UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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ASTRONOMICAL.

CLASSICAL.

LAW.

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THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME III.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1873.
NUMBER 1.

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TERM—One copy, one year, 50.; Single copy, 2.50.

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EDITORIALS.
We feel, as we take up the pen our predecessors have laid down, that our task is an arduous, yet a pleasant one.

We will, by every effort in our power, endeavor to preserve the standing of the paper. We will try to promote every interest of the University; to speak in behalf of half of the opinion and the common good, and against injustice from whatever source; and to criticize—if we may—fairly and without partiality. We will furnish our readers with whatever may be of interest to them or concern to all; and in every way that we can, please, admonish, instruct.

We have taken the pen from ready writers; their footsteps are deep, and if we succeed as did they, the close of the year only can tell. This we know, that the prospects of the VOLANTE never seemed brighter, nor the students, in mass, more enthusiastic in her behalf. If they will do their part to sustain what, by right, belongs to them, the VOLANTE's career for '74 will be one of common beneficence, which has been the history of the University since its earliest days.

The VOLANTE, as it was, and carried on as it is, by the students Association, should be, we believe, the exponent of the students and of the whole body of students irrespective of any society fraternity, clan or clique. Its editors have generally adhered to this idea, and, if we except the preceding number of the paper, every student of the University of Chicago, could feel that in the VOLANTE he had a defender of his interests, and an impartial critic when in error ascendit. The VOLANTE for '74 may have, and doubtless will, have numerous imperfections. It may contain articles that are decidedly "arid;" it may have editorials that are rather thin; it may contain jokes that are altogether pointless; it may have locals that are almost too local, and, in its personal columns, persons that are too personal; but if, regardless of the fact that it should be the impartial representative of the students, it should ever seek to advance the interests of any fraternity or clique among them, it will be only when it has forgotten its mission, and is ready to betray its trust.
In glancing over a catalogue of the University for '65, we noticed the following paragraph:

In the border, held on 7th and 9th, it was resolved that the central building of the University editor, be named, in honor of the lamented founder, DOUG-
LAS HALL, and the name be inscribed thereon. Since then the name has been applied to the large smooth stone directly above the main entrance to the University, and wondered why some inscription was not engraved thereon.

We have thought it would be very fitting to have the name of Douglas somewhere upon the University, and no where so more than there. It is due that the resolution above referred to should be carried into effect.

But it is to its memory whose munificence did so much for the University in its earlier history. It would add very much to the appearance of the front entrance to have the name Douglas Hall above the door. Although this resolution has remained thus long only a resolution, it would be highly advisable to carry it into effect at this particular time. We trust it will be done before the year is out.

Chapel is well attended this term; every class and department being well represented. Even the seniors go in numbers, considering the number of the class.

There is one thing to which we shall call attention. Nearly every morning several of the students are late in attendance. Now it seems to us better to stay out altogether than to come in after the services have begun. It interrupts the exercises very much. We were once told that "habitual tardiness indicates a lack of punctuality." This may apply to some who attend chapel. A mere reference to this point should be sufficient; and those for whom it is intended will probably see that the devotional exercises are not disturbed in this way from their proper order to correct, left uncorrected, occasions much confusion.

Several decided improvements have been made in and around the University this year. The rooms in Doug-

las Hall have been noticed. The gravel walks in front of the building add a great deal to the appearance of the College grounds, and also to the comfort of all passing to and from the buildings.

The scene is always pleasant, and the change is a great improvement.

LITERARY.

THE VOLANTE.

IS THERE A SCIENCE OF HISTORY?

VOLANTE.

THE LOST ISLAND.
kind of work? Has she even the shadow of such power? What science of history could have recalled the des- tiny of this Man? Moreover, by the past, could the student of history have published to the world the rise of this republic, and her attitude among the nations? Who could have imagined that the poor and persecuted of the nineteenth quarter of the globe, the last asylum of humanity, and perhaps the last spot on earth where the solemn experiment of self-government will be tried? It is possible that he who knew the whole history of the world by heart, did not think that the atheism of Voltaire and Diderot would develop into the ferocious fanaticism of the French Revolution. Unknown ele- ments were at work, and unknown spectacles were pro- duced. They dazzled and bewildered those who beheld them. No human being could or did foresee the great revolution of 1789, and the帳 of revolution. Martin Luther never understood the broad march and the overwhelming power of the revolution. To proclaim him the cause of that revolt of the mind, would be to attribute the power of the storm to the weather-vane on your house-tops. It is as impossible for men to forecast such movements by the foot-prints of history, as to predict the hour of their death by consulting the planets. There is no science of history; and until she can prophesy we dare hope for none.

