A FRAGMENT.

"It was our last one," are the words with which the good Queen closes her "Journal of the Highlands." They are words full of tender sorrow and simplicity.

In the earlier part of the "Journal" we find—in commenting on an entry made regarding a visit to a certain place—the words: "Albert and I were only twenty-three then, young and happy." At one time we see the tender plant blossoming with the beauteous flowers of youthful wedded bliss; and after watching its growth, as it becomes larger, stronger, and filled with choicest fruit, we find it in the early autumn stricken, blasted, killed.

We close the book with feelings of mingled pleasure and sadness. Pleased that Victoria, while raised to high estate in the world, was yet a woman; and, woman-like, craved and accepted the affection and support of a noble-hearted man. Although a queen, still she is the fond mother and the loving wife. We were sad because the lesson, "all is vanity," was brought home so impressively, and yet we thought not "all vanity;" for the fragrance of such a life as theirs must long remain.

Royalty has its sorrows as well as peasantry, for heaven's best gifts and sorest trials come alike to all. As we read the "Journal" and found the husband,

"Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good," and children called by the familiar names of every day life, with no high-sounding titles, we for the nonce forgot the crown and throne, and became one of the happy household. We remembered, too, how our heart was touched, and cheek moistened when we read the remark made by the Queen at the death of the Prince Consort: "Now," said the ruler over a kingdom upon which the sun never sets, in faltering tones, "now, there is no one in all the world to call me Victoria."

We did not design writing a review of the book nor a eulogy upon the domestic life of the Queen, even though it be in every sense of the word—so royal an example; it was simply to call attention to the peculiar feelings that must come to us, when, amid our labors and pleasures we think, sooner or later, it must be said, this is the last. Our joys, like riches, make to themselves wings and fly away. Decay—passing away—is impressed upon everything earthly; and sorrow here goes hand in hand with joy. We weep over the broken vase, the crushed flowers, blighted hopes, and sundered loves and friendships; and through our tears look up and ask, "Why, why is this?" Why have we such sensibilities and powers—our very selves they are—to be so rudely dealt with? Can He, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, take delight in thus trampling with our natures; and is He happy in seeing us unhappy? Better, then, never to love, than to so have our house left unto us desolate!

Thus, is the stricken human heart apt to inquire and exclaim: but is it true? No, no, the flail simply removes the chaff, does not destroy the grain—fire injures the dross, not the gold. These trials of ours are but purifiers. We have social natures, are made for friendship and love, and

"I hold it true, what'er befall; I feel it when I sorrow most; 'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

J. O. E.

THE MORAL AND THE MENTAL DEVIL.

What can we call that strange, awful temptation which assails a man when standing at the top of a fearful precipice, that temptation which entices him, in spite of his terror, to throw himself off and be dashed in pieces? It is one of the strangest mysteries of our being, that phenomena of the moral nature have their striking parallels and analogies in the animal or instinctive nature. By these analogies, materialistic views of life and of mind are given color and plausibility. By means of them the moral nature may be attacked as a baseless superstition; reason may be viewed as a refined and elevated instinct; the soul of man may be held as identical with his mind, and his mind as nothing more than the subtle activity of very highly organized matter.
There is a doctrine as old as superstition and religion, that there are two moral spirits at war in the soul of man, one good, the other evil. Although one may rule the life of a man, the other never ceases to make itself heard in the deep under tones of thought and feeling. The one which is denied a voice in the council chambers of the heart, makes its appeal, so to speak, to the populace there. If a man's life is pure and lofty, he will yet never cease to have strong temptations to evil, and not merely to distinct and particular evil acts, but to the abandon ment of all the good he has sought to establish in his character, and to the deliberate cultivation of all the evil he has shunned. On the other hand, a base and evil life rarely if ever ceases to have promptings towards better aims and purposes. There are two voices in the soul.

But there are two voices also in instinct or the animal nature, or in what some may prefer to call the class of involuntary mental actions. It is a proverb that self-preservation is the first law of nature. There is an instinct of self-preservation strong and prevalent, but there is also a strong instinct for self-destruction. We may ask again what is that strange, awful temptation, which assails a man when standing at the top of a fearful precipice, that temptation which lures him in spite of his terror, to throw himself off and be dashed in pieces? Or that which tempts him to throw himself into deep water, because he knows that by that means he will be drowned? Or that which tempts him when shaving, to draw the razor across his own throat? What is the name of the evil spirit that would "cast him oft-times into the fire and oft into the water"? It is a spirit always ready with its promptings, always exerting itself against a man's true interests. It is a spirit to whom, as can easily be shown, no moral qualities or considerations belong; and yet, if it is not the regular, well-established Moral "Devil," can we call it anything but a Mental Devil?

These invitations to self-destruction are his most striking and most startling manifestations of himself, but a careful observer will discover his influence in the ordinary affairs of life; sometimes it leads to ludicrous results. His influence of the latter kind has been experienced by all Croquet players, for instance. What player, when he is to play one ball upon another in the near neighborhood of a wicket, does not feel an unaccountable impulse to wire his ball on the wicket, although the latter may not lie in the direct line of the play? It is almost useless to attempt a play upon a ball when the wicket is almost in the line of the play, although the balls may be quite near together, for any player will be more likely to strike the wire than the ball. Whatever a man undertakes, he succeeds against a strong temptation to make a failure, for its own sake.

Again this Mental Devil manifests his machinations in another matter quite as ridiculous. Who that has a sore throat does not swallow continually to see how badly it hurts? Who that has a catch in the side does not, on account of it, breathe oftener and very observantly, with nerves all strung ready to be hurt? Who that has a dislocated limb does not move it frequently, just a little, to see how badly it feels? The old philosopher, Seneca, alludes to this temptation, using it as an illustration. In his "Consolation to his Mother Helvia," written to console her for his own exile, he says: "But since I know that, after all, your thoughts will constantly revert to me, and that none of your children will be more frequently before your mind than I—not because they are less dear to you than I, but because it is natural to lay the hand more often upon the spots which pain—" I will tell you how to think of me." It is indeed natural, and yet against nature. It is nature's other voice here prevailing against her true voice. In these cases the Mental Devil always gains the ascendancy. When a man is by any means bereft of reason, then the Mental Devil is quite likely to get the entire control of him, and the man will pull his own hair, lacerate his own body, dash out his own brains. The echoes of the tread of either Devil are not particularly fascinating when calmly and dispassionately listened to.

There are other peculiarities of human nature which are justly attributable to the Mental Devil. People love to be dreadfully shocked in any way, particularly by horrors. Persons who will turn pale or faint away at the sight of blood, will push and crowd one another to get a view of a mangled corpse. When they can not gain access to it themselves, they will make raw their horror as well as they can, by crowding to see others going to see it. They will gather around the scene of a murder to intensify and enrich their horror by the vivid associations of the spot. They will carry away in their minds, a minute picture of the scene of
The tragedy, that they may shock themselves again and again at
their leisure, by means of these accessories. The same influence
leads children, in particular, to delight in listening to stories
which will make their blood creep. Not content with the effect
the stories alone will have, they associate the tales with all the
terrors of dismal stormy nights and lonely desolate scenes.

Perhaps many suicides may be attributed to the influence of
this Mental Satan when he tempts to self-destruction; and pos-
sibly the fearful atrocities of blood-thirsty tyrants may be quite as
much due to the Mental as to the Moral Satan. We can, perhaps,
conceive that they were as much horrified at their own deeds as
we ourselves are at them, and that they perpetrated them over
and over again in the keen enjoyment of the horror.

This mental influence under discussion is one which may not
be lightly disregarded. It belongs to the under-currents of our
natures. It sinks below the easily perceptible surface current,
and unless carefully observed it escapes the attention. No more
curious work could be undertaken than to trace its influence in
history and to separate the effects of this influence, wherever pos-
sible, from those of that which is purely immoral in its nature.

THE PARKS OF CHICAGO.

BY DENNIS O’RAFFERTY.

The groves of Killarney, wid all their compleatness,
Can not be compared in thre beauty and swateness
Wid the Parks of Chicaggy, jist close by the door
Av the city, tin miles from the Court House or more!

It is aisy to reach them by takin’ a care,
Jist axe the conductor, and he’ll tell ye whare
Yere to go,—whin ye git at the end of the line,
If ye shhart out at noon, ye will be there at nine

In the evening, and thin ‘twill be betther by far
To hunt for a lodgin’ and shtay where ye are,
For thravin’ is dangerous in darkness or fog
Barrin’ only to sich as were born in a bog.

Is it musick yere fond av whin daylight is brakin’;
Musha thin, ‘tis where the musick is makin’!
There are birds in the bog, and they sing in the morn,
Tin thousand or more—‘tis the thruth, as I’m born.

The Old Philosopher.

If yez want to live down there, eschapan’ the taxin’,
The land is so chape—almost had for the axin’,
’Tis owned by wan man; he will sell yez a put;
Or give yez—at two hundred dollars a fut.
The land is so level, ’tis jist like a flure;
No danger of dhrout, for the wather is shure;
And more than the musick, and more than the wather,
Is the schwate-schmellin’ wind from the place where they schlatter
The cattle and shape, and the pigs and all that,
Where all the round year they are thryin’ out fat;
If a home yez are after and not schpculatn’,
Thim Parks is the plisantest place in the nation.

