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We were rejected, a couple of years since, to see active measures undertaken to beautify our College Campus, and are thankful that so much was done to render it attractive. It naturally follows that it is with sorrowful hearts we behold the ravages of the woodman's axe, and realize that the places of those stately trees are not being supplied by others of a harder growth, and we ask, why is it? Are there no trees which can be obtained for this purpose for is or is the policy of the institution access to this means of decoration? Cottage Grove is fast losing its grove-like appearance, and unless something is done to supply the places of the trees which are so rapidly going to decay, this part of the city will soon be as destitute of adornment as a desert. Had a slight expense been incurred a few years since in planting trees, instead of having a campus almost bare, as is now the case, we should scarcely have missed the oaks which seem unable to stand civilization. We would further ask about those oaks, that should be, but are not. Soon our grounds will more nearly resemble a pasture than an ornamental yard. The time has been when the lawn was holy ground. Why should it now be trodden ruthlessly under the foot of straying herds? We hope the attention of those who are in charge may be directed to this matter, and that something may be done.

The most jeanie thin, starveling exercise in our literary societies is the declamation. It exists from sufrance and tradition rather than a conviction of its importance as a means of drill; and though our hatred is not so inveterate as to wish its total extirpation, its departure into the vast unknown, its utter evanescence into aerial attenuation, as it were, we heartily desire that some change should be made which shall prevent its fatal-like regularity of occurrence. Sometimes there are even two declamations on a pro-gramme, and then, though there be "mackerel enough for four," and nonsense you should not like mackerel, you must "help yourself to the mustard." There could be no objection to the substitution of a dramatic recitation, or of the rendering of some portion of Shakespeare; and besides answering all the purposes of drill, it would be vastly more
The VOLANTE.

The first thing needed, is good, diligent players, regardess of cliques or classes, and some means by which a worthy man may be substituted in place of an unworthy one. A poor man should be a leader, or captain, it should never be forgotten that the man who pays the bills, is a man of equal worth and standing, and that some of them, at least, are possessed of a tolerable amount of feeling and sentimentality, adequate amount of practice, entered upon and kept up.

Diligence is usually better than brilliance, and we think it is better to be true in base ball than elsewhere.

But don't be deceived, there it should be born in mind that the main need is that they are sustained and supported by the College with all the sympathy, forbearance, kindness and tolerance in which, and we may add, with all the sympathy which reaches the pocket.

In some respects our boys do, and cannot, have the opportunities afforded other college clubs; but it is in our results that they are less more than good, by means that are within our reach, and with but little expense.

Our success will be exactly measured by our desires, and the question now is, do we want the Silver Ball?

We regard it as one of the advantages of our institution that the vast and busy population about us afford avenues for the wholehearted and open protest exchanges to the utter ignorance which they have of the existence of the college and its connection with the religious life.

We are thankful for this information, as it gives us an opportunity of confessing, in common with most modern men of both sects, our ignorance in regard to many of the doctrines and much of the history of Catholicism; for life is short, and the history, doctrines, deicides and miracles of the past are all too lightly尘埃 than others, which are shown far further than the seventh volume of Butler's Lives of the Saints, and, as is true of its descendants, will be of no existing college.

Besides the usual college papers in a recent issue, had the following on Sectarian Catholicity: "We must often occasioned by the ceaseless and inane toil of the activities of the college, and the distance from the city, which makes it impossible to see the student creeping stealthily into his room at one o'clock, lest somebody should suspect him of being elated; heard to a student to retire forth four hours afterward with the confidence of a partner in the contrast. By the plan of the building, a somewhat unfortunate arrangement of the halls is necessitated, and every disturbance is rendered tenfold more annoying from the starting distinctness of its echoes. The number of our club is capacious enough to cover all ordinary and many extraordinary cases of disorder. It is even large enough to hide ourselves from the faculty; but its ragged edges refuse shelter to him who would make us a mortal display of himself, and only succeeds in making us succeed.

One of our Catholic college papers in a recent issue, had the following on Sectarian Catholicity: "We must occa-
and cause us to turn away without seeking further? We say nothing of the Danish evangelist who can’t understand complex biblical mysteries, such as following at one time St. Augustine’s doctrine of grace, and then going over to his opponent, and teaching the next book of the Bible, about impanning and being iniquities, when its offers needed refilling; nothing of the pio fraulito whose Rome’s theologians, from the Fathers down to our own glorious Pius IX., have united in exiling; nor do we mention the abuses which are related of holy saints and monks, and with ecclesiastical sanction, are practiced even now (such as the signature of St. Januarius’s blood at Naples) wherever the people are too ignorant to detect, and too faithful to suspect the imposition.

We merely say that the doctrines named above, to say nothing of such political doctrines as the denial of the right to freedom of conscience, which even American Catholic journals are too much quite sure to convince us, without further inquiry, that we are too stiff-necked to ever bend and draw draughts of salvation from the Roman trough. In fact, we confound our having chowed, instead of owed, divers Anian and Gnostic heroes, and rolled them as sweet morsels under the tongue; but we still are not far gone in our paths of error as to say with our contemporary, “if our brethren of that college press will satisfactorily prove that there is anything to be ashamed of in our religion, we will eagerly forsake our belief; we know, however, that this is impossible.” This is the other side of the equation of the word of woe, a word that forms one of the two being the basis of that conviction, but I would like to see the man who can convince me.” We do not therefore attempt the conversion of our Catholic friend, but merely justify our unbelief and ignorance, two beliefs that have grown up in consequence of the last abject display of Canadianism with which many Prostestant display is largely owing to the ignorance of the Catholic laity, who are scarcely any better informed in regard to their own creed, that is, its debatable points, than their Protestant neighbors. Thus preventing the teaching of the Church to the contrary, five out of every seven Catholics believe that the absorbing power belongs to the priest.

In the last analysis, both Catholic and Protestant rests his creed on a falsehood, which is incapable of logical justification; were it otherwise, it would not be faith. Given, faith in the supremacy of the Church, and there is nothing inconsistent or even absurd in Romanism; granted, a belief in the Scriptures only, and the right to private opinion, and there is nothing repositional in Protestantism. Since each of these faults is the necessary foundation of dogma, to amount of argument, nor any degree of ecclesiastical law, can convince one of the truth of the other’s belief. Since this is so, then it is a Protestant who can do it to us, not to feel unkindly towards our friends, and we hope that we are charitable enough to be charitable. I know, and I hope, of the old criminal Church which consigns us all to eternal tormentors does not permit them to reciprocate our charity.

LITERARY

DRINKING SONG
FROM THE GERMAN.
Wine, my heart, the days of joy are over;
My heart’s turned a bitterness;
My soul is steeped in wine;
I indulge in my sins;
An awful trade of gaining land.
Give, give, give me wine.

The very winds my child inspiration;
Stood the spirits; no one knew;
No drink will satisfy;
I drink, or I am a swine.
I drink, but cannot drink enough.
To drown my thirst’s pervaded cry.

What a force, what a power rules the day.
it is enough to cause me pain;
And makes my marble shrink.
I should love to be the widow’s child;
I should love to be the widow’s child;
To see the widow’s face.

Life—Its Corruptions.
To the French people’s heart she was dear;
To the French people’s heart she was dear.

The man that drives her home;
A veritable Comte;
This is the man who drinks.

And if my word is to my thoughts, express,
Pretty luxurious life here above;
You happy, drinking through.
O’! drink a glass of your wine;
Give me another, another beer,
And dry my days prolong!

SOUTH AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.
The City of Towns—The Last of the Bards—Social Conditions.
Teaumam, Argentine Confederation, Jan. 1, 1876.
When this reaches you, you will be frozen up, and we shall be sweating under a tropical sun. I fear it is much warmer here than in Parana, as indeed it ought to be. But the fashion of the cities makes the heat more tolerable. I fancy a checker-board of narrow streets with one story houses, forming an uninterrupted line of white wall, and you will see that it must be exceedingly hot. Off to the west rise the Andes Mountains, and the two lines that are to follow these in the other direction, yet they are impassibles, perhaps the last remains in civilisation. The man with the moustache of the middle ages. There are many of them.

We saw occasionally in the outskirts of the city, among the mud houses, companies of little groups, friends. They do not accompany themselves, like the bard in the Eneid, with singing the labors of the sun, but instead, with details of life such as they have seen it. A number, or a sharp cut with the knife, the carrying off of some Helen by guile or by force, an adventure with a band of muggers, a spurt of guerrilla warfare, such as now exists in the province of Santiago del Estero, where a family of bandits have driven out everything except certain larger groups, are pursued by the bandits of the Sevilla region. These are their materials. He has no friends, and his present, and I somewhat should preserve his productions to a distant posterity they would serve as a basis to reconstruct the picture of this society, which must soon pass away, as Percy’s Collection and I may even say Homer, have served in the past.

