says: "It would be strange indeed if all his habits of life commended themselves to us at first. He has been poor in his own land. Cleanliness is not set down there as being next to godliness; washing days do not come regularly every Monday. But he is imitative and quick to learn. He is not an expert in pastry, but show him how to make one pie, and he will make a dozen—a thousand, if you want them—precisely like the pattern; with just as much dough for the crust, the same amount of spice to a grain, and with twelve holes and no more in the upper crust if you made so many, to let the steam out, though he will have no idea of their use." What an improvement this is over the majority of servant girls, whose carelessness require their every motion to be watched, if we would have any thing done just right.

The Chinese are not so strong as the Irish, but, as they are willing to work for moderate wages and are industrious, they are often employed on the Pacific coast on work which, among us, "Pat" claims as his exclusive domain. As merchants they stand well in the community. Economy is one of their marked traits, and while the wealthy live and dress well those who earn but little manage to save something from that little. The chief faults of the Chinese are opium-smoking and gambling, for both of which they are notorious. Except at the great festival of their new year, which occurs in February, there is very little dissipation among them. During this festival no allusions to misfortunes, such as death, sickness, losses in business, etc., are allowed; but every thought is of happiness in the future. They dress themselves in their very best during the continuance of the festival, and call down upon one another, when they meet, all blessings imaginable. In China the first four days of the new year are appropriated for the lower class, and the first thirty for the gentry, as a time of feasting, but in this country the custom is modified and less exact. Some of the wealthy ones continue their festivities for three or four weeks in this country, but they expire with the majority at the end of three or four days.

It is part of the religious belief of the Chinaman that unless his bones are buried in his native land it will go hard with him. The companies which bring the Chinese emigrants over to California are, therefore, put under contract to bring them back again, after a certain period, dead or alive. A Chinese funeral in San Francisco is a curious scene. A special burying ground, called the Yeba Buena Cemetery, is set apart for their use. When carrying the body to the grave, little slips of paper with wise aphorisms written on them are scattered on either side. On the grave is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of Chinese wine; after which the mourners depart without ever looking back. A number of rowdies of San Francisco however, who are generally concealed near by, as soon as the mourners are out of sight make a rush for the caskets and wine, and quickly
dispose of them. After the body has lain some months in the grave the bones are dug up; carefully cleaned and polished with brushes, and, having been put into a bundle and been nicely labeled, are stored away in a little tin coffin, and placed in the commercial house which is responsible for them. When a sufficient number of these have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and they are sent back to the "Flowery Land."

On the whole the Chinese population is an advantage to the United States. They work mines which all others are unwilling to work; they cultivate land which can pay them alone; they make good workmen in almost all branches of business; are generally honest and industrious. We can well afford to put up with their harmless oddities for the sake of the help which they render us.

LITERARY CLUBS.

Why have we no literary clubs in Chicago? Is it because there are not men enough here who have sufficient culture to enjoy a weekly or monthly interchange of thought on literary and social themes, or because we are so engrossed with worldly cares — so interested in grain and beees, pine boards and corner lots — that we grudge every hour that is spent in a way that does not swell our pile of greenbacks? Perhaps there are some scholars and thinkers among us who doubt the expediency of clubs altogether; and if by the term is meant a society such as are the majority of those in our Eastern cities and in England, we do not wonder that the most thoughtful and intelligent of our citizens look upon them with distrust. Clubs of this kind are composed of persons of similar standing, who own or hire a building for their common resort, where they go to lounge, chat, hear or read the news, play cards or chess, drink, get a good meal at a reduced price, or to have a "grand supper," in which all join. They pay the regular charges, have the run of the house at all times, by night and by day, and the place is to many a home.

For unmarried men such a place has many charms; it affords unrivaled opportunities for reading, conversation and refreshment, and many an hour is spent there pleasantly, if not profitably, which might otherwise drag heavily, or be wasted in debaseing occupations. But upon a married man the influence of such a club may justly be regarded with a suspicious eye. Not only does it consume a vast amount of time, of which his wife and children can ill afford to be cheated, but it offers amusements and pleasures that gradually destroy his relish for the quiet enjoyments of home and the family circle, and fosters a habit of going abroad for that happiness which should be sought by his own fireside, among those to whom he is bound by the dearest ties that can bind a human being. The grand suppers of such clubs are too often mere scenes of debauchery, where intellectual conversation is unknown, and where a man's merit is estimated by the length of time during which he can, Gargantuana-like, stuff himself with "links and chitterlings," and by the number of bottles of champagne or sherry which he can carry under his belt without rolling under the table. There is a roaring hour of short-lived festivity, the very violence of which precludes the possibility of true enjoyment; the revellers reel to their lodging-places to be tortured with dyspepsia and nightmare, and in the morning they awake to the disagreeable experiences of headaches and soda water.