THE OLD PHILOSOHER.

A leading feature of the present age is the belief that the
standard of excellence in any department of morals, intellectual
development, practical discoveries, etc., is far higher now than
ever before. Our political speakers from the stump have harped
upon the “stupendous achievements” of the present age, and our
ministers from the pulpit make us tremble as they press upon us
the terrible text, “For unto whomsoever much is given, of him
shall be much required.”

Perhaps there is nothing in which we claim to have made
greater advances of late than in the breadth and acuteness of
our intellectual views and in our knowledge of moral truth. We
are accustomed to view the ancients as nations who are to be
greatly pitied, whose faults and crimes are rather the result of
ignorance than of sin; as men so barbarous as to be men only in
form, cultivating the brutal passions by many of their customs,
and even by some of their laws neglecting the intellectual and
developing the physical nature only. Such, if I mistake not, is
the feeling of most of us when we are frank with ourselves.
Hume has given us too vivid a picture of the customs of war, of
sacrifice, of the Olympic games, etc., to allow us rudely to thrust
it aside when we consider the beauty and elegance of the language
in which it is written. Elegance of language and depth of
thought seem widely and irremediably separated from such bar-
barity. When Aristotle is mentioned, we immediately either think of him as a man spending his time in trying to solve foolish problems, or, if we admit him to be in truth a great philosopher, we unconsciously give him the character of a myth. He is not to us a man, as Hamilton, Locke, Stewart and others are. The mind is unwilling to admit the possibility of such a state of things as a real, true, vigorous thinker among a people whom we know to be so barbarous. We instinctively feel that there must be some mistake, and strive to make him, as some are trying to prove Homer to have been, not a man, but a myth created to account for some works which have descended to us we know not whence or how. Caesar, in his brutal triumphs, is much more readily admitted to be a living man of his age than Cicero, with his eloquent orations and chaste language. With us, a full development of the brutal — we had almost said of the physical — nature of man is connected with an almost total neglect of the intellectual nature. There is, for us, no living example of the development of both natures side by side, and while in story we can conceive of such a thing, in practice it is beyond our power.

The foundation for nearly all of our knowledge was laid in the times of barbarous Greece and Rome, and it is interesting to see that in that brutal age some of the questions in philosophy and religion most difficult to answer, received their most plausible and clear solution. Philosophy was no mere plaything at that time for its students — was not something to be taken up to pass away the spare moments, but was a reality, a rule of life. For its study they were willing to give up every comfort, and why should it seem surprising that with such zeal on their part much should be accomplished. We were somewhat surprised when reading the works of one of these old philosophers, to find one of the leading principles of "Hopkins' Moral Philosophy" plainly taught there. Hopkins states, as something new and startling, the truth that a man can not love himself too much, for true self-love seeks the highest good for self, which can be reached only by doing good to others; but a poor Roman slave, living in the age of gladiatorial shows, Roman triumphs, etc., had discovered the same truth ages before. He, too, had placed self-control in the list of the highest virtues. "Consider what it is, instead of a lettuce or a chair, to have procured for yourself a good temper. How great an advan-

tage gained! * * * If you were to part with your skill in grammar or in music, will you think the loss of these a damage; and yet if you part with honor, decency and gentleness, do you think it no matter? yet the first may be lost by some cause external and inevitable, but the last only by your own fault." Evenness of temper, then, being in value far above any external good, he explains the true theory of revenge in these words: "Since he (my enemy) has hurt himself by injuring me, shall I not hurt myself by injuring him?" The true explanation, but one the world has yet to learn. He had learned, too, that seeming paradoxes may be true, and he had found them in the external world of nature as well as in the world of thought. Besides being a vigorous thinker, Epictetus often was a close observer, and often exceedingly happy in giving the results of those observations. Noticing the dress and jewelry of the fops who came to him, he said: "A fop advertises himself as a man to be seen, who would rather be a woman. * * * To whom would you be agreeable? to the women? Be agreeable to them as a man."

It is both interesting and surprising to notice in how many ideas he has grasped the truth as taught by the Christian religion, and almost leads one to think that the principles of Christian morality were all existing at the time of Christ, and needed but to be gathered together and given to the world as a unit; or, at least, that the same moral code and views of God would in time have been thought out by man, unassisted by revelation. In many cases does he acknowledge God as ruling over all, and knowing not only the actions but even the thoughts of men. He quotes Socrates as saying, according to Xenophon, "I can not be hid from Thee in any of my ways," as complete an acknowledgment of the omniscience of God as any we find in the Bible. So, too, he declares the first thing to learn to be "that there is a God, and that he directs the whole; and that it is not merely impossible to conceal from Him our actions, but even our thoughts;" so forcibly reminding one of the words, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And again: "God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace, and as it became Him who provides for and protects us with paternal care." We might multiply illustrations, but space forbids.

We will notice but one thing more of some of the moral lessons which he teaches, and the forcible manner in which they are put.
In rebuke of those who complain because their prayers are not answered when and as they please, he says: "What is best, but what pleases God? Why would you, as far as in you lies, corrupt your judge and seduce your adviser?" And he chides them for murmuring at the dispensations of God: "Men here act towards God like selfish, unruly children. After having been given by God all they possess, and been brought by Him, as it were, to a feast, they complain because they can't stay a little longer, and can't have their own way in all respects." His answers to those who reject philosophy because of the faults of its disciples, may well be applied to those who disbelieve religion because of the inconsistencies of Christians. He says: "We argue this man is no carpenter for he handles an axe awkwardly. So if we hear any one sing badly we do not say 'observe how musicians sing,' but rather, 'this fellow is no musician.' In philosophy and religion we reason in the opposite way."

STOWE—BYRON.

The Hartford Courant keeps public curiosity alive by publishing the following card: "Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement: That she has kept silence heretofore in regard to the criticism on her article on Byron, for two reasons: First, because she regarded the public mind as in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and second, because she has expected the development of additional proofs in England, some of which, of great importance, have already come to hand. Mrs. Stowe is preparing to review the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind, at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron, at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors, soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances and reasons which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure, as an obligation to justice, gratitude, and personal friendship."

Till the present time, in the "Byron Controversy," Mrs. Stowe has followed the example of the magnanimous (?) Lady Byron. She has fired a shot which set the world alog, and relapsed into a silence equaled only by that of her dead client, whose dead cause she has resurrected. But this silence is about to be broken, and she is to explain first, not why she wrote her notorious article, but, forsooth, why she has been silent so long; and then she will append the reasons which led her to make the disclosure. We would not forestall judgment on the forthcoming article; indeed, we hope for the sake of the faith we have in the incorruptibility of notable women, that Mrs. Stowe will make a successful defence; but, with the light we have, the most charitable opinion we can express is that she has committed an inexcusable blunder. Granting the truth of the disclosure, what good was to be gained by making it? If the work of Countess Guiccioli conveyed false impressions, Mrs. Stowe's article only advertised it more successfully than it ever had been, as the
receipts of booksellers will show. If the works of Byron are
pernicious, she has but stimulated their sale. She has fed the
public mind with a rare tit-bit of scandal, injured the feelings of
the Byron family, has not placed Lady Byron in a more favorable
light before the world than she already was, and has brought upon
herself the suspicion of either base motives or else of foolish
credulity. But, it is said, "Let us know the truth." Are there
not some truths it were better that sunlight should never shine
upon? That you may know all the truth, will you prowl among
the low dens of vice, stir up filthy masses of moral corruption,
and fill the land with moral miasmatic stench?

But we do not grant the truth of Mrs. Stowe's disclosure; we
deen this as proof that she has blundered, that she has still to
hunt for proof to satisfy the public that what she says is true.

LOCAL.

REV. WM. HAGUE, D.D., recently of Boston, has entered
upon the pastorate of the University Place Baptist Church, and
professorship of Homiletics and Pastoral Duties in the Seminary.
While the people of the "Hub" are grieving over the loss,
we can but feel a little pride in this, which we may, perhaps, call
one of Chicago's advance movements. Since he is so widely
and favorably known, it may not be uninteresting to his friends to
know how he was received here. On Tuesday evening, Oct.
26th, a large company of friends, old, middle aged, and young,
assembled in the parlors of the University and spent a couple of
hours in social pleasure, after which they repaired to the chapel,
where a bounteous repast had been spread. When the wants of
the physical man had been well served, then came a "feast of
reason and flow of soul." Rev. J. A. Smith in behalf of
the Church gave the welcoming address to the new pastor, which
abounded in pleasing and interesting personal allusions. Dr.
Hague responded in a characteristic speech, making some
allusions to our University and its professors which especially
pleased us. He told how in '57 he stood on the site of our noble
structure, in company with our president Dr. Burroughs, and
talked over the possibilities of the enterprise, and saw in prospec-
tive our University a success; but it has surpassed his expectations.
His allusion to our Greek professor, Dr. Boise, "who teaches
Greek to the whole country by means of his text books" was
pleasing, and the remark of Bishop Clark quoted in reference
to our professor of Rhetoric, "that he knew of not another man,
who could secure such uniformity of excellence, and independence
of thought," was eminently satisfactory.

