abounded were both to leave the place where they had fought, died, and left an enduring memorial.

Next morning found us on board of an empty ore-train bound for Negannoo, 62 miles distant and 700 feet higher up. On our way up one passenger-train, and six ore-trains (each averaging 40 cars, and each car holding 8 tons of ore) passed us on their way down. The scenery in the neighborhood of Goose lake is grand—lofty bluffs buttressed with tilted Azotic rocks and crowned with a dense growth of cedar and tamarack.

There are 14 iron mines in the vicinity of Negannoo. We only visited several workings of the Jackson mine, where the ore is taken out of the side of the hill and worked much like a stone quarry, although there are tunnels and underground railways for removing the ore as fast as it is quarried. Both slate and hematite are found in this mine. Leaving Negannoo by the evening train, we soon reached Marquette (13 miles distant), where we would have stayed longer if we could, since it is a place of historical interest, and named after Jacques Marquette, one of those self-sacrificing spirits who rekindle the pleasures of home and society from their love of enterprise, and desire to extend the blessings of Christian civilization to those that inhabit the ends of the earth.

A heavy mist hung over the waters of Lake Superior and combined with the darkness of the night to limit our steps to the cabin of the steamer, where we spent a pleasant evening in singing preparatory to class-day, “Classmates, Oh classmates, awake from your sadness,” and our “Farewell song” to the tune of “Home, Sweet Home.” Long shall we cherish the fraternal emotions awakened by such occasions. In the morning we were still befogged (the captain declared the fog was caused by burning wet wood) and had to sound our way cautiously into Portage Bay, where we soon discovered Houghton on the left, and Hancock on the right. The hills on both sides rise abruptly from the bay to the height of 700 or 800 feet. While Professor Wheeler sought out parties to whom he had letters of introduction, we spent what remained of the forenoon prospecting on our own account. After noon, accompanied by Mr. R. J. Wood, agent of the St. Mary’s Canal Mineral Land Co., we visited the smelting furnaces and stamping mills of the Detroit and Lake Superior Copper Co., and were shown the double process of reducing the copper, first by the rotary furnace, and then by the blast furnace, from which the refuse flows down the slope like the lava from a volcano in miniature. About seventy-five men are engaged in this process of reduction. The refined copper is cast into ingots of 150 lbs. weight, and into others of a size suitable for packing in barrels of one ton capacity. Here we were shown two masses of copper as they came from the mine, almost pure in quality, and weighing 700 and 800 lbs. respectively. The stamping mill, where there are eighteen gangs of hammers, each gang containing four hammers, is a very Pandemonium from noise. Emerging from this unearthly place, our Virgil in the person of Mr. Wood, whose kindness we can not forget, took leave of us, and we prepared to ascend into the higher regions. Our ascent was difficult at first, since no Beatrice appeared to encourage us, but after a while the appearance of a maiden, standing pilot-like upon a descending ore-car moving at railway speed down the steep tramway, rebuked our flagging spirits, and the road became easier after that. Of the extent and varied beauty of the landscape as seen from the top of the hill, I will not stop to speak; the all-absorbing object of interest now was the Quincy copper mine. At 5 o’clock P.M., the ascent of the day hands (although the succession of day and night is unnoticed in those dark labyrinths,—it is all night there) presented the novel spectacle of a torch light procession coming up from the nether world. After partaking of the kind hospitality of Mrs. Labran, four of us, whom the rest so soon forgot, dressed up in miners’ suits and under the guidance of the captain of the gang descended the main shaft on the main engine, a ponderous machine by which we were lowered, with but little exertion though a deal of caution on our part, ninety fathoms into the bowels of the rock. The air is pure—the candles burn freely, set in sockets of clay and fastened simply by its adhesiveness to the hats of the miners, and when seen in the more distant parts they look like so many stars. We now descended by ladder to the different levels, exploring them as we went, sometimes exchanging a pleasant word with the miners, now crouching to pass through a narrow vein, and again gazing into heights, or peering into depths whose extent we could not see but whose immensity we could feel, until we found ourselves at 9 P.M. on the last level, 1,000 feet below the surface. While we were looking up a
trophies in the shape of a copper specimen, we heard the voice of a miner in one of the more distant levels. We listened in silence; it was one of Zion's songs—a sacred lay that thrills the Christian soul with holy aspirations, — "Nearer my God to Thee,—Nearer to Thee." Our feelings we can not communicate; that passage of Holy Writ came to our recollection, "If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there." Impressions were then made upon our minds that never can be erased, and feelings of sublimity awakened that words cannot embody. On our way up again, senior Bosworth found himself suddenly up to the elbows in a hole, but, happening to have a firm hold of the ladder, a catastrophe was prevented. This, together with a slight bewilderment on the part of senior Pray in getting off the last step of the man engine on the way down, were the only reminders we had of the possibility of an accident. We do not attribute this to mere caution, nor our safe return thus far to commencement duties to luck, but would rather recognize the sentiment of the miner's song and attribute our safety and success to the care of Him who is over, and with, and above all.

We are again upon the waters of Lake Superior,—homeward bound; and as we occasionally group together to recount the incidents humorous, pleasant, and instructive that have merited observation, and mutually express our unalloyed satisfaction with our whole excursion, no expression rises with more spontaneity or with greater sincerity than this, "We could not have had a better person with us than Professor Wheeler." We recognize in him a scholar above us, yet a student with us, a rare gentleman, and a genial companion. Yes, we are homeward bound—bound for the home of our intellectual youth, deeply conscious of the fact that the class of '69 has many warm friends.

DUNNEDIN.

The College word "Slope," which is among the first words a "Fresh" learns to pronounce, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Slopon"—to steal away; which is itself derived from the German "ent-schlupfen"—to sneak.

THE ART OF ORATORY.

This question "How?" is found occurring at almost every turn we make. How shall we best prosecute our studies? How shall we become leading physicians, lawyers, or ministers? How shall we succeed in business? All these questions are continually meeting us and demanding our thought for their answer, and that very pertinently too: for, though we may have had a good degree of success in the past, still the fact that we have been successful in a measure is a guarantee, other things being equal, that we may be more so in the future, if we consider carefully what means may be employed. It is therefore not only pertinent, but important, that those who expect to devote their attention to public speaking, should ask this question: "How may a great orator be made?" In saying "Great Orator" I do not mean how may we all become great orators, but by what means may we approximate to this position as near as our powers will permit: nor do I expect in a short essay to touch upon all the points that Whately treats of in five hundred pages, but to speak only of the most salient ones.

First, then, who is the great orator? In answer, I say, he is the public speaker who has the power to influence large, intelligent and cultivated audiences as he may choose; and the more intelligent and highly cultivated the audience he thus influences, the stronger is his claim to greatness.

This power of influence is not one that can be wholly acquired; like the power of muscle; but the man who would be an orator must possess those powers of mind which are, as it were, a foundation upon which to build the art of oratory. A clear, philosophic mind, keen perceptions, and a ready reading of character, are faculties without which it were folly for any one to aspire to oratory. These faculties being granted, study is the next condition. Study with especial reference to the end in view should be pursued. But as the orator has to do with almost every thing, he should study a wide range of subjects, keeping in view the connection between his study and his calling. Our schools offer courses of study fitted in a fair degree to develop the orator;
but in my opinion they fall far short of grasping the most important studies, though they may perhaps incidentally afford the opportunity of pursuing them. We are told that Demosthenes secluded himself in a cave, there to perfect himself as an orator; but study in seclusion is far from being the means to be adopted by modern men. To influence men, we must know men. If we would stir their patriotism, we must know upon what basis they found their love of country; and if we would speak to their pride, we must know in what they take pride, whether in waving fields of golden grain, in massive marble fronts, or in extensive knowledge. To form this acquaintance, and know best how to apply it, we must mingle with men, study them at their homes with their families, study them in their business, become thoroughly conversant with their modes of thinking under different circumstances, and by intimate association and close contact of mind with mind, learn the mainspring of their actions, the key notes of their characters, that when we wish we may strike those key notes expecting they will vibrate through the whole soul of the man, moving him as we wish. In short, orators must be constant students of human nature.

But this alone will not suffice. Language must be carefully studied. The good orator comes in contact with, and addresses men who have had the same opportunities for cultivation, and refinement as himself, and, if he fails to use appropriate language, he at once disgusts the finer sensibilities of his audience and loses their respect, without which he is powerless. To gain a mastery of good language, much reading of the classical authors of our own tongue is necessary, and much writing and re-writing of our own thoughts is none the less essential. The orator must never appear before his audience without thoroughly understanding his subject.

The orator must be earnest, and feel what he has to say. Interest in a subject is acquired by study, and even though our interests may not be very fully identified with the subject we have to handle, yet by study a marked change in the degree of interest felt can be acquired, and a corresponding difference will be perceptible in the interest aroused in the audience addressed. I have known school-boys to go out into the woods to practice declamation; to imagine that the trees were people; that this one must be impressed with the force of one sentiment, and that one

with the force of another, and thus to become as thoroughly interested as though there were men before them. Others have gone into empty churches, and, imagining their audiences before them, have sent a word of warning to the occupants of one pew, a word of cheer or advice to those of another, and an irresistible appeal or stinging rebuke to those of still another. Persons thus practicing when they came before their audiences were attentively listened to, and their efforts were successful.

Page after page might be occupied in multiplying precepts illustrated by successful practice, but they may be all comprehended in a very general way by the following: In the study of men let the study of orators occupy a prominent position. Study not one only, though it be a Gough or a Phillips, but study as many as possible, and from the information thus gained, cull such rules and principles, as you yourself can use to advantage.

D.

EXCHANGES.

The Western Monthly, although not yet two years old, is well known to the reading public. It is, as its name indicates, a western magazine, whose object is to develop western intellect and enterprise. It is neatly printed on good paper, presenting a good appearance to the eye, and it furnishes to its readers varied and instructive literary matter. Each number contains a fine engraving of some prominent western man, and an interesting sketch of his life forms the leading article of the number. We are much pleased with the variety of the matter contained in the July issue. Almost any one may find at least one article which is specially suited to his tastes, while all educated and reading men will find something in nearly all of the articles which will both interest and instruct them. The subjects treated pertain to science, history, literature, and politics. The stories introduced furnish light reading, also, for the time when the mind demands rest from its hard work. It is published at Chicago by Reed, Browne, & Co., No. 18 Tribune Building. Terms: Single numbers 25 cents; $2.00 per year.

The Prairie Farmer, a weekly journal published in Chicago by "The Prairie Farmer Company," has for its motto the "Farm,
Our first impression of this paper was quite unfavorable. An article upon which our eye first lighted, caused us to think that slang and ungrammatical expressions, if not frequent, were at least not entirely expelled from its columns, and, as we looked on, the opinion forced itself upon us that, in a literary point of view, The Farmer is below the standard. It has however life, the one chief requisite for success in any paper, and contains much useful information pertaining to agriculture.

It points out to farmers the faults of their present methods of farming, and presses upon them the necessity of adopting those better methods which it places before them. It also keeps its readers well posted upon Agricultural news, and seems to try to cultivate a spirit of healthy rivalry among them in the various branches of their business. Terms $2.00 a year.


The number for June 29th of the Scientific American closes its twentieth volume. This paper is one deservedly popular, and is especially so among mechanics. Its object is so to popularize science as to make a general knowledge of the principles possible to all readers, and to render available to all those improvements in the arts which are constantly being made by the aid of scientific discovery. The information which it contains is of the highest value to any one, whether he be a mechanic, a farmer, or a professional man, and is given in chaste and pleasing language. The work of popularizing science is a noble one. The field of science has in these days become so broad, and the intricacies in each department are so numerous, that it is only those who are natural lovers of the study who can have the patience to plod along and gain a thorough and detailed knowledge of any one branch, and much less of its many branches. But no one can afford to be ignorant of its general principles, or its leading facts, and the new developments which are daily made. The mass of the people, then, demand that these wants be met, and that their attention be called to these matters by interesting articles which omit the dull details and the careful exactness required by the student. This demand the Scientific American is meeting by the manner in which it treats of its subjects. It is published and owned by Munn & Co., No. 7 Park Row (Park Building), New York.