Moreover, but see in the gauchito the same phenomena which originated these ancient productions. If his compositions are made, are not the old English ballads, and mythologies and illustrations are all drawn from the life of the people? They are the conceptions, as in the mirror of a clear lake, all his surroundings.

Am I a faithful chronicler? Then I must add a feature much less agreeable of this excursion. We stopped at another little town on the way to the province, wishing to entertain us, called up a little fellow who was playing to us. He was not more than six years old, yet the song he sang was conceived in the wildest language imaginable; the host was nevertheless exceedingly fond of the accomplishments of his protege. As we rode away I inquired whether we could purchase it in regard to this phenomenon, and was told that it was a fair specimen of the nurture of the children. They are not taught to read or write, but as soon as they can speak, their minds are filled with vulgarities, which in later life produce the social corruptions which are the curse of South American life.

From the highest to the lowest these people, with few exceptions, do not know what virtue is. I would not on any account, except the most absolute necessity, bring up a family in this country.

The city of Buenos Aires is on a most alarming rate, being apparently in a considerable state of correspondence, but a poor substitute for conversation. Nothing would delight me more now than a few hours talk with you; but we must wait. I expect to go to Buenos Ayres on business in about ten days; as the season closes, it is a long and disagreeable journey. While I would not for a good deal have missed the experience of this South American life, I do not look forward to it beyond its proposed term; still all my relations with the government are very pleasant, and my position is remarkably independent. We are all very well, and always hungry for Chicago letters. Our very best regards to University friends.

Very sincerely yours,
J. W. Strains.

LITERARY

PARTNERSHIP.
The history of partnership between authors for the purpose of carrying on literary work, still remains to be written. The histories of literature, while they do not entirely ignore them, mention them so carelessly, and with such meagerness of detail, that the reader has his curiosity aroused without being able to satisfy it. Perhaps this is due in part to a lack of accurate and indisputable information, for the majority of partnerships when they were most numerous, as in the Elizabethan and Shakespearean 17th Century, in Spain. Lack of interest in the subject it cannot be, for any information regarding the celebrated authors of the past or present it always of great interest to
THE VOLANTE.

all educated persons. Hoping, then, that some future investigator will turn his attention to this interesting subject, the author of these pages has no option but to appeal to those fortunate few who are in the enviable position of being regular attenders of the literary coffee shops, to which he has made occasional forays. It is not easy to describe the atmosphere of these intellectual gatherings, but it is safe to say that the presence of so many intelligent people in one place is indicative of a certain amount of intellectual activity. The atmosphere is one of leisure, reflection, and discussion, with a general air of intellectual enthusiasm.

Without going as far back as the best period of the Greek drama, it is safe to say that the influence of that noble art has been felt in the literary circles of our times. Even the most casual observer can see the echoes of Greek drama in the works of modern writers. The themes, characters, and situations of Greek drama have found their way into the pages of modern literature, often in a modified and adapted form.

One of the most notable examples of this influence is the work of Euripides, who is credited with writing more than five hundred plays. His work has been studied and analyzed by scholars for centuries, and his influence can be seen in the works of many modern writers. Another notable influence is that of Sophocles, whose plays are still performed today, and whose themes of love, honor, and justice have resonated through the ages.

In conclusion, it is clear that the influence of Greek drama on modern literature is considerable. The themes and characters of Greek drama have found their way into the works of modern writers, and have contributed to the development of the literary landscape of our time.

C. J. L.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

From Sacramento Valley.

A few weeks since we were like Noah, for we were on an ark of land, in a dreary waste of waters. Princeton, the town above us, was baptised in the drink of Adam. But now the waters have abated from this "Vale of Tears," and there are more plants in low in its cannon-like bed, the green miles of grass around us, "darken and bend to cloud and breeze," the almond trees are covered with snowy blossoms; everything, in fact, goes to show that the winter days are over, and we can luxuriate in flowers and sunshine for several months, and in perspiration and dust, generally, on the back of the calendar. Now the season has arrived in which all women delight in gardening. Now, too, the humbler stock gate for four hours will ask him to "spare out just that little piece in the front yard." Taking advagements of Washington's birthday, a number of young ladies and gentlemen visited the Buttes, an irregular line of hills about seven miles east of Colusa. We started out, joyous and expectant, at seven A.M., the usual hour for picnics. Having gone as far as we could in carriages, we were landed, handed over the lunch to two stout Chinamen, and with the assistance of maricultia cases, began the ascent; of course the highest Butte was undertaken, for where would be the honor, had we climbed a smaller one? At the spring, which is half way up, the repast was spread on a flat rock, over which a duck or other cast threatening its life, and the more coveted fowls of a sharp, cold, keen air, with a stinging wind, so strong that one could not stand it. The path was literally strewed with flowers; gaily colored flowers, and was discovered quite accidentally. Two wine glasses, thinking they would find gold, sunk a shaft, and while working on one day, there was a terrible explosion, caused by the gas becoming ignited from the torches. One man was killed, the others escaped with his life, but was slugged as a Thanks for turkey; that was his own story, told as we stood around, and a bright blazer shot up from the hillside as though to verify the saying, "if lighted, he had finished, a young lady hesitatingly asked, "Did it kill you?" The laugh which followed was soon repeated by a tender voice, and one of the gentlemen tried to light his cigar over the well, holding the cigar at the same time between his teeth. There was a smell of burnt hair in the neighborhood, and a very much cropped man only made another attempt to reach the remittance of the day. At first there was resting on every smooth stone, and a great deal deeper, and by the ladies, with borrowed hats. One more long tiresome ascent, and the water carrier was interviewed. Horror of horrors! We were too far from the spring to go back, and it seemed a long distance to the prairie house and dinner to conclude on going. As we neared the apex, the path became slippery, and the lave-like earth rolled from under our feet, making rapid progress impossible. Three, heat, lack of breath, everything was forgotten, in the last grand rush for the top. The ladies was the first to reach the goal, the others soon followed. The scene is grand. If you want to see the Sacramento Valley from a height, pay a visit on it from Flagg's Peak.

The flag-staff planted there fifteen years ago, by patriot souls, stands erect and firm, defying storms and time. Our party came down on the grassy surface; then each one wrote a history of himself and his family on the foaming waves of the rocks, in a sarong. The descent, which was accomplished in half the time it took to ascend, for "in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up." P. V. E.

THE LADIES' ENTERTAINMENT.

Ensured perhaps, by the success which crowned the event of the young ladies last fall, when they gave an entertainment to make their quarters a little more comfortable, the lady friends of the institution, in order to furnish more completely the apartments of the lady students, arranged the following programme, which they presented on the following night.

1. Quartette. By the University Quartette Club.
3. Address. By Thomas Hayes Esp.
7. Music. By Miss Emily Shaw.

The music, by Misses Hardy and Shaw, was especially worthy of praise. The readings, by Mr. Jas. H. Dowdall.
land, were very well received, and when the audience adjourned to the parlor, his services were again called for. Among the addresses delivered, perhaps the most worthy of a持久 was Mr. Colyer's speech on the subject of "The Science of Euchre." Mr. Russell, of the Sophomore Class, made the best hit of the evening in his response to the toast, "Our Course." Then followed speeches from Chap-

The company broke up at an early hour. The success of the entertainment is due, in a considerable degree, to the offertory of Messrs. Ochs, Honors, and Armstrong.

TRI-KAPPA ANNIVERSARY.

The twelfth anniversary of the Tri-Kappa Society took place on the evening of the fourteenth, under very favorable auspices, in the University Place Church. After a short prayer by Dr. Mitchell, and a song by the Chicago Quar-

The weather was propitious. The friends of the society turned out in enwrapping numbers, and the majority of the exercises were exceptionally praiseworthy. All were pleased, and the Tri-Kappa Society can well congratulate itself upon the success of this year's anniversary.

ATHEISM ANNIVERSERY.

The fifteenth anniversary of this society took place at the University Place Baptist Church, Thursday evening, March 25, and called out a large and appreciative audience.

Reverend W. E. Northrup, D. D., offered prayer, and after the "Overture to Poet and Peasant," an instrumental duet, by Misses Baardslee and Whitacre, Mr. C. R. Dean, Presi-

and, as an encore, "Kathleen Mavournien." The Athenaeum Enterprise was then read by Mr. J. C. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was not appointed until a short time before the entertainment, and the brief period which he had for preparation would perhaps account for any defects which his paper possessed.