After this speech Rev. E. G. Taylor, with a few spicy remarks,
extended to Dr. Hague the hand of welcome in behalf of the
Baptists of Chicago, and Rev. Mr. White, a Congregationalist
clergyman, in a very pleasant little speech, welcomed him in
behalf of the whole clergy of Chicago. To each of these Dr.
Hague responded appropriately, and when the company dispersed
we felt more fully than before how great had been our gain.

The friends of our Baptist Theological Seminary are making
an effort to secure the Hengstenberg Library, of Berlin. They
now have the refusal of it at six thousand thalers. This is a rare
opportunity to get a very valuable collection, containing the files
of the ancient church fathers. All that is now wanting is the
money, and we hope that Chicago enterprise and Baptist liberality
will not fail at this time.

Some people have a great antipathy to hand organs, but we can
endure to hear them grind out "Captain Jinks" and "Yankee
Doodle" from dewy morn till twilight eve. We can preserve
dignity in view of the thousand and one ludicrous occurrences on
the new one-horse street-cars; we can listen in the dead of night
to a dog howling for an hour and a half to make himself lone-
some; we can gradually awaken, feeling the cool breezes blow
o'er us, and forgive chum for kicking the clothes off in his dreams;
but to be suddenly brought from dream land to reality by a loud
shriil, long-drawn-out yell, like the war-cry of the Camanches or
the exultation of demons; to hear the mail boxes rattled for a
half hour, or filled with lighted fire crackers; to be startled with
the idea that the house is falling, or the world coming to an end,
and find that it is only a bedstead and a hod of coal traveling
down stairs; to listen to the frightened yelps of a dog with a tin
pan to his tail as he makes a precipitate journey from the fifth
story to the farthest corner of the lower hall, or to the voices of
two contending cats with their caudal extremities tied together:
to listen to all or any one of these at dead of night we believe to be in no way conducive to the growth of the graces. We always enjoy a good joke, when there is some wit displayed in perpetrating it; but these nocturnal jackall amusements are becoming far too frequent. There is nothing manly, smart, or even laughable in yelling like a maniac, simply to keep others awake, but it is rather what Mr. Pickle would call "cussedness," and that too of the poorest quality. We do not believe in police government in our colleges, indeed we think it tends to increase rather than suppress disturbance, but we would like to see the faculty ferret out some of those who spend their nights in carousals and their days in gloating over the mischief they have done, who are getting no good but are rather disgracing themselves, their friends, and the University.

The senior class are taking drawing lessons on scientific principles, Dana's Manual of Mineralogy being the text-book used. Hereafter, when they see dry goods boxes, church steeples, hexagonal towers, or admire jewels on delicate hands, their minds will be bewildered with speculations as to what formula applies; whether, $a: a: a; b: a: b: a; b: a; c: m; m: m; b: r: m: t; m: d, e: e, p: a: or, m: e: = 118^\circ 50', 106^\circ 33', 106^\circ 35', 101^\circ 10', 141^\circ 10', 110^\circ 41', 111^\circ 42', 142^\circ 11', or 105^\circ 5'$.

This study is called crystallography.

Dr. Tucker has been giving lectures on the brain, to the Senior and Junior classes, in connection with the study of Porter's Human Intellect. The efforts of our President to make our metapsychical and philosophical studies spicy, interesting and profitable, are untinging, and are, we believe, appreciated by his classes.

Several things were crowded out in our last issue, and among others, our base ball notes.

The interest in this game has, for the last year, run quite low, but it has, with the opening of the year, risen again near to its former enthusiasm. Having heard much praise bestowed upon the club of our nearest neighbor University at Evanston, and becoming a little jealous, our boys determined to challenge the Northwestern boys to meet them upon the base ball field. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the early morning of Sept. 25th found them on our campus, equipped for the affair. The campus was rather damp, which made it extremely unpleasant playing. Our boys won the day by three tallies, the score standing 33 to 30. One week later found the Chicago University boys, on the opponents' chosen field. The Evanston boys won the toss, and went to the bat, making one tally, when they gave us the chance of making six tallies. The second inning we made 12 to their 3. The following innings did not show such striking contrast, and the game ended with the seventh inning, the score standing 32 to 23, in favor of the Chicago University. We take a little pride in the matter, for our opponents were a fine set of athletes, and we never met a joller or more gentlemanly set of men. After the game at Evanston, our boys were treated to a supper and escorted to the depot, which they all made ring with College songs. Both nines are anxious to meet again soon on the ball field.

Our Freshman class this year numbers 25; there are thus far 233 enrolled on our record.

Cold baths, free, given at Room E, from 12 M. till sunrise. Retributionists, make sure of your man before you fire.

We again note marriages, and with our notice wish to our old college mates all the joys imaginable.

Parsons — FISHER. On Sept. 8th, 1869, by Rev. U. D. Gulick, Wm. E. Parsons, class of '68 and Clara, Fisher, all of Pekin.


At the last moment we find that we are obliged to omit notices of our exchanges.

ITEMS.

Mr. Whitehead, an English engineer, has invented an engine of destruction to take the place of the torpedo, and which seems destined to introduce a new era in naval warfare. It is a projectile, which can be directed with accuracy against the object of
assail, which can be projected at any depth below water required. Its explosive power puts the strongest iron-clad at its mercy as much as a wooden ship; and finally, its line of direction may be made to curve or zigzag so that it may be used with safety in close proximity to friendly vessels. The mechanism of the fish with its "swimming bladder" first suggested the discovery of this machine, which is about 16 feet long, shaped like a fish, propelled by a screw, and guided by a rudder.

The Snorer's Companion is the name of a newly patented device to be attached to the backs of church pews, forming a comfortable head-rest, and enabling the owner to sleep through the dullest sermon with the greatest satisfaction.—Sci. Am.

RElic.—The President's chair in Prithologian Hall is a relic of considerable interest. It was brought from England in 1629, to be used at the inauguration of John Winthrop, first governor of the colony of Plymouth. It is of solid oak, and was evidently in its day a fine piece of furniture.—College Argus.

A new feature is this year introduced into the annual examinations in the English Department—viz.: theme writing. Two classes of subjects are given, one ranking 20 per cent. higher, and a theme required to be written,—not less than four pages of Legal cap—in the space of three hours. The feature is new, at least at Trinity, and we hope to see the plan carried out every year.—Tablet.

The Centennial Commencement of Dartmouth College was celebrated at Hanover on July 20th, 1869, with great spirit and enthusiasm.

A man in Rhode Island was sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman.

"John Ruskin, the Art Critic, has been elected to the Slade Art Professorship of Oxford University."

Dr. Hacket has accepted the Professorship of Exegesis and Biblical criticism, in the Rochester Theological Seminary.

Brown University will hereafter have its Commencement exercises in June, instead of September.

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."—Shak. Jul. Caesar, Act. III, Scene II, 187.
of humor. Be the subject never so dry or barren, the fancy of the old writers was sure to enliven it with some quaint analogy, some ingenious allusion, some unlooked-for felicity, some entertaining oddity of thought or expression; or, if nothing better, at least some ludicrous alliteration or outrageous pun. Let us view some of these eccentricities, not with the green magnifying glasses of criticism, but with those of a student who goes to the theatre for relaxation, determined to be pleased.

One of the quaintest, wittiest and shrewdest of the old English writers is Fuller, the Church historian. Every page of his writings is brimming with wit—with hearty and chuckling fullness of mirth, which catches at a joke as a boy does at a butterfly, and impresses every possible play of words, of necessity, into its service. It was he who first defined policy “to consist in serving God so as not to offend the devil.” It was he, too, who first called the negro “an image of God cut in ebony.” Of natural fools he says: “Their heads are sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.” Yet, he adds, “some by their faces may pass current enough, till they cry themselves down by their speaking, for men know the bell is cracked when they hear it tolled.” Speaking of Wat Tyler, he calls him “a mis-grammatist—if a good Greek word may be given to so barbarous a rebel.” Again, speaking of St. Monica, he says: “Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.” This exquisite simile must have furnished Waller with the hint for his admired lines:

“The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Let in new light through chinks which time has made.”

One Dr. Watson, a London divine, published about the middle of the seventeenth century a thin volume called “Watson's Divine Cordial,” in which, having taken for his text the passage in Psalms, “But the law of the Lord is His delight,” etc., he proceeds to say: “This but, my readers, is full of spiritual wine; let us broach a little, and then proceed.”

The famous Hugh Peters, one of the fanatics of Cromwell’s time, preaching on Psalm cvii, 7, “We led them forth by the right way, that they might go to the city of habitation,” told his audience that God was forty years leading Israel through the wilderness of Canaan, which was not forty days’ march; but that God’s way was a great way about. He then made a circumflex on his cushion, and said that “the Israelites were led crinkledom cum crinkledom.”

Sylvester, describing the Lord’s coming to judgment, expresses it thus:

“Mercy and Justice, marching check by jowl,
Shall his divine triumphant chariot roll.”

Good old Bishop Earle, in his Microcosmography, paints a child as “a man in a small letter; yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple. We laugh at his foolish parts; but his game is our earnest, and his drums, rattles and hobby-horses but the emblem and mocking of a man’s business. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God, and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches.”