There is nothing pleasanter to the editor than to notice new exchanges. The College Mercury, published at Racine College, has just made its appearance upon our table. We learn from the paper that with the number before us it has been enlarged. It certainly presents a very pleasing appearance now, being neatly printed on fine tinted paper. We congratulate you, brother Editors, upon the success which you are having with your paper.

LOCAL.

The Athenæum and Tri Kappa Societies have elected the following officers for the next term:

ATHENÆUM.
Vice-President—H. K. Shumaker. Editor—W. R. Breckenridge.
Secretary—N. E. Wood. Editor—J. M. Coon.
Assistant Secretary—C. A. Beverley. Local—B. L. Aldrich.

TRI KAPPA.
President—T. P. Maryatt. Sub-Secretary—W. W. Cole.
Vice-President—E. R. Bliss. Treasurer—W. L. Farnum.
Critic—D. Dewolf.

CORRECTION.—In noting the award of prizes for last year in our June number, by some oversight the award of the Myers prizes for excellence in oratory in the Junior class was omitted. The award was as follows:

To Robert D. Sheppard — — — — — First Prize.
To Alonzo D. Foster — — — — — Second Prize.

A valuable addition to our College library has arrived in New York from Europe, and will soon be forwarded to the University. A large number of works besides these will also be placed upon the library shelves before the beginning of next term. The library is a very important part of any institution of learning, and we are glad to see that our own is to be so much improved.

The Students returned last Monday from a Geological trip to Lake Superior. They seem to have had a fine time. A full account of their travels is given by one of them in the article headed "A Trip to Lake Superior." The members of the class are now waiting to make themselves famous by their Class-day exercises and Commencement orations. They have much to do if they expect to surpass the class of last year in either of these. Their programmes look well however. The programme for Class-day promises a rich feast to all who enjoy a good laugh. It contains a History, Prophecy, Oration, Examination for Degrees, Mock Scheme, Poem, Tree-planting, Burial of Records, and an Address by the President. Comic and serious songs by the class will be interspersed in these exercises. If the weather should be favorable, we prophecy for the class a large audience. As we write, the sound of the scythe reaches us as it puts the grounds in order for Commencement.

The present number is the last of our magazine for this College year. Next October THE INDEX will again make its appearance with a new corps of Editors, and with brighter prospects for the future.

COLLEGE NEWS.

From the University Reporter we learn the following facts concerning Iowa College: The first movement towards founding the college was made at Denmark, Iowa, March 12, 1844. Two years afterward the college was located at Davenport, and a building erected. In 1848 a Professor of Languages was selected, with a salary of $500 per annum. In 1850 there were twenty-six students of Latin and eight of Greek. The Professorship of Mathematics was filled in 1851, that of Natural Science in 1853, and that of Mental and Moral Science in 1855. Twice the college grounds were interfered with by the extension of the city streets, and at the second interruption the treasury had become helplessly embarrassed through breach of trust, and in 1859 the property was sold for an Episcopal college. In the meantime an institution had been founded at Grinnell, Iowa, whose trustees offered to Iowa College its location with property and considerable subscription, which was accepted in 1858, and in 1860 the first Freshmen class was organized in the college at Grinnell. It has now an endowment of about $75,000, and seven instructors, including four professors, and is in a flourishing condition.

We clip from a New York exchange the following table showing the comparative ages of the prominent institutions in that state:

- College of the City of New York, founded March 20, 1866.
- Columbia College, October 31, 1854.
- Cornell University, Ithaca, April 14, 1865.
- Genesee College, Lima, February 27, 1839.
- Hamilton College, Clinton, May 26, 1812.
- Hobart College, Geneva, April 5, 1824.
- Madison University, Hamilton, March 26, 1846.
College News.

St. John's College, Fordham, April 10, 1840.
Union College, Schenectady, February 25, 1705.
University of the City of New York, April 18, 1831.
University of Rochester, Rochester, Monroe Co., May 8, 1846.
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, January 11, 1861.

Fifteen hundred and thirty-three students are reported in six local colleges in Michigan the past year. Nearly six hundred of these are females. More than half the pupils in the Normal School are females. The number of students reported in the higher institutions of the state the past year is as follows:

- University ........................................ 1,293
- Agricultural College, (many rejected) .............. 94
- Normal School, (average attendance) ............... 223
- Adrian College, (Methodist) ....................... 142
- Albion College, (Methodist Episcopal) .............. 263
- Hillsdale College, (Free Will Baptist) .............. 515
- Kalamazoo College, (Baptist) ...................... 332
- Hope College, (Dutch Reformed) .................... 96
- Olivet College, (Congregational) ................... 295

The Chemical Laboratory of Michigan University comprises five rooms, covering a total area of over 7,000 square feet. There are 152 work-stands, each accommodating one student. Each student has an area of 55 square feet, and an air space of 700 cubic feet. Two ventilating fans driven by steam are kept constantly in motion during working hours, at the rate of twelve to fifteen hundred revolutions per minute, thus changing the entire bulk of air every fifteen minutes. Since introducing these force ventilators, no student has had to leave the Laboratory on account of receiving injury to his health from impure air.

Besides these facilities, the students make use of the engine-room in the basement, thirty by thirty-five feet, for assaying, and in cutting and polishing minerals.

The course of Laboratory study comprises Qualitative Analysis, Determinative Mineralogy, Quantitative Analysis, Assaying Taxicology, Physiological and Pathological Analysis, and Practical Pharmacy. The Laboratories in the Universities of Berlin and Bonnloch provide for eighty, and that of Leipsic for one hundred students.

The number enrolled at the Michigan University Laboratory this year is 206. The average cost per week for each is $1.12.

—University Magazine.
Address.

the first honors of a school, which I know can not be obtained, without the highest degree of intellectual and moral merit. In accepting the responsibilities connected with the trusts you are to assume as legal practitioners; you could not give any higher evidence to the world of the laudable ambition by which you are at present actuated.

Among all fields of human employment, I feel it perfectly safe to assert, that there is not one of them all, that demands the exercise of higher gifts of natural endowment, so wide a range of knowledge, so complete an absorption of time, and the development of all faculties of our moral and intellectual nature, as the Science of Jurisprudence in its practical application to the affairs of human life.

Above all other callings in the high places of Justice to which the profession is assigned, it is intimately associated with and requires a knowledge of all, for the law is in daily, hourly contact with all other industries and vocations—enters into and binds together all the parts of our social organization. Without this, modern civilization, and all that is known in the progress of the race would be, and always hitherto must have been, impossible. Every security against that violence which in barbarous states plunders the weak and robs labor of its fruits, depends, in more advanced stages of society, upon a faithful administration of justice. All the fundamental axioms of constitutional government in modern times, incontestably belong to the direct tracings out of our professional teachings and experience. The boasted liberty of person; the rights of property; the pursuit of happiness; the freedom of thought, and all freedom whatever, consistent with the existence and enforcement of rules which secure that freedom and those rights to all men alike, without fear or molestation, are all the carefully elaborated results of our professional history. They are the materials worked into those structures of all modern government, based in any respect upon the consent or happiness of the governed.

Gentlemen: Next to God himself, and the "lex scripta" of His inspired Word! there is no higher source of justice or authority on the earth, than that to be found with the professors of Jurisprudence. Others may preach the Word of future life or hope, its rewards and penalties. But with you, will it ever remain to enforce in practice, that truth, upright dealing, justice,
Address.

Well, gentlemen, it is to be regretted that such scandals sometimes come to our profession through its unworthy members. "Wo unto them by whom the scandal cometh." I need hardly say to you, however, that were the general charge itself sustained against us, that society would be totally disorganized. Such a betrayal of the great trusts which our profession commends to the keeping of its members, would involve the total ruin of all grades, all interests; more disastrous in its effects than the abolition of schools and churches, and the dissolution of all the forms of government, whereby order, justice, faith, or human intercourse, as now recognized, is at all practicable. Since on the administration of justice, and the large reputable body charged with the custody of its oracles, on the bench and at the bar, is to be found the essential, the vital elements which uphold in life and maintain in place the fabric of all that constitutes our present civilization.

It is fortunate for the cause of progress and civilization, that among no body of equal numbers are the derelictions from fidelity and rectitude so rare as among the members of the legal fraternity. In all conditions of society they verify the remarkable inscription of Lord Coke to his second volume of the Institutes. It is so full of the wisdom of that remarkable man, and is so appropriate in the way of advice to young members of the profession, that I quote it entire:

"For thy comfort and encouragement cast thine eyes upon the sages of the law, and never shalt thou find any that hath excelled in the knowledge of the law, but hath sucked from the breast of that divine knowledge — honesty, gravity and integrity, and, by the goodness of God, hath obtained greater blessing and ornament than any other profession to their family and posterity.

"Hitherto I never saw any man of a loose and lawless life, attain to any sound and perfect knowledge of the law; and on the other side, I never saw any man of an excellent judgment in the law, but was wistful (being taught by such a master), honest, faithful and virtuous; wherefore, a great lawyer never dies impolitic aut intestatus, and his posterity continue to flourish to distant generations."

After an individual experience of more than a quarter of a century, and practice at this bar, I am a witness of my own observation, to indorse the whole truth of what Lord Coke has thus so quaintly recorded. A tried integrity and an upright life are not only to be found with the body of the profession, but more than this; success is not to be attained without integrity. It is true, or it may fall out at times, that brilliant careers may befall men of corrupt qualities, but it will be further found that they are of short duration. They rise "like the rocket to come down as the stick." I was reminded of many such, on a recent occasion, when I heard your President of the University reading, over the remains of a good man, the 37th Psalm:

"I have seen the wicked in great power, yea, spreading himself like a green bay-tree.

"But yet a little while, and lo! he was not. I sought him, and he could not be found!"

Depend upon it, that the lawyer who would achieve great reputation must build it upon the eternal foundation of justice and virtue. How can that man be successful in the nicer application of the rules of equity, and rectitude, and judgment in the affairs of others, whose importance and value can he not appreciate as regards his own life and conduct? One-half the power and weight of the argument is lost where the teacher contradicts the tenor of his own utterances by his practice or example. The very mental obliquity of such a course as this is fatal to the judgment that must discriminate nicely in complex cases, and to urge home upon others the sterner morality of all just judgment in the tribunals of final appeal, in which the lawyer's greatest triumphs are obtained, and the greatest controversies decided.

It is not unfrequently that you hear the lawyer charged with being of conservative habit and opposed to progress.

It struck the greatest of European writers (De Tocqueville) upon our own institutions, a few years ago, that the only check existing in this country upon the demagogical tendencies which had wrecked other republican forms of government was to be found in the learning and authority of the courts and lawyers of America. This charge of conservatism now, considering the corruptions of legislation, the peculations of office, and the dangers of all kind occasioned by the profligacy and character of the men aspiring to official positions in the nation, implies a tribute of no ordinary character.

It is to be remembered, that during all the wildest excesses of the French Revolution — that carnival of blood and crime — that
not a single great jurist was to be found among the sanguinary disciples of Murat or Robespierre. One great example of fidelity to duty rises out of that chaos of elements. That devoted and great constitutional lawyer, Malesherbes, defended Louis XVI. before the French Convention at the peril of his own life. He exerted all his powers to save his great client out of the hands of an infuriated mob. His arguments were masterly, his logic irresistible. But of what avail was it to talk of the constitution or the laws to those who knew their *saturena* of revolution was a triumph of themselves over all government whatever, and the King was sent to the guillotine. Malesherbes stood by him to the last, and saw the head of Louis fall with the constitution of 1792, to which he had given his assent.