The closing oration was given by Mr. James Rea, on the subject, "Herapath." He spoke of his past history, during which it has been successively under the government of the Greeks, Romans, and Huns, and that the state of war between England and France, and the seizure of the Austrian by the Turks, which have disturbed the peace of the society and their hard treatment; and finally of their presents, which have not been as good as the Turks. He closed with a charming appeal in behalf of our own past glory men are unwarlike, and who are inexcusable to the de
growing grounds. No speaker entered more fully into sympa-

The exercises were closed by the duet for violin and piano, "Sousave de Haydn," by Mr. and Miss Rothschild. The entertainments for the evening were played by Miss Lule White.

The exercises were quite too long, but the audience good

As yet, co-education is no more than an experiment at our University. So far, our doings have been housekeepingly, not only in size, but also in sweetness, harmlessness, agree-

This was then followed by Mr. Lunde's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss Carrie A. Gill.

The question, "Do the developments of modern science incline men to infidelity?" was debated by Mr. C. B. Allen, Jr., on the affirmative, and Mr. C. T. Thoms, on the negative. The question was entirely too broad for discuss-

on such an occasion. As a result, the meeting was a very

Both gentlemen have the merit of force and earnestness, which are essential qualifications in a good public speaker.

Mr. J. S. Martin sang "The Children's Kingdom," and, as an encore, "Kathleen Mavournien." The Athenaeum Enterprise was then read by Mr. J. C. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was not appointed until a short time before the entertainment, and the brief period which he had for preparation would perhaps account for any defects which his paper possessed.

The closing oration was given by Mr. James Rea, on the subject, "Herapath." He spoke of his past history, during which it has been successively under the government of the Greeks, Romans, and Huns; of the future that was to be. He spoke of England's retirement, and the seizure of the Austrian by the Turks, and other people and their hard treatment; and finally of their private affairs, which have not been as good as the Turks. He closed with a charming appeal in behalf of our own past glory men are unwarlike, and who are inexcusable to the de
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natural taste to the entire programme, and went away evidently well pleased with the evening's entertainment.
ladies acquire a masculine character; in fact, they know as little now as before of the true method of sharpening a lead pencil; while the gentlemen are not particularly effeminate or given to sentimentalism. The same studies, books and occupations do not necessarily produce the same discipline and culture. If woman's nature is essentially different from man's, no amount of study will ever destroy her individuality: man can not join together what God has put asunder. In the same class-room, therefore, and from the same studies, the girls will receive that discipline from which their nature is fitted to receive; while the boys will learn much of the dative case and the syllabification of the vine and the oak isirine. A high-class girl will always hold her own in the class-room; if they cannot appreciate Logic, they will have a deep interest in other studies and even in Logic recite better than we, for they have faith in the words of the author, while we have abundant confidence in our own.

One marked effect is the admission of ladies to the University; the literary societies have both increased in efficiency and become elevated in their general and general character. No longer do they reproduce the Grecian Agoras with the wrangling, noisy talk of the Boule; but, without false restraints, they have assumed the dignity which so well belongs to organizations professing to have at heart the culture and refinement of their members.

ELECTIONS.

THE KAPPA.—President, R. L. Olds; Vice-President, Miss Gray; Secretary, S. Jones; Sub-Secretary, G. M. M.; Corresponding Treasurer, P. A. J. Fisher; Second Critic, F. M. Smith; First Editor, W. H. Adamson; Second Editor, C. N. Patterson; Third Editor, W. Walker.

Atheneum Election.—The following is the list of officers for the ensuing term: President: W. P. Halle; Vice-President, Miss Beals.国安; Secretary, D. J. Murphy; Treasurer, Willis S. Black; Critic, M. N. Armstrong; Literary Editor, E. Packer; Practical Editor, Miss Chapman; Local, Miss Beardslee.

CHIP BASKET.

"A spring to lick up every tiny shoe.

Spring, spring! glorious spring!

De. Moss was in the city on Friday.

Trouble ends March 30; re-comesness April 7.

Publishers' Card: "Circumstances over which," etc.

Why is our coffee like the quality of mercy? Because it is not strained.

Joseph Mountain, '73, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Brodhead, Wis.

La petite moustache. Oh! la beautee! on l' aises roes obtenles, Monsieur Bosworth?

We call attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Windell, which appears in this issue.

We regret that illness has compelled F. E. Lansing, of '77, to leave us temporarily.

J. H. Sampson, '77, pastor of the Baptist Church, Mount Carroll, Ill., was married recently.

John J. Coon, who was formerly a member of the class of '76, is now a member of '79 at Starkville.

Trumbull, of '76, and Osmar, of '78, disputed themselves in the "Sunny South," and visited the Mardi Gras.

J. T. Sunderland, who has been pastor of the Unitarian Church at Northfield, Mass., for several years, was recently installed pastor of the Fourth Unitarian Church, Chicago.

A student found under his plate the following pithy note: "Your board is due," thinking that said board was dubious, he scribbled on the back: "Of course it is,—to me."

Tri-Kappa recently indulged in the novelty of an entirely extemporaneous programme. The exercises were far better than could be anticipated from the circumstances of their delivery.

George Martin, formerly of '77, smiled upon us a few weeks ago. George is "ey learned pedagogue," of Shannon, and the young ladies under his charge call him "Grady.""Page: "I see that you have been absent from chapel very frequently," Stimpes—"I have a standing excuse," Prof.—"Why then have you been present occasionally?" Student—"To see if the Faculty were there.

Grover of '77, after a brief lengthened from reasons satisfactory to himself, though not "suggested by the faculty" (as the Collegian would say), has resolved to enjoy the pleasures of sin (Junior studies) for a season.

Townsend Smith, of the Preparatory Department, has left us. He has made arrangements to enter business at Stearns Point, Wis., and with the capital and the experience at his command will doubtless find "millions in it."

A professor was lining off Virgill to one of the prep-classes, and asking an impromptu translation, "Quae num

Tennis?" "Class in union, "Why don't you tell?" Professor closed the book and quietly remarked, "I will not tell you; class is dismissed."

And now the voice of the Senior is heard plaintively chanting in his room: "Sparta, Colorant, Durri, Fornix, priores; Cassara, Castrum, Fea—Fea—confound the rest!"

Chaplain, of '77, like Faust, is pulling his pupils around his nose, this way and that; and we will bet that his pupils have the same effect as "Length with accumulated gain into, all at once, for a many little bit be."

He will sail between the Seylla and Charybdis of a West Point examination next August.

Prof. of Mathematics (illustrating to Freshman that the sides of a prism are its surface, not its contents.) "When a tailor makes for a suit of clothes, does he make the stuff?"

Fresche, with avidity: "Yes, sir!"

APOTHECARY TO THE POKOZHE TYPH.

O'driss whose essence have been alacrity to a deadened Upon the suddenly of my patroon and I my patroon's pith 1174 80 ed

Thieves of dry experiences here

In early days a bountiful and inspired

The current to destroy the tapster's type

The next time I return to my patron's

But then they don't ask for the tapst.

Prof. Purington, formerly of Yale College, is delivering, at the Fourth Unitarian Church, a course of six Sunday evening lectures, on the subject: "From the dead Past to the living Present," which receives a liberal patronage from our students. All should avail themselves of this opportunity to hear popular science in a popular form.

A Sophomore smoked rather hard, one evening, and chatted his stem next morning that he had had the nightmare.

"What did you dream?" inquired the shaver of his joys and tobacco. "That all the Faculty (Die meliora) were in chapel around me?" replied the Soph., still horrified at the very thought.

Prof. Illustrating the False Inference:

"What you buy to-day you eat to-morrow; you eat raw meat to-day, therefore, you eat raw meat to-morrow."

Senior disregards the fallacy, and with thoughts of the past history of the boarding club, and the probabilities of to-morrow's dinner, mournfully ejaculates, "Too true, too true."

The following conversation was recently overheard between two of our Senior studies for a season.

1st Prof.—"I did eat royalty to-day." 2nd Prof.—"With malicious reference to free lunch!" 1st Prof.—"Where did you obtain the requisite nickel?" 2nd Prof.—"In one of the close by (his collar) You cannot shine on tail soup for a nickel." 2nd Prof.—"Are you really reduced to such extremities?"

THE VOLANTE.

EXCHANGES.

Two more liberal infants are born into the college world: the Neotitan from Lawrence University, and the Undergraduate, from Middlebury College. Like Mercury, however, they are precocious babies, and rather lusty for their time of life; but, unlike Mercury, however, they have not signalized their infancy by any such amusing theft as was the job of the Apollyon. But up to the present time we commend the Neotitan on the taste displayed in selecting its heading, which, of itself, is enough to make us feel like its twin brother. Its title startled us and led us to the belief that it was novelty rather than content that satisfied us that it was guiltless of any design on the Collegian; nevertheless, we would warn its rival lest it steal some of its arrows. We have, however, no doubt but the rivalry between Lawrence's two papers will be the improvement of both. We welcome the new-comers to our list and have nothing but praises for their contents and good wishes for their prosperity.