Sir Thomas Browne, who, of all the old writers, had, perhaps, the queerest twist in his brains, in allusion to an obvious physiological truth, says: “We are all anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory, but in a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devoured ourselves!” Speaking of those “winy and airy subtleties in religion which,” he says, “have unhinged the brains of better heads,” he adds: “They have never stretched the Pia Mater of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. * * *" I can read that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited, or raise a law-case whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title to his former possessions.” Lack of space prevents our culling many grains from the gold dust which strews the pages of this fine old fantast; but here are a few: “The way to be immortal is to die daily.” “I fear God, but am not afraid of him.” “All things are artificial, for Nature is the Art of God.” “Where life is more terrible than death, the truest valor is to dare to live.”

The Rev. John Boraston, condoling with Sir N. Herbert on the death of his father, says: “The blessedness of our dear
deceased relations is handkerchief enough to dry our eyes." This reminds us of a celebrated French prelate, who, according to Urban Cheverenaux, an old historian, preached a quaint sermon on the tears of Mary Magdalen. Enlarging on the repentance of Mary, the bishop observed that her tears had opened to her the way to heaven; and that she had traveled by water to a place where few other persons had gone by land."

Jeremy Taylor has fewer oddities and eccentricities of speech than many of his contemporaries; yet now and then he drops an observation which would relax the hatchet face of an anchorite. Speaking of a blacksmith's widow, who toiled hard for the necessaries of life, he says: "Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was a place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that when she at length reached it, she would work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing Psalms."

Nothing can exceed the strange modes of expression adopted by the Quakers, though a sect ever to be admired. They clip and disfigure the king’s English into most ungrammatical postures, theeing and thouing us with all the stiffness of unyielding buckram. One of this class, a primitive enthusiast, whose name was Fisher, indulged himself in the succeeding flow of vituperation at Dr. Owen. The doctor was thus addressed by friend Fisher: "Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter; thou hedge-hog and grinning dog; thou bastard that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish bawd; thou mole; thou tinker; thou lizard; thou bell of no metal, but the tone of a kettle; thou wheel-barrow; thou whirlpool; thou whirligig; O thou fire-brand; thouadder and scorpion; thou moon-calf; thou ragged tatterdemalion; thou Judas; thou live in philosophy and logic, which are of the devil!"

Count Rumford gives us, in the following extract, the useful hint of eating a hot hasty-pudding by gradual advances, circumventing the out-work and storming the parapet. These are his words: "The hasty-pudding being spread out equally on a plate, while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it with a spoon, into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, etc.; the butter, being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar, and forms a sauce, which, being confined in the excavation, occupies the middle of the plate."

Thus far for the array. Now for the battle. "Dip each spoonful in the same before it is carried to the mouth, care being had, in taking it up, to begin on the outside, and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation, which forms the reservoir of the sauce." This, gentle reader, is the philosophy of hasty-pudding, or rather of eating it.

One of the wittiest of the old divines was Dr. Robert South, who was chaplain to Charles II. His sermons are brimful of sharp jests—of odd quirks, sly thrusts, queer analogies, teasing mockery, and a kind of raillery, half playful, half malicious, which would tickle the ribs even of an anchorite. In his sermon on "The Creation of Man in God's Image," the most eloquent of all his productions, ridiculing the idolatry of the Egyptians he asks, "Is it not strange that a rational man should fawn upon his dog? Bow himself before a cat? Adore leeks and garlic, and shed penitential tears at the smell of a defiled onion? Yet so did the Egyptians, once the famed masters of all arts and learning," Again, quoting Isaiah xliv. 14, "A man hews him down a tree in the wood, and a part of it he burns," and in verses 16 and 17, "with the residue thereof he maketh a god," South thus comments: "With the one part he furnishes his chimney, with the other his chapel. A strange thing that the fire must first consume this part and then burn incense to that. As if there was more divinity in one end of the stick than in the other; or as if it could be graved and painted omnipotent, or the nails and the hammer could give it an apotheosis."

Again, contrasting the pleasures of the thinking and the eating man, he represents them to be as different "as the silence of Archimedes in the study of a problem, and the stillness of a sow at her wash." Some men, he says, appear "not so much to have been born, as damned, into the world." Of the greatness and lustre of the Romish clergy, he says: "We envy them neither their scarlet gowns, nor their scarlet sins." Again, speaking of the "rich, old professing vulpomies" who will give nothing to the church or the poor, he tells them to remember that "God is not to be flammed off with lies" about their poverty, and to
consider that it is not the best husbandry in the world to be
dammed to save charges." Of the perversity of the Israelites he
observes, that "God seems to have espoused them to himself,
upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe,
only for her ill-conditions," as "the fittest argument both to exer-
cise and to declare his admirable patience to the world."

Honest old angle-loving Isaac Walton thus instructs his piscary
pupils how to handle a frog: "Put your hook into his
mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till
August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so
for at least six months without eating, but is sustained — none but
He, whose name is wonderful, knows how — I say, put your
hook through his mouth and out at his gills, and then, with a fine
needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one
stick, to the arming-wire of your hook; and in so doing, use him
as though you loved him!"

An amusing story is told of one Mr. Stirling, who was minister
of the Barony church of Glasgow during the war which England
and other countries maintained against the ambition of Louis
XIV. In that part of his prayer which related to public affairs,
he used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty
tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but,
good Lord," added the worthy man, "d'inn let him fa' in!"
This curious prayer being mentioned to Louis, he laughed heart-
ily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and
freely afterwards gave as a toast, "The good Scotch parson!"

Scott, in his Christian Life, speaking of sinners going to
heaven, says: "They would find themselves like pigs in a
drawing-room!"

Mr. Tavernier, in 1853, begins a sermon thus: "Arriving at
the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have
brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity,
carefully preserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows
of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

Upon oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it
were, "native, and to the manner born!" "The true lover of an
oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite,
and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator —
but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the
shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious he has
been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the pisci-
vorous gourmand tickling him to death."

M.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart: — ah, that horrible, Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain —
With the fever called "Living,"
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst.
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground —

From a cavern not very far
Down under ground—
And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pannies—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pannies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pannies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.
COURTSHIPS OF GREAT MEN.

The popular biographer of M. De Tocqueville tells us that in the year 1835 occurred two most important events; the complete success of his first book, and the consummation of his hopes of marriage with Miss Mottley. The writer adds a general remark that “Marriage exercises a decisive influence on future life, and lays open the depth of real character; intellectual superiority would hardly be worth having if the moral feelings and character were to remain on the ordinary level. De Tocqueville sought not to make a good bargain, but wisely and proudly followed the dictates of his mind and heart.” A biographer of Mr. Pitt deigns merely to notice that the parish records tell us that he was married on a certain day, and names the vicar and witnesses fully as prominently as the bride, about whom he tells us nothing, though the young orator and statesman thought enough of her to marry her.

A step taken necessarily so early in life, before the usual conflicts of life have brought to the heart sourness and, may be, despair, is an index of unbiased and true character, and a prophecy to the child of genius, of success or disaster.

D’Israeli, who has more than most men entered the engine-room, and described the hidden machinery which impels the great actions and words of men, says, “We may assume that the studies, and even the happiness, of the pursuits of men of genius are powerfully influenced by the domestic associate of their lives.”

Shakespeare, at the age of eighteen, fell in love with Ann Hathaway, older by seven years; but she had, in his eye at least, those womanly graces and that maturity, wanting to a younger person, which filled his mind with those beautiful ideals which he afterwards realized in his Portia, Ophelia, and Imogene. His own experience taught him to say,

“Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper’d with love’s sighs.”

Just when his views of humanity were forming, it was well for the world that he who was to influence the English-speaking people during the coming centuries did not have his ideal of woman’s character “Byronized,” but was saved from disappointment and won his lady. One can hardly account for the conduct of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, who, when a young and gallant soldier, “wooed and won” an old lady of princely fortune who he well knew would soon die. As Macaulay remarks of the great divine, courtier, and historian, Gilbert Burnet, “By a fortunate matrimonial speculation,” he gained the means of setting up in business, and thus he bought that wonderful influence which enabled him to oppose even Gustavus Adolphus, and made him the terror of all Europe during a part of the Thirty Years’ War.

Coleridge, the philosopher and poet, was not so successful, but won a poor girl who, perhaps, appreciated him, and in a poem written during the time he was paying his addresses, foretold his fame. They began house-keeping without furniture, indeed, but with the promise of Mr. Cottle of a few shillings for every hundred lines he should write.

The great Nelson, “lord of the sea,” fell in love in Quebec, and had to be dragged by a friend to his ship to keep him from proffering his hand and heart to a young woman without wealth or rank; it would have changed the whole course of his life. A second time he hastened to sea, in order to rescue his too susceptible heart from a French Dulciana who had stolen it. The third time he married, and the fourth time, once too often for his honor.

The courtship of Mahomet was not marked by sleepless nights of siege and mornings of conquest, but was quite in keeping with oriental character, and no doubt exercised an important influence on his future. As he was returning home, so runs the story, a certain wealthy widow was watching him from her housetop as he rode in a caravan, and she saw two angels hover over him and
shield him from the sun's rays with their wings. This was too much for her sympathies, already aroused, perhaps; so she sent Maisara to negotiate, and he said, "Mahomet, why dost thou not marry?" "I have not the means." "Well, but if a wealthy dame should offer thee her hand, one who is handsome and noble?" At this suggestion Mahomet found his many objections removed, and very meekly he yielded to Providence.