But if the Muse of History is powerless to reveal the unknown, does she teach us no valuable lesson by investigat- ing the past? Even here, although mistress of the whole field, she wants the certainty and precision of science. As a specific guide in politics—I mean what is often called statesmanship—history is false and danger- ous. By its exclusive study a man dwells among shad- ows, not among real friends and real adversaries. We counsel public men to heed the political lessons of history, while history herself confesses that nations never have profited and never will profit by her instruction. The simple reason is the past is not the present, and no reasoning can drag them together. There is nothing the historians can do but add to history. The field of human labor is too broad and the factors too many to make a safe premise. A contemplation of the colossal figures of the past elevates and strengthens a states- man's mind, but the public man who relies wholly upon this source of knowledge for his strength, had better cease the hour in reading.

Philosophical theories relative to great civil revolu- tions are never fixed, never determined. Yesterday Hegel's philosophy of history was hailed as the true view of our programs, because it recognized the hand of God in human affairs. To-day Buckle's theory is correct be- cause it excludes God. To-morrow we may be on the watch for a new philosophy of history, perhaps excluding both God and man. It is hard to say what proposition men may not advance in this age of wild, uncontrolled expectation.

When the historian undertakes to philosophize, he produces a system; and as he builds it up he shapes it for his own purpose. The material to suit the style in which he may wish it to be known, has a standard by which it measures its predecessors. —We laugh at the philosophical judgments of our ance- sors. History will laugh of their inane theories in the same way that a historic speculation is a grand forest in which the philo- sophers play at the child's game of hide and seek. Guided by these considerations, we must conclude that philosophical history is not a safe counsel, because the men who write it are often prejudiced, and can not see beyond the narrow confines of their own state; because human affairs are subject to capricious changes, are susceptible of infinite modifications and assume un- known forms. The historian, who believes that na- tural laws are to find the people of one country and time can discover and read the customs and character of another. Language, as a bond, unites the world and all men. It stands on the crumbling ruins of Babylonia; it looks down on the line of na- tions. From the top of the nineteenth century it turns back- wards in light, and reveals the mysteries of time.

The future, the neglected one, into a new reality; has brought to light the hidden treasures of a nation that once was the state of princes; birthland of culture and of art; the Athens of Africa. Her story is told, and language has unravel- led the long night of time; has thus bridged the abyss that separates countries and ages. It has preserved the history, and has even made history possible. Do away with histo- ry and language can fill the vacancy completely, thoroughly. Do you hurl at another generation the stone? It falls, shorn of its glory and strength; no longer the pillar of letters. But this is the greatest mission of language! No! It speaks in tones, grand words; for it speaks of the infinity of nations, a brotherhood common to all; of a union in origin and aim. The truly noble mind seeks for the unity of races. And the name of language marks the beginning of races. But is it not fabulous to speak of the unity of all languages? It may never be known if such be the case; yet the progress which is made in language shows what the belief that it will be known. Nations are studying each other, and are following each other's culture; they seem to be nearing a universal language. Language, as a tidal wave, will continue to roll on, gathering at each increasing surge, a volume of strength; for its power is unlimited; it is ever active.

SAXONS AND NORMANS.