The Lafayette College Journal aspires to be, what few college papers can afford to be, a new college paper. There is hardly enough local life in most colleges to warrant the modeling of their papers after those of the outside world, and not sufficient ability to conduct a literary journal of respectable character. Therefore most of us are compelled to go it 'alf and 'alf, and cry with Jacques, "Motel's the only wear." We congratulate the Journal; for though most of its contents are of scarcely any interest to people outside of Easton, it is easy to see that it is in that type of what a college paper should be, where locals are numerous enough to warrant the exclusion of literary matter.

The University Record, has become the Rochester Campus. Its article on "Art in the Novels," is worthy of the highest praise. The Campus is disgusted with such a speech expression as "Pull down your vest," and therefore, whenever we would advise it to wipe off its chin, and give us a rest on "Hints about Reading," or else publish them in a separate volume, with "Watts on the Mind," and other instructive works.

The Cornell Review is one of the few college publications which have any personality type, "Launcelot of Indicative of National Character," and "Auricb's Novels," would not seem out of place in any of the monthlies.

The Oberlin Review is in agony over the sins of the students. It says, "Reports come to our ears occasionally to make one shudder who has at heart the preservation of good morals in our institutions," and then it speaks with horror and indignation of those who smoke or play cards. It is our humble opinion that Oberlin's iron-clad rules have more to do with the prevalent immorality than the total depravity of her students. "We long after the forbidden;"
THE VOLANTE.

take down the bars, and the moral element which Oberlin has always attracted, will either convert or expel viciousness when it has no selfish motive for concealment.

The Denison Collegian has a religious controversy on its hands, as to the propriety of revivals and prayer meetings generally. One writer insists on, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and with considerable comic invective, condemns revivals. "Art! (amator rerum temporum) likewise has a text: "Judge not according to the appearance," and mildly intimates the destination of his opponent by saying, "A man with his nose over brimstone fumes, is not expected to scent the fragrant rose." The frequency with which both disputants ring in their texts, reminds us of what Shakespeare says: "Very good onions, when they are cut, will split;" with this exception both articles are good. The Wittenberger takes up the theological cudgel on the orthodox side, and spectators, Julian like, may gleefully expect a high old time between the sectaries. The Collegian is a good paper, and will be improved by the free admission of unorthodox articles to its columns, just as 

"Clever clerks by many schools are made."

The Tufts Collegian will hereafter place the Volante in the reading-room where all may see it. The Collegian will hereafter be placed in the museum, classified with other Reprints. Our contemporary asks for any valuable suggestion we may have to offer. Is the hint palpable enough?

The last few numbers of the Dartmouth contain some excellent metrical translations, two from Horace and one from Victor Hugo, which, for exact rendering and the preservation of poetical beauties, are unsurpassed. We confess a sneaking affection for "Mœurs inter Mœurs," which we have committed to memory: in proof of which we quote one verse:

"Enjoying situs in dies hauris, Vena carinae habet, lacrimae, Green stand instar, lurking nos, Incertis, expleges, gol loges.

Si star ad astras. The Dartmouth is uniralled as a college paper; we swear by it and swear at

The Niagara Index. This brilliant young champion of the New York Institute, which sees all goodness reflected in the mirror before which it pays its adoration, has an article which conclusively proves that secret societies foster infidelity. We always thought that the minds of the Jesuits were too diabolic to bear slaps from Christian grace. But the Jesuit order is a secret society, and therefore fosters infidelity; and now all is plain. No longer will we vex ourselves to discover how Christians could behave as they have, for doubtless they are infidels, according to the luminous article of the Index. The paper contains a woodcut of two large feet placed too far apart. We suppose that they constitute an allegorical representation of the present attitude of Catholics and the school question. If the Index will place the heel of one foot on the toes of the other it will be an allegory showing how Uncle Samuel is about to step on the blessed great toe of St. Peter. We would advise the omission of the cut in toto, as it is too large for the total size of the page on which it appears.


CLIPPINGS.

Two Senators, diligently policing (?) Plato's Apology, met the sentences, "To fear death is nothing else than to seem to be wise when you are not." 1st Senator, inquiringly: "What does that mean?" 2nd Senator, thoughtfully: "Well, I don't see; but we had better not fool with it, for it may lead to Pantheism," for all we know. "Let's go on."—Ex.

March came in like a lion, but goes out like the 4-1.

There are some vague rumors afloat to the effect that the exhibition day will, this year, be anticipated—Index.

Does this mean my neck schemes?

When New Yorkers are asked what kept them out till half-past twelve, they blandly reply: "Ben to 'viral Moosy an' Sansey (hie)."—Index.

"Imperial mildness with a vengeance." Dartmouth. Ditto.

A student read the professor's comment on the back of a returned essay, "My God!" A friend skilled in the Professor's handwriting reassured him by deciding it to be "Very good."

Economical Lunacy. "Mr. B., will you take a small piece of apple pie or a small piece of radish?" Mr. B. — "If you please, Ma'am, I will take a large piece of both."—Preparatory.

The truth of the adage "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was charmingly brought out that slippery morning, when a blue-eyed school girl sat hard among her books, and remarked, "Oh—oh! The card.

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The Volante.
VOL. V.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1876.
NO. 7.

It has been quite generally acknowledged that the
anniversaries of the Athenaeum and Tri-Kappa have been
anything but creditable to the societies for the past two
years. Not that they have been discreditible to those who
have appeared upon the programmes, but, with few excep-
tions, the exercises provided have not been as good as the
societies have the ability to provide, from the fact that
lower classmen have generally been chosen to represent
the societies. Some of the exercises have been almost un-
pardonably indifferent, and the excuse offered therefor has
inevitably been that allowances must be made, because the
offenders were lower classmen. It is exactly of this that
we wish to complain. There are a sufficient number of
higher classmen in either society, who have had the ad-
vantage of two or three years of collegiate training, who
could do credit to themselves and to the societies which
they represent—if they would. But Seniors, especially,
are profoundly indifferent to these interests, and upon them
we lay the responsibility for the uninteresting entertain-
ments which have been provided for the public. The remedy
is simple enough. Let college men maintain an active
interest in the societies until they have completed their
course of study, and not be so ready to eschew effort and
inconvenience, though it be but for the fair fame of the
society.

One of the most striking changes which has taken
place of late years in college life is the tendency of those
in authority to emancipate the student from many obligations
formerly imposed essential to his spiritual well-being.
Doubtless state institutions have exercised a great influence
in bringing about this result; but the same educational
ideas, which, relying on moral forces, have levered the
common schools and almost dispensed with the rod, have
been the prime cause in lightening the burdens of the stu-
dent. There is nothing so odious in its nature as a religi-
ous obligation imposed by the will of another, and nothing
which, on comparison, yields more insignificant results.
Men are not altogether depraved, and boys are even better
than men. It is a recognition of these two facts which has
produced the change from attempting to drive, to attempt
the student in the paths of religion. How far the
freedom accorded to the student should be carried, is by
no means decided uniformly by all colleges; but we be-
lieve that chapel exercises are not inconsistent with the
greatest amount of liberty, and there is a tendency to nar-
row the student's religious duties down to attendance on these exercises. How far compulsory attendance may be desirable is questionable, but the ability of a daily gathering of the whole body of students is too apparent to need demonstration.

The University of Cambridge, England, has proposed, and it believes, partially carrying out a system of higher education in the principal towns and cities of that kingdom. The plan is known as the "University Extension Scheme." In its outline it is similar to a system of teaching in local parts of this country. The University agrees to send out young graduates to lecture on the subjects in which they are most proficient. Any town or a number of neighboring towns may, upon forming an "Association for the Promotion of Higher Education," require the lecture whom they desire. These, when ready to begin teaching, publish a programme wherein are contained all particulars as to the lectures themselves, the subjects, the time and place of delivery, and the requirements for admission. Lectures are delivered once a week, and at the end of a course, certificates are given to those who have satisfactorily passed their examinations. So much of the plan with a few more details we learn from an English magazine. The plan, so far as we can judge, is a most commendable and practical. It is not designed to take the place of the great universities, but, as its name implies, to bring their benefits, hitherto enjoyed only by a select few, within the reach of a far greater number. The chief obstacle to the arrangement of this kind is, of course, far greater in England than here, where every town of a few hundred inhabitants has its Academy, if not its 'University.' Another feature of it which pleases us is that it gives employment to a large number of college graduates, who would otherwise be obliged to look to some other less congenial pursuit for a living. Any thing which, in these days of mere money-making speculations, tends to increase the number of those who delight in the pursuit of knowledge rather than silver and gold, should be hailed with satisfaction.

"Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying." Jack would be equally astonished if he lived now. An eminent shallow manner of life, and the habit of keeping up de- ceitful appearances have made us Americans, if not the posterity of the Cretons, at least a nation of braggarts and exag- gerators. We talk, jest, preach and advertise, always leaving a margin which we expect our auditors to clip off as hyperbole. We even pray sometimes as if we imagined we could deceive the Almighty, and justify the Quaker's assertion of the invisible presence of God before Heaven as such an atrocious villain. But we started to speak of college catalogues. Many of them are the representatives rather of the institutions aspire to, than of what they are. We suppose the exaggerations con- tained in these literary productions are hardly more than advertisements of the "best and cheapest," which almost all modern weekly, and are now foundingly placed be- yond the public; and yet we believe many students settle down into the steady quotation of Falstaff, as surprise after surprise greets them after their entrance into college. We believe that this baseless boast is not less noticeable in students in those of most other institutions. If the curriculum is misrepresented at all, it consists not in placing our standard of scholarship as high as it really is; for there are courses which have not done more than is presented in the catalogue. But while we admire the nos- tality of our authorities in not making such a display of studies as a strict fidelity to the truth would enable us to, we would advise that the printed course be made as extended as the actual course is; for as the matter stands now, our standard is as much underestimated in the catalogue as that of many colleges is exaggerated.

It frequently happens in the experience of every student, that he is obliged to pursue a study more or less dis- tasteful to him. Such cases are unavoidable in colleges which maintain fixed courses of studies. It would be sur- prising indeed if an arbitrary course could ever suit the interest of all students. Now, though we do not believe in an inflexible arrangement of studies, which must be followed up just so long, and in just such an order, we still think that in many instances it would be more beneficial to all who are studying an exceedingly strong dislike for particular studies. There is also a second and more numerous class, to which every new study is attractive, like a new toy to a child. Let other of these classes pursue, for instance, some modern languages for a period of, say six months. Then let the lib- erty be granted of choosing between it and some new study, and, ten to one, the latter will be chosen. In one case the excuse will be distaste for the study, and in the other, the cost of feeling which would be ex- pressed something like this: "Oh, I like the study well enough, but, as I never intend to use it, I mean to drop it and take up something practical. In both these instances we believe that a fixed course would be beneficial. It is of innumerable greater value to know one study thoroughly, and in all its details, than to know the bare first principles of a dozen others. Of course, we can only approach to a thorough knowledge of the various branches taught in a collegiate course, but a great many fail to make any pro- gress whatever towards thoroughness. Is it because they lack all appreciation of its value? Why is it that the best elective schools of this country, while commencing an opulently higher course of studies, are still glad to retain subjects to be added, "subject to the approval of the faculty!" Probably because it has been found by experiment that students have less knowledge of what a good, sound, and thorough education really is, than they are commonly given credit for.

Our communicator, Observer, has touched upon a question of some importance, to society men, at least. Our own observation will warrant us in accepting many of the considerations which he brought about; yet with regard to the motives influencing judges to make such decisions, in every instance, we venture to doubt. Our work will not refer to those instances in which Observer served as judge, but rather in those where there have been such decisions made when he was not a judge. We know that human nature is infinitely wicked and "unrighteous," but still we argue that purely physi- cal causes would be sufficient to bring this about. For instance, we have witnessed debates so utterly insane and devoid of argument that the judges could not discern a single point upon which to base their decision, and conse- quently would be obliged to "slip" to see how to gain one. We would not even censure judges for falling asleep sometimes under the monotonous "grinding" of some debaters. We have often thought that debating was a very practical way of developing "check," since men frequently go on rushing over the floor who know absolutely nothing about the question and talk on anything, simply to kill time; but then this "developing" process is very wearing on the audience. If this were the case, one just as bad as lack of preparation often occurs. Professional debaters are always unable to do anything else, are placed on debate and innocently prattle about the inviolable rights of man, constitutional law and the destiny of man, or some other such weighty problems, about which they can form no more impression than an untutored Hottentot in his native wilds can of the treasuring civilization of Paris. Then we need no longer wonder when a chairman (a married man) of judges delivers the following judgment: "The judges decide in favor of the negative, and the third, owing to the fact that it is neither positive nor negative, is consequently not entitled to any of the premiums, and is therefore declared to be the negative." Further proof of the fact that the debaters are far from being the judges. The judges themselves have been led to think, in this case, that the debaters are far from being the judges.

Ask a college student what profession he intends to fol- low after he has abandoned his Alma Mater, and in five cases out of ten he will tell you that he does not know. Further inquiry will confound that he intends to take up his mind at some future time, when he sees how things turn out; if the chances are favorable for making wealth and fame, he will become a disciple of Eschylus; if they are better for attaining the silver shield, he will follow the ways of law, he will worship at the shrine of Blackstone and of Kent, and if fate and disposition shall tempt him to accept a low parasoge with a comfortable salary and little to do, perhaps he will place himself under the standard of Spur- gnon, of Talmage and of Moody. "If I am, under all cir- cumstances, a very unreliable word, and he who puts his trust in it will speedily discover it to his own loss. Aside from love, the only lasting passion in this miserable, this eternal waiting for "something to turn up," there is lost. Nor then are any parting the choice of profession till the last moment. Time is lost. Not knowing what our future life may be, we may sacrifice years, perhaps, either in idleness or in pursuits which we never find interesting or those other than the profession, and even in college the time which our duties and recrea- tions leave us, and which might be profitably spent in pre- paring for our future profession, is almost certain to be wasted. Opinion now and again arbitrary our course of study may be, and how far it may be removed, as a whole, from any application to the profession which we design to follow, there must always be a portion of it, however small, which will be of practical use to us in our chosen line of labor. This conflict we have studied more minutely than otherwise, with any desert to our other studies. Indeed, the student who tries to give an exactly equal amount of time to each of the different branches he is pursuing at the same time, unless he is of unusual ability, soon finds that though he may acquire a fair knowledge of each, he will not get at the "bottom of the key. The great advantage of starting into a pro- fessional career with stock preparation for it, needs no proof. Professional courses, especially those of medicine and of law, are by no means long ones, and hence, if a student is somewhat acquainted with the elementary differences of the course which he intends to take, he has an exceedingly important advantage over those without such knowledge.

Young writers seldom suffer from want of criticism upon their first efforts. In many cases we are satisfied that too much advice and criticism, although well-meant and well- deserved, is rather just the opposite to the intended effect, in creating timidity and self-distrust. The task of training young writers is therefore as delicate and difficult as it is important. It is the old story of Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other. In avoiding too much censure, one is almost sure to go to the other extremity. This is too little, too uncertain and variable is the line between. To make an arbitrary rule, and say, just so much you shall censure, no more, no less, is impossible, for it ignores entirely the different degrees of sensitiveness to censure in different individuals. It being, therefore, impracticable to make any rule which shall hold good in every case, and impossible for men to judge exactly which is preferable, the question becomes at once one of experience; which is preferable to strangle in their birth the crude, misshapen outcroppings of literary ambition by severe censure, or render "aid and comfort" by mild criticism? There is to this question, as to
VERGNIADU.