It is hardly necessary to suggest that even men of genius are not always led by prudence in their choice. This, we may suppose, arises not unfrequently from the fact that great minds, before their development, are not conscious of all their latent power, and form their ideal of woman and wife accordingly. Further than this, the examples here adduced go to show that men of genius, like other mortals made of coarser clay, are about as often impelled by motives of the heart as of the head; and, we may ask, why should it be necessary or right for some great men to make their calculations in these matters by triangulation and syllogism, rather than by the dictates of the nobler nature? Perhaps the truth lies in the employment of reason to regulate passion; and here the great Moliere erred; though wonderfully skillful in understanding and depicting for the popular ear and eye the nicest shades of human character, he married a girl from his own theatrical troupe. Addison, whose fine taste the literary world strives only to imitate, selected one who had no sympathy with his pursuits, and who shortened his days by her endless bickerings. Many of Rousseau's misanthropic views of human society may be traced to his wretched taste in selecting a wife.

It is far more pleasant to consider the agreeable disappointments which have occurred when the love-born stripping has grown to be a man, whom all men look upon only from a distance to fear, admire, or love. When Miss Read stood on her father's front door-step in Philadelphia, and saw a weary and hungry runaway boy walk along the street, with a penny roll of bread under each arm and eating from another, with inquisitive glance staring at signs and windows, she little imagined that she would have the honor of being the wife of this same boy, the future diplomatist, scientific discoverer, and moral writer—Benjamin Franklin.

The honored non-conformist divine, Philip Henry, before his talents had won the place he afterwards occupied, found a place in the heart of Miss Matthews, whose father objected to the conclussion of the marriage on the ground that, being a plebian, he "did not know whence he came." "True," said the young lady, to whom necessity brought argument, "but I know whither he is going, and I want to go along with him." This argument produced the desired effect, and Mr. Henry, long afterwards, recorded the happiness of their married life.

The courtships of great men illustrate not seldom the character of times and persons. King James the First, having received from Denmark a picture of the beautiful Anne, in spite of the objections of Elizabeth and the regal advisers, said, "Having prayed and avised wi' God about two weeks, I am resolvit to wed-bonnie Anne of Denmark;" he would not be delayed in his purpose, and was impressed with the belief that, to secure the royal lassie,"She must be wooed and married, and a' before the first of May.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, among the many eccentricities of his eccentric life, made an easy conquest, we may suppose, though young and poor, of a widow who had children as old as himself. "His eyesight was too weak to distinguish cursive from natural bloom," and when she died he placed on her monument an inscription describing the charms of her person and character; and he spoke of her on one occasion as a "pretty creature," though "to ordinary spectators she appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of displaying provincial airs."

Sheridan, in true dramatic style, actor that he was, eloped to France with the object of his brother's affection, and also fought a duel in consequence of a third lover. We may decide with D'Israeli that it is not an essential mark of a great man to be free from those sympathies which unite him to the great world of feeling and emotion which he is born to influence and elevate. Lockhart has preserved for us some specimens of Sir Walter Scott's love letters; and should one chance to pick up one of Miss Carpenter's letter to him at the time of their first correspondence, he would attribute it to a school-girl who is endeavoring to impress her lover with the idea that she has learned somewhat of French, her native language. She often closes a "billet-doux" with a phrase like "'aimez Charlotte," "Groyezmoi toujours votre sincere," or "je suis toujours votre constante Charlotte," and other endearing words. In spite of Scott's protestations to his
mother, we cannot help thinking that his conduct at the watering place at Gilsland proves his a case of "love at first sight;" while his history and verses prove him to have been in love twice before. Cowper's courtship has a very mournful romance attending it, more interesting than novel stories. An attachment sprung up between him and his fair cousin, but her father very properly, on account of their consanguinity, broke off the engagement. Both remained unmarried unto death; but the hopes of this tender flower of genius were blighted, and the disappointment came like an early frost upon his noble intellect.

Abelard is no less distinguished in the history of romance than in the history of medieval scholasticism, and the procuring of his absolution by Eloisa for the crime of falling in love with her, priest and nun as they were, has made his name as famous as his heresy in the Unitarian Realism, conceptionalism and nominalism.

We will close with the example of one whom all the world must love and who himself was capable of tenderest affection—Washington. Irving writes him down a very modest youth, and one of tender heart, referring to his early passion for a "lowland beauty," evidence of which is found in sundry very poor verses scattered through his early journal. Take as an example,

"Ah! woe is me, that I should love conceal;"
"Long have I wished, but never dared reveal."

"We are glad," says Irving, "of an opportunity of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh throbbing with the warm impulses of human nature."

It has been widely published that President Angell declined the call extended to him to become president of Michigan University. The Review, however, says: "We have the very best authority for stating that as yet (Nov. 25), nothing has been definitely settled in regard to the acceptance or non-acceptance by President Angell of the presidency of Michigan University;" and the Madisonensis says that he has telegraphed the withdrawal of his declination. The Chronicle comes to us ignorant on the subject.
Reminiscences.

But boots are not all which my fond recollection
Recalls to my mind of my treasures of yore;
I cannot but name, with the deepest affection,
The transition garments I formerly wore.
I start with the largest I wore when a baby—
It reached from my shoulders to regions unknown:
The next, though much shorter, seemed meant for a lady
Of much the same age as I boasted my own.
And this with a shaker—
My mother's old shaker,
The out-door apparel
I then called my own,

Now, young fellows' garments, like shadows in nature,
In life's morn are longest—grow shorter at noon;
Then lengthen again, as one gains in his stature,
And likewise depend on the height of the "son."
So, next, came my jacket in regular order;
A round-about next, with some caudal to spare;
And last, but not least, with brass buttons and border,
The more lengthy garment which grown people wear.
That first lengthy caudal—
That precious old caudal,
To that of a comet,
For sparking compared.

Now, sparking is sport for a fellow of spirit;
Especially so when the coast is all clear.
But it makes one feel sick, who has reason to fear it,
To have a gay rival make bold to appear.
Poor "I" had a rival—his name was another,
Whom all ladies love at some time in their life.
The hand which I gave she secured from the weather;
So his she adored with the love of a wife.
Good luck to my sparkling!
Ah! joy to my sparking?
I won for my rival
A love of a wife.

JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dickens, in his "Notes for General Circulation," the published results of his first tour of observation in this country, animadverts very severely upon the state of the newspaper press in this country, draws a sad picture of the moral obliquity thus being engendered, and ventures to prophesy a speedy degeneracy in the domain of politics, with danger to all those better influences which serve to give a healthful tone to our national life. Many have said, and many more have thought, no doubt, this to be a harsh and unwarrantable conclusion. It seems to us, however, that time has shown it to have been but too just. Let us hear what he says:

"While the newspaper press of America is in or near its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year it must and will go back; year by year the tone of public feeling must sink lower down; year by year the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and year by year the memory of the great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more in the bad life of their degenerate child."

Has he not lived to see this literally fulfilled? Has not the cry and struggle of a large political party, and the prayer of many a sincere heart throughout this nation been, for years now, "restore the virtue and dignity of the early republic?" Can Congress sink much lower than to the point where its members are keepers of gambling hells, and champions of the prize-ring? Can presidential dignity be debased lower than to maudlin drivelg, and brutish obstinacy? Can political virtue be less in demand than when its noblest embodiment becomes the mark of malignant assassination. Can political influence in high places be less what it should be than when subject to the beck and will of jeweled courtseans? Can the pulpit breathe less truly the spirit of Gospel love than with honeyed words to heal the warning consciences of those who, in the name of Christianity, and under its priestly sanction, outraged every political and social right recognized by a civilized community, in that diabolical institution of slavery?
Has not the newspaper press aimed at sensationalism to the extent of grossly violating honor, truth and decency, even in the family relation? Can the public taste become more vitiated, or morbid curiosity more morbid, than to greedily seek after and devour the sickening details of every disgusting scandal in private life, and blood-curdling public atrocity? Did ever well-poisoned weather-cocks veer to the wind with half the celerity most of our journals, as the so-called organs of partisan sentiment, display in trimming to every whim of popular favor or caprice? Is it not proverbial that the press is the tool of the “ring,” and that its virtue consists in being sound on “the main question”? What so much as journalism and journalists is responsible for all this corruption and corrupt political influence in high places? What means this call for a “Citizens party” and “Citizens ticket” here in Chicago, and the cry of despair from New York?

What say ye now, carpers at the critic? Did he lash us too severely, or but too justly? Time has indeed been his voucher. Year by year has indeed brought its confirmatory record. We must not blind our eyes, or strive to shut the hateful sequence by thrusting our heads into the sand of public responsibility. We must not plead, in extenuation of this venal truckling to pampered tastes, the fallacious argument which rests upon the great law of “demand and supply.” Morals and trade are regulated by far different laws of economy. The painted bawd who tramps our streets might justify her trade with plex as good. No! let us face the disagreeable truth. The moral tone of our journalism, as a whole, is low and, we fear, continually sinking lower in its efforts to cater to partisan purpose, and an itching desire after sensationalism. The “dime-novel” literature is eclipsed by “facts stranger than fiction,” served up to us through the dignified columns of a leading literary magazine, and spiced to suit the morbid public taste by the delicate hand of a lady whose fame as an authoress and champion of human rights is worldwide.