That man is a plastic organism is a generally admitted truth and it is no where, perhaps, more plainly verified than it may be shown by the areas of the regions of the sunny south beneath the brilliantly clear Italian sky, one species of man is developed. In the chilly regions of the northern part, another kind of the same kind of man is formed. In such a country as the last, our bar- barbarous and glutinous Saxon ancestors were wont to celebrate their drunken orgies, to yell their savage war songs, and, from the craggy cliffs with which their shores were girt, to dash out among the frothing waves, even amid the fury of the elements, in order to carry on their work of plunder and destruction, to feast their eyes with the sight of burning homes, of country rendered wild and desolate by themselves. The storms in which they were conceived, and an existence that was but the stormy frosts which nurtured them had rendered their natures cold and phlegmatic, had made their bodies impervious to suffering, and their hearts untouched as yet by civilizing influences, incapable of pity. The life of a marauder naturally then was the life for them; and, as Taine says: The great Roman corpus, which lay in all its helplessness, was tempting bait for all such vagabonds. But, although, in the Saxons of that time, the brute predomin- ated much above the man, the sensual nature much above the intellectual, there was nevertheless a certain hidden germ of virtue, and nobility of soul which after- wards was seen developed in the Franks, those much more enlightened sons of nature. The Saxon, however, in the Saxon breed a certain hidden fountain which after- wards was seen welling; bubbling and foaming up from the soul of Milton, that inimitable singer of immortal verse, and from the souls of other grateful reveres of Pegasus who have embalmed the English language in the myths and frankeness of power.

In other words, beneath those rough exteriors there was a certain vein of earnestness, of gravity, of manly dignity though it was rendered sluggish by barbarism. What the Saxon conceived as a brute life, the warrior-savage there was, too, a heart, but then the owner never discovered its existence, save in his fidelity to friends. Under the brute, too, there was a free man, and, in ever revolution which has advanced English liberty that freeman has taken a conspicuous part.

The powerful poetic genius of the race, which in later times gave to the world a Paradise Lost, can be discovered even in the times of its barbarism. The true poetry and the true thunder, it is true, but still he has the poets songs. He might have thrown into his verse as horrible ingredients as Macbeth's witches were wont to toss into the boiling cauldron, but he has the songs of the fool, that he had the poets soul. Such then in brief were some of the characteristics of the Saxons settlers of Britain.

Let us now turn a glance upon those other warlike settlers, who crossing the British channel at a later time, came to form the English nation. The work of these men was more gradual. We have not the same history or the same event, but we have a clue of the fol- lowers of the great northern freedom fighter Rollo, to find characteristics very similar to those of the Saxons. But the Gallic influences of their southern home had doubt- less already Gallicized, to a considerable degree, these
northern intruders. And, moreover, the followers of William the Bastard were not, as a body, Normans properly so called, that the renown of the warlike duke had attracted to his standard hundreds of adventurers from Maine, Anjou, Picardy, and in fact from every part of France. We must expect therefore to find the character of the Norman settler substantially French; although indeed the contrast between the Saxon and Norman character was not so striking as that between the representative light and frivolous Frechman, and the grave and profound representative German. Their difference in character cannot be seen better anywhere, perhaps, than in the difference of their poetic tastes. The poetry of the Normans was mostly translations or imitations of the French. It was decorated gaudily; but of substance there was none in it; it was all flower, nothing more. As Taine says: "the French mind delighted in such narratives as the naughty tricks of Remarquable tale about stealing another man's wife, etc." But the Saxon delight was in such poetic strains as those concerning "ye bold adventures of ye gallant Robin Hood," who, making his home amid the green trees of the forest, wages a relentless warfare upon the aristocracy, but shows many a generous kindness to the unfortunate and poor.

That principle, which most affected the political progress of England, the love of personal freedom, the Saxons brought with them from their fatherland; and in that principle they were the superiors of the Normans. It is true that the turbulent Norman barons wrested, from King John, the Magna Charta, but the provisions of that famous instrument which by far the most advanced the liberties of the people of England, as a people, those barons were compelled to insert, in order to keep in the good graces of their Saxon foals.

Had Saxon blood flowed in the veins of Englishmen, then, indeed, in the reigns of Henry III. and his son, the representations of the baronage might have become more efficient, but surely that assembly would have never grown to be the glory of the English nation, and the bulwark of English liberty. It might have become extinct before it could have come in contact with the House of Stuart, but if it had not died before that time, it would not probably have ever come in contact with that House, but would have been the instrument of a more nameless fate. If, however, it had lived and had attempted to encroach upon the "King's prerogative," it never would have found thought of any worthy thing to sustain its support. In short, but for those Saxon English, it is not likely that, after the fashion of the States General of France, the House of Commons would have dragged along for a time a miserable existence, and, notwithstanding by despoticism at last, have gasped out its sickly life.

Success through Failure.