History now reviews the period, to justify the advocate and condemn the semi-barbarous fanatics who trampled his counsels under their feet. His life and that of his profession is a *protest* against all that mob of enthusiasts; insane dreamers of *reason* instead of *religion*; men of "little learning;" mercenary jobbers in frauds; the "smart men" of our own times; the bohemians of the press, writing sensational for political purposes, and the masses of the ignorant, vicious and profane of all great cities. France, called back to reason through her experience of military despotism, now honors the memories of such lawyers as Malesherbes and such citizens as Lafayette and Vergniaud. If you ever visit Paris, do not omit to visit the Palais de Justice, and see a magnificent cenotaph in the great hall as you enter. It records in marble the memorable fidelity and truth of the great advocate, and is a national testimony of his worth.

If you want now a contrast to this, cross the narrow channel that divides France from England. You may search in vain for any shrine or stone, sanctuary or monument erected to honor the names of such jobbers in fraud and betrayers of our professional rectitude as Empson and Dudley, Scroggs and Jeffreyes. Mankind execrates those legal assassins of our kind — those mere tools of power — and mankind has given them a record in history that at the mention of their very names it shudders. The conservatism of the legal profession arises out of the judicious protection of all that is necessary to be preserved in the introduction of reforms. Neither in England or America has a great reform ever been made without the direct agency of the profession in securing it. The life of Lord Coke is an example of what was accomplished for the English, by his refusal to first subscribe with other judges an opinion as to the king's prerogative, which would have rendered him absolute master instead of a ruler of his people.

The reply, which cost him the loss of his office as Chief Justice of the King's Bench, is preserved by the historian:

"When the case arises, I will decide as becomes a judge."

His subsequent draft of the great petition of right in Parliament is, at this day, incorporated not only as a part of the so-called "English Constitution," but its principles are cardinal reiterated in American bills of right, and recognized in all free governments over the globe.

The memorable lives of such men as the Hales, Mansfields, Kents, Storeys, Marshalls, and Tanseys, need no comment. They fill the world with light in that upper sky of our profession, where they shine as the great luminaries of all learning. It is possible without virtue and by great intellect to reach the same height of glory as these names occupy. Aaron Burr could have reached such a height, but devoid of the integrity that shines in the daily life of the great jurist, hundreds like him "fall like Lucifer never to rise again."

Gentlemen: I have not the time to follow out the lines to their ends, which I have taken up with these thoughts. Let me suggest a few things by way of advice, and close my remarks.

And first, let me say, as the result of all I have been hitherto saying, that, in all your professional conduct, you should practice an integrity of conduct irreproachable. Your truth and candor should be above suspicion in your dealings, not only with your clients, but the courts and members of the profession. Never make a misstatement of principle or fact. From the very nature of things, the lawyer or advocate must often labor under error, on account of the misrepresentation of clients or witnesses. A bad cause, even, is never helped out by falsehood, while a good one can not fail in being injured by it. The duty of the true advocate or lawyer is to deal with the facts and principles as he finds them, and only doing that for a client which the client can only with honor or justice do for himself.

You are aware that the question of how far a lawyer is bound to go in defence of his client, is a moot question. Lord Brougham thought that an advocate, by the sacred duty he owed to his client,
should know but one person in the world, that client and no other.

"To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that
client at all hazards and cost to others, and among others, to
himself."

Now I do not believe in this doctrine of the client stepping in
to usurp the place of conscience in the advocate, so as to render
him utterly regardless of all his other obligations to truth, to
justice, to right, and to others.

The true rule is laid down by Mr. Coleridge and Erskine:
"It is his bounden duty to do every thing for his client, which
the client might honestly do for himself." And "to do it with
all the effect which any exercise of skill, talent, or knowledge
of his own may be able to produce." He could not, however, in
"sine conscientia," put in evidence a forged deed or will—
knowing it to be forged—without being guilty himself of a
crime; and I maintain he should have a conscience void of
offence, and be candid, truthful, and honest.

Diligence with cases, and their thorough study, is the next duty
of the lawyer. Courtesy in intercourse with all, and the dress
and refinement of a gentleman in all his intercourse with the
world, are expected of the lawyer, and if absent he is rated
lightly.

I need say nothing of fidelity in the keeping of secrets, and in
promoting the general interests of all clients who stand in the
confidence of wards to guardians. There is a confidential relation
of dependence on one hand, and protection on the other, which
even the worst men of the profession never dare betray in the
worst state of public opinion.

And, finally, let me say to you, that never in any period of our
history as a nation, was there so much real need felt for an honest
and independent profession as the present. Corruption is rife in
courts and legislatures. The current conversation of society is
the last job of the lobby or the "ring," which has carried
through some legislature, under the forms of law, the appro-
priation to private uses of the public property or taxes to the
amount of millions. Men are in our profession, that under
pretense of rendering "legal service," accept "bribes," called
Fixes, in forwarding this infamous work of corruption and
plunder. The atmosphere of legislation is tainted, and the
courts of justice are, in some states, regarded as suffering from

the general contagion. As yet, we believe that in our own state,
the ermine of our judges remains unspotted by even the slanders
of the hour. The national judiciary, as is, above all, befitting
it should be, stands acknowledged as the great break-water
against all the tides of this general corruption, in which the wise
and good men of all parties alike apprehend the greatest danger
which, as yet, has threatened the overthrow of American republic-

ian institutions. Corporate wealth in railways, and great
capitalists, consolidate their interests at each session of the
legislature, as at the last in Illinois, to carry through the most
gigantic frauds upon the people, and "rob even the poor of their
inheritance in the land."

The so-called "Lake-Front Steal," witnessed the latest
approach in the stages which this state of corruption had
attained, when it deprived the masses of the people of the usual
organs of public opinion, by corruptly suborning to silence or
advocacy, every newspaper press in the city, that was to be
robbed of its magnificent dowry of park, lake, and harbor, by
the three corporations engaged in the most gigantic scheme of
conspiracy ever concocted to rob a people of their rights, and
degrade a legislative assembly by corruption to effect their
purpose.

We want a pure and elevated bar, and a bench above suspicion,
to check these terrible inroads of the spirit that is rampant. We
need the unadulterated voice of Justice in our courts, responsible
alone to God and the people. That voice should be heard in the
sanctuaries of Justice, as "fountains springing fresh from the lap
of earth, and not like waters constrained in their course by art or
fraud, stagnant and impure."
THE RESTORED PICTURE.

In later years, veiling its unblest face
In a most loathsome place,
The chief adornment of a house of shame,
It hung, till, gnawed away
By tooth of slow decay,
It fell, and parted from its mouldering frame.

The rotted canvas, faintly smiling still,
From worldly puff and frill,
Its ghastly smile of coquetry and pride,
Crumpling its faded charms
And yellowed jewelled arms,
Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the gate;
He, skilled to recreate
In old and ruined paintings their lost soul
And beauty—one who knew
The Master's touch by true,
Swift instinct, as the needle knows the pole,

Looked on it, and straightway his searching eyes
Saw through its coarse disguise
Of vulgar paint and grime and varnish stain
The Art that slept beneath—
A chrysalis in its sheath,
That waited to be waked to life again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew
Each wondrous trait and hue,—
This is the miracle, his chosen task!
He bears it to his house,
And, there, from lips and brows,
With loving touch, removes their alien mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid
An early, mellowing shade;
Then hands unskilled, each seeking to impart
Fresh tints to form a face,
With some more modern grace,
Had buried quite the Mighty Master's Art.

John Milton, Poet.

First, razed from the divine original,
Brow, cheek, and lid, went all
That outer shape of worldliness; when, lo!
Beneath the varnished crust
Of long imbedded dust,
A fairer face appears, emerging slow.

The features of a simple shepherdess!
Pure eyes, and golden tress;
And, lastly, crook in hand. But deeper still
The Master's work lies hid;
And still through lip and lid,
Works the Restorer with unsparing skill.

Behold! at length, in tender light revealed,
The soul so long concealed!
All heavenly faint at first, then softly bright,
As smiles the young-eyed Dawn,
When darkness is withdrawn,
A shining Angel breaks upon the sight!

Restored, perfected, after the divine
Imperishable design,
Lo, now! that once despised and outcast thing,
Holds its true place, among
The fairest pictures hung
In the high palace of our Lord the King!

From the Atlantic.

JOHN MILTON, POET.

GREECE had her Homer, and ancient Italy her Virgil. Mediaeval Italy, the land that succeeds Elder Greece in art and culture, boasts her Dante. England, the land which, till recently at least, exercised the restraining and organizing power which Rome did formerly, boasts her Milton. These four, the princelest sons of song vouchsafed from Heaven to cheer the toils of men, though far apart in the lifetime of the race, are inseparable in association, and could they now reanimate their dust, and spend one hour of precious communion, Virgil might clasp hands with the kindred spirit of Florence, and the blind bard of seven cities might listen, entranced, to the voice of Milton, most nearly like his own of all the sons of men. For five centuries preceding the Eighteenth, there had been no poet equal to the majesty of the divine themes,
As the world grew older and science was driving the elves, the
gods, and the graces from their haunts—as the emigrant disposses-
ses the tenant of the forest—the problem of a poet was
becoming more perplexing. Must the charm of ancient Mythol-
ogy, and the fancies of the middle age, and the novelty of open-
ing science, and the grace of polite letters pass away, and there
be no monument which shall tell their story, and proclaim,
"Here are five centuries," as the one, high raised, greening
statue of Minerva proclaimed, "Here is Athens?" Phidias
moulded that statue. It was a bold thing to put a god in bronze;
but he did it, and in his masterwork were embodied the religion,
the poetry, the splendor of the Greek civilization. What must
have been the man who did it but a consummate Athenian!
The seventeenth century was voiceless, and so had been many
centuries past. It was looking for a man who should so embody
it, and the heritage it had received from the centuries before, that
when it should have departed, its essence might remain. It was
more exacting in the qualifications which it prescribed for its
poet, and more rigorous in its scrutiny than had been any pre-
ceding age. When Homer sang, his Muse said to him, "Re-
member the stories of your childhood; remember the sports of
the plain; remember the haughty spirit of your chieftains; re-
member the sacking of cities, the beauties of your women, the
valor of your heroes; remember the gods, and sing." He sang,
and the echoes of his simple song ring on. When Dante, "The
voice of the centuries," sang, the Muse said to him, "You have
stored the erudition of the past; you are in sympathy with the
unfortunate present; you have a melancholy soul, which rigor
and asceticism have trained to be the best expression of this cul-
minaling civilization. Let your soul surge from one extreme of
its melancholy to the other, and sing." He sang, and to human
fancy hell will ever be the hotter and heaven the happier, for his
song. When the seventeenth century sought expression, it found
a blind old man who had lost his sight in acquiring scholarship
and in performing public service. He was a grand old man,
upon whose brow sat reason as upon a throne; his features
were of surpassing beauty; his face one that in his younger days had
beguiled a romantic lady in a forest to think him some youthful
god that had lain down to rest. Its chief expressions then were
meditation and beauty; now, who might read it? All that en-
nobles man was there—intelligence, experience, passion, poetry;
his voice was like that of the aged Nestor; his quenched orbs
rolled upward as if for other than the light of day; his hair fell
in ambrosial ringlets upon his shoulders and his whole body was
as symmetrical and beautiful as his face. It was the form of an
athlete, and a fit model by which to mould his Adam.

