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THE VOLANTE.

Volume V.
University of Chicago, December, 1874.
Number 3.

THE VOLANTE.

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Publishers.

C. F. MORTON, '74.
J. D. RUSSELL, '74.
W. H. ROBERTS, '74.

Terms—One copy, one year, $1.00; single copy, $0.30.

Address all communications to THE VOLANTE, University of Chicago. 1432.

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The communication in regard to the “Sponge” is specially commended to the attention of the members of that family in our college. It is intended to be a mirror for them, in which they may see themselves as they ought to be. If other sponges, they would make their house in the deeps of the sea, the Student’s Association could afford to proclaim a day of thanksgiving, and excuse the Professor from recitations for two days.

Vacation has a thousand happy anticipations for the student weary with the mental drudgery of four months. At no time does he so gladly turn aside from his books, to forget study and be happy, as he does when the Christmas holidays have come, that he has been in childhood the most glad days of all the year, and about which there still hangs a charm that years cannot separate from them.

None can appreciate this little respite more heartily than do the editors of the Volante; and they can but wish for its readers the same “Merry Christmas” and “Happy New Year” that they anticipate for themselves.

The benefit to be derived from lectures by eminent authors, statesmen, or orators in childhood is too evident to need proof. The study of oratory from books only, gives one but a faint idea of the power wielded by a really great public speaker. Oratory is not one of the lost arts, but will become so, if students have no higher models before them than the crack speakers of the Athenaeum or Tri-Kappa. The opportunity for hearing the best speakers of the land, at trifling expense, is given to all who are so fortunate as to be located in a large city as Chicago; and this opportunity should not be lost.

A very valuable contribution has recently been made to the Library by Rev. J. W. Todd, D.D., of the Tudor Hall Ladies’ College, Forest Hill, Sydney, England. It consists of six volumes from the press of the Bagster Press, London. Among these are two immense volumes containing the entire Scriptures in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, and English languages. There are also volumes containing the Old Testament in Hebrew and English, in the Septuagint Greek, and the Latin Vulgate with English translations, and a Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon. These books are very expensive, and quite rare, and the University is exceedingly fortunate in obtaining them.

How valuable, how absolutely necessary it is, to be able to take good, intelligible notes of lectures, few students know till they reach their Junior and Senior years. Then they find out, by bitter experience, how much they lose, simply because they are unable to follow the thought of a lecture and with it the same time. Ought not then the students of the lower classes in all colleges to be more forcibly advised to begin taking notes at a proper time? It is not necessary to know phonography, though very convenient, in order to put down the substance of a lecture or sermon on paper. The habit of condensing, which follows, is as valuable as note-taking itself, if not more.

The opportunities for acquiring this useful accomplishment are so numerous, both in college and outside, that it is an act of folly to put it off till it is actually needed.

When we see bigotry and narrow-mindedness in persons who have not enjoyed the advantages of education, but have passed their childhood and manhood toiling for their daily bread, when we see bigotry in the ignorant fugitives from despotic governments, or in the slaves of a bigoted church, then we pity and pardon them as for a fault. But when we see this curse of the middle ages in persons who have spent their youth in schools and colleges, who have had every opportunity for a broad and liberal culture, should we not consider them as having lost the very first object of their education? In them we should call that a vice which in the others we call a misfortune.

To scorn and laugh at the opinions of others, and even re-
The Volante.

This page contains text discussing the nature of research and the challenges faced by students. The text touches on the idea of being overwhelmed by the vast amount of information available, the pressure to excel, and the need to find a balance between doing well and maintaining a sense of self. It also reflects on the importance of finding a mentor or a community to support and guide one through the academic journey.

The Volante.

This page continues with a discussion on the pressure to excel in a demanding field, the need for resilience, and the importance of seeking help when needed. It highlights the role of time management and the necessity of prioritizing tasks to avoid feeling overwhelmed. The text also touches on the rewards of perseverance and the value of taking time to relax and recharge.

The Volante.

This page transitions to a broader discussion on the nature of work and the importance of finding a balance. It reflects on the need to distinguish between work and personal life, the challenges of maintaining productivity, and the importance of self-care. The text also touches on the need for social support and the value of having a support network.

The Volante.

This page concludes with a reflection on the importance of finding joy in one's work and the value of being true to oneself. It highlights the need to be open to new experiences and the importance of embracing change. The text also touches on the role of creativity and the value of using one's imagination to find solutions to problems.

The Volante.

This page transitions to a discussion on the importance of time management and the need for effective planning. It reflects on the need to set goals and the importance of breaking tasks into manageable steps. The text also touches on the role of technology in managing time and the value of using tools to stay organized.

The Volante.

This page concludes with a reflection on the importance of being true to oneself and the value of personal growth. It highlights the need to be open to new experiences and the importance of embracing change. The text also touches on the role of creativity and the value of using one's imagination to find solutions to problems.
men of what should be avoided, is ahead of any trash we have seen for a long time.

In the literary societies, the critic, without doubt, receives much unmerited censure. The gentlemen who are chosen to fill the office are those who are best known for keen literary appreciation and the best practical experience in all things relating to the society in general. They are always supposed to understand the needs of the society, and in making a criticism upon any exercise are supposed to know and mean what they say. Their criticisms are often met with a spirit of derision, eye, of displeasure, notwithstanding their evident ability to act as critics. Of course, the critic exerts a great, perhaps a permanent influence upon the style and delivery of any speaker, or even a very effective influence upon the general spirit and character of the literary exercises themselves; yet as a rule, these critics do not abuse their power. If these displeased persons would only examine their criticisms in a cool, unpassionated spirit, unbiased by any personal prejudice, they will generally find the main tenor of the criticisms to be in unison with the best interests of the society or of the person criticized.

A critic is elected to point out the defects of any one person's delivery, to suggest needed improvements in the same and also to criticize the spirit of the exercises themselves; whether they are bent toward the building up of a pure literary taste, or whether they are tending to foster a demoralizing, enervating desire for the sensational. If the critic does his best work, he excites the ill-will and spleen of others; if he handles gingerly that which deserves the sharpest criticism, he lowers the literary standard of excellence. In the present state of student sentiment, the critic is obliged to choose one or the other, which is scarcely just to the critic, or complimentary to the students. If societies devoted to literary purposes cannot endure the open criticisms of a critic, let them dispense altogether with this, and devote themselves to social purposes, into which a society would surely degenerate if such sentiments as expressed above were allowed to predominate.

LITERARY.

HERRERA'S ODE TO SLEEP.

Translated from the Spanish.

God sends to man who first invented sleep.

**Surety.**

Slumber divine, thou crowning gift to man,
Thou regal luxury to the afflicted soul.
Come in thy love to those who cease to scan
The toils and dreams of life and its eternal goal.
Breathe on the spirit that seeks to rest,
And listen to my weary heart's request.
How canst thou suffer me to stray so far
From the even path of what thou wert created?
Is it not cruel one mortal to debor
From the rich treasure of thy gifts divine,
And leave him in his watchful pain alone,
With every joy and every solace flown?

Over me, O Sleep, thou holdst a blessed crown
Of flowers, which I have sown in vain,
Which all my sorrows and troubles drowned
By the sweet balm of thy delicious dews;
The air, rich-stored with aromatic prize,
Flattens the sleepless circles of my eyes.