Life presents many a strange and peculiar phase. It opens a door to many an apartment which at first sight seems confined and desolate. We think we see some arrangement, some form. We take a third look and are astonished. The scene is apparently reduced to order. Why the scene changed? Was it a mistake? But we are able to discern the connecting links of the different parts, after a careful or close observation. To illustrate: A tree is an arrangement, but we are able to discern the connecting links of the different parts, after a careful or close observation. A tree is an arrangement, but a branch is another arrangement. It seems dim and disconnected; almost without meaning. We advance toward it, and now for the first time catch from it some idea; yet it is indistinct. We take a closer stand, and the painting is a master-piece; the work of a lifetime; its lights and shades so blended and contrasted as to make it a specimen of skill and beauty. It is thus that man looks upon the events in life. They view them at the start as broken columns, and do not see the temple. A god who beholds a life is a unit. The various acts of it compose a play that is prominent or unimportant as the actor is or is not distinguished. And the actor often looks upon the failures of his life as backsets to its completion and perfection; whereas they are as necessary to final success as are the shadows to an artist's masterpiece. Indeed, more. It is in a great measure that success can be attained. You may tell a man that the great crash which has prostrated him is but the stepping stone to a higher position than he could otherwise have attained. He will shake his head and smile at your airy theories as he thinks of his lost thousands. Yet, even at that moment, he is deriving means to regain his fortune. He is laying plans for the future, broader, deeper and grander than he had ever dared to conceive before. His support has been taken away and he must make greater efforts. Even though he rejects your fair faced speculations, at the same time he, in fact, believes in it, and works accordingly. For how could it be otherwise? His failure has brought to light the faults of his system, in which he is compelled to use power that he had not known. Necessity forces him to colossal deeds. This is true, not only of man but of all. It is the universal law under which all living beings depends upon the decay of others. Thus the seasons change each other in succession. Spring gives forth verdure and new beauty, only after the death of winter has touched all. As the poet has said:

"And that the weariest may have life".

"The awakening of the daffodils".

We see the same in history. Nations rise and flourish, and fall; and their decline only pays the way for others, perhaps not stronger and more imperious. Very often one rose to an eminence almost fabulous in glory. Their see decline and the breaking up of nations which followed; the dark centuries in history. And what next? On the ruins, and the confused masses of these mighty fabrics, rose forms of government better suited to the needs of the individual and of society. The outgrowth of the blackest and most oppressive reigns of darkness were the highest, noblest and most beneficent institutions that have ever arisen; the institutions of freedom and learning; the civilization of the seventeenth century.

The Volante.

Communicated.

Before the fire the law school of the University was a four story building; since that time it has maintained a stickly existence. In order to bring the school up to its former position, our University has united with the Northwesterners for the purpose of maintaining it.

So far every effort has been substantially successful. The law school is located at 73 and 75 South Clark Street. There will be two classes, a junior and a senior. The juniors will be heard from eight to nine o'clock A.M., and four to five P.M.; the seniors from nine to ten A.M., and five to six P.M. Most court will be held on every Saturday under the guidance of Prof. Dencklow. This arrangement enables the student to stay in some law office during the whole of the business day, and thus take advantage of uniting in his studies the theory and the practice of the law. We have no hesitating doubts of the Faculty to show its strength. The Hon. Jas. R. Doolittle, Esq., of Wisc., Hon. Lyman Tweed, Esq. of Illinois, Judge Booth, of the Chicago Bench, Prof. W. B. Dencklow, formerly editor of the Chicago Tribune, and one of the most distinguished political economists in the West, and Prof. Peter Myron, of Evanston, are the gentlemen who will unfold the mysteries of the law.

In addition to the regular Faculty, there will be occasional addresses upon all those subjects which are in some degree closely connected with the practice of the law. We understand that Dr. N. S. Davis will lecture upon medical jurisprudence. His views are so full and so sufficient a guarantee that the subject will be skillfully handled.

The terms are strikingly low. The Tutor's tuition will be only sixty dollars, while most of the eastern institutions charge from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. There will be no classes, as the names of the classes suggest, of about ten months each, thus making us think the most thorough course in the country. And situated in Chicago, where the life, vigor and activity of the nation is centered, possessed of a Faculty which has, in its members, all that is excellent and standing in the very heart of the law courts and law offices of the city, there is every reason to anticipate a bright career, and a national reputation for "The Union Law School."
found in room 34, Seminary. Mr. Barmore is deservedly popular with every student and professor here.