He had sung before; his youthful Muse had been the delight of
instructors and friends. The Muse of his young manhood had
been solitary, peerless in fancy, and unparalleled in fitness of
expression and command of poetic measures; yet it did not rise
to a dignity comporting with that of the master spirit of the age.
Some of the elements were there, but not all, for the poet of the
seventeenth century. Scholarship he had; his seven years of
studious retirement, and his occasional journeys to London, for
the latest discoveries in science, and his tour upon the continent,
together with the enthusiastic studiousness of his boyhood, and
the influence of refined society, had placed him abreast with the
learning and culture of the age. But he must be as profoundly
versed in the knowledge of man, his emotions and passions; so
his ardent spirit, inflamed by the preferences of a republican
father, entered upon its new studies at the accession of Charles
II. Then he learned what hate was, and ambition, and scorn,
and, by contrast, what were their opposites. Then, too, when
his natural independence was nursed by the necessity of his
party, the author of Lycidas, the student of the Bible, the
learned athlete of Horton, became a master of skillful reasoning,
of fiery discourse, and devilish invective—an appropriate train-
ing for him who was, in a few years, to report the councils of
fallen angels; the speeches of Satan, of Belial and of Moloch,
and to show how passion rages when the man is overmastered.
Still further to qualify himself for his work, he must learn the
vicissitudes of fortune; so he beheld himself an outlaw, perse-
cuted and despised of men, and drinking deep of domestic sor-
row. He must long meditate, too, before writing; so a film
gathered over his eyes; and in that old man were put up scholar-
ship, culture, experience of life in all its phases of storm and
quiet, and such an appreciation of the beauties of nature as can
only exist in a blind man who, before his blindness, had long
loved and observed them. As he meditated, the sunset grew
more golden, the flowers assumed livelier hues, and beauty in all
its forms grew more beautiful. By more frequent use, his other
senses, too, became keener; the song of the nightingale that had
been wont to charm him with its melancholy sweetness, now
grew more unspeakably precious and the fragrance of flowers
gave more exquisite delight.

Such was the man and such was his qualifications, who was
to be the voice of the ages culminating in the seventeenth cen-
tury. His song was the "Loss of Paradise." In the selection of
his themes, he betrayed the audacity which is common to all
great minds and the loftiness of his own genius, whose adven-
turous wing "with no middle flight, presumed to soar," leaving
the exploits of King Arthur for other times and weaker pens,
invading the empyrean itself. Think of the variety and diffi-
culty of his topics—the speech of Deity, the songs of angels,
the passion of devils, the hitherto unpictured delights of Eden,
and all the infinite shades of description, of thought, and fancy,
demanded in an attempt to trace the tragedy of sin—fit subjects
for the pen of Isaiah or Ezekiel, who did not write unsaid, and
subjects whose treatment could only be justified by the completest
success. The circumstances which suggested them were few.
There were but three passages in Holy Writ which gave inti-
mation of a war in heaven, and these were of doubtful import,
bout a Milton they were enough to suggest a plot, and his pin-
ions once plumed were set for an eagle-like flight. And here we
may remark that this sensitiveness to a suggestion is the most
striking trait of his imagination. The arrangement of his plot,
judged by the sternest rule of epic writing, is without a blemish,
even if he be the misfortune of the hero, or the prominence of
Satan. But Adam's fall is compensated by his ultimate triumph,
and Satan's success by the degradation to which he is doomed.
It is vain to speak of the exquisite propriety which characterizes
the dress and speech of Milton's dramatis persona. If the
majesty of the speech of Deity, of the speech of angels, devils, and
pure intelligences, was ever properly presented, it is so re-
presented in this immortal poem. There is justice without anger;
there is angelic faithfulness which falls in with what the imagina-
tion can help to recognize as the truth, but can not originate;
there are devilish ambition, ingenuity, and wit; there are the
love, employments, and worship of pure beings and their subse-
quent remorse and passion. Nature was never more fairly por-
trayed than in this poem, and all is enclosed in the rich and
appropriate casing of heroic verse. Such is a shadowy outline
of millions of performances; and while intellectual power is
reverenced; while men are capable of profound and desperate
passion; while there are those who can forget trivial things and
enjoy the appreciation of sublimity with which God has en-

dowed them, so long will our own epic poet, in the majesty of
his subjects, be the greatest; in his treatment of them without a
peer, and, in the nature of things, the very last epic poet with
whom heaven is to endow the English-speaking people, be had
in lively and precious remembrance.

ROBT. D. SHEPPARD.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

One of the most interesting studies of the Sophomore year, in
our opinion, was that which, through the medium of Professor
Fowler and Dean Trench, discovered to us the hidden treasures
of the English language. It was both pleasant and satisfactory
to learn that the words by which we represent our thoughts are
not mere arbitrary terms, but are full of a significance and life
which, obscured and stifled it may be, by the dust of centuries,
only require investigation to bring them forth again in all their
beauty and original freshness. We found, in many instances,
curious facts from history bound up in single words, which,
previously to our understanding, were mere lifeless symbols
with no peculiar significance in themselves. Let us take as an
instance the word sacrament. Having learned the origin of this
single word, and traced it down through the ages to its present
form and meaning, we have perused a chapter in general
history. Whenever we shall meet with the word, hereafter, it
will call to our mind the Roman courts, with all their peculiar
forms of administration; the armies which constrained the
nations of the earth to pay tribute to the eternal city, will be
next presented to our imagination; and we shall be finally
reminded of the rites and ceremonies of that church which now
holds far wider sway than did the mistress of the ancient world.

When we have thus obtained a knowledge of the derivation
and history of the words of our language, we are enabled to
employ them much more forcibly, and to far greater advantage. We may find several words which are in common use to express the same idea. Instead of choosing one of these terms ignorantly and arbitrarily, we can select the one whose origin and early usage best adapt it to be the vehicle of our thought. The words learned and educated are frequently used as synonymous terms, although we have daily proof of an existing distinction; for we often meet with men whose stock of information is unbounded, yet it lies stored away in their minds, and by no possible means can it be drawn out or educed.

Some of the greatest thinkers have been unable to express their thoughts forcibly and clearly, for the simple reason that they have not detected the subtle distinction between words. The philosophy of Reid has been totally misconstrued, because he did not use precise language, but contented himself with loose and vaguely defined terms.

Only by the study of words can we be enabled to use our mother tongue appropriately, and in such a manner as to be understood, and we know of no better person with whom to pursue the study than Dean Trench.

SCOTLAND.

[From our Foreign Correspondent.]

It does not seem customary for American travelers to visit Scotland; though they can not but feel an interest in the land of Scott, the birthplace of Mary Stuart and the country of Watt. Such a visit would repay any one, as, unlike many portions of the continent, Scotland lives in the present as well as the past. In visiting it, you are more forcibly impressed by the fact that the scenes of which you have read must have taken place centuries ago, because it is evident that time only could have converted the anarchical and half barbarous kingdom of Mary Stuart and James VI., who were liable to attack from any of their discontented vassals, into a quiet, peaceable country of ship-building and woolen manufactures, and one whose inhabitants seem to be more exclusively engaged in business than Americans, if a person can judge from the little attention bestowed upon dress and amusements in their largest city, Glasgow.

Happily this neglect does not extend to education and institutions of learning. The Glasgow University—among whose students we find Melville, Young, Campbell, and Adam Smith—now occupies a quaint cluster of buildings on High street, which, though it was once the principal street of the city, is now a mere narrow, gloomy road, which leads up to the cathedral. The enterprise of the inhabitants of Glasgow is such that they have selected a very large spot in the elegant part of the city which overlooks the West End Park, and have already half built a most magnificent series of college buildings around a central court, which is in turn surrounded by extensive recreation grounds. These will be delightful when completed. This whole establishment will be completed in the course of two years, when Glasgow will undoubtedly possess one of the finest and most beautifully situated institutions that can be desired. The hill, on the summit of which the new college is erected, is on the west bank of the Kelvin and may be conveniently reached by going the whole length of Sauchiehall street—I should much rather go through it three times than pronounce it once—and traversing the West End Park, which the college buildings overlook.

Before giving any fuller account of Scotland, it is necessary that I should give the news received in Glasgow from London, while our unsuspecting party were innocently going about the town sight-seeing. It appears that Princess Louise had, one morning of that week, taken an airing in the park, but that, unfortunately, Princess Florence had not accompanied her, the motive for so doing was not given, and it is needless for me to describe the disappointment and distrust awakened by this fact in the bosoms of all loyal subjects. That the Princess Louise had taken an airing was certain, and it was even rumored that she had been accompanied by her governess, but this was doubted by many. That the Princess Florence had not gone out was equally certain; but no one could give any reason for this. I would not draw any hasty conclusions, but whether it was the result of this strange proceeding or not, the fact is, that during the rest of the week Mexican bonds were considerably below par.

After visiting Glasgow, a very pleasant trip to take is the one from that city to Edinburgh, by way of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trosachs, etc. This is a roundabout way, but it affords pleasure which counterbalances its inconveniences. After
passing over grounds with which every one is familiar by reason of the beautiful description of them, given in the "Lady of the Lake," our first halt was made at Stirling.

Stirling Castle, the "Bulwark of the North," is in the most striking position imaginable. One is tempted to think that the three Castles of Dumbarton, Stirling, and Edinburgh, situated as they are,—the first on a hill, or rather rock, which rises abruptly in the river Clyde, and the other two, Stirling and Edinburgh, on very high cliffs, which rise, without the slightest provocation, perpendicularly from the unsuspecting plain,—were placed in their positions to be the natural guardians of Scotland's liberties; but, unfortunately, modern warfare is of so perverse a nature that it makes light of such impregnable fortresses.

The best sight to be had in Stirling Castle is a fine view, and it was confidentially communicated to us by the guide that on that day, (about three months before,) during the course of which the sun shone, which day was also marked with white as the day on which it did not rain, the view from the castle walls comprised Ben Lomond, Ben A'an, and several other Bens, as well as numerous ranges of hills. Under the circumstances of a very cloudy sky, we were contented with a view of the country around, which is very interesting.

What seemed to engross the mind of our guide was that we should have a good view of the beheading-stone, where the Duke of Albany was beheaded. We were accordingly exhorted to fix our attention upon two cows, a flock of sheep, and three trees on a hill in the distance. Having endeavored to divide our attention impartially among these pleasing objects, we were told that above the flock of sheep, to the right of the pile of stones, near the red cow's right horn we would see the beheading-stone, near these three trees. Before we had complied with these instructions, the unreasonable though red cow deliberately destroyed all our hopes of seeing the beheading-stone by disappearing from our bewildered vision. The instrument of punishment never was seen by us, and I would advise the guide to have the owner of the unruly cow fined.

Edinburgh, on account of its picturesque situation, is called the modern Athens. It possesses in Arthur's Seat a most delightful promenade and driving park, which was laid out by the authorities after the publication of the "Heart of Midlothian,"

the scenes of which are, many of them, laid in this mountain and vicinity. The enthusiasm with which the view from the mountain is described by Scott caused the citizens to have this drive laid out, and, if they possessed any of the energy of the people of Glasgow, they might have the rarest park in the world. But they have contented themselves with making roads through it, and have not put a tree on it, or sought to deepen the lakes which are already placed there by Nature; on the contrary, they have let this ground, as well as Princes Street Gardens, be overrun by flocks of sheep, which prevent the growth of any thing like a young tree.