After that useful body, the Constituent Assembly, by an
injunction act of destructive patriotism, had declared none of
its members eligible for re-election to the Legislative
Assembly, and had dissolved this last body, it began its labors
for the regeneration of France. The Constituent Assembly
was composed of wise, experienced men, conservative in
their ideas, and not carried away by enthusiasm for new
opinions. The Legislative Assembly was made up in a
good degree of young, ambitious men, apt to be hurried
into excess by zeal for their new-born ideas of liberty
and the will of the people, and too often inattentive to the
voice of reason. Yet in this assembly, in which history first
makes mention of Vergniaud, we find some distinguished
men. Such men as the learned Brisset, the witty Louvet,
the philosophical Condorcet, the eloquent Guizot, the cool,
determined Genouilhe, and the fiery Jeaud, were the
leaders of the assembly. But it is not enough to state that
Brisset had been to the old Constituent Assembly, Vergniaud
soon became to the Legislative. Mirabeau's style of oratory
was abrupt, precipitate, and eccentric, overwhelming the
listeners at times with his super outbursts. That of
Vergniaud was always uniform, finished and convincing;
yet when great exigencies arose, it became impassioned and
irresolute. Vergniaud's main speech in the assembly was
excited universal admiration, and that renown which after-
wards constituted him President of the National Convention
and leader of the Girondins, foreshadowed. That party
unquestionably counted among its members the greatest
number of men of high intellectual attainments; men, like
Vergniaud, who were opposed to extreme measures, who
acted deliberately, and who would have warded off the reign
of absolute power from this country, by the simple and
trite voice of a Jacobin mob, should have perished.
Vergniaud continued
to gain renown as an orator; his expressions were on every-
basis in a lip. But that tumultuous assembly wherein no other
speaker could secure attention, magnified his talents to that of the ragged menacing hordes in the
galleries. Vergniaud always gained breathless attention. His command of the personal presence, the rich, melodious
accent of an extremely flexible voice, the personal charm, the beauty of his imagery, charmed and fas-
cinated the assembly. On the 3d of July, '91, Vergniaud declared
the new Constitution had a failure, as Mirabeau predicted. The
French armies had been defeated, wide-spread dissatisfaction
prevailed; the King was at variance with the assembly, everything was unsettled and feverish. The half-starved
swarms in the faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Marceau were
hatching never dreams of horror. The Girondins saw them-
selves, as they feared, forced to make a virtue of neces-
sity and to adopt the programme of the Federalists, of
supporting the King.
Now it is clear that the great leader of the
Girondins was to speak on this subject, on July 3d. It was
a grand theme, and one to call forth all the latent power
of the speaker. Nor was that crowd, drawn thither from all
parts of France, by the orator's reputation, disappointed.
He spoke at a moment when every Frenchman trembled
for the interests of his country, when that startling and
imperative warning, "Citizen, the country is in danger,"
was ringing in his ears. When Vergniaud arose, the usual
disorders in the galleries ceased; a deep silence stole over
the assembly. Ever one strained for-
ward to catch the words of eloquence and wisdom fast fow-
ing from the mouth of this truly great man. It was
a masterpiece of argument, clear, conclusive, replete with
striking figures and strong reasoning; every audience testified their appreciation at the close with thunderous applause, and
members of the assembly were showered upon him. From
that moment the fate of the monarchy was sealed. In one
speech Vergniaud had become the greatest orator in the
assembly. The outrages of June 26th, Vergniaud and his
whole party denounced. Vergniaud also condemned in
scathing terms, and at the risk of his popularity and life,
the excesses from the boot of August. In still more searing terms, the infames of the horrible
massacres of September 4th. Vergniaud felt that the influ-
ence of himself and party with the people had been lessened by those denunciations; yet, upon the convening of the
National Convention in '92, he was elected President, and
while presiding over its stormy sessions, he always dis-
played that courage and firmness so essentially inherent in
his nature. But, in the meantime, French politics, armed
a dark and terrifying aspect; the lawyers of the nation
no longer enacted their own desires, but tremulously obeying the imperative dictates of the blood-stained maws of the
Palladium, were prepared to carry out the Jacobin mob's
pretended to assert its freedom of action, and that party
was the Girondins, headed by Vergniaud. Their dreadful rivals,
the Mountainists, wished to find some new means of
pining further to the insatiable greed of the fierce see-
ners after violence and bloodshed. Some high personage
must die; they must find the bone of contention, in-
tention, ruthlessly tossed before the convention, by these
red republicans. Here the Girondins, who wished to save
the King, must have made their first grand and fatal
error. Instead of holding this act of mercy before the con-
vention, they chose a middle course, and moved an
appeal to the people. On the 26th of December, '92, the
King was brought before the revolutionary convention to ans-
swer charges of high treason. High treason! That was a
misdemeanor in words! The charges were all frivolous, and none
proved; nor was he executed on these accusations. The
Girondins were in cruel perplexity; the instincts of self-
preservation were strongly moving them to favor this ex-
communication; their sense of justice, and their noble desire for mercy,
prompted them to oppose it. The 1st of January, '93, said
their views, in a speech by Vergniaud. The circum-
cstances immediately surrounding were such as to require
all his indomitable bravery and determination. He knew
that by pleading for mercy, he was doomed, together with his enlightened co-laborers. The savage patriots in
the galleries, cast lowering, vengeful looks upon him, as he
besought the infatuated convention to spare the King; low
waves arose from the audience; it was seen that Vergniaud's blood
must soon water the temple of liberty. No inspiration was
offered the orator, save that of his own lofty conception
of right, equity and humanity; yet under all these dis-
couraging circumstances, Vergniaud delivered a speech sur-
passed by none, even counting his former efforts. In it, he spoke with a moving pathos, and intense earnestness which stirred all hearts, and forestalled, with a conviction which none could deny, the execution of the King; but it was of no avail. On the 15th of January, '93, the convention took a final action upon the
matter, and Vergniaud and his party, in great agitation and be
willingly, voted—death, with delay of execution. Here the threatening dangers, which would have made any
moral tremble, attending Vergniaud's action, made him
inhuman. His indecision was excusable, but was never-
theless fatal to him and his party; he saw too late to retrieve
it. From this time Vergniaud gradually lost his prestige, and ere long the name of popular vengeance cried for his head.
Four long months of harrowing suspense and anxiety for
Vergniaud followed; he saw the storm-clouds massing over his
head, and the elements of destruction preparing his fall; but he battled with all the philosophy and fortune of his
great soul. He was then dragged before the Revolu-
tionary Committee—a committee that will go down to his
history branded with eternal infamy—and faced its acclamations
with all the calm serenity of innocence. Of course he
was condemned, with all his notables associates. To the in-
spiring melody of the Marseillaise Hymn, to which so man
Frenchmen had already poured out their heart's blood, Vergniaud and his comrades marched to the scaffold. That act purified this soul, lifted it above the only men who could have prevented the unbridled excesses which afterwards developed. The most irreconcilable and the most to be admired of all these enlightened men was Vergniaud. He was not a scholar, he was pure and noble; his patriotism exalted and self-sacrificing. A gentle temper, a broad humanity, and a generous and unselfish disposition, were qualities which alarmed and befooled his private enemies and public life. Always acting firmly and consistently with his principles, he was still just and impartial to his enemies. He was constant to his friends, the soul of honor and of the most unyielding integrity. That classic inscription scratched by himself upon the walls of his prison, viz: "postus mori quae foedares," was a true expression of the high sense of honor of him whose life and conduct were to be an inspiration to his countrymen. He never allowed passion to become master, and was never swayed by appeals to his personal prejudices. His only fault was his love of ease and his indolence, characteristics which proceeded in a great degree from a mind feeling its strength and understanding its superiority, therefore naturally inoffensive to receive. Like our own Webster, pressing occasions alone could call forth the most striking exhibition of his powers, and we are never wanting in those tempestuous times. Vergniaud's renown rests not alone upon his reputation as an orator; it also rests upon his name, as a martyr to the cause of liberty, on his devotion to his country, upon his elevation of his nature, and it rests upon his manly adherence to the principles of true manhood. Macaulay classes him, as an orator, with Pitt, Burke, and Fox. Posterity and impartial history classes him, as a patriot, with Adams, Jefferson, and Henry.

MISANTHROPY.

Among the ills common to mankind, few do we know which seem more truly like affliction than that of misanthropy. Man may be mistaken or mistaken and be the recipient of that sympathy and forbearance which the human heart is ever ready to bestow on the unfortunate. An excess of spirit or lack of culture finds ready excuse, if there be but the semblance of a soul behind it. Arrogance even has its excusing and palliating characteristics. But for the misanthrope, humanity has no nobler feeling than pity. Sympathy is too warm a passion to bring into so chill an atmosphere; love is impossible. I can think of no other thing, when I behold one of these wretched victims, than a snail drawing himself up into the recesses of his shell, or a cowardly dog, who, frightened at his own shadow, retires to a recessment busily hot against their palpable vices. But when, by chance, the mirror reflects a form so like itself that scarcely can the deception be marked, the soul leaves its own peccant foist to that of another; to see with its own eyes and hands life made so sad and beautiful. He sees or he does not see; he knows or he does not know; he thinks others distrust or dislike him. He is ever longing for the genial blaze of approbation, no wit of which he is willing to bestow upon another. He is a veritable blue-stocking, a nonentity, a perfect type of solitude. He is constantly seeking to appear that which he is conscious he is not, and always desirous that others should esteem him higher than he dare estimate himself. Lacking confidence in himself, he therefore distrusts everybody else and all things with which man has to do, even to business. He is never known to change from a poor to a better, or even to follow successfully the business in which he has espoused. When once he has come out into the world, compelled to brave its storms and meet its obligations, the hope of any radical change is exceedingly small; but while yet within the college walls, or perhaps surrounded by home influences, opportunity still remains for improvement, and he who, when aware of his fault, and that it was his first duty to know his disposition), does not set himself immediately to correct his tendencies, deserves the misfortunes which will surely be his portion.

LITERARY FEATURES.