A leading publishing house throws out tit-bits of the base scandal for the public to roll under its tongue, and to what a depraved appetite for the “Harpy” feast that is soon to come. Domestic tragedies are minutely detailed, grossly exaggerated, and trusted up to suit the perverted taste that demands them. Licentiousness and adultery stalk, with unblushing effrontery, through its columns, to every virtuous fireside, blunting the finer susceptibilities, and contaminating youthful virtue. Police records are not revolting enough in their ordinary details, but every unfortunate victim of vice, when he falls into the clutches of the law, must be made to dance through the halls of justice to the harlequinade of some penny-a-liner of the press. Vile quackery pays for its “reserved seat,” and flaunts its loathsome wares in our very faces.

Need we say more? Does not reason and experience teach us that if we would strip vice and crime of their hideous aspect, we have but to familiarize men with them? Are we not taught as individuals to restrain our eyes, as well as keep our hands from evil? How much more should the press then, Argus-eyed and Briarean-handed as it is! We do not exaggerate this power. It is second to none in the land, not even the pulpit, and a proportionate responsibility for good or for evil rests upon it. To whom and to what, then, goes up the cry for help, co-operation and sympathy with the moral reform so much needed? Who and what is to restore the pristine virtue and dignity of the early republic? Who and what is to decide the great question of chartered freedom and legislative prosperity? Who and what, if Republicanism wins the day, must walk hand in hand with every bold crusade against the ranks of selfish wrong and base intrigue, and with every noble effort for the amelioration of the woes of suffering humanity? Who and what must second the glorious success, or, O how sad! failure of this last wonderful experiment in self-government? Journalism and journalists of America, ask yourselves, and take the question home.

But we would not leave the subject here, and with these gloomy forebodings. Are there no signs of promise for the future? Is there not evidence that the people, at least, are awakening to a sense of their and the republic’s danger? What is it citizens of all classes are clamoring for now in their representatives? Is it profound knowledge alone, and wide experience of past politics and past party issues, or rather trustworthiness, reliability — honesty? Is it “soundness on the main question,” or incorruptibility and rectitude of principle, irrespective of party issues? Is it measures or men we want most just now? Are the people longer to be caught with the “shibboleth” of political truisms? Do the people propose much longer to drop their patronage into the hat of every mendicant journalist who chooses to work his
puppets and dance his monkey, while he grinds his melancholy organ to the stop of some old, worn-out party tune of other days? Is it to be supposed that the ol' zzzzz will always cheerfully whistle assent while they turn the great grind-stone of heavy taxation for political buncombe to sharpen its selfish old axe upon? Is the victory of political principle much longer to be the signal for partisan plunder, indiscriminate slaughter, and a neck and heels rush for the "spoils of office?" Is general intelligence to be much longer caught with the "specious pretexts" and "glittering generalities" which bedizen the trappings of the loud-neighing "war-horses" of party strife, as they paw and champ their bits in the snug stalls of well-paid legislation? Do the people not begin to understand pretty well that these same fiery chargers are worthless old hacks, morally "ring-boned" and "spavined" with drawing in the truck-harness of selfish intrigue and cabal?

Are the requirements of justice satisfactorily met everywhere throughout our broad land? Are such judges as "Cardozo," and such courts as those of Indiana popular? Does the "Polard" style of editorial take now-a-days as it did before the war?

Yes, the people are tired of this balderdash and frippery, this deception and selfish truckling. They want more independent and true thinking, with less "organ-grinding." And what they want they will have, rest assured. This increasing desire on the part of the public at large for plain speech in the direction of truth and common sense, we welcome as one of the most auspicious signs of the times, and one which insures speedy reform in the tone of our journalism. The public wants, and the press needs more such discriminate and conscientious criticism, as The Nation gives us. And every lover of his country's best interests will seek not only to extend this paper's circulation and influence, but to promote the rise and growth of more periodical literature of this nature.

It is time this moral prostitution of the press was spoken of in plain terms; for it is more generally understood perhaps than "newspaper men" and "interviewing reporters" generally suppose. We rejoice to see, moreover, that "rings" and ring-masters, with all the various supernumeraries of the political circus, bid fair to become more intimately acquainted with the public than their interests and natural tendencies would be likely to bring about. We rejoice to see that there are some journals and journalists that are not afraid to speak English about these things, and we hope that plain old Saxon will continue to be used till political virtue has been thoroughly ventilated in this country, and journalism in these states has risen to a position of dignity and veracity commensurate with its vast responsibility. *Sic Esto.* C. G.

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**JOHN MICHAELSON.**

Years ago there lived, in the township of M ——, in the then backwoods of Wisconsin, a stalwart Norwegian laborer, named John Michaelson. He was the owner of a small farm and homestead, but he depended mostly for his support, and the support of his numerous family, on days' work and small jobs for neighboring farmers; and there was not one in the community that could fell a tree, or build a log-heap, or mow an acre, better than he. He was, too, a man of good parts intellectually — not educated, unable even to write his name — but, a natural leader among his fellows, giving advice as to the best method of building brush-heaps and digging ditches, and always foremost when difficult enterprises were to be undertaken. But, like most men, he had his failings, and, alas! one of these was a very serious one, — he tippled. No sooner would he gather together a small sum of money, by his industry, than he would betake himself to the grog-shop and spend for whisky the hard-earned cash so much needed for the comfort of his family. There is some truth hidden under the garments of the old fable, that the devil sometimes appears to men in bodily form. To poor John he appeared in the form of a jug of distilled rye, or perhaps more properly, in the person of the evil-souled man who sold him the fiery beverage. This retailer of evil spirits, himself an evil spirit, had his den about two miles away, and the path thither lay through the woods, and, a part of the way, along the bank of a creek.

Temptation always comes with mightiest power in hours of idleness. So it was in John's case. One dark, cloudy afternoon in the spring-time, when farmers were thrown out of employment by the heavy rains that had made swamps of roads, and foaming rivers of creeks, a nameless longing filled John's breast, a wish he hardly dared to own, for something better than—
water. There, in the corner, stood the jug, but it was empty. He could not help thinking how good it would be if it was full. As he had nothing else to do, he kept thinking about it, and the thought became more and more vivid and fascinating, till it began to shape itself into action, and when Betsy's back was turned, he slipped silently into the corner where the jug was, concealed it under his blouse-coat, and skulked away in the direction of the grog-shop.

John's journey thither was accomplished with ease, for he scarcely thought of the mud and sloughs for the expected delights and frolics of a spree; but in coming home — then came "the tug of war." He drank deeply and stayed late with companions of his own sort, and when at last he started on his homeward journey it was pitch dark. The path was very muddy, too, and, worse still, his brain was quite as muddy as the path. The way was very winding; so were his footsteps, only he could not make them wind with the path; now he wound to this side, now to the other; now he found the path, now he lost it, and every time he lost it he consoled himself for his misfortune by taking a "swig" from the friendly jug. This, however, did not tend to clear his visior, or steady his brain, or facilitate his endeavors to take the crooks out of the path. He was soon unable to tell whether he was in it or out of it, until, stumbling over a fallen limb, he fell headlong into a little pond made by the overflow from the creek, when he gravely decided that he must be out of it. Fortunately, the water was only about two feet deep, or it might have been the last of poor John, for he was already too heavily laden to swim. As it was, however, he struggled as rapidly as possible to a sitting posture, blew the water from his nostrils, a la whale, and coughed it from his throat, and, when the breath came regularly again, endeavored to rise to his feet, but, strange to say, his head had grown so wondrously heavy that he was unable to support it far from the ground, and he was compelled to remain in his rather uncomfortable position. He was a man fertile in expedients, however. "Was not John Michaelson a leading mind in the community? Was not his advice sought, and his help secured, when any difficult work was to be done in the township of M——?" When log barns and log cabins were raised in the neighborhood, was he not always chosen to boss the work, or chop a corner? When a log was elevated to its position, or a rafter raised, was he not the man who always gave the command, 'He — yo — he?' (Heave, oh heave!) What man was there, for miles around, that could split so many rails as he, or make a better fence, or better lead a band of harvesters? He; a man of such acknowledged sense, so full of plans and expedients, should his wisdom fail him in this emergency? No; baffled he would not be."

So he gathered all his energies, and tried to rise to the right, and then to the left, and then to the front, and then on one knee, and then on the other, but all in vain. Then he tried to roll out, but that would not do, for it involved getting his head under water, experience enough of which he had had already. He stopped and reflected. At last a happy thought struck him. He had heard of the man who tried to lift himself over a fence by the strap of his boots; why could not he lift himself out of the puddle in the same way? At least he would try. He eagerly seized his boot-strap with both hands, and pulled with all his might. It was difficult, in his rather confused state of mind, to tell whether he was making any progress shoreward or not; he soon concluded, however, that his progress was not very rapid. Again he stopped and considered. He soon convinced himself that the reason must be this: that his two hands did not pull together. Then, seizing the straps again, he cried, at the top of his voice: "Now! all-together! he — yo — he!" "All-together, I say! he — yo — he!"