In Holyrood Palace they still show Rizzio's blood, about which Scott tells such an amusing anecdote. For the present the spot is in a very convenient place, behind a door, where there is not the least danger of its being worn off by visitors. Malice suggested to me that it must have been very difficult for Rizzio to make it convenient to bleed in such a small place, and, above all, he deserves commendation for the extraordinary neatness he observed in depositing his blood upon the floor. It was certainly not exactly tidy in him to stain the floor at all, but as long as it had to be done, it is well that he did not daub the floor very much, and considerately put as much on as little space as possible. Let us not forget that he had some excuse for his want of neatness; he was placed in the embarrassing situation of a man pierced by fifty-six daggers.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN THE UNIVERSITY BOAT.

It will not be difficult to imagine the feelings with which a half dozen students find themselves remaining in the University building, with a summer vacation before them, and the realization almost incessantly haunting them, that their associates in the toils of the previous year are out in the country with their friends, or at home, happy in the society of their parents, brothers and sisters—or some other person's sisters—nor will it be surprising, that under such aggravating circumstances, the intelligence that Dr. Burroughs wished a party of students to go up the lake on a scientific expedition—expenses to be all paid—
met with a ready response, even before the object, or mode of procedure, was known.

A meeting was held in the office of Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, who, with Dr. Burroughs, President of the University, was desirous of securing the results of an expedition; and the plan laid before us was that four students should go up the West shore of the lake from Chicago to Manitouwoc, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles, in the University boat, taking soundings out into the lake, at eight designated points, to the depth of one hundred feet of water, or at a distance of six or seven miles from shore.

The undertaking seemed more formidable now than when we first heard the proposal at the dinner table of the University. But what were difficulties to those who had so long been accustomed to the fiery ordeal of the recitation room! It was soon arranged who should go; and, I suppose, the four selected were considered both “experienced” and “reliable.” We knew a little more of practical navigation than a hen does of swimming; but however this might be we were sure experience would be a good tutor, and felt that the boat which had saved the crew of the “Little Western” would not bring misfortune to us.

With our boat well repaired and a new sail made for it, with preparations for camping, and implements for sounding and measuring distances, we launched, opposite the University, on the morning of July 28th, under charge of Capt. B., who, if not then renowned for practical skill in navigation, was famous for base ball playing, muscle and pluck, and now has few superiors in practical boating.

When we had gone as far as the Chicago harbor, the waves were too high to venture with safety round the lighthouse pier, and there we remained all day in the salubrious atmosphere of the mouth of Chicago river. We spent considerable time lamenting over our unfortunate beginning, reckoning how long it would take us to get to Manitouwoc at that rate, and wondering if we would have to go back to the University to sleep the first night. We finally settled down on the pier to read the “Realities of Irish Life,” interspersed with various conjectures and predictions of what might be the realities of our own lives for the coming two or three weeks, if they should last so long. Just evening, the wind partially went down, and we resolved, notwithstanding the admonitions of our friends, to “always go on shore before dark,” to get out of Chicago, if possible, before we slept. When we did land, we came up sideways to the shore, supposing it was a quarter of a mile farther away, and the boat partly filled with water, wetting us and our blankets, and leaving us in rather an unenviable condition for the night. The next morning we rowed against a strong head-wind to Evanston, before breakfast. We found ourselves hungry, tired, and lame, and would have sold out our share in the “expedition” on very low terms. About noon we were enabled to use the sail to advantage, and then the scene changed. We took turns in reading Rob Roy, and Manitouwoc seemed to be about fifty miles nearer than it had an hour before.

Our first sounding was taken a few miles north of Waukegan. Three signals were placed upon the shore, forming a base line of one mile, then, about every three minutes’ rowing, a sounding was made, and the angles between each of the extreme signals and the middle one was taken with a sextant. From these, our distance from shore at any sounding could be easily reckoned.

On the first occasion of going out from shore a number of miles, all the cautions and reminiscences of our friends, and expressed fears that they had seen us for the last time, came freshly to mind, as the waves would often dash into the boat, and seemed continually increasing in size. The next day, north of Kenosha, we fared no better, and began quite seriously to contemplate the probabilities of either swimming five or six miles or becoming food for fishes.

As we neared the place where we wished to take a sounding, ten or twelve miles south of Milwaukee, it was quite a query how we were to camp for the night. For miles the bluff, some fifty feet in height, seemed nearly perpendicular, and there was very little space between the edge of the water and the foot of the bluff. Various expedients were proposed, but the one which seemed most perfect in theory was to drive as many pegs into the bluff as there were persons, and then each one mount a peg and sleep until morning. Oak Creek, which is near the place where we did not hang ourselves for the night on pegs, is to us a charmed name. At this point we went out in sounding the farthest we were from shore at any time, being seven and a third miles by actual measurement, (it would have been ten if
we had guessed it,) and we also here spent a part of a day, and remained over night with a very pleasant family who took quite an interest in us and our hazardous enterprise. If I were to particularize, I might speak especially of one of our number who seemed unusually interested in a particular member of the family, but I turn from this to speak of being driven on shore ten miles north of Milwaukee, where we remained nearly three days. After building a large fire, for we were cold and wet, and standing or sitting around it for half a day, we concluded to seek shelter and food at some farm-house. It was with difficulty that we could find any one to take such rough-looking persons as we were into their houses, until we had explained to them that we were not sailors, but students from Chicago, and one of our number a theological student at that; then we were hospitably received, and everything possible done for our comfort. Before half of our three days' stay was up, we had eaten them out of groceries; the nearest village was five miles away, and the farmer was very busy with his haying. The good lady was in great trouble, but we assured her that her new potatoes, and good bread and meat, were entirely sufficient, and I think we were quite sufficient for them also. On the third morning we were proposing, if we did not get away by noon, to try our hand in the hay-field. The question which we put to each other was, "what part of haying do you like to do best?" One said "to mow," another, "I had rather pitch;" the third one said "I can stack the best of anything;" said the brother of our host "I think you would do better stacking potatoes than hay;" a remark fully justified by the rapidity with which the cart-load was disappearing from his plate. But for some pleasant vacation reading our stay there would have been tedious.

The last eighty miles, in connection with three soundings, was accomplished in less than three days and a half; and, just two weeks from the morning we left Chicago, we shipped our boat and took passage on the steamer Manitouwoc for home, rejoicing that our hazardous undertaking was successfully accomplished, a pleasant time enjoyed, and the physical man greatly invigorated.

Including soundings, we had gone over two hundred and fifty miles in the University boat, having rowed about half the distance, sailing the rest of the way. We feel that the Univers-
notice. A man who had a farm ten miles south of Milwaukee, found, by having it surveyed, that sixty feet of the bluff along the lake shore had washed away. Another man near there used to keep a hotel, and the stage-road run between his house and the lake bluff; but this distance all wore away, undermining his house, so that they had to abandon that or remove it; and much of the way, between there and Milwaukee, the old stage-road had gone into the lake. At Port Washington, a low ridge, which is supposed to have once been an Indian burying-ground, has, most of it, washed away; human bones have washed out of this ridge in considerable quantities. At Sheboygan there used to be a beautiful ridge, just south of the city, some two hundred feet wide. A Mr. Kirkland built a fine house on this; set out large numbers of trees, and made a beautiful yard. Year by year, his trees went coasting down the bluff, and, finally, he had to move his house entirely off the ridge. In the northern part of the city whole blocks have passed away within the remembrance of some now living there. Men have had their whole lots eaten up by the greedy waves of the lake. It is not very pleasant for those who have purchased lots, and built houses on them, to have their houses undermined and land carried off without remuneration. Will not whole cities and villages be obliged to remove or be desolated? We find an average of nearly four miles by our soundings that has seemingly gone in this way. "Facts are stubborn things," but we are not the ones to enter complaint against the cruel perpetrator of these robberies, since he has given to us, and to the famous University boat a safe return from an ever-to-be remembered, but never-to-be repeated, expedition.

It was with feelings of relief, and deep gratitude to God for His protection, that we landed on shore after the last sounding had been taken. The fact that we had to go out so far from shore, and that every time we went out there was danger of a squall arising—such that we could never reach shore again, had given us some uneasiness. Everywhere along our course the fishermen would shake their heads, and give in their verdict that we were running very great risks, and that they would not venture out so far as we did, in such a boat. At our last sounding we had a little taste of what we had feared at all the others. Going out the wind had been nearly in front of us. We had to go further than usual to find the hundred feet depth, but were consoled ourselves with the idea that the wind would give us a sail back. When about two-thirds of the way in-shore, the wind changed completely round and blew quite a gale. If ever persons worked hard we did, but even then our headway was very slight. When we got to shore we were nearly exhausted.

The real accidents that befell us were not very numerous or grievous to be borne. One morning while breakfasting on the lake, we were called upon to see one of the unfortunate University saucers sink to the bottom of the lake; and the same one who had lost the saucer either bit in two, or in some other way severed the handle of a pewter spoon at a farmer's where we were taking dinner one day. And the same one went up the side hill, during a storm, to explore what he thought was a spring, and fell into a clay mire-hole, getting finely plastered. A pocket-knife was broken, a pen and holder lost, and one of our signals stolen while we were coming in the last time we were out. But not least of our misfortunes, especially to one of our number, was passing our Oak Creek friends in the night, so that we could not signal them from the steamer as we had been requested to do. Yet I trust that in view of this one, he who has so often mentioned the name of Oak Creek and Miss T., could say,

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To claim the Arctic came the sun,
With banner bright of burning zone;
Unfurled, they streamed from airy spars,
And froze beneath the light of stars.

—B. F. Taylor.
LOCAL.

When the editors of last year closed their labors with the July number, they bade a respectful exit from the sanctum, and spoke an encouraging word to their successors, little thinking that any of their number would again drive the editorial quill. But some one has said “we can’t most always tell,” and so we have found. At the close of last year, senior C. A. Barker was chosen by his class for senior editor, but business engagements prevented his assuming the duties, and at the beginning of this year Mr. Dewolf was re-elected. The Sophomore class also continue their former editor, Mr. Wood. Mr. Scott also retains his place on the publishing committee. So, with enough of the old occupants present to make us feel somewhat at home, we enter upon our work. But while we grasp the laboring oar, we wish our classmates and the alumni who are interested in the work, to feel that there is something for them to do. We want they should realize that we have the same class duties, and the same demands upon our time, that they do; and realizing this, we are desirous that they should render us aid, by bringing to our notice anything they deem of interest, thus making our monthly, in fact as in name, the Index of the University.

We publish in this issue the address of Hon. Thomas Hoyne, delivered Commencement day before the graduating class of the Law School. We are glad to be able to give to our readers articles of such merit, and from sources that we honor so highly, on account of both acknowledged ability and practical sympathy with us in our efforts.

We are glad to see that the reading room committee are taking steps to have the room well and comfortably arranged. A good reading room is indispensable to a student who would, while he learns classical and mythological history, also learn the history which is making around us every day; but students, with their hands full of class and society duties, invariably, we believe, find it difficult to keep up such a reading room as they need. We look forward with anticipation to the time when this want shall be recognized and attended to, in connection with libraries, by college authorities.

Harvey M. Thompson, of this city, has made another valuable donation of about 700 volumes to the library. They are selected from Bohn's standard library, London, and are such as to do honor to the one selecting, both from the matter contained and uniformity and elegance of binding.

During the vacation, the Andrews’ Lake sounding expedition was successfully accomplished by a party of our students, viz.: Messrs. L. T. Bush, C. A. Barker, T. P. and W. W. Maryatt. One of the party gives a full description of it in an article entitled “A Scientific Expedition in the University Boat,” published in the present number. We also learn that the results of the expedition will be published by the “Academy of Sciences.”

We are glad to welcome our new Treasurer, Charles H. Roe, D.D., whose way, if it is as commendable in the management of finances as it is pleasing among students, promises a good degree of prosperity in this important department.