Come then, O Sleep, ere the glorious day—
Leaving his orient couch—his path pursu'd
Come in thy gentleness, nor let the morning's gale
Tell my worn eyes the foundering of the sun.
There let me lie, dead in all thy charms.
Enraptured in Pausanias's loving arms.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

One of the writers who has helped embellish the sixteenth century in literary immortality, was Sir Thomas Wyatt. Of his life, which closely resembled that of Chaucer, little need be said. Like nearly every noted Englishman of his age, he, by turns, enjoyed the confidence and suffered the displeasure of Henry VIII., but had the good fortune to die of a fever. It is not strange that one so **spendidus doctras**, as Camden calls him, with a countenance and bearing of manly beauty, should engage the attention, not only of the admirers of Anne Boleyn and cause pangs of jealousy to the king. At least, he is the subject of nearly all his poems, and to her he pours out his heart as does Surrey to Geraldine and Petrarch to Laura. The critical descriptions of Henry VIII. and of the present state of feeling, he incurs the ill-will and spleen of others; if he handles gingerly that which deserves the sharpest criticism, he lowers the literary standard of excellence. In the present state of student sentiment, the critic is obliged to choose one or the other, which is scarcely just to the critic, or complimentary to the students. If societies devoted to literary purposes cannot endure the open criticisms of a critic, let them dispense altogether with this, and devote themselves to social purposes, into which a society would surely degenerate if such sentiments as expressed above were allowed to predominate.

THE VOLANTE.

"Though gentle, yet not dull; Strong without rage, without everthing, fool."

He does not indicate seventeen particulars in which his heart resembles a furnace, or ride a meteorphor close through a sonnet and drop off at the last word. Great souls when jealous, or delighted, or in despair, may speak as Shakespeare speaks: "The poets are but the happy tools of the muse;" but all, in its own nature, is only a species of Sappho, or, as Swift suggests, they might speak like Ben Jonson's Sejanus; but now, even great men will speak more as Wyatt speaks;—in a common-place way, it is true, just like Goldsmith, but it is just this homely simplicity that constitutes the charm and baffles imitation. And yet, with all his quaint ingenuousness, there is an elegance in Wyatt's verse that is almost French in its subtle charms and unobtrusive neatness. Nothing describes it half so well as Horace's **simplicis suavitatis**.

The author's subject is the joys and distresses consequent upon love, and the form of his book is a collection of sonnets and odes, each of which is an ethical jewel. He sets before us a complete picture of the lover's heart with all its lights and shades, and you will look in vain for one phase of feeling that may occur in pure affection, which he has not delineated with matchless grace and beauty. Many of his sonnets are translations from Petrarch; but the author he resembles most is Catullus, if you will extract the licentiousness of the Roman. Indeed, the almost complete absence of the descriptive element in his poetry, and the classical finish of many of his odes seem to indicate that he used a Latin model for them. His employers, however, of his lady's cruelty are almost translations of the latter; but the recasting of the Roman's thoughts in the crucible of Wyatt's pure heart seems like cleaning some vile den and consecrating it as a temple.

We would recommend the reading of such a poet as Wyatt. You must not expect all flights of fancy. He is not compelled to "Brute in his struggling muse with pain and drear liars," as Cowley says.

His muse is quite a domestic being, but this does not make him the bard of the barnyard. Neither may you expect to have your spirit aroused, consolled or inspired by his verse; you will only find the joys and ache's of your own heart formulated in sweeter melody. If the foliage of his imagination is not rank, at least you do not have to watch and start at concealed serpents as in many a fair field of song. His verse is most like a levelled lawn which has just enough ruggedness to make it appear the perfection of nature. You need not study out his beauties or his meaning; both are apparent enough if one heart is pure. But if gorgeous description has so great a hold on your mind that, like the people Horace speaks of, you applaud the dress of the performer and not the man, you will certainly be disappointed in Wyatt. He speaks of the heart in the language of the heart; and if you accord this species of poetry a lower grade than that which is descriptive, do you place Job and the Psalms beneath the "Elements of Geology?" But just as surely as you look upon man's emotions with something more than scientific contempt, and value them as the best part of man, so are you prone Wyatt as their bard and expounder. You will feel that human emotion is one, and that Wyatt might exclaim with Boswell, "I have drawn from myself a wonderful flower, which is the specimen of what you call" and when you have cast about your soul by discharging its own feelings, you will know that, "Though he be dead, yet is he alive.

SOCIAL CULTURE.

The treatment of this question will be confined to the social conditions of the student alone. Unquestionably the main motive of the student in coming to college is to discipline the mind, and to develop, as far as is possible in the four short years allotted, a broad mental culture. The many startling yet apparently reasonable theories advanced to-day in the sciences and arts, imperatively demand that a careful consideration of the same must be accompanied by such a breadth of mental culture. Unavoidably meeting these theories in the class room, the student must either grapple with them or tacitly acknowledge, by his silence, that he is accepting an unwhole truth as not disproved in his own mind. Of course no student with any spirit or fair ability will adopt the latter course. With all the energy of his youthful ardor he applies himself to the study of these various theories, frequently in his mental abstraction neglecting the less philosophical but vastly more practical study of social culture.

The majority of students come to college for the purpose of acquiring an intellectual training which shall stimulate, not hamper, their progress in practical life. Many acquire a superior intellectual training, but yet not such an one as shall advance their course in practical life. Many students who in college took the highest positions through cleverness, and who derided social privileges and living so closely surrounded himself with the intellectual atmosphere of his study room while in college, entering into common life, where he has most need of social qualities, he finds himself utterly incompetent to cope with practical men who are blessed with these qualities. Setting out to perform something among men personally, he becomes sensitively aware that he is entirely ignorant of the right manner of approaching and handling them. He may have found himself, in the literalest sense of the word, a "bookworm," common people call him a "bookworm." His mental culture avails him nothing, since he wants the social elements necessary to win the esteem and good will of those among
The Volante.

The "mill of the gods" will stop some day. And then I will sing a poetical lay
This poem chanted in the plane. That the gods have ended my mortal woes. And that in the mind of plaintive prose "Send now redolentApoloie." O.T.

In the Adirondacks.

I recall but one occasion in my history when circumstantial evidence might have been made to set me down as a thief. That charity prevented this, was due to other circumstantial evidence which made the hypothesis of innocence not improbable. The affair was trying, indeed, to my spirit and my conscience; and very early resolved to heed that good advice of Carlyle's: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." But try as we may, the best among us is liable to be caught now and then; and nothing could be more natural than the way in which I became a carpet-bagger in the Adirondacks.

"Young ladies," said I, "the evening before our departure from the Spars, if there is one thing more than another I dislike, it is to be loaded overmuch withshawl-straps, traveling-bags, waterproofs, umbrellas, and bandboxes. Pray, have mercy on us. Don't cram yourself for rooms; it is unreasonable."

"A good idea!" added the poet; "remember, we are going to the mountains, where you won't have to make three toilettes a day."

"Just like you, those remarks are," answered Kristolinda.

"You never give us credit for any judgment in these matters. It is really too bad, though, after Joe and I have studied half a day to pack all we want to take into two traveling-bags."

"What? no trunks?"

"No trunks."

"No hat-boxes, or—"

"No anything."

"I'm a lazy, selfish—individual, Kristolinda. I ought to be—"

"I suppose; and you are—but have more faith next time."

When we were en route I took it upon myself to count the baggage, that we might lose nothing. The poet had more than his share, so that altogether there were five traveling-bags and a shawl-strap. I did not look closely at the different pieces, though later on I was sorry I had not done so. I let the matter rest in my mind with the indefinite idea that we ought to have six pieces. The first stop was at Port Henry, on Lake Champlain. Here we had an improvised picnic on the summit of a high hill commanding a charming view; here we enjoyed a moonlight row on the broad bay, and here my comedy of errors found its proper place.