IN MEMORIAM.

It almost seems that the waters are the student's most inexorable foe. In the fall of '74, as one returned to collegiate life, he has to alters the old tidings, and the visions of Deity. During the summer of '74, W. T. Jones, of 33, who was supplying the Baptist church at St. Anthony, Iowa, mysteriously drowned in the Mississippi.

A year ago, as we gathered from far and near for another year in college, none gave a warmer grasp to college friends, than did Sherman, of '53. On the evening of Sept. 7th, the day before school began, poor Sherman perished beneath the waves of Lake Michigan.

On the first day of last August, a telegram brought the mournful news that H. D. H. Rogers, of '20, was drowned while bathing near Newport, R. I.

Mr. Rogers' residence at the University was an extended one. He entered the second year preparatory class in the Fall of '84, and continued through, graduating with the class in June, '90. He was warm-hearted, genial and generous, and made many friends. In college he was a leading spirit in all students' enterprises. He shirked no responsibility; he shrank from no duty. It was for his religious life, however, that he is best remembered. We doubt if ever a man went through the University who was more uniformly regular in his attendance upon the students' prayer meeting, and more thoroughly identified with all religious teachings in college, than was he.

He spent the first year after leaving college, at the Rochester Theological Seminary. During the following summer vacation he supplemented the pupil of the Baptist church at Havana, Ill., and was urged to settle with the church, as pastor. He returned one year later, during which time the membership was more than doubled. In '86, he entered the middle class of Newton Theological Seminary, and remained there during the year. Last summer while at Newport on a short visit, he went boating in company with a friend, and was drowned when the boat overturned.

Several social events were held at Newport, R. I., at Newton Centre, Mass., at Watertown, and at the parsonage of the Baptist church, and at Lambertville, his home, where he now rests beside the remains of his mother. The highest of all the writer of this notice can, or wishes to pay this departed college friend, is that he had learned the "beginning of all wisdom," and had consecrated his life to the most exalted end ever conceived; the moral improvement of his fellow men.

In another year he would have been ready to enter upon his long life mission. His upward way was bright. For him the life of men was an earnest, faithful and noble one. We will ever cherish fondly the name and memory of Henley Reeds.

There are many a great new student here this fall. Most of the old college boys are back, yet about every other we meet in our persons are full and many are without regular rooms for the present. Now that we are more widely scattered, no instructions will be completed for from twenty to forty students.

AT HOME.

NATIONAL NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

Commencement exercises were over. Each reverend Senior had taken his final bow with his innocent lambkin, had departed home, thenceforth to speak his little piece to his "native peaks and crags." Juniors and Seniors left the platform, and their productions at the mercy of the awarding committees and even the tender freshmen had appeared upon the boards with their "Father, must I stay?" These classic halls no longer "echoed to the tread of any envoy Brutus, everything seemed deserted. As the dozen students who still lingered met in the halls they warmly grasped the hand, and while the tear-droppingly in either optic, tenderly regarded each other, but with no words to express their utter loneliness. To use the picked expressions of the "Journal," it was such as "a calm as precedes the tempest's blast or the earthquake's shock. It came suddenly upon us at last, overwhelming us as when the storm-cloud bursts in the pleasant valleys.""What a difference in the tone of our voices, and in the effect upon our tympanums could not have been greater. The first intimation which we received of the approaching phenomenon was the arrival of a verdant Orpheus, who was assigned a room immediately above our own, and an organ was placed in it which he might assume himself. Immediately he declared it best to consult, and finally made a selection and accordingly commenced singing a victorious psian and grinning an accomplishment.

We are not prepared to say whether like that other Orpheus, the gentleman, by his music, had ever rescued a loved one from the dark realms of Pluto, but we think if he ever did that while there, his ears drank in some "melodious somet" characteristic of the region, and their might have been the burden of his song on that morning.

They descended upon us simultaneously like a swarm of bees upon a flower, and the young men promenaded the halls with a banter protruding from one vest-pocket and a tuning-fork from the other, while the young ladies sat in the parlor listening to their fan-handles, and endearing themselves to become acquainted. They all appeared unhappy, and as if they might enjoy beholding the countenance of their respective sex, it is a possible thing to do. At the dinner-table they met upon a common level, and for the first time succeeded in throwing off all restraint. The next morning, July 9th, troubles commenced and continued without cessation five weeks. For a time, Pandemonium seemed to have been let loose. On all sides, above and below, music, words and notes thumped, so prons trilled on high G and basso grunted in B flat.