Professor Sawyer, LL.D., has resigned the “Mathematical Chair,” which he has filled during the past ten years. We were sorry to part with our old instructor. If a good, laughable joke, is in any way salutary, then we are greatly indebted to him for many benefits not purely “mathematical.” The duties of the “Chair” are now performed by Professor T. H. Safford, of Dearborn Observatory.

One of the places of greatest interest in the University, is Professor Boise’s Recitation room; interesting because of the photographs recently taken of the ruins of Ancient Greece, the panorama of Athens, and copies from ancient sculpture to be seen there. Now, if you won’t say anything about it, we wish to whisper a word in the ears of students and your friends visiting this room. Please notice that the Recitation room is separated from the adjacent one only by a board partition that does not reach to the ceiling, and if you wish to pay to Dr. Boise or any of his family a compliment, all you have to do is to embody it in your conversation. The Dr. or some of his family are usually in the other apartment and can hear all that is said. A word to the wise is sufficient.

D. B. Butler, ’68, is teaching at Pittsfield, Ill.

A. C. Honore, who graduated at the last commencement, and also Louis Dyer, ’71, are traveling in Europe.
C. A. Stearns, ('69), is in a telegraph office in Cincinnati, O.

Our brother editor of last year, Mr. E. F. Stearns, class of '69, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Wayland University, Beaver Dam, Wis. How goes continental pronunciation, Ned?

Since our University was founded the metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton has been the adopted text for class study; this year, however, Sir William’s Lectures give place to Porter’s "Human Intellect." Germany and Scotland has long taken the lead in metaphysical science, and but little notice or credit has been given to American efforts in this direction. This work, however, of Dr. Porter’s must be acknowledged as an evidence of philosophical study which challenges the respect of all. We cannot say that it is perfect, or that it is superior in every way to Hamilton’s Lectures, which it displaces, but we do judge that it is superior in some respects, and a work of which we should be proud.

Not the least interesting of our local items is the Altar, which has been frequently visited since our last issue. We note the following:

In the Second Baptist Church, Chicago, July 14, 1869, Prof. Alonzo J. Howe, principal of our preparatory school to Miss Sarah E. Osgood,—the father of the bride, Rev. S. M. Osgood, officiating.

In the Baptist Church, Pittsfield, July 21st, Mr. Joshua Pike, class 66, to Miss Nora Gray,—Rev. J. C. Burroughs officiating.

At the Newton House, Waukesha, Wis., Sept. 14th, by the bride’s father, H. C. Mabie, class of ’68, to Miss Edith S., daughter of H. C. Roe, D.D.

Mr. Mabie has been called to the pastorate of the State Street Baptist Church, Rockford, Ill.

Those of our friends who have not yet rendered to us the suitable pecuniary support which is expected from them, will, we hope, become generous forthwith, and forward “the little matter” to the Publishers, thus relieving them from the task of making calls for mercenary purposes.

We wish to call especial attention to the advertisements contained in this issue; They represent good firms which we can recommend to the students. Go and try them.

Exchanges.

A prep, some time since, rendering in stentorian voice the following passage from Shakspeare’s Hamlet: “This was the unkindest cut of all,” unconsciously changed the t in cut to s. He hardly enjoyed the merriment of his classmates which followed.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges which have appeared upon our table thus far, are, of College publications, The Dennison Collegian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Trinity Tablet, College Mercury, College Days, Cornell Era, The Chronicle, Miami Student, and College Item; of other periodicals, The Western Monthly, The Atlantic, Arthur’s Home Magazine, Mothers’ Journal, S. S. Teacher, The Nation, Scientific American, The Standard, and Prairie Farmer. These we are glad to welcome, and hope that the number will increase rapidly.

To attempt to give to all exchanges an especial notice, we deem inexpedient and impractical. The few that we shall notice in our editorial criticisms, will be selected not because they are the best or the worst, but simply because we have chosen them for notice.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly comes to us for the first time, though we have heard of it before, and placed it some time since upon the list to which we send the Index. It comes in lively dress, and its articles, so far as we have read, are well written. One, “Works of Art among Students,” attracted our attention especially, as it treated of a subject which we think demands more attention from students than it receives. It is a lack, we think, in our college training, that we are not taught the elements of art criticism. We learn mathematical demonstrations, become critics in literature, and, perhaps, amateurs in poetry, but when we stand before the productions of the great masters, we are compelled to let ignorance of what to say seal our lips. Were more attention given by our students to art, and the results of their study given in spicy articles, more interest would be given to our college publications.

The Dennison Collegian, published at Granville, Ohio, also makes its appearance for the first time. Its table of contents are—“Three Days Under Fire,” “Letters to a Bashful Young
Man,” “Opportunity,” “The Mystery of Unrest,” “The Sorrows of Seniors,” “What is Phrenology?” “Editor’s Table.” Solomon Wiscare, in his “Letters to a Bashful Young Man,” shows evidence of familiarity with Timothy Titcomb. Though we admire Titcomb, we must protest against imitation. The Collegian presents a good appearance, and Dennison need not blush for its representative.

The question of “Two or One?” has finally been decided by our Michigan University friends, and The Chronicle, Vol. I, No. 1, comes in a neat form. Its article, “The Great American University,” we especially enjoyed, though we presume the students who fancy they are in The Great American University, will think it is but mere trash. Those who are hit are apt to so speak of the joke that cuts them.

The Cornell Era has improved its dress with the beginning of a new year. Its contents are: poem—“Music of the Soul,” “Co-Education of the Sexes,” occupying two columns, nearly another column of college personal and gossip. The rest of the issue is filled with advertisements, part of them of the University, and part of other business establishments in Ithica.

ITEMS.

We clip the following from an interesting communication in the Hamilton Monthly:

Now the question arises, is this institution as “big” as it claims to be? We think not. First, because it grants its students so many “optional courses.” * * * At present, only thirty-five of the three hundred and fifty students are pursuing a classical course. Second, the religious training at the University, is, according to the Cornell Student’s statement, a “complete farce.” * * * But this catalogue says, “Simple religious services are held daily at the University Chapel, which all the students, except those especially excused for due cause shown to the Faculty, are expected to attend.” * * * The expectation of Faculty and students differ oftentimes, as the following statement will show: The morning I attended chapel exercises only twenty-four students were in attendance. I was informed by a student that once the number rose as high as six. So much for expectation. Can any one doubt that ere long infidelity will not find a hiding place in such an institution? My third objection is to the lecturing system.

* * * * *

Before closing my attempt to represent Cornell University as it really appeared to me, I desire to mention the “labor system.” This system will inevitably be given up; for any young man of good brain-power can earn more than ten cents per hour; but such is the compensation at Cornell. Again, the time will soon come when but a few can obtain employment. The low price of labor as well as its scarcity will ultimately, I think, destroy the system.

As I turned to leave Ithica, after a stay of three days, I heartily concurred with the statement of another who said, “I have seen other institutions which surpass Cornell University.”

To those boys who propose attending this University, I would say “go and see the institution before you enter your name, and then you will have no newspaper to blame.”

A younger at school, not long since, was asked whence mutton tallow is obtained, and innocently replied “From coeius.”

The University of Virginia has recently received a gift of $500,000.

The fall term of Dartmouth opens with ninety-six freshmen, and more are expected. One hundred and thirty-five have been admitted to all departments. “Culver Hall” is to be completed next season. The foundation will be laid this fall. Gen. Sylvanus Thayer has added $10,000 to his endowment of the School of Architecture and civil engineering, making it $50,000. This department will not be opened till next year, owing to the difficulty in procuring competent teachers.

The tendency of the age, in almost every department of literature, is to the use of lengthy and high-sounding words. A newspaper says: “The fish in Lake Hallehunkenauk are said to be superior to those of either lakes Wesleyobacook or Woostockmeguntic. Those of Chaubungungamaureg are very fine, but they all get choked to death trying to tell where they live.” The above is a sample of many names of places in this country.
Speakers sometimes use long words because it makes them appear learned. It takes genius to form some words we hear, and to use them, too, for that matter, as when a speaker talks of cosmotheticidealism, or hypotheticmaterialism. It is to be regretted here that the language has lost a word which might have been of great service to it, viz.: Kratisulektronomatefinertation. It was invented by a Yankee who, unluckily, forgot the meaning of it in a couple of hours, and as he had told no one, the word is, unfortunately, useless. *Hac semper meminisse oportet.*

**INTERESTING FACTS.**—Glass windows were used for lights in 1189.
Chimneys first put up in houses, 1236.
Tallow candles for lights, 1250.
Spectacles invented by an Italian, 1259.
Paper made from linen, 1341.
Art of printing from movable type, 1440.
Watches first made in Germany, 1477.
Telescopes invented by Potta and Jadson, 1590.
Tea first brought from China to Europe, 1501.
Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey, 1610.
Newspaper first established, 1629.
Pendulum clocks first invented, 1650.
Barometer invented by Torricelle, 1535.
Steam engine invented, 1649.
Bread made with yeast, 1650.
Cotton planted in the United States, 1759.
Fire engine invented, 1685.
Stereotyping invented in Scotland, 1785.

**INDEX UNIVERSITATIS.**

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**THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN SCHOLAR.**

The ancient and the modern scholar were both children of a common father; the first was a girl and had grown to be a venerable spinster, when the second—a boy—was born. There is a strong family resemblance between them, yet in temper and disposition there is a striking contrast.

Our recollections of the youth of the first, bring before us a maiden, beautiful and richly clad, with reticule upon her arm and book of sonnets in her hand, sauntering listlessly through some flowery dell, and humming snatches of rhyme. The second may be described as a youth of manly form, rigged out in a closely buttoned jacket, with note-book in pocket and pencil in hand ready for use. His face is flushed with expectation, and his eyes are wide open, observing and inquiring. Sometimes he visits a factory or a warehouse to examine domestic produce or foreign merchandise; not unfrequently he may be seen with wallet slung over his shoulder and hammer in hand, bent upon an exploring expedition to some mining district; and at other times he may be found in the seclusion of his study, comparing, arranging, or classifying the results of his observation and research.

Vol. I.—No. 9.
The literary men of the ancient school, like those of the modern, were persons of strong intellect and highly cultivated taste. It is doubtful if any era ever gave birth to minds more comprehensive, more active, or more discerning, than the age which produced Aquinas or Duns Scotus, Anselm or Occam; if in this age of bookmakers there are any who can wield a more vigorous pen. That they greatly valued the means of making scholarly attainments is evident from the number of universities they founded and the liberality with which they endowed them. That they willingly availed themselves of their advantages is seen in the fact that they were accustomed to debate keenly as well as warmly questions involving the nicest metaphysical distinctions; and when not thus engaged in their university halls, in the retirement of some dormitory they wrote learned dissertations upon those perplexing subtleties that have bewildered thinkers the most sagacious, and writers the most discriminating; wrote them at an outlay of scholastic wealth and time, which, viewed in the light of the spirit that prompted it, appears generous, but which, seen in the light of results, was really prodigal. With few if any exceptions the ancient scholar had no eye to practical results. With all his mental discipline and acumen he gave no forward impetus to his age; he lived, spent his energies in laborious but unprofitable pursuits, and dying, left the world as he found it. Like the manufacturer of parade swords, who makes the burnishing and the JPEGing of the handle his principal care, and neglects the temper of the blade, he spared no labor in fashioning arguments that were powerless to strike a blow for the truth, and that proved to be treacherous in the hour of conflict. He was surrounded by the many whose spirits were chafing under the bonds of a vicious social system and ecclesiastical misrule, and whose hearts longed to be free; but he disdained to grapple with and rend, if possible, their fetters; he shrank from soiling his classic hands with the rust of the ages. He could speak vehemently upon questions of social virtue and happiness, but his words failed to inspire degraded minds with an unwavering purpose to attain a higher intellectual life. He could sway the passions of the people with his eloquence, but it was a magician's wand he waved and not a prophet's rod.