When it was time to take the "bus to the boat, the poet and myself gathered the baggage, and found everything right. It was not till we were throwing pebbles from the wharf that I noticed a small, dreadfully worn bag in Kirstolinda's possession."

"Where in the world did you pick up that abominable parody on a traveling-bag, Kristolinda?"

"Hush!" said the poet. He meant me to be silent. "He may hear you. Joe gave it to me, as she had something else to look after."

"Gave it to you because she was ashamed to be seen with it," I replied, less charitably. "If that thing belongs to her, her husband should have sent it to her; or it wouldn't be a bad idea to throw it into the lake."

At this juncture Joe came up, and as I remarked on the bag not very pleasingly, she said: "It is a little old, to be sure; but I always carry it to carry this when she can afford to have the best one in the land. Probably she has had it for years, and carried it with him around the world nearly, and feels toward it as toward an old friend. I think its real nice of him!"

There was nothing to be said after this eloquent outburst, so I was wise enough to say nothing. But the moment Joe left us to join her poet, I seized the horrid piece and hid it under my coat, as the most peaceful way to relieve Kristolinda and my pride.

Once on the elegant little steamer and in the midst of rather high rolling waters, nothing more was thought of baggage. The poet was so happy in his quotations that I forgave him for carrying an ancient relic, though I could not rise to Miss Joe's enthusiasm."

"By the way," said he, "the "Masque of Pandora" is a poem with many fine passages. I meant to have brought it along. There's a good sentence on mountaine on influence, where it reads:"

"* * * But breathe the air Of mountains, and their unsurpassable ennui* * * * * * * *

"How high is that?" ventured Kristolinda, with an incooct look. But Joe rebuked her for following a beautiful thought with a vulgarism, and took the poet away where he could talk to one appreciative listener at least; while we, deserted thoughtfully, managed to pass the hours very agreeably, with prose.

It was moonlight when we arrived at Plattsburg, the second stopping place. It still fell to me to take charge of the worn-out bag, which the poet paid no attention to, much to my disgust. Nor was it otherwise next day, during the journey to Port Kent. This journey brings me to another epoch in the history I am relating."

Plattsburg to Port Kent takes but a couple of hours, and though we did not deem it worth while to have our baggage checked. We left it neatly piled up on a seat in the lower cabin, and went up on the deck. This was the cause of the second act of the comedy.

The bell rang when we were not expecting it, and by the time we reached the place where the baggage should have been, the boat had made the landing.

The baggage was gone. The officious porter had taken it into the hotel, and thrown it promiscuously in a corner. The poet seized two or three pieces and hurried away. The bell was ringing its warning, and I naturally gathered up what was left in the corner and rushed out after him in time to gain the shore. There was no chance to see how we had everything, so I took a philosophic view of the case, delivered my burdens to the stage-driver, and soon we were jolting away toward Keysville.

We were comfortably quartered at the Au Sable house, without a care to disturb and with croquet in the grounds below. The poet issued a challenge, and I was compelled to accept. So, while the ladies were resting, you might have seen that most discouraging spectacle, i.e., two persons of the same sex struggling for mastery at croquet. With mallets towards none, etc., I must confess I know of nothing more ridiculous in the whole line of games. Croquet, to be endurable, must be like jealousy—always connected with woman. It will suffice to say that the ground was sloping and smooth, so that when you desired your ball to go to a place it went there and I dealt further, finding no reason to stop till it reached the fence at the foot of the hill. A little of this shooting went a very good way, as you can easily imagine, and we went soon a better way—back to our parlor.

The young ladies had prepared a show for our enjoyment. There was a line of carpet-bags which, added by our hats and a waterproof, reached across the room.

"What would you suppose we had so much baggage for?" exclaimed Kristolinda."

"Yes," added Kristolinda, "and it turns out that those who were so afraid of being imposed on by us, have imposed on themselves with a vengeance."

All thought the amount of baggage to be something singular, but no suspicion of an unwarranted increase entered any mind. The poet made an absurd quotation, and was being overwhelmed with groans, when there came a rap on the door.

"A gentleman wants to see you below," said the boy; and down I went. He was a little man, gray haired, with a genial smile, and I at once set down for a clergyman.

"Did you come on the boat from Plattsburg this afternoon?" I inquired pleasantly.

"I did, sir."

"And did you notice, when you took your baggage from the boat, a small traveling-bag along with yours?"

"The run from Plattsburg to Port Kent takes but a couple of hours, and though we did not deem it worth while to have our baggage checked. We left it neatly piled up on a seat in the lower cabin, and went up on the deck. This was the cause of the second act of the comedy."

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find the party still laughing over the long line. I explained the gentleman's question.

"Of course we couldn't have done such a thing," said they affair.

"Of course not!" added 1; "let us count up. This, holding up a next bag, "is Krin's."

"Why, no; that is yours," she replied.

Then I tried to put that fine new bag into the ownership of Joe or the pox, but in vain. Next I started for the door with it, and was followed into the hall by a volley of laughter which seemed ill-timed to me; but then, laughter must always seem ill-timed to somebody, I suppose. There was Chesterfield, for instance, who banished it from polite society altogether: and you can't even laugh in church without hurting some one's feelings.

"Is this yours, sir?"

"Yes," said the kindly old man, "and glad I am to see it too. It contains papers of the greatest importance."

Poor old man! To get his property he had been obliged to come back fifty miles, and as it was Saturday he could not go on to New York till Monday. Yet he never murmured. He would not even blame me, which would have been a relief.

"It was entirely my fault," said he; "I should have taken a check. The porter plied our baggage together, and in your place you should have done as you did."

No apologies, sir?"

When I returned to the party, the laughter had ceased. The poet had grown dreadfully serious, so much so that I suggested a little game on the grâce et habillement, but with little effect. "I am older than you," he moaned, "and you will have to bear the joke. Serious things, too, to run off with another man's property."

"It didn't look so serious to you when you went out," I retorted; "and as for the joke, I have taken that, I should say."

"But how about the other?" he asked.

"Other what?" "What 1 had just said thing there" pointing to the bag I had watched over wretchedly all the way from Port Henry.

"I should say, How about that, if you were; after making me carry that mark of poverty a hundred miles! You're not going to deny that, are you?"

"It isn't mine."

I looked at Krin and then at Joe. They were nearly exploding with laughter, which they repressed on account of the poet's feelings. I was not, however, in a mood to be tender of him.

"A real fine trait of character in him, isn't it, Miss Joe? So nice of him," said I. That was the touchstone, and they laughed till they cried. The poet finally saw through their plan, and all made merry again.

"But what is to be done with bag No. 2?" asked Joe.

"It wouldn't be so funny to have its owner come here. The people might think it wasn't all a mistake."

"Particularly when they see how guilty the poet looks," added Krin.

"The poor poet was really in dread. He portrayed touching the feelings we would have in meeting the people, who would say, "There are the carpet-baggers. We must watch our trunks," etc. Evidently I did offer to take all the blame.

"Happy thought!" said Joe; "to hide the old bag, and send it back to the owner from our next stopping place."

"And if anybody calls while we are here?" said Krin, inquiringly.

"We had not settled on a line of policy for such emergency when there was another rap.

"Gen'lin below as would like to see you," sir."

I thought there was a smile in the boy's eye, and started it out of him, if there was, by my abrupt reply. Then I picked up the ancient, abominable, broken-bagged back.

"What are you going to do?" cried the third in chorus.

"Going to do? Why, take this to the owner; for I know he's down stairs."