About midnight that night, as a neighbor happened to be passing along the aforesaid path, his meditations were disturbed by a splashing in the water near by. Half affrighted, he stopped a moment to listen. Then arose, from the same place, the stern command: "He — yo — he!" The voice was familiar; he had heard it many times before, at "raisings," and recognized it at once as that of John Michaelson. As the neighbor drew near, to ascertain the true cause of the strange imperative, he found the poor Norwegian still toggling at his boot-straps. John survived this eloquent temperance lecture for many years; but it does not seem to have given him a more favorable opinion of cold water, or to have lessened his relish for the stronger beverage; for at last he was seized with that horrid disease, the terrors of which the drunkard only knows, and died amidst visions of deadly snakes darting their fiery tongues at him, and winding their slimy folds about his body.
ODD NAMES.

We have often thought that could we see together in one list all the odd names we have ever met, it would be one of the greatest literary curiosities. Names odd, names grotesque, names awkward, names ridiculous, names unpronounceable, nick names, such as young ladies give each other, names German, French, Italian, names of great musicians, names of musicians great, because they have names unlike anything in the “heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth;” fictitious names, assumed names, etc. The list swells so, that we shall be overtided if we go on.

Here is the fruit of ten minutes rumaging among the cobwebs of memory. “Did time and occasion allow,” as the minister says, “we should be glad to extend our remarks on this very important subject.”

But to begin. We recollect seeing in the geography we used to study, when an archin at common school, this combination of letters—M-i-c-h-i-l-i-m-a-c-k-i-m-a-c-k, pronounced Mackinaw.

Again: among a list of recruits forwarded to the army from New York during the war, we remember this euphonious cognomen, C-o-o-n-r-o-d U-n-c-k-n-a-m-p-a-u-g-h. Rumor has it that the orderly sergeant of the poor fellow’s company came back from the war with a dislocated jaw. Whether he got it from a rebel bullet, or from calling the roll of his men, we are not told.

We recollect somewhere to have read or heard of a woman who named her pet dog “Moreover,” because she wanted to give it a Scripture name. On being asked where that name occurred in the Scripture, she triumphantly quoted the passage, “And, moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores.”

We once knew three brothers in Iowa by the name of Klein-line. The given name of the first was John, of the second Peter, of the third John Peter. Had there been a fourth, what could have been his name?

In ’64, when the draft was pending, and all were tremblingly anxious that recruiting should go on rapidly, the news came to

New York that recruiting was going on with unprecedented rapidity; indeed, that in one district, in the central part of the state, a thousand had enlisted in a single day. Hurrah! Hearts beat quicker; steps are more elastic; shaky knees stiffen; laughter, erst frozen, begins to thaw out. But, alas! short-lived joy! delusive hope! A thousand is only one. A. (Alonzo) Thousand had enlisted; that was all.

The story goes that somewhere, sometime, lived a man named New. In course of time Mr. New, marrying, and being blest with a son, called its name Something. “For, truly,” said he, “this is something new.” By-and-by, being blessed with another son, he called it Nothing. “For, surely,” said he, “this is nothing new.”

An amusing instance of mistakes in names occurs to us. Soon after the publication of Tennyson’s last long poem, a publisher in Philadelphia received a letter from a lady containing money and an order for the poem “In a Garden.” “In a Garden! In a Garden!”—the publisher was beaten. He could not think of any poem entitled “In a Garden.” At last, however, a thought struck him. He sent the lady Tennyson’s “Enoch Arden.” That was the poem desired.

But, to come back to odd names and personal experience. It was our fortune to teach a district school one winter in an adjoining state, and to have on our roll this name, “James Hithero Withero Pothinger Sater.”

We have heard of a Professor in an Eastern college known by the weighty title, “Professor Broad-and-deep-foundation-against-the-time-to-come.” The name arose from the anxiety he expressed in his chapel prayers, that the young men should lay broad and deep foundations against the time to come. Another, from like cause, was known as “Professor Many-shall-run-to-and-fro-and-knowledge-shall-be-increased.” And still another, “Professor Let-everything-be-done-decently-and-in-order.”

In Goodrich’s History of England we find the following: “One of the chief orators in Cromwell’s parliament was one Barebone; hence it was called Barebone’s parliament.”

The Puritans, to show their religious zeal, discarded the usual Christian names as being heathenish, and adopted others deemed more holy. Even the New Testament names of James, Thomas, Peter, etc., were not regarded as highly as those from the Old
Testament, as Habakuk and Zerubbabel. Sometimes a whole sentence was adopted. Thus we find, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Kill-sin Pimple, More-fruit Fowler, etc. Barebone himself was named Praise God, and he had a brother named, "If Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned Barebone. This was too long a name to be repeated every time he was addressed, so the people generally called him Damned Barebone.

Alas for us! Cromwell and his fellows have passed away—we are fallen upon other times; but even now names equally strange are met with, even so many that they loom up in numbers great, and we shrink from the task of recounting them.

OURSELVES.

Draw up your chairs, friends, and let’s talk over matters a little. We do not feel in the right mood to write out a metaphysical article upon the immutability of divine law (we’ve been studying Porter lately,) or an elaborate review of the situation of the country, the President’s message, or the prospects of the Fifteenth Amendment; nor do we wish to reiterate to you the glories of a free press, and expatiate upon the mission of the newspaper. But, rather, we would talk to you a little while about our own Index, in which, just now, we feel more interested than in any thing else. With the present number, we close the first volume. Our emotions, as we complete the work upon it, are much as we fancy a young mariner’s must be, as he returns from his first voyage. At the beginning of the year, we launched out with an inexperienced crew, but high hopes and fair prospects; and, as we make this our last port, we feel that we are somewhat acquainted with the rigging of our ship, that we have profited by our experience, and that our views of the college world in which we move are enlarged. Some of the ports we have passed, in this our year’s voyage, were made with ease—some with difficulty. Journalistic voyagers are troubled less by storms than by calms. It is in storms that they especially delight; when they can climb the rigging and watch the angry lightning flashes of genius; have their souls stirred by thunders from threatening clouds; and watch with calm eye the tossed, surging, seething masses of the people.

Storm is the life of journalism, but calms are as disastrous to it as Capricorn is to commerce.

During our year we have experienced the same difficulties that others have, the most prominent of which is financial in character. Some of our college friends, in smaller towns, doubtless, look to us with feelings akin to envy, thinking that, surely, in so large a city, the support of a college publication must be easy. The fact, however, is quite the contrary. Large cities are flooded with periodical literature; the people are bored with canvassers, and business men are pestered with advertisers, each one offering the "very best of advertising facilities.” Under such circumstances, we, who already have our time well occupied with college duties, come to the work of our magazine; and we assure you, friends in smaller towns, that, so far as editorial work and editorial honors are concerned, we would gladly change places with you.

When we began, it was with the editors and publishers chosen from the classes. This plan has the nominal advantage of the co-operation of all, while, really, it has the disadvantage of leaving all the work for one or two to do, with more or less of class jealousy attendant. We have, therefore, thought that the interests of the Index demanded that it should be put into the hands of the Students’ Association, and its officers elected by that body. This plan has been carried out in part, and we hope, before the issue of another number, will be in full.

As we drop the old plan, we would make honorable mention of the names of Messrs. H. K. Hoppes, W. Whitney, Z. D. Scott and J. Newman, as gentlemen worthy of confidence, and willing to do fully their share of work.

With the present number, we introduce to our business friends and patrons Messrs. C. A. Barker, ’70, and A. P. Burbank, ’71; who, we feel assured, will conduct the finances of the Index in a prompt, business-like manner.

So, friends, having come through the year—with what of success we leave you to judge—we present the last number of the year, bespeaking your further co-operation and patronage.

In 1860, the Trustees of the University elected Professor McC Chesney to the chair of Geology, and he entered upon the work of teaching. When the war broke out, the number of students decreasing, and the strength of teaching force demanded seeming uncertain, Professor McC Chesney obtained leave of indefinite
absence, for the purpose of collecting cabinet specimens. Receiving, at the same time, an appointment from the Government as consul to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he went abroad; since which time, till about a year ago, he has been engaged in scientific and official duties. As the result of his efforts, he has brought to us a cabinet of geological and zoological specimens equal, if not superior, to any that has ever been imported to this country. It is expected that the Professor will immediately begin unpacking and arranging some exceedingly fine specimens, when we can have the satisfaction of showing our friends a cabinet, instead of telling of the forty or fifty tons we have stored in boxes.

It affords us great pleasure to note the prosperity of our old friends, and of none more than J. M. Rea, '67, of Mt. Carroll. We find the following in the Mirror, published at that place:

Admitted to the Bar.—J. Morris Rea, Esq., was admitted to the bar to practice law, during the recent session of our Circuit Court. Mr. Rea is well prepared to enter upon the duties of his profession, having spent a long time in preliminary study and preparation. He is a gentleman of integrity and good business habits and anything entrusted to his care will be carefully looked after. We hope he will have abundant success.

Louis Dyer, '71, who left here last summer, to travel in Europe, is now pursuing study in the University of München.

Mr. C. A. Babcock, '70, who has been absent from college since January last, is again with us, as jolly as ever, and gladly welcomed by all his old friends.