Utility, progress, and modesty were in the ancient school the great desiderata; in the modern they are the distinctive features.

The controlling desire of the modern is fruit, his dominant purpose is the attainment of practical good. It is for this the various departments of knowledge are ransacked and pillaged; for this the theologian studies divine revelation, and instead of the "institutes" of Calvin, the institutes of human necessity; for this the geologist descends into the under-world, crosses continents, and scales volcanic heights; for this the astronomer penetrates the ethereal depths, and watches, observes and calculates; for this the metaphysician scans the microsm of mind, or rather the constellation of mental phenomena, more nebulous with thoughts than Orion with stars, and banded with the insignia of executive power, the human will; for this philosophers, both intellectual and scientific, walk the porch of that "temple not made with hands," and poets, lifting the plectrum, strike their sweetest, soul-thrilling strains. The ancient scholar feared lest philosophy would be profaned by contact with every-day life; the modern applies philosophy to the affairs of life, and recognizing in the present an eternal significance, virtually raises earth to heaven. The former, like the old alchemist over his crucible, was all aglow in the light of a fire of his own kindling; the latter, like the modern chemist, engaged in spectral analysis, kindles with the profoundest enthusiasm, as he makes the solar system his constant quantity in solving many of the practical problems of being. And yet, with all his acquirments and conscious ability, the modern scholar is modest in mien, and often renders homage in the realm of silence where he displays his sagacity in acknowledgments of his ignorance of what is still beyond his ken.

No doubt many of the distinctive features we have noted, are the result of differences in the times, rather than in the men themselves. The one lived in a period of great commotion, a very maelstrom of confusion, and, as we view him borne around the fearful vortex, we dare not blame, and can but express our pity, that a craft so noble, so richly freighted, so well manned, and worthy of a better fate, should go down with all on board amidst the whirl of unfavorable circumstance. But the other, though he rises and falls upon the flood-tide of the restless present, rides safely at anchor, or is borne prosperously onward by the favoring breeze. The commotion of current events, in which he is involved, is like that of the Gulf Stream, whose course is onward, whose tepid waters thaw out inhospitable
shores, fertilize barren rocks, and, if it is true that climate does influence character, fosters intellectual life and blesses genial hearts.

There are types of the ancient school still existing, scholars who still read the text book of tradition, and thumb the lexicon of authority, willfully blind to fact and deaf to the teachings of experience; but its prestige as a school was lost amidst the revolutions of the 16th century. Then the modern school opened and inaugurated a new intellectual epoch fruitful of benign results. The reformation sprung up from a dead and corrupt church, like a thrifty sprout in early spring. Literature became pregnant with thought, and thought with life. Art received a new impulse, science became intelligible, and inventions multiplied. The new philosophy asserted its manhood, and, no longer doting its cap to hoary-headed scholasticism, boldly entered the realm of thought, and claimed as its inalienable heritage all those fertile plains that lie between the river of experience and the mountain ranges of fact and observation. Then the earth assumed another level; the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages declined, and an age, golden with opportunities and presaging high achievement, dawned, when amidst the upheavals of one of the grandest intellectual oscillations that have renovate the earth, the ancient strata, with their antique fossils, were buried under the modern formation, abounding with new and prophetic of yet higher life.

DUNEDIN.

COWPER'S INSANITY.

"Moralists," says Dr. Johnson, "talk of the uncertainty of fortune and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change — that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire." Milton was blind, Pope always sick, and Tasso, Swift, Smart and Collins exposed to aberrations of reason. Ours is a subject of extreme delicacy to approach, for we stand in the presence-chamber of genius; nay, we come to peer into the mysteries of a soul which commands our admiration, because it was both good and pure. Everybody loves William Cowper, everybody pities him, and every one capable of rational emotion must tremble at the possibilities of our nature for suffering. Were it not for the valuable lessons of his bitter experience, we should hesitate to draw aside the veil, and show the deformities of the "Christian Poet."

The sun of Cowper's life rose on a landscape of surpassing beauty; then a dark cloud settled over him, which now and then broke for a moment to permit a ray of sunlight to enter, only to close over him thicker and blacker, until in storm it burst on his devoted head. A strange being was William Cowper; one not born for earth. His spirit was too ethereal, his sensibilities too fine for contact with a mortal body. In the arena of civil life for which he was educated, he was simply powerless, while in choice society his genius shone with brilliancy. In childhood he was too sensitive to attend school; the ordinary persecutors of the common schools almost crushed him. His young life was begun in unhappiness, and continued in deeper sorrow. At Westminster, he says he was afraid to lift his eyes above the shoe-buckles of the older boys, and knew them better by their feet than by their faces.

The early death of his dear friend Russell was a blow from which his tender nature never recovered. His disappointment in his relations to Miss Theodora Cowper, whose father opposed and prevented the consummation of their intended marriage, as well as his keen sense of the former loss, is touchingly expressed in lines preserved to us by the faithful memory of a friend.

"I mourn with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate in early youth away;
And her — thro' tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful — but in vain.
See me — ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wand'ring on a world unknown.
All that delights the happy — palls with me."

These lines disprove the assertion of Robert Southey that Cowper's view of his own early life was the backward look of a diseased mind. In the verses composed on receiving his mother's picture occur these deeply pathetic words:

"My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, was thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?"
When called to appear before the House of Lords in a public examination for a civil office, he thus describes his feelings, "They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none." These facts are only re-stated in a short autobiography written later than the event; "Day and night I was on the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." Accumulated misery, cherished in solitude, drove him now to that awful step which no mortal takes save in despair. He began to find reasons for self-destruction. He labored under the delusion that he had incurred the Divine displeasure because he did not commit suicide. Once and again he was cut down by friends, and snatched from the very jaws of so dreadful a death; and but for mere accident, to all human appearances, the author of "The Task" would have severed his life from earth before the first fruit was ripe. In kindness to the feelings of those who love Cowper, the dreadful scenes of St. Albans Hospital have been suppressed by his biographers, and we may also turn from the prison-house of genius to the phenomena of his life, seldom free from despair, always spent in inward suffering. I say inward agony, for there was this among other peculiarities of his derangement that, save on three occasions, only a few choice friends could discover his trouble; he was too kind to darken the joys of others with the story of his own sorrows which down deep gnawed at his heart's happiness.

Cowper lived two lives. The one is like a beautiful landscape during an eclipse, shrouded with unnatural gloom; his letters to Rev. John Newton are the index of his inner life. While ever to others he exhibited a cheerfulness which even despair could not cloud, yet, when we read the letters to this intimate friend, we seem "to enter a region of sorrow and despair, and to trace the terrific inscription, 'Ye who enter here leave all hope behind.'" But let one read his incomparable letters to Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Hill, and other friends, and he will not fail to discover an unbounded fund of wit, mingled, indeed, with moral reflections. Famous as Cowper was and is as a letter-writer, thus he speaks of his real feelings: "This occupation, above all others, assists me in that self-deception to which I am indebted for all the little comfort I enjoy."

His temper, always sweet, was not affected by the ebb and flow of his inward sorrows, not even by raging despair. Mrs. Unwin had advised him to cease writing poetry, being solicitous in regard to his mental health. Playfully, as was his wont, he remarks, "When ladies insist, you know there is an end of the business; I accordingly obeyed; but having lost my fiddle, I became pine and unhappy; she therefore restored it to me, convinced of its utility, and from that time I have never ceased to scrape."

How well does he show, in equally pleasant terms, that the smiles he wore for others' pleasure were not the index of his inner being. Lady Austin charmed his depressed soul with conversation, much as David chased Saul's evil spirit with his harp. Once, when he was much dejected, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which turned into the popular ballad of that name. But the merriment aroused by this piece echoed in the author's vexed soul in sounds strange and terrible. He says in respect of this very performance: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, would never have been written at all." At another time he wrote: "The grinners at John Gilpin little dream what the author sometimes suffers." The reason he gives for translating Homer was a need of occupation to save him from certain death; he dared not be idle, he could not find a subject, and he dared not write on a subject which would arouse passion. "The mind of man is not a fountain, but a cistern; and mine, God knows, a broken one."

Though our minds rebel against the untold sufferings of so good a man, and the darkening of so bright an intellect, yet the complaint is answered in Cowper's own life and words; for though the poet lost in present happiness and hope, yet, after his death, these same misfortunes left to the world a legacy of untold value. As he himself says, we owe to his mental necessities what was not merely in name "The Task," a work whose gold was mined in the depths of his own perplexed soul. The Olney Hymns were the expression of all the joy he had, and that came in fitful gleams from heaven; even heaven, at last, seemed to him to close upon him; and it was only a seeming. His life testified, against the misconceptions of some, and the willful misrepresentations of others, that religion, far from being the cause of his misfortunes, was their only balsam on earth, and their eternal cure. Yet the scene, as far as mortal eye and loving hearts could follow him,
From Rhodes to Chios.

was laid in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His last original piece tells the fate of his intellect's bond to earth, not that of the intellect itself, nor of the spirit long before ransomed.

"No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper guls than he."

FROM RHODES TO CHIOS.

[From our European Correspondent.]

HARDLY more than peaks of submerged mountains are the isles of the Grecian archipelago. Their rugged sides rise steeply from the waves, allowing only in narrow gorges or sunken craters, lodges and scanty acres for the homes of the fishermen and traders who first inhabited them. Inhospitable as they are, each was a chosen retreat of some divinity; although small and barren, they caught the first strains of poetry and lispsings of philosophy; were first to learn and spread the sciences and arts.

Important as peninsulas have been in the advance of civilization over the earth, as indicated by Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, the islands that spring from them have sometimes shared, and even withdrawn from their renown. But, beside this fact, the Dorian, Ionian, and Æolian isles were destined to possess a special political importance of their own, to become stepping-stones from the despotism of Asia to the constitutionalism of Europe. Popular right was learned on the passage of the archipelago. When the peoples of the tyrannical empires of the East, of Assyria, Persia, Media, and Lydia, were allowed to scatter upon the wilds of the sea, to roam on her bosom untrammelled as upon the land, they caught the first breath of freedom. God taught these mariners liberty, and bade them cross over and take possession of the new world, of the virgin soil of Europe, in the name of liberty. For long it was so, and the freemen that gathered on Hellas, beat back a monstrous invasion of their former lords, the Persians. But human weakness and human feud dis-
From Rhodes to Chios.

pride, the traditional foundations of that famous colossus of brass, one of the seven wonders, which stood over the city harbor looking grandly down upon the craft that sailed between its wide-stretched limbs.