Even in England, the birthplace of the club, it is beginning to be felt that such societies have another side besides the one commonly presented to the casual observer. The admirers of the club are compelled to admit that while it has elegance, ease, comfort, luxury, absence of care, it has also emptiness and ennui. A time comes, at last, to every habitue, when the appetite fails; when the senses become satiated; when the keen edge of the sensibilities is blunted; when the happiness ceases to satisfy, and the pleasures lose the power of pleasing. The man loses more than the animal gains. A writer in the London Pall Mall Gazette complains that there is that in club life at best, which deoxygenizes the air of its fair humanities and ethereal spiritualities, and, the more one breathes of it, the less he lives. The truth is, says the writer, man is by nature a home-being; and needs that contact with feminine natures, that harmonizing of his will and his ways with those of another creature of a finer make and mould — that discipline of mind and heart which a home and nothing but a home affords — to keep him in his best estate, and develop what is finest and sweetest and noblest in his many-sided nature. The petty cares, the minute anxieties, the infinite littles
which go to make up the sum of human experience, like the invisible granules of powder, give the last and highest polish to a character.

Such are not the societies which we wish to establish in Chicago. The clubs we would have formed are purely literary, like the Literary Club of London, formed by the wits of Johnson's time, and of which he was the monarch, or, rather, the despot. That club had no house of its own, and consequently no heavy expenses, but met either at taverns or at the houses of its members. There are no pleasantner, no more profitable, reunions than the clubs of our own day that are thus organized. Made up of cultivated and thoughtful men, who keenly feel and appreciate the benefits of social intercourse, and who meet, not to babble, but for the interchange of their ripest thought, and because they know that the brightest sparks of wit and wisdom are oftener elicited by the friction of mind with mind than by months of solitary cogitation or isolated study, they call into exercise the highest social qualities, and eminently favor all generous culture. There you may meet painters, poets, philosophers, statesmen, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, engineers — representative men of the professions — who love to steal an evening hour or two from the busy pursuits of life, and engage in literary colloquy, wrestling with some amicable antagonist, or pouring out the "hived honey of the mind" for the delight and edification of congenial companions. Such a meeting is not a robbery of home. It sets up no antagonism with domestic enjoyments and duties; it involves no costly expenditure, no waste of time; it is no wild hotel scramble for excitement; it is a calm and healthful recreation, which refreshes the overtasked brain, soothes the jaded nerves, pours the oil of joy and gladness into the heart, and prepares one to fight with redoubled vigor and courage the battle of life.

Such a club, properly managed, has other merits besides those that are intellectual. It is a school of the heart — a university for the training of kindly feelings. There is a wide difference between general acquaintance and companionship. You may salute a man, and exchange compliments with him daily, yet know nothing of his character, his inmost tastes and feelings — see but a single phase of his intellect; while the converse of a few hours in the unrestricted freedom of a club may disclose the treasures of his heart and brain, and enable you to detect the nobleness of his aims and the redness of his blood. It has been justly said that the greatest discovery of our lives is that the world is not so bad as, in the first disappointment of youth's extravagant expectations, we are disposed to regard it. The passage from boyhood to manhood is "over the bridge of sighs," and our first experiences of life as it is, resemble the flavor of the forbidden apple — we are enlightened and miserable. Gladly would we command the secret of feeling as we once did; but, alas! every day takes from us some happy error — some charming illusion — never to return. We are reasoned or ridiculed out of all our jocund mistakes till we are just wise enough to be miserable, and we exclaim with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "To my extreme mortification, I find myself growing wiser and wiser every day." But a time comes at length when our views are more just. We leave our imaginary Eden with "solemn step and slow," and begin to appreciate the good qualities of those whose friendship we thought hollow, and the necessity of that labor which we deemed a curse. We exchange ecstasy for content, and, "forgetting the four rivers of our ideal heaven, open our eyes to the manifold beauties of earth — its skies islanded by stars, and its oceans starred by islands; its sunshines and calms, and the goodness of its great heart, which sends forth trees and flowers and fruits for our benefit and exaltation." To that education of mind and heart which insures satisfaction with our lot — which leads us to enjoy the sweet of life as it comes up, while we laugh at the bitter — which stiffens our muscles and sinews for the tiger-like struggles of life — we believe that well-conducted clubs conduces.

Intercourse is, after all, man's best teacher. "Know thyself" is an excellent maxim; but even self-knowledge can not be perfected in closets and cloisters — nor amid lake scenery, and on the sunny side of mountains. Men who seldom mix with their fellows are almost sure to become one-sided — the victims of fixed ideas, that sometimes lead to insanity. Prejudices which, if exposed to the sun and air of social life, would melt into air, fix themselves down as with riveted screw-bolts. Confident conclusions, which could not walk the street a day without being knocked down like bullies, are cherished and nursed till they have become the very tyrants of the mind which has engendered them. It was but natural that Zimmerman, who was the Laureat
of Solitude, should have become a lunatic. Who, that knows the facts of Rousseau's life, can marvel at the eccentricities which made him at once the wonder and the laughing-stock of Europe? It is not strange that when the Man of the Mountain, as he termed himself, after having been cooped up for years, almost alone, in the mountains of Switzerland, descended into the plain, and became the idol of the brilliant circles of Paris, his vanity and egotism should be so inordinate as to amount to insanity. The morbid ingenuity with which he distorted all the kind acts of his friend, David Hume, into proofs of deceit and jealousy—the vanity which led him to believe that he, lately a Genoa watchmaker, was a victim of universal persecution and interdict, and that not only the philosophers, but all the monarchs of Europe, had leagued to crush him—were simply the result of a life of loneliness and solitude. Private reading and study are, no doubt, necessary to culture; the scholar and the man of science must shun delights and live laborious days, if they would sound the depths of any subject whatever. But the highest good is never derived from reading or study till we have ventilated the ideas thus obtained in free and easy chat with others. The mind that is healthy delights in the glow of movement and contest. It loves to meet with a congenial spirit—one that has sucked the sweetness of the same authors, and enjoyed them with the same gust—which has brought away their quintessence, and treats it to the juice of the grape without thrusting upon it the stalks and husks. Such spirits may be met with singly in the ordinary intercourse of life, but the full play of the mind demands that they should be encountered "not in single spies, but in battalions;" and hence the necessity of clubs to bring together, like steel filings out of sand at the approach of a magnet, men of the most opposite pursuits and tastes, the attrition of whose minds may brush away their rust and cobwebs, and give them edge and polish.