The poet groaned and the young ladies withdrew in order to laugh without disturbing him.

Down stairs, this time, I found a stump, red-faced, red-haired, red-bearded fellow, who looked exactly like the party who would carry a ruin for a carpet-bag."

"Is this yours?" He said it was.

"I should like, above all things, to know how it came into my possession, then?" said I.

"I reckon it's going to clear that up somehow. You put it on Port Henry, didn't you? Well, so did the night before, an' happened to heave the same room as you did after me. I took a trip into the country next day, intending to return, an' left that bag in the room. I forgot to tell the boss as I was come' back, so he let the room; an' probably when you went away, you thought everything in the room was your. Nat'ral as drinkin' hot gin!"

Then I told him how we had laughed at the poet about the age and appearance of the bag, and he enjoyed it.

"That's exactly new, is it? But it goes well enough for a man as travels for a lumber mill in a rough country."

It turned out that the agent had been to Maryville, and was going to the St. Louis fair for saving miles, "to see the show and be in the thick of things."

"I wasn't worth much, he admitted, but he thought we'd consider it a favor to be relieved of it; and I did, for one, most assuredly.

"I told my discoveries to the party. The poet was alone unmoved with mirth.

"Let me," said he, as he rushed after the landlord, "seal up the mouth of scandal for a while, till we can clear these ambiguities."

Anon, with him, through his agitation, as we received the faces of the guests next morning at the breakfast table. We did not stay quite as long as the As Sable as we had anticipated; since the poet really did not enjoy his meals there. He did not think the steaks tender enough. Poets, you are aware, require very tender steaks—tender enough for a sox."

Now you know how I became a carpet-bag, and enduring all my reputation, to say nothing of the poet. I escaped the consequences easily, but not a sox. and if I present any of you have occasion to notice my watch-guard, etc. I will see that my friends do not mean I shall forget, in after travels, how I gathered to myself the goods of others."

A SUGGESTION.

The suggestion has been made, we know not by any authority who, that the trials, joys and sorrows of the seekers after fame, in the hands of a skillful novelist could be woven into an interesting romance. That the suggestion is a good one a dozen or more will attest. How many people of intelligence will be thrown into the difficulties of the entire composition which will meet him, the variety of influences which will be brought to bear upon him, the temptations which will beset his path.

Little dreams of the complete change which will occur in his very nature and the revolution in his ideas. He comes prepared to astonish the world by his profound learning, his wit and polished speech. He is the prince of epicists and feels that he is not appreciatively better than the world can ever do him in a body and escort him to his rooms. Here the novelist has a chance to describe the various words and means used to recruit the army of men and women of womankind, to abbreviate his mind and how, gradually, he loses his gait.

Then it would be well to describe, after introducing some adventure with the dreaded or his or his plans, giving the tint of the picture. This description must necessarily be silent and unceremonious to correspond with the subject. The pathetic part of the story should come directly after his election to one of the literati, to grave or gay to the abrupt, as we received the faces of the guests next morning at the breakfast table. We did not stay quite as long as the As Sable as we had anticipated; since the poet really did not enjoy his meals there. He did not think the steaks tender enough. Poets, you are aware, require very tender steaks—tender enough for a sox."

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THE SPONGE.

The editors of the Volante:

When one is busily engaged during study hours at some long lesson which must be learned or never, and when with the further forward to an evening to be spent happily or unhappy, this depending on the speed of the present task, how tiring to have the professional sponge put his heaving and self-satisfied countenance through the door and in a most disgustingly familiar tone ask if you can do anything to have his company in smoking up your own tobacco. If, perchance, out of common decency you consent, you are mortified exceedingly by the nauseating tune of his conversation, in which he endeavors to the best of his ability to bring you down to his own level. All efforts at dignity are of no avail, and you find yourself, after the fellow has gone, boiling over with ill-nature and heaping vituperation on yourself with every word from your companions.

A sponge is everything but one's time may be tolerated. Natural generosity prompts to the loan of one's linen or dress-coat or money, but when forced to submit to repeated robberies of one's time, inestimable article for which one can never be prevailed upon to part with, there is need of a remedy for this nuisance.

It is said that there are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man with nothing to complain of, and with his mind always on the alert for some new trick. If you ever see one, do not permit him to get by you. Dine Rossetti has described to help anthropologically, where he speaks of a
THE VOLANTE.

Dec. 14, under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society, the attendance was by no means as large as it should have been. We shall have something to say about this negligence on the part of students to avail themselves of such opportunities as are provided for them in a future issue.

One of Chicago's chivalrous Soph's took a young lady out riding last summer. A runaway was one of the pleasant episodes of the drive, and the terrified sophomore leaped from the carriage like one of Cassiavellaon's charioteers, and attempted to overtake the horse and stop it. Whether he succeeded in this little scheme for relieving O'Leary, rumor saith not; but the young lady is believed to have remarked that a gate with a pair of strong hinges was the only legitimate vehicle for a runaway.

It might now be well to bring the case of a Senior, who will soon be free to do as he likes in the matter; but we recommend the case to the faculty when the First Year is found with such lines as these in his pocket:

"To sweet at t at ev eni, I am will ing tende to ev eni, And, love-lik e, purr and snicker; To fou l, whatever dev ilish ats are, Are sending other kinder hearts, You two are growing thic k er ."

EXCHANGES.

For morbid cynicism commend us to the Niagara In.
de. In its typology, it is simply miserable. Its exchange editor, with all the pettiness of a genuinely sarcastic fellow, has a delightful way of manipulating caustic phrases in his criticisms of college papers, and the way in which he connects the whole list, with the exception of a few whose religious tenets agree with his own, to everlasting mediocrity, is highly amusing. It says a great deal for his charity that he is not generally undmminated. It has a contributor who is a rising genius, and who writes beautifully about "Home." The production begins with a pathetic account of our first appearance under the campus roof, "wherein we were born and raised in our first years," and carries us back to those boyhood days, before we had a thought of that time when we were to "make a farewell to the home of our childhood, and go into the world," or, as the saying goes, "the failures that we encounter, and the coldness of the world." We had not thought of it for years. It is too much, and our suffused eyes will not permit us to attempt to decipher the rest of it.

"The University's attendance of rarest most welcome exchanges. Some of its locals are, perhaps, a tripe too local, but its editorial department is well conducted. We do not admire the taste displayed in the use of its paper, which is a "coffee" kind."

The Rockford Seminary Magazine has some well-written letters from abroad. We should judge, however, that its columns are not exceedingly interesting to the young ladies of the seminary, and that its articles had been under the surveillance of the critical eyes of one of the teachers.

The Brumunon comes to us in a new and very becoming dress, and presents as creditable an appearance as any of its predecessors, and contributed articles are strictly first-class. Its leading editorial on the study of Logic, and is very creditably and thoughtfully written. The poem of "Dechakhs" does not show any particular poetic talent.

The Lawrence Collegian comes all the way from Appleton, Wis. It has some useful remarks about the "giltling of the leaves and the desolated campus which was raked so clean." Its local column starts out with a few choice bits of gossip, Its editorials lack dignity. It is creditably printed, which is something in its favor.

The University Magazine is a new acquaintance and its first number certainly promises well. It shows an unformitous arrangement, especially in its editorials and locals.

The Trandy Tablet's pages are filled with readable articles. Pompeii is a pleasing article, and its perusal only excites a desire for more of it. In an article on "College Politicism," the writer has said some truthful things which are quite as applicable here as at Trinity.