We frequently meet the statement, "there is nothing great in life but man—man there is nothing great but man." The assertion is certainly true; nothing so characterizes the multitude of men as the thoughtless, the selfish, the treacherous, the faithless, of which ignorant bigotry is especially exposed! Nor has beauty graced the features of youth with more charms than that with which poetry, the youth of literature, is redoubled. The best three fields which suit us best, and our houses, are they not our proper fields? But mind lives in itself, in its own commentaries, nor turns to other recreations but to behold the features of another mind mirrored in the reflex of literature. It cannot understand their various shape and dispositions, and why they should differ from itself. Their unconscious begets a thread or fills with pity, or boggles through a pack of wolves were about. There is no gentility manifest in his manners; he never lets himself down from his high, cold seclusion. He acts as though he were an object of attack, and will manifest his aversion. He seems to say with every word, "I expect you will challenge my statement, but then, I can stand it; all good men have been martyrs." He is ill at ease when alone, because he doubts his own merit, and more than this, in company, because he thinks others distrust or dislike him. He is ever longing for the genial blaze of approbation, no wit of which is willing to bestow upon another. He is a veritable blue-stocking, a nonentity, a perfect type of solitude. He is constantly seeking to appear that which he is conscious he is not, and always desirous that others should esteem him higher than he dare estimate himself. Lacking confidence in himself, he therefore distrusts everybody else and all things with which man has to do, even to business. He is never known to change from a poor to a better, or even to follow successfully the business in which he has espoused. When once he has come out into the world, compelled to brave its storms and meet its obligations, the hope of any radical change is exceedingly small; but while yet within the college walls, or perhaps surrounded by home influences, opportunity still remains for improvement, and he who, when aware of his fault, and that it was his first duty to know his disposition), does not set himself immediately to correct his tendencies, deserves the misfortunes which will surely be his portion.

OBJECTION TO AN EDUCATION.

The question so often asked, "What are you going to school for," though old and time-worn, is quite suggestive. It cannot have escaped the notice of any thinking person, that there are an infinite number of reasons why school is attended—almost as many as there are attendants, and the question naturally arises, "Is there then no general, typical reason for attending school?" The answer is not easily given. Doubtless every one has a reason to assign; but the question is certainly worthy a thoughtful answer, and one that will test the validity of the reasons. There are some who attend school from practical necessity, and who, perhaps, have never asked themselves why. Others attend through social graces, and for a reason clear as sunlight. They have not asked with no mission to their names. They have an end to accomplish, and they know no such word as fail. They see success in life through the enlarged capacities which they will there acquire; their object is to gain a position, not any mission to their names. They know the reason why it should not be, but there is abundant reason why there should be a motive outside of themselves infinitely higher and nobler. He who properly employs his time while at school increases his mental force, it may be a half, it may be a whole, and he goes into the world with the working capacity of two such men as he otherwise would have been. Should this gain be the property of himself alone? Where then is humanity's rights and hopes? Man does not belong to himself, even by the conceded right of ownership. He has neither produced himself nor rendered an equivalent for himself; neither can he. He is therefore indebted to humanity for an amount he can never pay, and the least he can do is to aid her in that of which she has the greatest reasons to be grateful. Not to have lost humanity's elevation. One has not to search history very extensively to find limits of a comparative duration. The period of humanity was far below she stands to-day. Nor have they reason very closely to discover that the elevation has been the work of her own children—those whose superior abilities and advantages have rendered capable of leading. We can reason with the rest, if we are, if we live properly. We take it that men was not so much a paradise in what it is conceived as in the sensuous through which it was perceived, and had no dark cloud in the sunlight, we should have continued being of perfect perfection, there would have been shadow, alas! his fall, and we, as it were, eclipsed; but the return is over the same way already passed, and the mind, always forgetting what is best in itself, and loving what is most elevating in others, is only retracting its groupings, and seeking the unobstructed light.

ONE MORE "DIG" AT THE SOCIETIES.

Mr. Editor,—We think it about time to give the Societies another "dig," so we will open up on a subject which has frequently demanded our consideration, from its constant recurrence. We refer to the decisions of the judges on debate. No doubt we have all noticed the many divided decisions rendered by them, and the few unanimous decisions. How often have we heard the judges and hearers of a discussion, particularly when the subject was the consideration of the soundness of some line of argument or the other, and the hearers were sent away with divided opinions about the subject. And, without any appeal to the correctness or otherwise of the contentions of the speakers, some one of the speakers, has caused them to lose sight of the line of conduct marked out for them as judges. Judges have been influenced by the arguments advanced, and established, and by no other agency, in their then capacity as persons. When persons have labored thoroughly and painstakingly to win a question, do win it, incontestably, to sacrifice it through the influence of personal prejudices against, or strong partiality for, one of the speakers, has caused them to lose sight of the line of conduct marked out for them as judges. Judges have been influenced by the arguments advanced, and established, and by no other agency, in their then capacity. Judges have been influenced by the arguments advanced, and established, and by no other agency, in their then capacity.

BASE BALL.

The University nine played a match game of ball with the Franklinians, the leading amateur eleven on the Thirty-Fifth street grounds, on Tuesday, May 22, which was witnessed by rather a slim audience, consisting of Charlesworth, Johnson, and Franklin. The Franklin won the toss and sent the University nine to the bat. The game was characterized by some nervousness on
The members of college nines may be chosen—from all students of the regular course prescribed by the college catalog—from students in the Medical, Theological and Law departments of the institution, preparatory schools and departments directly under the college government.

All games shall be governed by the rules of our professional base ball league, except in cases provided for by this constitution.

Signed by M. T. January for Racine College, F. E. Knappen for F. F. Cassidy for N. W. U.

By an amendment of the constitution, by Mr. Martin, tutor at Racine, was allowed to play with the Racine nine during the present season.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, H. I. Bosworth, Chippewa; Vice-President, M. T. January, Racine; Secretary, F. F. Cassidy, Evanston; Executive Committee, E. C. Cleveland, Racine; H. I. Bosworth, Chicago; W. G. Evans, Evanston.

REGULATED EXERCISES.

The lazy balm of these Spring days drives the student from his room into the field and renders the inevitable discussion in sports generally. Hawthorne remarks the distinct preference the playing of boys and that of girls. Boys always play by the same rule, a unit of playing, and some fine work by Dean, in left field. The pitching and catching of the Lansing brothers is also worthy of notice. The playing of the Franklin was characterized by coolness and steady work, and by a growing inability to hit the balls as the game progressed, but one base hit being made after the sixth inning. Other matters are best seen in the book.

PICK-UPS.

J. Staley, '75, is at Fort Dodge, Wisconsin.

Stetson, formerly of '76, is preaching at Winnebago.

Drugstores have received their accustomed spring supply of arnica.

J. D. Biggs, '75, goes to his home in Rockford for the remainder of the term.

Class '77 has an addition to its members in the person of Amos, who comes to us from Iowa State University.

Evans, '79, with his jovial eye and good-natured smile, is back once more among us, cracking jokes as of yore.

Of the two commodities offered in the college "agenda" at present, muscle is at a premium. Brains unreachable except to "digs."

Among the editors of the Rochester Campus, we notice the name of James E. Ives, formerly of '77, and last year elected as editor of the Volante.

Prep—translating slowly but energetically withal—Nonquaum; never; animus; mind; ignis; fire; nisi; a way. (Trumplantly), "Never mind! Fire away!"

Beau's are to be provided for desert every alternate day by the boarding club, we understand. They have taken the place of hash, our granddaddy luxury.

Class '76 is debating the feasibility of having a centennial fishing expedition during senior vacation. The equipment will consist of a spool of thread, three fish-hooks, a cooking stove and a corncob.

The limits of the mouth: stones driven in the ground, ash fortifications and play, but this has that to recommend it with the laying of the corner stone, on July 4th, 1876

We give it up.

H. R. Mitchell, '76, has been obliged to go home on account of ill health. We regret the necessity which compels his absence, and hope that he will specifically return with renewed health and vigor.

And now the Senior sits for three successive hours before a room of bobbies, vainly attempting to decide whether or not to vote for a "A Hundred Years of American Liberty," or "The Progress of Modern Thought.

Five seniors either sick or absent at the examinations in Geology last fall, are now trembling in anticipation of one of Prof. Clarke's rigid examinations therein, the fore part of next week.

"Oh! Ye gods!"

The class of '77 loses one of its most valued members, in the person of Miss Jessie Watts, who will live hereafter in Aurora. We are glad to state, however, that she will rejoin the class in the fall.

"Anderson, '79, is the joyful father of a cunning little
The Volante.