Prof. Mitchell, the distinguished mathematician of Vassar Female College, died in April. Prof. James Ortan, of Rochester, N. Y., has recently been elected Professor of Natural History in that institution. We believe the ladies have a ball-club and ten boat-clubs.
And then I'll tell him; he can not deny
There really is a pain; and then, besides,
If man's a puppet in the hands of fate,
Why does he bear this idle charge against
My honest reputation? Surely, I
Am no free agent, nor responsible
For what I do. But if he wants to know
How fiery Satan is tormented in
The element he's made of, let him say
How the cloc hurt him, for he's made of dust,
And into dust must, at his death, return,"
The justice smiled, and, fining farmer Jones
A silver sixpence, left the now abashed
Philosopher to pay the bill of costs.

—Trinity Tablet.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "CITY OF TOLEDO";
BOUND FOR MARQUETTE, JUNE 19TH, 1869.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE INDEX UNIVERSITATIS:—We
hasten to comply with your request to furnish you with a brief
account of our excursion to Escanaba, Marquette, and the
mining regions of Lake Superior. We do this the more
cheerfully since it affords us an opportunity to acknowledge
another indication of President Burroughs' kind solicitude to
secure for our college classes the advantages which Chicago
affords; to record another instance of the generous sympathy of
Western business men with Western educational interests, in the
liberality of Mr. G. L. Dunlap, Superintendent of the North-
western Railroad, who generously supplied us with the key that
unlocked the way along our extensive route; and also, to
contribute somewhat to the gratification of the readers of The
INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.

It would require the space of a whole Index to indicate in
detail one half of the sights and sayings that have interested us in
our travels by land, lake, and ladder, not to mention a more
graphic pen than your correspondent's to delineate them.

Our party, consisting of Prof. C. G. Wheeler under the care
of eleven students, left Chicago for Green Bay on the Monday
evening train. Near Frank Road station, about two miles on the
left of the railroad track, the old lake beach becomes clearly
defined, and it gradually approaches nearer, until, at Norwood,
you cross each other. Here a fine white-painted meeting house
attracted our attention, but whether it is "orthodox" or
"heterodox" we failed to learn, and concluded that if those who
worship in it are like the author of 'Norwood,' it would be almost
a hopeless task to find out. Just before reaching Barrington we
pass the highest point of land between Chicago and Fox River.

Tuesday began to dawn as we neared the pleasant town of
Oshkosh, and presented such a sight as brings over one a feeling
of dreamy calmness. Lake Winnebago lay in the reflected light
of a clear silvery sky, while the morning star, shining like a
diamond key-stone in the arch of new light, added to the beauty
of the scene. Obliged to spend a whole day in Green Bay, and
learning from the gentlemanly Dr. A. H. Ellsworth of the
presence of rocks of the Trenton period about five miles out of
town, we divided ourselves into two parties,—a prospecting
party to visit the country, and an inspecting party to reconnoitre
the towns. According to their several reports, the country
abounds in romantic scenery and sham-rocks, while the town has
several excellent ten-pin alleys with numerous bowling alleys.

Next morning found us on board the steamer Saginaw, making
rapid progress toward Escanaba. On the east were little and
big Sturgeon Bays formed in the peninsula of land that separates
the Bay from the Lake. At one place where the land is only a
quarter of a mile in width the cutting of a canal has been in
contemplation, which would about one hundred miles of
travel to the shipping. Arrived at Escanaba about half past
four, we made arrangements to pass the night there, and
meanwhile renting two oar boats, we were soon rowing merrily
across Soquet Bay, a distance of four and a half miles, to a ledge
of rocks of the Hudson period rising about 45 or 50 feet above the
bay. The ledge presented a fine appearance in the light of the
setting sun, and suggested Hawk's Apostrophe.

We near the place where daring deeds,
Were done in ages past;
When Brachiopod oped dorsal valve
And seized the Trilo's fast.

The poor trilobites must have been sadly worsted as we found
no traces of them left, and the brachiopods with which the rocks