The contents of the Packer Quarterly are for the most part readable, though written in a style which we do not admire. Its poetry is poor in quantity, and may be in quality. We are no judge of poetry, and it is safe to say that one poem, a tragedy, has twenty-seven verses to it. It is very exciting, and abounds in such stanzas as this:

"To a moribund speckled wood

1. Work the blest monthly eleven way
2. O, my god! in terror cried she
3. Morning prayers. Good boy who is disturbed by his neighbor
4. A merry blow by way of
5. —No "this" in my book.

Student. —So what text have you? —Record.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of students and the public: "Come, sit down on the sleepy shore, and hear the mighty ocean roar." Amelia: "I can't sit down you silly goose, because I'd burn my pin-back loose."

"College Journal.

—Greek (translated), —As many were taken in the war.

Professor. —No "this" in my book.

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The studies of this Department extend through four years, and lead to the degree of B.A. Requirements for admission: A good common school education. Greek: Bohme's First Greek Book, Greek Grammar, Xenophontes' Anabasis—four books—Greek Prose Composition—four books, or Cornells Nepos; Ciocco, six volumes; Virgil's Aenid, six books; Latin Prose Composition. Actual equivalents accepted. Certificate of examination by other colleges, the Chicago High School, the Wayland Institute, and other first class preparatory schools, will be accepted in lieu of examination. Courses of study in this Department are as follows:

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Students are no worse than other classes of people in their scholarship, but they surely ought to be better. Having had such advantages for culture, the miserable scribble in which only too many put their thoughts upon paper, is entirely without excuse. It is said that a man’s character can be read from his penmanship, and if it is true of the least specimens of humanity, resembling their way down to posterity in crooked lines and meaningless hieroglyphics, are to be found within college walls. It is scarcely less than an insult to require a man of business to waste time and patience in seeking to decipher what would require more than the grace of Job himself to accomplish. Any man who will suffer himself to spend so much time in mental culture, and neglect the acquisition of a readable origraphy, ought to be fed on boarding-house steak, and required to conjugate Greek verbs for the rest of his natural life.

The action of Yale and Harvard in withdrawing from the Rowing Association has again aroused in the newspapers that much-discussed question, whether or not athletic sports are carried far in our colleges. Both sides are well defended, but there seems to be a growing sentiment against these semiprofessional contests, which, of late years, have been so frequent. Nothing has aided as much toward bringing them into popular disfavor as Yale’s ungraceful, if not disgraceful, "back-out."

The use of technical names in our text-books where they might as well have been avoided, is a mistake. Where the names are well fixed and likely to remain so, there is no objection to the use of them. But technical names in most branches of science are not fixed. Prof. Morse, being blamed for having omitted from his "First Book on Zoology," all technical terms, defended himself by citing the case of the sea-urchin. This he showed had changed its technical nomenclature in four months within ten years. Besides this, it frequently takes more time to look up the meaning and derivation of a multitude of technical names than the average student has at his disposal. The common names are by far more expressive, and therefore more easily remembered.

The Hon. Alonzo Abernethy, of Iowa, has received and accepted the election to the presidency of the University. He entered the Sophomore class of this institution in 1859, but enlisted in the service during the Rebellion, and rose to the rank of Colonel. After the war he returned to the University, but was again compelled to obtain leave of absence to take his seat in the Iowa Legislature. Never-
theless, he graduated with his class, and was soon after chosen president of De Moines University. Since then he has thrice been elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. At the last election (to his present term of office) there was a contest, and he is now summoned from this position to preside over his Alma Mater. Though comparatively a young man, he has reaped honors military, literary, and civil; and this fact alone is a sufficient guarantee for his fitness to fill the exalted position of his predecessors.

Dr. Abernethy is not a doctor of divinity, though his tendencies (six feet, two) are decidedly Hebraicae. The duties of his Superintendency will prevent him from immediately electing upon his labors here, for which last all who know him join in declaring his peculiar fitness. When he comes, however, which will probably be some time in the present term, all the people will say amen, and sing an amen:

"Thus, royal sire, to see you is to die Where there is enough of triumph for a year."

HERE, as in all other colleges, it is the common practice of some students to sell their text-books as soon as they are not strictly used in the classroom. Some do this, foolishly, because it is the easiest way to obtain money, with which to purchase new books; others because they think all text-books a nuisance, and that the only good thing about them is to be sold. The latter class we can say only this, that they act consistently, because they pursue the same reckless and easy course from the beginning of their college course to the very end. At any rate the former class, we are sure that upon reflection they will see that the selling of their old books does not pay. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if not in every case, a text-book is not thoroughly digested when it is thrown aside. The time given to the college course in this country is so short, and the field of learning to be gained over is so immense and diversified in character, that it is impossible to get more than a taste of each study. Our college graduates do not, nor can they, with a full scholarship, but he is armed with weapons which shall enable him to become so in the future. If he, then, he has in his possession all the books which he used in his college course, he will find in them many thoughts of beauty and wisdom, which can be studied with benefit by the most accomplished scholars. How careless, then, is he who parts with them. To be the owner of a library should be the ambition of every student, and then will make a better beginning than one who has purchased many of these very text-books. They may have a worn-out look, and be filled with marginal notes, but that will only make them the more interesting. Those who sell their books, expecting to replace them in the future, trust too much in fortune. It is better to sacrifice something else now, trusting to fortune for that, than to cut yourself entirely loose from that which is so absolutely necessary to thorough scholarship.

That fast friend of the University, Mr. H. M. Thompson, proprietor of the Brevoort House, has again by his munificence merited the thanks of the institution and students. His last benefaction is a gift of fifty volumes to the library. Mr. Thompson has been a student himself, and, knowing the needs of students, did not present a copy of the Talmud in the original, or the Commentaries of Marcus Scipio, but set out for Scott, Irving and Dickens. If there is any particular department which more than any other is defective, it is that of works on imaginative and literary subjects, and the gift of Mr. Thompson is a good step toward warding off any such defect as is not apparent on these subjects. To him we return the thanks of the students, not only for his last present, but also for his uniform generosity to the institution, whose library owes more to him than to any one individual. The students are all united in voting him the honorary degree of "B.B.C.," which is the highest title conferred by Philistines. To every other alumnus of the institution we say, "Go thou and do likewise." In most colleges the library is understood to be under their special patronage, and there is no reason why it should be otherwise here. Let the Alumni Association invest its sparse cash in books. There is no less need of satisfaction in the enthralling and classical exercises; but this happy result does not seem to follow. On the contrary, we hear almost daily, emphatic expressions of dissatisfaction with the music or singing, and they arise from good causes too. The time kept more resembles that of a Methodist camp-meeting in the backwoods than that of an assembly of young men and women, many of whom are supposed to understand music. There is no recognised head to lead and control the singing; consequently each individual sings according to his own idea of time, paying no attention to that of others around him. In other matters, men differ in opinion regarding the same; so in the case of our chapel singing. This difference of opinion brings about a most exasperating state of affairs in our chapel singing. What with a soprano frequently one or two notes behind the organ, an inharmonic bass rumbling along, singing on yet singing, piping on yet singing, further in the rear, all striving ever and anon to recover themselves by jumping a note or two, listening to such direful discord becomes almost unbearable. We have endured this for some time; we had hoped some resolution would take place; we had hoped that the outraged musical sense of the Faculty would revolt against such falsehoods. The singing of the sacred melodies, and let the singing die a natural death. Anything longer than two minutes is doomed to bitter disappointment. The same torture of listening to this music is inflicted upon us every day. Ineflecter peer still stickier at the singing in the back part of the room. Seniors and juniors "cut" chapel with clear consciences, affirming that the tendency to laugh at the wretched singing drove them out of their minds. We earnestly hope that some of our seniors may have second thoughts, for the students will take immediate steps to alter the present state of affairs and organize an choir able to lead the singing. At any rate, if such a thing—be done that may elevate the present standard of our musical exercises in chapel.