Since Rhodes, the city, lies at the extremity of the island, on a little bay, the general triform shape and great size of the miniature continent was not observed until our steamer had entered the first group of little isles in the Dorian archipelago. A rocky cape, the southwest point of Asia Minor, turned its unchanged face from us, the latest, not the last comers. What Greek hero, or Roman governor of note during the empire, had not preceded us! We pass unexplored mines of interest on the coasts of Mysia; aqueducts, theatres and temples, remains of the greatest of builders, the Romans; traces of their refinement and convenience encircle and crown every commanding site; we appreciate how vast and magnificent Rome's empire was, and how distinctly even her most distant provinces assumed the characteristics of the capital. Now fallen beneath the curse of centuries, far from modern habitations, deserted though not destroyed by the scattered population, which has almost sunk back into its primeval state of barbarism, these noble monuments, unrivaled by modern art, witness that once Asia Minor was the bridge uniting the East with the West, the meeting-place of the commerce and conflict of all nations, the great court, because the great battle-field of antiquity. But we have steamed into the midst of islets, the least of which is notable, and preserves its few inscriptions, graves and arches. Symi, on our right, keeps alive its historic renown for divers, by sending down its sons and daughters into the depths, for sponge and coral, as though the account of Herodotus had been changed into an edict. That round, black, volcanic rock, Nisyros, all roughened by a coat of lava, used to be one of Neptune's hurling stones. On Cuidus, a long arm of the coast, a Venus of Praxiteles stood in a famous temple of that goddess, and on Cos, across the channel, an altar and a mineral spring were sacred, in the earliest times, to Esculapius. The island, settled by Pelasgians, those aboriginal Greeks, boasted a renown second only to that of Rhodes. Its spring and herbs aroused the curiosity of Hippocrates, the discoverer of medicine, and its bracing atmosphere served the hand that traced the brush of Apelles. The modern town lies

on the seaside, smiling white, bright and beautiful between the dark hills and darker waves, and the people cherish the name of Hippocrates, and point out his spring-resort. Our course now bears along the promontory of Halicarnassus, just in sight of the home of Herodotus, where, too, Mausolus built his mausoleum, which became a wonder of the world. The tomb was built upon a vault, surrounded by Ionic columns, and surmounted by a pyramid, upon whose apex a quadriga was raised, containing Mausolus and Victory. Looking off to sea again, the long, irregularly sloping back of the holy isle of Patmos appears, part by part, behind a row of island fortresses. Our eyes would fain linger on this purple line of hills, where the angel's voice was heard, the heavenly vision seen, and the revelation written. A Greek monastery, the centre of a purely Christian colony, preserves the holiness and traditions of this isle of St. John. Lofty Samos, adventurous and wealthy, pious and patriotic, skillful in art and warlike in policy, has recorded a history worthy a nation rather than a colony. It sent out the first ships to Tarshish, and consecrated a tithe of the gain upon the altar of Hera, of whose temple one pillar may still be seen. The Samians built an aqueduct through a hill, discovered casting in brass, were the architects in laying the bridge of Xerxes, and counted Pythagoras and Patroclus among its benefactors and citizens. In 1822, during the last Greek war of Independence, the Samians fought and terrified the Turks for a time, and then capitulated honorably. Northward lies her Ionian sister, Chios, the happy isle. Its history is beautiful in antiquity, commerce and industry, and all the arts of peace were either at home or adopted here. It stood in intimate friendship with Athens, and was remembered in public prayers with that city. But charm, most proud, remains the souvenir of Homer,

The blind old bard of Chios' rocky isle.

W. W. E., Jr.
II.

One eve spake Gradlon, king of Is,
King Gradlon thus spake he:
“My merry friends, by your fair leave,
A little sleep would we.”

“To-morrow ’twill be time enough—
With us this evening stay;
But if it be thy mind to sleep,
We would not say thee nay.”

And thereupon her lover spake,
Full softly whispered he,
To Gradlon’s daughter, “Sweet princess,
Sweet Dahut — and the key!”

“Hush! I will bear the key away
That locks the floodgates fast,
And Is shall be within thy power
Ere little time be past.”

III.

Now, whoso’er had seen the king,
As on his couch he lay,
With admiration had been filled
At sight of his array.

The aged king, in purple robed,
With long and snow-white hair,
Which o’er his shoulders flowed upon
His golden collar fair.

And whoso’er had lain in wait
Had spied the princess white,
Unsanded, steal into that room,
In silence of the night.

She to the king her father crept,
Sank softly on her knee,
Loosed from his neck the golden chain,
And bore away the key.

IV.

He sleepeth on — he sleepeth on,
Till, from the plains, a cry—
The deep is o’er us! Is overwhelmed
Beneath the waters high.

SUBMERSION OF THE CITY OF IS.

The following selection is from the most ancient poetry of the Bretons of Armorica. Its historical basis is, that in the year 440 there reigned in Armorica, King Gradlon-veur, or the Great, whose capital was the city of Is, since destroyed; and that he sometimes consulted a holy man named Gwenolé, founder of the first Monastery in Armorica. Tradition tells us that the city of Is was protected from incursions of the sea by a great reservoir, which received the waters of the ocean. This basin had a secret door, to which none but the king had a key. “One night while he slept, the Princess Dahut, wishing to crown the foliage of a banquet given to a suitor, stole the key; she, or, according to another variation of the story, her suitor, who was in truth the author of evil under an assumed form, opened the door, and, as had been foretold by Saint Gwenolé, submerged the city.” King Gradlon attempted to escape on his horse, but was borne from his back by the flood and then saved by a fairy. The horse on reaching land became wild with grief at the loss of his master, and the daughter, the cause of the disaster, is changed to a siren, after death by drowning:

I.

Oh! hast thou heard — oh! hast thou heard
Of Gwenolé the rede,
Which unto Gradlon, king of Is,
He spake, but gat small heed?

“To earthly love, ah! yield thee not,
With evil cease to toy;
For after pleasure cometh woe,
And sorrow follows joy.

“Who bites the flesh of fishes, soon
The fishes him shall bite;
And he who swallows, shall himself
Be swallowed up some night.

“And he who drinks both beer and wine,
Shall water drink amain:
To him who cannot scan my speech
It soon shall be made plain.”
Julian, the Apostate.

"My lord the king, arise, arise!
To horse! and swiftly flee,
The dykes are burst—the land o'erflowed
By the triumphant sea."

Accursed be the treacherous maid
Who opened thus the gate
After the feast—who drowned the land,
And made it desolate!

Y.

"Oh! tell me now, brave forrester,
The wild-horse hast thou seen
Of Gradlon? Hast thou seen it pass
Along this valley green?"

"The horse of Gradlon saw I not
At any time pass by;
But in deep night 'trip trap' I hear,
With lightning swiftness fly."

"Say, hast thou seen, O fisherman!
The daughter of the sea,
Combing her golden hair at noon,
Where sparkling breakers be?"

"Yes, I have seen the mermaid white:
She sings among the waves.
Her songs are plaintive as sound
Of deeps o'er dead men's graves."

JULIAN, THE APOSTATE.

There is a great deal of ignorance in the world, and that too in the wisest portions of it. The most enlightened minds are sometimes so clouded by prejudice and interested feeling, that they can not see the truth, even though it stand out in vivid picture before them. In nothing is this ignorance more manifest than in the judgment people pronounce on their cotemporary great men. The discoverer of the true theory of the earth's movement was declared a heretic, and barely escaped being burned at the stake; the noblest man of Athens was poisoned at the hands of his countrymen; the best being that ever trod the earth in human form—the perfect man, the Son of God—was nailed to the cross. It was true two thousand years ago—it has been true ever since. Look at our own Lincoln! While he sat at the nation's helm in her darkest hour of storm and trial, guiding her with a strong hand and manly heart through the yeasty wave, he was calumniated and reviled by both North and South; soldiers sneered, politicians and demagogues hurled anathemas at him from verandas, and balconies, and platforms; even statesmen and honest citizens shook their heads in dissatisfaction and despondency; and it was not till a rebel bullet had slain the faithful President, that the nation began to recognize his manly honesty and fortitude, and appreciate the greatness of his statesmanship.

The merits of many another great man have not been recognized for generations and centuries, even after his body has been laid in the grave. It takes the world sometimes many ages to outgrow its rancours and prejudices, and judge wisely and considerately of those whom it has maligned and persecuted. So has it been in the case of the emperor Julian, falsely called the Apostate. Few men in the world's history have borne more hatred and disrepute, or borne it more unjustly, than he. He was loathed by the Christian world while he lived, and the sneering epithet of "Apostate" has clung to his name through all succeeding generations. Admitting that Julian cannot be ranked among the world's best men, admitting that he cannot be called one of the world's greatest minds, we yet affirm that he does not deserve the hatred and execration that for sixteen centuries have been heaped upon his memory. We will not institute a comparison between him and Lincoln, or between him and Socrates, we will not rank him among the greatest benefactors of mankind; but we do say that injustice—great injustice—has been done to his memory by the Christian public. In this one instance at least, the followers of Christ have forgotten their Master's exhortation to charity, and departed—Oh how widely!—from the spirit of his life.

Julian was a man of far more than ordinary ability. Had he even been a poor man's son instead of a member of the royal household, he would doubtless have fought his way to honor and distinction. He was a man of unbounded energy and perseverance. Few students among the vast numbers that attended the schools at Athens studied with such enthusiasm as he. No
monarch that ever sat on the throne of the Caesars labored so industriously and untiringly for what he considered to be the interests of the state and the happiness of his subjects, as did Julian.

But the work of governing was not his only work; he was also magistrate, pontifex maximus, and commander of his country's armies. And these were no idle titles; he actually sat on the judge's bench and decided cases that came before him; he slew with his own hands the sacrificial victim and officiated at the altar, and he led his troops in person to battle. Besides all these duties — duties enough, it would seem, to overwhelm a dozen men of ordinary sagacity and energy — he was also an author. Only small portions of his numerous works have come down to us, but enough to show us that he was a man of talent and culture.

It is truly marvelous how much work he could accomplish in a single day, and how he could continue it day after day, and month after month, with unabated zeal and energy. In the morning he began work earlier and continued it later than any one of his ministers or secretaries. He listened to memorials, considered petitions, and signified his intentions more rapidly than a shorthand reporter could note them down. It is said of him, that his power of attention was so great, and his mind so clear, that he could talk, write, and dictate, keeping up three distinct trains of thought in his mind at the same time without error or confusion.

He was correct in his habits and uprightness in his conduct, and that, it would seem, not from mere policy, but from firm religious principle. Few pagans ever had a higher sense of honor, and a greater enthusiasm for justice and right than he, and few Christians ever manifest more zeal and earnestness in the cause of Christ than he manifested in the service of the gods. Nor was it true, in his case at least, that "religion was divorced from morals." His conception of religion was that it made men nobler in heart and life; and none can doubt who read the life of Julian with impartial minds, that his morality was, for the most part, grounded in faith in the gods. But he was a pagan still. His morality could not rise much above that of the gods he worshiped. Deep as was his piety he never reached the sublime conception of love to enemies; he never realized that the only true life is a life of sacrifice.

How should he do so? Professed Christians had murdered those who were dearest to his heart, and for many years he had been in danger of losing his own life by their jealousy. The so-called Christianity that he saw around him was not the spirit of broad philanthropy, of love to brethren and love for all mankind; but the spirit of hatred, contention and jealousy. The Christ presented to him by corrupt priests and court sycophants was not the one who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" it was not the Christ who could go to the Cross for the truth, and could die to save men from their falsity and sin and make them noble and true; it was not the Christ of the Gospel; but a false Christ, more devilish than divine, from which Julian's earnest soul recoiled in horror, and fled for refuge to the arms of the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome; to a religion that, corrupt as it was, was more like the real Christianity than the false usurper of its sacred name that flourished at the court of Constantius. Had Julian only been permitted to catch a glimpse of the true glory that shone from the crucified One, had he not been driven from the truth by the false lives and false teachings of those whose duty it was to hold up to the gaze of men the character of him who is the Truth and the Life, he would doubtless have been one of the brightest lights in the ancient church. For it was the true Christ — the divine humanity — his soul was struggling after, though unconsciously, when he fled to the arms of heathenism.

It may have been (we dare not say it was not so) that, when his life-blood ebbed away from the arrow-wound, his spirit fled to that Saviour for whom his heart had yearned, though he had rejected him by name because he did not understand his character. At any rate let us draw a veil of charity over his faults and mistakes, let us acknowledge his talent and the noble traits of his character, let us confess to the injustice we have done his memory, and above all, let us learn from the cruel misjudgments that men have passed upon him, to exercise a broader and deeper Christian charity.