A young lady who roomed adjoining us, was heard to mew over the decline of her mustard powers, and to quote Young, "my voice is but the shadow of a sound." It was the darkest shadow that ever crossed our path. We endured it one week, and then, having settled on a pound hill, we invested the balance of cash on hand in cotton and bees wax. With these we stopped the key-hole and our own ears, to that extent as much as possible the din, and thereupon went in comparative quiet. But "there came a sound of revelry by night," a clashing of tin plates and kettle, a rattling and banging of dishes, a rumbling of wheels, and the ringing of bells. Notwithstanding the night was far spent, everything seemed to indicate that the occasion was conducted with great festivity. No "Normal Institute, in its palmy days ever stirred up such a turmoil. Men groaned and swore, Women screamed and went off into hysterics, and as the babies could do but one thing, they squawked. One woman, having raised the window, remarked as loud as to be heard two blocks, "Is it a fire?" But above all it were heard voices chanting, scarf, le, voices, and we could almost make them out like those...

Some one suggested "University scoundrels," and went to bed.

The Cushion, coming in rather late that evening, suffered his curiosity to take him rather too near those sleep-enhancing spirits, so that his apparel became moistened by the dew from their wings—it or might have been a pail of water accidentally spilled. He sought out the assistance of a policeman, and with him endeavored to track out the jovial spirits; but they had folded their pinions and gone to rest.

The Institute was well attended, and a great success. Everything passed off pleasantly and profitably closing about Aug. 9th, with the four concerts ever offered before a Chicago audience.

The choral conductor, Carl Zerrahn, who is also the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, said that he never loved almost perfect singing in his life as he did in connection with the closing concert. Dr. Root is certainly one of our choirmasters, and we can only wish everyone could attend, whether he holds the next session of his Institute here or elsewhere.

X. Y.

PRESIDENT ANGUS.

The mere mention of the name of Dr. Angus of Regent Park College, London, a few days ago, was sufficient to excite a crowd in the University Chapel. We were anxious to see, and hear the man, who for thirty years, has occupied a prominent place in the religious and educational world; consequently we were surprised to see that Dr. Angus is in the full vigor of middle age. That Dr. Angus gained the reputation of a brilliant and powerful orator when only twenty-five years of age, shows him to be above the level even of great writers. We were not disappointed in his looks,for he indicated great mental power.

73. A. Watts is preaching in the central part of Wisconsin. A prophet has no honor in his own country.
74. O. C. Weiler is resting. Lewisburg, Ohio, is his home. Our readers may look for an article from him at any day.
75. N. C. Wheeler was offered, but declined, the chair of Ancient Languages, in Franklin College. He expects to engage in law.
76. G. E. Bailey tried Ann Arbor last year, but comes back to graduate here.
77. C. T. Otis, spent the vacation in visiting the private objects of interest in the United States and Canada.
78. W. H. Winda has returned to his home in Apple Grove, Alabama, to take charge of the paternal homestead. '75 and R. K. K. will miss him.
79. J. A. Mitchell designs entering upon a three year's course of study at the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary.
80. We learn, with regret, of the illness of C. C. Hall at his home in Tonica. It is possible he cannot be with us this year.
81. F. C. De Golter is learning how to be a soldier at the Pennsylvania Military Institute in West Chester, Pennsylvania.
82. Bogau has been travelling up and down the Mississippi, and penetrating far into the interior, enlightening immense audiences on the subject of "Burmah and its inhabitants." Trask was his financial manager. Bogau has raised enough money to treat all his friends. He has a host of friends here.
83. R. E. Earle has exchanged the study for the counter. Waskegan is his home. He had a good view of heaven, in the vicinity of Mendota, Ill., by the Rev. Wm. Maugh, Mr. R. I. Olds and Miss Martha Erskine were united in wedlock. All well and happy, and hope that Mr. Olds will be stimulated by this event to surpass his class mates in recitations, as much as he has distanced them in the classroom.
84. G. P. Kerney has gone to Evans ton.
85. C. D. morehouse is principal of the graded school in Urbana, Ill.
86. C. C. Adams, once of 73, expects to graduate with 74. Adams is reporter No. 1, on the InterOcean.
87. We regret to learn that F. M. Goodwin, will not be able to return this year. Goodhue is in the windmill business at Freeport, Ill.
88. J. W. Williams is attending the Union Law School.
89. D. T. Havens is attending the Law School.
90. The college halls echo to the tread of Barmore's feet regularly at 11-30 p.m. He can now be
THE VOLANTE.