During the past few years it has been the policy of American colleges with wholesaling to crowd back the classics into the preparatory department and the first half of the college course. We would be the last to oppose this movement so long as proper precautions are taken to stimulate the student's interest in the poems which contains fewest ablatives and subjunctives presents most attractions to the prep. "Is to-morrow's lesson hard?" is the almost invariable query, never, whether it is beautiful or sublime. Plato said, to a literary year of his disciples, that "if marble contained an unlimited number of beautiful forms, which might be made manifest, could we expect the workman who toiled its petrifying over it in its Fentelic quarry should appreciate the beauty of these possibilities? The truth is that the early study of such splendid authors as Virgil and Horace results from tradition, and points back to that time when ability and patience compose Latin verse was considered evidence of coming greatness. It is a shame to use them as files to sharpen grammatical wits, and professors who put them to such base purposes can never hope to create a Dante. They remind one strongly of those French officers who styled their horses in Italian chapels, whose walls were adorned with the inspiration of Titian or Angelico; a shed would have suited the horses as well, and the pictures were kicked and mutilated. Perdon the simile and the pun, but are not Virgil's pictures as well as Titian's punish? We trust it will not be considered presumptuous if we advise the students to study these authors only so much as the course. Adam Smith takes note of the loss of time occasioned by turning from one occupation to another, and we
In fact, just now American students are in no great danger of being killed by bombs, and do not need gymnasia and the imitations of sport half as much as harder lessons and more of them. The pale, emaciated student is a fraud and a delusion; study is not the usual cause of his sullen hue, but bargained tobacco and dyspepsia freighted food can take more than half the blame of dying him, and of his dying. We would not recommend a cell-like existence within one's room, but would simply enjoin the waning generation to make the pretense of working to compete for the prize ring, if they are emulous of Millo and Jem Mace. Take plenty of air. If you are weak you need oxygen, not tissue, to make your body no barrier to your intellectual occupations. If you are healthy, you need not be ambitious to become strong in order to live as long and as successfully in almost any occupation as your neighbor who uses a forty pound dumb-bell for a tacker-hammer.

LITERARY.

WOE IS ME!

[Translated from the Spanish of Heredia.]

By every soul how early aught
A being, worthy, lovely, fair,
In whom the heart with love's fire's flame
Guides and finds its Heaven there.

But if the level's own passion wait,
Or trilling in its partial fate,
What soul can feel its bitter pain
Without exclaiming 'woe is me!'

Love is a boundless, pathless wave,
And over it hangs passion's blight;
In its wide realms how few that taste
The fountain of its sweet delight.

Yet, though love's arrow smile the heart,
And as its arrow charm it close,
We hardly feel death's dreaded smart
When last we murmur, 'Woe is me!'

"WE THE PEOPLE!"

By J. A. Fosha.

It is just one hundred years to-night since a fainting band were slowly pushing their way through the deepest depths of a Canadian forest. It was a terrible march, one of the most terrible in history,—one that from Cambridge against Quebec. All the horrors of Valley Forge here combined with the ceaseless tramp, tramp of the weary men. The gray wolf howled on their track and snapped at their heels as he followed their trail of blood through the snow. At last, scarce seven hundred strong, they scal- led that Northern Gibraltar, and besieged its frowning gates. You know the bloody sequel. Not, one in ten came down alive. But they were in white letters, upon the cap-front of every cold face turned up to meet the moon, their victors read the watchword of our civilization, "Lib- erty or death." Some potent meaning that tallismanic word must hold that men should thus forewarn even Nature herself and die in its defense. Were they seeking by force of arms to establish a new principle, or was the American Revolution only a feeble effort to realize the heart- yearnings of a bitter past?

Away back in the dim twilight of history, a stream of thought arose among the hills of the East. Remaining for ages beneath the degrading and obstructive influence of the deprivations of ignorance and slavery, at length swelled by the purer stream from Calvary's mount it burst its narrow banks, and swepting out into the broad sunlight of the nineteenth century. That stream flowed to us. This is liberty thought; but its waters are blood-stained, for its history is the history of human progress through human strife.

The first civilization was characterized by an absolute despotism. Might, seated on the throne of the Pharaoh, ruled with a rod of iron, while the masses plodded on in hopeless slavery. This reign began that political dynasty which recognizes no rights of the individual before the state. In the beginning of this reign, ensnaring as its divinity a ruler, government, or aristocracy, bids all mankind fall down and worship. Their conception of liberty was the liberty of nations as they were represented in these several headships. Personal freedom was unknown. The individual was lost in the state. Life itself was reckoned of no value, if by its sacrifice the car of empire might roll on. It was this, like that of Juggernaut, crushing bleeding myriads beneath its wheels. Men were made for governments, not governments for men.

And though that civilization has faded away from the shores of the Mediterranean like a dream of the night, this principle still binds in its pangs chains half the modern world.

In direct opposition to this idea of liberty, there stands another certainly no better. I mean that wild, reckless spirit of mojism, which can brook no restraint but triumphs with scandalous exaltation over all legitimate authority; which confounds liberty with lawlessness; the right to exist with the right to kill. Upstaring in Germany the "Dem- ocracy," it gave to Socrates the cup of hemlock, drove Aristides the Just into exile and compelled Themistocles, the Liberator of Athens, to flee for refuge to the Persian court. Later, under the guise of the Red Republic, it swept through the valleys of Sunny France, a besom of destruction. Keeping time with the sword to the measures of the hour, it heaved its hymn as it heaved its way through the streets of Paris till they ran with blood. Having put to death a king in its fury, it even spared not innocent babies. Such freedom means anarchy wherever it is found; whether in Northern France or Southern Illinois; whether it be the natural outgrowth of tyranny and despotism, or the monstrous misgrouth of faction and feud.

"Like not," says Burke, "a liberty that knows no order, is governed by no principle, is, in a volcano, to do its mad work, it eat itself out of its own life."

But liberty to those heroes of Quebec and their com-
THE VOLANTE.

Much has been said about *Social Culture* in the college and the Volante has been the first to give notice to the prevailing idea that students should mingle more in general society. I trust it will not be deemed arrogant if I dissent from the position our paper has hitherto uniformly taken. It really seems there are considerations of importance that have been completely overlooked in arriving at the common conclusion, and altogether too much has been assumed as true without sufficient examination.

It is difficult to say whether I have exaggerated too little the pleasures of social life, or still less do I believe that social prestige, while a student, is essential to future success. One ordinarily leaves the college wall at a youthful age, and then there is both plenty of time and opportunities for devoting himself with assiduity to society. The truth of this statement will be more apparent when we reflect that at first sight one is likely to regard social culture as one of the most necessary and perhaps the best circles. But this view is a slander on mankind which experience will dissipate. In practical life it is demanded that every one contribute something to the common stock, as well as acquire Habitation as of necessities, and the very best way for qualifying one for giving his miles, is by study; not merely the study of books, but of music, of art, or of any department of human knowledge, and it may be added, one has any special aptitude. It is absolute economy for the state to let its children study and play for the first fifteen or twenty years of their existence, in order that they may acquire something for others in proportion to their own, even from social motives, for the student to withdraw from the pleasures of the world and to study and read without interruption during the brief period he is at college. I know it is generally held that he who has been formed in theories, and whilst I would add my protest against his becoming a mere thing through intellectual pursuits, we should not forget that thought is not so unacceptable to the world as it is. If we are to suppose Byron's a poetic and solid work has his incision in the saloons of fashion; and at a certain stage of life, society becomes more utilitarian and less pleasure-seeking. There is no example of a student leaving this University without some sort of acquaintance with music and art, and the time spent in gaining a knowledge of the mere routine of pleasure would insure such an acquaintance and the hope of sometime counting as a unit in society, and not as a mere drone tolerated on account of circumstances entirely adventitious. Do not be angry or disheartened, in the mean time, if you count for nought while you more fervently of such a part in all social arrangements. If you are not appreciated it is because you have no right to be.