The students may not have been generally aware that our grand old flume has been leciting in the Southern cities during the past winter; but such souls and hearts, as well as his efforts, in all localities, have been uniformly received with the most unforgiven pleasure. We have noticed commendatory censures of Clarke's lectures in several papers, and in proof of this statement, we are present to quote the following from the Columbia (Ga.) Enquirer. Speaking of the last of a series of lectures delivered there by Professor Clarke, it says: 'The series ended on Monday. We consider the most interesting and instructive course of lectures ever delivered in Columbia. What would seem a dry detail of superficial investigation, he has invested with all the charms of illustrative narration. At the close of the speaker's remarks, the large audience, which had nightly grown in numbers, on motion of Mayor McBee, adopted a vote of thanks to Professor Clarke for his interesting and instructive course of lectures, and he was cheered in a manner which would indicate that his statements in the previous papers have been thoroughly appreciated.'

The Volante is a power for good. We have recently noticed the great increase of interest taken in reading. This paper has from the start urgently impressed the importance of a well-instructed course of reading, and we flatter ourselves that we have contributed somewhat to the present state of things. On a second thought, however, we conclude to cease self-praise until after the expressions are written.

Undoubtedly it relaxes the monotony of existence somewhat to have a leather-covered sphere, propelled by the hand of some mystic and irresponsible half-taller, come crashing through your window. Nevertheless, some persons are so unreasonable as to prefer inexpensive monotony, to the lively rattling of broken glass. Of course they are entitled to their opinion; multitudinous would be the ballast should enjoy themselves but in case they think that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and hence, that until they are competent to hit a barn door four feet distant, the further they are away, the more enchanting they will be.

Among other laudable acts done by the college authorities this term, one or two are especially praiseworthy. We refer to the prosecutors of Prof. Freeman in charge of our Botanic department. The latter has opened a course of lectures on the Teacher of Botany. Both of these most essential parts of our college government have been sadly neglected here, but the changes just mentioned give promise of a better era of things in this direction. Prof. Freeman has taken hold of his new duties with his customary energy, and shows great discretion and good judgment in fulfilling them. Mr. Herring in the department exhibits a thorough knowledge of the matter in hand, and treats the subject with an enthusiasm that "those horrid Juniors" rarely if ever "cut." These appointments are made in a most opportune and seasonable time, and were much needed.

Exchanges.

Robert's Rules of Order have just been issued by R. C. Griggs & Co. of this city. Its index is full and complete, and the table of Rules Relating to Motions is an admirable feature, I think, in the book. In our last number we ended with the incantation of the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer. Speaking of the last of a series of lectures delivered there by Professor Clarke, it says: 'The series ended on Monday. We consider the most interesting and instructive course of lectures ever delivered in Columbia. What would seem a dry detail of superficial investigation, he has invested with all the charms of illustrative narration. At the close of the speaker's remarks, the large audience, which had nightly grown in numbers, on motion of Mayor McBee, adopted a vote of thanks to Professor Clarke for his interesting and instructive course of lectures, and he was cheered in a manner which would indicate that his statements in the previous papers have been thoroughly appreciated.'

The University Nine is no longer a matter of theory and idle speculation. The bat has been cast, and the fortunate ones are happy. There is not a great deal to be said at this time, regarding either the Nine or the work expected of the others. We think, to justify the prediction made in our last issue that the University possessed the material for 'even a better Nine than that of last year.' The practice game of Saturday, April 23, between our Rue and the Kentucky team, and the practice of the Nine, by a score of 34 to 15, was a fair representation of what we are to expect from us as well as to our opponents. Though quite as compulsory now, for the larger score of the score as any thing, yet there were some elements of strength displayed by our team, which were severely expected, but which were exceedingly gratifying. We raise a warning voice against over-confidence since we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, and we may be far more doleful after next Saturday's conflict. We are happy to learn that there is a prospect of a better base place to practice than has been enjoyed before. Several clubs located in this part of the city are to combine their efforts to reengineer the field, placing it at the north end of the block now occupied, facing directly south, and half way between South Park and Vernon Ave.

A considerable amount of work, and some money, will be expended in providing the necessary equipment. Prominent among these, is a line of posts supporting wire to keep the crowd from interfering with the playing of games. The vacancies caused by last year's players have been filled by L. Emminger, E. Byrd, E. W. Raymond; a. s., W. L. Black; r. f., W. H. Adams. Mr. Lansing's playing behind the bat is noted-worthy. Messrs. Raymond, Black and Adams, promise well, but need a little time for making the acquaintance of their positions.

Our sympathy is extended to the students, who are excused from the examinations on account of the illness of several members of the class. We trust them to recover in time for the examinations to which they are to be subjected this week.

We have received the initial number of the Boston University Beacon, a sixteen-page monthly. We have read it with ease, and are much pleased with its salubrity, and the ability of those who publish it. The short editorial in regard to the "Tone of the Beacon" is very much to the point, and so fully coincides with our views, that we quote: "It is but a step between praise and flattery, between criticism and acquiescence, to us, as students, reasonable men, there is a natural tendency to servility; a tendency to accept indiscriminately every enactment of the council, to rigidly support every regulation of the faculty, to internal outwordings of flattery to each professor. Editors who write to such a tendency never inaugurate and seldom promote any reform. It is our duty as students to
strictly observe every law enacted by the proper authorities; but in our privilege as men, while obeying, yet to protest against any regulation which we deem unjust."

We can but join with the other college papers in wishing that the Dickinsonian had a more presentable make-up. The paper is too large, the type used for headlines is in abominable taste, and the composition is simply horrible, and is enough to make a printer blush for his profession. We would advise the use of the same amount of material to make a paper of eight pages of two columns each, and its looks would be greatly improved.

—Exactly! A heavy heel is about to be placed on Saint Peter's great toe, and Catholicism may squirm and kick with about as much effect as a man would be able to in a similar position, notwithstanding he may have another foot, "timber and strong." Go on, Indian! Little, ranting exponent of a rotten system that has survived the days when men sell their bodies and souls to the devil, and their liberty of thought and action to a corrupt priesthood, whose only power lies in the superstition and cringing fear that they may be capable of inspiring. Rant on, little one! Lie, pervert the truth, and try to breathe life into the rotting, perishing Catholicism, for you would not be faithful to your trust if you did.


CLIPPINGS.

—Paw. "What is the feminine of monk?" Pose. "Monkey."

—Prof. in chemistry. "There are several steps to be taken in finding the exact chemical composition of bone. For example, when you boil it, what is given off?" Student. "Soup." —Fallacies Gazette.

Professor. (to student). "Mr. X., what are the properties of magnesium?" Student. (slowly and with great deliberation) "Well—hem—your—take a piece of iron—you hang it up—and it attracts them." —E.

—If what the farmers here say be true, we will have, in the spring-time, a freshet, the epidemic, any quantity of potato-bugs, an earthquake, meningitis, and hard times in general. The almanac is silent on these points, and we're happy. —E.

—Prof. B. —Suppose, Mr. B. —u, you, with feelings positively excited, were to attempt to kiss a girl, negatively charged by her mother, would she be likely to take the spark, or would there be a sudden repulsion?" Mr. B. —I am please inexperienced, but it is perfectly natural to try the experiment. —E.

—The following colloquy occurred last week at a Wall street boarding house: Young lady (to Freshman), "How did you like the ball last night?" Freshman (turning very red). "What ball? I didn't go to any ball!" Young lady. "Why, my servant told me that you danced five times with her." Freshman chokes, swoons, and is carried off on a shutter. —Union Herald.

—Scene; Tappan Square. Time: two (students) generations ago. A knot of students on the walk, and a young theologian, whose name rhymes with obedient, approaching in the distance.

First student. "Boys, yonder comes B. Let's see if he can make him swear. (Addresses B.) B., you say you think a great deal of President Finney, but you must acknowledge that the sermon of his last Sunday was the most wishy-washy thing ever uttered in that pulpit." B. —(With fine sneer) Gosh! When the Lord (God Almighty left off making President Finney's books, he began on most men's heads). —E.

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side, He said, and then she said; He said, "My dearest love," And she said, and then she said. "You are creation's boll," And she believed, and then she believed, "On my soul there's such a weight," And he wanted, and then she wanted. "Your hand I ask, so bold I am grown," And she groaned, and then she groaned. "You shall have my citizen's cap," And she giggled, and then she giggled. Said she, "My loving lady," And he looked, and then she looked. "I'll have thee if thou wilt," And he wished, and then she wished. —E.

Scene in Moral Philosophy:

Professor. —"It is not necessary that there should be an overt act in order to constitute a moral crime. Now, we have the announcement that 'Whoever hath bet his brother is a murderer': do you believe the truth of that?" Student. —"No sir, not exactly." Prof. —"This saying should carry weight, it comes from St. John." Student. —"Oh yes, I believe it now. I did not know it had so high authority before." —E.

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