T. B. Pray, '69, is still employed in study, being in Buffalo, N.Y., reading law. We doubt not that Blackstone's finest points will be discovered with ease; though, sometimes, not without our friend's "begging leave to differ." His address is 349 Main street.

J. T. Sunderland, '67, has gone to New Orleans, to supply a Baptist church there during the winter vacation of the Theological Seminary. We hear it rumored that, if all parties are mutually pleased, he will settle there.

The Faculty has promulgated an order prohibiting students from boarding, after the 1st of January, at any place where a bar is kept for the sale of intoxicating drinks, or where there are billiard, or other gaming tables. Will the Faculty inform us what they propose to have those students do in whose homes are kept billiard parlors and wine closets?

Rev. Dr. Goodspeed delivered, a few evenings since, at the University chapel, before the students, the lecture which has called forth so many favorable comments from the press—"Shakespeare and the Bible"—a subject in which the speaker showed himself to be at home. In our opinion, it was one of his happiest efforts, both for the elegance of diction, and, in the main, for the justness of its comparisons and criticisms. His evident admiration of Shakespeare led him to be somewhat fulsome in his praise. His rendering of some passages was peculiarly fine; while his familiarity with "our greatest English poet" is worthy of imitation. The proceeds of the lecture were devoted to the Reading Room at the Theological Seminary.

On the evening of November 26, the Atheneum and Tri Kappa societies met in joint meeting. We are glad to see such meetings, and thoroughly wish that there might be more good, vigorous, healthy rivalry between these societies. The meeting in question was better than any previous one of the same character. Mr. Riddle (Ath.) opened the exercises with an oration upon "Individuality an element of well being." Mr. Babcock (Tri Kappa) followed with an address on "Tendency of Extremes." Both of these were well received by the audience. "The Sepulchre," read by Mr. Sutherland (Tri Kappa) was spicy and in good taste. The question, "Ought the manufacture of intoxicating beverages to be prohibited by law?" called forth a vigorous and able discussion, on the affirmative, from Messrs. Klink and Springer (Ath.), and on the negative, from Messrs. Bliss and Pratt (Tri Kappa). The decision, given on behalf of the judges by Prof. Mathews, in favor of the negative, was acceptable to all. The music which enlivened the programme was creditable to the "Trio" and entertaining to the societies.

"The College Times is out. For sale at Room 27"—and by certain news boys.

The morning of December 15 broke dark and frowning upon the above quotation, as it appeared in large print, posted all through our halls, and upon every conspicuous place in the campus and vicinity, making us aware of the existence, here at home, of a cotemporary in the field of letters. We awaited the appearance of the new publication on our editorial-table, and was rewarded with—waiting. We, however, overlook this, appre-
Exercise much longer, with apparently equal ease. We recommend this kind of practice as eminently beneficial for students—giving them graceful movements and good circulation of the blood.

We gladly take a little space among our localis to notice our friend S. B. Andrews, proprietor of the Douglas House. We can conscientiously affirm that we know of no one in the city who can provide a better meal for less money than mine host of the Douglas House. Students will find it particularly to their advantage to board with Mr. Andrews, as he provides on the European style, therefore they can live as cheaply or dearly as they wish.

The Reading Room of the Theological Seminary has a well-selected library, besides a large variety of religious and other papers. We hope that the executive committee of our own Reading Room will see to it that we have as large a source of this kind of information, so indispensable to the education of every true scholar.

OUR EYE-GLASS.

As we review college life, and college publications, it is with the impression fastening itself upon us that there was a mission for college publications to perform, and that they are accomplishing it. There has been an astonishing amount of old-fogyism collected within the domains of colleges, and fostered there by either untold egotism or lack of exertion to see what is going on in the wide, active world. Our college periodicals are bringing college interests, all over the land, more in harmony; they are exposing the weaknesses, and holding up the advantages of different systems; they are making students see themselves as men, subject to the same laws of propriety while in college that others are outside; and, above all, they are developing the literary talents and tastes of the students. We are glad, moreover, to note the improvement manifest in our exchanges this year, nearly every one of them more justly claiming the need of praise than it did last year. In the pile of exchanges before us, which we must review through our editorial eye-glass, as well as with personal interest, there are evident traces of two leading thoughts.
A part seem to see in education only dollars and cents, and aspire to make everything practical, forgetting that in the cultivation of the aesthetic nature men derive the greatest enjoyment, and come nearest to the appreciation of Divinity and His plan. They seem to have some city daily or country weekly before them for a model, and succeed well in following their copy. The acme of their desires seems to be to tell a story, to find fault, to propound a conundrum, or to murder Queen's English, *a la* Nasby.

The other leading thought is culture. The number which follow it is not so large as that of the other class, but we must give our opinion in favor of their greater excellence. They evince more thought, more research, and more care in their preparation and execution. Prominent among this latter class we prize the *Brunonian*, *Tale and Hamilton Literaries*, *Virginia University Magazine* and the *Chronicle*, as good models for those who are not too egotistical to be taught.

It affords us much pleasure to receive on our table new exchanges outside of college literature, and to none have we given more hearty welcome than to the *Overland Monthly*. The *Atlantic Monthly* represents the Atlantic States, the *Western Monthly* speaks for the Mississippi Valley, while the *Overland* conserves the interests of the Pacific slope. Its articles are upon interesting topics, and written with a freshness that is truly pleasing, though we think that Spanish, French and German idioms are used a little too freely to accord with good taste. No magazine is receiving more universal praise than the Overland. It is published in San Francisco, and all subscriptions should be addressed to John H. Carmany, 409 Washington St. Terms, $4.00 per year.

Not the least prominent of College Magazines is that of Virginia University. We do not hear so much trumpeting about that institution as of two or three others, and yet from what we are able to gather, it is second to none of them. The magazine is written in a spicy, pleasing style, and is well fit to be classed among our best exchanges.

The Oread displays the results of woman's persuasive powers in its well-filled advertising columns, as well as good taste in the literary department, though in this latter it is not difficult, we think, to pick out occasional traces of the masculine pen. The Oread offers large premiums for subscribers. We hope it will make public the name of the first person taking a prize.

*Wesleyan University* has a gymnasium—but alas! like many other good things, the students do not appreciate it. *The Argus* does not know how to account for this lack of interest in physical culture, but to us it seems no wonder. When the projector of gymnasiums realize that students wish to become neither Sampson nor professional acrobats, and provide bowling-alleys and games which are recreative, invigorating and attractive, then will there no longer be wonder why there is lack of interest in the gymnasium.

The new gymnasium, at Princeton, costing $32,000, has a fine ten-pin alley attached to it.

*Michigan University* observed November 17 as the first of what shall be hereafter annually celebrated as "University Day." The students, nearly a thousand strong, preceded by a band of music, paraded the streets, after which they proceeded to the M. E. Church, where an interesting programme of literary and musical entertainment was furnished.

The Cornell University printing-house furnishes employment for nine compositors, and advertises to give "constant employment and full wages to a few more, provided they first pass entrance examination of the University." Very well, but how can men acquire scholarship when constantly employed at the compositor's case, or in the press-room, doing the work for several large New York houses?"

There is not enough of the "hifarfitin" in "Fall Creek," to suit the character of some of our editorial acquaintances, so they propose to name a small stream that flows near their sanctum, "University River," or "Cornell River." Oh!

*Mrs. Stanton* has lectured in Ann Arbor, and the Chronicle's editorial "We" is quite taken with the old lady, and even imagines what a pleasant mother-in-law she would be "to have around the house." Ah, brother editors, give us a call, and we will show you some mothers that are willing to be mothers-in-law who would soon make you forget Elizabeth.
Our Eye-Glass.

The Union College boys do not have "rushes," so destructive to linen, but, instead, the Fresh and Sophs arm themselves with horse chestnuts, and then, drawn up in lines, a rod or two apart, pelt each other until they are obliged to desist from sheer exhaustion. Noble, manly sport!!

Brown University has received quite a collection of ancient coins, which, it is hoped, will be the nucleus for a very large and valuable collection of that character. The collection contains specimens of the as, and fractions of the as, denarii, half-denarii, quinarii and sestertii.

Brown also has for one of its trustees John G. Whittier, in accordance with its charter, which provides that a certain number of the trustees should be Congregationalists, Quakers and Episcopalians. We are glad to note that this University, so old, and so worthy of respect, is emerging from the cloud that has shadowed it.

Professor Tenney, of Williams College, has a white woodchuck for the college cabinet.

Dartmouth students are to be assessed four dollars per annum for the literary societies. Good! We wish the same assessment could be made in our own University.

The Freshmen at Williams' have had a pow-wow. The Sophs, uninvited, were out to help them, and materially dampened their sports, as the fire-works proved when the Freshies tried to use them. Is there anything funny in such performances? We regret that the early education of these pow-wow boys is so deficient.

Cornell University has added to its museum a cabinet of Polynesian Woods.

Among the eating clubs at Yale is "The Well-bred (a) Eaters," with the motto—"Nature abhors a vacuum."

Ingham University is to have a fire-proof building for its cabinet.

One university, of no very old reputation, boasts the number of authors of books that it has. So, too, shortly after the war broke out, our country boasted (?) a large number of wealthy men familiarly known as "shoddy."