You may be more learned, more talented, and more accomplished than your friend; but as yet you are useless, because you have not your friend's without fear, which wreathes its chains to preserve; which the voice of the exiles we hear, the song of the blast, we serve.

The Volante.

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THE VOLANTE.

The printer said that a full-page "pomme" must be ready in the morning, "to fill up." Our poet sat down after supper, and here is the harvest of his intellectual tillage:

"7 P.M.—METEMPSYCHOSIS."

In endless cycles of revolving years
The human soul hath successive lot—
To live in that new body of bones and tears,
To live, to move, to die and be forgot;
The short epiphanies of life's shifting sled,
And his end in Eternity is buried dotter every living thing.
When soul and body cease their long embrace,
And own the power of grace untried Death.
When life and thought have left the cold white face
And flown not on agony's last breath.
The soul does notmean her wing way.
But here abide mortal souls prolonging her."

(Shoot folly as she flies.)"To be completed by Emerson—"

CONTENTMENT.

Dost thou, O Man! in thy heart repine,
And blame the fate that thou cannot change,
Even in thy wretchedness thou art divine,
And strown with joy, and strange.
Learn, then, contrivance; in the boundless sphere
Thou mayst be great as Kaiser, king or khan,
And all bad habits,
Art well in part your heaven's appointed place.
How sweet it is at evening's dusky hour
To sit beneath the beech-tree's spilling shade,
And feel the influence of its enfranchising power,

The soul does not mean her wing way.
But here abide mortal souls prolonging her."

(REMEMBER ME.)

In foreign lands if thou'st not there room,
And speak thy bork over many a sea,
What's the use, and what's the sense,
Oh! in that spot remember me.
I care not for proud Fashion's play,
Still less for what my wealth may be;
I only ask that thou'st not pray,
And in thy prayers remember me.
And if thy fate should e'er again
Bring back thy house and friends to thee,
Oh! may I find my love not vain,
And at thy feet remember me.

Through life I'll bear thy image dear,
Deep in my heart, and ever see
That smile which dried the bitter tear
And soothed all care and woe.
And when Death's awful day shall come,
My soul shall not his terrors fear,
But when he comes in earthly shape
Shall softly say, "My Angel gay!"

ODE TO TOBACCO.

"Sublime tobacco," so the poet sung,
"Fleeting essence of the earth's bone."
From Eden's field's its primal leaflets spring
And charmed the glances of young Adam's eye,
But when by sin he lost his estate,
And lost his garden, too, by Satan's hand.
The plant was through the false archangel's hate
Transplanted to this far off earth among.
Thanks to John Smith, the devil is not done,
And now we breathe its Eden-like increase.
The manufacturer of cigars was then begun
And we came to the word of the Flor del Pinar for fifteen costs (or two for a quarter.)

To JULIA.

Those lips of thine divinely sweet
Invite my soul in thine embrace.
And all the joys of heaven would meet
In one dear moment of supernal bliss.
Thy tastes dark that overhang
(At a chair at midnight's solemn hour)
Hang they?
"What seat? By Heaven I can't go on,
I'm almost sorry that I ever began."
THE VOLANTE.

The museum has recently received a valuable addition in the shape of mineral specimens from California. A propos a correspondent's complaint of "Spongian," we uptake the poet's fervent prayers. May you learn the first use of a book on your door, and not, like Adam, be killed by a bear. During the vacation a student proposed to a girl by the name of Morris, and was, "returned with thanks." He comforts himself now by quoting Horace thus: integra vita, oderipissima pars. Non Morris.

Thursday, the 9th, was observed as a day of prayer by the University. College exercises were suspended, and the religious exercises consisted of an eloquent sermon by the Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D., and prayer meetings at 5 and 7 o'clock P. M.

Prof. (who wishes to bring out student's knowledge of French). "Voulez-vous une bouteille du vin de Bordeaux, Monsieur J?" Student (dicing ethical and aesthetic peculiarities). "No ; beer."

PROF. — "Mr. A., what articles are generally subjected to a revenue tax?"

Student.— (who has certain strong tendencies). "Whiskies, ales, brandies, wines, chums—there he stopped, and wondered why everybody drank.

This project of forming a military company to be incorporated into the First Regiment has been abandoned, after having brought out a remarkable degree of unsuspected martial spirit. After all, it will be better to visit the Cenotaph rates and in civilian's dress.

"Mr. B., what inaccuracy is there in Mr. A.'s Latin sentence?"

The error alluded to was a singular verb forming a plural subject. "Why, you see," said technical Mr. B., "he rigged and didn't follow suit; that noun triumphed that verb." (Mutual satisfaction of both professor and class.)

The two hundred specimens offered as a prize for proficiency in Geology, by Prof. Clarke, was awarded to Mr. Langdell, of '77, who, we understand, intends building a successor. He thinks that by this means he has found the true way of "commanding these stones to be made bread."

REV. J. T. SUTHERLAND, of '67, late pastor of the Unitarian society of Northfield, Mass., has accepted a call to dispense with the gospel," as the orthodox would maliciously suggest, to the Fourth Unitarian Church, of this city. He will begin to feed crumbs of comfort to his flock on the first Sunday in February. We have the pleasure to announce that the righteous man from Ann Arbor, so diligently yet vainly sought for, has at last been found. A student taking a Sunday walk, accosted a classmate who was just returning from the poor house. "Say, Ed, what have you over-" "Oh! over-" the hill, teaching the way of life to those d—d puppers!"

On the 7th of Dec., Erskine, formerly of '78, was united in marriage with Miss Adella Rogers, both of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Colwell, of Mendota, at the residence of the groom's father. Many friends were present, and testified their appreciation of the event by bestowing many presents on the happy couple.

R. M. IRELAND, of '74, has not established himself at Elgin, as The Volante stated some time ago. After disporting himself for a few weeks among the classic glades and glens of the "Muzzurah," he has returned and is pursuing his studies at the College of Law, and we know Bob will overtake them.

We regret exceedingly that the University failed in its attempt to secure Rev. H. N. Perry, D.D., late Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, as Professor of Rhetoric. He had concluded to accept the position, and provision had been made for his support, but the illness of his wife made a change of climate necessary, and he was obliged to give up the Professorship. Dr. Powers is a man of ability, and highly educated, and would have brought to this position a rare degree of excellence as a scholar and teacher.

At the following card, which we have received from Wm. Roney, of '73, will explain itself.

Alice Irene Roney
413 Warren Ave.

At Home, since Jan. 20th, 1878.

Many happy returns, William.

H. B. GROVE, of '76, one of The Volanté's editors, has pitched his tent with the problem vulgus at Rochester. If as some old heathen said, we mourn for friends in proportion to the services they rendered us, the surviving editors should put on sackcloth and ashes, and read the lamentations and laments of mourning. We could stand the sackcloth if it was a brass new suit, but will dispense with the rest, consoled ourselves with the words of Campbell, in "Pleasures of Hope:"

"Congenial spirits part to meet again."