After Dr. Angus was introduced by President Burroughs, he spoke mainly of the educational system of Great Britain.

In Scotland every boy receives an education in the common schools, and Universities for higher education exist in abundance.

The first deficiency of the Scottish system consists in the lack of a connecting link between the common schools and Universities—in the lack of grammer schools. Scotch Universities are thus compelled to admit those who are deficient in elementary training, which impairs their usefulness, and impedes their progress. There can be no high culture without grammer schools.

The second deficiency of the Scotch system is, that no provision for study beyond the degrees has been made. We need men whose vocation is to study, whose lives are dedicated to purely scientific and philosophical research. Here in England by means of liberal fellowships, provision has been made for a post graduate course, but, there, the advantages that might be gained by these endowments are in a great measure lost through an insolidic system of awarding them.

An important aid to higher education, in England is the University of London, whose Faculty, consisting of forty eminent scholars, confer degrees in the Arts, Science, and Literature. This is an educational force, whose power is constantly increasing. It stimulates to a high level intellectual demands, and the range of subjects for study, it keep men abreast of the thought of the time.

It is the student of to-day who must bring the present theories to the crucial test of practice; who can apply to their own lives the system they adopt for others; for to hechi such, cease not to be students when you have passed from the halls of your Alma Mater. See the men whose education has been completed. They are helpeds, they are officers of society. But the men who make their college course a stepping stone to higher acquirements, the mere vestige of the gilded courts of knowledge, are shun, worthy of respect, admiration, imitation.

The Faculty and students combined, have consummated an admirable plan for dispensing coal to the hungry. Last year we had coal-bins, one for each room. They were turned down, and one could foresee that the erection of new ones would be prevented, according to the fire limits law. At any rate such is the case, and now we find our coal into a general Medecin of a bin, while Ulysses, with watchful eye, stands at the door ready to give each portion in due season; careful not to sell tickets, allowing admission to those without tickets. The advantages of this arrangement are several. It gives employment and exercise to some person; and that is quite an item, considering the fact that we have no gymnasia here in the building. It also saves the students an unpleasant tramp through the snows and storms of winter. This, also, is a trouble now, one fond of ease. Then again it prevents all manner of taking and borrowing coal, and everything that comes under the head of "sponging." These are all trifles, it is true, but remember that "trifles make perfection," as Michael remarked to the wag. So taking all things in consideration, we have about as good, if not better, conveniences in this respect than we had last year.

The THEATRE SOCIETY has elected the following officers for the present term:

President, R. M. Ireland.
Vice President, R. R. Twiss.
Ass't Secretary, W. G. Haston.
Librarian, W. D. Gardner.
Treasurer, O. C. Weller.
Editors, E. S. Croom, J. P. Bogdanoff.
Local Editor, H. G. Bowworte.

The officers for the Tri Kappa are as follows:

President, T. E. Egbert.
Vice President, R. P. Allison.
Secretary, F. E. Lang.
Sub Secretary, Z. C. Hall.
Treasurer, A. J. Egbert.
1st Counselor, C. H. D. Fisher.
2nd Counselor, J. Staley.
Editor in Chief, D. T. Hayden.
Asst. Secretary, S. D. L. Crane.
Asst. Treasurer, J. V. Barton.

For the Christian Association the officers are:

President, C. H. D. Fisher.
Vice President and Treasurer, R. P. Patterson.
Secretary, H. C. Leland.
Librarian, L. H. Holt.

Latest accounts report only one class election, as yet. The freshmen alone are in the field. They have decided on the following list:

President, J. V. Barton.
Vice President, H. J. Philpott.
Treasurer, J. W. Clark.
Secretary, W. C. Baird.
Orator, G. C. Maxim.
Post Master, Miss Lily Gray.
Soror, Miss Alice Baucus.
Historian, J. R. Chapman.
Assistant, T. J. Rives.
Musical Director, T. C. Rocky.