The Revelations of a Nigger-head, was the enticing subject of the scientific lecture by Prof. Clarke, delivered near the end of the first lecture. It itself was a model of terseness and condensation, and full of interest to all who were so fortunate as to hear it. It touched upon the chief points of interest in each successive age, from the earliest to the present, and gave a description of the strange travels which our Yankee boudoirs made in the good old glacial times. The lecture showed the importance to the rising generation of being so educated in the sciences as to be able to take advantage of the natural riches of the earth, which are nowhere present on so magnificent a scale as right here.

Another class motto is born to the world—"Qui non proficit, deficiit," and it means, "whoever don't get a profit has a deficit;" thus laying down a fact that is so frequently apparent in the books of debtors. The above piece of Roman wisdom is the property of '74, the fingers of whose members will soon glitter with dollar-store rings, in jubilation over it. Now if they will give a 'hop,' they will have rings on their fingers and kettles on their toes. Their motto might have been worse—"semper cresce, or non gratus non paratus, for instance; and we congratulate the freshmen who have less conceit and more modesty than their predecessors. Even the Latinized form of a state aphorism is preferable to the condensed self-exaltation expressed in most class-mottos.

At the last meeting of the Students' Association, the subject of debating, Washington's birthday was considered, and a business committee, consisting of Messrs. Odds, Rhode, and Honore was appointed; also a committee on literary programme, consisting of Messrs. Mitchell, F. E. Lansing and Birdwordt. We are glad to learn that students have taken such early action in this matter. This celebration is an event earnestly looked forward to by all the students. It is an event when every one lays aside for a few hours all harassing thoughts of study, and gladly gives himself up to keen enjoyment in the merry scenes taking place before him. The more complete the various arrangements are, the greater the harmony of action, and the more sincere the feelings of satisfaction. We shall not attempt to suggest to the literary committee, that a happier discrimination in the selection of toasts than was shown last year might be followed this year with marked improvement in the general tone of the literary performances.

Society Elections.—Tri Kappa; G. M. Macomber, President; F. E. Lansing, Vice-President; J. R. Windes, Secretary; F. A. Heimer, First Critic; W. W. Cole, Second Critic; Miss Jessie Walte, Editor-in-Chief; Samuel Jones, First Assistant Editor; Julia Hawley, Second Assistant Editor; R. L. Odds, Treasurer; L. G. Bass, Sub-Secretary.

Albemarle,—C. R. Dean, President; J. Rea, Vice-President; W. S. W. Dodge, Secretary; J. C. Thomas, Critic; Miss Florence Holbrook, Literary Editor; Miss Carrie Howe, Political Editor; W. L. Black, Local Editor; D. J. Murphy, Treasurer; O. W. Philhob, Sub-Secretary.

Young Olds Association,—F. E. Lansing, President; James Rea, Vice-President; J. C. Johnston, Secretary and Treasurer.
THE VOLANTE.

EXCHANGES.

The *Quartermaster* is not attractive in typography. Its editorial department is not well supported, and its locals are written in a style that borders on the mediocre.

The *Tyro* puzzles us. Its tone is too religious, unless it be an emanation from some cloister. Perhaps it is, and we welcome it, for it no doubt has a mission, and an unoccupied field in college journalism.

Thiel's *Collegeian* can't bear criticism, and so we must touch it tenderly. In looking over the contents we certainly feel inclined to do so, and turn to other and more attractive labor, where time can be employed to some advantage.

The *Alumni Journal* has devoted most of its space to literary articles, to the neglect of editorial and local departments. "Facts about Germany and German life," is quite interesting, from the fact that it treats of phases in German life which are not familiar to the average American citizen.

The *Advocate* exchange editor must be of an exceedingly jovial disposition, judging by the "amusing" element that it finds in most of its exchanges, where others would search in vain for it. It can afford to be satirical, for it has the prestige of being the organ of a University sans un pareil.

The *College Herald* sends out an earnest plea for the cooperation of alumni and friends in the equipment and endowment of the University. Evidently suffering for want of means, it is pleading the wants of many another Baptist college in the United States, and the sentiment of the article certainly finds appreciation in the University of Chicago.

The *Targus* has an inviting appearance and its contents certainly do not belie its looks. There is much of the true college spirit displayed in its editorials, which discuss matters of import to its student readers in a vigorous way. The literary articles generally possess the same commendable quality. It is such an exponent of Rutgers that we learn something of the college by a perusal of its columns, which is far from being the case with many college publications that come to our table.

The *Cornell Review* is an able representative of the college that won such glowing laurels at Saratoga in the Summer, and more recently in the Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest. Its editorials are written in a dignified and manly style. The editorial on the withdrawal of Yale and Harvard, although it does not go into detailed statements, certainly expresses the views entertained by the major part of the public and college press. It is not to be expected that Harvard's real reasons for withdrawing would be apparent, if they were such as are imputed to her in this article, and it could not be a matter of inference if she were actuated to it by jealousy and caste.

CLIPPINGS.

This editor's life for a week before issuing the paper is one deigned horrid grind."—*Univ. Her.

"Will you take a glass of water?" "No, thanks. I have sworn off."—*Hobart Orient.*

Scene in recitation room. Prof.: "You didn't translate that word in brackets." Soph.: "That word was not in my translation, sir."—*Trinity Tablet.*

Scene—Ithaca parlor. Charming Sub-Fresh. to enamored Soph.: "Now, do sing 'Lagerbeer Horatius' once more, won't you?" Soph. grins out the noble air of 'Lauriger' with ill-concealed disgust.—*Era.*

Fresh (very threateningly): "I'd just like to see the fellow put them parallel bars on top of 'ere club house." Soph. (boldly, even savagely): "Well, Freshy, I'm your man. Fresh. (after some hesitation): "Old fellow give us your hand I've been trying to get 'em up there myself for going' on two weeks, and now I've found a man kind enough to do the job for me. Come, let's have a glass of beer and a toothpick.—*Berkeleyan.*

1st Freshman. — "O, won't it be splendid this vacation if there is good sleighing! Nobody cutters—fast horse—jingling bells—snow sparkling—she beside me—arm round waist." Oh!!!

2nd Freshman. — "Sleigh rides may go to thunder. What's the fun in being half frozen and hugging eighteen or twenty shawls just because you think there is a girl somewhere within? Give me the back parlor with the lights turned down and the enfant terrible tucked away in bed."—*Brownian.*

* Monsieur Adam* wake up, he see une belle demoli- selle asy in ze garden. Voila de la chance! "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv she wake, she hold her fan before her face. Monsieur put up his eye-glass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv she feel hungry; she see apple on ze arbore. Serpent see promenade sur l'arbre make one walk on ze tree. "Mons. le Serpent," says Iv., "weel you not have ze honte to peck me some appel! Jui faim." "Certainement Madame," says ze serpent, "charme de vous voir!" "Hols, mon ami, an-exevez-vous," says Adam; "stop, stop! Que sonez-vous faire? What madness is this? You must not peck an appel." Ze make him take one pinch of snuff, he say, Ah! Mons. Adam, do you not know here is nothing prolester for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permit me to offer you some of ze fruit defendu." Iv she make one courtesey; ze snake fill her whole Parozot with appel; he say, "Ereis scut Deus. Mons. Adam he will eat ze apple, he will become like un Dieu,—know ze good and ze evil. But you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess than you are now!" And zis finish Madame Iv.—*Wells Coll. Chronic.*

THE VOLANTE.

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