THE VOLANTE.

One Friday night, after gas time, we sat quietly thinking—snows and storms of winter was ended. Athen- aeum had passed off in good style; and the term seemed well begun. We were pleased in contemplating these things—when suddenly there came a sound long and loud from an unknown quarter. Amazed, we listened. No noise! Was that not, a reality? Or was it only a quick awakening from a gentle reverie?—"But, hark! again that sound, the reign of silence, and we start up, ready to defend our country, or prepared for any emergency whatever. Then, from overhead, from both sides, from all around, there was a mighty rushing as when "two dark clouds meet in mid-air." Half-stomached cries of "help! help!" issued from the centre of strife—for strife it really was—and a voice of muffled thunder, which must have been like the tones which allured King Cephus to his hidden and haunted tomb. The shrill cries of small boys who thronged promiscuously around the room; some (boys, not chairs) climbed out of the bed-room windows and some climbed only half-way up. There was one in the room for whose provision had not been made. Him, the boys in slippers could not persuade; their soft words could not induce him to turn from his lofty purpose. Morial: Always look before you leap, and when you leap, keep all to gether.

For the first time in many years, the great majority of the students at the University are boarding at the University. Prevailing this, many have gone to the gemini club, and in other ways, the number of the University club was greatly decreased; being mostly made up of those who had no other place to go to. Like all other organizations it needs the support of the students to make it successful. And it is a man who has not love of home sufficient to keep him at home at meal-time, deserves to make the first path through four feet of drifted snow, with the N. W. wind at forty knots and thermometer at 20 degrees. Nor do we doubt that under the efficient stewardship of Mr. Williams, our dining-hall will be made so attractive that no one will wish to leave.

It seems odd to go up into what was the old cyanic hall and find, not a dark mystic unknown, where young boy dare not venture, and other ones had ventured to their sorrow, but a set of new rooms, fitted up to supply the demands of students. They tell us we live in an age of materialism. But even this world we would hardly prepare us for a look into the upper story of Douglass hall. That is a proof that the University is in creasing.

Prof. Wheeler returned from Europe. He represented Chicago University and the State of Illinois at the Vienna Exposition. He is now in Boston.

The Exposition is well attended by the University boys.

Three students perpetrated matrimony last vacation. In view of this fact, we will hereafter devote a separate column to "matrimony." We are confident that it will be well patronized, at least as soon as the female department of the University is in successful operation.

Merrit has met her reward; therefore no one will be surprised to hear that the world has reached the seventh edition this country, and the third edition in England. The American publisher is confident that before the book has been in print a year it will have reached the tenth edition.

Dr. Bose teaches the Seniors in German.

Tire papers and magazines in the Reading Room were sold at auction last Thursday evening. There were no bidders; Mr. Farnum was auctioneer. Mr. Farnum, successful in any department, cannot be surpassed as an auctioneer. Terms easy.

The Seniors all have plugs hot one. And now the Sopho- more, with metafically unequaled, an inhabited, and tall hats. Soph's in plugging! What are we coming to? At some rate the Prps will soon swing out cases. Gentlemen, don't set such a bad example to the lower classes.

Cecil—One of our Freshmen, picking up with a lady at the exposition, imagined himself an inhabitant of those beauti- ful and luxurious for the celritas; while promenading, the lovely "damsel" on his arm the while: upon a little chere coming up, however, and addressing her by the endearing epithet of "ma," the Freshman wilted, and at last reports was still witt- ing.

We wonder if Dr. Matthews' jokes were stolen from him in Europe; not one reported perpetrated since his return. The boys, prepared to laugh and grow hot, are beginning to look melancholy.

The astronomical sign for the return of Prof. Safford, who is reported to be on a visit to some of the neighboring planets.

The Beowold Orient, exhales a column of its space to prove that "THE VOLANTE is a wonderful paper." We admit it.

Already our exchanges come upon us as a good, bringing to us the good news of our fellow editors. At the East, the principal subject for discussion is the "boating interments," nor is this subject slighted at the West. The Chronicle is sug- gesting the wagging of the oars for the contest for the prize at the coming regatta. Lack of space prevents an exten- ded review of our exchanges for this number; henceforward we will make it a point to be more courteous. The following ex- changes have been received:

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